



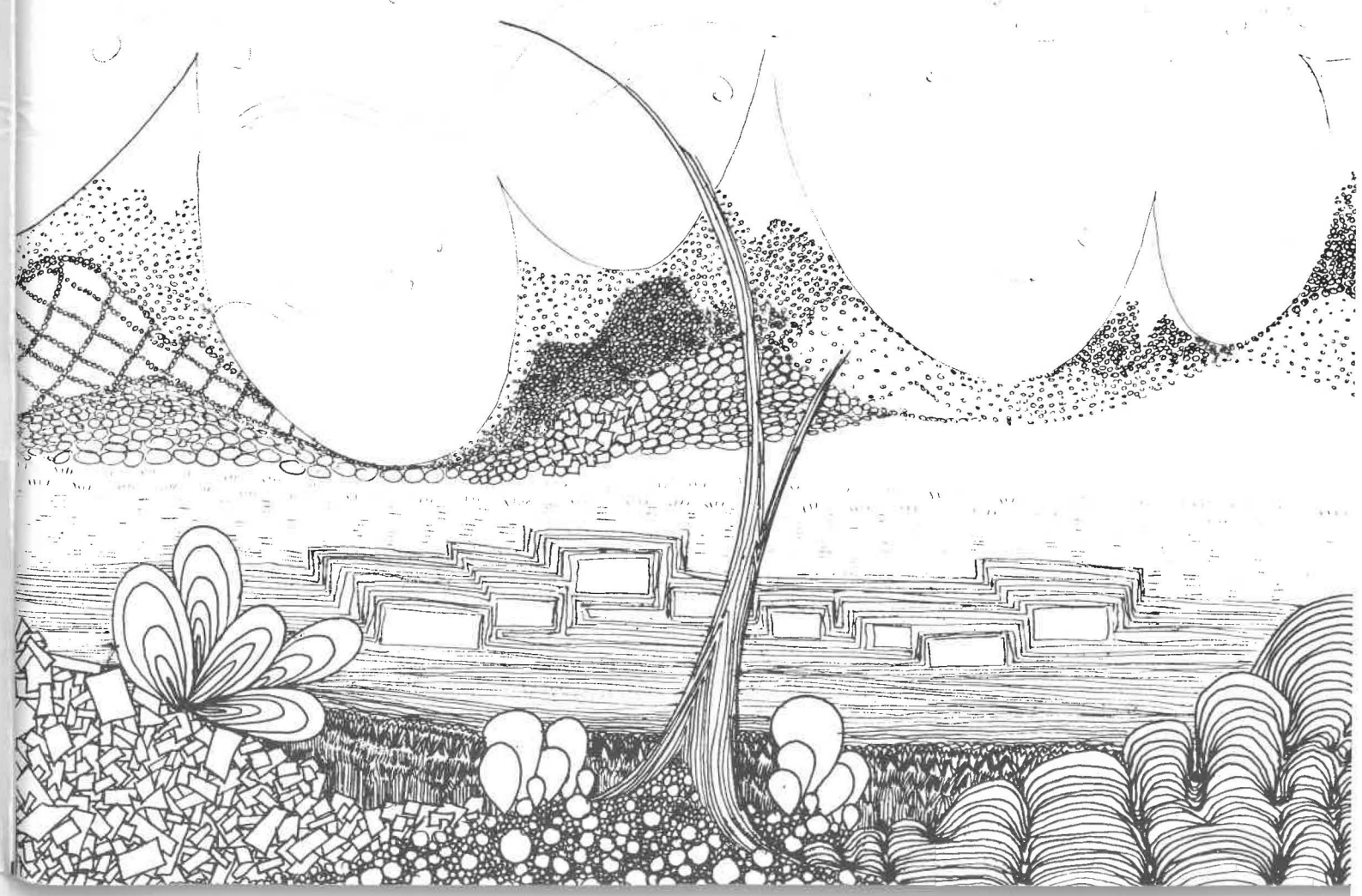
Spotswood College 1973



The Magazine
Of
Spotswood College.
New Plymouth.

1973
No. 14

JANETTE MILLS



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Principal's Foreword...

The retirement of Mr. L. M. Moss from the Board brings to an end thirty years of dedicated service to secondary education, not only in New Plymouth, but also in a much wider sphere. This school owes Mr. Moss a great debt for the work he did as Chairman of the Board in the planning stage and in our early years. It has been good to be able to call on his wisdom and experience when progress in our development has been slow. The right word in the right place has brought action when it was most needed.

Mr. Moss has a deep appreciation of educational needs and in the wider sphere as Chairman of the Secondary School Boards Association has assisted schools and teachers everywhere. He has taken a great interest in the progress of the College and we thank him most sincerely for this.

Though there have been considerable changes in the staff this year it appears that for 1974 we shall be in a good position with most vacancies already filled. Shortages in mathematics and French appear to be with us still. It is clear, however, that more well qualified people are entering the service and this means that the pupils will be better catered for. It is to be hoped that the improvement of staffing ratios will be brought about shortly, for schools are being asked to undertake more and more remedial and counselling work.

With the last part of the school's building programme approved in principle and with a local architect appointed to do the planning, we look forward to having everything completed by the end of next year. By then we hope the fourth secondary school for New Plymouth will be on the drawings boards for we will be beyond the 1,400 roll now accepted as our maximum.

Secondary school administration could well be changed over the next few years. The time is close for the establishment of a secondary schools council in New Plymouth at least and possibly for Taranaki, and for each school to have its own separate board. The council would consider matters of general policy and would provide the secretarial services. The Boards would be autonomous bodies with complete responsibility for the running of the schools.

It is obvious that the government is keen to foster closer relationships between the schools and the community. This appears to be a sound move and ways and means of doing this need to be investigated. As mentioned last year we have extended our work experience organisation to include sixth and seventh formers. Each Wednesday a group gains experience in careers which they wish to follow and this does tend to bring school and community closer

together. As is usual local business and professional people have been most helpful in providing opportunities for work experience and the school deeply appreciates their co-operation.

Within the school several matters of general interest have been investigated and acted upon. A group of the staff has drawn up a new pupils' report form which will be more suitable than the present one. This will be used for next year's third formers. Again dealing with reports, action has been taken in preparing a fairly simple testimonial form, more acceptable to employers than what has been provided in the past.

In 1974, pupils who enrolled in 1972 will be in the fifth form presenting six subjects at the School Certificate level. It will be of interest to see how well they have coped with this broadening of their education. It is good to have progressive and well established music and art courses in the school as a result of this move.

This year, as an experiment, all seventh formers were given certain responsibilities as school leaders and while in general it has worked out reasonably well, it is expected that some modification will be proposed by the group for next year. The College council too, is making recommendations on improving its effectiveness and it is to be hoped that these will be carried out in 1974.

It is pleasing to report on a most successful gala day held recently at the school, successful because so many pupils and staff worked together to raise money for school amenities. We were given the responsibility of running the games and activities while the P.T.A. looked after the stalls selling goods. Though a great deal of work has to be done in preparing for gala days, yet it does bring parents, pupils and staff together in a special way and has much to commend it.

Two other members of the Board have resigned after giving fine service to the schools, Mr. A. Lander and Mr. D. Little. Our sincere thanks are due to these men for their work and interest in what we have been trying to do. New members of the Board are Mr. Bellringer, Archdeacon Butt and Mr. Bracegirdle.

May I express my thanks to the staff for their loyal support this year. There has been tremendous co-operation from all in plugging gaps left by sudden departures. I hope pupils appreciate all that has been done for them.

To pupil leaders, team captains and to all who have contributed in any way outside the class room, my thanks for a good year.

To all associated with the school may I wish you the seasons greetings and a happy and prosperous 1974.

A. L. McPHAIL

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

NEW PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOLS' BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

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 Mr. A. D. MASTERS Mr. O. G. SOLE
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 Assistant Secretary: Mr. J. C. BAYLEE.

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Deputy Principal: Mr. G. A. PROCTER, Adv. Tr. C.
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Senior Assistant Mistress: Mrs. J. A. CONNOR, T.T.C.
Guidance Counsellor: Mr. R. S. R. GREENSILL, C.Rem.Ed.

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English: Mr. A. G. Page, B.A.; Mr. J. C. Lovell, B.A.
Social Studies: Mr. D. M. Frank, M.A.
Mathematics and Physics: Mr. D. C. Ball, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Mr. B. P. Finch, B.Sc.
Music: Mr. A. M. Purdy, Mus.B., L.R.S.M., A.T.C.L.
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 Mr. W. D. Barwood, M.A. (Hons.)
 Mr. D. H. Bennett, M.A. Dip. Ed.
 Miss V. Boyden, Hc. Cert.
 Mr. I. Brown
 Mrs. G. Campbell
 Mr. G. L. Clareburt, M.A.
 Mr. A. J. Cornes
 Mr. W. A. Crisp, Tr.C., Tech. T.C.
 Mr. B. J. Edwards, B.A., Dip. Tch.
 Mrs. B. E. Emmett (Library)
 Mr. K. Horan, M.A. (Hons.)
 Mr. J. Hickey, B.A.
 Mrs. P. A. Hickland, P.C.T., I.P.S. (Hons.)
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 Mr. P. Jessa, B.A. (Cape Town)
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 Mr. K. J. Larsen, Adv. Tr. C.
 Mr. A. R. Laverack, M.A.
 Mr. T. J. Lanning, M.A. (Hons.)
 Mr. J. Leishman, E.R.A., R.N.
 Mr. S. Mason, B.A. (St. Olafs)
 Mrs. J. B. Macdonald, B.Sc. (Hons.), Dip. Ed. Dip. Tch.
 Mr. P. A. Mans, B.Sc.
 Miss B. D. McLafferty, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L., C.M.T.
 Mrs. M. Morgan
 Miss S. Morton
 Mr. D. J. Oliver
 Miss J. Penny
 Mr. E. J. Piercy, B.Sc. (Edinburgh)
 Mrs. K. Piercy, B.A. (Hons.) (Leicester)
 Miss S. M. Platt, P.C.T.
 Mr. D. W. Plyler, B.S., M.Ed. (Indiana)
 Mr. G. I. Rawson, M.A. (Hons.)

Mrs. M. E. G. Risch, Std. Ref. (Konigsberg), Dip. F.A. (Dresden), Dip. Hort. (Berlin)
 Mr. P. D. Schmitz
 Mr. D. S. Smith
 Mr. K. Sowersby, Dip. Phys. Ed.
 Mr. M. J. Spencer, B.A. (Oxford)
 Mrs. E. M. Sutcliffe
 Mr. M. B. Sutcliffe
 Mr. B. Van Fleet, M.Sc.
 Mrs. S. Van Fleet, B.Sc.
 Mrs. M. Van Paassen, B.A.
 Mr. E. N. B. Watt, Adv. Tr. C.
 Mrs. J. Webbey
 Miss J. Wiess
 Mrs. M. C. D. Williams
Part-time Staff:
 Mrs. M. Belcher, Dip. Phys. Ed.
 Mrs. P. Giles, (Library)
 Mr. L. Hall
 Mrs. M. H. Harrison
 Mrs. M. Peel, Dip. Phys. Ed.
 Mrs. M. R. Prestney
 Miss J. Saunders
 Mrs. S. L. Spencer, B.Sc. (Alberta)
Office:
 Mrs. C. Haunton
 Mrs. W. A. Olsson
 Mrs. J. N. Narbey
 Mrs. P. McKenzie (Nurse)
Caretaker-in-Charge:
 Mr. J. J. Stoppard
Groundsmen:
 Mr. C. F. West
 Mr. G. W. Rawlinson
 Mr. W. C. Chisnall

staff notes



BACK:
 Mr. Piercy, Mr. Clareburt, Mr. Leishman, Mr. Bance, Mr. Laverack, Mr. Smith, Mr. Lanning, Mr. Barwood, Mr. Plyler, Mr. Cornes, Mr. Rawson, Mr. Mans, Mr. Mason, Mr. Van Fleet
MID-BACK:
 Mr. Horan, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Van Fleet, Mrs. Spencer, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Larsen, Mr. Sowersby, Mr. Watt, Mr. Hickey, Mr. Brown, Mr. Bennett, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Sutcliffe, Mrs. Piercy, Mrs. Olsson
MID-FRONT:
 Mrs. Van Paassen, Mrs. Peel, Mrs. Sutcliffe, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Prestney, Mrs. Belcher, Miss Penny, Miss McLafferty, Mrs. Risch, Mrs. Emmett, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Hickland, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Morton, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Webby, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Weiss, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Narby
FRONT:
 Mr. Wilks, Miss Boyden, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Purdy, Mr. Frank, Mr. Green sill, Mr. Potter, Mrs. Connor, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. McPhail, Mr. Procter, Miss Grant, Mr. Guy, Mr. Lovell, Mr. Page, Mr. Chapple, Mr. Hill, Mr. Huwes, Mr. Finch.

STAFF NOTES

Arrivals this year were the Van Fleets from the United States, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Penney, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Mans. Later in the year Mr. Hickey, Mr. Jones and Mr. Schmidt joined us — the latter has already become the 4th formers' heart-throb.

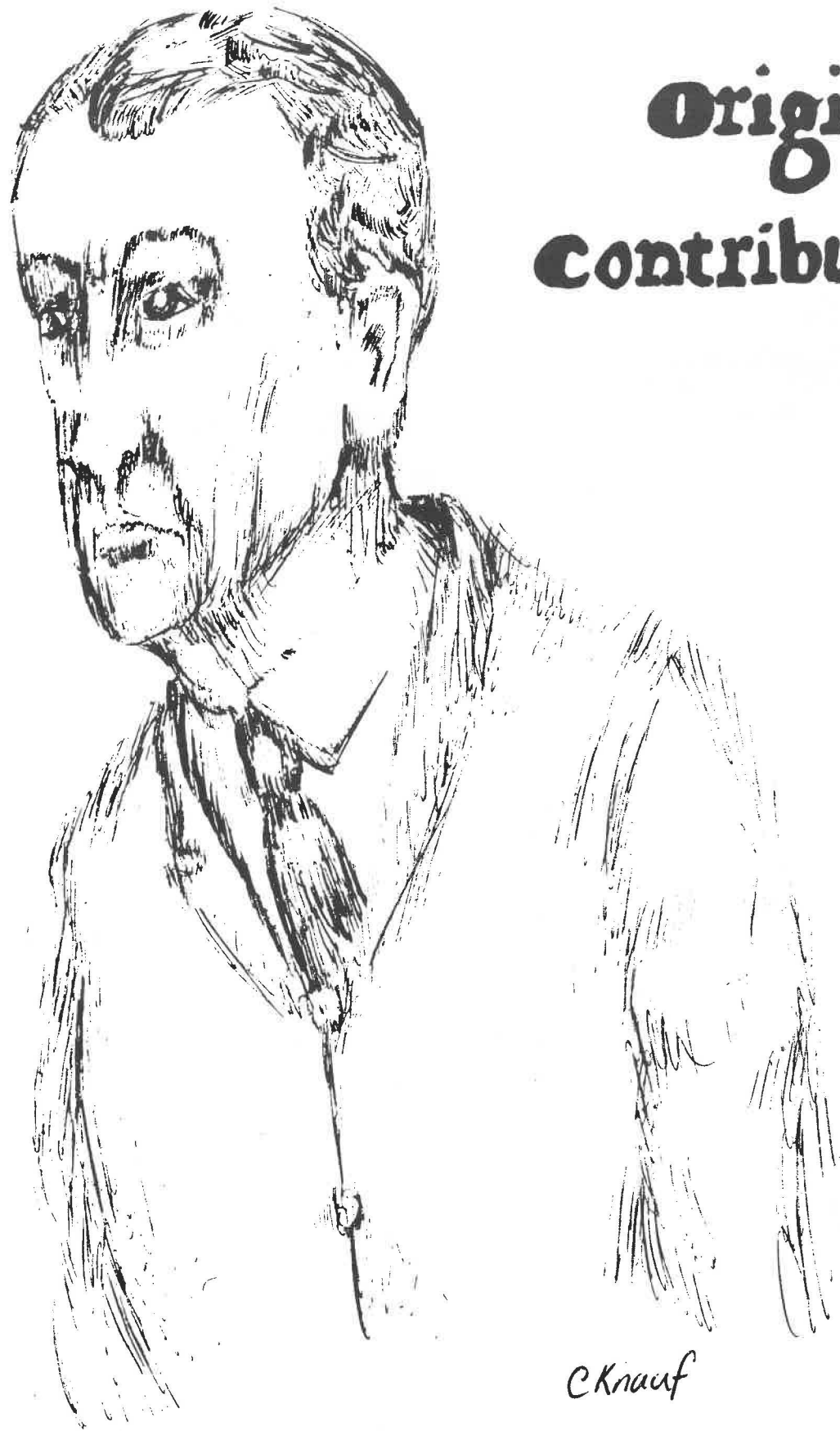
Mr. Sowersby came back married, and during the year Mr. Oliver finally took the plunge. Perhaps he now spends more time at home. Messrs. Smith, Cornes and Bance all saw additions to their family.

Various people are departing to far places. Mr. Mason intends to sail round the world, Miss McLafferty is going to Europe. Miss Platt left during the year and will be missed, especially by Mr. Sutcliffe who can no longer tease her. Mrs. Piercy will not be with us next year, nor will Miss Boyden (who will however be remembered for her skirts — both short and long). Mr. Gill returned to England at Easter. At the end of the year, the English department will be decimated with the departure of four stalwarts —

Messrs. Ashley-Brown (who is returning to Australia), Mr. Horan, Mr. Laverack and Mr. Spencer. Mrs. Spencer, who left during the year, now makes pots in the country. Mr. Peel gained a promotion and he and his wife will be missed in the staff-room. Mr. Plyler has now lasted here nearly three years but still hasn't reached the top of Egmont. Mr. Rawson has, however, been on the mountain several times searching and rescuing and each time found his man. Mr. Edwards recently saw the publication of his first novel and suddenly became a celebrity. Another celebrity was Mr. Brown's wife, who was so successful athletically she became Taranaki's Sportsman of the Year.

Mr. McPhail proved himself a man of many talents by winning 2nd prize for his sponge cake in a cooking competition.

The prize for embarrassment, however, must go to Mr. Crisp who arrived in Wellington for a course only to find he'd come the wrong week, and had to come straight back to New Plymouth again.



Original Contributions

C Knauf

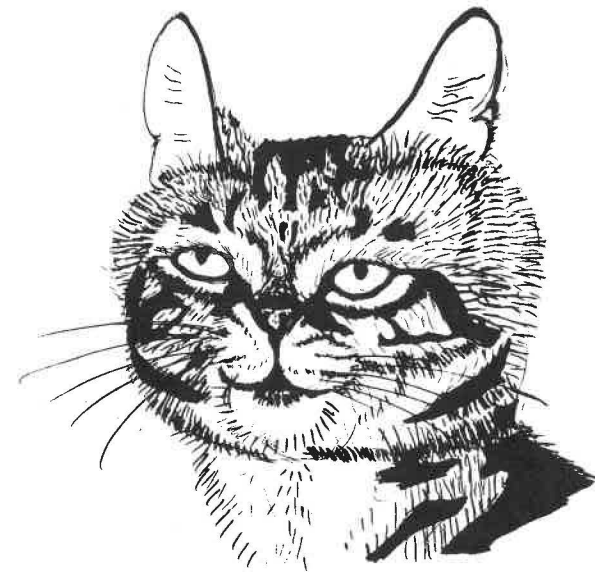
The Mocking Voice of Silence

The Mocking voice of Silence
Says all things
But
Very
Very
Softly.

The hours Spin
The Days and weeks NOW
All years will be
but if I had my choice
I'd go somewhere and start my own
Planet.

I hate the spirals of time
I despise their rigid certainty
And I Dreamed I saw Jesus
(fallen on hard times)
Selling paperback copies of
Secrets of the universe
Couldn't get rid of them.

P. Charman W5T



Heather Batchelor
E. 4.F.P.

Innocence

Pink ruffled cheeks
A few wisps of golden hair!
Dayamabababa!
Gurgling and swallowing
The first few stumbling steps
and the mother's bursting pride
bubbling through her and surrounding her baby
with her joyous love.

Carolyn Lawton, W3D



Carvin Kretschmar.

Life is a ball
with a new side for each day.

Ambition is a wild dream
with only time in your way.
Leonie, W3H

Nature

Tree, Paddock, River, Plain
Soon there will be nothing left,
But who will inherit this earth?
I don't think man can, in time to come.
Many years have passed now, and a new city has been
born
Factories, houses, smother the paddock and plains.
People lost in the digestive system of progress
Flowers reaching for air
There is none.
Smog slowly choking them to death
Man has gone to the point of no return.
The air is dead, the animals dead, even people.
The rest leave this god-forsaken place,
And go to live where the tree is tall and green,
The paddock full of animals
The river runs free
And the plain's full with earth's riches.

Dean Clarke W3U

Untitled

The sky hung in a tense curtain of deep blue and turquoise, the sun was a dazzling white blot that pierced my eyes and drenched me in wonderful friendly warmth. My skin tingled and I wanted to fly.

Her wings spread wide and strong against the hot currents of air. The masterful breath of the wind folded around her, buffeting her with warmth. She swooped low over the range then spun in the air, riding the currents and pathways, and with wings spread wide enough to engulf the land, she wheeled and dove, heading for the haze-covered sea.

I gazed down at the land and sea. I felt wildly happy and free. The top of the range was shrouded in golden grass. There was not a sound, not even the singing of a bird. The wide sunshine path stretched away in front of me and I wanted to feel it and be part of it. I wanted to run like a deer.

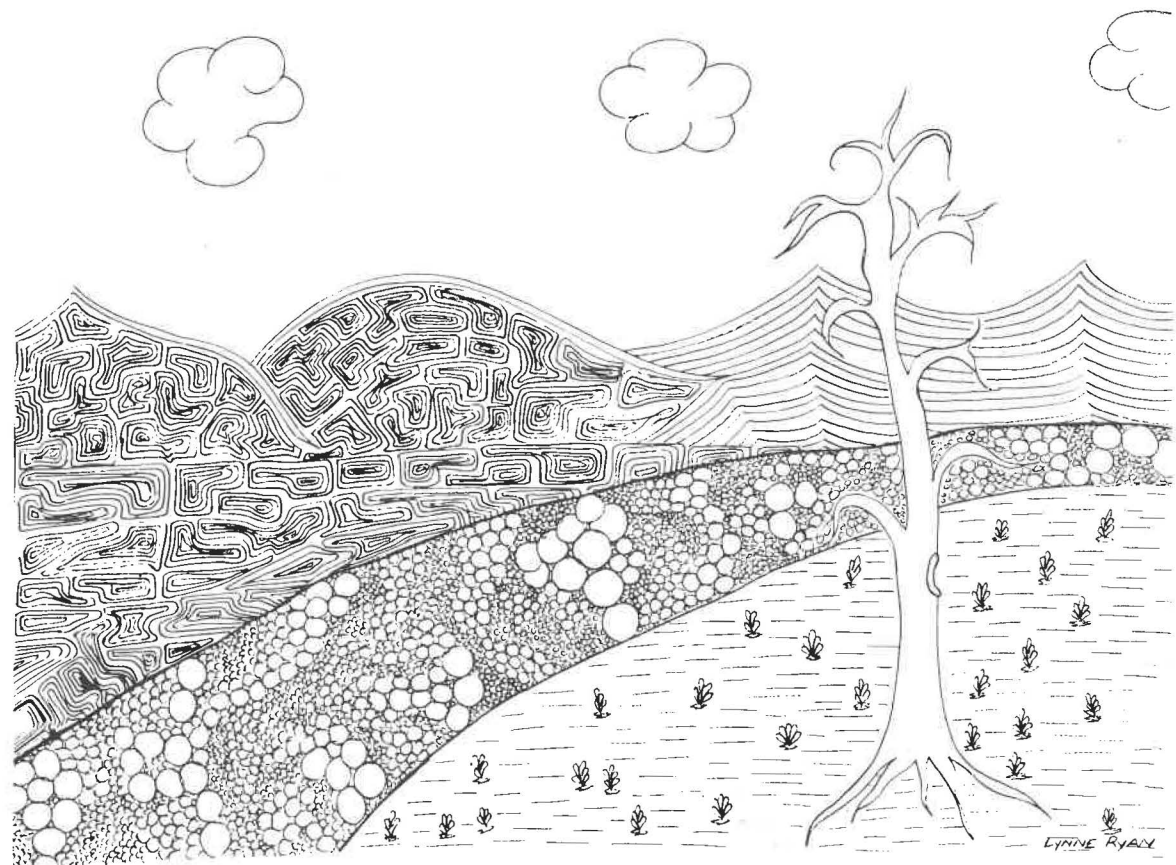
She ran in great bounds over the gold, her hooves seeming barely to touch the broiling ground. The sun felt good on her downy coat. She could run unobstructed until eternity. At times she knew her soul had left the earthly plane and she was skimming through a golden sky and she knew she had reached her Utopia.

I sat on the edge of the wide range, the ground was spongy and damp but warm from the sun. I spread myself out on the moss and I could see nothing above the yellow tufts of grass. I wanted to be part of the warm earth. I wanted life in the range under the sun.

The creek wound softly through the turf, then spread itself into many tiny channels and pathways; through, around and under the gentle moss. The sun wove in and out of its slow trickles, lending its heat until the creek became an earthly child of the mighty star. Eventually, all its causeways met in three single, still tarns that shimmered in the daylight, receiving the sun until it became a dazzling spectre in the centre of each, its rays reaching for the spongy shores.

I wandered to the highest point on the range and looked out and around. The size and beauty of all I could see dwarfed me and I felt the enormous power of this immortal land. But I was the victor. I could triumph and I could own this heavenly land. I could fold myself in the sky and be part of it. I could accept the sun and mould it around me and through me, and my soul was one with the stirring life force of the planet.

RMI.



Freedom

The sea swept in on golden sands.
Wave chased wave to the lonely strand.
She walked alone, or so it seemed,
But her heart held hands with freedom.

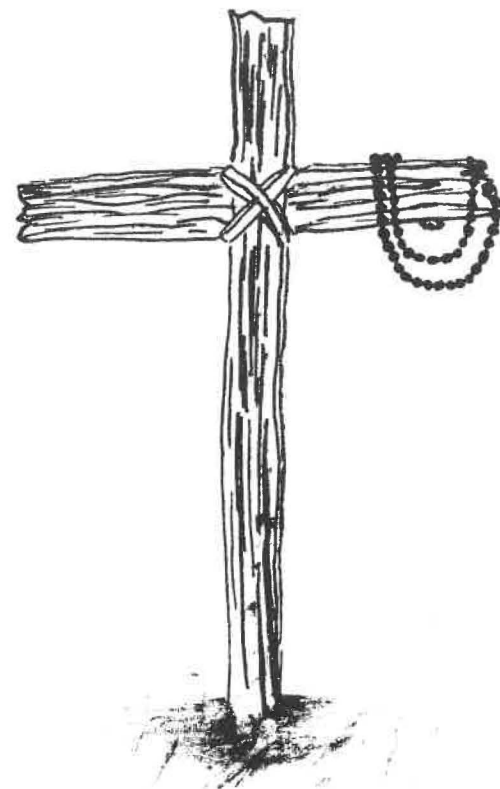
Cool salt-winds strengthened as evening neared.
The branches stood and jeered
At the wind as it blew ghost-leaves in vain,
For not until spring would they grow again.

Clouds on the horizon reflected the glare
Of the sun as it dipped to share
With other lands, (far away)
Its golden glory of day.

Then with dusk and the darkening sky,
The girl's shadow vanished into the night.
Her form was there, though she couldn't be seen
As she climbed the cliff above the sea.

Across the hills to her home in the glen
The sea-breeze helped to carry her there:
'Twas a long way to run, but run she did
For her heart would do what freedom would bid.

Margaret Conway W4R



"Death . . .?"

The painter's colours merged to a single thread of brown
He looked up and was shot
in a pool of paint.

The writer's words fell silent through long disuse
The elm trees grew
on their sweet decay

The lover's poems lay still
for one was left

The flowers were plastic,
Like grey teeth shining with bright fluoride paste,
The graves were still,
Your song is gone

Marbles fell from the sky to chip the stone
"We turn to dust," said the baby
"I cannot see," said the old, old man.

— The world was flat
there was no flower-pot and yet,

the little yellow daisy smiled
at the new day.

Jenny Malan 6X

Life is . . .

to differentiate with
(due)
respect to a (little-known bodily)
functionofecs
tasy
being the highest form
an expression containing
two
terms
mean (is) so little in comparison
with the standard,
deviation from which leads
us to the conclusion
that the square root of two is
irrational and not to be condoned
under any discontinuous transformation.

A Little Song . . .

we grow older)
The buried men lie deep beneath the earth
(We should weep for them)
Their tears were all that they could leave us
(We dream their dreams)
Their minds are cold with clay, eyes dry with dirt
(That very dust is in our eyes)
If they are gone, now who shall save us?
(The ashes barely smoulder

Stephen Hutton



'Jane Thomas'

... 'Not people die but worlds die with them' ...
 Yevtushenko. (extract from poem 'People')
 She lay on the bed, a fragile old body stretched on an equally old bedspread; a tranquil face and snow-covered head resting on a creased pillow. Lace curtains were drawn back from open windows, so that a light breeze trickled through the room, and the sunshine played over the motionless figure on the bed, illuminating the transparent skin on the wrinkled hands and face seeming to try and bring some warmth and colour to the features, in vain. A steady ticking provided the only noise in the room, the hands of an ancient grandfather clock pointed to ten past three.

Opening tired, blue eyes she gazed unseeingly at the opposite wall. Her eyes saw no future, only the past. A past where she had been young and happy. Closing her eyes she slipped back through time, remembering ...

She was playing on the beach, while waiting for the picnic to be spread out. Looking up, in the direction of the trees under which lunch was to be set out, she saw her father approaching. Sweeping her into the air and holding her above his head he said, "How would you like to come for a little swim with me Janie? I'll show you how to swim, and we'll cool off before lunch." An excited nod was the answer, and setting her on his broad, brown shoulder they set off towards the beckoning sea. Her first swim. How proud and safe she felt with her father's strong, capable hands holding her up, while she kicked at the water and splashed with her arms, trying to stay afloat. Encouragements and praise sounded above her as her father held her steady and her mother watched from the shore. What fun they had had.

Her mind roamed on through the years. Taking her baby brother for a walk, at last, being allowed to feed him, while she chattered to him and he watched her with his wide open blue eyes, appearing to listen and understand what she was saying.

Scenes of times at school passed in her mind and faded away as new images took their place. The discovery of a quail nest on a hill side. Watching a fox chasing fleet-footed rabbits; a deer and her fawn approaching a pool to drink but frightened away by a young, inexperienced dog bounding out of the trees, barking madly. The sickening sights of an injured horse, holding its bleed-ing, broken foreleg up as though it was something strange, and gazing around for help with wondering, painfilled eyes. The farmer approaching with his gun, then she was running, away, far away into the wood, but still hearing the thunder of the gun.

A noise roused the old women, but it was only the slamming of somebody's door. She sank back into the past ...

Her first trip on the boat. She felt the rhythmic rocking of the boat beneath her feet, heard the screeching of the gulls overhead, as they drifted in the clear blue sky occasionally settling on the rails or ropes, watching shadowy fish lazily swimming beneath the waves.

The pictures came faster now. Visiting her aunt and uncle, playing with their friendly and very furry English sheepdog. Eating candy floss at the circus. Collecting driftwood on the beach with her parents and then watching the sun sinking beneath the sea, while it coloured the waves and sky with beautiful hues.

Galloping over the meadows, up hills and down, in a furious race with friends, and, laughing and flushed with excitement, arriving first at their predetermined destination — the old spreading oak tree. Roasting chestnuts over the fire, while snow settled softly outside, blanketing the surroundings, so that her first sight in the morning was a white world in which she was building a snowman, having snowball fights, tobogganing and learning the art of skiing. Finding a half frozen bird, holding the soft body in her hands and feeling the fluttering palpitations of its heart; returning home with it and feeling the gratitude and pride when it flew into the sky the following spring.

Her first meeting with Jerry, when she had turned twenty-one. The happiness she had felt when with him. Watching the water cascading over the rocks to plunge into a foaming pool eighty-five feet below, then rushing away between cliffs carved out by the water. Walking through a forest and suddenly entering into a fairy dell, the toadstools set out in a ring, and the sunbeams lighting up the small grassy area.

Going to the restaurant for dinner with Jerry; the delicious dinner, the lights, the walk home afterwards while he asked her to marry him and her acceptance of his proposal. The congratulations and pleasure from her parents. The few weeks of happiness, then disaster as the war loomed up and he had to leave to join the army. Their last parting when she promised to wait for him.

Her mind wandered through the years of both wars. The never-ending wails of the sirens, running into the shelter, the brief moments of happiness, then the paralysing heart-break when she received the telegram during that first war saying Jerry had been killed in action. She had been numbed and heart-broken for months afterwards, and she was still waiting to join him.

The second war was past and she was once again seeing the fruit trees blooming, and the young animals, hearing the birds and brooks, smelling the flowers and air.

The following year the death of her parents. The pain of this remembrance caused her to wake. She gazed out of the window watching the clouds sail across the sky as they had on the day she attended the funeral with her relatives. Then she drifted back seeing the scenes of following years.

While on holiday with friends, being ill and lying in bed watching the raindrops chase each other down the glass pane. The brilliant rainbow signalling the storm was over.

Scenes of beauty, sorrow and happiness returned to her eyes as she remembered. She saw her parents, alive and happy as they were when she was young and they explored the countryside. Jerry whom she knew she was to see again very soon, with her parents. She sank deeper and deeper into sleep, feeling the stiffness and weakness of old age slowly leaving her, and the remembrances fading.

The breeze ripped through the room, gently moving the snowy curls on the old woman's head. The sunbeam's touched the gentle tranquil face and closed eyes. The clock struck thirty ...

J. Van Westendorp 6F



Analytical Age

Listen!
 A chord — pure and clear.
 Yes; tonic triad.
 root position.
 Four-forty
 vibrations
 Used by Beethoven.

—Oh

Look!
 A painting — simple and balanced.
 Yes; "The Haywain"
 Oils on canvas
 1821
 London Gallery.

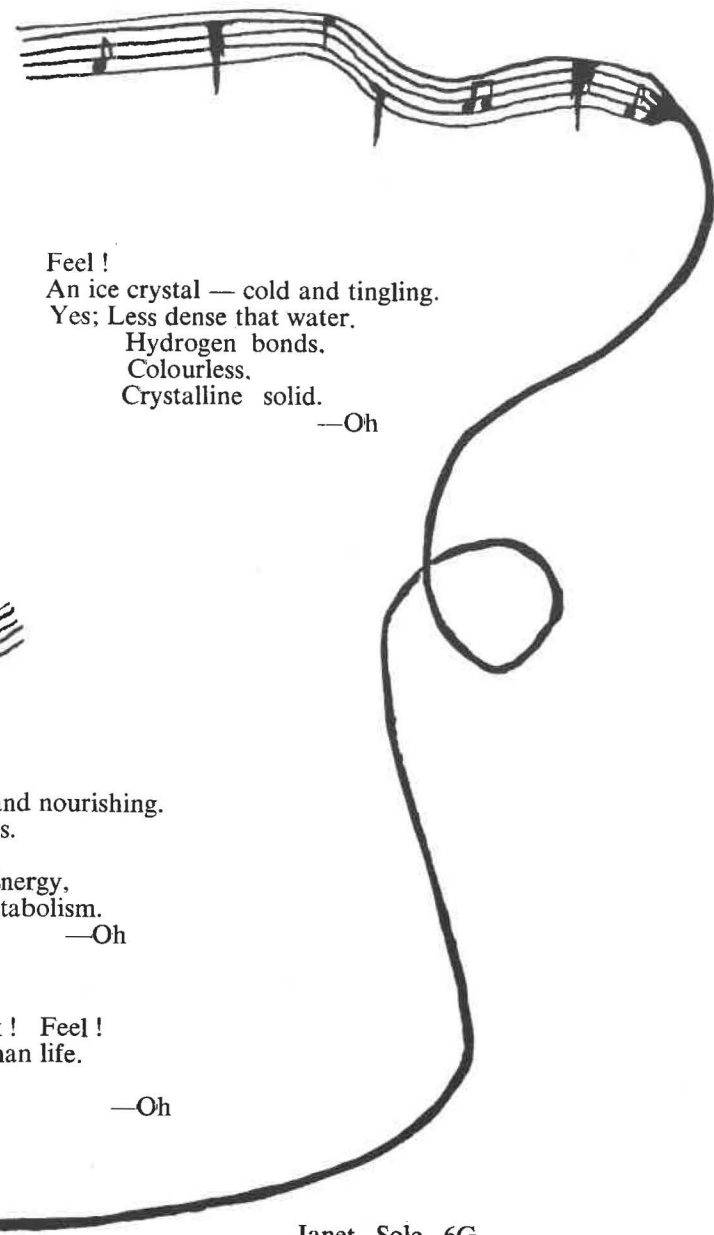
—Oh

Taste!
 A meal — warm and nourishing.
 Yes; carbohydrates.
 Vitamins,
 Physical Energy,
 Used in metabolism.

—Oh

Listen! Look! Feel!
 A taste of human life.
 Yes;

—Oh



Janet Sole 6G

I Love The Mountains

To my heart are mountains with Snow Clad Peaks
 Where Sun and Wind find ice in Hidden Streaks
 Tis here that I Climb, Cramped, Crunch to Hold
 With Ice axe on up hill hand, my face Cold,
 High I roam, a mere speck on Ascending Ridge
 In Shadows Untold
 Ice Crystals Unfold
 My View from altitude is that of Eagle.
 Afar does Horizon Stretch to land's End.
 I see country ancient of old in times bend.

Up Here is that of loneliness amidst amazement
 But Surroundings inflict love for mountain
 and Your heart like mine shall lie there.

Kerry Prudden E4P

**Yunivursty Stewdint —
 Rooleror Tamorra**

I dunna wotha wirs cummintu!
 Wemus lookfa peesun unnerstanning;
 Whalappenif man dunfind awayto luvvis bruvver?
 Ifink sumpins gottabedun,
 Thairwe breeve duntaste goodna moor
 Thwater wedringk choksus,
 The frogsar lettinoff boms.
 Goodevvens! There mebbeno wirl leff affer tamorra.
 Wivmy yunivursty ejucashun, ican telltha wirl
 whottado
 Cosmee. ime thoroooleror tamorra

Gail Bielawski 6G



Cats and Dogs

Helenablanca stood under the lightbulb. It showered down yellow and warm all over her, and the shadows fell back. Braver she advanced to the kitchen, snapped on its lights and began to unpack. Canned stew, canned fish, canned fruit, frozen peas that she shuddered into a pot straight away. She washed brown rice carelessly and put it on the heat, then took the new paperback out and crunched down on the paper supermarket bag. It went under the table with the other dead ones. The clicks of the hot-plate spaced themselves out into silence, then there was an explosion on the doorsill.

Spitzbergen, of course — but he didnt come in. She heard his feet again striking different tones from the stone path, wooden verandah and the final solidity of the doorsill. The front door rattled dimly, it was already completely split down the top panel. Spitzbergen bounded in, switched off the light and bent to take his boots off.

"His hand twitched at the latch; distantly he heard his own breathing dry and raw in his throat" — Hello, love.

She waved him away. The overwhelming salt sweat earth smell of him was too high.

God youve been eating garlic again.
Oh it doesnt matter, we all did. To give us good dreams, garlic and cheese.

While youre sleeping up there? S'all you do at that place. Rubbish we had a game of soccer today, with one fellas boot we took off him. Y'shouldve seen it, it was totally full up with mud when we gave up. Fella got a bit stropky till he worked out it was an excuse for getting back on the shift late. Y'gotta wear boots y'see, we hardly saw him this afternoon. Youre not going to kiss me?

Why dont you get a proper job?
Spitzbergen laughed. Because thats sheltering from the real life. He said. Whats improper about this one? He looked out the window. How come you got all the lights on, the sun hasnt even set. Look out here, all the powerlines are all golden.

Helenablanca unnhed, turned a page with perfect pearly fingernails.

Well dont look then. Youve done your nails again. What else did you do today for nicely nicely Mr. Waters?

Brought 'im 'is tea, what else? O yeah and I actually had to take a letter today. Excitement unlimited.

Spitzbergen winced at the dead voice. He took the book from her, put it on the stove. She stood up, but he caught her hands before she could reach it back. She looked smouldering at him. Now that I have your undivided attention, he said; Hello, darling — Im home. And he put his hands on her shoulders, inside her shirt.

She shrieked. You bloody fool it was only just clean your hands are filthy — dont you care? Spitzbergen flexed his thumbs, savouring the texture of the skin just below the collarbones before it softened and filled out into breasts . . . Clothes, he thought, that is about all. Such a pity . . . He formed the words slowly and held them in his mind. The pages of the paperback browned and curled at the edges. Out the window, a long way out the window the sunset opened out colours behind colours muting gently, an arch of peace filled with warm light. Thats where Id like to be, thats . . . It, he thought, ignoring the face above his hands.

Helenablanca raised herself in the bed and switched on the light though the sun came clear into the room. She shook her hair back, thought how it must ripple and slither seductively down her back, and tossed it again. From the chair she took the tortured scraps of lace called underwear and untwisted the peculiar knotted snakes that were her pantyhose. Dressed, she painted herself bizzarre — but not too much, sweet Waters was dead straight at heart. She laughed, thinking of his almost dutiful passes at her . . . In the kitchen Spitzbergens porridge pot soaked

bleakly. She had tapwater coffee and grapefruit juice, and shed buy her yoghurt on the way down. She caught the bus, though it was almost quicker walking; on a bus or waiting for a bus you meet people. Maybe.

Not today either, they all belonged to someone else. Sitting in her little cage she sniffed at the scent on her handkerchief, thinking. Spitzbergen had been strangely silent all evening and gone to bed unusually early, still not saying anything. And she could, though she tried not to, distinctly remember him not kissing her goodbye that morning at the horror-hour of six when he left. She tried to daydream but all the usual beginnings fell dead. Out the window a small sleek bird was diving in and out of the guttering, excitedly, with small neat movements, flickering. Her eyes returned to it and she suddenly admired its skill in a spontaneous wash that took her by surprise. The thing didnt matter, of course, but it was, yes, beautiful. Spitzbergen would know.

Coming up the path she was freaked again by the leering shadows in the bushes grown out of hand. The energy of the non-garden frightened her. She never let herself eat enough to be energetic. Spitzbergen had told her, out of a book, Make sure you stay bored, that way your life will seem longer . . . The things he read she had to put down after a couple of lines. Either too heavy or too pathetically simple, kids books. And hed rave over them. She read all the magazines then put them out with the rubbish. Inside the house were thumping noises: the record player in the flat over the hall. Friday and Saturday nights there were usually terribly young chicks crying in the hallway who belonged to the parties that flat held. And there was always a soft, sweet and mouldy smell hanging around their door. She would drop in sometimes when Spitzbergen didnt feel like talking or making love or anything useful; she would borrow in on whatever was going round. It looked bold and out front and exciting. She loved to be in with it.

Inside the flat she saw Spitzbergen still in his mudoveralls, and a big heap of things on the floor. These is all yours, he said. Pack up, youre leaving.

A hundred words wanted to break out of her brain. The world shrank. She thought hes having me on (standing ungainly, stark still), she saw the deadness in his eyes and knew (rejecting it so violently she couldnt move) he wasnt. She stood by the suddenly degrading pile of her things.

me, out? incredulous
It isnt fair its gotta be me who says time gentlemen please and says out you go, — its me! She wept as she pushed things into cardboard boxes, painful dry weeping.

Going towards the door she thought its been long enough anyway. Itll be good — She laughed. It was just a noise.

Her hand on the door she turned to face the eyes that followed her and smiled, with teeth. She wanted to hurt him. Make him writhe, scream — and then shed turn her back.

Outside the door (You can pick it all up when youve found a place) she broke. She mourned. She wailed in her heart for all endings of all nice things. Of books when shed have to face it all again. Of sunny days that maybe should have been lived much more fully. Of comfortable relationships that meant shed have to face herrealself, to make an effort and do it all herself. She mourned with burning eyes and cracked dry throat and her chest a mass of shards, sharp and lumpy; with tense hands that sifted through the hair by her face, over and over.

Inside, Spitzbergen flung back his head to howl bitterness, but it didnt come. He felt himself beached. Ill paint the walls, he thought. To hell with the landlord. Ill take a bath and change the sheets. Ritual purification. He saw the humour in it.

Outside, beyond her, was the path — all shadows itself now. Fear rose. She turned and beat on the door crying wildly. Let me in, I want to be in!

Catherine Van Paassen



Why I Ought Not To

This is the confession of a dedicated chewing gum chewer. Before I was taught painfully by experience I used to chew approximately four pieces of gum a day.

Disastrous, but I was hooked and just couldn't kick the habit on my own. Day followed day and still I was hooked even after a few doubtful encounters with the substance.

Such as the one on the cold, rainy day in June when after racing from 'B' block to 'S' block the only thing I wanted to do was to find an opening by the radiator and if possible, get near enough to touch that warm wonderful heat. As luck would have it I managed to find an opening and plunging my hands down I discovered . . . something soft . . . something warm . . . something sticky? Then I realised, chewing gum!

Now, if the radiator had been cold I need not have worried as it would have been hard, cold and firm and I could have removed my hands without being in the predicament that I was now in.

To my dismay I had found that, naturally enough, the heat of the water had softened the chewing gum to such a consistency that it would have made an effective paste which at the moment it was, since it was coated over my hand.

However; the gum was removed with a few uncomfortable pulls and tugs.

Now this would have discouraged the average two piece a day chewer but it wasn't enough for me and anyway I have never

stuck gum down onto a radiator throughout my entire chewing life. So I chewed on.

Other assorted experiences such as the sticky sleeve drama, which was my own fault since I should never have leaned across and rested my arms across the chair.

Even the gum in the hair incident didn't completely discourage me because once again it was my own fault or at least 85% my fault. The other 15% was the fault of the friend, ex-friend, who nudged my pen off the desk, because it was during the act of picking it up off the floor that I bumped my head against the bottom of the desk and it was when I hit my head that my hair came in contact with the gum, which was strategically placed and accidentally got entangled in my hair.

Quite painful are the only words that I can use to describe the dislodging of the gum.

Even the threats that "gum could be hazardous to your health" didn't completely convince me. After all how many times could you swallow the gum down the wrong channel and choke yourself to death. Not enough times to worry about.

The final factor that gave me the strength to resist the all powerful irresistibility of gum, was this essay and the pending detention for not doing so.

And that's the confession of an ex-dedicated chewing gum chewer.

A Brooking 6B



"Youth In A Bubble"

I watched the colours change
from purple to pink and red
like oil on a puddle.
—the glass eyes of a doll watched too
with unblinking stare
and hand poised as if forever she would sit
and like Atlas hold some intangible thing
"each to his little bit of sky."

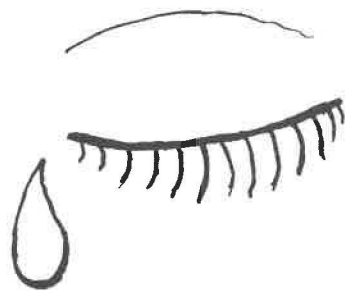
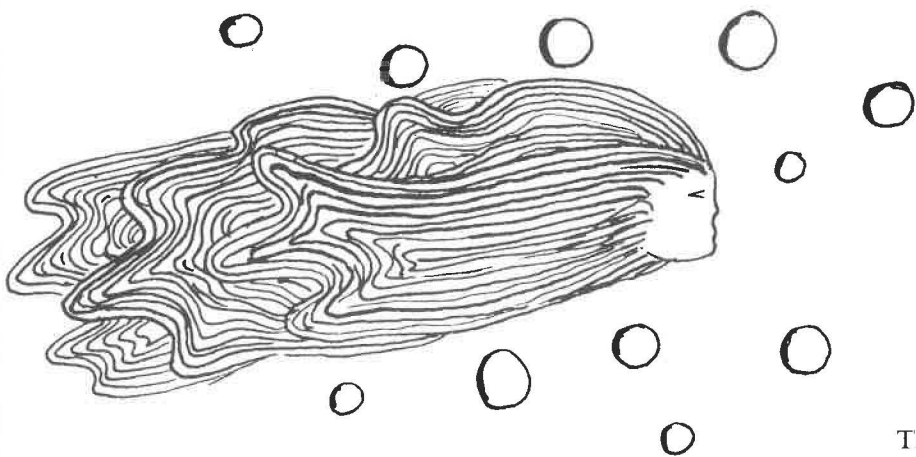
I touched it and it popped
in a splatter of soapyness

I blew again
They danced away — like faeries in a crystal castle
to a world I could barely remember.
I sighed
and they seemed to fade away.
I leant against the chair
where the doll still smiled
—her vulgar plastic smile

I threw her on the floor
she seemed to sink
into a sea of books and toys and bubbles .
—the crystal castle faded

I looked out of the window now
I saw a fashion parade of 'time'
—and a bright blue bubble passed by
with a vulgar plastic smile.

Jenny Malan 6X



Singing Eyes

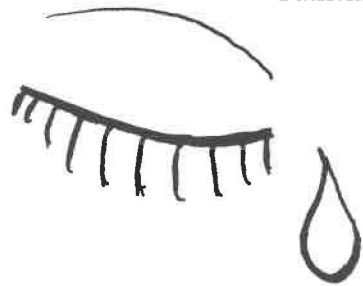
Who will sing my song?

Sing it for the unborn
whose eyes shall never
see the world.

Sing it for the living
whose eyes pierce the
world of hatred.

Sing it for the dead
for they sang it and
did not see the meaning.

Patricia Moorcock WSU



Peace

Through an unspoken fire,
resonating echoes of
wild, white, dove wings,
sing soft lullabies to
a dying flame of red.

If no dove appears on
the dead or living
The words for rules of life
have died with blood on
the lips of unseen doves.

Patricia Moorcock WSU

Lying in MidnightInsomnia.
Conscious yet not.
Aware of the unreality,
Blue and Deep
Vague thoughts sharp and defined.
Large and engulfing
Crescendoing and deminuendoing.
Absorbing a Mind
Suddenly.
Beating on "these Doors",
(Behind blank yet seeing eyes)
locked,
Yet in the darkness
Strangely vulnerable.
Believing Always
behind "Them,"
"The ANSWER."
Profoundly simple
Too complex to be spoken
Rushing forward into sleep and obscurity —
Always Never Seeing
— A faint Glow —
Life making "it" impossible to understand
(What was never there;
What darkness snatched away
What unconsciousness hid
in Living)

Rushing ever forward,
reaching out.
Hurrying to trap the future
that was never there
Seeking tomorrow's promises,
unaware that today was slipping by
disregarded
— Light and Darkness
— Time passed from necessity —
— Whose voice whispered in
the abstract Blue —
Tomorrow was lost in the absence
of yesterday . . .
The present is what you sought
as you hurried blindly on . . .

Rushing NO where
reaching NEVER out,
hurrying NEVER to trap,
what was NEVER there.
Seeking only tears,
lost in a vacuum of time and
unreality
Hearing only tears,
shattering on cold white stone
Laughing only . . .
ACCURATELY.

Pat Leonard



War

Grey
The sky at dawn, noon and dusk
Grey from smoke.
Dark streets.
Dark from the sky
The grey of horror.

Brown, of the bombs and guns;
The buildings, brown with time;
Squelching mud of the trenches,
Dirty Brown.

Dull orange in someone's mind is an air-raid
siren as it appears in colour.
And in others', one goes all the time with thoughts
Of misery:
Dull orange.

Crimson
The battlefields
Littered with bodies and blood
The world's crimson horror.

White
Are the faces of the people
Ashen white with suffering.

Black
The image of war is a blotch on society
One which civilization need not have 'invented'.
Words;
They're not dark enough to describe
The pain and suffering.
We can only imagine it when we do not
Experience the blackness:
The utter ebony black of war.

Margaret Conway W4R

The Sea
Edged with a fringe of golden sand,
Is the sea which surrounds the land,
The blue waves tossing in foamless motion,
Is our over-toppling, under-lapping endless ocean.

Isabelle Duff W4R

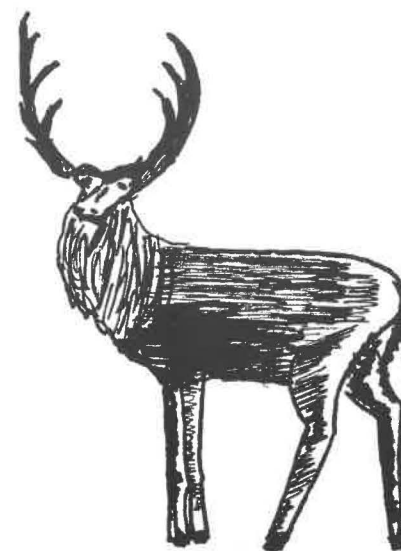


John Masters W5H

The Stag

A giant Brown Stag, whose
Velvet long since past,
Stood in the sweet spring grass,
He waited quietly for a happening,
of great importance.
His doe lay in a thicket nearby.
Squeezing into the world a small pink nosed
infant.
Then all was alive; the stag roared triumphantly,
for his new son.
The birds sang of all the joy in their hearts,
and even the old eagle seemed pleased as
he circled above.
It was a pleasant day, for the doe and
her beloved stag.

Kevin Grey W3D



The Ignorant Bird

Outside the window sits
A silly little bird
Singing, Singing, Singing.
Doesn't he know he should
Be saving his breath
For the moment of
Polluted death?
You'd think he'd have enough
Sense to see
That he's sitting on an
ill-fated tree.
You stupid bird
With your frolicking trills
Your problem is
You can't read the papers

Debbie Alcock 6G



Une Dispute

Elle s' assied
Elle fume
Elle ne pense pas
Rien n' arrive

Il s' assied
Il conduit
Il ne pense pas
Rien n' arrive

Ils se sont disputés
Toujours:

Elle s' assied
Elle fume
Elle ne pense pas

Il s' assied
Il conduit
Il ne pense pas

BOUM !

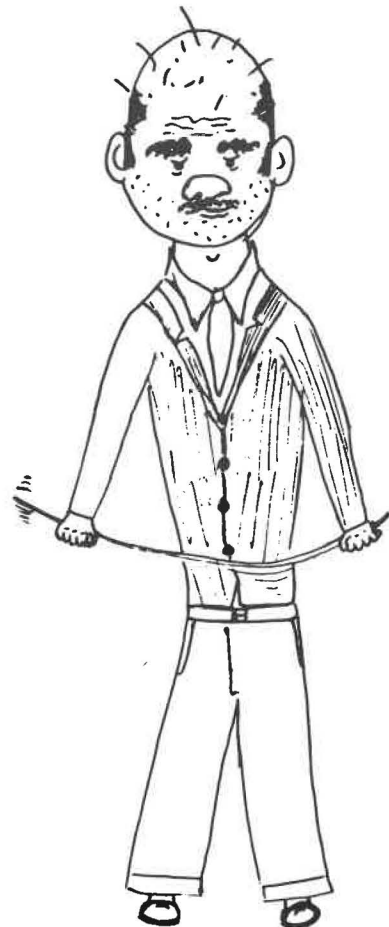
Elle s' assied
Elle fume
Elle pleure toujours

Elizabeth Priest, E5F1

Blindness

Am I so blind that a
fool would think I
cannot see?
Would he be such a man
that keeps my eyes from me?
Doesn't he know that I
have a heart and the strength
from my heart inspires me to
think that blackness is not what I see
I see the rich and mighty,
humble and poor,
I see myself.

Patricia Moorcock W5U



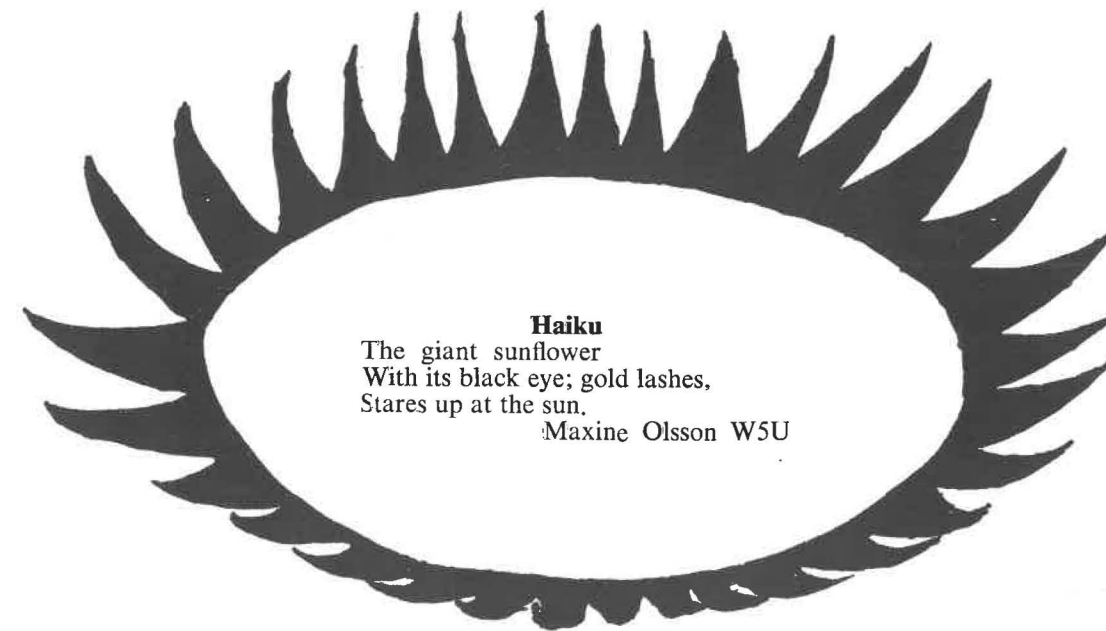
Ted The Teacher

You're being rude,
You have been all year,
So pick up your books,
And sit over there,
Now what were we up to,
Oh yes, the class speeches,
Well come along now,
It was the one about beeches,
Now class be quiet,
This is my final plea,
Any more noise,
And you'll be here at half-past-three,
Now get on with your essay,
You've not much time now,
And just remember,
It's about an old sow,
You! Get up and get out!
Go see Mr. McPhail,
Criminals start like that,
And end up in jail,
Now get on with that passage,
I set you to learn,
You know the one,
About the Grecian Urn.

Gregory Burch, E4P



M. DERBYSHIRE
W4D



Haiku

The giant sunflower
With its black eye; gold lashes,
Stares up at the sun.
Maxine Olsson W5U

Poème
Fleur de cerise
Dans un pot
Est jol
ie.
Trevor Riddle E5F1

Malice

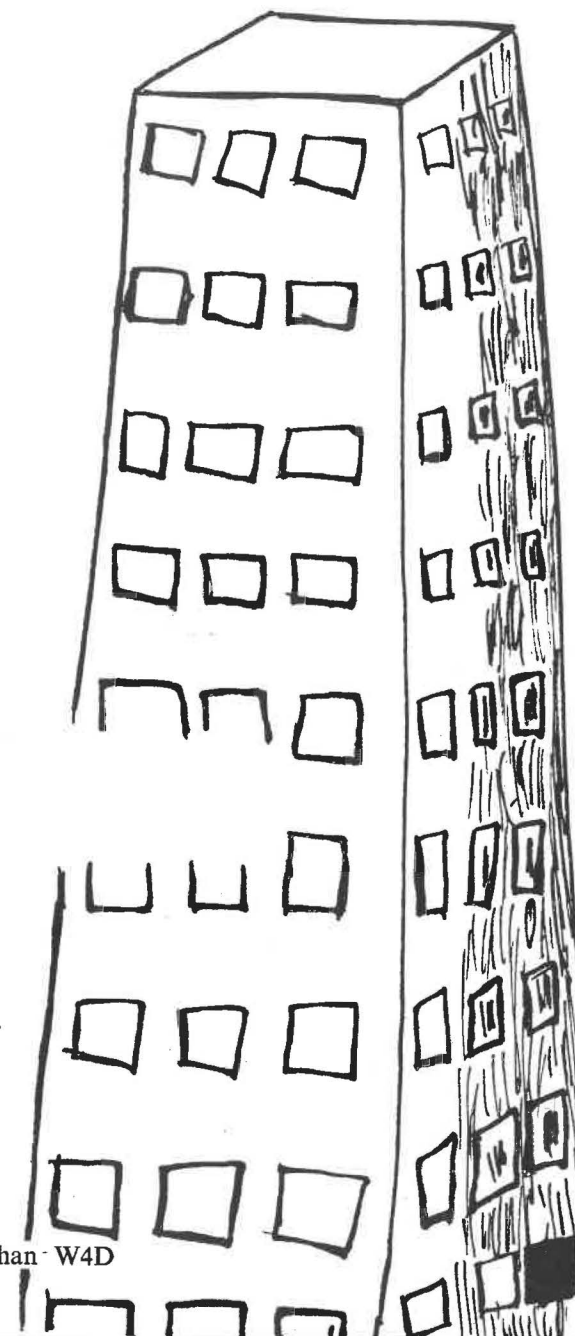
So lonely
As lonely as a boy without Love
So vague
Sheltered by sombre surroundings
Skies become grey
Devils bore his brain away
Maliciously the brain used all tactics
Furtive were his movements
Malodorous perfume straggled behind
Fading into gas filled scum
Still lonely as before
In a dark corner
Reaching for a drawer
Not even one last look at the sun
The gun goes warm
Cold as an iceberg he lay

David Humphrey W4Y

Concrete

Staring down from my
concrete
room
in my
concrete
apartment
I see
concrete
people
on the
concrete
streets
Politely greeting another
concrete
face
with their
concrete
smiles.

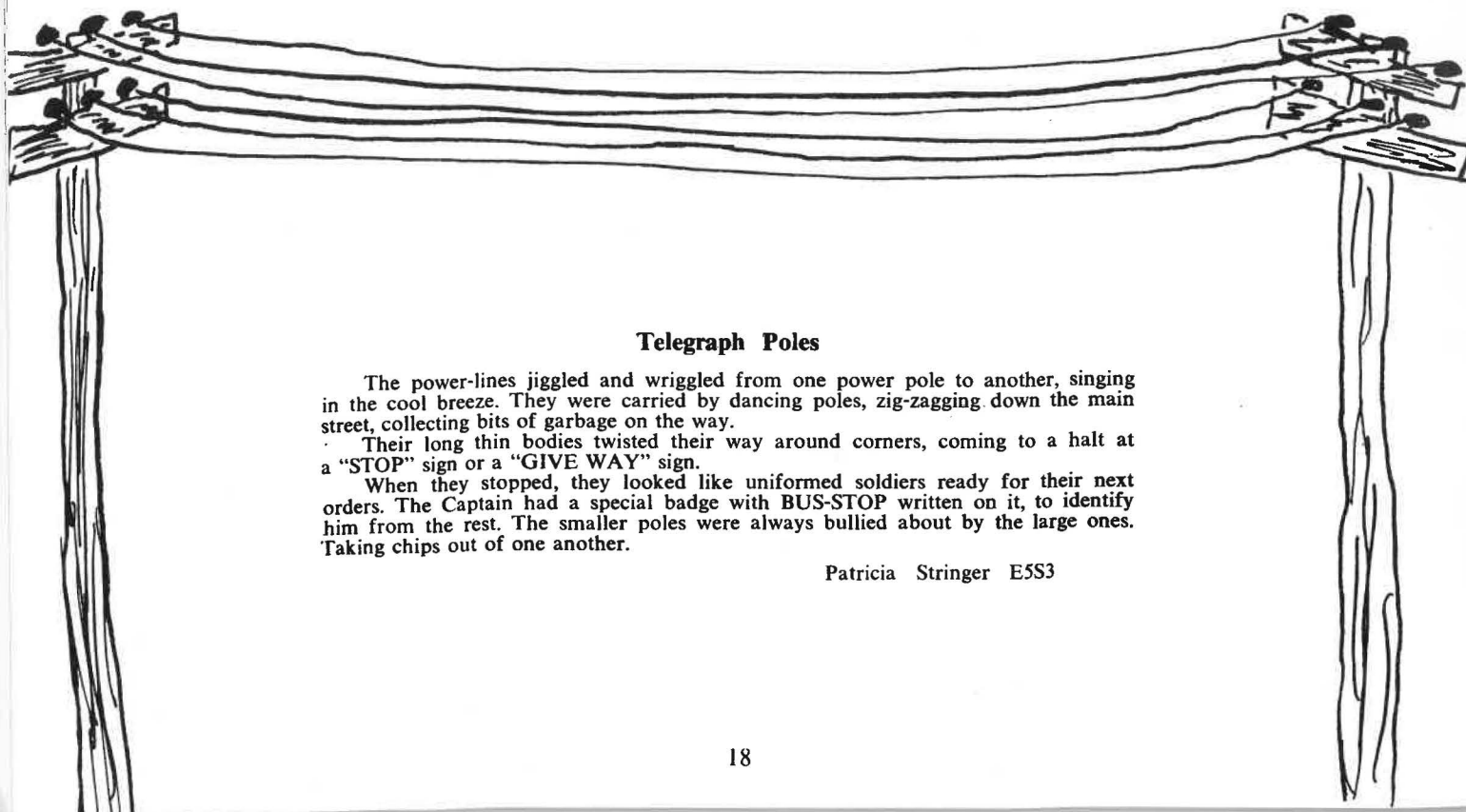
Vicki Monaghan W4D
19



Vagrant

Moved with furtive actions
Spoke sardonically possible
Glancing pavements by
Gaunt ravishness in darkness
Leaving dusty garbage sprawled
Lurking passages so blind
Waiting, hoping for victims.
Knife high, nerves tense
Hopes die in depression
Dawn attacks the night
Unsucceeding, brings day
For the night lurker
Nowhere to be seen.

David Humphrey W4Y



Telegraph Poles

The power-lines jiggled and wriggled from one power pole to another, singing in the cool breeze. They were carried by dancing poles, zig-zagging down the main street, collecting bits of garbage on the way.
Their long thin bodies twisted their way around corners, coming to a halt at a "STOP" sign or a "GIVE WAY" sign.
When they stopped, they looked like uniformed soldiers ready for their next orders. The Captain had a special badge with BUS-STOP written on it, to identify him from the rest. The smaller poles were always bullied about by the large ones. Taking chips out of one another.

Patricia Stringer E5S3

The Shape Of Cities

The mind drifts.
 From the rolling hills.
 Pleasant valleys.
 Shady forests.
 The mind drifts.
 To the first towns.
 Crudely designed and engineered.
 Buildings of struggle and death.
 The mind drifts.
 To the shady tree lined avenues of ancient Italy.
 Ancient serene buildings.
 Ancient peaceful people.
 The mind drifts.
 To the mud and poverty of old England.
 The gallows never out of use.
 Not a very lasting monument: rotting criminals.
 The mind drifts.
 To the dust and the guns of the old west.
 Lawlessness and drunkenness.
 A real hell for decent people if the stories are to be believed.
 The mind drifts.
 To the fashions and petty intrigues of Victorian England.
 Cardboard morals and pompous ceremony.
 All a huge blind.
 The mind drifts.
 To the strife and bewilderment of a bombed city.
 Fires raging and people screaming.
 Death all around.
 The mind drifts.
 To the hustle and bustle of a world in a hurry.
 No time to think.
 No time to dream.
 The mind drifts.
 To the rolling hills.
 Pleasant valleys.
 Shady forests.
 And finally it stops and asks,
 "Was it all worth it?"

Brian Megaw W4D



Friendship
 Opens the doorway
 To life and slams
 It shut again.

Beauty is a flower
 spreading the tale
 of desire.
 Cindy, W3H

Spider Men

He is floating gently upwards, the warmth leaving his almost blue body. The mist-like surroundings send a chill down his spine, and he waits for the shivering to start.
 The thundering snake below moves in bits, like a multi-coloured patch skin. His eyes are blurred by ice. The warmth has now completely left him.
 A sudden gentle jolt and he steps forward onto the girder, a pirates' plank, leading him, perhaps, to his death.
 Again he involuntarily shivers, but his balance is perfect. He thinks he is in a dream, but the sharp screech of the whistle brings him back to reality.
 His mind is again flooded with a dullness and he picks up a tool and tries to concentrate.
 The edge of the cliff he is standing on seems more impossible to comprehend than before. The ground below rocks before his

eyes like a sea with thousands of fish swimming in it.
 An elephant below fumes out its steamy wrath from its mechanical body. A pneumatic drill, like a mole, digs its way into the earth. Another hole for this steel web.
 The other 'spiders' crawl around this unsightly monstrosity, weaving another link to the puzzle.
 He wonders why this reminds him of birth. Is it the "genetic" puzzle he is building, or the warmth of his mother's womb as opposed to the freezing outside world.
 He dismisses this thought and wonders if again the coldness is affecting his brain. He totters, momentarily losing his balance. Luckily, a girder was in his reach or he would have fallen.
 "Grab hold of yourself," he thinks. You've been up here before.
 His head is turning in circles.
 "Got to get back down".
 The lift is warmer than before, and again he is floating, downwards. He can feel the warmth coming back, like a new season of summer.
 Now he knows why they call the workers 'Spider Men' — cold blooded, balancing on the web.

M. Halliday E5S3

The whole school was saddened by the death in a motor accident of Margery Shaw. We extend our sympathy to her family and those who were close to her.

College Activities...

college council



Back: P. Thompson, D. Babe, W. Ruakere. Middle: C. Jackson, S. Wilde, B. Pope, N. Nodder, A. Duncan, D. Garmonsway, T. Hutchinson, V. Wilde, D. Brodie. Front: C. Van Paassen, G. Evans, H. Brewster, C. Mackey, S. Conquest, F. McEwan, M. Neumann.

COLLEGE COUNCIL, 1973

President: Chris Mackey
 Vice-President: Catherine Van Paassen
 Secretary: Helen Brewster

The College Council this year has largely been ineffectual, although it has consolidated and seen brought into effect propositions of previous councils — these include the shorter lunch period and girls' jumpers.

East School Council

EAST SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

This year the council has tried to do its elected service of organising sports teams and trying to get as many pupils suggestions through as we could.

Our main goal this year has been the Inter-School Shield. We were determined this year that the shield would change hands from West to East.

This council will always be remembered for its treatment of an internal agitator in one unforgettable assembly. Many of the pupils' ideas failed to get further than the College Council. One thing can be said for East, though, when we win we do it properly e.g. the Athletic Sports, the Boys' Cross Country, and so on. However when we lose we don't do it half heartedly, we make a good job of it, e.g. swimming.

We would like to thank Mr. Hutchinson and Mrs. Connor for their unselfish efforts and undaunted support of many of our harebrained schemes which sometimes seemed to work.

Finally Don and Glenys would like to thank the Leaders, Council, and those of East School who showed support for East during the year. All that remains to be seen is if we win the shield.

Support this year was given to the I.H.C. Hostel appeal with funds raised from a Mufti-day and two lunchtime concerts.

The composition of this year's council is four seventh formers, four sixths and four each from the junior schools. However next year it is proposed that this be broadened to include members of the staff, so as to make the council the organ of school opinion, rather than a complaints department.

C.M.

West School Council

1973 WEST SCHOOL LEADERS' REPORT

As a contrast to previous years, the 1973 leaders tried out a new system of council whereby each form class elected a representative, and along with the eight leaders formed our council. The customary system of school captains was also abolished. This year all the leaders shared the duties and responsibilities between them. We all thought that with a little more time and practise this would be a very good system.

Early in the year we were all faced with the sad news of our friend and fellow leader, Rex Harding leaving us for Wellington, but he was subsequently replaced by Bruce Pope.

West school participated in sports and inter-school activities. Unfortunately we were many times on the losing end, but remind East that we will be back fighting in 1974.

In conclusion we would all like to thank West school for their co-operation, help and school spirit throughout this year. Also a great deal of thanks must go to Mr. Procter and Miss Grant for their help and guidance throughout the 1973 year.

The 1973 leaders were:
 Debra Brodie
 Frances McEwan
 Susan Wilde
 Vicki Wilde

David Garmonsway
 Bruce Pope
 Wiremu Ruakere
 Phillip Thompson

East School Council



Back: B. Lawrence, S. Nene, R. Vickers, N. Ubels. Front: L. Taylor, G. Evans, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Connor, D. Babe, M. Te Moana.

West School Council



Back: D. Garmondsway, W. Ruakere, P. Thompson, B. Pope. Front: V. Wilde, D. Brodie, Mr. Proctor, S. Wilde, F. McEwen.

Duke of Edinburgh Scheme



1973 has seen another successful year for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme with many new entrants starting at the beginning of the year at all levels. Fourteen-year-olds total eight who have started and completed the Bronze level, and who are very eager to continue on to achieve a great success by gaining Silver and Gold. Again this year the hobbies and interests taken up by the girls (and some eager boys) range from stamp-collecting to horse-riding. Many of the hobbies and interests started for the Award are carried on to later years and still enjoyed.

Of course, none of the Award's activities would have been possible if it hadn't been for the ceaseless and patient help from Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Webby. Both of these keen ladies are willing members of the staff who are always at the beck and

call of award people should problems arise. The organisation is entirely left to both willing ladies and they make life a little bit easier for new entrants and us 'oldies' alike.

The Award Scheme is an interesting opportunity for you to meet people and to participate in many interesting and new subjects. I think 'new friends' is the key objective of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

Rumour has it that there are many third formers eager to start the Scheme. Well hang in there kids cos' next year your big chance will come.

So ends another year of Duke of Edinburgh — let's hope there are lots more to come.

Aline Williams
"Hopefully Gold"

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS, 1972 SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

- GOLD AWARD:**
Norma Corkill
Rae Dalgleish
Carolyn Larkin
- SILVER AWARD:**
Christine Banks
Eileen Jordan
Wendy McLean
Sheryl Sturme
Jean Svensen
Aline Williams
- BRONZE AWARD:**
Vicki Andrews
Linda Ball
Krystine Bird
Sally Cagienard
Patricia Callingham
Kay Cousins
Helen Davies
Sharon Davies
Judith Des Forges
Jennifer Herbert
Glenda Jackson
Sandra Johns
Elizabeth Priest
Joanne Stewart
Lynne Sutherland



Gold award winners (l. to r.) Norma Corkill, Carolyn Larkin, Rae Dalgleish

Gala 73



Snapshots





A bunch of birds

Extra-curricular activities



Is English really that relaxing?

Senior cross-country



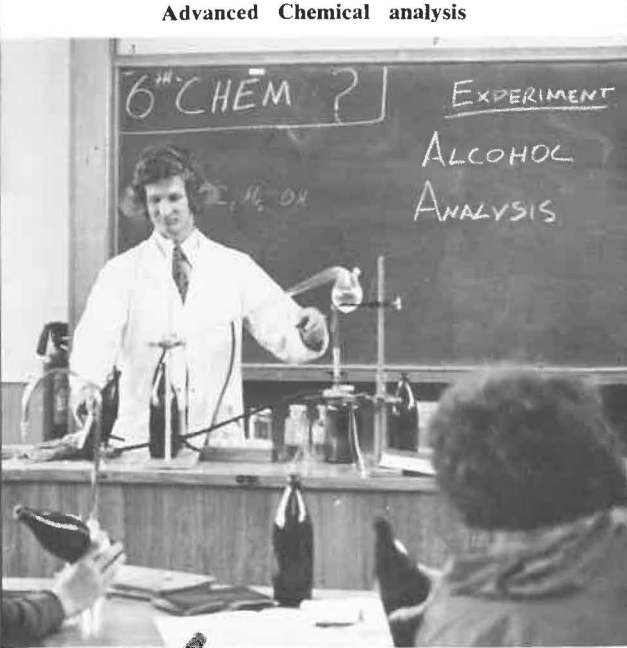
Is this what they call art?



How's this for three years' growth?



Was that really a mallowpuff I sat on?



Advanced Chemical analysis



I nearly got it, but I missed



He's only pretending to work



The boss

I always seem to be hungry



Skippy





French bomb tests



English attitudes

7th form

73



The posers in action



A bit queer



Aren't they lovely?



Worm's eye view



Flasher



Share and share alike

The dreaded abominable bushman



Two beauties



Alleluia! Praise the Lord!



Common room piece



Advanced religious instruction



Drama

Major Production: "The Happiest Days of Your Life."



Above: Sally Conquest as Miss Gossage with producer Mrs. Connor.
Below Left: Caretaker Rainbow (centre) played by Hugh Mills, tries to solve everybody's problems.
Below Right: Andrea Connett as an irate parent.

This year's play was "The Happiest Days of Your Life" by John Leighton, and dealt with the troubles that face a boys' school suddenly invaded by a girls' school.

In the beginning Mrs. Connor had great difficulty in deciding which boys could take the seven boys' parts. Of course, having only one boy to choose from helped her decision. But never fear, her presence of mind did not fail us and a variety of boys appeared (plucked from the throes of French Grammar).

And so rehearsals began. With the aid of our books we managed to stumble, (literally) through the first month of rehearsals and were quite surprised to hear that we only had another month before we were on stage.

We settled down to work and with characteristic Spotswood patriocy a success was launched. Our laughter was stifled back-stage and we crept around muttering snatches of the playwright's immortal words (that is, John Deighton not Shakespeare).

Our call girl, Desrae Gerity, worked overtime to ensure that we were provided with the necessary refreshments. We allowed her to exercise her newly acquired motorbike to this end. She held her own in the fights for change and scenes backstage were frequent.

The performances showed the actors' adlibbing skills, particularly those of Pond, Trevor Riddle, Whitchurch, Jenny Malan and Rainbow, Hugh Mills. These three were often called upon for service above and beyond the call of duty to fill in gaps when one or the other of the rest of the cast were late for a cue.

Although our first performance was only our second dress rehearsal, the play went off fairly well. Some nights the audience laughed in the right place and occasionally we got through a whole scene without rewriting the play.

The props managers, Mrs. Van Paassen and Beverly McCarty, saw to it that we arrived on stage with the correct equipment and so no embarrassing scenes occurred in which we could not find our correct props.

The producer, Mrs. Connor, managed to restrain an urge to kill the lot of us, and moulded us into an efficient (reasonably) team.



32



1

However all turned out well and by the final night we nearly had everything right.

The rest of the cast included:
Miss Gossage — Sally Conquest
Hopcroft Minor — Simon Page
Rev. Mr. Peck — Barry Jury
Miss Harper — Carole Young
Dick Tassell — Ross Blore
Billings — Wayne Kirkland
Barbara Cahoun — Patricia Smith
Mrs. Peck — Rosemary Holm
Mr. Sowter — Stephen Davies
Mrs. Sowter — Andrea Connett

DRAMA captions

1. The Headmistress (Jenny Malan) finds something to smile about.
2. One of the boy's parents (Stephen Davies) is rather surprised at his find in his son's school.
3. Hopcroft Minor (Simon Page) (right) is in trouble again. Wayne Kirkland plays his teacher.
4. The Reverend Mr. Peck (Barry Jury) looks mystified.
5. Headmistress (Jenny Malan) and Headmaster (Trevor Riddle) in one of their many confrontations.



2



3



4

33



5

South Island Trip

Wednesday, August 22 — very wet, very windy; and of course the New Plymouth Airport closed! Hence our trip began in chaos. Everyone had to be contacted and told to be at the Air Centre two hours earlier than expected! Panic-stricken people were retrieved from showers, baths, town and the back of the farm. One even finished dressing in the car on the way to town. We finally left by bus for Wanganui — a sad anti-climax. Worse was to come — we were told at Wanganui that "the girl you left behind is following by car"! Horrors! Our quick check had been too quick, and no one had noticed her absence. However she arrived about 15 minutes later — no one was brave enough to enquire at what speed the car had travelled. We sat in Wanganui Airport from 12.30 until 3.00 p.m., when a plane finally arrived. (Meanwhile the Airport shop had hit an all time sales record in food, cards, books and anything else not nailed down). At 5 p.m. we actually reached Christchurch, only 3 hours late! The Midland bus and our favourite driver, Dennis Mulholland, were still patiently waiting. The last straw came when Dennis told us that we had to go right up north again to cross the Lewis Pass, as Porters Pass was snowed in. Our packed lunches, originally destined to be eaten at 2 p.m., were given out and voraciously devoured as we went. Snow was falling at the Lewis, and we enjoyed dinner at Maruia Springs, at 9 p.m. We finally made Hokitika at 12.25 a.m. Dennis had the worst of it — at least we could all snatch forty winks now and then.

Thursday morning dawned fine and crystal clear — and, we would remind you, this was the West Coast. The night — or half-night — at the Motor Camp hadn't been too bad, and everyone enjoyed the breakfast served up there. A visit to the fascinating greenstone factory followed; some difficulty here in retaining cash, in the face of the beautiful pieces on display. Next we turned north again to visit Shantytown, a new 'pioneer village' near Greymouth. It is authentic as possible, even down to the swinging doors and well stocked bar at the hotel, the gallows and stocks outside the jail and a Chinese gold-miner's 'den'. Most of us rode on the 'Kaitangata', the Infants Creek railway, featuring a genuine nineteenth century steam engine and open carriage.

An hour here was all too short, but we had to press on to Franz Josef, with a leisurely lunch stop at Lake Ianthe. By 3 p.m. we were at Franz township, where we picked up a Park Ranger and went on up to the Glacier. We visited Peter's Pool with its perfect reflections, and the Observation Tower, and then set out for the glacier itself. A few fell by the wayside through lack of puff, but most reached the glacier face. Having the Ranger there to explain various points made it even more interesting. After a delicious meal in the Glacier Restaurant we enjoyed a very interesting talk illustrated with slides about the development of the Glacier and some of the plants and birds. A 'strangely restless night was spent

at the Motor Camp, which at times reeked of some revolting incense thoughtfully burnt at intervals by one of the party. The next morning we were to prepare our own breakfast from groceries supplied — including packets of chocolate biscuits. What a schemozzle! None of us want to repeat this effort — we didn't even have a good tin-opener.

Next we set off for the Fox Park Headquarters where we picked up two more rangers, who took us for an early morning stroll through bush to Lake Matheson, where all cameras worked overtime on the famous view of Mts. Tasman, Cook and La Perouse, snow covered and brilliantly clear. Luck was with us all the way as far as the weather was concerned. At Bruce Bay the bus became noticeably heavier as most of the party souvenired white rocks from the beach. At Lake Paringa we ate our packed lunches — and in turn provided sustenance for the voracious multitudinous and gigantic sandflies which swarmed everywhere. We stopped at Knights Point and those who had super sharp eyesight were able to see a couple of seals in the far distance. On through the Haast Pass, with many stops for photographs along the way, passing the famous Spotswood Bend, where, on our last trip through, a tree had blocked the road — the tree is still there at the side of the road. Lakes Wanaka and Hawea were the next attractions — Hawea so low that large areas of mudflat had appeared. At Wanaka our usual delicious meal at the Kingsway was served; then some of us did some shopping and gradually made our way back to supper at the Camp. No complaints have so far been received, but some most peculiar sounds emanated from the lake-front during this time. The Motor Camp cabins were all new, and had electric heaters in each one, so with those and our eternal hotties we spent a very comfortable night.

On Saturday after a tasty Kingsway breakfast we set off for Queenstown, stopping en route in the Kawerau Gorge where most of us managed to pan some gold — at least 10 cents' worth. We also had a smashing lunch at the Tearooms there — steaming hot tomato soup, as much as we liked, and a large bag of goodies as well. On to Arrowtown where the Golden Nugget raked in its usual profit from us — some even had time to look at the Museum and other old buildings. At Frankton we settled in to the real luxury accommodation of the Apex Chalets — and did we make the most of it! We had time to shop in Queenstown before a real swept-up dinner at an elegant restaurant. Some of the party only just made it — there was a short power cut and as one of the boys put it: 'I got locked up in a shop with a woman, in the dark. This we understand was for protection against shoplifting. The girls and one or two brave boys went ice skating in the evening and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, while the rest of the boys legged it back to the Chalets and played pool.

Sunday saw us on the way to



Above, Top to Bottom:
Cheerful Dennis was our driver.
Trudging through 6 feet of snow up to the Ball Hut.
We built a snowman.
Opposite, Top to Bottom:
Ready to take off at last, after waiting for hours.
Mr. Frank, put in his place?
On the homeward trip, tired but happy.

Coronet Peak — perfect weather again, deep snow and a fantastic chair lift ride right to the top. The only frustrated people were the skiers of our party who could only watch the flying experts on the slopes below. Next we rode up to the Skyline Restaurant in the famous gondolas and enjoyed our usual sumptuous lunch and the fabulous view over Lake Wakatipu. In the afternoon we crossed the Lindis Pass to Omarama, and dinner at the hotel. While we were there two rather weary and worn hitch-hikers appeared — two of the staff! Our sleeping quarters were in the local hall — on camp stretchers; and it was freezing. We finally found the meter for the heaters, which proved expensive and somewhat ineffective. We had quite a good social evening, but found the conditions rather spartan when we went to bed and tried to keep warm — especially after the Apex luxury. The last straw was a mangled and very dead rabbit thoughtfully placed by a local yokel right in the middle of the front step — fortunately someone saw it first.

Benmore was the first stop on Monday — the bus left without one of the girls and Mrs. Connor, who hurried off in the opposite direction to Twizel — 25 miles away, to consult a doctor about a suspected appendix. Fortunately a false alarm, much to everyone's relief; they were picked up at Twizel when the bus arrived. Meanwhile we had seen the mighty Benmore Dam, and the surprisingly low level lake. We inspected the Twizel information centre — but no-one was much impressed with the village. We went on up the side of Lake Pukaki to Mount Cook, expecting to eat cut lunches on the way, but found still frozen spaghetti sandwiches somewhat unpalatable. And the shops at the Hermitage had closed for lunch when we arrived — we made the most of the Hermitage facilities while we had the chance. We were fitted with boots by two ex-pupils, Lindsay Sutherland and Nick Banks, who were working in the boot hire shop. We also saw again the hitch-hikers, and in the distance, the quiet bespectacled aviator of the staff, who seemed very anxious to stay out of sight. Finally we boarded two rather antique buses and set off for the Ball Hut, which, some of us were horrified to see, was about half a mile away up on a hill covered with snow about 6 feet deep. However we all managed to struggle up there, and the hearty ones went on down to the Ball Glacier. Snowy mountains on all sides, Cook towering above us, ground covered with deep snow — it was a great sight.

Late in the afternoon we headed off for Timaru. We drove through the McKenzie country — still covered in snow from the big fall three weeks earlier. At Burke's Pass store we had a delicious hot dinner which everyone really enjoyed — especially Dennis who ate in the kitchen with the ladies. We arrived at Timaru about 7.30 p.m., and most were off to bed early.

Our last morning was seething with females applying all the make-up and swept up hairdos they could lay hands on — this apparently was because we would be in the Big City. After breakfast and a presentation to a most embarrassed Dennis, we were off. On the way everyone had to make a small speech into the mike, saying what they thought of the trip — judging by the response most of



them will be back on next year's trip. After all the preparations we had only time for a quick snack at Christchurch before the plane left. Dennis was overwhelmed by some very tender farewells. Finally we were all on board — we landed in New Plymouth still in fine weather. In spite of our bad start we had the best weather we have ever had all the way, and the trip was one of the best we have had. We will certainly be having another next year — so start saving. We would all like to thank Mrs. Connor and Mr. Frank for all the time and trouble they took in organising such a really fantastic trip — it was more than worth every cent. And we thank Dennis and Miss Parkins too, for all they did for us — this was the most successful trip we have ever had. (The organisers wish to thank the participants too, for being such a well-behaved and enthusiastic group. The boys particularly, were so willing to load and unload the bus every day — without even being asked! Come again any time!)

Andrea Connett
 Christine Hargreaves
 Graeme Doughty



speech contest



SPEECH CONTEST

The preliminaries were held in English classes and the teachers reported that nearly all pupils made a very good effort for this special occasion. With more oral work in English these days pupils seem to be more confident in addressing their classes. No longer is it an isolated exercise. Addressing an audience may be a daunting experience the first time, but with practice shyness is overcome and you can make a worthwhile contribution to any groups.

The finals were worth hearing and it was particularly pleasing to see how much original thought had gone into them. We have succeeded almost entirely in getting pupils to give us their views rather than re-hash an adult's ideas. Senior pupils' interest in politics and religion was obvious.

RESULTS:

Senior: Gail Bielawski 1, Gordon George 2, Stephen Hutton 3.
 Fifth Form: Trevor Riddle 1=, Paul Gardiner 1=, Phillip Walker 3.
 Fourth Form: Rodney Fraser 1, Simon Page 2, Claire Peters 3=, John Kretschmar 3=.
 Third Form: Brett Gredig 1, Roberta Wilks 2, Lesley Carter 3.
 East School won the overall contest.
 A.P.

Tawa Visit

On the morning of Thursday, August 2nd, two busloads of ecstatically excited musicians and debaters left Spotswood to pay a cultural visit to Tawa College. Entertainment for the "naughty" bus was provided by the back row, who lost their voices after about one hour. The rest of the trip was relatively uneventful, and we arrived in Tawa just in time to see all the girls leaving school. We were then placed in the tender loving care of our billets to do what we liked till Thursday evening. Friday was spent at the school practising in earnest for the music festival and next night, and Friday night saw the debate on the topic "That to travel is better than to arrive". Our team comprising Stephen Hutton, Jahna Carstens and Marilyn Neuman took the negative, and through a marvellous display of lack of preparation especially from the first speaker, convincingly lost. However, Jahna was placed as the second speaker. The debate was well supported and most seemed to enjoy the spectacle.

Saturday was again free, and then came the concert. The standard of the items ranged from not very good to not too bad, the quite large audience showing preference for the Spotswood madrigals and band. They also received some practice in listening to modern music — Tawa gave a brilliant rendition of John Cage's 4 minutes 33 seconds (which consists of that length of silence). The "social functions" afterwards were so well hidden from the teachers that most of the pupils couldn't even find them.

The next morning we left Tawa for our journey home, the highlight of which was undoubtedly our stop for lunch in Wanganui, where we came close to giving a poor defenceless waitress a nervous breakdown.

We hope that the "axe" that has fallen on the other weekend exchanges will spare the Tawa visit, as we always have a most enjoyable time.

S.H.

Interact



INTERACT

The year began as usual with the Election of Officers, and the possible mis-selection of members. The Officers elected were: President, Stephen Hutton; Vice President, Phillip Bowering; Secretary-Treasurer, Clive Hamill; Directors, Robin Luscombe, Malcolm Swanson, Marilyn Neuman and Jahna Carstens.

Our meetings were regular and informal with little or no control over members. This atmosphere stimulated discussion, ideas and noise; though the former two did result in a very full and productive year, the latter did not.

The Club's activities were numerous. We had guest speakers with topics varying from the political situation in Guatemala to the proposed new I.H.C. Hostel in New Plymouth.

Our Club had two major projects this year. The first was the beautification of the Doone St. Pensioners Flats. This project involved over 200 man hours of work and 305 dollars for the purchase of suitable shrubs. The second project was the construction of a ramp for the disabled riders of the Disabled Riders Assn. which was accompanied with a donation of 50 dollars.

However, our activities did not stop there; we participated in various appeals including Braille Week, Save the Children Fund

and Atawhai I.H.C. Hostel appeal. We had numerous, sometimes hilarious, sometimes expensive, fund raising activities, most involving people within our community.

This year has also been a successful year publicly. We have, through our actions, made people aware that young people are participating constructively in their community. This has helped to shake off the snobbish overtones of Interact as stressed at the 7th National Interact Conference.

Combined meetings with the other five Interact Clubs within Taranaki have enabled us to organise social events and to take an active part in community organisation. Interact representation at Family Planning, Disabled Riders Assn. and Atawhai I.H.C. Hostel Co-ordinating Committees are examples of this participation.

This year's activities would not have been the success that they were, had it not been for the dedicated efforts of many Interactors, though as usual there were hangers on. Thanks must also be expressed to our Rotary Representatives, Mr. Fraser and the Rev. Cauldwell, Mr. McPhail and numerous members of the community who responded to our efforts. To those hosting the Conference next year at Spotswood College, we, those that are leaving, wish you good luck with its organisation.

Clive Hamill

un weekend en France

For the fourth year in succession a group of five senior pupils took part in a French course held at 'Arahina' in Marton. The idea is that anyone interested in France, who has some command of French can spend a weekend in an atmosphere that is as French as possible. Nothing but French is spoken from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon — it is perhaps a moot point whether this is actually strictly carried out! Meals are served in the French style, with accompanying wines and preceding aperitifs; course members are placed with a different group of people for each meal and one of the organising team sits at each table, to make sure everyone has an opportunity to take part in the conversation — sometimes well peppered with 'um', 'er', etc.

All notices, directions, etc. are written in French, and all sessions conducted entirely in French. The theme this year was 'La Belle Epoque' and we all enjoyed talks, plays, films and slides set in this period — the end of the 19th century, for the uninitiated. The climax was dinner on Saturday night when everyone appeared in period costume, and really enjoyed the convivial atmosphere. French conversation really does improve during the weekend, and our group was brave enough to take part in the plays and even contribute to the discussions. Perhaps 'les vins' helped a little with this! Everyone thoroughly enjoys the experience, so if you have a chance of going, take it!

CONGRATULATIONS TO Gael Baldock, 6B

Who won 3rd prize in the National Anti-Litter competition and received \$5 for herself and \$10 for the library at Spotswood College.

Orchestra



Having lost very few players from last year's orchestra, we have this year achieved a quite commendable standard. Our first concert was at the Secondary School's festival, where we combined with Girl's High to play "Three Hungarian Songs" by Bartok, "Sarabande and Gavotte" by Corelli, and a Mendelssohn March.

For the Tawa trip we played the first two plus a Berlioz "Hungarian March" (rather over-ambitious) with the Tawa orchestra, and by ourselves played Leroy Anderson's "The Waltzing Cat" and a Handel Concertino, in which Pat Leonard played

the trumpet solo rather brilliantly.

Two of our players, Mary Nation and Stephen Hutton managed to con their way into the National Secondary School's Orchestra in the May holidays, and benefited greatly from the experience of playing in a 90-strong competent symphony orchestra.

We thank Mr. Purdy for the time he has put into making our orchestra play together, and congratulate him on the remarkable degree of success he has had.

Stephen H.

Madrigals



Back: M. Petrove, B. Lonsdale, S. Hutton, G. Walker. Middle: C. Drinkwater, C. Billingham, M. Gillespie, S. Tullet, J. Sole, I. de Abaitua, Miss McLafferty. Front: C. Leong, M. Neumann, M. Nation, P. Smith, S. James, S. Carstens.

MADRIGAL SINGERS

This year has once again shown what marvellous things Miss McLafferty can do with a pile of unmusical clots. After last year's disastrous effort at the Secondary Schools music festival, we decided against singing there, and concentrated on the Tawa trip, for which we sang a delightfully trite madrigal, "Late In My Rash Accounting," a motet "O Bone Jesu" and a negro spiritual, "Ride the Chariot". As preparation, we sang these to all three assemblies, and were very well received, as we were at Tawa.

In the August holidays some of us attended the National Madrigal School, which we all thoroughly enjoyed — our singing hasn't improved noticeably, though.

Plans for the rest of the year include singing at the break-up, where we intend to perform a motet, a "swingle" item, and an overwhelming piece for choir and brass, "Let the Song be Begun".

Our best wishes to Miss McLafferty as she goes to Europe and our thanks for the effort she put in showing us how good it would be if we really could sing.

S. Hutton

Brass Band



Back: M. Petrove, S. Hutton, A. Dungan, P. Bowering. Middle: M. Collinson, S. Carson, D. Kirkland, A. Gillespie, B. Carnachan, A. Gordon. Front: C. Chilcott, T. Hutchinson, S. Lonsdale, P. Leonard, G. Oliver, B. Lonsdale.

1973 was a year of transition for the Spotswood Band from its former undisputed glory to the depleted handful that must be left next year when the 7th form (i.e. the band) leaves. Aware of this downward trend, we have maintained a fairly mediocre standard, very occasionally verging on good.

Due to 7th form laziness, attendance at practices hasn't been startling, and our repertoire has thus virtually limited us to the "Acrobat" in which our trombones give a sizzling display of virtuosity; "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring" by Bach, and "In an English Country Garden".

Concert appearances have been limited — very successful ones at Tawa, and with the combined band at the Taranaki Secondary Schools' Music Festival at Girls' High, and a reason-

able one at the annual Christian Education Concert. Future concerts include our own music festival, some kind of appearance at the Gala Day, and our usual stint at the break-up ceremony (where we have the good intention of playing something new — Purcell's "Trumpet tune and air".)

Our quintet of Pat Leonard, Mark Collinson, Philip Bowering, Stephen Hutton and Bill Lonsdale came a convincing second at the local music chamber contest, playing Purcell's "March and Canzona for the Funeral of Queen Mary".

With our thanks to Mr. Hall for his constant work throughout the year go our apologies for not being quite as good as we might have perhaps been.

Stephen Hutton

Tramping

TRAMPING CLUB 1973

From the first tramp of the year in February, to the last in November, the members of Spotswood College Tramping Club have climbed and crawled, slid and skated, trudged and triumphed their way over the scrub and scree, through bush and swamp in every kind of weather. Most trips began at 7.30 in the morning and finished at about 5 in the afternoon, and in most cases the sun shone for at least part of the day. All the tramps were adventures and something funny happened on each one, but it is hard, now that the year is over to remember exactly what it was that everyone either groaned or laughed at, at the time.

Organisation was smooth and easy this year with the efficiency of Grant Lander behind most operations. Generally a different boy led each tramp and the fact that we always got home happy is to the credit of such leaders as Grant Lander, Alistair McAlpine, John Marfell, Peter Wood and Tony Daamen. Perhaps we will try some girls as leaders next year.

Miss Grant, Mr. Rawson and Mr. Lovell, kept us moving throughout the whole year, and we were pleased to have Miss McLafferty, Mr. Peel and Mr. Mans when they could make it.

We used buses on the first two trips this year, but all others have been by private cars, and the club is most grateful to the group of parents who helped us so often. The club would also like to thank Simon Anderson, Tony Daamen, Ken Jackson, Ray Steffert and Pat Sole for giving us a carrying case to protect our C.B.2 radio.

The tramping club exists to enable anyone who wants to get to know the bush and slopes of Mt. Egmont and the ranges so that they may be used with enjoyment and safety. Almost any fortnight this year the club has done just that.



Chess



Back: Mrs. Risch, T. Robb, J. Pearce, B. McDonald, G. Josephs, P. Terril, C. Holloway. Front: M. Petrove, G. Keene, G. Southorn, M. Siverson, G. Nairne, S. Cameron.

CHESS CLUB

We started off with over 30 lively members to play chess in the Art Room at lunch-time with the excitement of last year's international chess championship games in Reikjavik between Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky now a thing of the past. The enthusiasm of our players soon gave way to the routine pressures toward scholastic achievement and consequently the club membership dwindled fast.

It is pleasing, however, to observe that we retained a strong group in the junior section, so there's hope for next year. The annual Inter-School Chess Tournament at Inglewood took place on Saturday, 29th September. Because of illness of a number of

players, we could only send one team instead of the required three, and our juniors had to play with the senior team. They were:

Ian Street, Peter Hall, Kevin Fitzpatrick, Gregory Southorn, Kevin Jeffrey.

We are proud of these players as in spite of their handicap, they came second with a score of 13½ points against 16 points for Inglewood High.

May we express a strong hope for greater participation of all, boys and girls, who want to learn to play chess and also those hidden talents who can play well already, to join us during the lunch hour in the pleasant surroundings of the Art Room.

I.S.C.F.

CRUSADER (I.S.C.F.) REPORT

This year has certainly been a mixed one for Crusaders (now officially known as I.S.C.F., i.e. Inter-School Christian Fellowship). Numbers have varied greatly during the year and we've had a wide variety of programmes and speakers. There have been periods of great encouragement with new faces appearing each week and many reports of friends finding for themselves the truth that God is real, and also times of discouragement when it seemed as though our hopes for the group would never be fulfilled.

We recognise and uphold that God has a personal interest in our lives but this does not mean that our lives will therefore be easy. A number of us have found it difficult to keep from slipping back into the old patterns of life, but with the prayers and encouragement of the whole group, we have seen them gain victories.

The first term was one of real popularity and growth. No matter how late it was left before Thursday, an exciting and enjoyable meeting was arranged. It was also a challenging time for the rest of the school and one of opposition yet the impromptu discussions in the classroom proved both interesting and worthwhile.

During the year we've held several films which have always proved very popular. "The Son Worshipers" about the Jesus movement in America came back again and a bit later on "To Russia With Love" about the Bible smuggling missions into Soviet countries. Just recently, a second film produced by the same people, entitled "The Chinese Are Coming" was shown, though to a considerably smaller audience. Also two films were shown

on very topical subjects: marriage and abortion.

The Tuesday meeting has been rather irregular this year. It has mostly been in the form of a Bible study or something similar to teach us new things about the Christian way of life and to help each person in their relationship with Jesus Christ. The decline in numbers at the beginning of the term was worrying at first but many of us have come to realise since that when numbers go down, then prayers go up, and when God's people start praying, THINGS HAPPEN!

As well as the fellowship we have had around God's word and under the guidance of various speakers, I.S.C.F. as a group has also had a lot of fun. There have been two car washes (which have become our favourite money-raising mechanism) held both times in the school grounds. The first, held early in the third term, was very successful and was designed to raise money for library books. Cars kept coming non-stop all morning and by 12.10 p.m. most of us were quite worn out — N.B. not everyone left as dry as they had been three hours earlier! The second car wash, held on a day threatening rain after a week of showers, did not produce as much money but was equally as well enjoyed by the hardy "slaves" who volunteered service.

Under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Piercy, Mr. Drinkwater and others, a camp held at the Presbyterian campsite in Eltham was a great success. Beginning at 6.30 p.m. on the Friday night with non-stop (almost) singing from Spotswood to Eltham it certainly promised to be good. Perhaps the most hilarious

moment was when Mr. Drinkwater gave a daring leap over the box horse only to find a gaping split down the back seam of his trousers. We had to forgive him for wandering round in a blanket for the next half hour, but he was not allowed to forget the incident.

As well as the times of enjoyment there was also the need to be serious and consequently studies were made throughout the weekend mainly to do with the relationship between God and ourselves. The film "In His Steps" challenged us with this thought. Despite the cold, and the squeaking bunks (and the battle wounds Mr. Piercy was obliged to bring home with him), it was

certainly a wonderful camp. This success has led to the camp to be held at Labour Weekend at the North Egmont Chalet, which is being awaited with considerable animation. (This time there will be no 3 a.m. wakings to keep warm).

Yes, I.S.C.F. has certainly had a varied year. Our special thanks must go to Mr. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Piercy for their help and guidance during the year, and the considerable amount of time they have put in for the organisation. We join together in wishing those who are leaving us, all the best for next year, and we look forward with expectancy to another year of blessing which our Saviour has to offer all those who really love him.
C.J.B.

Debating



Back: L. Newman, C. Muggeridge, S. Hutton, R. Holm, W. Huggard. Front: S. Guy, J. Malan, C. Topping, Mr. Ashley-Brown, M. Neumann, J. Carstens.

This being the year of our Lord 1973 our debating exploits have been numerous — not to mention our failures. However, despite stomach ulcers, heart attacks and various nervous disorders, we have managed to enjoy our debating season and have encountered some fairly reasonable competition.

Now, for your enjoyment, here is an outline of our debates and their results: We indulged in some light debating entertainment to prepare us for outside competition, by forming opposing teams from the Spotswood Debating Club.

The debates were: "That 'Supernatural' means the same as 'Superstition'" with Jenny Malan, Lynda Neuman and Wayne Huggard on the negative side, and Carla Topping, Marilyn Neuman and Jahna Carstens as the affirmative. This debate ended with a win to the negative.

Another debate was: "That we prefer the heat of passion to the light of reason" with Stephen Hutton, Lynda Neuman and Rosemary Holm as the negative and Marilyn Neuman, Wayne Huggard and Cindy Muggeridge as the affirmative. In this instance the debate was declared a draw.

Debates against Francis Douglas was all draws. The first was:

"That Captain Cook should have turned back," with the Spotswood team of Jahna Carstens, Sharon Guy and Marilyn Neuman being on the negative.

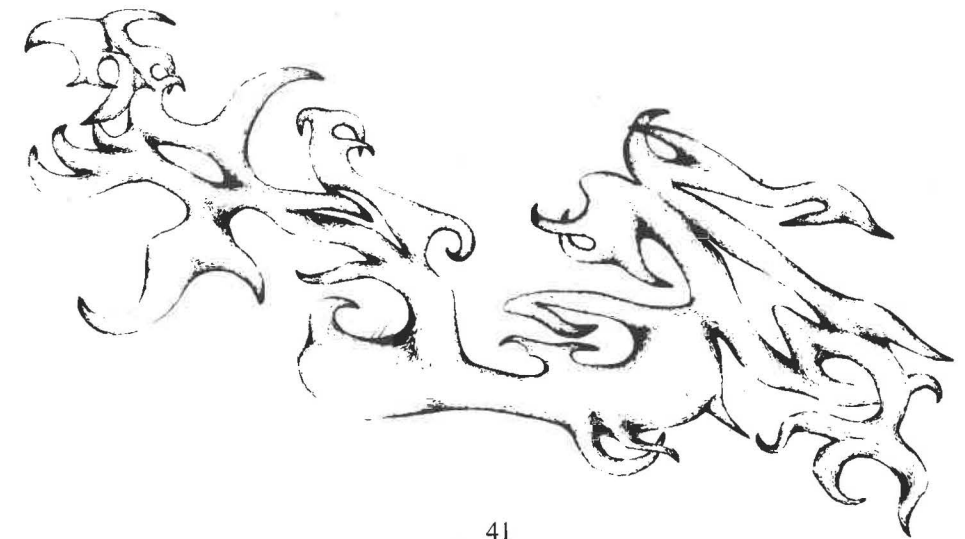
Another was: "That women's liberation depends upon the liberation of men," with Jenny Malan, Lynda Neuman and Wayne Huggard debating the affirmative. We also debated the affirmative in a debate "That private schools are divisive."

One loss we suffered was at the hands of Sacred Heart, when Carla Topping, Cindy Muggeridge and Jenny Malan debated the affirmative in "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Other debates included: "It is an advantage to have a big nose," and "Doctors should give guarantees."

One of the highlights of the year was the trip to Tawa College, who defeated our team of Stephen Hutton, Jahna Carstens, and Marilyn Neuman, debating as the negative side in "That to Travel is better than to arrive."

Thus this year has been a full one for Spotswood College's Senior Debating Team, and we look to another good year in 1974.



M. Nichols
1973/4

sports

cricket



Back: M. Neal, G. Ryan, W. Ruakere, S. McElhannan, D. Kirkland, D. Oliver (Player-coach). Front: P. Burgess, G. Giddy, G. Benny (capt.), C. Hobbs, B. Jury. Absent: D. Bonner, W. Nottle.

CRICKET REPORT

The 1972-73 season started off fairly well. The team had changed little from the previous season and with experience and ability on our side we won or drew all the games. At the end of school for 1972 the team lost the backbone of its cricketing ability in the form of, R. Ormiston, D. Birrell and D. Dawson.

Over the school holidays, efforts were made to give new younger players experience. Five 30 over matches were played against the other second grade teams. Results in first innings losses in all of them. All this appears to be a very poor effort. It did help to get a team together for the coming competition matches.

The team at the start of competition cricket for 1973 was D. Kirkland, D. Moral, C. Hobbs, B. Jury, G. Giddy, J. Ryan, P. Burgess, K. Swindlehurst, W. Ruakere, W. Nottle, S. McElhannan, M. Neal, D. Bonner, G. Benny and our coach who played in the competition matches, Mr. K. Oliver.

The first game was against New Plymouth Boys High. This game was nearing disaster for us, but when the celebrated Kiwi's collapse was nearly over in the second innings, P. Burgess scored a fine 44 to put us well in the running for a win. Another spectacular achievement coming from this game was a splendid six wickets by opening bowler W. Ruakere. This game was eventually drawn.

Our next two Saturdays were spent at Inglewood playing on an almost perfect pitch, consequently nearly all the team scored into double figures. Mr. D. Oliver opening with G. Giddy, who scored 38, made 101 not out. A declaration and Inglewood's high tally left us with a loss on the first innings, but eventually a drawn match.

The last match versus Kia Ora was a one day event played from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and was won by Spotswood on the first innings by 6 runs.

Now the climax of the cricket season, a visiting team from Freyberg and a trip to Tawa.

Freyberg batted on a fairly good wicket at Pukekura Park. Spotswood seriously handicapped by accidents to players, had to battle on with what determination they had. Apart from a good 31 from D. Moral, our run making effort was behind the times. Freyberg batted once more setting Spotswood a difficult target which we could not reach. Fine efforts in this game came from D. Moral, whose 31 in the first innings, was repeated in the second, and his bowling with J. Ryan made up for the lack of penetrating fast bowlers from both ends.

Tawa was as the Wellington district will always be remembered, windy, cloudy and cold. Tawa College batters were aided by a few fielding errors from our side and once again the lack of fast accurate bowling (of course, not helped much by the wind).

Batting started well but ended in the inevitable Kiwi collapse. Following on we did the same except for a faint glimmer when P. Burgess made some brilliant strokes.

Although the year has not been entirely successful, the young and almost untried team has fared well against the Tawa team which was made up of players who played in Australia, and against Kia Ora, whose players were older and more experienced.

Everyone in the team needs batting coaching. Certainly everyone needs more concentrated fielding practice and almost every bowler must learn to pitch the ball up to the batsman, then concern himself with accuracy, a wide ball pitched up is much harder to hit away than an extremely short ball down the middle pin. Apart from this, I think the whole team enjoyed the season, and my thanks go out to anybody who helped in any way, for transport, coaching or afternoon tea.

G.B.

rugby 1st XV



Back: J. Whitaker, D. Burton, P. Thompson, D. Babe, G. Carnachan, M. Thompson, D. Marshall. Middle: Mr. Smith (coach), M. Hills, M. Dalton, N. Lovegrove, B. Pope, R. Vickers, K. Shotter, G. McAlpine. Front: A. Cowie, M. Fairclough, N. Nodder (vice capt.), S. Fluker (capt.), P. Conn, G. West, D. Kirkland. Absent: S. Carson.

1ST XV REPORT

Trials were held early in the season and a lot of new faces were seen due to the fact that the majority of last year's team had left.

A team was picked and was relatively short in size, weight and experience. We did not let this worry us any, and, so boldly went into the Secondary Schools 'A' competition.

Our first few games looked promising but we did not seem to be able to finish off our moves and get the points on the board. In many of our games we had the territorial advantage but amazingly we still lost.

The year was a poor one as far as wins go because we only won four out of about fifteen games.

In the forwards the most outstanding player of the season must have been Neville Nodder. Nodder was also vice-captain and this being his third year in the 1st XV, he was able to lead the younger players.

Our main lineout jumper Donald Babe also played well in the tight and due to his efforts through the season made the Taranaki under-16 team. Well done Don.

Our tight forwards Jay Whittaker, Bruce Pope, Phillip Thomson, Keith Shotter, all worked well and at the end of the season began to work as a unit.

The loose forwards had mixed games in that they often

became tied up in the tight. The trio was Garry Carnachan, Neil Lovegrove, and Murry Dalton. They also improved towards the end of the season as they each knew more about the other game.

David Kirkland must feel pleased with his improvement in play and was playing very well toward the end of the season.

The backs had a funny season in that it was not until late in the season that we found a backline that clicked. The half-back berth was capably held by Andrew Cowie, who gave his backline tremendous service and was a fearless tackler.

Stuart Fluker, the captain of the team, linked well with Andrew as well as his outsiders. Stuart became the goal-kicker of the team and won us a couple of our matches and had been kicking earlier we might have won more. He also made the Secondary School 'B' side. The midfield backs were our problem with Mark Thomson and David Burton finally filling the positions. Both of these players ran with great determination, tackled well, but unfortunately often dropped that vital pass. David Marshall and Steven Carson were our regular speedy wingers and also took the opportunities that came their way.

The fullback for the season was George West. I would like to thank our coach for the season, Mr. Smith, who gave up much of his valuable time and his enthusiasm, which was very much appreciated. Because of our young side we are looking forward to next season where we hope to do a lot better.

rugby 2nd XV

The beginning of the season caught us by surprise and before we knew it we had the very unimpressive record of 7 losses from 7 games. Our next game was to be played on a Wednesday afternoon and we all felt that this must be a good omen for us. The end of the game found us very jubilant as we had just recorded our first victory, 20-0 against Francis Douglas College.

We were now starting to mould into quite a good combination and a few victories didn't look to be beyond us. The pick of the forwards would be I. Garner, who was never far away from the ball, and he was ably assisted by W. Putt, G. Sole and B. Kivell, who was playing his first season of Rugby. In the backs players to shine were T. Robinson, P. Leatham and our reliable fullback, B. Dalgleish.

I would like to thank Mr. Hickey and Mr. Brown for giving up their Wednesday nights to coach us, and not forgetting Mr. Wilks for coaching us on Saturdays.

The team was: Bruce Dalgleish, Paul Leatham, Mervyn Krutz, Andrew Enon, Tony Robinson, Wiremu Ruakere, Greg Eden (capt.), Brian Kivell, Ian Garner (vice-capt.), John Masters, Greg Sole, Colin West, Warren Thorn and Wayne Putt. (M. Fairclough, M. Hill, and P. Conn from the First XV also played for us).

Record of Games:	
Played	15
Won	4
Lost	11

girls' tennis



Back: G. Doughty, M. Collinson, T. Hardy, J. Thurston. Middle: Miss Andrews, S. Manley, J. Robertson, M. West, Mr. Rawson. Front: D. Brodie, J. Lobb, N. Wallace, J. Marshall, C. Perry.

GIRLS' TENNIS

The team that was chosen to play against Tawa and Freyberg consisted of: Carol Perry, Jan Marshall, Jenny Lobb, Natallie Wallace, Debbie Brody and Elizabeth Stuart. Spotswood beat Freyberg in a very good game, but lost to Tawa by a very close margin. Eventually, after we found matches and sets were equal, we lost by eleven games.

Playing at Stratford in the Inter-Secondary School Tennis Championships, Elizabeth Stuart was knocked out in the first round, but Carol Perry had much better success coming runner up to Christine Frederiksen.

In the boys, the only recognisable success was Mark Collinson, who was knocked out in the semi-final by Tony Rogieski.

Special thanks go to Miss Andrews for the time she has spent coaching, and Mr. Plyler for supervising activities at Stratford.



netball 'a' team



Mrs. Prestney, M. Toki, V. Manantui, W. Callaghan, L. Tangaere, C. Young, H. Ries, C. Burgess.

NETBALL REPORT 'A' TEAM

This season's netball team started off with a terrific bang, which soon led to a shock as two girls left the team. However, despite this, we managed to get back on our feet with two new additions to the team.

Our games which were played this season produced some interesting scores:

v Girl's High School	12-20 lost
v Okato	4-25 won
v Sacred Heart	18-23 won
v Freyberg	22-22 draw

All girls worked well together and fought hard.

The Inter Secondary Schools Netball Tournament was held at Inglewood High School. Here the girls displayed very high qualities of play, although they had mixed fortunes. The division winners were Inglewood, which was a shock because they had only just beaten us by 14-12.

At this tournament, two of our girls were selected for the Taranaki Secondary School representative trials. They were Carol Burgess and Helen Reis. Carol Burgess eventually won the selection in the Taranaki team and went forward to Palmerston North for the rep. teams tournament, in which Taranaki had done extremely well in being second.

This season we had our new uniforms which were a yellow Bob Charles 'T' shirt, and green skirt. They were very cool to play in, and we were also praised as to the neatness of them. The praise did not only come from staff members, but also from spectators watching our matches. To this we give our thanks to Miss Grant who made it possible to have these uniforms.

Again Rangiatea challenged Spotswood, but this time Spotswood took the cup. This was a great joy to Spotswood and an unfortunate moment for Rangiatea. It was a hard but close game. Both teams out to get the other. The score was School 7, Rangiatea 6.

Our best game, or most spectacular game, was the one against the teachers. Man, can they 'cheat'! They played to their own rules, and the umpire felt sorry for them because they had 'no idea'. But they won the match, and left the pupils in hysterics. It was a terrific game.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mrs. Prestney for giving up her lunch hours and other spare time she had to

coach us. It was indeed great to get advice from her, and I think we all got something new from her. Thank you again Mrs. Prestney.

To the team I would just like to say thank you for letting me get to know you. This team was a really friendly team, and everything was explored together. All the new tactics were explored together. Good luck for next season.

netball 'b' team

V. Wilde, M. Te Moana, N. Thompson, M. Tamariki, P. Greenbank, C. Burgess, Mrs. Prestney.



NETBALL REPORT — B TEAM, 1973

Centre — Vicki Wilde
 Goal Shoot — Ngaire Thompson, (vice-captain)
 Goal Keep — Moana Te Moana
 Goal Defence — Cynthia Burgess, (captain)
 Wing Attack — Lesley Clarke
 Wing Defence — Mata Tamariki
 Goal Attack — Pauline Greenbank

The quality of the "B" team was a great improvement on previous years. Praise for this can be directed at our coach, Mrs. Prestney and Miss Grant (for providing us with a new set of uniforms).

The team faced many trials with the continual loss of players, but we always seemed to surface with a team that brought credit to the School.

Throughout the year we played four games:

Freyberg — Lost (in a close, lively game)
 Girls' High — Lost
 Sacred Heart — Won
 Okato — Won (by a large margin)

The team was made up of a keen set of players, and we can only hope that next year's netball will be even more successful and perhaps more teams could be formed if there is great enough interest shown at the beginning.

Cynthia Burgess
 (captain)

girls' Volleyball



Back: Miss Andrews, G. Wilde, S. McKenzie, D. Alcock, S. Cameron. Front: V. Wilde, D. Brodie (v. capt.), J. Robertson (capt.), N. Thompson.

The Girls' Volleyball has been quite successful for the school this year.

We started practices early in the first term with eight keen players for the A team, four of whom were in the team last year coached by Mr. Keown.

The first competition for the school was the Taranaki Secondary Schools tournament held at our college gym in April. This was very disappointing because only three teams competed in the girl's section: Spotswood Senior A, Spotswood Junior A and Opunake. The Spotswood Senior team came first followed by our Junior team with Opunake coming third. These results were very encouraging, showing the high standard of our schools' young volleyballers in their first year, coming up.

The highlight of the year for the senior team was the New Zealand Secondary Schools tournament in which we made our second appearance. The senior team consisted of eight players who travelled to Auckland on the second Tuesday of the May holidays with Miss Andrews, ready to compete in the three day tournament.

Our team was placed in Section B and came first in our section winning all four games. Our results were: v. Western Heights 15/4, 15/13, 15/17, 15/5; v. Queen Elizabeth 12/15, 15/12, 15/12, 15/1, 16/4; v. Porirua 15/8, 16/14, 15/10; v. Kaitaia (in the replay) 15/8, 14/16, 15/3, 15/10.

We therefore qualified for the post-section play and lost to Riccarton, the eventual winners. We played-off with Porirua College and ended up coming fourth.

At the closing ceremony of the senior section of the tournament the New Zealand School Boys' and Girls' squads were announced: Janice Robertson, Debbie Brodie and Susan McKenzie were selected. They later participated in trials for the New Zealand Schoolgirls team to go to Australia to play in the Junior State Championships in Melbourne. Janice and Debbie were selected for the team and Susan as a non-travelling reserve which was a pretty good effort.

Debbie and Janice spent the August Holidays over in Australia representing New Zealand. Debbie was announced by the coach as the captain of the New Zealand team which is quite an honour for the school. Debbie also received a trophy for the best player in the New Zealand Schoolgirls team throughout the tournament. The New Zealand Schoolboys team finished first in the tournament with the schoolgirls finishing fourth. Both teams were presented with gold medals by the Australian Volleyball Federation.

The main reason the team was able to make it to the Nationals and to send two members of our team overseas to represent New Zealand in Australia is due to the untiring efforts of our coach Miss Andrews. Without Miss Andrews' help in making the gym available to us, organising accommodation in Auckland and the coaching that she has given us, it would have been impossible. On behalf of the team and myself I would like to thank Miss Andrews.



Debbie Brodie pictured with the trophy that was presented to her at the Australian Junior Champs as the best player of the Championships. Debbie also had another well deserved achievement. In her 3rd year of Volleyball and in her 2nd year as a New Zealand player, she was chosen as Captain of the New Zealand Schoolgirls team.

Volleyball

VOLLEYBALL

Right: Janice Robertson, Debbie Brodie and Susan McKenzie. These three girls were selected in the New Zealand Secondary Schoolgirls Volleyball team.

Janice and Debbie went on tour of Australia for 3 weeks during the August-September holidays where they played in the Australian Junior Champs. At the Championships, New Zealand girls came 4th and the New Zealand boys came 1st. Both teams were presented with gold medals. Susan was selected as one of the 3 non-travelling reserves. These three girls have done remarkably well and would not have made the team if they had not had the support given to them by the remaining members of the Spotswood team at the Nationals in Auckland. The school team consisted of Janice Robertson, Debbie Brodie, Susan McKenzie, Vicki Wilde, Glenwyn Wilde, Ngaire Thompson, Sharon Cameron and Debbie Alcock.



girls hockey



Back: S. Roper, G. Ottaway, F. Kelly. Middle: D. Lister, C. Young, V. Stone, B. McCarty, M. Dobson. Front: J. Marshall, N. Wallace, D. Brodie (capt.), C. Perry (v. capt.), S. Johnstone, Miss Andrews.

The girls' hockey team this year had a very enjoyable season's play. There were many keen players and the team announced many practices after school. The team consisted of many last year players.

The start of the season was a game organised against Waitara. It was a good game with Waitara winning 2-1. As it was the first game together, the game provided us with much enjoyment and understanding of techniques amongst the team.

Our second game was organised against N.P.G.H.S. Unfortunately we lost 5-1 due to lack of experience and playing together.

her, but it was a very good game.

The hockey team this year was hostess to Freyberg. Weather conditions were favourable and the game most enjoyable. We won against Freyberg, which was a fast and exciting game, 1-0. The first half of the game was at a very fast pace and the second half seemed to slow down considerably.

An entertaining game, after school, against the 1st fifteen rugby players resulted in a victory to the boys.

To finish off the good season of hockey we played Okato College at Spotswood. Weather conditions favoured us but the

boys' hockey

This year's Hockey started early. A meeting was held to see if Saturday hockey wanted to be played or not.

As there is no school team entered in the Saturday hockey, I contacted New Plymouth Old Boys to see if a third grade team could play under their name. This was arranged and a team of Spotswood boys played under their colours.

With attending practice on Thursday night we put together a fairly strong team for our first game against New Plymouth Boys' High School. This was a slow game with little give and take, and finally ending with a loss by 2-1.

After playing two games the annual Queen's Birthday tournament came up. We sent a team but could not win any games, although team spirit was high.

After another game was the annual five-a-side at Peringa. Two teams competed, A and B, with the A being put out of the final by O.H.S., which incidently won the secondary schools tournament. The B team won one game, but had a good time.

softball



Back: Miss Andrews, H. Taunoa, S. McKenzie, M. Tamariki, M. Popata, V. Mananui. Front: G. Gaukroger, L. Tangaere, E. Mananui, M. Toki (capt.), W. Callaghan, M. Te Moana.

This year the girls "A" Softball team went off with a good start. Every member of the team displayed high standards of play throughout the season.

The team was: Mihi Toki (captain: Pitcher/shortstop), Whakaata Callaghan (shortstop/pitcher), Moana Te Moana (backstop), Lillian Tangaere (1st base), Elizabeth Manunui (2nd base), Gail Gaukroger (3rd base), Vicky Manunui (left out field), Margo Popata (centre out-field), Suzanne McKenzie (right out field), Mata Tamariki and Harata Taunoa, our faithful reserves.

This team plus the "B" team and the boys "A" team played at Waitara this season in the Inter Secondary Softball tournament. Although they did not gain the top positions, they played hard

but friendly games. This year's shield went to New Plymouth Girl's High School, who played hard for it. But next year Spotswood will hopefully get the shield.

Our special thanks to Miss Andrews, our coach, and to the heads of staff, Mr. McPhail and Miss Grant, for their encouragement which gave the added "boost" the teams acquired during the season. Once again the team consisted mainly of Rangiatea Girls.

CAPTAINS NOTE TO TEAM:

I would like to thank the girls for their support in working together so well. It was a really friendly team and I hope next year you accomplish more. Thank you all.

Mihi Toki

surfing



SPOTSWOOD SURFING TEAM

B. Lonsdale, C. Hobbs, J. Whittaker, K. Plummer, G. Carnahan. Absent: H. Jones, P. Jones.
Taking part in the Taranaki Secondary Schools championships in May, the team did well to come second overall out of

six other teams. J. Whittaker came 3rd in the individual placings. With interest growing in the lower school, this sport could well become a regular activity within and between Taranaki schools in the future.

K.P.

cross country

Taranaki Secondary Schools Cross Country Champs were held at Spotswood College in early October. In ideal conditions entries from Secondary Schools were of great numbers. In the open girls event there were 43 competitors — Junior Boys 53 competitors — Intermediate Boys 41 competitors, and in the Senior Boys 32 competed. Spotswood College were represented in all grades and all pupils ran exceptionally well.

Results were:
Julie Wilson, 1st
Claire Peters, 10th
Rosemary Sutherland, 11th
Julia Telford, 17th
Janine Lowen, 23rd
Joanna Walwyn, 31st
Suzanne Cursons, 32nd
Jan Marshall, 34th

Senior Boys:

A. Wilson, 2nd
P. Bowering, 12th
A. McAlpine, 16th
G. McAlpine, 18th
I. Garner, 20th
D. Carrington, 23rd
S. Hutton, 27th

Team event results:

Open Girls' — Spotswood, 2nd
Junior Boys' — Spotswood, 4th
Intermediate Boys' — Spotswood, 3rd
Senior Boys' — Spotswood, 2nd

Junior Boys:

A. Kretschmer, 8th
S. Korsdale, 17th
C. Winther, 23rd
G. Williams, 26th
B. McGregor, 27th
D. Horsup, 49th
A. Moral 53rd
Intermediate:
K. Prudden, 2nd
S. McCaughan, 6th
M. Lovegrove, 16th
M. Krutz, 27th
W. Herlity, 30th

girls' cross country

Seniors:

Lee Sutherland (W), 1st

5th's:

Joanna Walwyn (W), 1st
Carol Perry (W), 2nd
Natalie Wallace (W), 3rd
Vicki Wilde (W), 4th
Linda Ball (E), 5th
Raewyn Manley (W), 6th
Virginia Johnson (W), 7th
Joanne Stewart (W), 8th
Sharon Cameron (E), 9th
Denise McAlpine (E), 10th

4th's:

Claire Peters (W), 1st
Julie Wilson (E), 2nd
Jan Marshall (E), 3rd
Susan Cursons (E), 4th
Jeanne Lowen (E), 5th
Alison Babe (E), 6th
Linda Hart (W), 7th
Lynley McCaughan (W), 8th

3rd's:

Rosemary Sutherland (E), 1st
Ava McAlpine (W), 2nd
Marie Williams (E), 3rd
Julia Telford (E), 4th
Sharon Ashley (E), 5th
Thelma Wilson (W), 6th
Heather Fisher (E), 7th
Shirley Burgess (E), 8th
Marina Bacher (W), 9th
Robyn Wallace (W), 10th

Overall Placings:

Claire Peters (W), 1st
Julie Wilson (E), 2nd
Rosemary Sutherland (E), 3rd
Ava McAlpine (W), 4th
Jan Marshall (E), 5th

Overall Points:

West — 90 points
East — 82 points

athletics



Back: S. Hutton, G. McAlpine, D. Burton, D. Babe, G. Walker, S. Carsons, D. Marshall. Middle: G. Williams, S. Cameron, C. Skellern, R. Manley, C. Perry, J. Marshall, N. Thompson, M. Jones, C. Winther, Miss Andrews. Front: S. Walker, H. Cameron, D. Alcock, C. Young, M. Toki, G. Gaukrodger, M. Williams, J. Telford.

Swimming



Back: M. Neal, J. Morwood, B. Sutherland, B. Megaw, R. Thomson, N. Nodder, M. Thomson, B. Dalgleish. Middle: Mr. Sowersby, G. Williams, L. Sutherland, K. Day, F. Kelly, S. Cameron, A. McAlpine, L. McCaughan, D. Carter, Miss Andrews. Front: S. Philpott, V. Brown, D. Cowie, G. Gaukrodger, A. Babe, P. Moffit, S. Keenan, G. Evans.

Athletics Results

EVENT	1ST.	2ND.	3RD.	STANDARD
3RD FORM GIRLS: 80 metres: 100 metres: Long Jump: High Jump:	M. Williams (E) J. Telford (E) M. Jones (E) M. Guthrie (E)	J. Telford (E) M. Williams (E) G. Barton (W) G. Barton (W)	I. Heydon (W) H. Cameron (E) M. Jones (E)	11.8 14.4 12ft. 5in. 4ft. 2 in.
4TH FORM GIRLS: 80 metres: 100 metres: 200 metres: 400 metres: 100 metres Hurdles: High Jump: Long Jump: Discus: Shot:	J. Marshall (E) J. Marshall (E) S. Day (E) J. Marshall (E) J. Marshall (E) S. Day (E) D. Alcock (W) S. Walker (W) S. Walker (W)	S. Day (E) S. Day (E) J. Marshall (E) J. Taunoa (W) H. McLeod (W) H. McLeod (W)	A. Erickson (W) A. Erickson (W) T. Hemopo (W) S. Walker (W) D. Belcher (E)	11.7 14.8 30.85 18.8 NEW TIME 4ft. 2in. 14ft. 9in. JNR. & INT. RECORD 55ft. 6½in. 26ft. 2in.
5TH FORM GIRLS: 80 metres: 100 metres: 200 metres: 400 metres: 100 metres Hurdles: Long Jump: High Jump: Discus: Shot: Javelin:	C. Perry (W) C. Perry (W) K. Jones (E) C. Skellern (E) C. Perry (W) C. Perry (W) R. Manley (W) N. Thompson (W) N. Thompson (W) N. Thompson (W)	R. Manley (W) C. Skellern (E) C. Skellern (E) C. Perry (W) R. Manley (W) K. Jones (E) P. Greenbank (W) P. Greenbank (W) C. Cocker (W) S. Evans (E)	C. Skellern (E) R. Manley (W) K. Hall (E) K. Bowring (E) K. Jones (E) D. Brodie (W) C. Perry (W) V. Wilde (W) V. Wilde (W) K. Van Westerdorp (E)	11.1 EQUALLED 1972 RCD. 13.8 30.2 1 min. 10.4 NEW TIME 17.4 NEW TIME 13ft. 4in. 4ft. 4in. 69ft. 7½in. 30ft. 10in.
SENIOR GIRLS: 80 metres: 100 metres: 200 metres: 100 metres Hurdles: 400 metres: Long Jump: High Jump: Shot: Discus: Javelin:	G. Gaurkroger (W) C. Young (W) G. Carley (E) C. Young (W) S. Archer (E) D. Alcock (E) G. Gaurkroger (W) M. Toki (E) M. Toki (E) S. Cameron (E)	C. Young (W) G. Gaurkroger (W) P. Williams (E) S. Cameron (E) C. Burgess (W) S. Cameron (E) D. Alcock (E) M. Tamariki (W) S. McKenzie (W) E. Mananui (W)	D. Alcock (E) D. Alcock (E) S. Archer (E) C. Burgess (W) B. McCarthy (W) H. Ries (W) S. Cameron (E) W. Callaghan (E) W. Callaghan (E) W. Callaghan (E)	11.3 13.8 29.8 18.0 NEW TIME 1 min. 16.0 NEW TIME 14ft. 8in. 4ft. 4in. 33ft. 9½in. 55ft. 1½in. 64ft. 4in.
RELAYS: 3rd Form Girls: 4th Form Girls: 5th Form Girls: Senior Girls: 5th Girls Team: Senior Girls Team:	West West West West C. Perry, R. Manley G. Gaurkroger (W)	East East East East C. Cocker A. Hitchcock	G. Ottoway C. Burgess, C. Young	59 sec. BROKE SNR. RCD. 55.11 56.3 RECORD

CHAMPIONSHIPS

3RD FORM GIRLS: Marie Williams & Julia Telford 1st=
4TH FORM GIRLS: Jan Marshall (East)
5TH FORM GIRLS: Carol Perry (West)
SENIOR GIRLS: Gail Gaurkroger (West)

athletics results

EVENT	1ST.	2ND.	3RD.	STANDARD
3RD FORM BOYS: 100 metres: 200 metres: 400 metres: 800 metres: Long Jump: High Jump:	M. Joseph (E) M. Joseph (E) C. Winther (E) C. Winther (E) M. Locke (E) R. Cocker (E)	G. Joseph (E) G. Joseph (E) G. Ulrich (W) G. William (E) B. McGregor (E) M. Locke (E)	M. Krute (E) G. Kretchman (W) M. Krute (E) G. Kretchman (W) R. Cocker (E) B. McGregor (E)	13.1 1 min. 3.2 2 min. 40 sec. 15ft. 6½in. 4ft. 8in.
4TH FORM BOYS: 100 metres: 200 metres: 400 metres: 800 metres: 1500 metres: 100 metres Hurdles: High Jump: Long Jump: Triple Jump: Discus: Shot: Javelin:	H. Head (E) H. Head (E) K. Prudden (E) K. Prudden (E) K. Prudden (E) D. Shotbolt (W) R. Mita (E) D. Horo (E) K. Treckson (E) D. Horo (E) D. Bonner (E) K. Prudden (E)	R. Mita (E) L. Iveson (W) B. Caitcheon (E) B. Caitcheon (E) B. Caitcheon (E) S. Layne (E) P. Leathem (E) P. Leathem (E) D. Shotbolt (W) D. Bowner (E) K. Thomson (W) D. Lott (W)	D. Shotbolt (W) J. Robson (E) H. Head (E) D. Keenan (W) D. Keenan (W) A. Anyon (W) M. Jordan (W) D. Shotbolt (W) M. Petrove (E) K. Thomson (W) D. Carley (E) B. Berridge (E)	13.2 27.26 59.2 EQUALLED 1970 RCD 2 min. 14.9 RECORD 4 min. 54.4 17.7 4ft. 8in. 15ft. 9½in. 30ft. 11in. 102ft. 10in. 33ft. 1in. 102ft. 4in.
5TH FORM BOYS: 100 metres: 200 metres: 400 metres: 1500 metres: 800 metres: Long Jump: High Jump: Discus: Shot: Triple Jump: Javelin:	C. Farrant (E) G. Anstis (E) G. Anstis (E) G. Anstis (E) D. Babe (E) D. Babe (E) W. Williams (E) M. Hale (W) M. Ruakere (W) E. Mita (W) J. Crofsky (E) B. Larsen (W)	G. Anstis (E) W. Williams (E) I. Riddle (E) R. Vickers (E) I. Riddle (E) N. Lovegrove (E) P. Jones (E) S. Reid (E) M. Dalton (E) B. Nicholls (W) B. Nicholls (W)	W. Williams (E) G. West (W) C. Chilcott (W) D. McCaughan (E) J. Seed (E) T. Edwards (W) M. Deakin (E) B. Larsen (W) W. Ruakere (W) C. Farrant (E) S. Reid (E)	12.9 25.6 64.2 4 min. 28.9 sec. 2 min. 9 sec. 16ft. 7in. 5ft. 0in. 87ft. 9½in. 36ft. 6in. 34ft. 8in. 110ft. 6in.
SENIOR BOYS: 100 metres: 200 metres: 400 metres: 800 metres: 1500 metres: Long Jump: High Jump: Triple Jump: 100 metres Hurdles: Discus: Shot: Javelin:	G. Walker (E) S. Carson (E) D. Burton (E) S. Hutton (E) A. Wilson (E) G. Walker (E) M. Nickel (W) G. Walker (E) D. Marshall (W) K. Bishop (E) M. Fisher (E) S. Fluker (W)	S. Carson (E) D. Marshall (W) S. Fluker (W) G. McAlpine (W) S. Hutton (E) P. Loader (E) M. West (W) C. Hobbs (W) S. Fluker (W) M. Thomson (E) G. McAlpine (W) M. Fisher (E)	D. Burton (E) S. Fluker (W) G. Eden (W) J. Skipper (W) G. McAlpine (W) M. Nickel (W) G. Lander (E) M. Fairclough (E) M. Ruakere (E) J. Green (E) G. Lander (W) M. Wezt (W)	12.4 26.2 59.9 2 min. 7 sec. 4 min. 25.1 sec. RECORD 18ft. 2in. 5ft. 0in. 36ft. 4in. 16.3 RECORD 82ft. 7in. 33ft. 8½in. 106ft. 2½in.
RELAYS: 3rd Form Boys: 4th Form Boys: 5th Form Boys: Senior Boys:	East East West East	West West East West	53.4 52.6 50.2 48.6 RECORD	

CHAMPIONSHIPS

3RD FORM BOYS: M. Joseph & C. Winther (East) 1st=
4TH FORM BOYS: K. Prudden (East)
5TH FORM BOYS: G. Anstis (East)
SENIOR BOYS: G. Walker (East)

TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS

RESULTS

EVENT	NAME	PLACE	STANDARD
JUNIOR GIRLS: 80 Metres Hurdles: 400 Metres:	Jan Marshall Jan Marshall	3rd 3rd	19.0 69.6
INTERMEDIATE GIRLS: 100 Metres Hurdles: 100 Metres: 100 Metres Hurdles: Long Jump: Discus: Relay:	Carol Perry Carol Perry Raewyn Manley Dana Alcock Sharon Walker	3rd 2nd 4th 2nd 3rd 2nd	17.5 13.2 4.36 20.09 55.0
TEAM: Carol Perry, Raewyn Manley, Jan Marshall, Carolyn Skellern.			
SENIOR GIRLS: Long Jump: Discus: Shot:	Deborah Alcock Mihi Toki Mihi Toki	3rd 3rd 3rd	4.38 22.93 8.21

N.Z. SECONDARY SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS

These are to be held at Christchurch in early December.
Three students will represent Spotswood at these championships.

Alan Wilson — Long Distance Races
Claire Peters — Long Distance
Carol Perry — Short Distance

swimming results

EVENT	1ST	2ND	3RD	STANDARD
3RD FORM GIRLS: 80 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Freestyle: 200 Metres Freestyle: 50 Metres Breaststroke: 50 Metres Backstroke: 50 Metres Butterfly: 150 Metres Medley:	S. Philpott (W) S. Philpott (W) A. McAlpine (W) S. Philpott (W) L. West (W) R. Sutherland (E) S. Philpott (W)	S. Keenan (W) A. McAlpine (W) V. Brown (E) A. Banks (E) A. Banks (E) K. Day (W) D. Cowie (W)	V. Brown (E) D. Day (W) R. Sutherland (E) A. McAlpine (W) D. Cowie (W) R. Sutherland (E)	34.8 1 min. 19.5 RECORD 3 min. 33.0 47.8 48.3 49.2 2 min. 27.3
4TH FORM GIRLS: 50 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Freestyle: 50 Metres Breaststroke: 50 Metres Backstroke: 150 Metres Medley:	L. McCaughan (W) L. McCaughan (W) A. Babe (E) L. McCaughan (W) L. McCaughan (W)	A. Babe (E) A. Babe (E) J. Sparkes (W) S. Walker (W)	H. Pepper (W) L. McCaughan (W) F. Hart (W)	38.3 1 min. 25.1 RECORD 51.4 46.5 2 min. 40.4
5TH FORM GIRLS: 50 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Freestyle: 200 Metres Freestyle: 50 Metres Breaststroke: 50 Metres Backstroke: 50 Metres Butterfly:	G. Gaurkroger (W) G. Gaurkroger (W) G. Gaurkroger (W) G. Gaurkroger (W) F. Kelly (W) G. Gaurkroger (W)	F. Kelly (W) G. Evans (E) P. Moffatt (E) P. Moffatt (E)	G. Evans (E) B. Lawrence (E) S. Cameron (E) D. McAlpine (E)	34.2 1 min. 14.8 RECORD 2 min. 55.6 RECORD 50.1 47.0 41.9
SENIOR GIRLS: 50 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Breaststroke:	S. Archer (E) L. Sutherland (W) L. Sutherland (W)	C. Wood (W) C. Wood (W)	D. Robert (E)	39.0 1 min. 26.1 3 min. 13.3
3RD FORM BOYS: 50 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Freestyle: 200 Metres Freestyle: 50 Metres Breaststroke: 50 Metres Backstroke: 50 Metres Butterfly: 150 Metres Medley:	C. Boon (W) G. Williams (E) G. Williams (E) B. Carsten (W) R. Gayton (E) G. Williams (E) B. Carsten (W)	G. Josephs (E) C. Boon (W) R. Avery (W) C. Winther (E) S. Brown (W) S. Jans (W)	R. Gayton (E) R. Gayton (E) J. Lattimer (E) C. Brotherson (W)	36.5 1 min. 10.3 2 min. 30.8 55.4 48 sec. 45 sec. 2 min. 50.4

EVENT	1ST	2ND	3RD	STANDARD
4TH FORM BOYS:				
50 Metres Freestyle:	D. Carter (E)	J. Hendersen (W)	P. Leathem (W)	33.2
100 Metres Freestyle:	J. Henderson (W)	P. Leathem (E)	A. Gordon (E)	1 min. 23.2
200 Metres Freestyle:	J. Henderson (W)			
50 Metres Breaststroke:	D. Carter (E)	H. Kettlewell (W)	M. Petrove (E)	42.5
50 Metres Backstroke:	B. Megaw (W)	G. Billinghurst (E)	M. Petrove (E)	39.8
150 Metres Medley:	J. Henderson (W)			2 min. 40.7
5TH FORM BOYS:				
50 Metres Freestyle:	J. Morwood (W)	M. Neal (W)	P. Thompson (W)	30.0
100 Metres Freestyle:	R. Harding (W)	M. Neal (W)	P. Thompson (W)	1 min. 4.4 RECORD
200 Metres Freestyle:	R. Harding (W)	P. Thompson (W)		2 min. 21.9 RECORD
50 Metres Breaststroke:	W. Putt (E)	T. Mack (W)	M. Less (E)	46.6
50 Metres Backstroke:	J. Morwood (W)	D. Babe (E)	M. Larkin (W)	35.6
50 Metres Butterfly:	M. Neal (W)	M. Fairclough (E)		36.2
200 Metres Medley:	R. Harding (W)			2 min. 53.9
SENIOR BOYS:				
50 Metres Freestyle:	M. Thomson (E)	B. Sutherland (W)	S. Fluker (W)	30.7
100 Metres Freestyle:	N. Nodder (W)	M. Thomson (E)	B. Dagleish (W)	1 min. 5.7
200 Metres Freestyle:	N. Nodder (W)	B. Dagleish (W)		2 min. 23.9 RECORD
100 Metres Breaststroke:	D. Marshall (W)	R. Braddock (W)	A. Butler (W)	1 min. 56.2
100 Metres Backstroke:	B. Sutherland (W)	R. Robertson (E)	C. Hobbs (W)	1 min. 22.7
200 Metres Medley:	M. Thomson (E)			3 min.

CHAMPIONSHIP

3RD FORM GIRLS: Sandra Philpott (W)
 4TH FORM GIRLS: Lynley McCaughan (W)
 5TH FORM GIRLS: Gail Gaurkroger (W)
 SENIOR GIRLS: Lee Sutherland (W)

3RD FORM BOYS: G. Williams (E)
 4TH FORM BOYS: J. Henderson (W)
 5TH FORM BOYS: R. Harding (W)
 SENIOR BOYS: M. Thomson (E)

TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS

EVENT	1ST	2ND	3RD
JUNIOR GIRLS: 100 Freestyle: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Freestyle: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Breastroke: 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ Butterfly: JUNIOR GIRLS RELAY:	4th	Sandra Philpott	Sandra Philpott Sandra Philpott Robyn Sutherland
INTERMEDIATE GIRLS: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Backstroke: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Breaststroke:			Lynley McCaughan Alison Babe
SENIOR GIRLS: 200 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Freestyle: SENIOR GIRLS RELAY:	2nd	Gail Gaurkroger Gail Gaurkroger	
JUNIOR BOYS: 100 Metres Freestyle: 200 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Medley: Junior Boys Relay:	G. Williams G. Williams G. Williams 4th		
INTERMEDIATE BOYS: 100 Metres Freestyle: 200 Metres Freestyle: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Metres Freestyle: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Metres Breaststroke: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Metres Butterfly: 133 $\frac{1}{3}$ Medley:	Mark Thomson Mark Thomson Mark Neal David Carter Mark Neal Mark Thomson	Phillip Thompson	David Carter
SENIOR BOYS: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Freestyle: 200 Metres Freestyle: 400 Metres Freestyle: 100 Metres Backstroke:	Neville Nodder Neville Nodder Neville Nodder Jim Morwood	Jim Morwood	Brian Sutherland

gymnastics

RESULTS

TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOL GYMNASTIC CHAMPS		
Open Junior Beam	1st	Lesley Carter
Open Junior Floor	1st	Lesley Carter
Open Junior Uneven Bars	1st	Lesley Carter
Overall Junior Girls	1st	Lesley Carter
Open Junior Vault	2nd	Darryl Walker
Open Junior Floor	3rd	Darryl Walker
Open Junior Uneven Bars	3rd	Susan Dannefaerd

Prize List 1972

EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Girls	Junior	Sheryl Williams
	Intermediate	Deborah Alcock
	Senior	Brenda Garnett Roselyn Slemint
Boys	Junior	Timothy Fowles
	Intermediate	Peter Eisenhut
	Senior	Donald Dawson Keith Adair

EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Girls	Junior	Rosemary Monaghan
	Intermediate	Lee Sutherland
	Senior	Raewyn Hill
Boys	Junior	Rex Harding
	Intermediate	James Morwood
	Senior	Neville Nodder

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS

Girls	Third Forms	No Award
	Fourth Forms	Debra Brodie, Carol Perry Raewyn Manley, Paula Stonnell Moana Te Moana
Boys	Fifth Forms	Glenwyn Wilde Sharon Cameron
	Third Forms	Hugh Kettlewell
	Fourth Forms	Phillip Thomson
	Fifth Forms	Michael Ruakere

HOUSE AWARDS:

F. V. Morine Cup for Interhouse Athletics	West
Faye Hill Cup for Interhouse Netball	West
Chris Hamill Cup for Girls' Interhouse Softball	West
Sole Cup for Interhouse Tennis	East
Natalie Cleland Cup for Spotswood-Rangiataea Basketball	Rangiataea
Denise Barribal Cup for Girls' Interhouse Hockey	West
Borrell Cup for Interhouse Soccer	West
W. McDonald Cup for Interhouse Cricket	West
Honour Cup for Interhouse Rugby	East
Interhouse Speech Cup	West
Dr. and Mrs. Andrews Award for Interhouse Drama	West
Interhouse Shield for 20 Events	West
Joy Rookes Cup for Original Composition and Solo Competitions in Music	No Competition this year
The Sargent Trophy for Interhouse Music	No Competition this year

SPEECH CONTEST:

Third Form:	1st	Margaret Conway
	2nd	Jane Kensett
Fourth Form:	1st	Trevor Riddle
	2nd	Phillip Walker
Fifth Form:	1st	Jennifer Malan
	2nd	Helen Brewster
Senior:	1st	Malcolm Giles
	2nd=	Paul Gundersen & Stephen Hutton

ART COMPETITION:

Jill Fryer

LIBRARIAN AWARD:

Alan Belcher

LITERARY CONTESTS:

Third Form	Prose	Stephen Manning
Fourth Form	Poetry	Patricia Moorcock
Fifth Form	Poetry	Russell Grant
Sixth Form	Poetry	Pat Leonard
	Prose	Jill Fryer

DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST:

Seventh Form	Prose	Malcolm Giles
	Poetry	Heather Buchan

GRIFFIN TROPHY FOR MOST IMPROVED THIRD FORM SOCCER PLAYER: Michael Petrove

MURRAY WOOD CUP FOR PUPIL CONTRIBUTING MOST TO GYMNASTICS: Gary Walker

LORRAINE LOVELL CHALLENGE TROPHY — Girls' Tennis: Janice Robertson

TOATAKITINI TROPHY SPOTSWOOD O.B. v. 1st XV: Won by Old Boys

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS:

Third Forms:	Science	Hugh Kettlewell
	Art	Yvonne Mawson
	Best Work Experience	Robyn Drummond
	1st=English	Simon Page
		Jenny Lobb
		Margaret Brooker
		Barbara Saywell
	French	Patrick Sole
	Commercial Practice	Philip Walker
Fourth Forms:	Mathematics	Craig Murray
	Book-keeping	Stephen Munro
	Best Work Experience	Nigel Lees
	Science	Tim Hutchinson
	Engineering Shopwork	Sally Cagienard
	French	Ross Bloore
	Social Studies	Patricia Smith
	English	Joanne Stewart
	Commercial Practice	Eliz. Derbyshire
Fifth Form:	English	Roderick Ball,
	Maths & French	Karen Harvey
		Pieter Holl
	Book-Keeping	Chris. Billingham
	History	Janet Sole
	Music	Murray Reid
	Geography	Geoffrey Smith
	Metalwork	Denice Brown
	1st=Commercial Practice	Ross Sorenson
	1st=Commercial Practice	

T. GUY PRIZE IN ENGINEERING: Jeffrey Green

KIDD GARRETT PRIZE IN ENGINEERING: Geoffrey Smith

RIDDICK BROS. & STILL PRIZE FOR OUTSTANDING WOODWORK: Alex Begg

HUGHSON'S HARDWARE LTD. AWARD IN WOODWORK: Trevor Schrider

CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS:

THIRD FORMS:

E3D	1st=	Ken Jackson
	1st=	Bruce Leighton
W3F	1st	Peter Burgess
	2nd	Martin Watson
E3R	1st	Ruth Pritchard
	2nd	Michael Petrove
W3G1	1st	David Wilkinson
	2nd	Mark Street
E3Y	1st	Roger Smith
	2nd	Jan. Meuli
W3G2	1st	Kevin Burbich
	2nd	Christine Patterson
E3P	1st	Judith Garmonsway
	2nd	Danial Hook
W3C1	1st	Heather McLeod
	2nd	Leonie Gleeson
E30	1st	Kerry Prudden
	2nd	Phillip Andrews
W3C2	1st	Judith Bellringer
	2nd	Frances Gerrard
E3S	1st	Mariette Latter
	2nd	Roland Lister
W3I1	1st	James Duynhoven
	2nd	Mark Sherman
E3T	1st	Deborah Kurta
	2nd	Agnes Gubanits
W3B	1st	Lance Jennings
	2nd	Lorraine Wareing
W3I2	1st	Bernard Dodunski
	2nd	Warren King

FOURTH FORMS:

E4F1	1st	Rosemary Monaghan
	2nd	Trevor Riddle
W4T	1st	Carol Perry
	2nd	Joanna Walwyn
E4F2	1st	Linda Ball
	2nd	Beverly Bevan
W4H	1st	Vicky Wilde
	2nd	Rex Harding
E4G	1st	Donald Babe
	2nd	Barry Hughes
W4U	1st	Patricia Moorcock
	2nd=	Chris Chilcott & Ross Whitmore
E4H	1st	Sandra Hallewell
	2nd	Sandra Merrick
W4M	1st	Michael Pierce
	2nd	Terry Edwards
E4E	1st	Martin Stephens
	2nd	Patrick O'Connor
W4D	1st	Dean Whitmore
	2nd	Michael Glentworth
E4W	1st	Stephen Ellis
	2nd	John Evans
W4R	1st	Alistair Gillespie
	2nd	Craig Pigott
W4B	1st	Tony Read
	2nd=	Robyn Vickers & Denise Bennett
W4Y	1st	Pamela Cawley
	2nd	Geoffrey Latter

FIFTH FORMS:

E5S1	1st	Carolyn Johnson
	2nd	Karen Harvey
W5S1	1st	Roderick Ball
	2nd	Murray Reid
E5S2	1st	Denice Brown
	2nd	Ron Coates
W5S2	1st	Yvonne Rae
	2nd	Morris West
E5S3	1st	Glenda Carley
	2nd	Gary Vincent

W5S3	1st	Alistair Mundell
	2nd	Janet Francis
E5S4	1st	Clarke Logan
	2nd=	Vivienne Martin & Ross Fairhurst
W5S4	2nd	Alex Begg
	1st	Grant Hildred
E5B1	1st	Gail Bielawski
	2nd	Pamela Bond
E5B2	1st	Jeanette Wood
	2nd	Elaine McMillan
W5R	1st	Craig Dent
	2nd	Graeme Kerr

SIXTH FORM:

English	1st=	Jahna Carstens
English	1st=	Marilyn Neumann
History		Marilyn Neumann
1st Year German		Marilyn Neumann
Maths, App. Maths & French		Stephen Hutton
Geography & German		Rachel Parkes

SEVENTH FORM:

App. Maths & Chemistry	Robin Pittwood
Maths & Biology	Malcolm Giles
Chemistry & Physics	Malcolm Giles
History	Andrea Mack
Accounting	Noel Bungay
French	Janet Plummer
Geography	Julie Leonard

SPECIAL PRIZES:

THE MAORI PURPOSES FUND BOARD PRIZE:

Ropu Wawatai

THE DEVON FOOTWEAR LTD. PRIZES:

Physics & Chemistry	Douglas Bowering
Chemistry	Catherine Van Paassen
Technical Drawing	Brett Avery
Biology	Wendy Lynch

JANICE RAWLEY PRIZE FOR ENGLISH:

Heather Buchan) 1st=
Bernard Brewster) 1st=

HELEN J. BACON AWARD (for Merit in History and Geography):

Girl: Janet Plummer
Boy: No Award this Year.

H. COLLIER & CO. PRIZE FOR MUSIC:

Narita Tioko

THE HARRY M. BACON MEMORIAL PRIZE (for pupils showing best all round promise in the Arts):

Girl: Heather Buchan
Boy: Paul Gundersen

R.S.A. PRIZE:

Robin Pittwood

P.T.A. PRESIDENT'S PRIZE FOR HEAD GIRL:

Raewyn Hill

L. M. MOSS PRIZE FOR HEAD BOY:

Warren Williams

DUX CUP (presented by Mr. & Mrs. E. Aderman):

Malcolm Giles

PRINCIPAL'S PRIZE (Dux Medal & Books):

Malcolm Giles

Collectors 73

THESE PEOPLE COLLECTED FOR CORSO

Saturday, 16th June

Vicki Andrews
Andrew Neuman
Kevin Castle
Derek Lott
Bruce Whittingham
Paul Batten
Hutukawa Kawherei
Sadie Te Ruki
Lily Winikerei

Florence Eruera
Natalie Hook
Sharon Toi
Moana Guthrie
J. Patu
P. Spooner
D. Ropata
Greg Revell
Mr. Linnell

Robert Knight
Paul McIsaac
David Kerr
Kevin Beale
Lucy Horu
Mata Tamariki
Ross Jordon
Harata Taunoa
Faye Waaka

Doreen Tunbridge
Gloria Malloy
Lynette Loveridge
Kathleen Lawlor
Glenys Bell
Priscilla Rikki
Monica Marshall
Margaret Ngarotata
Lorna Potaka

BRaille COLLECTION

Saturday, 28th July

Debbie Ropata
Polly Piere
Debra King
Pam McKenzie
Maree Peterson
Susan Trusler
Jahna Carstens
Rachel Parkes
Flaine McMillan
Karen MacArthur
Robyn Luscombe
Florence Eruera
Pauline Kerehoma
Delaine Procter
Jackie Taunoa

Hera Erueti
Aamo Tume
Hine Haru
Harata Taunoa
A. Hutchinson
Jackie Fried
Faye Waaka
Sheryl Cliffe
Judy St. George
Michael Ruakere
Clive Hamill
Ross Dowle
Derek Lott
Glennis Barton
Grace Winikere

Stephen Gerrand
Chris Chilcott
Bruce Whittingham
Graeme Heap
Elizabeth Priest
Gloria Malloy
Tony Brown
Joanna Patu
R. Hutchinson
I. Hutchinson
Kahu Bennet
Sharon Toi
Amiria Ngatai
Moana Guthrie
Gail Hoete

Moana Nuku
Theresa Adlam
Judith Garmonsway
Sadie Te Ruki
Priscilla Riki
Paul Batten
Susan Low
Greg Revell
Rex Williamson
David Keenan
Doreen Tunbridge
Andrew Newman
Lillian Tangaere
Poppy Heni

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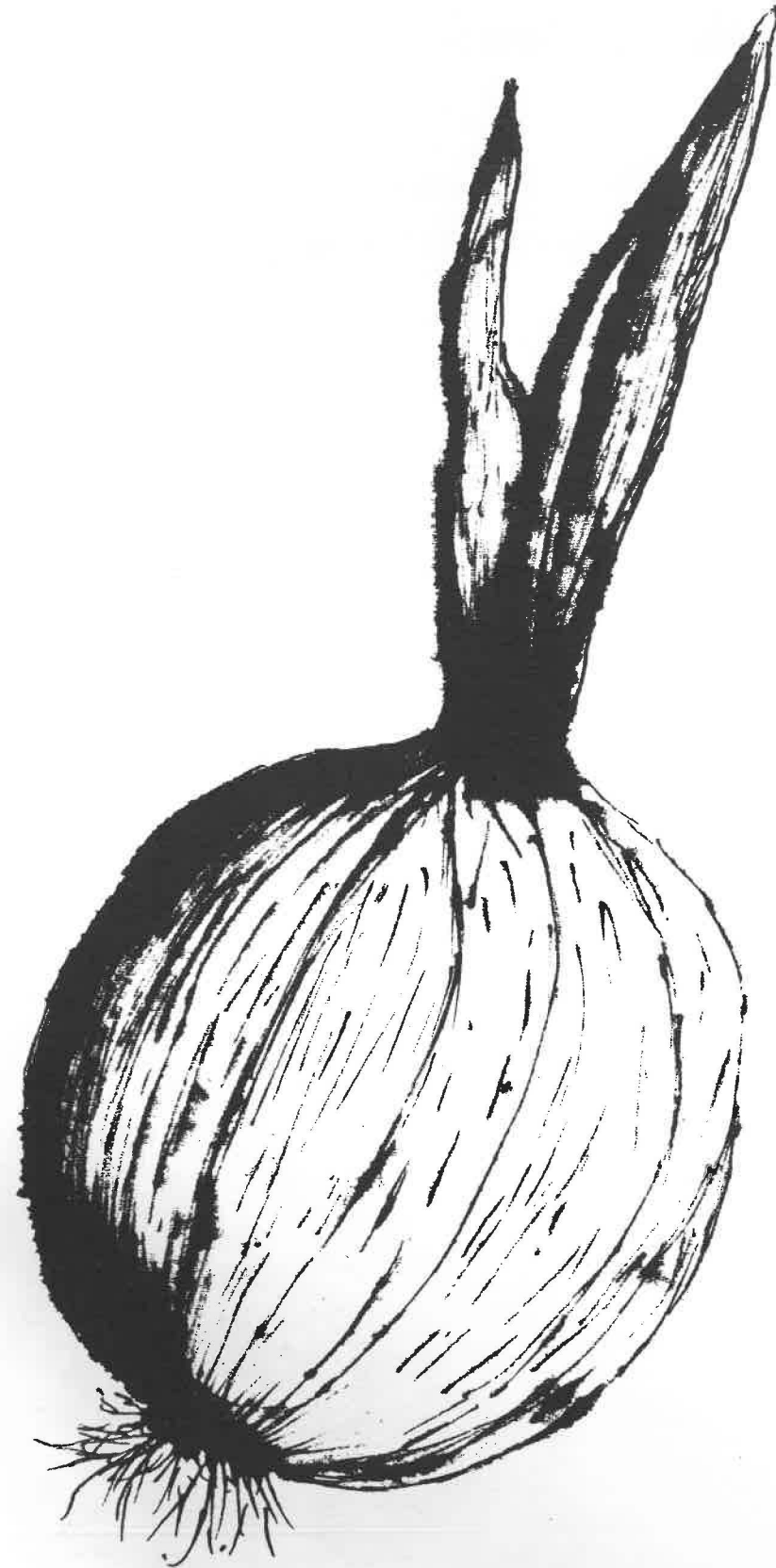
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Typing:

Mihi Toki
Mata Tamariki

and all the others who helped with layout, typing and proof-reading.

SCHOOL RESUMES:
For 3rd, 6th and 7th forms:
Monday, 4th February, 1974
For 4th and 5th forms:
Wednesday, 6th February, 1974



Geel Baldeck

