

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE



1970





THE MAGAZINE
OF
SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE
NEW PLYMOUTH



No. 11

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Contents..

	Page
PRINCIPAL'S FOREWORD	4
STAFF NOTES	6
PREFECTS' REPORT	7
COLLEGE COUNCILS	8
SPEECH CONTEST	11
MADRIGAL GROUP	12
ORCHESTRA REPORT	13
DRAMA	13
DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD	16
LIBRARY NOTES	17
EVENING CLASSES	17
BRASS BAND	18
ODD SHOTS	19, 31, 51
CRUSADER MOVEMENT	20
INTERACT CLUB	20
CATAMARAN BUILDING AND SAILING CLUB	21
TRAVEL CLUB	22
VOLLEY BALL CLUB	22
TRAMPING CLUB	22
CHESS CLUB	23
DEBATING CLUB	23
ROYAL VISIT	24
TAWA VISIT	25
SOUTH ISLAND TRIP	25
HOLIDAY AT WAIHI	27
CURIOUS COVE 1970	28
McPHAIL'S NAVY	29
FASHION PARADE	30
OPENING OF GYMNASIUM	30
THANKS	30
MAGAZINE EXCHANGES	30
RUGBY	32
SOCCER	34
GOLF	35
NETBALL	36
GIRLS' HOCKEY	37
BOYS' HOCKEY	38
CRICKET	39
SOFTBALL	40
BADMINTON	40
BOYS' TENNIS	40
GIRLS' TENNIS	41
INDOOR BASKETBALL	41
STEEPLECHASE	43
SWIMMING	44
ATHLETICS	45
AND SO THEY CAME TO PASS	48
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	52
LITERATURE COMPETITION 1970	52
PRIZE LIST 1969	66

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

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Principal's Foreword . . .

The School entered the second decade of its existence this year and I am certain that the next ten years will bring changes equally as important as those associated with the growth of the roll from 139 to 1226. In 1960 few of us expected such growth. That it has come is an indication of the rapid development of New Plymouth and the surrounding districts. Few of us too, in 1960, expected the College to pioneer the "schools within a school" concept, yet we have and this system of organisation is working well and arousing widespread interest.

Education is truly in a state of change. It is being looked at with a critical eye from many points of view. It is pleasing that the Department is trying to improve staffing ratios and so decrease the size of classes. Examinations are being looked at too, and the possibility of their being replaced by a system of internal assessment is receiving support from many quarters. Again the Universities are looking at the Entrance examination with a view to possible changes. These could include credit for individual subjects being cumulative so that pupils could pass one or two subjects each year and not have to present them again. How valuable this move would be to those who have left school but who would find the hurdle of the present group pass difficult to surmount.

Not only in these aspects are attitudes to education changing but also the material to be taught in different subjects is under review. This is as it should be if education is to be vital and in tune with the times. There are sincere moves being made also to involve the student body in ways not contemplated a few years ago. Many of our sixth and seventh formers are prepared and able to accept responsibility and this source of goodwill and energy must be tapped. Though only a minor matter, evidence of this was made plain at our recent gala day. The magnificent efforts of pupils, especially seniors, when given their collective heads were quite outstanding in ability and enterprise to the benefit of us all. The opportunity for responsible leadership must be provided, for from this only good can come.

These are some of the changes and there are more. Yet one thing has not changed in the teaching service—staff shortages. At this time last year the School was virtually fully staffed but this year we are well below strength. There is still some time to go and doubtless we shall struggle through but no school can function without a sufficient number of well qualified staff. Shortages have been with the service since 1949 and though New Plymouth schools over the past few years have been fairly fortunate, the same cannot be said now. What is the answer? Perhaps the people of New Zealand do not regard education highly enough, though I suspect this may no longer be so. It must be the task of educationalists to keep the public fully and frankly informed.

We are quite used to having builders on the site and this year is no exception. At last the fieldhouse is in use and what a difference this has made to physical education in the School and to many other activities hitherto not possible. The School's debt to the Parent-Teacher Association is a tremendous one. All I can do is express the sincere thanks of all of us for the Association's wonderful efforts over the years. The mezzanine floor has been added to the Library and this facility is an excellent one. Contractors have made a start on the team-teaching room and tenders will soon be let for alterations to the Technical Block. More accommodation will be needed for 1972 and this is in the planning stage now. Because of possible alterations in the building code, particularly for large schools, I suspect builders will be with us for the next few years.

On behalf of the School I do thank the Board under Mr. Spedding and the College Committee under Mr. Mills for the unfailing interest and support for all we try to do. This work is appreciated.

The Parent-Teacher Association with Mr. Moss as President has again, as always, proved a tower of strength in so many ways. It is fine for a school to have such an Association behind it ready to provide material help and wise advice.

As the School grows larger I find it more and more difficult to keep in touch with matters which once I could have taken in my stride. Many of these have now been taken over by Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Barrowman, Miss Grant and Mrs. Connor, and to these four senior staff in particular I extend my thanks. Senior Heads of Departments have given wise leadership and for this I thank them. It is good to know how much they have the interests of the pupils at heart and I look forward to implementing some of their suggestions next year. My thanks too, to all the staff for their loyalty and support. Without them a school is nothing.

I have mentioned changes earlier in this report and these have been most evident in the willingness of pupils to play a part in the life of the School. My thanks to all who have contributed in any way this year. To those who are leaving, my best wishes for the future and an assurance that we will be pleased to see them any time they care to call to see us. To those returning may you enjoy pleasant and safe holidays and the success you deserve from the year 1970.

My best wishes to you all.

A. L. McPHAIL; Principal.

STAFF NOTES

From the turmoil of raucous (but innocent?) chatter, we now retire to a modernised, more extensive and well carpeted staffroom. Our thanks go to the taxpayers and their executive officers in the Education Department for giving us this improvement to our working conditions. I am writing these notes in a study carrel in the workroom which is also a vast improvement on what we had before. Mr. McPhail spends many hours considering the building programme and has done all in his power to see that the plans are acceptable to us.

This year we have over sixty on our staff and I think for the first time we have equality between the sexes—in numbers. This is very pleasant but very fluid because young ladies have a bad habit of getting married or going overseas. The former can sometimes be kept in the family and Miss Kirkland has become Mrs. Kennedy with our heartiest approval. We were very sorry to lose the services of Mrs. Capper during the year but very pleased that the number of Welshmen is increasing. It was a pleasant surprise to have Mr. Hissey drop in from

his global peregrinations at a time when our staff was one short and to lure Mrs. Hissey into the school when we were one short again. During the year we lost two teachers through ill-health, Miss Short and Mrs. Penrice, and we all wish them good health in the future. Mr. Ashley-Brown joined us in the second term and is a valuable acquisition to the English staff.

We are losing on promotion one senior teacher, Mr. Wood, whom we have congratulated on his appointment as First Assistant at Greymouth. We will miss him in many ways but particularly in his capacity as organiser of Liberal Studies. Other teachers moving on are Mr. Capper, Mr. Chamberlain, Mrs. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Hissey, Miss Hunter, Miss Small, Miss Sullivan, Miss Walker and Mrs. Walton. The end of this year will be sobered for us who remain by their departure.

The staff is grateful for the work done by the P.T.A. In particular they deserve to be very proud of the gymnasium. So we very sincerely wish parents and pupils a happy holiday.



STAFF



Back Row: Mrs. Walton, Miss Platt, Messrs. Jessa, Ashton-Brown, Sutcliffe, Barwood, Crisp, Chamberlin, Heppleston, Capper, Hissey, Fielding, Kennedy, Larsen, Leishman, Piercy, Watt, Mrs. Piercy, Miss Hunter.
Second Row: Miss Howard, Mrs. Williams, Miss Small, Miss Solomons, Mrs. Howse, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Harding, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Risch, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Hickland, Mrs. Heppleston, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Haunton, Miss Ogle, Mrs. Sutcliffe, Mrs. Sunde, Miss Richards, Mrs. Emett.
Front Row: Messrs. Wood, Wilks, Potter, Hill, Page, Lovell, Purdy, Mrs. Connor, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. McPhail, Mr. Barrowman, Miss Grant, Messrs. Procter, Greensill, Ball, Guy, Frank, Chapple, Finch.

PREFECTS' REPORT

Jenny and Alan and 16 other prefects had been trying hard to control the restless mob of students. But soon, much to their relief, reinforcements were named, making a total of 32.

During the first term, we were slightly disorganised, having no common room from which to work. However, early in the second term, a mass migration took place. After roaming the grounds for weeks and weeks and weeks and weeks, searching for "the Prefects' Utopia," we finally found it—sandwiched between two sick bays. It eventually took on a lived-in look and our special thanks go to Miss Grant who bought and made up our curtains. A later addition was sixteen lounge chairs, which we are still paying off.

There were many encounters (sporting) between our honourable selves and the staff—beginning with the Staff v. Prefects race at the swimming sports. The boy prefects took on a new look—dressed in girls' uniforms; and the girls' dress was like the remnants from our grandmothers' fancy dress ball. The staff tried their best to outswim us, but they failed miserably, thanks to our use of a lilo.

The next encounter was when the boy prefects challenged the staff to a game of volleyball. Of course, the staff dutifully responded—just a little too vigorously.

The women staff were easily defeated by the girl prefects' experienced netball team (4-3).

To help raise money to pay for our chairs, the boy prefects combined with the staff to play the rest of the school in a gruelling Rugby battle. Of course, our heroes (!?) won. We charged 2c a head and just managed to pay off one chair.

Towards the end of the second term, a combined prefects' hockey team raced eagerly out on to the lower field and thanks to a magnificent goal by the notorious "Prof.," managed to defeat the opposition by the wide margin of 1-0.

All in all, we had a pretty good year, with only two leaving because they couldn't stand the pace. We sincerely thank all staff members for their friendly and helpful guidance.

Prefects' Record of Offenders:—

Boys: Fatigues, 3653; Detentions, 1159.

Girls: Detentions, 20.

Result: The boy prefects broke last year's existing record by 21 detentions and 11 fatigues.

—Big Kajida.

COLLEGE PREFECTS



Back Row: P. Ballinger, R. Mitchell, J. Cooper, P. Corbett, I. Connor, N. Farrant, P. Sheat, C. McKinney, G. Whittaker, K. Smith, G. Howarth.
Second Row: S. Johnson, M. Jackson, J. Martin, J. Herbert, K. Gould, L. Jarvis, B. Armstrong, D. Kveseth, E. Carruthers, S. Lockyer, J. Menzies, J. Turnbull.
Front Row: M. Thomson, J. Hill, A. Grey, Miss Grant, A. Innes, Mr. McPhail, J. King, Mr. Hutchinson, I. Duncaif, P. Scriven, P. Blinkhorne.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE COUNCIL

President: David Gaze. Vice-President, Cherie Coxhead. Secretary: Fiona Erb. Council: Alan Innes, Ian Duncalf, Jenny King, Cheryl Hamilton, Janet Turnbull, Evan Ubels, Kevin Wipiti, Cleve Ereuti, David Birrell, A. Grey, L. Jones, W. Willans, K. Manahi, C. Drummond, B. Read, T. Lund, G. McAlpine.

The Council was elected by the pupils of the School to put forward their motions and ideas. They were elected from each class and then fifth formers voted for a fifth form representative, thirds for thirds, etc.

A few of the motions put forward by Council this year were:—

1. The first motion accepted from the Council was that girls in West School should be allowed to wear red ribbons, East yellow and Senior navy.

2. People on the top field could not hear the bell and therefore one was asked for to be put on the far end of the gym. This is now being done.

3. A light be placed in staff room so that when pupils want a teacher they press a button outside and the light goes on. This is being considered.

4. A motion that girls be allowed to wear sandals in the summer was put forward. Devon Footwear offered to send designs for consideration. These are being looked at and considered.

7. Girls' A hockey team would like a new uniform. Designs are being found and considered.

8. A girls' and boys' indoor basketball team be included in the School trips to other schools. This is still under consideration.

9. At Council's request a price list has been placed in the canteen.

10. At Council's request a bus timetable has been placed in a convenient place for pupils' use.

11. Council's suggestion of Honours badges for top sporting groups in the School has been accepted and the badges are now being made.

12. At a suggestion made by Mr. McPhail Council has accepted the responsibility of paying for a Fijian boy's education until the age of fifteen.

—Fiona Erb.

5. Council asked that something be done about the curtains in the hall. As a result of this new curtains have been put up.

6. A suggestion that a newspaper be set up in the School was well supported by the pupils but was decided against as too much of the year had already passed. However, this may be considered for next year.

WEST SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT 1970

School elections in early March returned the Council—

School Captains: Cherie Coxhead, Kevin Wipiti.

Form V Representatives: Heather Buchan, Fiona Erb, David Birrell, Malcom Giles.

Form IV Representatives: Jeannette Wood, Ann Field, Tony Lund, Norrie Keenan.

Form III Representatives: Cindy Muggeridge, Adrienne Webber, Grant McAlpine, Richard Ireton.

West Council Representatives to College Council were Cherie Coxhead, Kevin Wipiti, Fiona Erb, David Birrell, Tony Lund and Grant McAlpine.

COLLEGE COUNCIL



Back Row: L. Jones, G. McAlpine, D. Birrell, E. Ubels, W. Williams, K. Wipiti, I. Duncalf, N. Keenan, B. Read, C. Ereuti, C. Drummond.
Front Row: J. Turnbull, K. Manahi, F. Erb, C. Coxhead, D. Gaze, J. King, A. Innes, A. Grey.

Our obvious first success was the rousing School spirit engendered by the massive march of the School to the field of the Inter-School Athletic Sports. We feel that West's lead over East at the conclusion of the sports was due, in some measure, to this strong School spirit.

Throughout the year the School has competed against East in such sports as Rugby, Soccer, Hockey, Basketball, Netball, Volleyball, Softball, Swimming and Steeplechase. This year saw the introduction of the Girls' Steeplechase. At the time of writing West have won 16 events and East 12. We still have to compete in tennis and cricket, and we are in the throes of organising for the College Gala on November 7th. It appears that student participation in Gala this year will far exceed any previous involvement and we feel that this has been largely triggered off by the existence of the Council system.

The inter-school plays, entirely produced and directed by students, finished with both 1st and 2nd places going to West. Carolyn Larkin produced the winning play, "Three to Get Married" and on behalf of the School we congratulate and thank Carolyn and her players for the very high standard achieved.

Periodically throughout the year, Council have been given the complete responsibility for the School assembly. We found the experiences somewhat nerve-racking but nevertheless challenging. At such assemblies we were able to report to the School on the workings, achievements (and failures) of Council, and we hope and believe that the School enjoyed our assemblies.

We do have some sense of failure. Our organisation of the School teams against East was not first rate, though we did field full teams for all events. We do not feel that we have fully represented the complete student opinion on some of the issues we have been concerned with—but we feel that some of the blame for this must lie with you individual students and your classes. We feel that while we should have done more in sounding student opinion, individuals and classes could have communicated more readily with us. Ideally we should be the second sounding board for contentious issues (class forums being the first and College Council the last).

—K. Wipiti, Cherie Coxhead.

Postscript from School Principal (to the School):

The organisation and operation of your Council this year has been a marked improvement on that of 1969. Form 5S1 deserves your thanks for this. I feel that, in spite of their own misgivings, your Council has very worthily represented you and worked for you. I know that they have raised many issues which you have all felt are rather vital; they have argued for you and made difficult decisions on your behalf. I agree with them that a fault has been the lack of communication and I undertake to improve my side of this next year.

The success of your Council this year has been partly due to their consistent prodding—of you, of the staff, and of the School administration. I sincerely hope that in 1971 you elect another Council of youngsters who are as willing to work for you,

WEST SCHOOL COUNCIL



Back Row: A. Field, F. Erb, M. Giles, N. Keenan, D. Birrell, J. Wood.
Front Row: A. Webber, C. Coxhead, Mr. Barrowman, K. Wipiti, H. Buchanan.

to argue your case and as ready to see and to put right their own shortcomings to the extent that your 1970 Council has done all of these things. I believe very firmly in the Council system and I would like to see it evolve to the point where Council is offered and accepts a much greater measure of responsibility for student welfare in our School and College.

—J. N. Barrowman.

EAST SCHOOL REPORT

At the beginning of the first term the School elected a Council, consisting of (fifth formers) Deborah Latham, Kathy Manahi, Russell Moffitt, Warren Williams; (fourth formers) Jahna Carstans, Gail Watkin, Grant Lander, Barry Read; (third formers) Carol Drummond, Luellen Lister, Christian Penrice, Roger Waipapa.

A fifth form boy and girl were elected by the School to act as captains. The two picked were Cleve Erueti and Linda Jones.

The first major task for the Council was the organisation of the athletic parade, which was a great success. It was hard to work out who was under the mass of red and yellow crepe paper as the two schools came to blows on the top field. But because of our (short-lived) superiority over West and our superb athletes . . . "we licked 'em hollow!"

A few weeks later School leaders were chosen and Carol Appleby, Adrianna Callaghan, Nina Kiri-

kiri, Anne O'Conner, Keith Adair, Cleve Erueti, Charles Heremaia and Russell Moffitt were the eight picked. These are the people that do all the "dirty work," e.g. gate duties, clearing the locker bays, guarding doors and assembly duty.

During the first term the Council and leaders met regularly every Monday, but as business slackened off, we reduced it to each fortnight. We carried out quite a large number of activities throughout the year.

At the beginning of the year we arranged to paint a number of four-square and padder-tennis courts. After school one night we scraped up a few willing pupils and got the asphalt swept and three courts painted. But we were rained out. We managed one more painting session in the second term during which Cleve got more paint on his shoes than on the asphalt.

During the second term also, we arranged for a lot of trees to be planted round the School to brighten the place up a little.

A number of record sessions were held in the hall but after paying their 2c very few danced. The money from these sessions we spent in a number of ways. Five dollars was sent to Francine Dove with our congratulations. A small amount was given to the Toys for Orphans scheme in the School, and funds were donated to a group planning an expedition to the Andes.

EAST SCHOOL COUNCIL



Back Row: B. Read, W. Williams, R. Moffit, G. Lander, R. Waipapa.
Front Row: L. Lister, D. Latham, L. Jones, Mr. Hutchinson, C. Erueti, K. Manahi, C. Drummond.

One of the ways we had hoped to win points, thus defeating West, was in the sporting field. A number of teams to play against West in a variety of sports were organised. But it was their turn to lick us. However, what we lacked in skill, we made up for in spirit.

In the beginning of the third term a School dance was held at the request of many pupils, and it was a swinging success. Most of the people who came really enjoyed themselves, thanks to the organisers, and of course The Bath, who played for us.

Another major sporting event held was the boys' cross-country, in which Jeff Ballinger was perhaps the most outstanding from East School. He broke a record in the intermediate section and went on to the inter-secs. to win again. Our congratulations go to you, Jeff.

Two other pupils deserving recognition are Margaretta Thompson and Ropu Wawatai. These girls competed in the Korimako Speech Competition. Ropu came first in her section for both Spotswood and Taranaki, and Margaretta was third for Spotswood.

Another major task for the Council has been in preparing for the Gala Day. We made many requests over assembly for donations, and there was a wonderful response from the School as shown by all the "Go Glow" stickers dotted round the place. Through Council a number of stalls and amusements were also organised.

Perhaps our most unpleasant task has been the Council Assembly each fortnight. You feel a "proper nut" standing on stage wondering if anyone is really listening. Needless to say we were all terrified at first and what we had to say came out as a lot of mumbled nervousness. Sorry about that.

Throughout the year the Council and prefects^s have acted on behalf of the 516 East School pupils. Our main purpose was to act as a go-between for teachers and pupils, so that pupils had the opportunity to express their ideas and opinions and any suggestions to the School.

We have been under the steady guidance Hutchinson and Mrs. Connor, who have been terrific. They stood by and helped us in every way and we just couldn't have done without them.

Finally we would like to thank the staff of course the pupils of East School for electing us and giving their support throughout the year.

We only hope next year's Council has as much fun as we have had. Many thanks to you.

SPEECH CONTEST

WEST SCHOOL

All West School third and fourth formers took part in a speech in class and most did well. Third form finalists were Rosemary Holm (1st), Jenny M. (2nd), Carey Hobbs (3rd), Carol Young, St. Fluker, Janet Sole, Donna Walker and Kathleen Warren. Fourth form finalists were Christine Arden (1st equal), Carol Bone (1st equal), Frances Young (3rd), Robert McGregor, Graeme Heap, Robyn Raynor and Tony Lund.

EAST SCHOOL

Third Form Placegetters: Carol Drummond 1st, Stephen Batten 2nd, Denise Brown 3rd.

Fourth Form Placegetters: Deborah Guthrie 1st, Stephen Hutton 2nd, Jahna Carstens 3rd.

Congratulations to all students who made an honest effort and entertained their classmates whether they reached the finals or not.

THE KORIMAKO SPEECH CONTEST

This Speech Contest is conducted by the Post-Primary Teachers' Association and the Maori Education Foundation. It was originally sponsored by a former Governor-General, Sir Bernard Fergusson, whose express aim was to encourage among Maori pupils a greater command of, and fluency in, the use of the English language.

At this College all third and fourth form pupils participate in a speech contest and from this background we choose the Maori entrants to go forward to the Korimako Speech Contest.

Ropu Wawatai, of E4A2, was the winner of the Regional final in this Central District. Congratulations Ropu on a fine speech. You and the other contestants are to be praised for the interest and enthusiasm you have shown.

We look forward to an interesting Korimako Speech Contest next year.

—P. Ashton.

Mr. Gowroy, of N.P.G.H.S., for some costumes.
Messrs. Duncan and Davies for the beautiful shrubs.
Mr. Hill, the house manager.
Miss Howard, in charge of wardrobe cupboard.

ORCHESTRA



K. Walker, B. Nation, G. McAlpine, M. Collinson, R. Fisher, Guy, J. Sole, P. Corbett, C. Brown, R. Alley, Mr. Purdy, B. Smithers, I. Connor (Leader), J. Fifield, D. Meads, W. Lynch,

MADRIGAL GROUP 1970

Auditions were held at the beginning of the year mainly to recruit new boys, as the best part of the group's male section left last year. As soon as the group was chosen rehearsals began straight away for the group's most important concert of the year—that for Her Majesty the Queen at the Bowl of Brooklands.

The items presented were "Cantate Domino"—Pitoni, "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," a 7-part arrangement of a Negro spiritual with the soloist Julie Eales. The bracket ended with "The Little White Hen," by Scandello. This concert was broadcast live by Radio Taranaki.

Next the group appeared at the Inter-Secondary School's Music Festival where they sang "Cantate Domino" and a motet "Adoramus Te" by Corsi.

The second term brought a concert for the New Plymouth Central Rotary Club in which the group sang repeats from other concerts. The audience was so enthused that an encore was requested! The highlight of the second term was of course the Tawa

visit. At the concert we performed a swingle arrangement of the Rondo from "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"—Mozart, with very able help from a percussionist and double bass; "Fahren wir Froh in Nachen," a delightful German madrigal, was also well received. The combined Madrigals sang "Call to Remembrance," by Tarrant.

The third term proposes a Christmas broadcast containing traditional and original carols. A concert, also consisting of Christmas numbers, is hoped to be given at the New Plymouth Art Gallery. ZSP has asked the group to record some jingles, which should prove to be interesting!

A Madrigal holiday week was held in Christchurch during the August holidays and was attended by some members of the group and Miss McLafferty. Everyone felt that it was a great success both musically and socially.

Our sincere thanks go to Miss McLafferty, whose musical skill combined with real enthusiasm has given the Madrigal Group the high standard of performance and success that it has reached this year.

—Kim Walker.

MADRIGAL GROUP



Back Row: B. Read, W. Williams, R. Moffit, G. Lander, R. Waipa Alley, Bill Millar, Peter James, Philip Pritchard, Peter Legge.
Front Row: L. Lister, D. Latham, L. Jones, Mr. Hutchinson, C. Erue Kveseth, Nancy Wallace, Elizabeth Davies, Caroline Leong, McLafferty, Kim Walker, Yvonne Sorensen, Jean Menzies.

ORCHESTRA REPORT 1970

This year the Orchestra started off in an enthusiastic manner with many younger players who made up for their lack of experience with vigorous playing. We had a very strong brass section which had to be reduced to allow the rest of the orchestra to be heard—the first time we have ever selected members, which indicates the healthy state of orchestral music in the School.

There have been two major performances this year. For the first time the Orchestra played in the Taranaki Secondary Schools' Music Festival. Later in the year the Tawa visit was reinstated. For the Taranaki Festival we combined with the Girls' High Orchestra and the resultant music was very impressive, perhaps encouraging more combined playing in the future. It was good to see the Tawa people again and this year the Orchestra gave a good performance at the festival, matching the standard of the more renowned Tawa Orchestra.

The music we played this year was a mixture of light and serious music of a standard which matched the playing abilities of the members and this helped to give us a full, harmonious sound.

Again this year chamber music has flourished and five groups were entered in the New Zealand Secondary Schools' Chamber Music competition. The results reflected the effort put into this by Miss McLafferty, Mr. Purdy and the players. This year one Spotswood group was placed third in Taranaki and the others all played well. Two of the groups gave a fine performance in the Tawa Festival. Everyone involved in the chamber music enjoyed the experience and their playing standard improved from competition. The continued popularity of chamber music in the School is assured by the success of this year's groups.

The abundance of younger players in the Orchestra this year has helped give us a more full-bodied sound and the youth of the players means that next year should be even more successful. The Orchestra performed well in both festivals and will be playing in the break-up ceremony. Our thanks go to Mr. Purdy for the enthusiasm he has instilled into our playing this year. He has achieved an increasingly high standard with the Orchestra.

—Ian Connor (Leader).

INTER-SCHOOL DRAMA

On April 13th, three plays were presented before a very responsive audience of about three to four hundred. The Dr. Andrews Trophy was won by the West School group, who staged "Three To Get Married."

Unlike our major productions, these plays were produced solely by students. The production of a play is a most arduous and exacting task, so on occasions some members of the staff were called on for minor assistance.

Each year we alternate between having a major production with a House music contest and a major musical production with a House drama contest. This year, under Spotswood College's three-school system, the contest was between East School and West School, consequently only a few senior students were called upon.

We were grateful to:—

Mrs. Connor and the make-up team.

Harry Daynhoven and his lighting experts.

Mr. Procter and the boys who helped him to erect the set.

Brian Hannam, our adjudicator.

Mrs. Sowerby, of N.P.G.H.S., for some costumes.

Messrs. Duncan and Davies for the beautiful shrubs.

Mr. Hill, the house manager.

Miss Howard, in charge of wardrobe cupboard.

ORCHESTRA



Back Row: M. Brown, M. Cleland, A. Lund, R. Davies, K. Walker, B. Nation, G. McAlpine, M. Collinson, R. Fisher.
Second Row: P. Riches, M. Nation, S. James, P. Carter, D. Guy, J. Sole, P. Corbett, C. Brown, R. Alley, Mr. Purdy.
Front Row: J. Bennett, C. Topping, C. Bone, W. Lonsdale, B. Smithers, I. Connor (Leader), J. Fifield, D. Meads, W. Lynch, S. Vinnicombe, G. Cannell.

THREE TO GET MARRIED

A Drama for Television

by Kay Hill (WEST SCHOOL)

CAST (in order of appearance)

Rev. Horatio Dogberry	- - - -	Malcolm Giles
Angelina	- - - -	Carole Young
Seraphina	- - - -	Barbara Hammonds
Dulcinea	- - - -	Jennifer Malan
Tom Oates	- - - -	Mathew Brown
Aunt Lizzie	- - - -	Patricia Scriven
Will Kane	- - - -	Christopher Brown
Chester Greengate	- - - -	David Birrell
Lieutenant Honeywell	- - - -	Paul Gundersen

Prompt: Heather Buchan.
Costumes: Linda Riddle.
Properties: Cherie Latimer.
Producer: Carolyn Larkin.



M. Brown and C. Young

EAST SCHOOL PLAY

THE MONKEY'S PAW — W. W. Jacobs

Producer: Jill McCullum.

Prompt: Lois Baldock.

CAST (in order of appearance)

Mr. White	- - - -	Philip Gredig
Herbert	- - - -	Stephen Hutton
Mrs. White	- - - -	Fiona Campbell
Sergeant-Major Morris	- - - -	Charles Heremaia
Sampson	- - - -	Andrew Dungan



P. Scriven and Mrs. Connor

WEST SCHOOL — FOOL'S ERRAND

A Tale from Chaucer — by Margaret Wood.

Producer: Sharon Lockyer.

CAST (in order of appearance)

Margery	- - - -	Janet Charman
Hodge	- - - -	Greg Medway
Dicon	- - - -	Graham Miles
Bet	- - - -	Denise Guy
Cuddy	- - - -	Donald Dawson
Alison	- - - -	Elizabeth Davies
Old Man	- - - -	Carey Hobbs

Prompt: Linda Riddle.

The scene was outside a country inn at night. A small group of simple country folk were gathered around a table, laughing and chatting, when their gaiety was halted by a reminder of death.



The Producer and His Cast

LISTEN TO THE WIND

"Listen to the Wind," produced by Mr. K. B. Wood, was perhaps one of the most ambitious major music productions embarked upon by a Spotswood cast. It was the culmination of six weeks' intensive preparation, and perhaps equally intense panic, especially in the last few weeks. To get a cast of over twenty people to project themselves into roles as foreign as wind-people, gale birds, sea witches and sunshine is no mean task, yet this was accomplished with much hard work from Mr. Wood, even to the extent of "Do-it-yourself." I think the whole cast received a lesson in showmanship during the Saturday night performance from our producer, who took over the part of the Gale Bird from Colin McKinney, who was sick. Although it is uncommon to see Gale Birds with glasses, and scripts in their hands, the audience was really involved with his "sick-stomach" plight.

"Listen to the Wind" has a simple story, of three children kidnapped from their home in East Anglia by the Wind people, who want a wise human ruler to fill the gap of "Lady Serena" who used to control them. The children become involved in the plot of "Black Thundercloud" to take over the Wind kingdom and rule the world. They see many strange things, including a rather silly old green and red gale bird, ethereal wind people, a friendly sea witch with hideous teeth, but a lovely smile, coming to an end in a terrible battle between Black Thundercloud and East Wind. On the final night, this sword fight became rather horrifyingly realistic, as Black Thunder Cloud drew real blood from East Wind with his mighty sword.

But it must always be remembered that in a drama production, a great portion of its success must be attributed to the backstage crew, who are responsible for scenery, lighting, properties, make-up, costuming and stage management!

Who would remember in particular the timely appearance of a red feather during the Third Act, but how embarrassingly noticeable it would be if it failed to appear. The neat fitting and appearance of costumes is certainly not accidental, especially since the costumes arrived in cardboard boxes, made to fit actors from Hawera and Lower Hutt!

It is impossible to note individually the tremendous effort put in by all concerned with the success of this production, since over seventy people participated. However, I know I speak for the whole cast when I say that I think "Listen to the Wind" was a valuable experience in the world of drama.

—Pat Scriven.



J. Turnbull and B. Hammonds



The Finale

GIRLS' DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

For our leaders, Mrs. Connor, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Rae, this year has been a very disappointing one. The number of girls doing Bronze and Silver Awards compared with other years is disheartening. There are ten girls doing Bronze and fifteen doing Silver compared with thirty-six in Bronze and twenty in Silver in 1969. However, the Gold level, with six candidates, has more numbers than usual. Perhaps next year there will be larger numbers.

The Award scheme has been changed and modernised this year. Any girl after her 14th birthday can start. There are four separate sections:

Service, Expedition, Interest and either Design for Living or Physical Activity. With the new scheme one can take the same interest right through to Gold. Also there is now rarely any need to go to a higher level in any particular subject as there was in the previous award scheme.

Though the activities in each level are similar the standards or quality of work should become progressively higher as one advances to Gold.

Most of the girls this year seemed to have enjoyed their expeditions. In the May holidays, two Gold level girls tramped forty miles in stormy weather around the Pukearuhe area, following the gas pipeline. The Silver girls did their hikes in groups of four or five, making the Waiweranui Hut, Egmont National Park, their rendezvous for the night with Mrs. Connor as guest of honour.

The six Gold girls were fortunate enough to be able to attend a Leadership Course at Wellington during the first week of the August holidays. This was essential for their awards. The Y.W.C.A. of Wellington, who organised it, took over the Helen Lowry Hall, a hostel, for this residential course. Forty Gold Award level girls came from all parts of New Zealand. The course was highly successful from the training point of view and through the fun enjoyed by all. A summarised report was required by the organisers for satisfactory completion of the course.

Representing the girls doing the Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme at school, I would like to thank our leaders, especially Mrs. Connor, who have guided, helped and "pushed" us to our goals.

It is hoped that next year there will be a renewal of interest in this stimulating and rewarding activity. The Award is not competitive since each individual is assessed on her progress, perseverance and achievement. This makes the Award a measure of personal effort instead of a fixed standard of attainment, thus making it within the reach of all.

—T. R. Ward.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS

SILVER AWARDS: Eve Carruthers, Jennifer Francis, Carolyn Hills, Deborah Kveseth, Helen Monaghan, Sheryleanne Morgan, Susan Turner, Ruth Ward.

BRONZE AWARDS: Lois Baldock, Jennifer Blyde, Annette Burke, June Campbell, Rhonda Clegg, Juliet Collins, Norma Corkill, Rae Dalg'ish, Jocelyn Fifield, Gillian Francis, Rosemarie Kyle, Carolyn Larkin, Julie Leonard, Lynette Lucas, Judith McCone, Lynne McCone, Jill McCullum, Anne Manning, Merran Mitchell, Rosemary Moss, Ann O'Connor, Carole Putt, Jeannine Revell, Judy Robinson, Diane Sharrock, Jennifer Sole, Roxanne Steemers, Janet Sutherland.



LIBRARY NOTES 1970

At last . . . after what seems an interminable progression of builders, plasterers and electricians we have our new mezzanine floor. The library had to be virtually telescoped inwards to make room for the alterations, but now, after a term of falling over books in awkward places, we can expand with relief as the library stock has been re-arranged on the new shelves. The individual study bays are proving most popular with the senior school and the positioning of senior books upstairs seems to be a useful re-arrangement.

We are grateful to Mrs. Bacon for her generosity in donating several valuable books and for her gift of a painting of Mt. Egmont by Bernard Arris. We would also like to thank the following people for donations of books: J. Buchanan, J. Dent, P. Bryant, K. Gould, R. and G. Ward, L. Eley, D. Jones, J. Berry, Mrs. Read, Mr. J. Quilliam, R. Avery, J. Rapley, J. Harrison, K. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, J. Boccock, Mr. Greensill, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, Mr. Tuilett, G. Bell, Mrs. Bell. We also thank the P.T.A. for their gift of \$100.

This year the price of books has risen so much that we have only been able to buy some 830 new books, to bring our total stock to 7088. This is still insufficient for a school as large as ours.

The College thanks the librarians who have worked very well this year in trying conditions: John Dent, Leslie Smith, Kathleen Warren, Janet Francis, Carol Galvin, Gaelene Cocker, Robert Quinlan, Lindsay Ward, Sally Blackman, Christine Dwyer, Paul de Abaitua, Greg. Dowle, Carl McKay, Aileen Campbell, Brenda Carson, Judy Duynhoven, Andrea Connett, Raewyn Northcott, Deborah Alcock, Dianne Grey.

We have been fortunate in having the assistance of Mrs. Francis who has rejuvenated many worn books with great skill. Her knowledge of all library work is a great help to Mrs. Emmett and Mr. Lovell.

EVENING CLASSES 1970

These have been generally well attended, although we have had to cancel three for lack of support—a dressmaking class, a second art class and keep-fit for women. This is unfortunate at a time when it is almost impossible to get new classes established because of departmental stringency. It is also a pity that so little use has been made of our new gymnasium in the evenings. On the other hand some classes have been very popular, notably craft, floral art, Continental cooking and cake decorating.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME



Back Row: N. Corkill, J. McCullum, J. Leonard, J. Robinson, C. Larkin, C. Putt.
Second Row: M. Mitchell, R. Clegg, L. Lucas, G. Francis, D. Sharrock, R. Dalg'ish, J. Campbell.
Front Row: L. Baldock, A. Manning, J. Revell, R. Ward, J. Francis, S. Turner, A. O'Connor, J. Blyde.

Present pupils should consider joining hobby classes when they leave school as apart from giving them a worthwhile interest, it should help them over that difficult transitional period. It is good to see many older folk, some of whom have been faithful supporters for a number of years, coming along too. Sex doesn't seem to be any great barrier either. A number of women attend woodwork and metalwork, but while a few brave males have ventured forth into art and craft we have yet to see any in Continental cooking, floral art, dressmaking or hairdressing!

Classes have been held as follows:—

Monday: Woodwork, Metalwork, Craft, Continental Cooking.

Tuesday: Woodwork, Dressmaking, Floral Art, Cake Decorating, Art.

Wednesday: Woodwork, Dressmaking, Continental Cooking, Craft, Keep Fit (women), Metalwork.

Thursday: Woodwork, Dressmaking, Art, Hair Dressing, Cake Decorating.

—D. M. Frank.

BRASS BAND REPORT

The Spotswood College Brass Band is now in its second year, and has grown from a handful of learners to a group of over twenty, together becoming a well-balanced and experienced band.

Nearly all the players have learnt at the School from Mr. L. Hall, who comes to the School every Friday to give tuition during school hours, and conduct the band practice at lunchtime. As Spotswood College was not designed for a band, this practice causes many problems as to where it can be held. Up till now, we have been practising in the Old Girl

Prefects' Room. This room serves its purpose for tuition admirably, but as it only accommodates about six people comfortably with instruments, the band becomes extremely cramped. In view of this, we now hold band practices outside, weather permitting, which also gives us a chance of playing in public.

To give further experience in group playing, a number of smaller groups are being formed, and one, consisting of Matthew Brown, Wendy Lynch, Andrew Dungan and Stephen Hutton, came third in the Wanganui Competitions Society's Under 15 Quartet Division out of 16 entries from the Central Districts area.

On a more ambitious scale, Mr. Hall and Mr. Coton (who takes the woodwind lessons) joined forces under the able direction of Mr. Purdy, and we had a concert band. This made an extremely successful appearance at the Tawa-Spotswood music festival by playing "Pacific Grandeur," and "Empire State Salute." It is hoped this combination will continue to play as often as possible.

The main restriction on the growth of the band is the number of available instruments, and in this respect we are fortunate in having as many as we do, after such a short time, but we could do with a lot more. However, with prices ranging between \$100-\$500 per instrument, we must be patient.

Plans for the future include a performance at the Gala Day, and a concert to raise funds for new instruments.

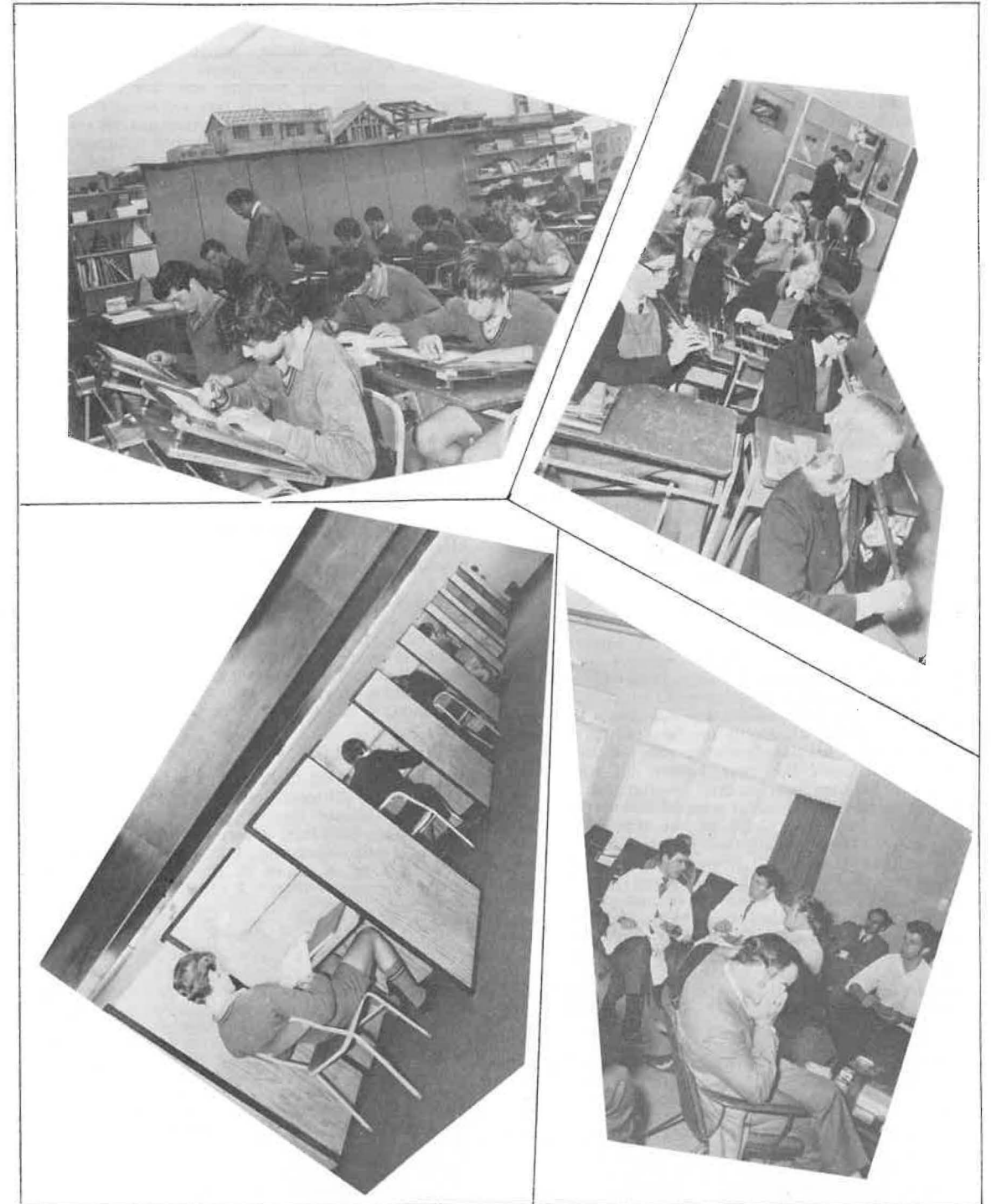
Our thanks go to Mr. Hall, without whose work the band could not have achieved its remarkable success.

—Stephen Hutton.

BRASS BAND



Back Row: W. Lonsdale, A. Lund, G. Kenny, B. Avery, R. Davies, D. Kirkland, A. Dungan, P. Bowering, T. Blackburn.
Front Row: M. Collinson, M. Cleland, N. Nodder, Mr. Hall, P. Leonard, P. Carter, W. Lynch, M. Brown.



CRUSADER MOVEMENT

"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen."—Hebrews 11:1.

To the writer of the letter to the Hebrews, faith is a hope that is absolutely certain that what it believes is true and that what it expects will come. It is not the hope which looks forward with wistful longing, that takes refuge in a perhaps; it is the hope which looks forward with certainty, which is founded on a conviction. The Christian faith is such that it dictates a man's conduct. It dominates his actions. He lives and dies in this hope and his possession of it makes him act as he does—it is this faith that "Crusaders" has depended on this year and which has been, in the main, our theme.

As usual the Crusader year was started by the annual barbecue at Inglewood which was well attended, although mainly by juniors. Also organised during the first term was a squash which was held at school and attended by Crusaders from other High Schools. During the holidays, which (I have heard) are always looked forward to by both staff and pupils, some Crusaders (both staff and pupils) abandoned that swot and took advantage of the holiday programmes provided by the Crusader Union. Quite a large Spotswood contingent attended the Senior Crusader Conference in Wellington in May. All those who attended came back full of what they had learned and whom they had met. We are most grateful to Mr. McPhail for the activities assistance towards expenses for these students. And in August some keen souls went on Crusader camping holidays and returned enthused, refreshed and eager to "go again."

About half-way through the school year an administrative change was seen—when the student-staff committee accepted responsibility for the weekly meetings. The plan, which has worked amazingly well, was for a "democratic" form of "government," whereby each member of the committee in turn took a meeting. Thus we not only added the variety which was lacking when only teachers (albeit we had half a dozen Christian teachers) ran the meetings, but we also eased the huge burden (of time and energy) which had lain on Mr. Procter's shoulders. But just because Mr. Procter stepped voluntarily (and surprisingly cheerfully!) out of the limelight, does not mean he deserves any the less praise. He has remained the head of our movement and been to it a very necessary counsellor, shepherd and friend. The student members on the committee—which despite many rather hilarious meetings has managed to run Crusaders reasonably smoothly and has made Spotswood a New Zealand first in the Crusader Union—were Noel Derry (chairman), Yvonne Sorenson (secretary), Libby Bond, Margaret Tomkins, Lyn Adamson, Raewyn Edwards, Noeline Hill, Raewyn Hill, Philip Pritchard and Paul Blackburn.

Activities undertaken during the Thursday lunch-time meetings this year have covered a surprisingly wide area. We have had the usual influx of visiting speakers—all of whom would take too much room to name and categorise. Some were missionaries, some clergymen, others merely Christians with a message; but they were all interesting no matter who. We have also had discussions, in groups and en masse, question times and talks (did I hear someone say "sermons"). One of the highlights of the year

was the Oriental luncheon, for which the credit must go mainly to Libby Bond, but also to those Crusaders, mums and wives whose cooking skills provided the delicious (mmm!) dishes. Surprising how few of the sixty to seventy paying guests could (or would!) use chopsticks! The money raised from this venture went to A.N.Z.E.A. (a Scripture Union organisation). Another interesting meeting was the one, run by Philip Pritchard, at which two workers from "Teen Haven" (the Hamilton farm which provides a home for "drop-outs" from society) showed a film and then talked of this work which is necessary, not only in the towns of America, but here in New Zealand. "What should the Christian's attitude be to war?" was the question asked of (but not resolved by) a panel consisting of Lyn Adamson (pupil), Mrs. Piercy (staff member), Mr. B. Barnitt (teacher), Rev. Turnbull (Presbyterian minister) and Father Sherry (Catholic priest). But the discussion, admirably chaired by Mr. Page, was lively and thought-provoking. In September the annual rally of all Taranaki Crusaders was held at Fitzroy—many from Spotswood attended, and enjoyed the programme which consisted of tea, an address from Rev. David Brett, some singing and games, and reports and items from the Crusader groups and also from the Youth for Christ chorale.

This year badges were awarded to Lyn Adamson, Philip Pritchard, Raewyn Edwards, Yvonne Sorenson, Jenny King, Raewyn Hill and Noeline Hill.

We were pleased to welcome this year Miss Short, Miss Hunter and Mr. Larsen, to all of whom we would like to extend our thanks. We are also grateful for the continued interest and help of Miss Richards, Mrs. Piercy, Mr. Chamberlin and Mr. Procter without whom chaos would probably have reigned! The committee members are also thanked for their concern and diligence. And, of course, we thank God for another profitable and enjoyable year of Crusading for Him!

INTERACT CLUB

The Spotswood College Interact Club entered its third year of existence with a large increase of membership. Officers for 1970 were: President, Philip Sheat; Vice-President, Graeme Howarth; Secretary, Janice Martin; Treasurer, Ian Connor; Directors, A. Grey, J. King, A. Innes, A. Flett. Director A. Flett left during the year and R. Maetzig was elected in his place. Four assistant directors were appointed later in the year.

The Club's first project for the year was the clearing of trees at Pukerangi Pa. This was followed by a Publicity Campaign, the highlight being taking part in a raft race on the Waitara River. The Club also featured in news reports in the local newspaper.

During the course of the year the Club made many donations to various organisations. The first was to the East End Surf Club towards replacing their broken surf canoe. Another donation was to Barnett Bond towards travelling expenses to the Commonwealth Games.

Our next project was assisting Mr. Fielding at his nature reserve. Members cleared tracks and built bridges.

The Red Cross Society approached the Club regarding sponsoring a Greek orphan. This was agreed upon and \$25 was sent for the first year's sponsorship.

For the first time the Club took part in an international tape project organised by the St. Joseph's Club in Hong Kong.

The School Project for the year was the sand-papering of rough edges on the seats in the hall. (For the benefit of the nylon-clad legs.)

Five members attended the Fourth Annual Interact Conference held at Hamilton Boys' High during the August holidays. This was a great success; however nothing more was learned regarding the running of Interact Clubs.

The most successful project this year was a Car Rally, covering about eighty miles of Inland Taranaki roads. This was enjoyed by all and raised about \$30.

Owing to the lack of support from the members, there were no fund-raising campaigns this year. I hope that future members will participate more readily in the activities of the Club. This year the Club was reputed to be the largest in New Zealand, but one would not think so judging by the poor attendances at Club gatherings.

—J.F.M.

CATAMARAN BUILDING AND SAILING CLUB

After an interesting trip away in Australia for the World Catamaran Championship at Easter, Mr. Crisp came home with the idea of building for the College a fleet of catamarans built and used by College pupils.

The first stage was to form a small group of eager boys to sacrifice their lunch times and sometimes after school to build the first catamaran. The actual building of the cat. was started at the beginning of

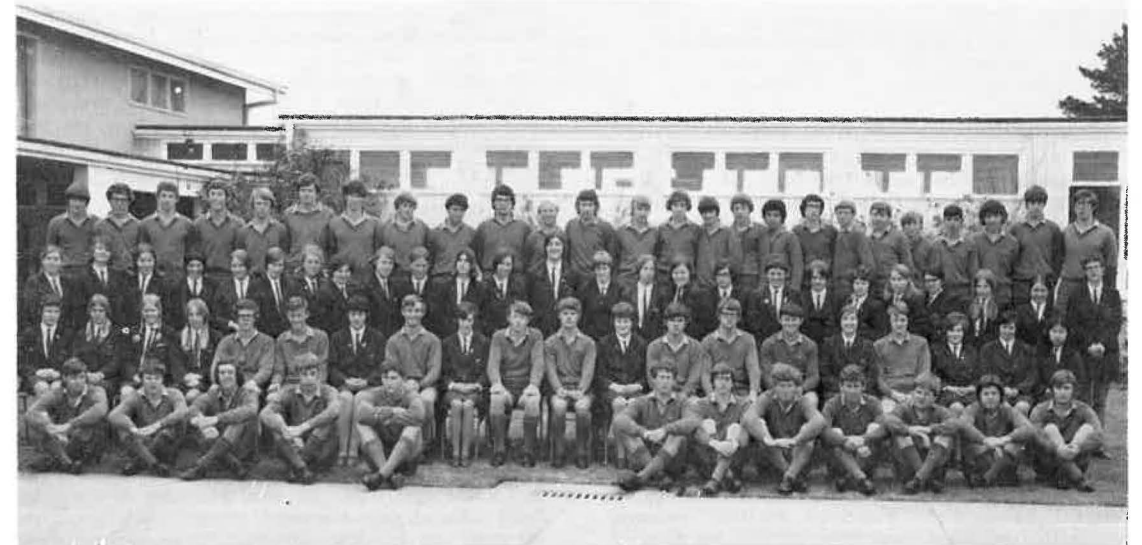
the second term with lessons being given every Wednesday by Mr. Crisp on various aspects of sailing a catamaran.

The work proceeded very successfully with very few joinery mistakes. Little interest was taken in the boat until a very reliable P.T.A. stepped in and gave a donation of \$240 for the construction of two catamarans in the College.

At the end of the second term the team had completed most parts of the catamaran as well as the assembling of the hulls. In the third term, the final assembly of the cat. was made with the team using metalwork facilities for the metal fittings.



INTERACT CLUB





The New Plymouth Yacht Club opened its season on September 26th, though our cat. wasn't quite ready. Instead we launched our catamaran on 3rd October at 10 o'clock, having the colours of orange and yellow, with the name of McPhail's Navy.

Our special thanks to Mr. Crisp for his time, experience and great patience with his helpers; for the P.T.A.'s generous donation; the Press, for their support through their newspapers; for the firm of Helmer Peterson, as they managed to save us a lot of money on the purchase of the sails; to Tingeys, as the price of paint was greatly reduced; to Consolidated Chemicals, who helped us with the fibre glassing of the bottom portion of the hulls; to Mr. White, from Jones and Sandford, who gave considerable help with the purchase of the marine plywood and fittings.

Facts of the catamaran: Length, 11ft.; beam, 5ft. 2in.; mast, 17ft.; weight (unrigged), 80 lbs.; sail area, 84 sq. feet.

—David Gaze (Commodore).

TRAVEL CLUB

This has continued to function Wednesday lunch time throughout the winter term. All the films shown this year have been obtained from the British Embassy to whom we are much indebted for an up-to-date and entertaining commentary on current developments of general interest.

The following is a list of the films shown: Farnborough '66, Listen to Steel, Wild Wings, Algerian Pipeline, Wind on the Heath, "Usutu"—Afforestation in Southern Africa, Giant in the Sun—Northern Nigeria, Water, Water Everywhere—the uses water is put to in Scotland, On Such a Night—the Glyndebourne Opera, Between the Tides, All That Mighty Heart—London Transport, "Hazard"—a spine-tingling film of climbing in the Italian Dolomites, Journey into Spring, Barbican Regained—the rebuilding of Central London, and "Faces of Harlow"—a new town in Britain.

The aim has been to provide films that are both educational and entertaining. We have had a weekly muster of from thirty to sixty pupils but many more could have benefited from the films shown. It is rather surprising that boys have greatly outnumbered girls despite the fact that most films have been equally suitable for both sexes. Thanks to those who have helped with the publicity and to you pupils who have provided encouragement by coming along regularly. It is to be hoped that we can provide an equally worthwhile programme next year.

—D. M. Frank.

VOLLEY BALL CLUB

After the opening of the Gymnasium a Volley Ball Club opened with practice nights once a week. Early in the life of this club Inter-School Championships were held at Spotswood College. At these the boys' volley ball team won the boys' section and the girls' team were runners-up in their section, giving this club an encouraging beginning.

TRAMPING CLUB

With such a natural asset as the Egmont National Park sitting at our back door it would appear natural that the Tramping Club should spend most of its time there. However, this year has been rather different from the past in that we have, in fact, done just that. For the past few years the club has utilised the large tramping area provided in Eastern Taranaki—the papa country. But for transport's sake alone we have had all but one of our tramps in the Egmont National Park this year.

The first trip was to the summit of Egmont and about fifty people reached the top, many for the first time. The teachers also made use of the opportunity to scale the peak and ten went along with the party. The weather was fine and there were some happy but tired people at the end of the day. Following that was our one trip to Eastern Taranaki. By tradition Whangamomona sees the Tramping Club every year so we had to return again this year. Forty keen people piled on to the 2.30 a.m. railcar and they were still keen when they got off two hours later. After five miles on a metal road, a few were starting to cool. We wound up a track from the road and left the farmland behind, scrambled through an old tunnel and emerged in the bush. Trying to get a decent breakfast for forty people in a stream-bed again proved a failure. Most tried to swallow the watery porridge but the general agreement seemed to be that it was better to go a little hungry. After breakfast we split into two groups. One carried on down the stream to a lunch-site while the other went gorging. Gorging involves tramping, swimming and climbing. All you need is a gorge, and there are plenty of those around Whangamomona, with walls at least thirty feet high and preferably sheer and six feet apart. It really doesn't matter about the size of the stream since even a trickle can form amazingly deep pools. After a while you are so wet that you forget that you were planning to keep dry. But its fun despite the mud, the eels, the water and the cold.

Some of the boys used their spare energy chasing goats, but by the time we all gathered again for tea there was not too much energy left for the walk back along the road to Whangamomona. To add to the tiredness the rain came and kept up a steady drizzle all the time the group wandered back. When we got to the railway station and shelter it stopped. After the walk back everyone felt like a nice cool drink so we went down to the pub. But it was only for lemonade (there was no shop open) and Miss Grant kept a watchful eye. Still it must be a first. By the time we got back to New Plymouth at 11.30 p.m. everyone was feeling quite sleepy.

Following trips covered the Pouakai and Kaitake Ranges. On the Pouakais we crossed both Maude Peak and Henry Peak, while on the Kaitakes we made the highest point, Patuha Peak, only to find the low cloud hid the view of the lowlands. Luckily a short break enabled us to see just how high above the green farmlands we were. Persistent drizzle made the descent rather slippery and a few muddy seats was the result. Any other trips before the end of the year will probably be in the National Park, with the possibility of a trip to Paul's Falls up the Stony River.

My thanks must go, on behalf of the club, to all staff who have assisted during the year, especially Miss Grant and Mr. Capper. Also to patient and trusting parents who have provided transport and enabled us to introduce their sons and daughters to some aspects of the outdoors.

—K. Smith.

CHESS CLUB

This year the Chess Club had a record number of 48 members, half of whom turned up regularly to play in T6 during lunchtime. It was encouraging to see so many new pupils wanting to learn to play chess, and older members have been very keen to coach them. There were three outside events:

In early April the Taranaki School Children's Tournament at Inglewood was visited by E. Ubels, T. Street, M. Giles, R. Ball, D. Heremaia, P. Tooley, B. Lockyer, R. Quinlan, T. Plant. In the Open tournament Evan Ubels came first and Malcolm Giles and Roddy Ball came third equal. In the Juniors David Heremaia came second and Paul Tooley third.

Evan Ubels went to Wellington during the May holidays to play in the Wellington District School Children's Championship. He took second place.

Because of the large number of members in our club our own ladder competition for the championship took some time to complete, and those players who missed out are invited to be in early next year.

Our champion is Evan Ubels for the fourth year in succession. With our A team he has again won the Prentice Cup at the Annual Secondary Schools' Open Team Tournament, which is our major event of the year. We are proud to record that we were able to send three teams:—

A: E. Ubels, J. Lobb, M. Giles, T. Street.

B: D. Heremaia, R. Ball, D. Eden, M. Whittaker.

C: K. Jenvey, T. Plant, G. Dent, B. Lockyer.

It must be mentioned that David Heremaia won all of his six games at that tournament, something that had not happened before. We have great hopes for David next year when we will have lost Evan Ubels, whom we wish all the best for the future.

We would like to invite boys and girls to join us in the Chess Club. It is a fine pastime and a good relaxation to sit over a quiet game of chess in the pleasant surroundings in T6 where we always get some inspiration and friendly coaching.

We thank Mrs. Risch for her welcome during lunch hours and for her arranging and taking us to outside chess events.

—Check-Mate.

DEBATING CLUB

Although Debating Club this year perhaps lacked some of the enthusiasm and vigour which characterised our activities last year, the year has none-the-less been a most satisfying one. We began with the customary elections and once again Pat Scriven was elected as President, Libby Bond as Secretary, and Margaret Tomkins as Treasurer. A Publicity Committee was formed consisting of Noel Derry, Heather Buchan, Denise Guy and Janet Charman. In June, Margaret Tomkins was also elected to the position of Vice-President.

The club began the year meeting in the Form-room of our non-fiscal Patron, Mr. Bauld. Eventually, winter invasions of W3A3 for lunch necessitated a change of location to T7.

Our meetings throughout the year were generally formal, with emphasis on constitutionalism. (We owe thanks to Mr. Gibson for his guidance on correct procedures on running meetings). Impromptu speeches enlivened some meetings, on topics such as "That men make better mothers than women," or "The way Debating Club meetings should be run," the last speech offering constructive suggestions such as the use of bull-whips. (Janet Charman—who else?)

We had a number of both formal debates and informal discussions within the club, and a visiting speaker, Mr. Terry Boone, from the Toastmasters' Club. We were most grateful for Mr. Boone's talk, although rooming conditions tended to disrupt the meeting somewhat.

Debating Club inquired about the possibility of having badges for members, which stimulated discussion resulting in a decision to award School "blues."

Our first debate of any major interest was the staff-pupil debate on the topic "That formal education is the greatest threat to the world today." Miss Short, Messrs. Lovell and Capper battled against Pat Scriven, Libby Bond and Malcolm Giles, but were defeated.

The Tawa debate in March was held in the Library before an audience of staff and pupils from Tawa and Spotswood. The topic "That New Zealanders are complacent" was debated, Tawa taking the affirmative. The Spotswood team, Pat Scriven, Malcolm Giles and John Tullet, spoke well, Malcolm winning most points for the School team, but the adjudicator, Mr. Gibson, pronounced a victory for Tawa. Supper followed the debate, and despite minor mishaps inevitable in the Feeding of the Five Thousand (or rather 180), such as the sudden urgent necessity of borrowing \$1.28 from Mr. Lambert to buy extra biscuits, all seemed to go well.

On April 7th, we had two debates in the Francis Douglas College Common Room. The Seniors debated "That the raising of the level of Lake Manapouri is justifiable." The team comprised Pat Scriven.

Libby Bond and John Tullet. The result was a draw. The Junior team, Janet Charman, Heather Buchan and Malcolm Giles, debated "That it is better to plant a cabbage than a rose." Spotswood won this debate and, on the whole, the evening was a most successful one.

At the end of the second term we had a debate at a private home. The topic, "That selective breeding would be the salvation of the human race," was formally debated by Margaret Tomkins, Heather Buchan and Ray Hine, and a combined Francis Douglas-Sacred Heart team. The debate stimulated much informal discussion afterwards, although some variance from the topic was noted at times!

The third term saw a drift of Debating Club into recess, and the club suggests that in future years the main officers of the Club be chosen from the Sixth Form, when perhaps less external pressure would be on Club executive. However, at the time of going to press, negotiations are under way for a debate with St. Mary's, Stratford.

As in previous years, 1970 has been a most fulfilling year, and we hope that those who have participated in Club activities this year have gained thereby, and that those going to University next year will be stimulated to continue in the Spotswood spirit.

—Libby Bond.

DEBATING CLUB



Back Row: Mr. Bauld, J. Tullett, M. Giles, R. Hine, H. Buchanan.
Front Row: J. Charman, M. Tomkins, E. Bond, P. Scriven, D. Guy.

ROYAL VISIT

An important event on the music side of things this year was a performance by the College's Massed Choir and Madrigal Singers for Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Bowl of Brooklands on Friday, March 20th. Because of the short length of time in which to prepare for this concert, it was impossible for any new major works to be learnt and so the choir comprised mainly members from 1969, who were already acquainted with the works which were to be performed.

Arranging transport for three hundred people to and from the Bowl of Brooklands for their one and only rehearsal there can cause difficulties, as was discovered when the practice took a little longer than expected and one of the three buses was wanted elsewhere and therefore had to leave. A tired bunch arrived back at school that afternoon but all were confident that the performance the following Friday would be their best yet.

Friday the 20th provided us with perfect weather conditions and even though the Queen was slightly late in arriving, our long wait did not mar the performance. The programme, which consisted of "Bali Hai," "Come Let Us Sing," and three items by the Madrigal Singers, was broadcast live and telecast,

as well as being performed in front of an unusually large gathering of Press photographers, who always persist in clicking their cameras at the wrong time.

After the concert the Queen and the Duke came across the lake to meet Miss McLafferty and the members of the choir, the Duke appearing to be particularly interested in the number of people wearing Duke of Edinburgh Award badges.

Our special thanks go to all who helped with this performance, especially Miss McLafferty and the other members of the Spotswood College staff and those members of the City Orchestra who accompanied us.

—K.W., J.K.

TAWA VISIT

It was good to see the Tawa people back again this year on the 30th of July. Rehearsals for the concert started an hour after their arrival and some were so keen that they were back in the evening for another. Nothing was organised for Thursday night and so everyone was on time for school on Friday with various rehearsals throughout the day. Those not involved in practices wandered around the school, generally making a nuisance of themselves and preparing for the dance that night. Friday after school saw the staff putting in a few minutes extra practice for their item in the concert.

A dance and band was organised that night to entertain the visitors, and this was very successful in helping everyone to get acquainted with each other. Certain staff members had their share of the enjoyment too. However, everyone was up early Saturday morning and the orchestras and madrigals had their share of the rehearsal lark. On Saturday afternoon there was an eventful trip to the mountain and the fresh falls of snow. The handfuls of snow did not seem to dampen anyone's spirit and all were looking forward to the concert that night.

The concert was a great success. Everyone performed well and the large audience was very receptive and appreciative of the high quality and great variety of music. Our thanks go to all staff members and pupils involved. Their efforts were well rewarded.

Next morning at half-past eight a weary mob of Tawa people boarded their buses and left Spotswood with happy memories and leaving lasting friendships. The trip over-all was a tremendous success and we hope to enjoy ourselves as much next year when we repay their visit.

—Jenny King, Jocelyn Fifield,
Ian Connor, Kim Walker.

THE SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

On Monday, August 24th, thirty-two fifth and six formers with one seventh (immature enough to pass for a fifth) set off from school with Mr. Frank and Mrs. Connor for a six-day trip round the South Island. The trip was, as in the past, arranged by the Midland Bus Company and was to give fifth form geography students a good background for their coming exams. We got to Wellington that evening with no one missing and after a "yuk" tea in Wellington Railway Station some of us went with expupils (Chris Francis and Janet Davidson) through Victoria Varsity.

We all boarded the Maori inter-island ferry later that evening. It wasn't a particularly rough trip but you wouldn't have thought so considering that only eight of the Spotswood group could not be



The Happy Wanderers, Waimate

considered invalids (serves them right for hogging all those milk shakes in the cafeteria). Next morning we met our bus driver Dennis Mulholland. He was a terrific sort (young and unmarried) and needless to say went down very well with the female section. Christchurch station managed to redeem the railways with a beaut breakfast, after which we went on a short tour of Christchurch, then across the flat Canterbury Plains to Arthur's Pass. This was one of the most scenic parts of the whole trip and many of the rich used up a whole film on this area. We had lunch at lovely Arthur's Pass township, visiting the museum and later going for a nature walk with the Ranger. Then we dropped many thousands of feet to the "wet" West Coast. Wet is no exaggeration—"torrentially raining" isn't either. Of course this biased our opinion of the area a little. We stayed at the Hokitika motor camp where some of us experienced our first night trying to sleep in double beds. That night we visited a glow-worm grotto and the next day we went to Goldsborough to pan for gold. The combined value of all the gold we panned (and only the hardy could pan in the pouring rain) was about 30c worth. We then took the old gold prospector home and travelled on to the Greenstone factory at Hokitika where some of us finally went broke. From Hokitika we travelled down the coast road to Franz Josef, the only problem being a lack of toilet paper at Harihari. We are still



"Morning Devotions"

wondering why Keren Wheeler vacated the field at Kanrangarua when the stag in the same paddock lowered his horns towards her. Unfortunately we couldn't see any of the lakes because of the rain and a trip up to the glacier was put off till the next morning. That night was spent getting to know the Freyberg School party or beating each other at miniature football. (Did we detect a short supply of 5c pieces afterwards?) Although it was pouring with rain and the road was apparently washed out we travelled up to the Glacier next morning. The hardened members of the party (foolhardy?) walked over some large rocks to see, what for many of them, was their first view of a glacier. Later in the morning we visited the Fox information centre, then travelled on to the Haast Road, and over the river which was, unusually, in flood. We were stopped just over the "Gates of Haast" bridge and all available manpower (that includes fifth formers) was recruited to help remove a large tree blocking the road. Many ended up doing nothing but in honour of the occasion the bus driver promised to remember the spot as Spotswood Bend. Our most dramatic experience was a partly washed out bridge which



Atop Coronet Peak

forced us to walk while the bus came over slowly afterwards across two narrow planks. It was just after this that we saw our first sunshine for two days as we entered Otago. Up the Kawerau Valley we were able to see evidence of past gold mining activity. Then up past Lake Wanaka and Lake Hawea to the small township of Wanaka where we were to stay two nights (bless home comforts—we even had ovens and heaters!). The next day we were off to Queenstown where we had a marvellous lunch in the Skyline Restaurant. After a walk round this beautiful town we had a ride to the top of Coronet Peak on the ski tow. (This death ride wasn't very popular after a lady broke her arm getting off—we were not encouraged.) But the view was worth it. It was a fantastic experience (so was the snowball fight).



Spot of Bother—near Haast



Next we were off to picturesque Arrowtown where we spent our last money reserves in a shop planned for that purpose, aptly called "The Gold Nugget." Back at Wanaka that night the curfew was generally ignored as we began to realise that the trip was nearing an end (it was also the night of the third Test match!). Next day we travelled through the Lindis Pass and the Mackenzie Country to the Benmore Dam over which we were taken on a guided tour. Later up at the Benmore Restaurant overlooking the lake we heard a recording of the station's history. It was then on to the Waimate Zoo where our driver banged his hardest on the cage of the

zoo's kea to enable our enthusiastic photographers to get a photo. We made a short comfort stop at Timaru and then back to Christchurch where we caught the overnight ferry back to Wellington. Many of the girls showed their feelings with appropriate tears and we were all sad to leave. The casualty rate on the trip to the north was significantly lower than the first time and we all made the breakfast at Wellington next morning. The bus trip home was uneventful with the exception of the Lowe boys trying the view from the top of the Wanganui railway tower, which didn't go down too well with the railway officials, and the fact that Keith Adair and Colin Jackson were just about left behind (being 15 minutes late).

We all enjoyed the trip tremendously and would like to thank Mr. Frank and Mrs. Connor for arranging the trip and coming with us. Also our thanks to Dennis Mulholland, the Midlands driver, who named every good pub on the trip for future reference! We hope the trip can be repeated next year for others.

—Kathy Gould.



Mt. Torlesse, Canterbury



Our Worthy Driver—Dennis Mulholland

HOLIDAY AT WAIHI—1969

An N.Z.R. bus left from Spotswood College at 8.30 a.m. on 30th November with a party of 39 pupils on board—22 girls, 17 boys and two teachers, Mr. Fielding and Miss Ogle. All pupils were from the Fifth Form except for three Fourth Form girls.

We headed north for Te Kuiti. Before we realised it, we were nearly into Te Kuiti. The sun was streaming in through the windows and all was quiet. Suddenly, without warning, the bus stopped. We had broken down. After an unsuccessful try by the driver to get it going again, we decided to make the most of our stop and proceeded to have lunch. The driver went to a nearby farm-house to ring for a mechanic, and after a 1½-hour delay we were under way again.

On reaching Hamilton, a few pupils joined the locals for a swim in the duck-infested lake, while the others wandered around to stretch their legs. Then on to Te Aroha for tea and wandered around the hot springs there.

We eventually arrived at the camp at 7.30 p.m. After unloading the bus and moving into our new home, which consisted of a number of small huts, each containing ten bunks, at the Church of England camp at Waihi Beach, we went to explore the beach. The camp site was only a short walk from the beach which was itself about six miles from the township of Waihi. Deciding it was hopeless trying to explore in the dark, we returned to camp to have drowned cocoa which the boys had made before retiring to bed. Sleep was not so easy that night because of the excitement of the day.

We awoke to a sunny morning at 4.30 a.m. 17 pupils went for an early morning swim and surf (surf boards were brought with us). The rest of the camp rose in relays. The first four girls on the roster system started breakfast which finally consisted of large quantities of half toast-half bread, and unlimited vita brits. Despite trouble with the stove, breakfast was served at seven. A beach walk in the morning for most and returned to a late lunch of slightly warm spaghetti which the stove refused to

heat even in 1½ hours. Those who didn't fancy cold spaghetti had bread and cheese! The afternoon brought with it a visit to the PYE factory where we moved in three groups through the stages of making and assembling such things as television sets, car radios, domestic radios, business intercoms, and children's tricycles. We made our own entertainment that evening with a record player and table tennis in the main hall. We were eventually packed off to bed, only to be awakened some time later by crackers in the girls' bunkrooms!

Tuesday brought another early arising, the first part of the morning being spent on the beach with a swim for some. Later we piled into the bus and went to Waihi to visit the museum. We wandered around there for about an hour studying old relics of gold mining, a model of the mining shafts which had once been active in Waihi, samples of many different types of rock, photos of the days of gold mining in Waihi and many paper clippings from the early days. We moved from the museum to have dinner on the banks of a small lake just outside Waihi, which had been formed when the sides of a mine shaft had caved in. After dinner we moved back towards the town to visit an old gold mining establishment. An old grey store building, a ghostly relic of the golden days of Waihi, was the main attraction to that spot. Exploring the old gold mining shafts and building was not as easy as previously thought. An obstacle course of gorse, broom and blackberry had to be undergone. After a short wander through the township of Waihi, we returned to the beach for a swim. We again made our own entertainment that night and retired to bed thoroughly tired.

After an early breakfast on Wednesday and another walk along the beach, we piled into the bus for a trip to Bowentown beach. There we split into two parties, some to go skin diving with Mr. Fielding, others to go swimming with Miss Ogle. Dinner was served at the beach and was followed by a visit to the Waihi Cheese Factory, reputed to be the largest producing cheese factory in the Southern Hemisphere. The group split into two and were shown through the factory by two members of the staff. Everyone returned much the wiser as to how cheese was made, and many questions were asked. We returned to the beach with a 10lb. block of cheese. Later that afternoon the boys took their surfboards to the far end of the beach in the bus. On returning from the beach a stop was made at a house showing a sign "Gem Stones." The owner showed us how his apparatus worked and also his collection of stones from which many bought pendants, rings or loose stones. Mr. Fielding took some loose stones back to the camp from which the others who stayed at the camp that afternoon could choose some keepsakes. When darkness fell, everyone moved towards the beach. A bonfire was started and everyone crowded round for a barbecue. Strangely enough everyone seemed quiet, with very little singing. Later a large pot of sausages arrived, with loaves of bread, butter and sauce, and short work was made of these.

By Thursday everyone had become tired of early risings. Breakfast was served after 8 a.m., and many had it in bed. At 9.15 the bell was rung, a sign for everyone to move to the beach where the teachers had races against individual pupils "Beef" Robinson and Alison Kemsley—of course the pupils won!!

They also won the relay race that followed. After this we travelled to Waihi for a visit to the Dental Alloy Company, which produces different teeth fillings for the Department of Health to send throughout New Zealand. It was a small one-man establishment, but it was also the oldest business in Waihi. Everyone was excited at being allowed to handle pieces of gold and platinum and also gold sovereigns which were of great value. Just before lunch the weather broke but it cleared up in time for a party to set off on a walk up a nearby hill to tramp to an isolated beach. The rest stayed at camp and played records after a community effort to prepare tea. Tea was eaten in relays as the walkers arrived back. A rather tired group retired to bed early.

Friday morning dawned fine and clear. The whole camp was up by 5.30 to be packed, have the whole camp clean and leave by 7.30. There was a real hive of activity. We headed, via Tauranga, for Mt. Maunganui Marineland, where a special performance was put on for us by the seals, sea elephants, sea leopards, chimpanzee and other smaller animals. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all. We then headed for the port of Tauranga where we were shown round by the Harbour Board Traffic Officer. We drove along the wharf and looked through a storage shed. Once again back on the road we were eager to get home, although not really wanting to leave. We had a picnic lunch on the roadside. We travelled back across the Kaimai Range and had tea at Te Kuiti. We passed our previous breakdown spot with fingers crossed and arrived outside Spotswood College at 8.30 p.m. and were greeted by anxious parents. The bus was unloaded in no time and everyone said their goodbyes rather sorrowfully and headed for home, ready to sleep off all tiredness of the week's early risings and excitements.

—K. Egarr.

CURIOUS COVE 1970

For the second year in succession we combined with Waitara High School on our annual trip to Curious Cove, in the Marlborough Sounds, during the third week of the holidays.

DIARY

Friday, 4th September: Fine and warm. Buses left Waitara and New Plymouth at 9.30 a.m. with 46 Spotswood and 41 Waitara members. Buses converged at Inglewood and travelled to Wellington. Lunch at Wanganui. Smooth crossing of Cook Strait on ferry "Aranui." Launches back to Curious Cove. Arrived (tired but excited) at 11 p.m. A long but interesting day.

Saturday, 5th September: Fine and warm. Fishing and sightseeing at Ship Cove. Picnic lunch. One group with Mr. Chapple tramped over to Resolution Bay, while the rest went out fishing. Biggest fish—conger eel; best fish—very large blue cod; most fish, eight. Launch Rawene (pilot Buddy) caught more fish than Rongo (pilot Graham). Back to cove at 4.30 p.m.—showers for all, dressed for dinner; dancing, games, social evening. Most enjoyable new dance, The Alley Cat. A very happy first day.

Sunday, 6th September: Fine and warm. Free morning, letter writing and getting to know one another. Hike around to Pill-Box Point after lunch. Low tide, so we went around the shore line (after Mr. Perry had fallen into a large washout on the track which we found to be impassable). A few hardy souls were well-wetted and draped with seaweed—talk about mermaids! Dancing and games in the evening. A "fun" day finished with the whole party well-knit.

Monday, 7th September: Fine and warm. Sight-seeing by launch. Walked over to the Portage in Kenepuru Sound. Picnic lunch. Fed some very large tame snapper in Double Bay, then to Picton. Two hours' sightseeing and back to the cove by 4.30 p.m. Games, dancing after dinner.

Tuesday, 8th September: Fine and warm. After a close briefing on safety precautions 54 of the party made the round trip ascent of Mount Kahikata (2100ft.) in the morning. Incredibly beautiful views from the top. Only accident—a split pair of jeans (one of the girls a little embarrassed). Built a bonfire in the afternoon—some hardy souls went swimming. Too windy in the evening for the bonfire so we had a film and dancing. A tiring but satisfying day.

Wednesday, 9th September: Fine and warm. Fishing up Tory Channel. Rongo sighted a school of dolphins. Picnic lunch at a farm; had a good look at some very large tame (!) eels (ugh!). Rongo returned to the cove early and Mr. Perry and his group collected large sacks of mussels. Rawene carried on fishing—a good catch.

After dinner—frog racing in the hall. Jacky Perry the frog racing champion. The beautifully still evening was just right for a most successful bonfire and mussel barbecue. Probably the best day of the trip.

Thursday, 10th September: The first wet day. Indoor cricket in the morning, housie in the afternoon. Shipwreck dance in the evening—a huge success (some costumes made you wonder what the wearers were doing when the ship was wrecked!)

Friday, 11th September: Mark Collinson and Delwyn Smart won the table tennis tournament (some of us could only play ping-pong). A free afternoon getting ready for the wind-up social and party for the final night.

Saturday, 12th September: Fine, warm and windy for the trip home. A few of the party enjoyed the rough crossing of Cook Strait on the "Aranui" but many of us lost our breakfast and lunch.

Finally arrived back home at 9.30 p.m., thoroughly tired but happy and well.

General comment from Mr. Barrowman to members of the party: Of all the 11 trips I've made to Curious Cove with College parties, this year's one was the best weather-wise. You as a group were among the most co-operative, and I am indeed grateful to you for this—for it is you and your behaviour which really sets the tone on such a school trip. You all have much to thank the other staff and their wives for; Mr. Chapple, who had over-all charge at the cove; Mr. Perry, who was responsible for evening entertainment; Mr. Wood, who was responsible for alternative wet weather programmes. Your various committees helped in much of the planning. Finally,

we all should support a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Manning for the easy-going pleasant way in which they worked so hard to make our trip the success it was.

ORIGIN OF McPHAIL'S NAVY

Early in the year 1970, one beautiful day when the sun was shining and the birds were singing, a rather strange craft emerged from the backwaters of Baring Terrace. This catamaran had made use of revolutionary boat-building techniques (six-inch nails, No. 8 wire, broken yacht mast, 44-gallon drums). It was ceremoniously launched (beer substituted for champagne) and to the builders' amazement actually floated??? The jubilant crew entered the craft in its first race, "The Waitara River Stakes," contested by a large, well-armed field of morons. Anxious to prove our worth we charged the Waitara Bridge, hoping to topple it on the other competitors. The bridge stood firm but our mast toppled, almost causing grievous bodily harm to helmsman Al Flett. The battle commenced in earnest and several craft were disabled before we received a direct hit of Castrol GTX which made conditions on deck rather slippery and dyed unable-seaman Ian Connor's hair (what little there was) a charming shade of black. Rallying the crew together, bosun Ian Duncaif led the gallant fight-back and they eventually crossed the start line. The crew's superior fitness became evident as they soon caught up and passed the last boat. Fighting tenaciously (literally) the gallant crew carved through the weakening field, finishing strongly in third place. Annoyed by a brilliant Spotswood performance the Waitara River turned on a vicious rip, carrying the craft swiftly towards the Tasman Sea and the notorious "Bar." The rescue launch came swiftly to our aid. The "toe" rope was fastened and, when the slack was taken up, struck the forward (or was it backward?) hand Graeme Howarth, knocking him into the murky offal of the river. His precious life was undoubtedly saved by safety helmet worn by the crew.

The raft was finally beached to a tumultuous roar from the "huge" crowd. The immensity of this effort is now fully recognised by the naming of the school's **second** catamaran after McPhail's Navy which is now sailing that great raft race in the sky.



FASHION PARADE 1969

Last year the Clothing Girls took part in a Fashion Parade modelling the garments which they had made throughout the year. There was a variety of scenes which were used for the girls showing the different garments. The show was set to a rolling start with Mrs. Wilson compering, taking the part of Ralda FAMILTON from W.N.T.V.1's Town and Around Mobile Unit.

The parade swung into action with everything from pyjamas to evening gowns which were well presented by all pupils. It was a voluntary effort enjoyed by all who attended the Gala Day.

We thank Mrs. Howse for her time and effort spent in arranging scripts and scenery and training the girls.

We also thank Mr. Procter, Mrs. Risch and the pupils who helped with the lighting and stage decor.

OPENING OF THE GYMNASIUM

At a simple ceremony on the 11th of March the Gymnasium was officially handed over to Mr. McPhail. All the College pupils were present in the Gymnasium along with members of the Board, the Parent-Teachers' Association and staff. A short speech was given by Mr. W. Spedding, Chairman of the Board. Mr. Sole, a Past-President of the P.T.A., handed the key to Mr. McPhail. The Gymnasium, the dream of many past pupils, was ready for use. Thanks to the strong Parent-Teachers was expressed by Mr. McPhail for their work to raise money for this project over the years.

At the same meeting Mrs. H. W. Bacon presented to the College two transistorised Lecterns. These are in memory of her husband, Mr. H. M. Bacon. The attractive wooden lecterns can be used outside or inside.

TOYS FOR ORPHANAGES

Lunchtimes can be boring, but they haven't been for a small group of pupils at this school! At lunchtimes on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays a dozen or so girls gathered in the Art Room with Mrs. Fielding to make up the small work force that has already completed mending over 2000 toys and books that are destined for several war orphanages in Vietnam. In the Art Room these girls sewed up soft toys, dressed dolls, glued on pieces that had come unglued and generally made these toys look respectable. Meanwhile Mr. Fielding's work force has laboured five lunch hours a week in a Science Laboratory and the Woodwork Room, washing the toys, painting those that needed to be painted, mending wooden and metal toys. This group was sometimes supplemented by the odd boy who was otherwise unable to fill in his lunch hour with suitable entertainment.

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.

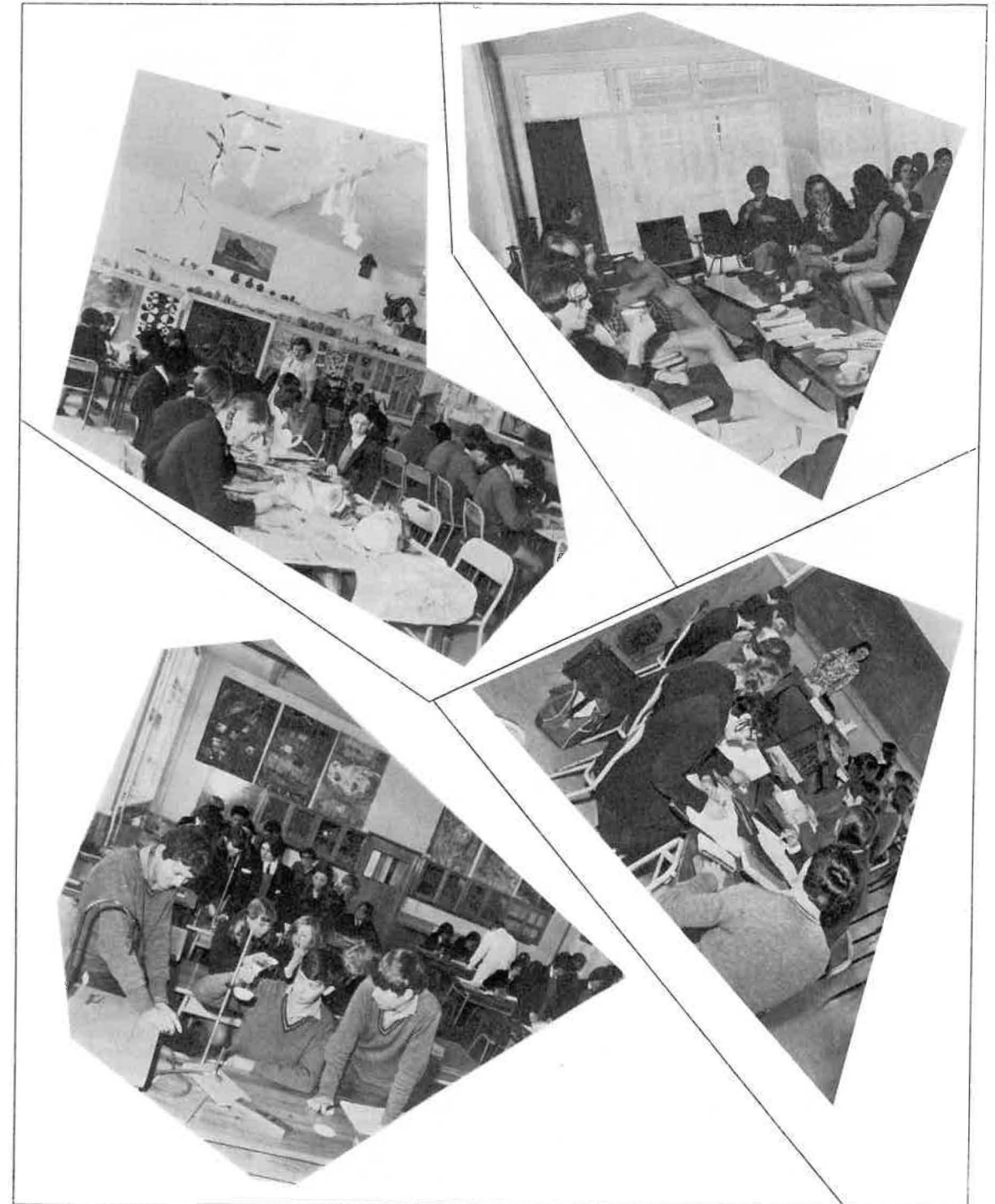
Poppy Day Collectors: Joanne Meredith, Anne O'Connor, Adrianna Callaghan, Nina Kirikiri, Hoki Harding, Cleve Erueti, Keith Adair, Sharlene Smith, Pat Latter, Raewyn Hill, Norma Corkhill, Warren Williams, Annette Marr, Kahu Moa, Raewyn McLean, Brian Williams, Barry Lockyer, Kathy Manahi, Sheryl Hedley, Carol Begg, Jenny Smith, Keren Wheeler, Debra Guthrie, Patricia Corbett.

Braille Week Collectors: J. Davies, R. Yule, C. Hamilton, R. McLean, P. Blackburn, C. Begg, R. Pittwood, R. Hutchinson, K. Malan, J. Malan, B. Lockyer, P. Latter, M. Nation, H. Belcher, S. Cliffe, W. Williams, C. Elliot, P. Sargent, K. Sewell, S. Wildbore, A. Manning, B. Lloyd, J. Charman, G. Dowle, R. Low, M. Williams, M. Thompson, J. Wright, R. Woodcock, L. Jarvis, P. Scriven, P. Sheat, D. Kveseth, L. McCracken, E. Jones, M. Duncalf, P. Darby, J. Sheat, A. Clyma, F. Campbell, J. McKenzie, C. Kelly, B. Armstrong, E. Carruthers, M. Black, J. Green, L. Grafton, H. Sutcliffe, S. Blackman, G. Wilde, M. Ruakere, L. Williams, C. Larkin, N. Corkhill, D. Gray, H. Robinson, S. Johnson, D. Moral, J. Larsen, J. Kristiansen, J. Svendsen, B. Gould, J. Watkin, J. Hill, I. Duncalf, M. Mako, L. Emmett, V. October, C. Duryer, P. Magrath, S. Wilson, E. McMillan, B. Weld.

Corso Collectors: Peter Darby, Pam McCarty, Judy Kristansen, Barbara Gould, Robyn Luscombe, Jean Svendsen, Jill Larsen, Barbara Clare, Patricia Magrath, Brian Wafer, Grant Wa'sh, Chris Hewitt, Dale Whittaker, Richard Hutchinson, Lesley Williams, Deborah Guthrie, Patricia Leonard, Suzanne Wildbore, Libby Bond, Raewyn McLean, Margaret Tomkins, Robin Yule, Susan Archer, Aline Williams, Alison Mander, Marilyn Neuman, Sheryl Cliffe, Mary Nation, Helen Sutcliffe, Moira Nicholson, Gregory Dowle, S. Hutton, K. Malan, Anne O'Connor, H. Duynhoven, J. Malan, Barry Lockyer, Janet Charman, Warren Williams, Patricia Mosley, Robyn Clark, Keren Wheeler, Robin Pittwood, Paul Blackburn, Grant Elliot, Patricia Corbett, Helene Pearson, Kaye Medway, Linda Gifford, Lynda Neuman, Kerry Mundell, David Whitmore, Brenda Castle, Sue Vinnicombe, Cleve Erueti, Ward Katene, Murray McLellan, Alastair Mundell.

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.



FIRST RUGBY XV



Back Row: J. White, P. Blinkhorne, W. Williams, K. Thompson, K. Jones, I. Barr.
 Second Row: N. King, N. Farrant, N. Anderson, R. Moffitt, R. Blinkhorne, Mr. Wood (Coach).
 Front Row: R. Maetzig, I. Connor, B. Webling, A. Innes, S. Pope, G. Howarth, R. Smith.

RUGBY

FIRST XV

The season started earlier than usual and so from two trial games played in summer conditions a squad of 18 players was picked. Seven had returned from last year and so with the eleven additional selections our 1970 Rugby season began.

As was the case last year Mr. Wood saw that the players would have to be fit to compensate for their lack of height and weight, although this was overcome somewhat partway through the season with the addition of N. Anderson and N. Kingi to the pack.

Injuries plagued our team throughout the season and bad form after five games resulted in two players being dropped. We were also very unfortunate to lose A. Flett after five games and our thanks go to him for his leadership of the forwards for those games. As a result of injuries the team was chopped and changed considerably in an endeavour to find the best available combinations.

In our annual pre-season match with Old Boys Third Grade, the team showed its ability by winning soundly 20-6. However, the first two competition games proved to be a different story. There appeared in both games to be a distinct lack of cohesion between forwards and backs and so it was back to

practices to iron out our problems. With considerable encouragement from Mr. Wood we faced our next opposition with a more positive attitude. From then on we played more as a team and although losing the majority of our games the scores in many of them were very close.

Norm Anderson and Nicky Kingi, who replaced Al Flett, proved two valuable "finds" and with both playing as props seemed to improve as the season wore on. Nicky's rucking was a lesson for the rest while Norm gained valuable ground with his barging runs. Robert Smith as hooker, not only won us some good, clean scrums but also proved a mighty hunter of the loose ball. John White played at both prop and lock and he should develop well in either position. Steven Pope, along with Russell Moffitt, formed the most popular locking combination. Steven proved this year what a valuable rucker and runner of the ball he is, while Russell was always hard to stop with ball in hand. The loose forwards of Ian Connor, Keith Thompson, Warren Williams and Brent Webling were sound attackers and defenders and when in possession of the ball endeavoured to move it swiftly between themselves. Ian Connor, although failing to impress as centre, was much at home on the side where he broke down many an opposing move. Keith Thompson proved most valu-

able as a line-out jumper and was a fast mover from the side of the scrum. Warren Williams was quick to the loose ball and should improve with more experience in our grade. Brent Webling, who took over vice-captaincy from Al Flett, led his forwards well and was always sound at No. 8.

Much clean ball was won from hard work by the forwards, but somehow the try-scoring potential of the backs as a unit was not always realised.

Two half-backs, Graeme Howarth and Robert Maetzig, were used with both playing soundly in the position. Graeme, who played in a variety of positions, made many dabs from the base of the scrum, while Robert's greatest asset was his long spiralling pass to first five-eighth Ian Barr. Ian had a very unlucky season. After making a promising start he broke his collarbone and was out for five weeks. He was a neat dictator of play but was conscious of his injury when playing later on. Peter Blinkhorne at second five-eighth was always a sound tackler and his eye for the gap started many promising moves. Neil Farrant at centre was not only a good attacker but also very safe on defence. Russell Blinkhorne and Kevin Jones on the wings both had their good and bad days with tries that they did score being good ones. Kevin scored three tries in one match just after he joined the team, indicating that not only himself but the backs as a whole had the ability to run the ball effectively. Alan Innes at full-back was safe and sound on defence and attack, joining the backline as often as possible, running to create the overlap. He kicked a total of 59 points and this, combined with five tries, gave him 74 points for the season.

Five players were selected for the final trials at Inglewood with Alan Innes gaining selection in the Taranaki Secondary Schools A team.

INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES

v. Freyberg: Played at Spotswood on an overcast day with conditions damp underfoot. We won the toss, electing to play up the field. Both forwards and backs were evenly matched despite Freyberg's distinct height and weight advantage. Our forwards gained more than their share of ball but the backs were unable to breach the opposition's defence. Play was held mostly inside Freyberg's territory for the first half and at the change-over the score was nil-all. Our forwards attacked vigorously in the second spell with many punishing, short passing rushes deep into opposing territory. But still the Freyberg defence held. Freyberg scored a good try from an orthodox back movement with the winger side-stepping two would-be tacklers to run 40 yards to score. We replied with a try by Brent Webling from a five-yard scrum. Right on full time Freyberg scored from a mis-kick that bounced in our in-goal area. The score was 6-3 to Freyberg.

v. Te Awamutu: The First XV travelled to Te Awamutu to play Te Awamutu College in an effort to start winter sport exchange visits between the two schools. The trip proved an outstanding success, even though the team suffered its second inter-college defeat.

The game was played on a soft ground in perfect weather conditions. Despite a height and weight disadvantage our forwards combined well to keep Te Awamutu in their own half for most of the first spell. Mistakes in the backline cost us dearly and at half-time we were 13-0 down. In the second half

our forwards and backs teamed well with the backs making attacking runs but Te Awamutu's defence was sure. After many attempts at goal A. Innes finally landed a penalty from 35 yards out. Te Awamutu attacked strongly, scoring once and with both sides endeavouring to run the ball openly it was a tired Spotswood team which walked off the field at full time 16-3 down.

Our thanks to Mr. Procter for accompanying the team on the trip and for putting up with some rather tuneful singing on the bus.

To the team I extend my thanks for their support, although their dedication was not what it has been in past years. Nevertheless all games were thoroughly enjoyed. My thanks must go to parents, teachers, pupils of the College and other spectators who supported us during the season. The team is extremely grateful to Mr. Wood, and thanks him for his time, devotion and tolerance given them throughout the season.

Record of Games:—

v. Spotswood Old boys.	Won 20-6.
v. Hawera.	Lost 29-0. Lost 12-6.
v. Stratford.	Drew 6-6. Lost 11-6.
v. Francis Douglas.	Lost 24-0.
v. Tukapa Juniors.	Won 6-3.
v. Inglewood.	Lost 9-8. Lost 18-6.
v. Waitara.	Won 32-0. Won 35-8.
v. Boys' High A.	Lost 14-13.
Inter-School Matches:—	
v. Freyberg.	Lost 6-3.
v. Te Awamutu.	Lost 16-3.
Total Played, 14; Won 4, Lost 9, Drew 1. Points for 144, against 162.	

Footnote.—The season finished on a good note with a win in the annual match against the Spotswood Old Boys third Grade team. Ted Taylor, former First XV captain and captain of the Old Boys team, thought they had the game won. However, a good try by I. Barr just converted by A. Innes, with two penalties, the last right on time, gave us an 11-9 victory. —A. Innes.

SECOND XV

This year the team had rather a mediocre season, owing to members of the First and Second XV being changed around. This was followed by the reluctance of some members to turn out to practice regularly. However, after a few games (which served as practices as well) we managed to field a decent sort of team.

Another major factor which affected the team's performance was the size of the opposition. Nine times out of ten our forwards were outweighed.

However, we received some good possession through K. Wipiti and J. Davies, who were the best of the forwards. R. Ritchings also did some good work in the scrums. We had a dependable first-five in P. Corbett and alongside him L. Dumbell was our best back. Our thanks go to Mr. Capper, who gave up his time to coach us.

The team was: J. Thomson, R. Ritchings (vice-captain), M. Nicholls, J. Davies, W. Paul, K. Wipiti, M. Kearvell, J. Ardern (captain), P. Corbett, L. Dumbell, R. Southall, M. Ruakere, G. Keenan, K. Herlihy, B. Lewis. —J. Ardern.

SIXTH GRADE RUGBY

Over-all, this year's Sixth Grade squad had a very successful season, finishing second equal in the competition. Two players were outstanding during the season—J. Cooper, who scored over 20 tries and

R. Byers, who was prominent in nearly every game. Both were rewarded with selection in the North Taranaki "A" representative squad.

Congratulations go also to J. Innes, B. Tanner and N. Nodder, who were selected for the second team. P. Ballinger and C. Heremaia were reserves for the first team. By the end of the season the team had been welded into a very good team, thanks to the dedication of our capable coach Mr. Watt.

Practices were generally well attended and with a little more luck we could have won the competition. The team members were always keen and willing to give their best.

Members were: B. Tanner (captain), J. Innes (vice-captain), J. Cooper, R. Byers, N. Nodder, C. Heremaia, P. Ballinger, J. Ballinger, P. Lines, K. Hunt, K. Riddick, H. Peters, M. Halliday, D. Priest, S. Carson, I. Welch, B. Sutherland, J. Burke, J. Arden, J. Bocock. —B. Tanner.

SPOTSWOOD OLD BOYS' RUGBY CLUB

The highlight of the season has been the entry into competition of the club's first Senior A team. They proved an extremely efficient team and beat all competitors in the "B" Division (with the exception of Athletic which was relegated from the "A" Division halfway through the competition).

Again, four teams were entered: fourths, thirds, juniors (who did well in their grade) and seniors. Thanks must go to all members of the committees (both ladies' and men's), the coaches, managers, and all those connected with the running of the teams.

Although the club is now well-established, it can only progress with new members in the lower grades, and all those intending to play for us next year please contact a member of the club for details.

—Dennis Sole (Secretary)



SOCCER—FIRST XI



Back Row: B. Williams, C. Jackson, B. Page, W. Martin, S. Tooley, D. Birrell, Mr. Page.
Front Row: J. Scott, S. MacLeod, C. Erueti, E. Ubels, G. Miles, G. Bond.

SOCCER

FIRST XI

Last year we won the T.F.A. Trophy for Senior Second Division Soccer and this year, although we scored well over 100 goals with a mere handful against, we failed to retain it by one goal. We won all our matches in this competition except against New Plymouth Boys' High School, who beat us 2-1 in the first match and drew with us 1-1 in the second. I think they had a slightly stronger defence than ours so deserve our congratulations.

We reached the final of the Brown Shield competition again this year, beating some first division sides on the way before we were well downed by Stratford A. Games against the two top teams saw us soundly thrashed so we can't call ourselves world beaters. In our annual encounter with Freyberg College, Palmerston North, we were beaten 4-3 in the last minute of the game.

The team was: D. Birrell, G. Bond, L. Caspersen (captain), C. Erueti, W. Martin, B. Page, J. Scott, S. Macleod, S. Tooley, E. Ubels, G. Miles.

Others who played for us were K. Adair, C. Jackson, M. Old, R. Ormiston, B. Williams and I. Whitehouse. Nearly all the boys deserve congratulations for their great sportsmanship during the season.

SECOND XI

The team was: K. Adair, J. Cooper, K. Drummond, C. Jackson, M. Old, R. Ormiston, J. Skipper, G. Thomson, B. Williams, G. Wilde (vice-captain), J. Taylor, T. Taylor, J. Heremaia and G. Miles (captain). Others to help out at times were P. James and I. Whitehouse. The team came second equal in its competition, winning six, drawing three and losing three. The boys played well and their sportsmanship was good.

THIRD GRADE

The team was: J. Gulphie, A. MacDonald, S. Manley, C. Mullon, P. Marriner (captain), J. Dent, M. Shaw, J. Sargent, M. West, H. Jones, J. Barriball. Reserve: G. Seeling.

The third grade Soccer team had an over-all good performance and was placed fourth in the competition. There were good turnouts to practices throughout the season. Shane Manley and Chris Mulligan combined well during the season. Other players who stood out were John Gulphie, John Sargent and Michael Shaw, but the whole team played as a unit. The games were enjoyed by all of us. Special thanks should go to Mr. Leishman and Mr. Piercy for coaching us after school.

FOURTH GRADE

The team was: M. Bound, M. Dixon, C. Meijer, D. Ryndrop, G. Peterson, J. Whitmore, I. Smith, W. Jennings, C. Burgess, D. Barr, P. Foyer, B. Anderson, T. Gable, M. Davies.

The Spotswood fourth grade team started off very poorly at the beginning of the season but we got better as the season progressed, mainly because of the encouragement of Mr. Piercy and Mr. Leishman. Halfway through the season Charlie Meijer was put out for the rest of the season with a broken leg. We lost most of our games but ended the season by beating N.P.B.H.S. 6-0.

GOLF

STAFF v. PUPILS GOLF

For most, November was exam time, but the month started in more pleasant fashion with an innovation that should become a regular event on the School calendar—a Staff v. Pupil Golf Match. The tensions of big-time golf were very evident as huge crowds of competitors, caddies, girl friends and assorted hangers-on milled around the first tee. Pre-match preparation had been painstaking with Mr. Barwood importing his personal physician and Mr. Kennedy actually getting out of bed before mid-day. Mr. Bauld went so far as to buy a new ball.

The first person to crack under the strain was Robert Maetzig, whose opening tee shot travelled all of six feet, but morale was soon lifted by the edifying spectacle of his opponent, Mr. Kennedy, putting two in the lake and one out of bounds on the very next hole. The thinness of the staff's resources was revealed fully, however, by Messrs. Wood and Bauld, whose courage in appearing was to be applauded more than their golf. Backbone was given to the staff team by Messrs. McPhail, Barrowman, Barwood and Hill, while Mr. Finch proved to be a dark horse and must take the prize for being the most powerful player on either team, although lack of practice was revealed by his inconsistency.

By comparison, the pupils' team looked solid and competent throughout. The outstanding round of the day must have been Alan Innes's: he shot a nett 72 in beating Mr. Barrowman. Ian Connor must have been pleased to come out of his match with Mr. McPhail with a half, although it was the latter who looked relieved on the 18th. Bill Tanner matched Mr. Barwood's good form for a half while Ray Hine and Robert Smith won at a canter.

When all the results were in, the staff considered themselves to have done a good day's work in going down by only one match. The full results were:

For the Pupils: Innes beat Barrowman, 2 and 1; Hine beat Wood, 6 and 5; Smith beat Bauld, 8 and 6. Innes and Connor beat Barrowman and McPhail, 4 and 2; Hine and Smith beat Wood and Bauld, 8 and 6.

For the Staff: Finch beat Whittaker, 3 and 2; Hill beat Benton, 4 and 3; Hill and Barwood beat Benton and Tanner, 4 and 3; Kennedy and Finch beat Maetzig and Whittaker, 4 and 3.

Halved: McPhail and Connor; Barwood and Tanner; Kennedy and Maetzig.

Pupils 5, Staff 4, halved 3.

NETBALL



Back Row: Mrs. Kennedy, A. Callaghan, W. Van Uden, N. Kirikiri, B. Keenan, W. McGregor.
Front Row: L. Tucker, P. Conn, R. Moss.

NETBALL

This year's A netball team was a relatively new team with only three of last year's players in it. We once again played in the local schools' competition against teams from Girls' High and Sacred Heart. We did not win the title, but were placed runners-up in the competition.

The members of the team were:—

Goal Shoot: Rosemary Moss, who played with consistent skill and accurate shooting throughout the season.

Goal Attack: Philippa Conn (captain) was one of last year's players, who was the spearhead of our attack.

Wing Attack: Lynette Tucker whose play became better as the season progressed and was always in position when needed.

Centre: Wendy McGregor was a sound player who showed speedy play on attack.

Wing Defence: Winnie van Uden, another member of last year's team combined well with the rest of the team.

Goal Defence: Barbara Keenan was a member of last year's team who was outstanding within the defensive circle.

Goalkeeper: Nina Kirikiri played well and recovered many rebounds.

Reserve players played many good games and should be in line for A honours next year—thanks to Adrianna Callaghan and Fiona Erb.

The Inter-Secondary Tournament at Opunake showed us that the opposition was too great for us. We won two games and lost two.

The annual game against Freyberg was an evenly matched game with Spotswood having the better luck by three goals. The final score was 30-27 to Spotswood.

Extra games were played against Girls' High School A and Inglewood, with both teams having wins over us.

The closing day tournament was our most successful day, winning all our games, and taking the tournament.

On behalf of the reserve teams, I would like to thank Mrs. Kennedy for giving up her time to coach us.

SENIOR, INTERMEDIATE AND JUNIOR TEAMS

Spotswood College had four Senior, four Intermediate and four Junior teams playing on Saturday mornings. All teams enjoyed their games and had a satisfying season. Thanks go to coaches for their help during the netball season—Miss Sullivan, Miss Howard, Miss Richards, Mrs. Fielding, Eve Caruthers, Alison Grey, Wendy McGregor, Adele Glenn-Campbell and Mary Thomson.

—Philippa Conn.



GIRLS' HOCKEY

There were two teams picked this year—A and B, but to our disappointment there was no Saturday morning sport for the teams. Consequently a few played for New Plymouth Combined, so we could get a few more games in and learn more basic things about hockey.

The A team consisted mainly of the girls who were in the A team last year.

Goalie: Sue Turner, played well in every game and saved many goals. It was a good feeling when the ball had penetrated into our goal and you knew Sue would be there to save it.

Backs: Ruth Ward and Dianne Gray saved many "close shaves." They both had the ability to hit hard in clearing the ball, which made a difference to the run of play.

Halves: Yvonne Sorensen, Mary Thomson (captain), Jenny Francis. Yvonne played exceptionally well and covered a tremendous amount of ground in

every game. Mary worked well at centre but was a little injury-prone. Jenny improved as the season progressed and worked well with her wing.

Forwards: Lesley Horner, Maureen Collier, Cherie Coxhead, Heather Larsen, Julia Winter. All of these girls played well and many forward line breaks came from the passing of the ball across the field.

We played four inter-school matches, the main one being the college trip to Freyberg. The team played the best game of the season, holding the more experienced Freyberg team to 4-nil, as last year we went down 9-nil. We had many fine forward line breaks, even with the extra person in, but we could never seem to cap it off by getting a goal. We held them to 2-nil at half-time but the team went to sleep for about five minutes and two quick goals were scored which brought us back to our senses.

We also played: Waitara, Won 9-nil; Inglewood, Lost 2-nil; N.P.G.H.S., Lost 5-nil.

At this point I would like to thank Miss Andrews for giving up her time in coaching us and also giving us many helpful hints!! on the game.

On behalf of the B team I would like to thank Mrs. Rae for her time given to the team.

A special note to the B team: All play again next year as you are a good team and improving all the time and are gaining valuable experience. Stick to it, as hockey in schools needs a good boost.

—Mary Thomson.

GIRLS' HOCKEY—FIRST XI



Back Row: J. Winter, J. Francis, Y. Sorensen, K. Gould, L. Horner, M. Collier, C. Coxhead, Miss Andrews.
Front Row: S. Turner, H. Larsen, M. Thomson (Captain), D. Grey, R. Ward.

BOYS' HOCKEY

The team was: J. Coxhead, A. Crawford, I. Duncalf (vice-captain), I. MacGibbon, B. Morris, G. Strachan, C. Taylor, P. Taylor, D. Tullett, J. Tullett (captain), L. Ward, G. Whittaker, P. Emmerson.

Blues were awarded this year to players who have played two or more seasons. Those who got Blues were: I. Duncalf, J. Tullett, D. Tullett, G. Strachan, P. Taylor, C. Taylor, J. Coxhead.

The year started with twenty-six players able to play hockey. However, this number dwindled after it was learned that there would be no Saturday fixtures for the teams, and after it was decided to only have one team. This was rather disappointing for the players and because we didn't play often, we had few skills and even less stamina. This state of affairs was not conducive to good hockey and resulted in our losing all the games we played.

The first game we played was the first in a series of two played against the Boys' High School. We did not have much show (we thought) against an experienced team like this. They had three Taranaki representative Colts and it was with some amazement to both teams that we held them 1-0 at half-time. However, the game ended up 5-0 to Boys' High. It would have been a greater margin if it had not been for the trio of backs, D. Tullett, D. Taylor and P. Emmerson as goalie and some stupid mistakes on the part of the opposition forwards.

Next we played Waitara at Waitara and went down 7-2. This, despite the score, was an extremely close game, played mostly between the forwards. Barry Morris, who did not complete the season, shot an excellent head high goal and John Tullett scored once. Lindsay Ward took the field in the second half and, for his first game, did remarkably well.

The next game was against Freyberg and was the most enjoyable game of the season. We played at Spotswood and at the end of the first half the score stood at 2-1 to Freyberg. Spotswood pressured the circle for most of the second half. Three or four goals were stopped in the swamp surrounding the Freyberg goal. However in the last fifteen minutes, Freyberg got three goals and the final score was 5-1. I. Duncalf scored the goal.

The last game of the season was against Boys' High again, this time at Spotswood. I. Duncalf and P. Fowler (filling in) scored the goals but it was 4-2 to Boys' High. This was nothing short of amazing because Boys' High had all season to play and should have been better than when we first met them.

Once again, our performance was hampered by lack of experience and one or two players could have become very proficient if they had had this experience. Perhaps next year there will be Saturday competition.

Our thanks to Mr. Lovell, Mr. Heppleston and Mr. Lambert for our instruction and their tolerance and my thanks to the team for their attendance at practice and games. —J.T.

BOYS' HOCKEY—FIRST XI



Back Row: Mr. J. C. Lovell (Coach), D. Tullett, P. Taylor, J. Coxhead, P. Emmerson.
Front Row: I. MacGibbon, I. Duncalf, J. Tullett (Captain), G. Whittaker, L. Ward. Absent: G. Strachan.



CRICKET – First XI

The 1969-70 season commenced in mid-October with the College fielding a relatively strong and experienced side. It took a while for the players to settle down but before long form was beginning to show.

Some notable batting performances were made early in the season, particularly by R. Ormiston, A. Innes and B. Morris. Most of the bowling honours went to B. Morris, G. Bond and I. Barr, who was developing into a valuable spin bowler. Much credit must go to B. Morris, who proved to be the mainstay of our bowling line-up.

Unfortunately we were to lose four experienced members of the team at the end of the year: M. Bishop, C. Rawlinson, B. McCall and player-coach

W. Seastrand. These were replaced by four keen and promising players: D. Dawson, S. Pope, K. Thompson and D. Birrell, who had been playing on and off since the season began. Our new player-coach Mr. Capper, also joined the team.

The team performed reasonably well in the local competition, winning three matches, losing three and drawing six. One success was gained in the two inter-school fixtures, that of defeating Freyberg outright at Palmerston North. The other against Tawa College was unfortunately rained out after both sides had batted once. B. Webling, a pupil of the college but who plays for Okato Seniors, was included in the team to play the inter-school matches and with his in-swingers he proved a valuable bowling asset to us.

Our first inter-school match against Freyberg was probably the team's best performance of the season. The game was played on a fairly hard but bumpy pitch in perfect weather conditions. Spotswood won the game outright by ten wickets.

Scores: Freyberg, First Innings, 103. Bowling for Spotswood: B. Morris, seven for 33; G. Bond, one for 27; I. Barr, two for 12.

Spotswood: First Innings, 206 for nine declared. Batting for Spotswood: R. Ormiston 41, G. Bond 41, B. Webling 24, I. Barr 14, B. Morris 17.

CRICKET—FIRST XI



Back Row: D. Birrell, P. Fowler, K. Thompson, W. Martin, S. Pope, Mr. Capper.
Front Row: R. Ormiston, G. Bond, A. Innes (Captain), I. Barr, D. Dawson.

Freyberg: Second Innings, 134. Bowling for Spotswood: B. Morris, five for 43; G. Bond, three for 40; B. Webling, one for 21.

Spotswood: Second Innings, 34 for none. Batting for Spotswood: A. Innes, 23 not out, R. Ormiston, five not out.

Two weeks later we had a visit from Tawa College. The venue for the game was changed to Lynnmouth Park as the pitch at Spotswood was not in playing order. The first day was fine but overcast. Spotswood won the toss and sent Tawa in to bat on a rather damp wicket which cut up easily. Rain delayed the start of play the next day and with heavy intermittent showers little cricket was played. Play was abandoned just before lunch with a first innings win to Tawa.

Scores: Tawa, First Innings, 72. Bowling for Spotswood: B. Morris, one for 20; B. Webling, six for 24; I. Barr, three for 16.

Spotswood: First Innings, 54. Batting for Spotswood: G. Bond, 12 not out; B. Morris 15.

Tawa: Second Innings: Four for 45 at stumps. Bowling for Spotswood: B. Morris, two for 13; B. Webling, two for 21.

Our thanks go to Mr. Seastrand and Mr. Capper for their time and guidance during the past season. —A. Innes.



SOFTBALL

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

The College team competed in the annual Inter-Secondary Competition at Opunake High School on the 21st March, 1970.

The team consisted of some of last year's winning squad, and new members with little competition experience but a lot of determination. Rangiataea Hostel pupils made up the bulk of the side: Judy Elliot, Kathie Manahi, Ivy Taukiri, Margarita Thompson, Hoki Harding and Adrianna Callaghan. All of these girls had played in the previous tournament. Our new players were Alice Seed, Wendy McGregor, Carla Topping and Sheree Benton.

Playing in the B Section of the tournament the team was matched against Stratford High, Hawera High, Okato College and N.P.G.H.S. B. The winner of this section was to play off with the winner of the A Section to find the tournament champion.

Spotswood College had two very close games in the morning play, losing 5-3 in each game to Stratford and Hawera. Fielding and throwing was of a high standard during these games but some errors resulted in runs to the opposition. The batting was of a poorer standard; batters could not get on to a base.

N.P.G.H.S. B was a young team, and made many fielding errors enabling many of our runners to make home base. The team played well to win 20-6.

The afternoon game was against Okato College. Both teams were fairly evenly matched. Spotswood's batters were improving their form. This match resulted in a 10-all draw.

This game ended our day's play. A most enjoyable tournament, with Spotswood not in the final but showing spirit and good play against all the opposing teams.



BADMINTON REPORT

With the opening of the gymnasium in the second term, a Badminton Club was started in order to create an active interest in the sport. A good participation by pupils from all forms in the after school meetings developed into some stiff competition in the ladder challenges.

A committee set up consisted of Alison Grey, Sally Willans, Allan Innes and Neil Tarrant, who with the help of members of the staff in supervising the gym, combined to make the club run smoothly. This is a new sport in the College, but the interest shown by such a large number should be a good indication of what is to come in later years.

Special thanks go to Mr. Ball, as he was the driving force behind the setting up of the club and for taking an active interest in the club.

—N. Farrant.

BOYS' TENNIS

This year's boys' tennis thrived. At the weekly practice nights the courts were full and from the twenty or more regulars the teams were chosen. The team against Freyberg and Tawa was: W. Tanner, J. Innes, R. Hine, P. Marriner, M. Collinson and F. Gould. We won both of these events comfortably.

A junior team (third and fourth formers), played Francis Douglas College in March and won six of the nine matches. The team was: M. Collinson, J. Kettlewell, D. Marshall, P. Jones, R. Ball and A. Cowie.

Spotswood College representatives were very successful in the Taranaki Secondary Schools' championships. Innes and Gould won the boys' doubles final and Tanner reached the final of the boys' singles. Our other doubles combination also reached the semi-finals.

Apart from the boys in the teams already mentioned, others on the ladder were R. Maetzig, C. Cameron, J. Collett, R. Montgomery, B. Meredith, H. Jones and D. Barr.

We thank Mr. Page for organising the practice nights and the tournaments.

GIRLS' TENNIS



Back Row: Miss Andrews, B. Gould, F. Erb, C. Maskelyno, W. Callaghan.
Front Row: J. Falconer, R. Moss, L. Tangaere.

BOYS' "A" INDOOR BASKETBALL

The A squad this year consisted of two of last year's players, I. Duncalf and K. Wipiti, and six players new to the team this year, I. Moody, R. Yule, I. Jackson, P. Avery, S. Muggeridge and W. Paul. Despite the large number of new players, we were able to settle down and combine well together and succeeded in winning the N.P.I.B.A.'s Men's B Grade competition.

The season started for us in disastrous fashion, when we lost all three grading games. Our performance, however, was good enough to assure us a place in the Men's B Grade. Our first competition game, when we narrowly went down to Taxes 23-22, proved to be our only loss throughout the entire competition. We played the other 11 games without conceding a defeat. This good performance made us clear leaders and resulted in our winning the Kiwi Shield for Men's B Grade.

The team throughout the season generally played good basketball, with some good attacking movements and a sound zone defence. However, our shooting wasn't always very accurate and some basic errors,



GIRLS' TENNIS

Team: Rosemary Moss, Fiona Erb, Barbara Gould, Whakaata Callaghan, Janice Falconer, Clare Maskelyno (singles at Freyberg), Lillian Tangere (doubles and combined at Freyberg).

v. Tawa. Won 19-5.

v. Freyberg—

Singles: 5 losses, 1 win.

Doubles: 2 losses, 1 win. Girls only.

Combined: 5 wins, 1 loss. Won 14-10.

such as poor passing, led to the downfall of many promising moves. On a few occasions when all things "clicked" we played some outstanding basketball. Unfortunately we didn't "click" regularly enough, and often had to be content with narrow victories.

The outstanding player this season was definitely Kevin Wipiti, who amassed many of the team's points by using his tremendous height to his advantage and by some solid driving for the basket. Kevin's goal scoring ability, his aggressive ball play and his sound defence led to his selection to play for the New Plymouth men's team. Also particularly prominent this year was Ian Moody, who despite his size was able to dazzle his larger opponents with his exceptional nimbleness and his realistic feinting. This year's captain, Ian Duncalf, provided a solid backing to the team, initiating most set play and on occasions scoring well with his vicious driving. Using his height Wayne Paul, our most consistent rebounder, was able to add the finishing touches to some good movements. As set shooters Robin Yule and Peter Avery were the most consistent this year and helped to bridge the gap of the often poor set shooting from the other members of the team. Although lacking confidence early in the season, Steven Muggeridge and Ian Jackson improved greatly and justified their positions in the team.

The only major tournament we entered this year was the Taranaki Inter-Secondary held at Hawera. After our good performance in the N.P.I.B.A. competition, we entered the tournament with great expectations of doing well. Unfortunately it wasn't to be. Our first game was against Waitara, who defaulted, and our second game was against Boys' High School. After a scrappy start, we soon settled down and managed to win reasonably easily. Our next game was against the highly rated Hawera side; although we managed to hold them in the first half, their superior ball handling and shooting became obvious in the second spell, enabling them to gain a comfortable win. The last chance we had to get back in the running was a game against Francis Douglas, whom we had beaten regularly in the local competition. However, luck was against us and it was a tired, disheartened Spotswood team which left the court after losing 20 to 24.

Spotswood players filled the major part of the New Plymouth Colts' team this year. Those selected were: K. Wipiti, I. Duncalf, I. Moody, W. Paul and R. Yule. This reflects the successfulness of the team which is in part due to the expert coaching of Mr. Finch, to whom all the players are extremely grateful. I hope that this year's success will do much to encourage Indoor Basketball at Spotswood and that our performances may be repeated next year.

—I. Duncalf.

BOYS' INDOOR BASKETBALL



Back Row: Mr. Finch, R. Yule, P. Avery, K. Wipiti, S. Muggeridge, W. Paul.
Front Row: I. Moody, I. Duncalf, I. Jackson.

STEEPLECHASE



The first Steeplechase to be run on a voluntary basis was held this year in warm and sunny conditions over the same tracks as last year. Although it was voluntary, entries were very good and competition was keen. The success of this year's Steeplechase is reflected in our college events, where records fell in all three races, and in the Taranaki Inter-Secondary School's Championship where Spotswood gained two firsts, two seconds and a fourth.

Junior: 1st Jamie Scott (W), 14min. 43.5sec. (New Record); 2nd Robert McGregor (W); 3rd John Thomson (W); 4th Barry Jury (E); 5th Murray Parker (E).

Intermediate: 1st Jeff Ballinger (E), 15min. 5sec. (New Record); 2nd Robert Smith (W); 3rd Colin Jackson (E); 4th Warren Williams (E); 5th Chris Frewin (E).

Senior: 1st Paul Ballinger (S), 17min. 14.4sec. (New Record); 2nd Peter Corbett (S); 3rd John Boccock (W); 4th Ian Whitehouse (S); 5th Edwin Smith (S).



Points: Junior, West 197, East 99; Teams Event, West. Intermediate: West 113, East 91. Teams Event, West. Senior: West 18, East 0. Totals: West 318, East 190.

Taranaki Inter-Secondary Schools Steeplechase Championship

Junior: J. Thomson, 2nd, 11min. 27.0sec.; R. McGregor 4th, J. Scott 14th. Teams Event: Spotswood were second.

Intermediate: J. Ballinger 1st, 13min. 50.2sec.; W. Williams 9th, C. Frewin 13th, L. Smith 14th. Teams Event: Spotswood was second.

Senior: P. Ballinger 1st, 17min. 43.3sec.; P. Corbett 2nd, 18min. 40.1sec., C. Smith 9th. Teams Event: Spotswood was first.



Inter-Secondary Steeplechase—Paul Ballinger

GIRLS' STEEPLCHASE

The Girls' Steeplechase of approximately one mile was held in ideal conditions. The 100 plus competitors covering the course had to cope with conditions ranging from hills to tar-sealed roads and finally jumping a 3ft. drain to continue on a clay track banked on either side with gorse.

The first three Junior placings went to: Rosanne Millar (West), 1; Diane Roberts (East), 2; Deborah Guthrie (West), 3. Time, 7min. 35sec.

The first three Intermediate placings were: Jocelyn Alley (West), 1; Barbara Clare (East), 2; Janine Reed (West), 3. Time, 7min.

Senior Girls: First three home were: Julia Winter (7th Form), 1; Sue Alston (East), 2; Lois Luscombe (East), 3. Time, 7min. 39.5sec.

Over-all Points: West 125, East 112.

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM



Back Row: C. Jackson, J. Thomson, W. Williams, P. Corbett, E. Smith, Mr. Hissey.
Front Row: B. Jury, C. Frewin, R. McGregor, J. Ballinger, P. Ballinger, J. Boccock, M. Parker, J. Scott, L. Smith.

SWIMMING

The Annual School Swimming Sports, held over three days, were again blessed with fine weather. Unfortunately, once again there were more spectators than competitors. The standard of swimming was extremely high, resulting in 11 new records being set (six of them by Russell Moffitt). West were the eventual winners, beating East only in the last few races on the final day. The highlight of the sports was the clash between the staff and prefects, held in extremely "wet" conditions. The talents of the staff were once again reflected in their swimming ability.

A talented team was entered in the Taranaki Inter-Secs. at Hawera, gaining a total of 29 places. A smaller team went to Palmerston North for the North Island Inter-Secs. Russell Moffitt emerged as the outstanding swimmer, gaining two first places (in which he got two new records) and a third.

The swimming successes were not only restricted to school activities as many pupils gained honours both provincially and nationally. Congratulations go to Karoline Nodder, who won the Flannagan Cup, to Russell Moffitt for his many successes and to Alistair Flett for being selected to tour Australia with the New Zealand Surf Life-Saving team.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy for their help and support throughout the year.

—Claude.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Junior Girls: G. Gaukrodger and D. Roberts, 1st equal.

Intermediate Girls: S. Manning.

Senior Girls: P. Conn.

Junior Boys: M. Thomson.

Intermediate Boys: R. Moffitt.

Senior Boys: W. Paul.
Boys' 133 1-3 Yards Medley, 2nd.

TARANAKI INTER-SEC. SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

The following pupils gained places in the Taranaki Inter-Secondary Schools' Swimming Championships:

Gail Gaukrodger: Junior Girls' 50 Yards Freestyle, 1st; Junior Girls' 100 Yards Freestyle, 1st.

Raewyn Hill: Intermediate Girls' 220 Yards Freestyle, 2nd; Intermediate Girls' 100 Yards Freestyle, 3rd.

Suzanne Manning: Intermediate Girls' 66 2-3 Yards Backstroke, 1st; Intermediate Girls' 50 Yards Freestyle, 1st.

Andrea Mack: Intermediate Girls' 66 2-3 Yards Breaststroke, 1st.

Karoline Nodder: Senior Girls' 100 Yards Freestyle, 2nd; Senior Girls' 220 Yards Freestyle, 3rd.

SWIMMING TEAM



Back Row: N. Nodder, B. Sutherland, J. Thomson, B. Webling, R. Thomson, R. Moffitt.
Second Row: Mr. Kennedy, R. Williams, D. Roberts, G. Gaukrodger, L. Jury, P. Standish, C. Wood, M. Thomson, Mrs. Kennedy.
Front Row: K. Nodder, M. Thomson, R. Hill, W. Paul, S. Manning, D. Harding, P. Conn.

Dale Whittaker: Senior Girls' 33 1-3 Yards Freestyle, 3rd.

Philippa Conn: Senior Girls' 50 Yards Freestyle, 1st; Senior Girls' 100 Yards Freestyle, 3rd.

Dianne Harding: Senior Girls' 100 Yards Breaststroke, 2nd.

Ross Thomson: Intermediate Boys' 50 Yards Freestyle, 3rd.

Neville Nodder: Open Boys' 440 Yards Freestyle, 2nd; Intermediate Boys' 220 Yards Freestyle, 2nd.

Bryan Sutherland: Intermediate Boys' 66 1-3 Yards Backstroke, 1st; Intermediate Boys' 133 1-3 Yards Medley, 3rd; Open 50 Yards Butterfly, 2nd.

Ross Byers: Intermediate Boys' 133 1-3 Yards Medley, 2nd; Intermediate Boys' 66 2-3 Yards Backstroke, 3rd.

Spotswood College: Intermediate Boys' Relay, 2nd.

Mark Thomson: Junior Boys' 220 Yards Freestyle, 3rd.

Brent Webling: Senior Boys' 133 1-3 Yards Medley, 3rd.

Wayne Paul: Senior Boys' 100 Yards Breaststroke, 1st; Senior Boys' 100 Yards Backstroke, 2nd; Senior

ATHLETICS

TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS 1970

The sports had previously been cancelled in April. Taranaki Amateur Athletic Association and Post Primary Teachers' Association held the sports at Jubilee Park, Inglewood, on Saturday, October 31st.

Results of the morning's heats were:—

- 80 Metres Junior Girls: Gail Gaukrodger, 2nd.
- 80 Metres Junior Girls: Lynne Jury, 3rd.
- 80 Metres Senior Girls: Julia Winter, 2nd.
- 100 Metres Junior Girls: Gail Gaukrodger, 2nd.
- 100 Metres Intermediate Girls: Susan Moses, 3rd.
- 200 Metres Junior Girls: Gail Gaukrodger, 2nd.
- 80 Metres Junior Hurdles: Glenda Carley, 2nd.
- 100 Metres Junior Boys: Barry Read, 1st.
- 100 Metres Intermediate Boys: Keith Adair, 4th.
- 200 Metres Junior Boys: Stephen Carson, 2nd.
- 200 Metres Junior Boys: Barry Read, 1st.
- 200 Metres Intermediate Boys: Cleve Erueti, 4th.
- 200 Metres Senior Boys: Alan Innes, 4th.
- 800 Metres Intermediate Boys: Robert McGregor, 4th.

Results of the finals:—

High Jump Junior Girls: Helen Ries 1st, 4ft. 3in.
80 Metres Hurdles, Junior Girls: Glenda Carley, 3rd.

Junior Girls' Relay: 4th (team consisting Helen Ries, Glenda Carley, Lynne Jury, Gail Gaukrodger).

Open Girls' 400 Metres: Barbara Clare, 3rd.

Shot Put Intermediate Girls: Margarita Thompson, 1st, 26ft. 11in.

Long Jump Intermediate Girls: Barbara Clare, 3rd 13ft. 8½in.

High Jump Senior Girls: Julia Winter, 3rd, 4ft.

Shot Put Senior Girls: Beverley Armstrong, 1st, 25ft. 3½in.

100 Metres Junior Boys: Barry Read, 1st, 12.4 sec.

200 Metres Junior Boys: Barry Read, 2nd.

100 Metres Hurdles Intermediate Boys: Keith Adair, 3rd.

High Jump Intermediate Boys: John Gosnell, 2nd, 5ft. 1in.

Discus Intermediate Boys: Kevin Jones, 2nd, 120ft.

Triple Jump Intermediate Boys: Charles Heremaia, 2nd, 36ft. 10in.

Shot Put Intermediate Boys: Kevin Jones, 2nd, 39ft. 2in.

Long Jump Intermediate Boys: Charles Heremaia, 3rd, 17ft. 10in.

Relay Intermediate Boys: 1st (team consisting Warren Williams, Keith Adair, Cleve Erueti, Barry Read).

110 Metres Hurdles Senior Boys: Neil Farrant, 3rd.

Open Boys' Javelin: Alan Innes, 3rd, 136ft. 5in.

Senior Boys' 1500 Metres: Paul Ballinger, 2nd.

Open Steeplechase: Peter Corbett, 2nd.

SWIMMING SPORTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Time
JUNIOR GIRLS				
55 Yards Freestyle	G. Gaukrodger (W)	D. Roberts (E)	C. Wood (W)	34.8 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	R. Williams	H. Kitchen (W)	C. Wood (W)	1min. 9.1sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	D. Roberts	C. Wood (W)	A. Brooking	47.8 sec.
4 x 55 Yards Relay	West	East		2min. 43.7sec.
INTERMEDIATE GIRLS				
55 Yards Freestyle	S. Manning (W)	R. Haase (W)	L. Tucker (W)	34.9 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	A. Mack (W)	R. Hill (W)	L. Tucker (W)	45.3 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	S. Manning (W)	A. Mack (W)	R. Haase (W)	40.5 sec. (Equals Record)
4 x 55 Yards Relay	West	East		2min. 25 sec.
SENIOR GIRLS				
55 Yards Freestyle	P. Conn	K. Nodder	D. Whitaker	34.8 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Breaststroke	D. Harding	S. Winstanley	P. Conn	46.2 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	P. Conn	D. Whitaker	M. Thomson	42.4 sec.
JUNIOR BOYS				
55 Yards Freestyle	M. Thomson (E)	D. O'Donnell (W)	J. Thomson (W)	33.8 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	P. Whalen (E)	I. Dykes (E)	M. Thomson (E)	49.3 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	D. O'Donnell (E)	M. Thomson (E)	R. Robertson (E)	41.1 sec.
110 Yards Freestyle	M. Thomson (E)	J. Thomson (W)	D. O'Donnell (E)	1min. 15.6sec.
4 x 55 Yards Relay	East	West		2min. 26.9sec.
INTERMEDIATE BOYS				
55 Yards Freestyle	R. Moffitt (E)	R. Thomson (W)	N. Nodder	29.4 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Breaststroke	R. Moffitt (E)	R. Thomson (W)	R. Byers (E)	42.4 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Backstroke	B. Sutherland = R. Moffitt =		N. Hunter (W)	35.2 sec. (Record)
	R. Moffitt (E)		H. Hunter (W)	
110 Yards Freestyle	R. Moffitt (E)	N. Nodder (W)		1min. 2.8sec. (Record)
4 x 55 Yards Relay	West	East		2min. 10.4sec. (Record)
SENIOR BOYS				
55 Yards Freestyle	S. Tooley	R. Southall	N. Farrant	32.4 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	W. Paul	P. Legge	P. Mills	42.1 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Backstroke	W. Paul	I. Connor	B. Bint	36.1 sec.
110 Yards Freestyle	B. Webling	N. Farrant	R. Beeby	1min. 16.2 sec.
OPEN EVENTS				
Girls' Dive	C. Gallop (E)	D. Roberts (E)	D. Lister (E)	
Boys' Dive	D. O'Donnell (E)	O. Irving (W)	N. Nodder (W) = G. Kenny =	
Girls' 110yds. Freestyle	R. Hill (W)	G. Gaukrodger (W)	S. Manning (W)	1min. 15.4sec.
Boys' 220yds. Freestyle	R. Moffitt (E)	N. Nodder (W)	R. Byers (E)	2min. 12.9sec. (Record)
Mixed 55yds. Butterfly	R. Moffitt (E)	B. Sutherland (W)	R. Byers (E)	32.7 sec. (Record)

ATHLETICS' RESULTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Standard
Junior Girls—				
50 Metres	G. Gaukrodger (W)	H. Ries (W)	K. Medway (E)	8.0 sec. (New Event)
100 Metres	G. Gaukrodger (W)	H. Ries (W)	L. Jury (E)	14.0 sec.
200 Metres	G. Gaukrodger (W)	K. Medway (E)	G. Carley (E)	27.7 sec. (Equalled R)
80 Metres Hurdles	G. Carley (E)	K. Medway (E)	G. Gaukrodger (W)	15.1 sec. (R)
High Jump	K. Medway (E)	H. Ries (W)	G. Gaukrodger (W)	4ft. 1½in.
Broad Jump	H. Ries (W)	S. Moses (E)	C. Burgess (W)	13ft. 5in.
Shot Put	S. Moses (E)	W. Callaghan (E)	G. Gaukrodger (W)	31ft. 7in.
Discus	H. Ries (W)	G. Gaukrodger (W)		67ft. 4in.
Relay	East, 59.6sec.	West, 59.9sec.		
Intermediate Girls—				
50 Metres	J. Revell (E)	A. Glen-Campbell (W)	M. Robinson (W)	8.2 sec. (New Event)
100 Metres	J. Elliot (E)	J. Revell (E)	C. Coxhead (W)	14.1 sec.
200 Metres	I. Elliot (E)	J. McCallum (E)	L. Penney (W)	29.8 sec.
80 Metres Hurdles	D. Guy (W)	I. Taukiri (E)	J. Revell (E)	15.5 sec.
High Jump	J. Elliot (E)	R. Haase (W)	W. Stone (W)	3ft. 10in.
Broad Jump	J. Elliot (E)	W. McGregor (W)	J. Meredith (W)	12ft. 5in.
Shot Put	J. Elliot (E)	M. Thompson (E)	J. Falconer (W)	37ft. 7½in. (R)
Discus	J. Elliot (E)	M. Thompson (E)	R. Hill (W)	84ft. 8in. (R)
Relay	East, 59.8sec.	West, 60.1sec.		
Senior Girls—				
50 Metres	J. Winter (S)	L. Horner (S)	M. Thomson (S)	8.2 sec. (New Event)
100 Metres	J. Winter (S)	K. Nodder (S)	M. McGregor (S)	14.1 sec.
200 Metres	K. Nodder (S)	J. Winter (S)		30.0 sec.
80 Metres Hurdles	M. McGregor (S)	J. Winter (S)	K. Nodder (S)	15.2 sec. (R)
High Jump	J. Winter (S)	M. Jackson (S)		4ft. 2in.
Broad Jump	J. Winter (S)	M. McGregor (S)		12ft. 8in.
Shot Put	B. Armstrong (S)	P. Conn (S)	A. Grey (S)	34ft. 5½in.
Discus	B. Armstrong (S)	R. Hill (W)	J. King (S)	71ft. 2in.
Open Girls—				
400 Metres	B. Clare (E)	J. Alley (W) =	J. Winter (S) =	1min. 7.6 sec. (R)
Javelin	P. Conn			51ft. 3in.
Junior Boys—				
100 Metres	B. Read (E)	S. Hutton (E)	I. Welch (W)	11.8 sec. (R)
200 Metres	B. Read (E)	S. Hutton (E)	S. Carson (E)	25.8 sec. (R)
400 Metres	B. Read (E)	S. Hutton (E)	J. Thompson (W)	59.2 sec. (R)
800 Metres	J. Thompson (W)	M. Parker (E)	S. Carson (E)	2min. 27.0 sec.
1500 Metres	S. Brill (W)	J. Skipper (W)	A. Brill (W)	5min. 23.9 sec.
80 Metres Hurdles	B. Read (E)	J. Scott (W)	H. Te Ruki (E)	14.0 sec.
High Jump	H. Te Ruki (E)	M. Parker (E)	S. McLeod (W)	4ft. 6in.
Broad Jump	B. Read (E)	G. Walker (E)	I. Welch (W)	16ft. 1in. (R)
Triple Jump	S. McLeod (W)	G. Walker (E)	T. Taylor (W)	27ft. 5in.
Javelin	J. Scott (W)	D. Heremaia (E)	S. McLeod (W)	95ft. 4½in.
Shot Put	G. Lander (E)	C. Meijer (E)	M. Lovgrove (W)	38ft. 6in.
Discus	S. McLeod (W)	D. Battay (E)	P. Lander (E)	87ft. 2in. (R)
Relay	East, 52.9sec.	West, 53.2sec.		= Record 1969
Intermediate Boys—				
100 Metres	R. Paul (W)	K. Adair (E)	P. Williams (W)	12.3 sec.
200 Metres	R. Paul (W)	C. Erueti (E)	C. Cameron (E)	25.8 sec.
400 Metres	R. Blinkhorne (W)	W. Williams (E)	C. Katene (E)	57.5 sec.
800 Metres	C. Jackson (E)	W. Katene (E)	C. Cameron (E)	2min. 29.8 sec.
1500 Metres	C. Jackson (E)	R. McGregor (W)	R. Blinkhorne (W)	5min. 6.5 sec.
100 Metres Hurdles	K. Adair (E)	R. Paul (W)	P. Williams (W)	16.4 sec.
High Jump	J. Gosnell (E)	D. Evans (E)	T. Lund (W)	4ft. 11½in.
Broad Jump	C. Heremaia (E)	K. Drummond (E)	R. Bennett (W)	17ft. 8in. (R)
Triple Jump	C. Heremaia (E)	R. McGregor (W)	W. Katene (E)	33ft. 4in.
Shot Put	K. Jones (E)	M. Bazeley (W)	R. Bennett (W)	(Not valid)
Javelin	C. Heremaia (E)	C. Erueti (E)	W. Whitmore (W)	131ft.
Discus	K. Jones (E)	G. Elliot (E)	M. Bazeley (W)	110ft. 8½in. (R)
Relay	East, 50.9sec.	West, 51.8sec.		
Senior Boys—				
100 Metres	J. Hill (S)	K. Smith (S)	A. Innes (S)	12.4 sec.
200 Metres	A. Innes (S)	K. Smith (S)	N. Farrant (S)	25.1 sec.
400 Metres	J. Hill (S)	I. Connor (S)	G. Sears (S)	56.6 sec.
800 Metres	P. Ballinger (S)	I. Connor (S)	K. Wood (S)	2min. 15.4 sec.
1500 Metres	P. Ballinger (S)	D. Gaze (S)	I. Whitehouse (S)	4min. 33.1 sec.
110 Metres Hurdles	N. Farrant (S)	J. Hill (S)	A. Innes (S)	17.8 sec (= R)
High Jump	Finalists—E. Smith	K. Wood	W. Martin	
Broad Jump	A. Innes (S)	I. Barr (S)	I. Connor (S)	15ft. 7in.
Triple Jump	Not Jumped			
Shot Put	R. Webling (S)	R. Prout (S)	R. Southall (S)	41ft. 10½in.
Javelin	A. Innes (S)	B. Webling (S)	I. Connor (S)	115ft. 5in.
Discus	A. Innes (S)	I. Connor (S)	B. Webling (S)	108ft. 9½in. (R)
Relay	Form 7	Form 6		51.6 sec.
Open Boys—				
5000 Metres	P. Ballinger (S)	D. Gaze (S)	P. Corbett (S)	16min. 27.8sec. (New Event)
Championship Results—				
Junior Girls	G. Gaukrodger (W)	H. Ries (W)	K. Medway (E)	
Intermediate Girls	J. Elliot (E)	J. Revell (E)	M. Thomson (E)	
Senior Girls	J. Winter (S)	K. Nodder (S)	M. McGregor (S)	
Junior Boys	B. Read (E)	S. McLeod (W)	S. Hutton (E)	
Intermediate Boys	C. Heremaia (E)	R. Paul (W)	K. Jones (E)	
Senior Boys	A. Innes (S)	I. Connor (S)	N. Farrant (S)	
School Result—	East	West		

AND SO THEY CAME TO PASS . . .



ALAN INNES

Quotation: Gee, she's nice.
Theme Song: Somewhere My Love.
Proposed Occupation: Agricultural adviser.
Probable Destiny: Farmhand.
Pet Topic: How do I get to Tawa.
Favourite Pastime: Writing letters.
Pet Hate: Post office strikes.
Activities: Head Boy, Rugby First XV, Cricket First XI, Athletics, Badminton, Interact Director.

JENNY KING

Quotation: It was quite funny really.
Theme Song: Steptoe and Son.
Proposed Occupation: Computer.
Probable Destiny: Scrap heap.
Pet Topic: Alby.
Favourite Pastime: Boys' High School.
Pet Hate: 600 girls.
Activities: Head Girl, Interact, Director, Madrigals, Crusaders, Netball.

IAN DUNCALF

Quotation: It's a piece of cake.
Theme Song: Mighty Joe.
Proposed Occupation: Horticulturist.
Probable Destiny: Harlem Globe Trotters' ball boy.
Pet Topic: Nimbus.
Favourite Pastime: Offending Penny.
Pet Hate: Censorship.
Activities: Deputy Head Boy, Indoor Basketball, Sailor, Interact.

ALISON GREY

Quotation: You horrid beast.
Theme Song: Cowshed Blues.
Proposed Occupation: Agricultural Scientist.
Probable Destiny: A.B. Technician.
Pet Topic: Mixed flatting.
Favourite Pastime: Falling off motor-bikes and breaking arms.
Pet Hate: Milking.
Activities: Deputy Head Girl, Interact Director, Badminton, Netball.

PETER BLINKHORNE

Quotation: You'll do . . . you'll do.
Theme Song: Trying to keep the customers satisfied.
Proposed Occupation: Accountant.
Probable Destiny: "Mr. Whippy" assistant.
Pet Topic: Eve.
Favourite Pastime: Visiting "Garden of Eden."
Pet Hate: Mr. Whippy.
Activities: Prefect, Rugby First XV.

BEV ARMSTRONG

Quotation: I want it— isn't that good enough?
Theme Song: Black Night.
Proposed Occupation: Policewoman.
Probable Destiny: Jailbird.
Pet Topic: Traffic Cops.
Favourite Pastime: Being friendly with the cops.
Pet Hate: Greek sailors.
Activities: Prefect, Athletics, Interact.

GARRY BLOORE

Quotation: Oh, well!
Theme Song: Daddy Sang Bass.
Proposed Occupation: Physicist.
Probable Destiny: Grape treader.
Pet Topic: Sleeping.
Favourite Pastime: Swearing.
Pet Hate: Hard grapes.
Activities: Learner Surfer, Judo.

LIBBY BOND

Quotation: You're cruel.
Theme Song: Open Up Them Pearly Gates.
Proposed Occupation: Primary Teacher.
Probable Destiny: Heaven.
Pet Topic: The Virgin Mary.
Favourite Pastime: Brother Leo.
Pet Hate: Doing dissections.
Activities: Crusaders, Debating.

IAN CONNOR

Quotation: Oath!!
Theme Song: King of the Road.
Proposed Occupation: Engineer.
Probable Destiny: Brewery worker.
Pet Topic: The Morri.
Favourite Pastime: Rugby wrestling.
Pet Hate: Hitchhikers.
Activities: Prefect, Rugby First XV, Orchestra, Interact Director, Athletics, Steeplechase.

EVE CARRUTHERS

Quotation: All 7th form boys are immature.
Theme Song: A World of Our Own.
Proposed Occupation: Teacher.
Probable Destiny: Housewife.
Pet Topic: Pete.
Favourite Pastime: Buying ice creams from Mr. Whippy.
Pet Hate: Motor-bikes.
Activities: Prefect, Interact.

JOHN COOPER

Quotation: No gains, without pains.
Theme Song: I Don't Believe in If Anymore.
Proposed Occupation: Civil Engineer.
Probable Destiny: Grease monkey.
Pet Topic: Physics problems.
Favourite Pastime: Being late for class.
Pet Hate: Exams.
Activities: Prefect.

KATHY GOULD

Quotation: Not to worry.
Theme Song: Yesterday.
Proposed Occupation: Teaching.
Probable Destiny: Mother.
Pet Topic: Hungarians.
Favourite Pastime: Flying to Auckland.
Pet Hate: Fat.
Activities: Prefect, Hockey, Tennis, Interact.

NOEL DERRY

Quotation: I am a man more sinned against than sinning. (Shakespeare.)
Theme Song: Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory.
Proposed Occupation: Teacher.
Probable Destiny: Poet Laureate.
Pet Topic: Christianity in the world today.
Favourite Pastime: Arguing inconclusively.
Pet Hate: Atheism.
Activities: Crusaders.

JANET HERBERT

Quotation: Sort of.
Theme Song: Sleepy Joe.
Proposed Occupation: Teacher.
Probable Destiny: Sheep farmer's wife.
Pet Topic: Beards.
Favourite Pastime: Day dreaming.
Pet Hate: Boys' High School.
Activities: Prefect, Madrigals, Railcar passenger.

NEIL FARRANT

Quotation: How you going, chappy?
Theme Song: The Boxer.
Proposed Occupation: Surveyor.
Probable Destiny: "Skid rower."
Pet Topic: Catching crays.
Favourite Pastime: Getting wrecked on Butler's Reef.
Pet Hate: Broken bones.
Activities: Prefect, Interact, Rugby First XV, Badminton.

LEONIE JARVIS

Quotation: I know how—but when?
Theme Song: Lola.
Proposed Occupation: Conservationist.
Probable Destiny: Shovelling gravel for the Ministry of Works.
Pet Topic: Horses.
Favourite Pastime: The "stronger" sex.
Pet Hate: Crawly things.
Activities: Prefect.

WARWICK GIBSON

Quotation: This is right.
Theme Song: Poor Jenny.
Proposed Occupation: Research scientist.
Probable Destiny: Hermit.
Pet Topic: Varsity, Surfing.
Favourite Pastime: Falling down banks.
Pet Hate: I.Q. Tests.
Activities: Surfing, Four Square.

DEBORAH KVESETH

Quotation: Her vocal chords she loved to strain— though we begged to have them muted.
Theme Song: Let's Get a Little Sentimental.
Proposed Occupation: Surgeon.
Probable Destiny: Slaughterwoman at Borthwicks.
Pet Topic: Crispin.
Favourite Pastime: Babysitting with Crispin.
Pet Hate: Germs.
Activities: Prefect, Madrigals.

JOHN HILL

Quotation: I mean really?
Theme Song: Fool On the Hill.
Proposed Occupation: Journalist.
Probable Destiny: Every demonstration.
Pet Topic: American society.
Favourite Pastime: Nursery work.
Pet Hate: Science and Maths.
Activities: Prefect, Interact Director, Athletics, Badminton, Tramping.

JEAN MENZIES

Quotation: Anyone seen my hottie?
Theme Song: It Was a Lover and His Lass.
Proposed Occupation: Optometrist.
Probable Destiny: Glass polisher in glassworks.
Pet Topic: Big German boys.
Favourite Pastime: Humming and dancing.
Pet Hate: Being rubbished and little boys.
Activities: Prefect, Madrigals.

GRAEME HOWARTH

Quotation: You win some and you lose some.
Theme Song: She Works in a Woman's Way.
Proposed Occupation: Surveyor.
Probable Destiny: Smokescreen operator.
Pet Topic: The "fairer" sex.
Favourite Pastime: Rubbishing two-stroke motor-cycles.
Pet Hate: The morning after the night before.
Activities: Prefect, Rugby First XV, Interact Director, Form Captain.

PAT SCRIVEN

Quotation: Oh! go away!!
Theme Song: Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown.
Proposed Occupation: Politician.
Probable Destiny: Growing mushrooms.
Pet Topic: Nick's motorbike.
Favourite Pastime: Collecting horse manure.
Pet Hate: Motorbike riding in the rain.
Activities: Prefect, Debating.

PETER JAMES

Quotation: Have you finished with that bottle?
Theme Song: If I Were a Rich Man.
Proposed Occupation: Pessimist.
Probable Destiny: Llama farmer.
Pet Topic: Tierra del Fuego.
Favourite Pastime: Preparing for climbing trips.
Pet Hate: Broken bottles.
Activities: Prefect, Climbing.

YVONNE SORENSEN

Quotation: I don't know.
Theme Song: James, James, Hold the Ladder Steady.
Proposed Occupation: Social worker.
Probable Destiny: Censor.
Pet Topic: Everyone should be neuter.
Favourite Pastime: Making Psychological Studies of Llamas.
Pet Hate: Making decisions.
Activities: Madrigals, Hockey, Crusaders.

BRIAN LEWIS

Quotation: You're a silly boy, aren't you.
Theme Song: Little Old Wine Drinker Me.
Proposed Occupation: Forestry scientist.
Probable Destiny: Scrub-cutter.
Pet Topic: Huntin'.
Favourite Pastime: Home brewing.
Pet Hate: Fat ladies.
Activities: Rugby, Interact, Tramping.

MARGARET TOMKINS

Quotation: Quietness is best.
Theme Song: Mama Told Me Not to Come.
Proposed Occupation: Psychologist.
Probable Destiny: Police dog handler.
Pet Topic: Unintelligible.
Favourite Pastime: Combing beaches.
Pet Hate: Going bright red.
Activities: Debating, Crusaders.

COLIN MCKINNEY

Quotation: I'm sorry—so very sorry.
Theme Song: If You Want to be a Bird (Gale).
Proposed Occupation: Psychiatrist.
Probable Destiny: Psychiatric patient.
Pet Topic: B.B.C. programmes.
Favourite Pastime: Scratching.
Pet Hate: Tight underpants.
Activities: Prefect.

JULIA WINTER

Quotation: It's not the end of the world, you know.
Theme Song: Wight is wight.
Proposed Occupation: Biologist.
Probable Destiny: Lice counter for sheep.
Pet Topic: Lizards.
Favourite Pastime: Growing mealworms for lizards.
Pet Hate: Authority.
Activities: Athletics.

ROBIN MITCHELL

Quotation: Don't try to understand me.
Theme Song: Young Girl.
Proposed Occupation: Surveyor.
Probable Destiny: Fireman.
Pet Topic: Age difference.
Favourite Pastime: Harem manager.
Pet Hate: Tall girls.
Activities: Prefect, Volunteer Fireman.



PHILIP SHEAT

Quotation: Cool, man!!
Theme Song: Lord High Executioner.
Proposed Occupation: Lawyer.
Probable Destiny: Dictator.
Pet Topic: Cynicism.
Favourite Pastime: Keeping cool!
Pet Hate: 6th formers.
Activities: Prefect, President of Interact Club.

KEITH SMITH

Quotation: They die well that live well.
Theme Song: Tell the World We're Not In.
Proposed Occupation: Wildlife Service.
Probable Destiny: Opposum trapper.
Pet Topic: 243?
Favourite Pastime: Visiting Omata Road.
Pet Hate: Pet hates.
Activities: Prefect, Rugby, Athletics, Tramping.

EVAN UBELS

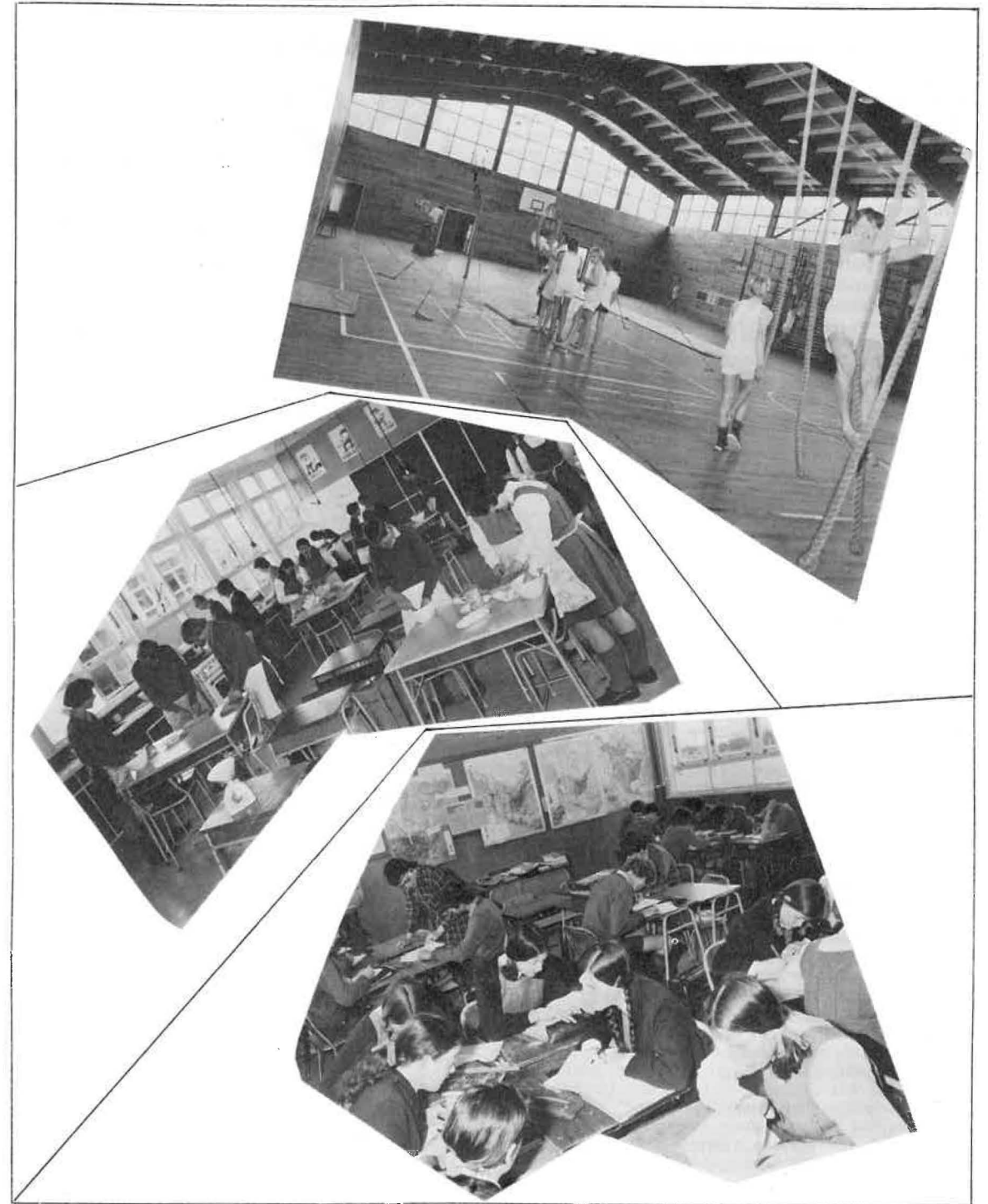
Quotation: He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.
Theme Song: Painter Man.
Proposed Occupation: Zoologist.
Probable Destiny: Cleaning bird cages at Wellington Zoo.
Pet Topic: Abolishing caps.
Favourite Pastime: Teenyboppers.
Pet Hate: Caps.
Activities: Soccer, Chess.

IAN WHITEHOUSE

Quotation: "Bastard," D. H. Lawrence.
Theme Song: Climb Every Mountain.
Proposed Occupation: Geologist.
Probable Destiny: Labourer.
Pet Topic: Last weekend.
Favourite Pastime: Growing hair.
Pet Hate: Short hair.
Activities: Climbing.

GRAEME WHITTAKER

Quotation: Not realising the seriousness of my folly . . .
Theme Song: Little Drummer Boy.
Proposed Occupation: Intellectual.
Probable Destiny: Alcoholic.
Pet Topic: Stirring.
Favourite Pastime: Ruining carpets.
Pet Hate: Cops.
Activities: Prefect, Hockey, Interact.



ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

LITERATURE COMPETITION, 1970

The Editor thanks all students who contributed to this section of our School Magazine. The Daily News Literary Awards were eagerly sought after and in most forms the competition was very close. Unfortunately, no sixth form entries were worthy of an Award—1971 sixth formers, here is your challenge! The following students are to be congratulated on their successes:—

Third Form: Rosemary Holm.

Fourth Form: Deborah Guthrie.

Fifth Form: Jeffrey Buchanan.

Seventh Form Prose: Patricia Scriven.

Seventh Form Poetry: Noel Derry.

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

SOMETHING

I stretch out my hand to grasp it,
But alas it is not there.
I open my eyes to see it,
Before it disappears;
I cry out for it to stay,
But it's gone before it hears
And still there's no-one there but me,
Sitting on the stairs.

I toss and turn in my boat,
Upon the stormy seas
And suddenly I see it there,
But . . . does it see me?
I cry out for it to stay
But it's gone before it hears,
And still there's no-one there but me,
Sitting on the stairs.

I climb the highest mountains,
I search the farthest land
And just before I touch it,
It sinks into the sand;
I cry out for it to stay,
But it's gone before it hears
And still there's no-one there but me,
Sitting on the stairs.

I fly above the heavens,
To find this fabled thing
Just in time to see it,
Take to God-like wings;
I cry out for it to stay,
But it's gone before it hears
And still there's no-one there but me,
Sitting on the stairs.

—Rosemary Holm, W3A1.



—Brenda Castle E3B1

WAR

Why have it?
Who needs it?
Man can't thrive without it.
Man can't survive without it.
But man shall not survive long,
With it.

Shoot the enemy
Gas the enemy
Burn the enemy
Trash to death the enemy
But he'll always be with you,
And shall never let you forget;
The "enemy."

Destroy a bridge
Destroy the homes
Destroy the peace
And human life
But you can't destroy
What you should destroy
What's essential to life
The "thought"
Of destruction.

—Warren Williams, E5S1.

TREES ON A HILL

Like swaying
strap-hanging
passengers on a
clacketting tube,
they strive to
maintain their grasp
on the sky.

—Margaret Tomkins, Form 7.

The ageless tide
Sweeping over the sand
The sight, sound and smell
Of the sea.
Each wave pounding itself to death
On the cold, indifferent sand
And the sun
Sinking slowly and silently
Into the sea
Lining the clouds with pale amber
Serenity and simplicity
Losing its reality
Changing back again
Into the flat canvas
With gilt frame
In the shop window.

—B. Brewster, W5S1.

HEART

turgid, bloated monster
vomiting blood.

leech—
shedding arteries like dandruff
stabbed with veins.

BLOODSUCKER—SPIT IT OUT!
sputter blood
in brief biting bursts
like squibs exploding.

mechanical moron
70 times a minute you shudder
contract, shrivel, expand
blandly quivering
ceaselessly dribbling your spittle through my
veins.

Blood Blister
your wails clot in my ears.
the scream assaults me
sickening howl.
your wet, anxious throb

torments.

—Heather Buchan, W5S1.

LONELINESS

The drag of a clear summer day
The sun goes down far away
I think I should not despair
But it is impossible not to care
All alone I sit here.

The moon comes out in the sky
As I let out that gentle sigh
Soon it will be nigh
And all alone my turn to die.

—Gleyns Hart, West W4B1.

THE COVENANT

The hot eastern sun merged into the desert's horizon in a fiery resplendent glow. The first of the night minstrels warbled a plaintive note, and in the cool quietness of evening Jephthah, the son of Gilead, lay resting on his couch.

A strong brown hand groped out to the nearby table and plucked a portly young grape from the purple cluster. The hand drew back and dropped the cool delicacy into the waiting mouth. Jephthah raised his massive frame on to an elbow as the doorway of his kid-skin tent flapped open.

Reuben, an officer of the Israelite army, entered, the folds of his white cloak hung loosely about his frail war-racked frame. His eyes, once black and piercing, were sunken in his head, and the toll of many a sleepless night was showing. "My lord," he said, as he shuffled forward, his mouth keeping up an involuntary twitching as if he was trying to conceal some secret mirth. "My lord thou art a soldier of good fortune and a mighty man of valour. Come, I pray thee and be the captain of the Israelite army; for the Ammonites are making war against us and we, and the generations after us, shall be doomed if someone does not lead us on to victory. Will you lead us?"

Jephthah waved a bejewelled hand lazily.

"Go Reuben. I shall meditate upon your words. If you see me coming to you on the morrow, as the cock crows, thou shalt know my decision!"

"Thank you," he murmured in a husky voice, nodding his head. "God keep."

Jephthah lay for a long time meditating upon the words of Reuben. Eventually he came to a decision, and dropping on his knees he made a covenant with God.

"O God," he vowed, "if without fail you will deliver the children of Ammon into my hand, then when I return in peace to my own home, I swear that I shall offer up to the Lord, as a burnt sacrifice, whatsoever cometh out of the door of my tent to greet me first."

Before the cock crowed, before the coyote howled, before the desert sands began to shimmer, Jephthah rose and saddled his horse. He rode for many miles, and as the early morning sun had bathed the earth in a ruddy light Jephthah rode into the Israelite encampment . . .

. . . and the hand of God delivered the Ammonites into the hands of Jephthah and in a gruesome, bloody war the Israelite army smote the Ammonites from Aroor to Minnith, through the vineyards and the grain fields and throughout the whole land, utterly destroyed them . . .

. . . about midday a tired and battle-scarred Jephthah approached his white sun-baked home. He whistled a little, for he was lighthearted, though his steps were slow. Suddenly Jephthah stopped, his whole frame convulsed, for as his daughter, his only child, rushed out to meet him, a strange voice thundered in his ear. "Remember, remember, remember thy vow, O son of Gilead!"

Jephthah rent his clothes and cried out in despair. "Alas, my daughter, what hast thou done to me? For I have pledged my word to the Lord God of Israel to sacrifice the first from my house to greet me and I cannot go back on it!"

"No father," said Rachel sadly, "you cannot break your oath since the Lord has given you the victory over the Ammonites. You must do unto me as you promised, but grant me one favour: let me live for two months, that I may go with my maids and weep over my youth and mourn for the children that shall never be mine."

"Go," said her father, so Jephthah's daughter and her maid servants went up into the mountains and together bewailed the sad fate.

A broken, saddened man sat upon his couch; the last day of the two months was drawing to a close. Jephthah started as the door of his room opened. "Is she come?"

"Nay, my Lord."

Jephthah expelled a deep relieved sigh.

"She will not come now. Good, she has run away with her maidens!"

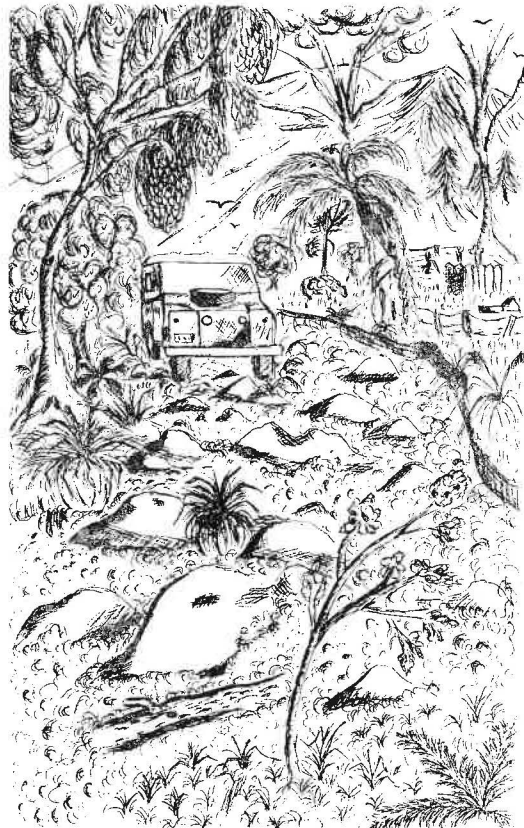
It was a happy man who went to sleep that night. He awoke as the first cock crowed and as the sun stretched his long golden fingers over the desert plains. Rising joyfully he rushed out to the well. Splashing cold water over his face he shouted praises a'oud.

He turned as a twig behind him snapped.

"Greetings, my father!"

Jephthah knew the voice and cried in anguish.

—Carol Bone, W4A1.



—Sheree Benton E5B

ON THEIR BLINDNESS

Too blind to see,
Our society decaying.
Too deaf to hear,
What youth is saying.
Too wrapped in "red-tape"
To take a strong stand,
Against militant unionists,
Who get out of hand,
And they have the cheek
To turn round and say
"Long hair youth,
What a display!"
They look at you
In utter disgust,
And shun all youth,
And make a great fuss.
But what is important,
And serves to display,
The value of youth,
Is in what they say.

—Warren Williams, E5S1.

INSTINCTIVE PLEASURES

Black,
living,
an opossum.
Eyes
—shining in the night.
Bang!
A skin.
The end of a fight,
not for life,
nor for food,
or self defence
—a fight for, pleasure.

Black, brown, red, yellow, white,
living,
a man.
Searchlights—piercing the sky
Boom!
A scalp?

No!
It is only destruction of an existence.
The cessation of a divine right.
A premature ending of life.
What does it achieve?
—a scalp in a coat?
—a notch in a belt?
No—
it is not material.
It is a glow in our subconscious
Which tells us we are stil!—
only anima's.

—David Birrell, W5S1.

SUMMER-WINTER

Unguarded foundling
Servant of the billowing wind
A fragment of the past.

—K. Bird.

THE HARVEST

It began with a gentle wind which sighed along the street into the world beyond. It was felt by the girl, crawling out of bed and dressing just in time to catch the 7.20 bus from the corner.

As it advanced, it involved the man with the briefcase, looking disgustedly at a spilled tin of trash which had rolled into the gutter. It continued till it reached the fat lady in a dressing gown who drowsily followed the concrete path to the milkbox, reached for the two large milk bottles and inadvertently forgot to reach for the paper. Then the little boy, who, playing already with the tawny coloured dog, raced across the gravel road just to be missed by the cream-coloured car, and then the older boy who was having his first cigarette of the day, was touched. Still unsatisfied, it moved on. Now there was an absent-minded lorry driver who turned left at the corner and still more, a woman dressed in a striped smock on her way to the store in Mantle Street.

The breeze became a little stronger until it was racing round corners and pushing down the narrow, dingy streets. Still unsatiated, it poured into the open window and blew the steam from a kettle up against the back of the enamelled stove.

"You're always taking me for granted!" a worn-faced woman screamed from the bedroom as her husband, dressed in overalls and greying at the temples, walked through the door and into the same narrow, dingy street.

Now it was more than just a wind. It gathered speed quickly, rapidly, until it was starting to rattle loose weather boards and bang unlatched gates.

A weary old lady dragged herself to an open window where the mildew had started to show on faded cotton print curtains. The window was slammed shut.

Now the gale was getting to its peak. It was exerting all its energy into mighty gusts which knocked small children in mackintoshes off their feet so that they ran home to their mothers, sobbing in fright.

As the baker's sign began to rattle and give, a car stopped and a short, congenial looking man clambered out, forced himself against the wind and pushed towards a house. Number 23 looked old and forlorn. He wanted the rent early this week so that he could pay off the overdue instalments on his hire purchase contract for a television set. He had warned his wife against such deals, time and time again but no, she was the one who wore the trousers and he was the one who knew it but could do nothing about it.

A clerk looked up from her desk, neglecting her typewriter. "That's a real strong wind," she commented, but no-one heard because no-one cared. She looked at the sky which was growing darker by the second and wondered if her boyfriend would forget to pick her up at lunchtime.

But the wind got stronger so that the warehouses closed their doors to prevent damage to the stock, and the sky got darker so that vehicle drivers were forced to switch their lights on. And also there was this sound. An indescribable sound like a drawn-out wail. Then everyone noticed the dark and the damp and wished for a new, sunny day. But it never came. Monday was the last day in history.

—Rhonda Clegg, E5C.

THE TULIP

The most beautiful tulip,
Perfect in every way.
The colour of a baby chick,
One week old.

But the aphids,
The nasty green things,
Live on the graceful flower
Until it dies.

—Judy Kristiansen, E4A2.



—Rhonda Benton E4A2

A CITY

Before my dazzled eyes the city was
a blot of colour
Pinks, oranges, reds and purples
clashed, to form the shimmering
scene before me
A city of excitement
and confusion
of strange bewildered faces
and decorative shapes
Huge neon advertisements towered
above the people
beckoning
asking
telling
or perhaps even pleading
to the small coloured dots below them
But a cloud gently slipped over
the bright sun
The city seemed to die without
that great light
And all that remained
were black umbrellas
and grey, dismal buildings.

—Sharron Guy, E3P1.

TICK AND TOCK

And so the beat goes on.
Limitless: a dying mood.
Just a drone, a simple sound
No contact and little response.

Striving with the Ace of Spades
Alarming the dawn.
Carving a groove through the hurdles of life
And still that decaying sound.

That violent surge of exhaustion,
The pulsating rhythm of life.
As the minutes, the seconds are numbered;
And still the beat goes on.

A fight to freedom from pollution
The ignorance of man.
Just a drone, a simple sound
And still the beat goes on.

—Ropu Wawatai, E4A2.

OUR RACE

She took him on her knee, and watched the storm
in those dark, tear-filled eyes,
Of passion, hate, rejection—
Satan's answer, to a white man's prayer.
She could not answer their ingenuous question,
So she struck him for his sanity,
And sent him to swill with the "Ink Men" in the
gutter.

—Patricia Leonard, E4A1.

What is nothingness?
Nothingness is everything
That does not exist.
Nothingness is the absolute
Of everything that does not exist.
Nothingness is nothing
But, in being nothing
It is something.
It is the quality of having no quality
Think of nothing,
Think of void,
Absence of sound,
Of matter
Of light
What do you see?
No, you do not see nothingness,
You see blackness.
Now take away the blackness
You can't?
Then perhaps nothingness does not exist
As absence of light, and absence of blackness
Cannot exist together
But nothingness does,
must
Exist.
It is infinity.
Infinity is divine.
We are human.

—Noel Derry, Form 7.



—Steven Garner W4E

SUBMISSION

I hated the hypocrisy of those people, of myself,
as we all followed each other into that shrouded,
dim edifice they called a church, or more particularly
"the House of God." How could God live in here,
I thought, looking at the dust-lit statues and the damp,
dirty sponges in the holy water font. "I don't know
about God, but isn't that a dead mosquito in there?
..." It was impossible to check my observation;
the dabb'ing-dipping fingers of people behind me
searching for the marble bowl; they probably
squashed it.

We moved in a tight group, old women hiding their
gaze reverently behind black lace mantillas, and then
I was alone, standing, as the people around me sud-
denly buckled at the knees and slid half-mast into
the empty pews.

What was all that they were saying; their well-
learned responses, whispered, bedraggled phrases. I
felt so superior, emancipated and pulled fluff off my
newly acquired university-poor navy jersey. . . . And
with your spirit. . . . The padre, priest, vicar or
whatever he was called was verbalising at length
about "fishers of men." He seemed to be enjoying it.
He's fished up some real beauts for sure, I thought,
running my eyes over the people around me. What
a strange looking woman who sat beside me, eyes
shut, oblivious, fingering ivory beads, her lips
trembling. . . . pray for us now and at the hour of
our death. . . . Amen. A freckled child with an
orange lolly between its teeth played with a coloured
book and drooled down the seat in front as it stared
at me. Bored. A baby cried somewhere.

"Through my fault, through my fault, through
my most grievous fault. . . ." That priest seemed
to be enjoying it, he must do this every day. The
teenage girl across the aisle picked at her finger-nails.

This religion thing is like calisthenics; we knelt
again. "Good for the figure." Perhaps that's why
all the people were there. "This is my body which
will be given up for you." Why hasn't he given up?
Then they all stood up and moved like crabs into
the aisle, all shoving past in single file. "God," I
thought, "if this is your house, why do you have to
invite so many guests at once?" I breathed out as
the last bulky bottom squeezed past me. And then
it was only a few moments before every one was
back again, pushing and perspiring and muttering
excuse me.

The lady beside me jingled and flopped into her
seat, her stomach rumbled. She's human, I decided,
or at least alive. However, she rapidly froze into
her previous solid coldness, like the statues which
stared vacantly over our heads. "Go in peace and
the Lord be with you."

Defiantly I watched them go, as I do in the
picture theatre, perhaps a bit too proud to be hurried.
Hurry, hurry, the people raced the shortest distance
to the door, breathing out, reaching for cigarettes,
car keys and clearing their throats. The strange lady
waited a while, executed a gymnastic ritual and slowly
left.

All around it was empty echoing silence, and then
I glanced at a figure sitting hunched further along
the row. I waited, intrigued, for the inevitable exit
ritual, but the person did not move. He—yes it was

a he, had long light-brown hair that hung bedraggledly
about his shoulders, and was holding his face up with
both hands. The patch on his blue jeans, the faded
grey-brown coat, roman sandals, all seemed out of
place in this marble crypt. I felt I'd seen him
somewhere before, at the university, in a pop show,
on the street somewhere—I probably hadn't though,
so many look like that now.

Just before I rose to leave, he moved his hands
from his face, and the light caught his cheek, show-
ing up tears in the corner of his eyes. His shoulders
shook, and then I could see blood on his forehead
and a streak on his neck: it must have been from
his hands which he was mopping with a white hand-
kerchief. Slowly he turned and looked at me and
the feeling in his eyes was so strong I couldn't face
him.

And then I knew what the whole mixed-up thing
was all about. . . .

—Pat Scriven, Form 7.



—Sheree Benton E5B

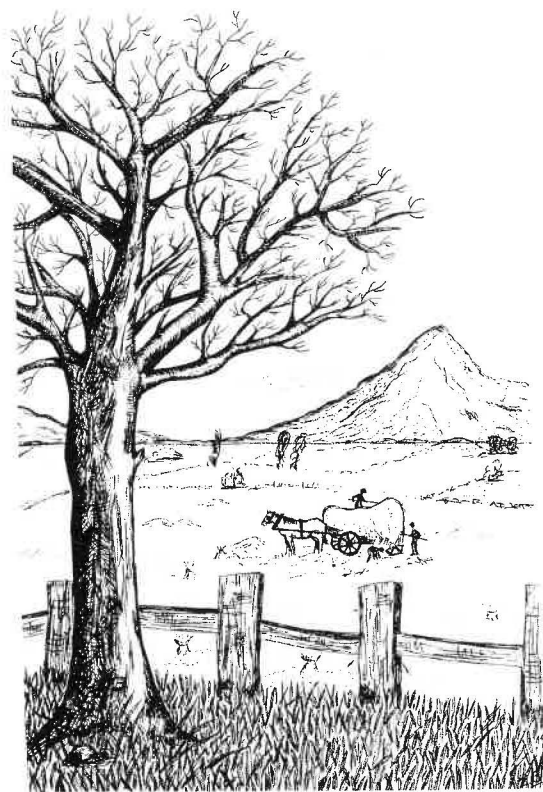
MY WORLD

The mist, a rolling sea, the turbulent sky
pounding out its anger and fury
throwing rain and hail as
boys do rocks.

The silence, the solitude, surrounds
and engulfs. The rain falls
quietly, drifting until exploding
violently.

The glary street lights, pick out
sharp objects, showing eerie shadows.
The odd car passes, its lights, blinding,
Light up my small dark world.

—Cheryl Needham, E4A2.



—Lois Baldock E5B, 2nd Prize

MISSISSIPPI 1970

Thank you
Even though you didn't stop or speak
Thank you
Although we've not met and never could
Thank you
Although it's still not law and there was no need
Thank you
White lady for your smile.

—Kathryn Gould, Form 7.

LIFE

Is this life, this hell's destruction,
this bloody murder and this strife,
this mass of selfished, problemed, peop'le,
is this honestly, truly, life?

I puzzle on this quizzical question,
and rattle my brains to find a reason,
a reason for living in this dimension,
one of slander, murder and treason.

I had many thoughts as I did muse,
but none I found could really be sane,
because my reason would be an excuse,
for this ironical world to keep its
good? name.

I've come to a conclusion that life is a task,
Where "Every man for himself" is our saying,
our world is two-sided and wears a mask,
which, surely, silently is decaying.

—Carol Young, W3A1.

PORTRAIT OF A TEACHER

Mr. Smith shambled down the dimly-lit corridor
and into the staffroom, which smelt of stale biscuits
and cheap disinfectant. He lowered himself carefully
into the most comfortable chair and grunted a
greeting to the new phys-ed teacher Jones, whose
healthy face and springy step seemed a personal
affront. Regarding his own chalk-covered, calloused
fingers he began to tear off a broken nail, wincing
as a piece of skin came with it.

The words of one of the pupils returned to him;
he had overheard them before lessons that morning.
What had the young blighter called him? "A decrepit,
silly old b——." Well, maybe he was. But he
hadn't always been like that. He smiled proudly
as his previous years as a teacher returned to him.
Once he had been the Terror of Famley High, boys
had trembled at the mere mention of his name. His
caning arm had been strong and supple, the best
in the school. He looked around to see whether he
was alone; yes, Jones had gone. He lifted his arm
and swung it experimentally. The slack and flabby
muscles failed to respond, his hand shook. Ruefully
he shook his head and thrust the offending member
into his pocket. Those had been the good old days,
but now he was only a has-been.

The bell rang harshly, intruding upon his reverie.
He got slowly to his feet and remembered with an
inward groan and a sinking of the heart that he was
taking 5B1. Cursing silently he left the room, slowly
and reluctantly walked down the corridor, across the
quad and into the block. Already he could hear
them. He paused at the door, hearing from within
the voices shouting and swearing, and the sound of
chalk hitting the blackboard. He shuddered and,
bracing himself, opened the door. A fusillade of
chalk greeted him accompanied by cheering, jeering
voices. He walked resignedly to his desk, dodging
the sporadic rain of missiles that still descended upon
him, and leaning on his briefcase, began to speak.
The uproar completely drowned his voice, and giving
up, he settled back and began to snore.

—Andrea Mack, W5S1.

THE WAVE

In a pastel a captured force,
A potential crash averted by a brush,
A memory of a tide's daughter kept forever on a
canvas.

She draws back hunches and heaves
And the heave is caught
Captured.

Stroked to imprisonment forever.
Immortal, an eternal prisoner of a force
That will never extend its might,
Never thunder down,
Never to be kinetic.
Its climax preserved
and of the spirit?
of the untouched?

The Virgin daughter?

The moon's clock, the moon's attraction sustains her
She is not stilled or caught by a material thing.
Her virginity is preserved and though the commerce
Of her beauty is exploited by pastel and pen
The wonder goes on and is not materialised in paint.
And of this unleashed captive the spirit rolls eternally
Never to be harnessed

No force to conquer this might.

Only by oils and lead can the beauty be captured.
Being only physical,

And as the eye wails, annoyed and distraught
For the thunder that will never come.

And the roll and then the retreat that will never
venture,

The mind is tensed and the thought is as with Eternity.
But she, the Spirit, pulls and crashes
And the eye waits and cannot see.

—Jeff Buchanan, E5B.

IN TRANSIT

The train journey from Riverside to Berwick is
not a particularly enjoyable one. Not that there is
anything wrong with it—I suppose the countryside
is quite interesting, really—if you like that sort of
thing. But I don't, so I sat back in the seat and
thought. After some time I noticed how tired I was.
Realising that the best remedy for sleepiness is sleep,
I closed my eyes and waited; letting the gentle lull
of the speeding train coax me into a relaxful drowsi-
ness. Presently I began to dream.

... Looking out the window. Green blurr.
Fast. Train gently lurches from side to side. Old
man sits opposite, chewing a MacIntosh toffee. Train
rocks like an old chair. People everywhere in the
carriage. I'll probably wake up soon. Now the
man has changed to a baby, blowing a sailor's ditty
on a clavier. That's funny—I always thought a
clavier was a keyboard instrument, but this baby was
blowing a tune on it, so I must have been wrong.
The carriage is green. Blue. Watery orange, then
red. The train is still lurching, even more. I'm
bound to wake up soon. The temperature rises, and
looking outside, I see it is snowing. "Curiouser and
curiouser," I think, then wonder where I have heard
that said before. Sitting next to me is a snake
charmer, and opposite him is a psychiatrist wearing
an "Egg a Day" badge. Yellow. Blue, Turquoise.
The train is positively jolting, now. I'm sure to
wake up soon. "If I don't, the train will hit some-
thing"—some strange logic of thinking convinces me
of this. The snake-charmer has turned into a bicycle,

and I watch fascinated as his neighbour turns into
an egg, painted with stars and stripes, and wearing
a "psychiatrist a day" badge. The train suddenly
lurches tremendously. "There!" I think. "I knew
we'd hit something! Now I'm sure to wake up."
But I do not. However, my dream changes.

One colour prevails: White. There is no move-
ment, no noise. Everything is dead calm. I am not
frightened; only curious. I can see no one else in
the carriage—come to think of it, there is no carriage.
I seem to be in an environment which has no dimen-
sions. I look down at myself, and I see I am not
there. Somehow this does not seem strange—it even
seems natural. I wonder where the old man chewing
his MacIntosh's toffee is—and as soon as I think of
him, I see him—just for a moment—and then he is
gone. Eventually I discover that I can see anything
I want, just by thinking of it. I wonder if I am
ever going to wake up.

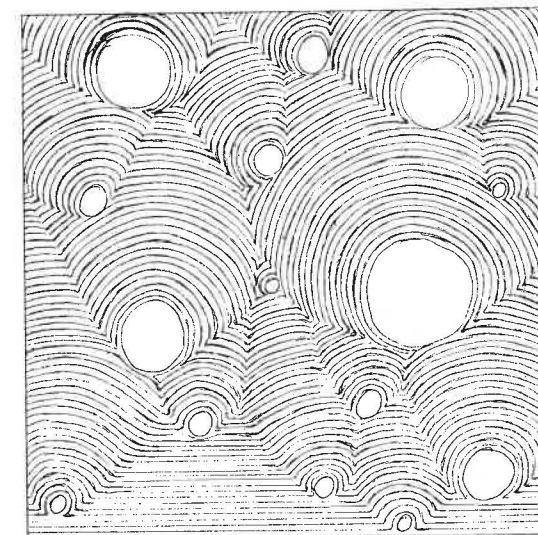
Everything is peaceful, and I feel deeply con-
tented. Time has no meaning; in fact the more I
think about that strange thing, "Time," the less I
understand its significance. Perhaps I will never
wake up.

Suddenly I am convinced. I will never wake up.
I am what those strange fellows with whom I used
to live—I think, anyway; the memory is very hazy
—called "dead." Inwardly I am amused at their
fear of "death," their complete lack of understanding.

"15 DIE IN RAILWAY CRASH

—today, just outside Berwick, 15 people, some
of them children, met a bloody death in a spectacular
rail accident in which one of the trains was derailed
and overturned. Eye-witnesses described the accident
as "gruesome" and "ghastly." One man said, "The
poor devils must have suffered something awful.
There was blood everywhere—I only hope I don't
die as painfully as that."

—Colin McKinney, Form 7.



—Carmel Gallop E5B



—Lois Baldock E5B, 3rd Prize

ELIZABETH RAYMOND

"Hey," thought Mr. Molly-Hawkins, "that must have been a mistake; this girl never got marked in as having left school. Over five years ago too!" He thought he'd better ask Mr. Jenkins; he'd been here then, he'd know.

"How come this girl never got marked in?"

"Where? Oh, you mean Elizabeth Raymond? Nice girl that; don't think I ever taught a nicer girl or ever will. Sad case that; mystery too! pity, pity."

"I won't get much out of him," thought Molly-Hawkins. "Inc'ined to mumble too much. Still, might as well try; sounds interesting."

As Mr. Molly-Hawkins and Mr. Jenkins were tidying the desk of the late headmaster, who had died recently, Jenkins told the following story.

The school had gone a tramping trip up the mountain and planned to stay the night. The day was fine and the whole earth was rejoicing simply for the joy of being alive. It was a pleasant journey and by the time they'd all stopped several times and admired the scenery spreading out underneath, behind and around them, it was dark when they got to the mountain hut.

The night was warm and yet strangely cool, although not sinister, and very drowsily they all clambered into the bunks and fell asleep.

A while later one of the girls was awoken, and looking up, saw Elizabeth Raymond walking out the door, apparently asleep. She decided to follow her to make sure she didn't get into any trouble. She didn't wake her because she thought it was dangerous.

There was no snow as yet, as it was summer and Elizabeth was just walking naturally along, within sight of the other girl. Elizabeth went down a hollow and stumbled, tripped and fell. The other girl rushed to her and asked her if she was all right but didn't get any answer. She examined Elizabeth and found her leg was broken. She went back to the hut to get help, leaving her jersey underneath Elizabeth's head.

She woke up three boys, told them what had happened and together they ran back. They found the jersey, but no Elizabeth. Yet she had been unconscious when the girl left her.

They searched for a week and found her dead, in a place at the bottom of the valley, lying on a coat, nobody knew whose, and the girl swore Elizabeth hadn't been wearing one. No broken leg, no swollen ankle, nothing, only an expression of intense fear, hatred, and yet serene finality on her face.

That part of the story had never been published, because it might have brought the school a bad name. Looking down at the form, Molly-Hawkins found it was filled in. Maybe he had done it absent-mindedly while listening to the tale. Or had Elizabeth Raymond left school at last?

—Rosemary Holm, W3A1.

SUNSET

What splendour can compare with this display?
This deep crescendo of orchestral light,
Casting beauty on chameleon clouds
Who flurry from its might
And awesomeness.

And how can one who knows emotion's touch
Behold that sight and not be overcome?
For surely this is beauty in itself
And we must be struck dumb
In humbleness.

And then, an instant, night and day are one;
United in a stupefied debate
That passes on as night envelops all,
And dissipates its trait
Of loneliness.

So long ago, our world had beauty too,
Much deeper than our present compromise:
So long ago . . . What can we do but wait
And hope for our sunrise
Of happiness.

—Stephen Hutton, E4A1.

CHILDHOOD IS A HAPPY TIME

Childhood is, compared with later life, a happy time. Children are protected from the sins of the world by their innocence and family. To a child the world is black and white, nothing is looked into deeply and therefore they live in a world of love and affection.

The child is satisfied, almost uncorrupted. Although a child does like to explore and expand he does so, not because of any material rewards, but with a natural, almost instinctive urge. In fact, until a child runs into the rigid restrictions of life his every action is a natural manoeuvre; he is not involved in pseudo-sophistication, plastic love or the consumer society. He is satisfied because he is motivated by nature and isn't aware of the world outside the front door or cot bars.

As a child grows and goes to school, he finds that the fantasy world of childhood is just that—fantasy. He sees ulterior motives and begins to adopt some himself. He goes to school and learns to tolerate other people, not to love them. He discovers that Father Christmas is a myth, that nobody does anything for anybody unless they can get something in return. Soon he begins to catch on, he has entered our consumer society and is being consumed. The child learns that to succeed is to have a better material status than most other people. He learns to compete, to beat everybody, to go one better and put down everyone else in the race. Society has taken advantage of his unquestioning childhood innocence and installed its own motivations, its own blueprint for success.

The child has joined the rat race and is fast becoming a rat. He soon develops prejudice, he is beginning to understand life, to stereotype people into watertight categories that his mind won't let them escape from. He knows that certain things are excusable if you can make something out of it. He accepts right and wrong—as defined in the Oxford Dictionary or some other foolproof source—and learns, from example, how to bend them for convenience. He enters high school, still accepting. He knows how to succeed, he understands that a pass in an exam means that you're better than all those that failed. He is motivated by all the goals everyone else is motivated by, he is undeniably selfish, a rat.

By the time our child enters his teens society condescends to teach him something about questioning, because he is susceptible to "unhealthy" influence. So far his thinking has been satisfactorily restricted and he has been "enlightened" enough to know the difference between "right" and "wrong." Now he learns that "everything you read isn't true" because there are some naughty people in this world who say bad things like money isn't everything. Our teen, however, knows better, money is everything.

Our child has been destroyed, our young adult consumed, and as he grows older he becomes a confirmed rat and joins the race. Somewhere his childhood fantasies exist but they are suffocated, shut out by the dollar. In this childhood ignorance he was happy and contented, now he'll never be content.

—Murray Horn, 6B.

HIROSHIMA

The day of the bomb,
Came swift and fast,
Flattened a city,
With one fearful blast.

The big superfortress,
All gleaming up high,
Drops its destruction,
From up in the sky.

Thousands of people,
All writhing in pain,
Fated never to see,
The sun rise again.

The deadly radiation,
Mile after mile,
Blighting hundreds of people,
Fated never to smile.

Has man not got,
A conscience now,
To kill a fellow man,
Without raising a brow.

—Stephen Davies, W3A1.

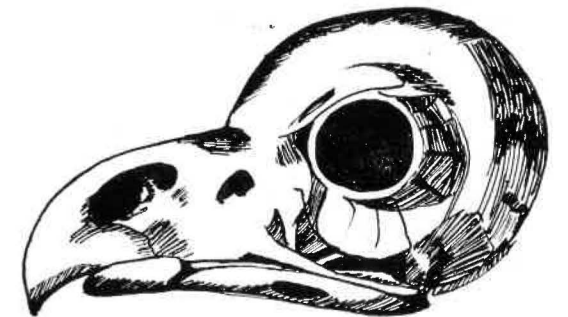
I gazed into her vacant eyes,
Those pools of limpid blue,
Silently they drew me in,
I shared their secrets too.

To see only the best in life
To see the other side
I found I'd given everything,
"But you can't go back!" she cried.

My will was not as strong as hers,
My mind had not her power.
I never saw the nettle,
I only saw the flower.

Would you do as I have done?
Forever lose your sorrow,
With the evil lose your love
Let her plan your tomorrow?

—Cindy Muggeridge, W3A1.



—Jill Fryer W4A1

ASH

Invent and learn,
 Regenerate the doctrines of numerals and equations
 and of theorems.
 And thence betterment.
 But betterment of what?
 Of new and better ways to burn the protoplasm, and
 crack the bone.
 A theorem, an equation, and a new code of ethics
 is born.
 A new beginning to yet another end.
 Oh! what fools
 Continuing in a cycle, a wheel to betterment
 And we hail our god, one called Rutherford,
 As we hailed Jesus who made from dust
 What we shall blow to ash.
 Oh joyful ultimate,
 Oh happy,
 Oh rejoice, for the atom can be split.
 And soon the sun will have no need for its light.

—Jeffrey Buchanan, E5B.

As I sit and reflect it seems like nothing. The
 whole ten years an utter waste. What did I learn?
 Was it how to be a human being—how to survive
 or merely how to be a credit to our "society"? Certainly
 I learnt to work, to defeat others, to strive to
 be more than anyone else, to know the tricks and
 short cuts to success; but did they teach me to live
 or to love? No!—taught to love is impossible in
 such a suppressed environment—I learnt that anyway.
 Learnt it when I was lonely and someone came up
 and said, "Hello, you have pretty blue eyes"; and
 learnt it in the safety of his arms—and found it when
 the children laughed and played with me in the sand.
 That was life! That was what made it bearable!
 Now, alone again, it all seems blank—as if it
 never happened. Tomorrow I must go and even the
 little security this false world gave will be annulled
 —worth nothing. I will be engulfed by a world I
 cannot and do not want to understand.

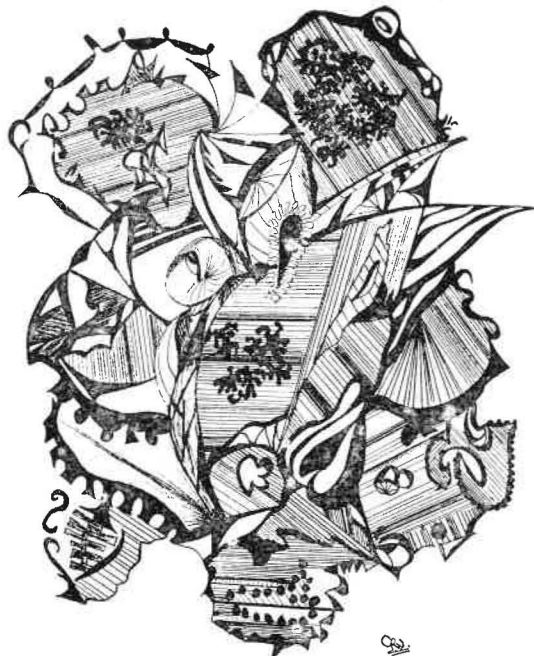
I get up and walk somewhere—pretending not to
 notice that the distance is getting closer.

—Kathryn Gould, Form 7.

THE POTENTIAL BEACHCOMBER

So it's farewell to the books and the bikes and the
 fights
 The exam days, the mark days, the holidays and
 the essays
 To the teachers who meet you only half-way
 And the better kids who beat you or the ones who
 sweet talk you.
 It's farewell to the military, the uniform, the chalk
 artillery
 The detentions, suspensions and schoolwork tensions.
 To the sad days, the bad days and the rushing mad
 days.
 It's goodbye to you who look to the ratrace
 And who'll grow up looking like fatfaces,
 It's goodbye security, cushions and purity
 It's goodbye to teachers, parents, others and brothers
 I'll come to your funerals when you all die
 From heart troubles.
 It was time not worth buying
 So why . . . am I crying?

—Kathryn Gould, Form 7.



—Greyam Wilde 6S, 1st Prize

ENVY AND CIVILIZATION

Fish I envy you, said the crab, for you can swim
 while I must crawl.
 Crab I envy you, replied the fish, for you can rest
 while I must swim.
 Day I envy you, said the night, for you can see
 all by your light.
 Night I envy you said the Day, for you can hide all
 in your darkness.
 Ape I envy you said the Dog, for you live high
 in the green trees.
 Dog said the ape it is I that envy you for you live
 with the wise man.
 And all things turned to the wise man in his city
 and said,
 Man we envy you for you have wisdom
 And man looked out at them from his city and said
 I envy you for you have freedom.

—Deborah Guthrie, E4A1.

SWELLS FROM AN OCEAN

The still sea, quiet and calm
 A light breeze blowing off the land
 Way out to sea many lines start forming
 Rising from the dread mysterious sea
 And filling the quiet reefs and shoreline with
 many lines of energy
 Energy which has raged for miles upon miles
 of open cold sea and soon to send its energy
 rippling up the shore.
 Then all of a sudden a thundering noise is heard
 As the lines of energy break into foaming soap
 and disappear into the sand.

—Jamie Scott, W4E.

AVANT GARDE—

nihilism
 materialism
 atheism
 racism
 capitalism
 antagonism

Word after word moulded in argument
 And quick-frozen in bigotry
 Now block shaped and safe,
 Kept darkly in my refrigerated mind.

It wasn't till I saw
 The bleeding hands and crumpled foreheads
 Of people whose world really mattered,
 that I found my faith in nothing shattered,
 My battered banner flopped limply at my side,
 the afterbirth of a shaken mind.

Christmas Ceasefire:

We said it in Korea,
 We said it in Japan,
 Dance around the Christmas tree
 For peace in Vietnam.

Will You Blame Me—

If my feet have not carefully trod the way
 Amongst fearful heaps of broken bodies
 Or my lips contort in retching from the stink
 of war
 Promulgated, perpetuated by bloated economies,
 Or if I can see a peeled potato as a sword
 And will not peel it for you . . .
 I know you will.

Do You Pity Me—

that I have no sense to build a fence
 Of strategy about my country,
 and bind my love all up close to me.
 In the body of my family,
 that a man is dying somewhere,
 And I cannot stop my mind from caring,
 I suspect you do . . .

Could You Hate Me—

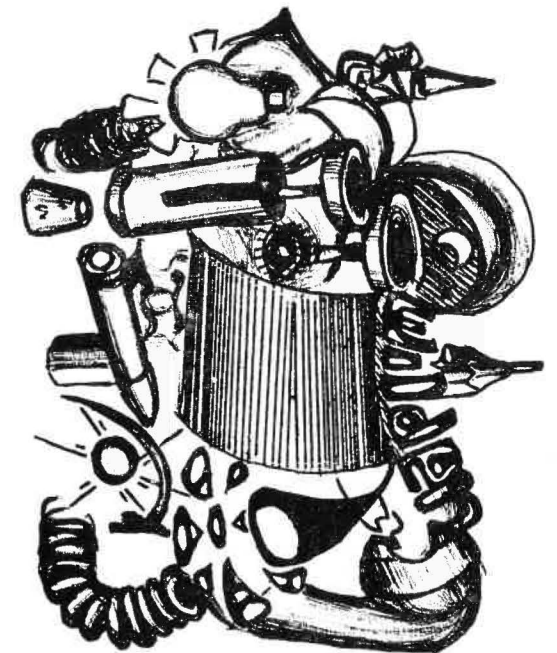
And call me a coward and traitor,
 Because my stand is not at the side of your
 sons and husbands,
 or duringf God save the Queen,
 Because the man who blows a baby from its
 womb
 Is guilty, for all his hair cut short
 And khaki will not cover a crippled soul
 Camouflaged by a leafy crown of thorns—
 You know you could . . .

—Pat Scriven.

LOST

I am lost in my own youth.
 Trapped by my inexperience
 Confused by the pressures of a
 World too large for total comprehension
 And there is no hand to grasp
 For security.
 I must sit quietly in the darkness
 And question nothing
 Nor attempt to find a light
 For I am young and
 The dawn comes with years.

—Kathryn Gould, Form 7.



—Greyam Wilde 6S

Old wives' tales.
 Superstitions.
 Creeds.

The people believed;
 They didn't doubt
 And try
 And test,
 Until the cry:
 "Old wives' tales,"
 Superstitions
 And creeds
 May deceive.
 We cannot believe
 Without Science to sift.
 We cannot know
 Without Science to show.

The Scientists came,
 Acclaimed fame,
 Formulated hypotheses,
 Concluded:
 "All that Science can show
 Is, that we cannot know."
 "What can we offer
 But sorrow and grief?
 For, without knowledge
 We have no belief."

But can we live
 Without belief?
 Does Science the Sieve
 Bring relief
 Or destroy its sanity?

—Noel Derry, Form 7

RAIN FANTASY

torrents of rain enclose us
as though they will reach within,
noise feels intensely cold
it seems closer through glass,
the protecting walls secure
our fear of destruction.

the long darkness encroaches
on the surroundings, a dead world,
gradually it ceases
all but a drizzle sprays down
on the dreary existence,
slowly glimmers of sunlight
appear and we are released.

—Pamela McCarty, E4A2.

Look up—lose yourse'f in the paths of the sky.
Worship the complacent azure; fear the menacing
grey; watch as the master's brush paints the sunset!
Experience the elements: the sun—smiling, warming,
baking, burning, sizzling; the wind . . . ; the rain . . .
look around—fill your eyes with colour. The smallest
leaf, the most humble bud could never again be
painted that priceless hue. And when devoid of
colour . . . ? no plastic surgeon could create the
beauty of a nude tree shown stark against the sky.

Look down—fee', like Christopher "sand-between-
the-toes." Ask your questions of the sea; the curling,
echoing sea; the eternal millpond: frosted glass or
ruffled lace.

—There is the God whose existence you deny.

—Margaret Tomkins, Form 7.

FEAR

My common sense told me I shouldn't, but to
turn a dream into reality made me risk the chance.
It was 7 p.m. and the sun was setting on the water,
golden red filled the sky and the moon rose to watch
me from the land as I was waxing my board trying
to forget the rule, "never go into the sea alone."

I paddled out watching each wave being brushed
to perfection by the gentle offshore wind. A large
swell captivates me as I sit and watch it, enraptured.
Hey stop; too late, I'm already on, sliding down
accelerating into a steep oblivion. Instinct rules a
sharp bottom turn that pulled my carcass high into
the gullet of the wave. Mechanically my feet shuffle
forward and now crouching down, the board starts
its descent across the long, long wall. This wave is
alive, a mass of writhing black snakes which formed
a powerful tube and my board started roaring down
this hissing vicious tunnel. Faster and faster, scream-
ing through like a Skyhawk.

But will I make it? For five hundred feet on
either side blackness became whiteness as I was
ripped off my board. Instinct rules once more; I
curled up into a ball and held my breath. Panic
flooded every cell of my body rigid with realisation.
Air! give me some air. A lungful of air came
spluttering out. Kicking about and screwing up
violently, coughing sea water out, still no air, but
water all around. I opened my eyes and what I
saw was white and frothy. I opened my mouth to
scream but sea water gushed down my throat. I am
going to die! My lungs cannot hold out, it is the end.

Sea water sucks down into my lungs. Drowning;
is this what drowning is? My chest becomes tighter.
I give up, I am dying. Get it over with.

But strongly, the whiteness cleared away. I could
breathe and my mind was clearer. This must be
heaven or could it be the other place? Now noise
filled my ears and I knew I was safe. But no, I
was being lifted and I saw whiteness again and a
figure in red. Oh, yes, it was the ambulance doors
being closed and once more I was locked in blackness.

—Raewyn Booker, 6B.



—Lois Baldock E5B

RACING

The motor bikes screamed,
Exhaust pipes flamed, carburettors gurgled nitro,
And then wheels dug dirt.
A pole was hit, catapulted and splintered.
An extraordinary flash from a rearing bike,
A scream from the crowd,
The rider strewn on the dust,
Hard luck!
A dinged motor bike from a catapulting,
dragged and left.
A branded leg, a bone-splintered hand,
a crippled body.
And all will be forgotten and lost,
In a haze of dust.

—Ross Allen, W4E.

THE SPARROW CHILD

She sang, and the sun threw its gold, touched her
hair, gleamed in her eyes, laughed in her mouth.
She laughed and the laughter filled the air, billowed
the clouds, rippled the pond, rust'ed the leaves.
They flocked to chatter at her feet, hopping around,
pecking for crumbs, fluttering wings.
They came from all over the city, under the eaves,
out on the street, huddled by chimneys.
The sky filled with rain, it fell from the clouds,
fell to the earth, shattered and puddled.
The sky broke with light, fell from the gold baub'e,
pinked fat clouds, may greened spring growth.
First winter soddened their nests, tore down their
homes, left late children stiff, saddened their eyes.
Spring arrived, took the chill, still ruffled fawn
feathers, dried dripping backs, sent them to her.
Spring arrived, and she sang love songs, touched
hearts, warmed hands, and sparkled their eyes.
Summer brought heat, the sky turned blue, the waves
bubbled, the sand gleamed,
Summer took people from the city, they went to
the shore,
Wings took them down from the eaves to the pave-
ments, warm pavements, crumbs and spilt wheat.
Autumn gilded the leaves, bronzed them, rotted them,
blew them.
Autumn bared the branches, nests were exposed,
breezed, rocked them, fell, broke.
Winter soddened the bread, kept people indoors,
They, wet feathered, huddled round chimneys.
Winter took life, brought misery.
They, shivering, searched hungrily, nothing.
The sky may be filled with sheaves of dashing,
freezing lances of rain shattering on the roofs
and pavements.
They came from the country, from cowsheds and
stable yards,
Kitchen doorways, evergreen trees.
They flocked about her, settling on her head, her
shoulders, hands, arms, fly in waves and settle
again.
When she laughed there was sunlight, there was happi-
ness, youthfulness, blossoms burst their buds.
When Sparrow child called they all came and sang,
together till dusk, then away till another time.

—Jill Fryer, W4A1.

UNIFORMITY

Row upon row, upon row, upon row, upon row
Little figures marching marching along the road.
All dressed the same in the same shade of grey.
All coming from nowhere and marching nowhere.
They all think the same little grey of thought.
Their skin a'f covered with the same grey hair.
They plod on each one the same as the one in front.
They neither see nor hear what is going on.
They only see what they are told they can see.
They only hear the sound of their feet marching.
They are all the same,
No one is different.
No one cares.
Row upon row, upon row, upon row, upon row.
Onwards, forwards to infinity marches,
The human race.

—Andrew Dungan, E4A1.

A WINTER'S TALE

Soot-furred bricks
Scuttling slaters on sweet-smelling wood
Oozing sap
Creeping, Seeping Warmth
From glowing
Charred
Logs
Nesting in Ashes.

Smudged, smeared,
Soot-smuttled hearthstone
Woodsmoke rising
Curling quietly,
Lazily
Upwards
And Spark Fairies
Dancing on Firebricks.

—Leonie Jarvis, Form 7.

It's a typical Saturday morning, some time early
in summer. The kids across the street are shrieking,
one of them is bawling; she's probably fallen over
or been punched by her brother. In a few minutes
she'll stop crying and shriek as happily as the rest
of them. Unhappiness, real unhappiness, is never as
transient as when you are young, and yelling in
summer.

Three or four motor mowers vie, nasally, for the
lead in a discordant Saturday-concerto of sound.
The crackle and spark of a rubbish fire in the back
garden, the motor mowers, the yelling; these sounds
are curiously distant in the flowered-wallpaper air
of the girl's bedroom. Here, these sounds are as
thought, self-contained, enclosed, even personal, yet
somehow alien. Here, it is other sounds that are
heard, that make their imprint on her mind; the
sounds she lives with, have lived with her for a long
time, much longer than one Saturday morning in
summer; carpet-muffled footsteps; the idle buzz of
a fly against the blinds; the all-pervading prickling
sweetness of a silence that wasn't a silence at all.

The girl is tired, physically tired from lack of
exercise, from too much relaxation, from spending
too long a time in one place, the only change that
of the flowers by her bed, once every three days.
She was tired too, of hearing sounds, but not making
them, or even seeing them being made. Mowing a
lawn, watching a smoking fire, breathing in its hot
acid breath, shrieking on the lawn with the kids
next door. How long ago was it . . . ? She was
very tired of her way of life; that fly, with only days
to live, maybe less, was at least living while it could;
she could not even move her paralysed limbs.

Even as she watched, the fly grew more frantic,
its buzzing high pitched, insistent; its panic became
hers, the fear, the frustration welled inside her. But
her paralysed limbs could not move, the muscles of
her throat gripped her scream and strangled it. She
sucked frantically for air, screaming, but silently
choking, choking . . .

Outside, the motor mowers droned on, and across
the road, two kids rolled on the grass, punching and
kicking each other. And through the open window,
a fly flew and spiralled away.

—Leonie Jarvis, Form 7.

PRIZE LIST 1969

EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Girls: Junior, Judy Elliot; Intermediate, Maureen McGregor; Senior, Marianne Muggeridge.

Boys: Junior, Cleve Erueti; Intermediate, Keith Braddock; Senior, Larry White.

EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Girls: Junior, Suzanne Manning; Intermediate, Philippa Conn; Senior, Mary Thomson.

Boys: Junior, Neville Nodder; Intermediate, Russell Moffit; Senior, Alistair Flett.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS

Girls: Third Forms, Ivy Taukiri; Fourth Forms, Te Ngaio McCulloch; Fifth Forms, Maureen McGregor.

Boys: Third Forms, Gary Walker; Fourth Forms, Cleve Erueti; Fifth Forms, Paul Ballinger.

HOUSE AWARDS

F. V. Morine Cup for Inter-House Athletics East.
Faye Hill Cup for Inter-House Basketball: East.
Inter-House Speech Cup: East.

Honor Cup for Inter-House Rugby: West.
Sole Cup for Inter-House Tennis: East.

W. McDonald Cup for Inter-House Cricket: West.
Spotswood College v. Old Girls' Cup—Basketball:

Spotswood College: Linda Rupapere.
Natalie Cleland Cup for Spotswood-Rangiatea

Basketball: Rangiatea. Linda Rupapere.
Borrell Cup for Inter-House Soccer: East and

West.
Denise Barribal Cup for Girls' Inter-House

Hockey: East and West.
Chris. Hamill Cup for Girls' Inter-House Softball:

East.
Inter-House Shield for 20 Events: East.

Joy Rookes' Cup for Original Composition and
Solo Compositions in Music: No competition this year.

Jaycee Cup for Debating and Public Speaking:
No competition this year.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrews' Award for Inter-House
Drama: No competition this year.

The Sargent Trophy for Inter-House Music: No
competition this year.

SPEECH CONTEST

Third Form: **East**, Stephen Hutton. **West:**
Frances Young.

Fourth Form: **East**, Anne O'Connor. **West:**
Lynne Adamson.

Fifth Form: 1st, Bill Millar; 2nd, Robin Yule.
Sixth Form: 1st, Philip Sheat; 2nd, Michael

ART COMPETITION

1st: Peter Kirby.

LITERARY CONTESTS

Third Form: Prose, Jahna Carstens. Poetry:
Ropu Wawatai.

Fourth Form: Prose, Linda Penney. Poetry:
Janet Charman.

Fifth Form: Prose: Jacqueline Potaka.

DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

Upper Sixth Form: Prose, Roderick Bird. Poetry:
Kathryn Gould.

Griffin Trophy for Most Improved Third Form
Soccer Player: Anthony Taylor.

Murray Wood Cup for Pupil Contributing Most
to Gymnastics: Suzanne Johnson.

Toafakitini Trophy—Rugby: College Old Boys v.
First XV: Spotswood College (Bruce McCall).

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

Third Forms

E3A1: Alison Mander, Social Studies.

E3A1: Wendy Lynch, Science.

E31: Barry Read, Mathematics.

E3A2: Sharyn Herbert, Mathematics.

E3A1: Rachael Parkes, German.

E31: Murray Parker, Woodwork.

W3A4: David Pascoe, Work Experience.

Fourth Forms

W4A1: Heather Buchan, English and Social
Studies.

W4H: Ann Berry, Social Studies.

E4A1: Richard Hutchinson, Science.

W4A1: Linda Penney, French.

E4A1: Lois Baldock, French.

W4A1: David Birrell, German.

W4A4: David French, Work Experience.

E4E: Patrick Brien, Improvement.

Fifth Form

Duncan Tullett, Science.

John Innes, Mathematics.

W5B2: Helen Miller, Progress in English.

Marjorie Berridge, Shorthand Typing and Com-

mercial Practice.

T. Guy Prize in Engineering: Wayne Robertson.

Kidd Garrett Prize in Engineering: Russell Prout.

Motor Trade Award in Engineering: Edwin Smith.

For Service to the School: Harry Duynhoven.

CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS

E3A1: David Schroeder 1st, Stephen Hutton 2nd.

W3A1: Corrine Bolton 1st, Gaye Williamson 2nd.

E3A2: Pamela McCarty 1st, Clive Hamill 2nd.

W3A2: Janice Falconer 1st, Glenys Mills 2nd.

E3A3: Alan Chapman 1st, Brian Cummings and

Denise Ries 2nd equal.

W3A4: Trevor Humphreys and Robin Clarry, 1st

equal, Glennis Allen 3rd.

E3Com.: Raewynne Priest 1st, Leslie Williams 2nd.

W3Com.: Judy Salter 1st, Ann Field 2nd.

E3H: Sally Blackman 1st, Linda Smiley 2nd.

E31: Kevin Eustace 1st, Paul Murray 2nd.

W3II: Ian Street 1st, Trevor Dalton 2nd.

W312: Wayne Martin 1st, Ross Allen and John

Skipper 2nd equal.

E4A1: Warren Williams 1st, Barry Sutherland 2nd.

W4A1: Barbara Hammonds 1st, Graham Miles 2nd.

E4A2: Noel Bungay 1st, Paula Carter 2nd.

W4A2: Patricia Latter 1st, Janice Gordon 2nd.

W4A3: Wanda Stone 1st, Robyn Woodcock 2nd.

E4Com.: Suzanne Wildbore 1st, Annette Marr 2nd.

W4H: Susan McDermott 1st, Dale Evans 2nd.

E4E: Harry Duynhoven 1st, Robin Pittwood 2nd.

E4W: Philip Pritchard 1st, John Taylor 2nd.

W4W: Kenneth Sole 1st, Mark Kearvell 2nd.

E5S1: Peter Schroeder 1st, Russell Ritchie 2nd.

W5S1: Floortje Van Paassen 1st, Andrew Stedman

2nd.

E5S2: Ian Moody 1st, Kevin Hunt 2nd.

W5S2: Deborah Rogers 1st, Murray Horn and Ian

Fisher 2nd equal.

E5S3: Kerrin Winstanley 1st, Wayne Robertson 2nd.

E5B1: Pauline Jones 1st, Sally Holden 2nd.

W5B1: Christine Patrick 1st, Helen Brodie and

Janet Turnbull 2nd equal.

W5B2: Wayne O'Donnell 1st, Pamela Flett 2nd.

E5N: Pauline Reed 1st, Sandra Stone 2nd.

W5Com.: Kathy Egarr and Janice Martin 1st equal.

Lower Sixth Form: Ian Whitehouse, Mathematics;

Philip Sheat, French; Gay Haldane, French; Leonie

Jarvis, Geography; Keith Smith, Biology; Graham

Hills, Technical Drawing; Kathryn Gould, History.

Upper Sixth Form: Diane Jones, Biology; Christine

Francis, Geography; Marianne Muggeridge, History;

Margaret Samuels, French.

The Devon Footwear Prizes: John Cooper,

Physics; Patricia Scriven, English and German; John

Hutton, Special Merit in Physics, English and

Chemistry; Jennifer King, Chemistry and Additional

Mathematics; Barbara Bennett, Book-keeping.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Janice Rawley Prize for English: Christine Francis.

J. A. Snell Memorial Prize: Graeme Insull, Wood-
work; Robin Pittwood, Engineering.

The Harry M. Bacon Memorial Prize for Pupils
showing Best All-Round Promise in the Arts: Girl,
Faye Farquhar; Boy, Michael Collier.

The Bruce Walker Trophy for Endeavour and
Leadership: Alistair Flett.

R.S.A. Prize: Christine Francis.

P.T.A. President's Prize for Head Girl: Lorraine
Lovell.

L. M. Moss Prize for Head Boy: Kerry Avery.

Dux Cup (Presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. Ader-
man): Michael Collier.

Principal's Prize (Dux Medal and Books): Michael
Collier.

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE RESUMES

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