

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE



MAGAZINE



1965





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SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE
New Plymouth



No. 6

1965

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

NEW PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOLS'

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Principal's Foreword . . .

Although it was expected that after the first five years in the life of the school a period of quiet and steady growth would follow, this is not the case. The roll has increased quite rapidly and is expected to be 840 in 1966, about forty more than the Department's original estimate and by 1970 the figure could be up to two hundred more than was expected. This means that long term plans for overall development must be made now. Several months ago a combined meeting of representatives of the Board and the Parent-Teachers' Association met to discuss these and already progress has been made.

There are one or two obvious steps which a planning committee must take, the first in supplying classroom accommodation and the second in providing adequate playing areas. Associated with the second step must be the arrangement, not only of playing fields but also of garden plots and the placing of shrubs and trees so that the school as a whole may present an attractive appearance.

The needs in buildings of a school which is expected to grow to about 1200 are considerable. There is a new type of organisation under review by officers of the Department of Education and this embodies the principle of "schools within a school." Such an organisation could be applied to the College. It envisages two separate "schools" of about five hundred third, fourth and fifth formers under a deputy principal and a senior "school" of about one hundred and fifty sixth formers. One of the aims of this system is that even in a large school, there would be closer personal contacts between staff and students because of the division into smaller units. There is undoubtedly much thought required in planning such an organization as this but the benefit to students is obvious.

There is a change to be introduced into the sixth form examination structure in 1966 by the introduction of the Bursaries examination. The influence of this change could be considerable and could affect senior courses. There will certainly be fewer entering the Entrance Scholarship examination and the future of the present University Entrance examination must be in doubt. It could well be that admission to university will depend on success in the Bursaries examination. If this does follow, despite certain restrictions in subjects, it would be no bad move.

The pattern of school activities this year is much the same as in the past. Our accelerate class is well established, there has been continuing and closer liaison with our intermediate and primary colleagues and much in-service teacher training through the arrangement of courses locally. The out of school energy of classes and Parent-Teacher Association has been centred on the raising of money for the gymnasium and here real progress has been made. The fund is now in excess of three thousand pounds and we are hoping that construction can begin next year. Special mention should be made of the efforts of 6BM in this campaign, as by concerted class activities and the refinement of means of extracting cash they raised close upon two hundred pounds. Other classes, too, have done excellent work on this major effort.

As in the past the Parent-Teacher Association has given the College support all the year and our thanks go to Mr. Sole, the committee and many families for their help. The committee has been kept informed of possible development plans for the College and has endorsed our recommendations to the Board and Department. The gymnasium fund is growing rapidly and

we look forward to seeing something concrete being done in 1966. It is indeed stimulating to have behind us the support of an interested and energetic group of parents.

The work of the Board of Governors is never ending for they have a the business side of school administration and planning to do. This year the College committee under the chairmanship of our parents' representative Mr. R. M. Mills, has looked after our interests very well indeed, and has been most concerned that our needs should be met. I am grateful to the whole Board for its work and would express too, our thanks to officers of the Department for their sympathetic consideration of our requirements.

It has been good to learn of the success of some of our boys in their apprenticeship examinations, for several of them have reached very high standards indeed. While these notes are being written one or two of last year's 6A have visited the school after completing their first year at university. Results have not been published yet but we wish them all well.

Our Old Girls and Old Boys teams are flourishing in local winter competitions, and it is good to see such groups in action. We are most interested in their activities.

As is usual at this time of year there are many staff changes being organized for 1966. Miss Hamilton is moving up to the Waikato, Mr. Fitzgibbon and Mr. Mills are going to Teachers' Colleges, Miss Speedy is taking on a life-long job and Mr. Gibbons is continuing his university studies. There are not only these teachers to replace but another four are needed for the increase in roll. I know the whole staff join with me in wishing those who are leaving every success in the future.

Particular reference must be made of the work of Miss Hamilton, our Senior Assistant Mistress, who has been responsible for the girls' side of the school and to Mr. Fitzgibbon, head of English, and Mr. Mills, head of History. I do thank these senior teachers for their loyalty and support. Mr. Fitzgibbon was a foundation member of the staff in 1960 and except for his tour of duty in Sarawak, has been with us ever since. Both he and Mr. Mills have made a real contribution as teachers and men. We wish them well at their Teachers' Colleges.

At this time of the year many of our senior students are sitting or preparing for examinations. We wish them well for they realize the value of gaining qualifications, whether it be at the School Certificate, the University Entrance, or the University Scholarship level. Much of their success will depend on their attitude to their studies.

My final remarks are those of sincere thanks to the teaching staff, for upon them depends the success of the school. There are many duties besides those in the classroom and it has been good to see them so capably carried out by men and women who are prepared to give their time and energy to help their students. I am especially grateful to Mr. Hutchinson for his boundless energy and for all he has done to assist in the smooth running of the school. The office staff have been most co-operative and the caretaking and groundsman's duties efficiently carried out.

May I extend my thanks to the prefects, house leaders and form captains for their work this year. It is good to work together to make something of our school. To all my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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Back left: Messrs. Harwood, Wilks, Jansen, Gibbons, Griffin, Somervell, Rowlands, Hill, Crisp, Hissey.
Middle left: Mr. Guy, Miss Simpson, Mrs. Haunton, Mrs. Day, Misses Speedy, Beck, Cosslett, Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Sunde, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Emmett, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Greensill.
Front left: Messrs. Page, Fitzgibbon, Deerson, Frank, Miss Hamilton, Messrs. McPhail, Hutchinson, Barrowman, Procter, Mills, MacDonald.

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Back left: M. McAlpine, J. Borrell, R. Joel, D. Wilkinson, G. Ross, W. Cochran, S. Bond, J. Reeve.
Middle left: C. Robinson, P. Smith, C. Rogers, P. Taylor, J. White, R. Whittaker.
Front left: L. McConnell, M. Hutchinson, J. Hunter, Mr. McPhail, D. Sole, Miss Hamilton, K. Procter.

STAFF NOTES

"Well," sighs the Oldest Member as he taps out his pipe. "They come and they go." A real P. G. Wodehouse character this, he philosophises, glued to an arm chair in the Staff Room Clubhouse. It is rather tempest-tossed after another day's round but its quiet for there is only the occasional pupil shooting a goal on the court, a plaintive screech from the Music Room and the murmur of the few who are recounting classroom battles of long ago. He pushes aside the cold tea. "We send them to the Inspectorate; we send them to get married; we send them to enlighten the Old and New Worlds; and, this is a new gambit, we send them off to become lecturers at Teachers' Colleges. In the Old Days you just stayed on. Remember old Psmith." We do not want to offend the O.M. but we move towards the door pleading a pressing job of marking assignments which 3A have been pestering to get back for weeks.

It's all true, of course. We sadly farewelled many in 1964, including Mr. Howe, and all we have of him now is the odd cheery letter telling us of the marvels of the U.S.A. We were delighted especially when he wrote telling us of the completion of his B.Sc.

What of the new names and faces? Mrs. Smith? Of course, Miss Pennington. We congratulate her and wish her a very happy married life.

Mr. Gibbons from Mangakino High School has favoured us with his very pleasant personality for a year, but spurred on by the erudite Staff Room discussions has decided to take a Master's degree at Victoria University in 1966. We wish him every success and look forward to having him back.

Earlier this year we farewelled Miss Jeffrey who left us to get married and to live in Hamil-

ton. We miss her quiet but friendly presence. Miss Speedy is embarking on the same course, just when we were getting to know her. We wish her well, certain that she will manage the responsibilities of marriage just as efficiently as she has handled her classes.

Our other newcomers this year have all added considerably to the friendliness and the smooth running of the school. These are: Miss Pearson, Miss Coslett, Mr. Hill, Mr. Rowlands, Mr. Wilkes, Dr. Harwood, Mr. Garnham and Mrs. Day. So far, they have very patiently put up with all our little idiosyncrasies so we hope they will stay with us for a long time.

We were very sorry to lose Mrs. Martin this year. Owing to illness she was unable to continue teaching dressmaking. We wish her a complete recovery.

Our congratulations to Mr. Frank and Mr. Greensill for the addition to their families. We shall see both Gillian Frank and Layne Greensill in the third form one of these days.

We have already mentioned farewells. There are others to be made: Miss Hamilton will go to Waikato Diocesan School as First Assistant; Mr. Mills and Mr. Fitzgibbon both go as Principal Lecturers in Teachers' Colleges, the former in Social Studies at Palmerston North, the latter in English at North Shore. Our best wishes go with them and our gratitude for the wonderful contribution they have made during their stay here.

The bell has rung. Through the Staff Room window we see the shining morning faces. "Come on there!" The door swings hastily — an exact balance upon Time's ledger. "Come on!" Two H.O.D.'s look up guiltily, breaking off their discussion on teaching the three-year-old to read. "Next year," the Head says. "Next year . . ."

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

ORCHESTRA NOTES

At the end of last year, it appeared that Spotswood had the makings of a good Orchestra but with the coming of 1965 many seniors had left, leaving our ranks seriously depleted. This was particularly noticeable in the string section, in which we now have only three first violins. This deficiency causes some imbalance in the sound of the Orchestra. However, this shortage has been made up by the introduction of new instruments and a marked growth in other sections. We now have four flutes and five brass instruments, including a tenor trombone (this makes Spotswood orchestral history!). The oboe is also a new sound to the Orchestra. The problem here is that the College only owns one oboe and next year we will have to obtain another one. We are hoping for an allowance from the school fund to buy more necessary instruments.

The Orchestra has taken part in all the musical events of the year. The best of the orchestral players have played the assembly hymn almost every Thursday of the year. Recently, successful attempts have been made at playing a march on the dismissal of the assembly. After its fine display at the Stratford

Music Festival last year, the Orchestra was again asked to play, this time in conjunction with the Boys' High School Orchestra. The main item was "Valiant Knight" which went very well.

Of all the musical performances of the year, the performance with Tawa in our third annual music festival proved to be the most successful and enjoyable.

The details of the items in this concert may be seen in the "Tawa Visit Notes."

We have an invitation from Devon Intermediate later in the year to enable the Orchestra to demonstrate its various instruments in the hope of rousing the interest of the younger pupils to learn an instrument and further their musical education at Spotswood. The Orchestra also performed well at Waitara High in a Spotswood effort to raise funds for the Waitara gymnasium.

With only half an hour's practice a week, the Orchestra has done very well and having built up a strong junior membership, a good future for the Orchestra is assured. This has been attained only through the untiring effort of G.E.J. and we thank him for his guidance during the year.

—Bruce Alley, Leader of Orchestra.



Back left: D. Wilkinson, J. Davison, R. Ashworth, P. Lewis, B. Smillie, P. Alley, R. Scholes, I. Boswell, R. Keenan, L. Ewington, B. Peel, P. James.
Front left: C. McPhail, L. Cumming, M. Pepperill, B. Alley, M. Jansen, R. Seager, R. Halliday, B. Stanton, M. Armstrong.

COLLEGE MUSIC, 1965

Music Committee: Jan Hunter, Pat Taylor, Pam Smith, David Wilkinson, Bruce Alley, Janet Davison, Phillip Alley (Orchestra Librarian), Rex Halliday (Orchestra Custodian).

Spotswood College is making a name for itself in the music world of Taranaki. People are beginning to realise that, at College, music is not just another subject but an integral part of school life. In February we were invited to sing at the Festival of the Pines. We were to represent the Gypsy people, so with Waima Nathan taking a solo part we sang the "Gypsies' Chorus," the "Peasant's Chorus" and "Habanera." A choir went to the Stratford Music Festival again this year and the Hallelujah Chorus sung by a select choir was the surprise item of the Festival.

At school Mr. Jansen had formed a Music Committee of representatives from the Orchestra and Madrigal Singers from the senior and junior school. This committee was to help select music for the school and help in the running of musical activities.

House competition for the Sargent Trophy competition was the highlight of the year. The competition was in four parts and spread over the whole year. The first and most important part was the house choirs, groups of about 45 pupils trained and accompanied by senior members of each House. Each choir sang a light piece and a part song. The second part of the competition had the following sections: 1, Open instrumental group. 2, Senior instrumental solo. 3, Junior instrumental solo. 4, Senior vocal solo. 5, Junior vocal solo.

The original composition, "a short choral or instrumental composition suitable for performance by the Madrigal Singers or the Senior Orchestra," and a music essay were the other two sections.

Late in the year we were honoured with a visit by Walden Mills, the National Adviser in School Music, who had visited New Plymouth for a course.

As there is no end-of-year festival this year, the Break-up will mark the end of our musical year. There will be an item from the Madrigal Singers. The Massed Choir will lead the whole school in the singing of "Puer Nobis" and in what is hoped will be a stirring rendering of the Hallelujah Chorus.

The highest peak in this year's music was the making of a record. The school recorded the "Hallelujah Chorus" and "Worthy is the Lamb," two pieces from Handel's Messiah. A special choir sang excerpts from Prince Igor and the Madrigal Singers sang a bracket of Hungarian folk-songs. The recordings were made in Whiteley Church with a city orchestra.

Mr Jansen added to his own qualifications by succeeding in a difficult choral conductor's examination. For his test pieces he conducted the songs which were to be recorded.

We would like to thank Mr Jansen for his leadership. It is to his credit that the school has reached such a high musical standard. He has inspired us with his love and devotion to music.

—Jan Hunter.

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

The 1965 Madrigal Singers consisted of twenty-four members, including two staff members, under the leadership of Mr. Jansen. Although many new members were admitted this year, the Singers maintained the high standard previously established, and now a good reputation has been built up with various sections of the community. Although the group had been concerned primarily with the musical programme of the school, this year the Singers appeared at functions arranged by different groups in the town.

Throughout the year the Madrigal Singers provided items for school functions, e.g., the Breakup Ceremony. The emphasis, however, was on the Tawa visit in July, where the group performed with much success, and the items were regarded as one of the highlights of the evening. During the year, any new songs to be introduced to the school, especially hymns, were demonstrated by the Singers, and on several occasions they provided the hymn for the morning assembly. Early in the third term, Mr. Jansen sat a Choral Conducting Examination. With the help of four local singers, the Madrigal Singers assisted him in the sight-reading section, while an augmented Madrigal group sang some of Borodin's 'Prince Igor' for his conducting a small choir. This year too, a short bracket of songs by the Madrigal Singers was placed on the record made by the school.

During the school year, the Madrigal Singers performed at concerts held at St. Aubyn's, Whiteley and St. Mary's, not only for entertainment but to give assistance in raising funds. Their final engagement for the year will be at the 'Carols by Candlelight' at Pukekura Park on the evening of December 25th. This will be the last occasion that the Singers as such will be heard, because a large number will be lost through leaving school.

Although the group was established originally for the purpose of singing madrigals, the trend over the last year or so, has been to include a wider variety of songs. This year, only one true madrigal was presented at a performance; the remainder were more modern selections, such as the 'Hungarian Folksongs,' by Matyas Seiber. Altogether, this has been a very successful year for the Madrigal Singers, and one in which they can look back with a sense of pride over their achievements.

P.J.S. (leader)

TAWA VISIT

Thursday, August 8th, was a typical Wellington day; the problem was, we were in New Plymouth. The seventy pupils from Tawa College who arrived tired but fully acclimatised seemed to have brought Wellington's habitual wind and cold with them. However, some of the more fortunate Tawa pupils were in for an enwarming surprise; the overflow of Tawa boys were billeted with Spotswood girls. Needless to say, this made the trip even more interesting.

Friday was spent in continual rehearsal for Saturday night's concert. From eight in the morning to after six at night, sounds of orchestras, choirs, dancers and frustrated conductors could be heard from the hall. At 7.30 on Friday night, the hall was filled with pupils and parents who saw a repeat performance of the two winning house plays: Motomahanga's "The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven," and Mikotahi's "The Fortieth Man." After a brief interval, the debate began. Our Spotswood debating team was determined to win back the trophy presented to Tawa the previous year, and did so, after a heated and exciting debate.

On Saturday morning, any unsuspecting onlooker passing by Whiteley Church at 9.30, would have been surprised to see a large crowd of about 200 teenagers gathered there. He would have been even more surprised to hear a few minutes later the volume of these 200 voices as they recorded Handel's "Worthy is the Lamb," with magnificent organ accompaniment. Rehearsal the day before seemed to have strengthened rather than lessened the quality of the voices.

Taranaki weather behaved itself on the Saturday, with a beautifully fine, clear day, perfect for sightseeing, mountain-climbing and football watching. We were proud, and the visitors rather in awe, of our city, our province and especially our weather.

The Saturday night atmosphere was one of tense excitement, nervous and almost electric. The hall was packed to overflowing with an audience ready and willing to accept the items offered by orchestras, choirs and dancers. Movement of the huge massed choir on and off stage was a problem, but it was done with the greatest speed possible. The first two items were performed by the Combined Choirs and conducted by Tawa's Miss Wilde. 'High Barbary' made a rollicking beginning to the concert, and relaxed both performers and audience. Benjamin Britten's 'Tallis's Canon' was performed with unusual use of orchestra and voice, and although a little hard to follow at times, it was received well.

The combined orchestras next took their places to play two songs, the sturdy march from the 'Occasional Oratorio' by Handel, and the more lively 'Farandole,' by Bizet. Although orchestra music is not usually as popular as choral items, these two songs proved just how

interesting instrumental music can be. Next came the Spotswood Madrigal Singers; this small group was one of the highlights of the show. 'My Heart Doth Beg You'll Not Forget' made a harmonious if serious beginning, but 'Little David play on yo' harp,' the second item, was a swinging Negro spiritual, with foot-tapping rhythm. The final item, two Hungarian folk songs were sung with delightful harmony, and the expression, at times humorous, at Orchestra settled the audience again with the times poignant, was obviously sincere. Tawa delicate 'Rosebud Waltz,' then stirred it with Curzon's 'March of the Bowmen.' Then, for a large part of the audience, came the most enjoyable part of the programme: The Choral Dance No. 17 from Borodin's 'Prince Igor,' as sung and played by a Spotswood choir and guest orchestra, and danced by Spotswood dancers made a great impression. The familiar "Stranger in Paradise" tune was charming and the dancing colourful and expressive. Tawa Madrigal Group then took the spotlight with their first three numbers — "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Dry Bones." The harmony of this last piece was too complicated and prolonged to be fully appreciated. For the final item in the first half, the Combined Choirs sang "Disposer Supreme." The slightly melancholy expression and unusual tune made this item appear rather too discordant and out of place, but it left the audience with a feeling of anticipation, awaiting Part II.

The Spotswood Orchestra was the first to perform after interval, with two items, the "Pavane pour une Enfante Defunte" by Ravel, and the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." This latter item certainly had the effect the composer desired. Tawa Madrigal Group gave their three concluding items, all of a religious nature — "O Holy Jesu," "Lead me, Lord," and "Cantate Domino." These were skilfully arranged and expertly sung by the group. The Combined Senior Orchestra then played the Gavotte from Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony." Although extremely well-played, the orchestral music was not fully appreciated by the audience. Tawa Full Choir made a great impression with their interpretation of Psalm 150, with Jazz Group accompaniment. The effect of soloist and choir in echo, combined with the jazz rhythm, was unusual and exciting. For their second item, Tawa performed the gentler "The Lord will Come." Spotswood Massed Choir next sang two songs from Bernstein's "West Side Story;" the girls sang "Somewhere," followed by the boys with the robust "America," then once again back to "Somewhere." The Modern Dance Group depicted the negroes' fight for equality — firstly slavery, then a trial of American life, and rejection of it, and finally the rhetorical "Somewhere?" An oboe solo by Mr John Field, accompanied by Denis Wilkinson, the Rondo from the "Sonata for Oboe and Strings" by Mozart, was performed expertly and sincerely, featuring an instrument whose capabilities were before not fully known by the audience.

But at last came the 'Piece de Résistance' of the whole concert. The massed choir took their places on stage, and the Guest Orchestra burst into life with the loud chord heralding the beginning of Handel's "Worthy is the Lamb," from the "Messiah." The effect was magnificent. The six-part arrangement of the piece, with firm bass support beneath the main theme, was solid and explosive. This certainly was the piece most 'experienced' by performers and audience. The concert concluded with the traditional "The Day Thou Gavest," with audience participation. 'The day Thou gavest, Lord,' had ended, but ended in a fitting and massive way. This year's concert was even better than the 1964 concert at Tawa, although that, too, was of an extremely high standard. We look forward to many years of musical exchange as pleasant and successful as this. Thank you, Tawa College.

C.L.

HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION RESULTS

House Choirs: Motumahanga (Conductors: Charlotte Rogers and Pam Smith), 1; Moturoa (Conductor: Jan Hunter), 2; Mikotahi (Conductor: Beryl Smillie), 3.
Senior Instrumental: Dennis Wilkinson (Mikotahi), 1; Raewyn Ashworth (Mikotahi), 2; Bruce Alley (Moturoa), 3.
Junior Instrumental: Louis Ewington (Motumahanga), 1.
Senior Vocal: Joy Rookes (Paritutu), 1; Waima Nathan (Moturoa).
Junior Vocal: Shelley Rae (Mikotahi) and William Tate (Mikotahi), 1st equal.
Groups: Mikotahi, 1; Moturoa, 2.
Music Research (Essays): Senior: Beryl Smillie (Mikotahi) and Phillip Alley (Moturoa) 1st equal. Junior: Lynne Cumming, 1.
Original Composition (Open): Beryl Smillie (Mikotahi), 1; Lynda Tulloch (Mikotahi), 2; Dennis Wilkinson (Mikotahi), 3.

Words: Wordsworth Music: Beryl Smillie

Allegretto *mf* *A tempo*

S. She dwelt among the untrodden ways Beside the Springs of Dove; - A Fair
 1/2 A violet by a mossy stone Half hid-den from the eye!
 3/3 She lived unknown and few could know When Lu-cy ceased to be!

A. She dwelt among un-trod-den ways

T. She dwelt among un-trod-den ways Beside the Springs of Dove! - Fair
 1/2 A vio-let by a mos-sy stone Half hid-den from the eye!
 3/3 She lived un-known, and few could know When Lu-cy ceased to be!

B.

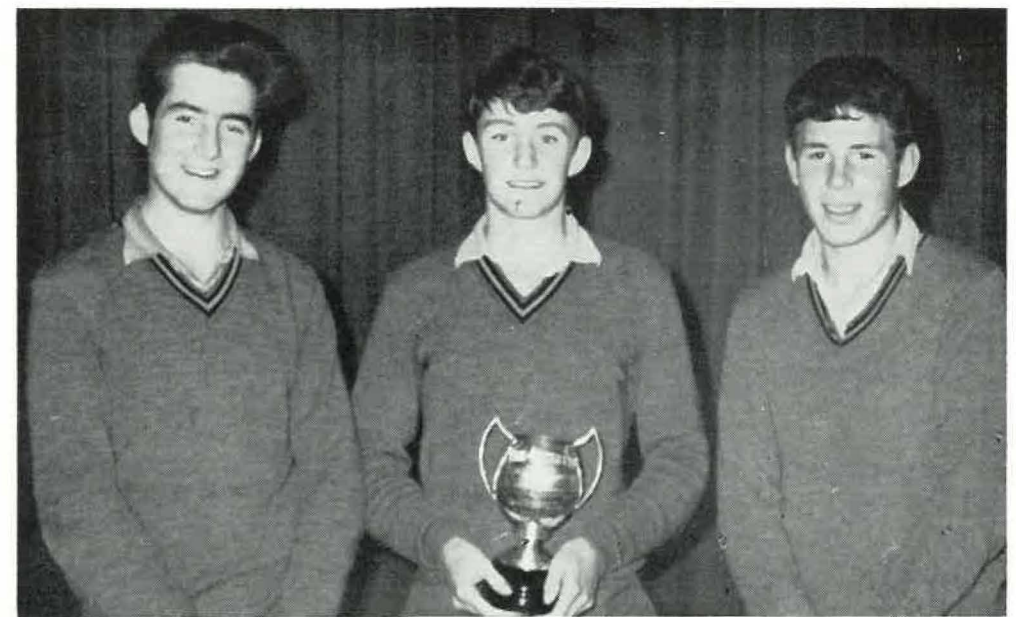
cres *ff* *Allargando*

S. maid whom there were none to save, And very few to love.
 as a star when on-ly one, Is shin-ing in the sky!
 she is in her grave and, oh, The dif-fer-ence to me!

A. And Is few- to love-
 Is in- in- pain to the sky-
 The pain to me!

T. maid whom there were none to save, And very few to love.
 as a star when on-ly one, Is shin-ing in the sky!
 she is in her grave and, oh, The dif-fer-ence to me!

B. And Is few- to love-
 Is in- in- pain to the sky-
 The pain to me!



M. Laycock, H. McPhail, R. Bracegirdle.

DEBATING CLUB

A debating club was formed for the first time this year with Mr. Page as convenor. There was a good attendance at the first meeting and officers elected were: Ralph Bracegirdle (president), Michael Laycock (secretary) and Hugh McPhail. Several debates were held in the lunch-hour and these, as well as offering valuable practice to quite a few people, were often interesting. It became obvious this year that it will be necessary to have a junior debating club next year and there is plenty of talent, particularly from 4A1.

To choose a team for the annual debate against Tawa College, trial debates were held and our committee men became the team. The other finalists were Dianne Charman, Lynda Tulloch and Gavin Sutherland. Tawa chose the topic "That the Americans should withdraw immediately from Vietnam" and our team took the negative. We won the debate and Ralph Bracegirdle won the New Plymouth Jaycees Cup for the best speaker. Our thanks go to Mr. Laurenson of New Plymouth Jaycees for judging the debate and Mr. Fitzgibbon for chairing it.

We hope that with this encouraging start the club will thrive in the future.

THE INTER-HOUSE DRAMA CONTEST

Instead of a major production this year we saw the four houses putting on plays, two a night, in July. This had the advantage that about sixty pupils were involved and gained valuable experience either in acting or in backstage work. Considering the fact that the plays were produced without any direct help from the staff, the standard was commendable. The producers were Pat Taylor, Christine Lewis, Graham Ross with Michael Laycock and Carolyn Robinson.

The plays were:-

- Paritutu: The House with the Twisty Windows, by Mary Pakington.
- Motumahanga: The Man who wouldn't go to Heaven, by F. Haden-Smith.
- Mikotahi: The Fortieth Man, by Freda Collins.
- Moturoa: The Happy Journey, by Thornton Wilder.

The Andrews Trophy was won by Mikotahi, but Motumahanga must have been extremely close to first placing. Very good performances were given by Michael Laycock, Don McIntyre, Roger Ward, Diana Quay, Jenny George, Malcolm McAlpine, Warwick Procter, Richard Joel and Wendy Love, this list being far from complete.

In his advice before presenting the trophy the judge emphasised the need for good pace and teamwork, and perhaps his most important remark was that one seldom sees over-acting so that budding young actors and actresses should let themselves go.

SUCCESS OF FORMER PUPIL

Robert Mong, a former pupil of Spotswood College has won the New Zealand Merit Award for foundry apprentices for the second year running.

The award is made by the Wellington Manufacturers' Association on behalf of the New Zealand Institute of Foundrymen, to the apprentice securing the highest marks in the annual trade examinations.

Robert works at the Cambrian Engineering Company Limited and is completing his second year in the trade. We congratulate Robert and wish him further success in his career.



MADRIGAL GROUP

Back row: M. McAlpine, P. Alley, N. Braddock, D. Wilkinson, R. Joel, I. Boswell, D. Wilkinson.
 Middle left: L. Cumming, C. Robinson, S. Rae, B. Smillie, C. Rogers, G. McKenzie, R. Ashworth, J. George, A. Liley
 Front row: P. Taylor, L. Tulloch, Mr. Deerson, Mr. Hill, P. Smith, Mr. Jansen, J. Rookes, W. Sykes, J. Hunter.

LIBRARY NOTES

Teacher in charge: Mr. Fitzgibbon.

Librarian: Mrs. B. Emmett.

Assistants: Senior, K. Procter (head librarian), J. White, P. Smith, K. Loasby and G. Mumford.
 Intermediate: V. Wallace, P. Mumford, N. Walker, L. Petrowski, C. McKenzie, L. Penney, L. Cumming, B. Huffam, A. Ubels, G. Autridge, J. Hutton and J. Wyke.

During the year the library has accessioned 480 new books. The present total is 3,500. Once again we have received special loans from the National Library Service. However, considering the size of the school, stocks are still inadequate and we look forward to the time our gymnasium is completed so that perhaps the P.T.A. will be as generous to us as they were before that project was started.

The library continues to be most popular and the increasing work is being handled most efficiently by Mrs. Emmett, and a team of pupil librarians. For the first time we have experimented this year in offering increased library hours by remaining open after school until four o'clock. Though numbers of pupils using the library after school have been few, it has provided a valuable service, to seniors especially.

With larger 6A and 6B classes there has been a

great demand for advanced reference books and senior fiction. We were fortunate in 1964 to have had P.T.A. money for this purpose. However, this year it has been a battle to stock our sixth form fiction section and at the same time to keep a good stock of books flowing into the junior and intermediate fiction shelves.

Displays have continued all the year. Also, we have renewed the labels pointing out the different sections. A start has been made in preparing letter blocks for the fiction section. Such signposting is most important in assisting efficient library reference work. Mr. Procter's Woodwork Department very generously made us a fine magazine stand. Mr. Guy and his metal-work boys constructed an excellent book trolley. We are most indebted to these people for their help.

Since the reading of good magazines is an important part of learning, we have this year taken subscriptions to several new ones. Our most popular ones are 'The New Zealand Listener,' 'Consumer News,' 'National Geographic,' 'Te Ao Hou,' 'Time,' 'The Woodworker,' 'Newsweek' and 'Landfall.' We shall extend these next year to include 'Time Science Review,' 'Unesco Courier,' 'Current Affairs Bulletin' and the 'Australian House and Garden.'

We are most grateful for donations of books during 1965 from the following: D. Quay, Mr. Griffin, A. McPhail, J. Calvert, G. Maloney, J. Lobb, Mr. Malcolm, Miss Connell, Bennett and Co., A. James, B. Richardson, A. Sole, J. Barri-ball, Miss Wright, Miss Howell, A. Aldridge, A. Wilson, P.T.A., R. Mong, G. Young, B. Williams, J. Collins, J. Fitzpatrick, G. Berry, N. Cleland and W. Julian. Such gifts are particularly welcome. It has been the custom for pupils leaving, as a token of their thanks to the school, to present a book to the library. We would suggest here that money is to be preferred to an actual book to avoid duplication.

Mr. Fitzgibbon and Mrs Emmett are both grateful for a stimulating series of panels upon library work arranged through the year by Miss Haddon-Jones of the National Library Service. Such combined meetings, in which Primary, Intermediate and Secondary teachers exchange views upon books, are most valuable.

The library organisation has been altered this year. We now have three distinct groups: office librarians who assist in the processing of books and the filing; desk librarians who organise the borrowing and returning of books; and shelf librarians who every day go through the stock to ensure that it is correctly placed.

Our thanks go to all who have helped to run the library with friendliness and efficiency during the year.

K.P.

AUSTRALIAN TOUR 1965

To leave New Plymouth at 8 a.m. and thirteen hours later find oneself in the metropolis of Sydney, Australia, was the experience of nine boys and one master from Spotswood College during the August vacation. Sydney with its two and a quarter million inhabitants did not notice our arrival, but the group even though wearied from travel was agog with the immensity of it all. This was the moment we had worked and waited for. Months had been spent in preparation and the itinerary promised nine days full of excitement and travel.

From the moment Sydney's lights came into view, cameras began to click. This continued throughout the tour (over 1300 times).

Accommodation for our stay in Sydney was at the Copenhagen Hotel at Pott's Point, which is about two minutes from King's Cross. King's Cross proved to be a continual attraction, mainly because of the never-ceasing night life. Shops seemed to stay open into the small hours or until such time as the business stopped. We "did over" all the souvenir shops several times looking for bargains and for something to take home. We also took in all the sights, many of these being on two legs.

Our first full day was spent in Sydney. During the morning we made our way into the busier part of the city. We felt "tourist" and obviously looked it because passers-by offered us information as to the location of points of interest. We were grateful. The A.M.P. building was one of our early calls. This proved to be

one of the vantage points of the city. Into the lift and up twenty-eight stories in nineteen seconds. Then the breath-taking view. There was the bridge as we had seen it illustrated many times — the harbour — the zoo in the distance — the multi-million pound Opera House — and the ferries plying backwards and forwards to all points of the compass. In the distance were the suburbs and residential which we were to be driven around during the bus tour after lunch.

Oh yes, lunch! Time moves so quickly. We sorted out a suitable eating house and after studying the menu carefully selected food that was a compromise between what we fancied and what we were prepared to pay.

During the afternoon we were driven over many miles and shown many Sydney highlights — Vaucluse House (comparable with our Waitangi House in historical interest), 'The Gap,' favoured spot of those who have had enough of this life anyway, Bondi without the bikinis, and others too numerous to mention.

The following day we made an early start. We were to travel to Newcastle to visit and inspect the Broken Hill Proprietary Steels Works. This proved to be most impressive from all aspects. The B.H.P. authority employs eleven thousand people, paying out two hundred and fifty thousand pounds every two weeks in pay packets. The Authority provides every conceivable amenity for employees and their families, not only for their work but for their pleasures also. This is considerable when we realise that eleven thousand employees and dependants would populate a town almost the size of New Plymouth.

The trip to the Snowy Mountains began early the next day. We travelled by bus to Coomba, the jumping off point for the "Snowy Scheme" tour. We were assigned a bus and a driver in Sydney and at Coomba a guide. These people stayed with our party during the "Snowy Scheme" tour. For three days we were shown this vast engineering marvel that has captured the imagination of the world and which attracts forty to fifty thousand tourists a year. The general idea of the scheme is to divert, through many miles of tunnels under the mountains, water that would normally run its course and waste in the Tasman Sea and Pacific Ocean. Instead it is used to irrigate thousands of acres of arable, highly fertile but very dry land to the west of the Stony Mountains. On its course under the mountains the water is used to generate power to the value of £75 million per annum. This revenue over the years will pay for the whole Snowy Scheme. In addition the irrigated lands will mean additional farm production to the extent of £30 million per annum. Australia is the driest continent in the world. This means that every available drop of water must be used to the best advantage. In the Snowy Mountains no trouble has been too great and no expense too large to ensure that even the tiniest stream is diverted. It will be the early 1970s before the Scheme is completed. This portion of our tour was undoubtedly the highlight. We would all like to return and inspect the completed scheme.

The eighth day of the tour was spent visiting one or two of the attractions in Canberra. This is Australian Capital territory. We visited Government buildings, and were shown through both Houses of Parliament. Another very worthwhile feature in Canberra was the War Memorial building. We drove back to Sydney during the afternoon, arriving at our hotel about 7.30 p.m.

Our last full day in Australia was in Sydney. The party split up for this day, each member spending the day as he pleased. Some went to the Taronga Park Zoo, others to a ten-pin bowling alley, while some just 'went,' taking in as many sights as possible during the final hours.

The following day we flew home. We were pleased to see families and friends again to share our experiences. However, I am sure one or two more days would not have gone amiss.

This trip was so successful that there will no doubt be others in subsequent years.

The members of the party were: Mr. G. A. Procter (leader), Bruce Cowley, Michael Laycock, Phillip Gayton, Ian Kendall, Alan McGregor, Graeme Riddick, Leonard Walker, Mark Whittaker, Robert Sutherland.

CURIOUS COVE TRIP

FRIDAY: At 8.47 a.m. about 70 Spotswood pupils boarded an uncomfortable New Zealand Railways train. The day was Friday, August 20th; destination Curious Cove. This day was to be the beginning of an unforgettable trip. After a somewhat tedious train journey we dined at the Wellington Railway Station (no comment). We then boarded the Aramoana and crossed to Picton, the crossing being rather cold but enjoyable. We boarded two launches at Picton and set off for the Cove. It was after 11 p.m. when we arrived and everyone gratefully clambered into bed.

SATURDAY: Saturday dawned fine and we used the free day to settle in. A game of Rugby was played in the morning and in the afternoon most people listened to the Rugby Test. Later in the afternoon the record player was coaxed into operating by the skilful manipulation of several loose wires. That evening a stomp was held and we piled into bed fairly early.

SUNDAY: Wet. During a wet morning a series of team games were held in the hall, and by a great stroke of luck the team led by J. Tooby won. During a very wet afternoon the entire group, including staff, played Housie in the dining hall. Two or three people had an extraordinary run of luck. During an extremely wet evening films were shown, but the highlight of the evening was a leg show, competitors being the males of the group. Billy Morgan was voted winner, and for the rest of the trip was affectionately tagged 'Legs' Morgan.

MONDAY: The weather cleared a little and we had only about five rainstorms an hour this day. We fished all day and became damp and cold. Although the area is renowned for its fishing, there was a noticeable absence of fish on this day. That evening a concert was held and each hut entered two items, hut 27 running out the eventual winner.

TUESDAY: Reasonably fine for a change. That morning large quantities of wood were dragged from the bush down to the beach for the purpose of building a bonfire. Later in the morning we boarded the launches and set off for Ship's Cove, where a monument to Captain Cook is situated. Some people fished on the way back after we had had a picnic lunch at the Cove. Surprisingly enough a few fish were caught. Early that evening a series of frog races were held, which were won by Trevor Cook. After these everybody trooped down to the bonfire. It was a roaring success. A most enjoyable day all round.

WEDNESDAY: Didn't think that the fine weather would last. A table tennis tournament was won by Carol Garcia in the morning and in the afternoon we went on a hike, as the rain had stopped for a while. Only 13 stalwarts completed the entire trek, the rest of the group taking the short cut back. Two girls managed to get themselves lost and had to be rescued (typical girls!). Everybody was pretty tired so we hit the sack early that night.

THURSDAY: Again they laid on wet weather for us. In the morning we visited the sprawling metropolis of Picton. The teachers disappeared as soon as we got there, appearing only when it was time to go. It has been said that you can buy an article from every shop in Picton in seven minutes. In the afternoon we had dancing lessons in the hall at the Cove and in the evening a talent quest was held, won by John Tooby. Tooby had a variety of successes on this trip. The talent quest was followed by a formal dance, which was most successful partially due to the brilliant decorating carried out by R.P.B. and gang.

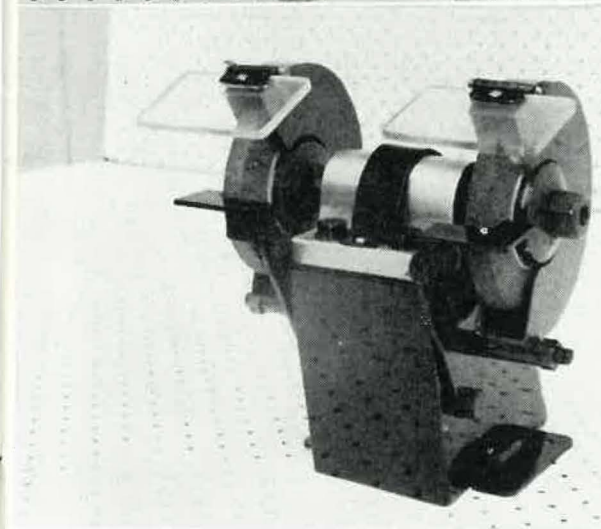
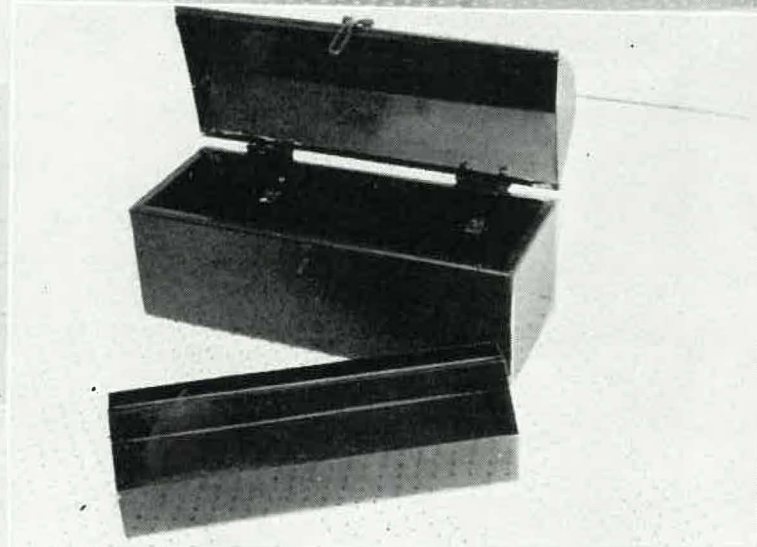
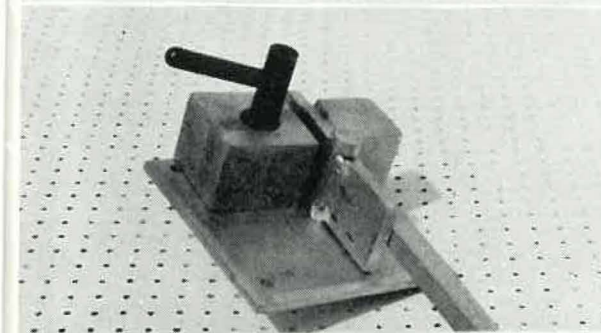
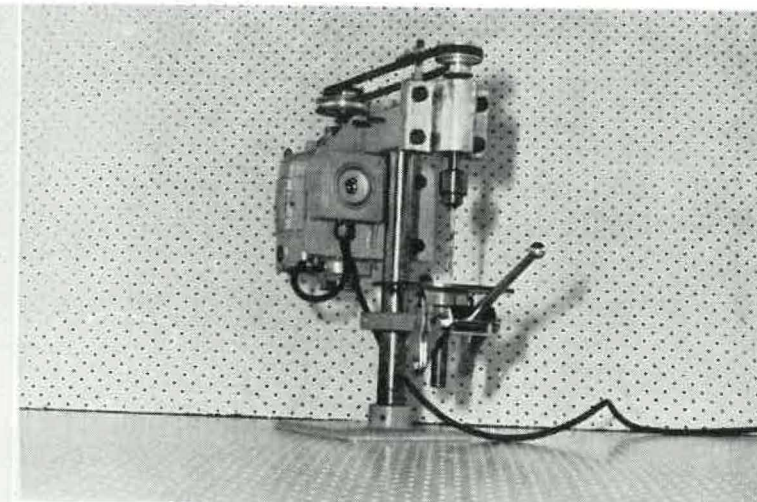
FRIDAY: "Oh no! Still raining." The mess we had made during the previous week was tidied up in the morning. In the afternoon the boys and a few girls went fishing—not much success. That evening we left the Cove by launch and travelled to Picton, boarded the Aramoana and slept on it during the trip back to Wellington. We arrived in Wellington at about 2 a.m. and we stayed on board till about seven, then off to the Wellington Railway Station for breakfast. (Still no comment.) We then wandered around Wellington for a couple of hours and then back to the Station, boarded the train — and HOME!

RECORDS: I think we must have the record for the least number of fish caught. Gained record for the maximum rainfall during a school trip—over 6 inches. (Over 300in. a year?)

THANKS: First, I'd like to extend a great "thank-you" to Mr. and Mrs. Barrowman, Mr. and Mrs. Somervell and Mr. Hissey. They put up with a great deal of tomfoolery from us and hardly put up a grumble throughout the whole trip. Thanks to our hosts at the Cove and thanks to the launch owners who put up with us tramping all over their launches, making a great mess in the process. The trip was not really as good as was expected, but I think that this can be blamed on the weather, not on the Cove itself.

—R.P.B.

WORKSHOP PROJECTS



Top: R. Gordon-Stables. 1st prize Woodwork.
Centre: Neil Campbell, Bar bender.
Bottom: Geoffrey Cooper, Tool grinder.

Top: Bruce Cowley, Drill press.
Centre: John Lobb, Tool box.
Bottom: Anodised aluminium casings.

6BM TRIP TO WAITOMO

After raising the largest amount of money for the Gym. Fund, 21 members of 6MB and Mr. Deerson left Spotswood at about 9.15 on Sunday morning, November 14th, on their promised trip to Waitomo.

The trip up was uneventful but noisy. Arriving at our destination at about 2 p.m., we erected one tent before leaving for the Aranui Cave visit. After finding the place, we discovered that we were a little late, but an extra guide was available to show us through.

Back at the camp, we erected the remainder of the tents. Then the girls started on the major task of preparing tea: 15lb. potatoes, 15lb. save-loys, 5 large tins of both peas and fruit salad!

The trip through the glow-worm cave was made at 7.45 p.m. (this time the guide was late!) and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. At about 10 p.m. we went eeling at a nearby river. One eel was successfully landed, cleaned, and cooked on a campfire — by those willing.

While walking along the road, some members of the party encountered a hostile resident with a gun, who was falsely suspicious; having had trouble recently with his livestock.

For most, hours of sleep were few and far between. A few, in the bus, managed to sleep a little, but the majority had much to catch up on the next night. Most of us saw the sun rise on Monday morning.

For breakfast, the majority were content with sausages, eggs and occasionally a piece of potato or eel. But a cold shower must have inspired one of the male members, who made a huge saucepan full of porridge. Unfortunately, while we awaited the milkman, the consistency and appearance became amazingly like that of fresh concrete. (The cook himself ate four plates-full). After breakfast, those tents still standing were pulled down, and by 10 a.m. we were ready to leave.

The journey back was quite different from the one up — most were content to sleep. A 1½-hour stop for lunch was made at Mokau. We encountered road works, causing a brief delay on Mt. Messenger, but continued safely to arrive back at school at approximately 4.15 p.m.

The trip was enjoyed by all who went and our thanks go to Mr. Deerson for his bravery, fortitude and trust (also his work in arranging the trip) which was appreciated greatly. 6BM has thoroughly enjoyed working for the £200 and would gladly repeat the efforts, especially for the same reward!!

Dorothy Beardmore.

CLASS EFFORTS FOR GYMNASIUM FUND

With the announcement that a trip to Waitomo would be given to the class which raised the most money for the Gymnasium Fund, there has been a keen interest taken by pupils of the school.

6A, under Mr. Fitzgibbon, ran an Ugly Man competition and are raffling an autographed football; they have raised £50. 6BG, under Mr. Page, raised £26/8/- when they ran a bowling

evening; while 6BM, under Mr. Deerson, organised a Coffee Bar, sold pine cones and catered at the Partitutu Motor Racing Meeting and have raised £200.

Under Mr. Jansen, 5B raised £3 when they organised a concert by Waitara High School in the hall, 5C, under Miss Simpson, successfully raised £40 when they ran a mannequin parade. 5D sold Springbok-Taranaki ribbons and with the aid of Miss Beck, raised £24. 5IW, under Mr. Procter, organised a talent quest and sold rags, successfully raising £50 for the Fund. 3K and 4K, under Mr. Greensill, organised a film evening which raised £12 and are raffling a hogget, which has brought in £25. Miss Speedy and 3A1 have sold stamps, collecting £8/10/-.

The pupils have contributed about £400 to the Gymnasium Fund, and have enjoyed working for this project.

—Dianne Sole.

TRAMPING CLUB

Although the Club was not founded until the second term, several expeditions had been held in the first term as part of Crusader activities. These have been adopted as part of the Club activities, so that the Club can report a very active year.

Boys who had enjoyed the Crusader tramps met and organised a club under the auspices of the Boys' Crusader Union, with the object of organising further expeditions. To cut a long title short, it was called the Moki Tramping Club, which also commemorates the track where our most exciting expeditions have been held. The Club intends to purchase equipment so that boys without packs or other costly items, may still enjoy a tramp. We have a graded system of tramps to suit our membership. On the easier tramps we invite guests, who may thus qualify for memberships of the Club. For more difficult and exploratory tramps we limit attendance to those who have been on three tramps before. Members of more than a year who have reached certain other high standards will qualify for some special expeditions which we hope to organise in other parts of New Zealand.

The year opened with a tramp up the Pouakais, then we had our first look at the Moki Track, which follows the Waitara River east of Uruti. On Anniversary Week-end came the first overnighter, a tramp to the Rerekapa Falls on the Waitara River, then northward across country to the Tongaporutu River. There we tried water-skiing with a difference — on the slippery rock in the river, to the detriment of some swimming togs. Next came a trip round Mt. Egmont from Taurangi to Manganui and back, with a climb up Warwick Castle on the way. The season closed with an exploration of the middle section of the Moki Track.

In May there was an expedition to cut steps and build bridges to make crossing of gorges on the Moki Track easier — "Bulldozer A" we called it. On July 31st we struggled over the ridge on which the Waitara River rises, not without taking a wrong turning and getting one or two feet wet. "Bulldozer B" in September

lasted three days and made a big improvement to the Moki Track, but we fear did a certain amount of damage to the fourteen juniors who attended it, especially on the extra four miles we had to walk as a result of the road being closed to traffic when we came home. "Rerekino II" was another exploration in September covering some more tracks along the Waitara River.

At the time of writing we are looking forward to a tramp up the Kaitakes, one up Maude Peak in the Pouakais, another exploration on the Waitara River and a circular trip round the Makarakia, Rerekapa and Moki Tracks at Labour Week-end. The big event of the year, however, for which several of our tramps have been prepared will be a six day tramp up the Waitara River from Purangi to its source, a distance of over 50 miles.



'And I said to Ed Hillary'



I distinctly heard a moa.



Maybe it's this way.



Waitara River well below.



My ancestors did this sort of thing.

Spotswood College Crusader Group

BOYS

Those of us who enjoy our weekly get-together in the Crusader Union do so because we believe that worshipping God and the study of His Word help us to achieve the right perspective in life as we live it today, and for the future. We believe God should come first and all our ambitions and aims in life should be to first serve Him. This should not seem too strange if we stop to consider the fact that whatever we have we owe to Him anyway. He has a vital interest in everyone of us—He knows more about us than we know about ourselves. What do we know about Him?

At Crusaders we endeavour to learn through Bible reading and discussion. We try to encourage the boys to make Crusader meetings a regular part of their school life. Those who have withstood the "buffeting" that comes with this witness, can testify to personal blessing and joy in their lives.

Crusaders meet each Thursday at 12.15 p.m. for about forty minutes duration. Junior leader for 1965 was Noel Braddock ably assisted by senior badgeholders Dennis Wilkinson and Richard Joel.

Our year commenced with a 'rip-roaring' barbecue at Oakura. The rain dampened our ardour somewhat during the early stages but we returned to the Hall where we completed our evening.

Squashes were held, one in the first term and another in the second. A sing song, fish'n chips tea, games and then a speaker, and/or film to complete the evening. These squashes are always great fun. There is always a call for more. However the school year is very full and to arrange an evening when it is wanted is very difficult.

We have had our share of visiting speakers during the year. These people are usually missionaries on furlough. This year we have had several of the Ministers from New Plymouth speaking to our group.

The number of boys who attend fairly regularly is 40. Average attendance is between 25 and 30. This is up on last year. However the role of the school is growing so we should expect some increase. We look forward to even greater numbers next year.

The Tramping Club which is an offshoot of Crusaders and organised and run by Mr. Hill is proving to be a pleasant if not strenuous outlet for the boys. Mr. Hill came onto the staff at the beginning of 1965. He has been appointed co-leader and has been a tower of strength in the running of the group.

During the year the seniors and the leaders have endeavoured to meet one day a week after school or at lunch time for a period of discussion and prayer. This has not always been possible but when we have met it has proved to be most worthwhile.

Finally may I point out that Crusaders is strictly interdenominational and as such we welcome all boys to the group.

To those who are leaving school from our group we pray God's blessing on your life and ask you to remember always our Crusader motto and Christ's request to all those who profess to be Christians — "Witness unto Me."

GIRLS

This year has been an interesting and fruitful one for the Girls' Crusader Union. Our weekly meetings, held every Thursday lunchtime in the Music Room, have included Bible studies, discussions and talks. The average attendance has been about 30. We have had several panel discussions and missionary speakers from places like North India, the Congo and the Sudan. This year we have been very fortunate in having several of the local Protestant ministers to speak to us as well as a real Texan from the United States! Miss Laycock, the Girls' Crusader Traveling Secretary, has visited us twice and Mr. Hill, one of the leaders of the Boys' Union gave us a very thoughtful message, illustrated with slides from his overseas trip. We were also thrilled to have two ex-Crusaders visit us earlier in the year—Kathleen Sargent, who was the Junior Leader last year, and Jenny Joel. Every so often we have combined with the Boys' Union to see films and hear visiting speakers and this year we have occasionally divided into senior and junior groups for stimulating panels and discussions. Last year, with greater numbers at special meetings, saw the beginning of a committee and this was continued this year, consisting of eight girls and Mr. Jansen, who met regularly every Tuesday morning to discuss the organisation of the weekly meeting and our Christian witness in the school. We were sorry to see several of our badgeholders leave during the year, leaving only three, but six more are to be presented. This year, the pupils have taken a more active part in the weekly meeting, chairing it and actually taking parts of it. A most important part of our Union and one which has helped us greatly was the Prayer Group, which met each Wednesday interval. Besides our weekly activities we have organised several combined "squashes" and these have been a great success, with "fish 'n chips," films, panels and games. At the beginning of the year, to welcome the third formers, we held a big barbecue at Oakura River. Unfortunately it rained in the middle of it, but as we were able to go to a nearby hall for the rest of the evening it was still great fun. A Crusader meeting with a difference was held to make our Tawa visitors feel at home: everyone was served with ice-cream and fruit salad which was followed by coffee.

One of the highlights of 1965 was the special camp held at Labour Weekend attended by about 26 people. We were pleased to welcome back for a little while Miss Lovell. With her as Camp Commandant, Miss Laycock as Chaplain, and Mr. and Mrs. Jansen as Camp Parents, it was found to be spiritually refreshing and fun.

At the end of last year we were sorry to lose Miss Lovell who leaves next year for the mission field, but we were very fortunate in having Mr. Jansen to take over leadership. There are many of us who will not forget his very thought-provoking talks and we are very thankful for all the work he has done for our Union.

The Crusader Union meets because for each of us God is important in our lives. Our aim is found in the Crusader motto: "Witness unto me." We hope that we have achieved this and also helped more people to lay a solid foundation for a Christian life.

SPEECH CONTEST, 1965

All pupils in the school made a speech on Wednesday, September 29th. The winning house this year was Mikotahi with Moturoa second.

The standard of speeches made by the sixth-form boys was very low this year, all poor speakers having as excuse that they were studying for the examinations two weeks later. I cannot see that the two or three hours spent in speech preparation would have reduced their marks very much. I only hope they were as economical of time in other directions.

Final placings were:

Sixth form: Jan Hunter 1, B. Bryant 2, H. McPhail 3.

Fifth form: Jennifer George 1, Louella Samuels 2, Waima Nathan 3.

Fourth form: Joeline Hughes 1, Dianne Charman 2, Rosemary Beaurepaire 3.

Third form: Robyn Harvey 1, Margaret Samuels 2, P. Gaze 3.

THE MOST INTERESTING STYLE OF MUSIC OF THE 20th CENTURY

THE SCHOENBERG "TWELVE NOTE" SYSTEM

(First Equal in the music research section of the House music competition.)

It was not until after World War I that Schoenberg crystallised his thinking into that system with which his name is inevitably associated — the 12-note technique.

In his earliest works, Schoenberg followed Wagner's romantic music-drama influence. His first work, an unpublished string quartet (1897), was full of soaring and expressive melodies and chromatic harmony. The celebrated "Verklaerte Nacht" (1899) and "Gurre-Lieder" (virtually completed in 1901), were also affected by the Wagnerian music-drama. But Schoenberg soon abandoned his romantic vein. His writing grew bolder. In his simplification and preciseness, he began to abandon tonality, and in his experiments with new sounds he deserted consonance. The last time he used a key signature for more than 30 years was for the Quartet in F* Minor (1907).

There followed the iconoclastic music of Pierrot Lunaire (1912) and the Five Pieces for Orchestra (1912). He was making more and more of an effort to free music from what he considered to be the tyranny of tonality: slavery to a key-centre or tonic. He wanted greater freedom of movement for his melodic ideas, and he sought to open up new avenues of musical expression.

But atonality represented to him not freedom but anarchy. He sensed the need for a set of new principles to replace the old ones of tonality he had discarded — to discipline his thinking. In 1915 therefore, he wrote a Scherzo in which the 12 semi-tones of the octave were used, even though not yet in any established pattern. In his Piano Pieces, Op. 23, written at about this time, he utilised a technique which he called "composing with the notes of the basic motive. In contrast to the ordinary motive," he explained, "I used it already almost in the manner of a basic set of 12 tones." Thus the idea of writing music around the framework of 12 tones kept simmering within him, and sometimes overflowed into the music he was writing. At last, in his Suite for the Piano, Op. 25 (1925), the basic formula of the 12 tone system was set up for the first time, and in the fourth movement of the Serenade, Op. 24 (1924), it had also been realised.

A few of the salient features of the 12 tone technique can be succinctly summarised: The 12 tones are arranged in a definite order (or row); each composition is built around its own row; the 12 tones can be arranged in a melodic pattern in any order, provided that no tone is repeated before the others are used; each tone is given equal importance and independence, without subservience to a tonic; the row may be inverted or reversed.

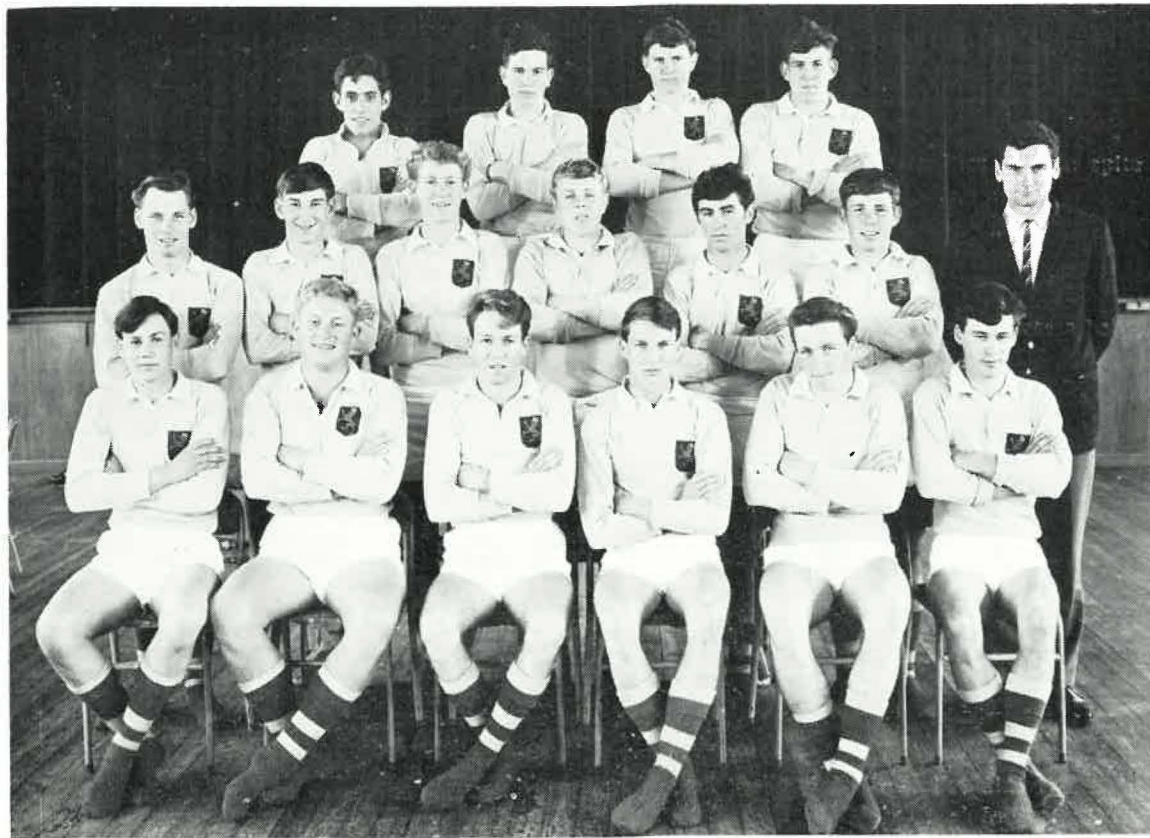
His new music was the product of a highly analytical brain that handled compositional problems as if they were mathematical equations and dispensed completely with human feelings.

After 1933, Schoenberg was able to bring human as well as intellectual values to his music. Transplantation to U.S.A. proved healthy. Schoenberg was now taking his art out of its formerly cloistered isolation, making it not merely a brilliant application of his theories but also an expression of his innermost feelings toward the world around him. Thus he could now write musical works which drew their subjects, and their emotional impact, from the contemporary world. Thus he could write functional music for a school band. Thus he could produce a major abstract work and flood it with warmth and even charm.

But besides bringing emotion and a human approach to the writing of music in 12 tone rows, Schoenberg also managed to change his onetime ascetic approach to the technique. He no longer felt the compulsion to write exclusively in the style of his invention. In some of his last works, the 12-tone technique is utilised in spasmodic pages; in others, it is not used at all.

—Philip Alley, 5A (5 S.C. Mus.).

RUGBY



FIRST FIFTEEN

Back left: M. McAlpine, A. Tuncliffe, K. Roberts, D. Campbell.
 Middle left: D. McIntyre, J. McNeil, G. Fitzpatrick, G. Nixon, T. Sencer, R. Bracegirdle, Mr. Somervell.
 Front left: J. Fluker, T. Young, D. Sole (Captain), B. Martin, A. Warden, P. MacDonald.

RUGBY

Again we were able to field only five teams. This was rather disappointing. The school is growing but the number of boys playing rugby stays the same. The result is that a lower proportion are participating. We understand that the same trend has been observed elsewhere—but this is small consolation.

Even with the number of teams we have now our grounds are fully occupied every afternoon throughout the season. We hope that the new grounds will make practices more satisfactory next year, and perhaps attract more boys. We are assured of plenty of support from the staff. Several masters actually asked to coach a team and had to be told there was none available.

FIRST FIFTEEN

This season the College's 1st XV had a very poor record as far as number of games won were concerned. However of the 17 games played there were three draws and eight losses by six

or fewer points, with six games lost by higher figures. The team played to its capacity in nearly every game but, however, was just not good enough, especially in the backs, although the forward pack managed to contain many of the larger and bigger opposition teams.

Congratulations go to Campbell, for being included in the Taranaki Secondary School Squad, and to Cochran, in being in the North Taranaki team.

A list of the games played and scores are as

FIRST ROUND		SECOND ROUND	
N.P.B.H.S.	6-14	Opunake	0-0
Francis Douglas	6-9	N.P.B.H.S. 'A'	3-3
Stratford	11-11	Stratford	0-30
Inglewood	0-21	Hawera	0-5
Waitara	0-24	Freyberg	3-6
N.P.B.H.S. 'B'	0-3	Waitara	0-14
		Manurewa	0-5
		N.P.B.H.S. 'B'	0-6
		Francis Douglas	0-3

Thanks go to Mr. Somervell for his coaching and the support he has given the team throughout the season. Thanks must also go to Mrs. Somervell and the girls who put on afternoon teas after the home games.

—Dennis Sole (Captain).

The two highlights of the season were the Freyberg trip away and the Manurewa team's visit here. These games were played with great spirit, with Spotswood losing narrowly to both teams.

FREYBERG VISIT

While the trip overall was most enjoyable we encountered very wet weather for our game. Our team tried hard — as always, but a superior Freyberg fifteen dominated play in the second half to take the match six points to three. Our three points came from an excellent penalty from Denis Sole.

MANUREWA VISIT

We set out this year to avenge the heavy defeat inflicted upon our team last year but this was not to be. After a very even game a Manurewa back intercepted one of our passes on his own goal line and ran the length of the field to score. The result was 5-0 to Manurewa.

HAWERA VISIT

A friendly match was arranged with Hawera High School 1st XV at Hawera. Our boys settled down to play well, holding a much heavier team to a 5-nil loss. The highlight of this trip was the afternoon tea provided for us. This was one we shall not easily forget.

GAME v. OLD BOYS

Our last match played at school was against the Spotswood Old Boys' 4th Grade team. Our team scored four good tries to win 12-0. We can, at least say then, we ended the season on a high note.

Many players shone at various times during the season. Among these were Sole, Campbell, Cochran, McDonald and Bracegirdle, to mention but a few.

My own thanks to the whole team for the effort they made each time they went onto the field.

—I. Somervell (Coach).

FIFTH GRADE

The year 1965 saw the fifth grade rugby team enter into the "B" grade division competition. The team had a moderately successful season in winning 6 games, drawing 4 and losing 2. It was a great pity that so many games were drawn — for had these been won, the team would have held the top position in the competition instead of being runners up. However the team did win the "B" division shield. It also won the "Good Conduct" award — this was well deserved, for the team set up a good standard of dress and sportsmanship on the field.

The forwards were equal in size with most of the opposing teams, and succeeded in winning a fair share of the ball from scrum and line out. The forwards were handicapped in that they did not have a leader, and this was noticeable in the way they played! Without a man to lead by example and to drive them on they lacked the

encouragement that is vital to a good forward pack.

The backs were patchy. Unfortunately there was no regular full-back and the search for one upset the back-line. The combination was just not there, for changing of positions put new people in new places and it tended to "disjoint" the back-line.

Overall the team was fairly sound and showed great promise towards the end of the season. E. P. Taylor was a competent player and filled the gap of full-back well. T. W. Carley distinguished himself and played remarkably well for a third-former.

The team was coached by Mr. C. Hissey to whom they are greatly indebted. His enthusiasm was greatly appreciated by the team.

G.L.R.

Team: G. L. Ross (capt.), T. F. Joel, M. Collins, G. Brown, M. Churchill, N. Campbell, E. Taylor, J. Miller, B. Walker, A. McGregor, W. Love, W. McCurdy, J. Stockman, T. Carley, P. Webber, J. Leathley.

Coach's Remarks:

At the beginning of the season I was rather dubious about taking the notorious 5th grade team. I had been warned by a previous coach (now retired) that I would have a difficult job to make a team from the material offered, but I am pleased to say they became quite a successful and happy team.

I would like to congratulate W. F. McCurdy for being chosen for the 5th grade Taranaki squad and also G. Brown, J. Miller, N. Campbell and A. McGregor for playing consistently well during the season. G. L. Ross deserves special mention for his play and excellent leadership throughout the season, without which, I am sure, the record would have been less favourable.

And lastly, I would like to thank the team for their presentation to me — it was greatly appreciated.

C.H.

SIXTH GRADE

The 6th grade team had quite a successful year. Out of eleven games played there was one loss and one draw, the rest being wins. The team came second in the competition and won the Good Conduct award for the grade.

Eaton, Lobb, Bound, Walker, Shaw, Tallot and McPhail were selected for the North Taranaki 6th grade representative team.

Unfortunately the season was marred by those who could not be bothered to turn up to practices or even games and did not notify the coach. However the team performed extremely well for its great weight disadvantage. Eaton always played well in the forwards while Parkes was in brilliant form in the backs.

Members of the team: Fitzpatrick, McCracken, Parkes, Law, Harris, McLeod, McPhail (capt.), McGregor, Tallot, Shaw, G. Fraser, R. Fraser, Lawrence, Krutz, Walker, Bound, Lobb, Eaton (vice-capt.), Jans, Barnes.

Thanks to our coach, Mr. Greensill, for all of the time which he spent on us.

H. McPhail (capt.)

SEVENTH GRADE

At the start of the season our 7th grade squad consisted of 23 boys but unfortunately as the season progressed the number of boys available decreased to a bare 17 so making the selection for the team limited.

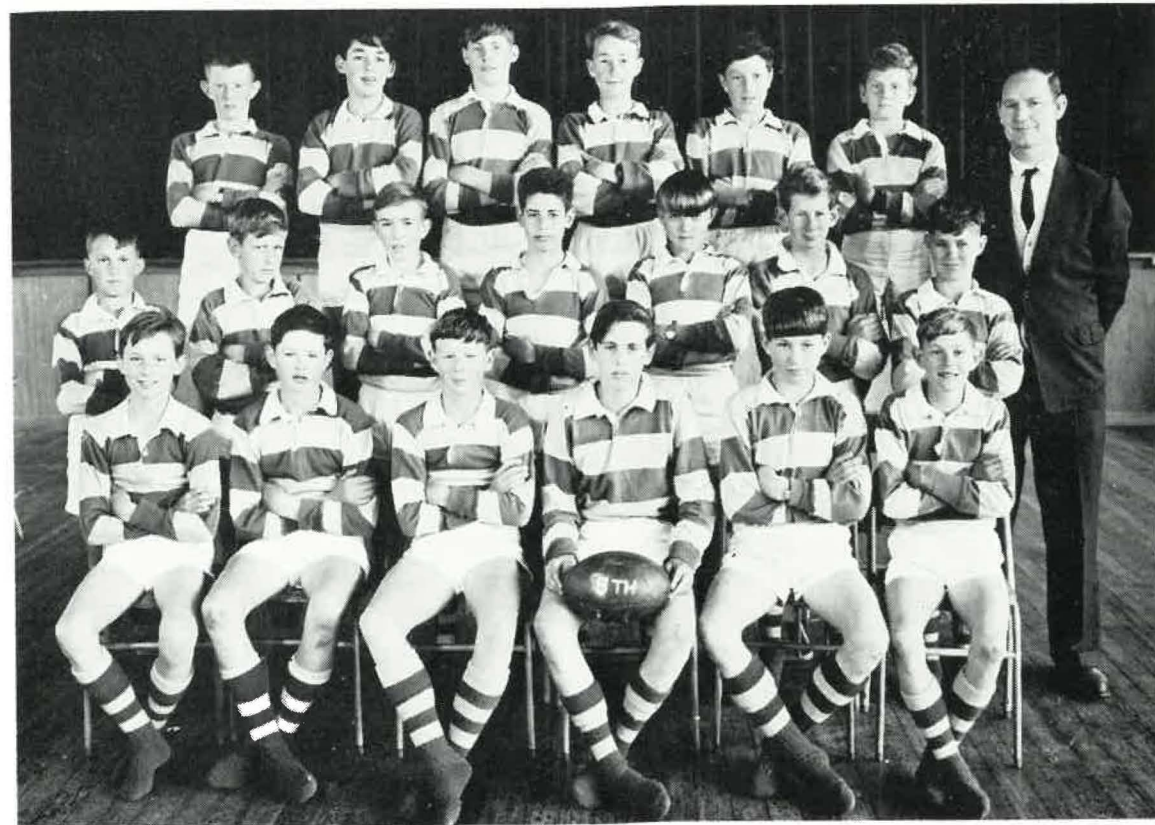
By winning the two grading games the team was put into the 'A' grade which consisted of much heavier and mobile teams. The opposition proved to be very strong and of the ten games played during the season 6 were lost and 4 won.

Every man in the team played his part well and the following boys were chosen for the North Taranaki Reps: J. Cleaver (capt.), J. Edwards, and P. Gayton as a reserve. Our thanks go to our coaches Messrs. Wilks and Rowlands for their time spent in helping the progress of the team.

Members: J. Cleaver (capt.), P. Gayton (v. capt.), T. Cook, R. Cowley, S. Edwards, W. Erueti, L. Gush, M. Johnson, J. MacArthur, J. McCracken, I. MacMillan, S. Mason, J. Paul, W. Procter, G. Riddick, B. Robertson, M. Woods.
J. CLEAVER (cap.)

EIGHTH GRADE

Because all our players were very light our team was put into the 'B' Division. In this



CO-WINNERS 8th GRADE COMPETITION

Back left: Raskin, Morgan, Northcott, Gaze, Wilson, Hart, Mr. Fitzgibbon.
Middle left: Hutton, Smith, Burgess, Ramsay, Denny, Thomas, Willan.
Front left: Wyke, Robertson, Kendall, Jury, Reid, Brisco.

division we had many hard-fought games. We managed to come through the season with six wins and only two losses. These were both against our old rivals, Francis Douglas College. This performance won for us the place of first equal at the end of the competition.

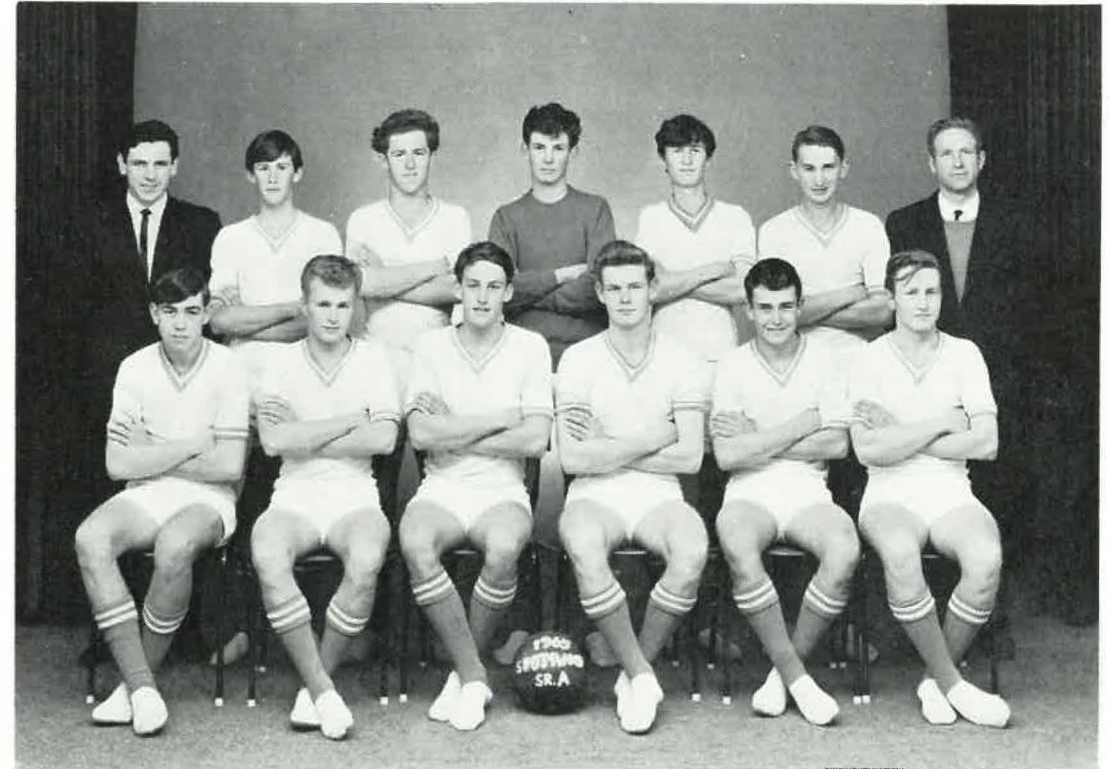
As the season progressed, the team developed as a very skilful side. The forwards ably led by Jury became very determined in all phases of their play. Fluker led the backs brilliantly and scored many fine tries himself. It would be difficult to pick out others for special comment since so many played well. A most heartening feature was the excellent attendance at team practice.

We should like to congratulate Wayne Jury upon selection for the 8th grade reps.

We should like to thank our coach, Mr. Fitzgibbon, for the time he put in with us and the referees for their work.

Team: W. Jury (capt.), M. Fluker (v. capt.), J. Reid, M. Raskin, I. Ramsay, L. Peters, B. A. Robertson, I. Kendall, P. Briscoe, G. Northcott, P. Gaze, B. Morgan, R. Burgess, G. Topless, Wilson, J. Wyke, J. Hutton, T. Smith, D. Gayton, K. Denny, G. Hart, G. Constable, A. Phipps, K. McColl, N. Williams, E. Thomas.

SOCCER



Front left: R. Grant, B. Lynch, J. Borrell (captain), R. Wright, W. Emmet, R. Baldock.
Back left: Mr. H. McLaughlan, P. Borrell, D. Wilkinson, G. Bennett, M. Armstrong, B. Reeve, Mr. Deerson.

FIRST ELEVEN

At the beginning of the season, it was agreed to include in the 1st XI two players who had left school at the end of the previous year. This was done to give enough strength to the team to enable it to enter the Senior competition. The team was also fortunate in gaining the services of the experienced Hugh McLaughlan as coach.

We started off the season in the Senior "B" grade and by the end of the first round had established a comfortable lead with wins over City, Moturoa B, Waitara and Old Boys B. By the end of the first round we had a lead of two points from City, which enabled us to win the Acheson Cup for the first time. In a seven-a-side competition held during the Queen's Birthday week-end the team had wins over City and Old Boys, and entered the final as the underdogs against Moturoa B. However, the result was a shock to many people; Spotswood completely overwhelmed Moturoa to win 4-0 and in doing so won the Horrie Skilton Cup.

By winning the Senior "B," Spotswood was promoted to the Senior A grade. The first match in this competition ended in a 2-2 draw with Stratford and it showed we could stand up to this competition. During the rest of the competition the team had its ups and down, with perhaps the best game being the one in which

we held the Moturoa team, who are the Taranaki champions, to 1-3. Many people passed the comment that it was one of the best games seen at the Park for some time. We finished up fourth in the competition.

The team entered in the Chatham Cup, which is the premier soccer trophy in the country, and the winners can call themselves the top club side in New Zealand. In our first game we were drawn against Waitara, and but for a lapse in the first quarter of an hour, when Waitara scored three goals, we might have won. As it was, Waitara were three goals up at half time, but we fought back and with a last minute goal we levelled the score at 4-4. In extra time, we scored first, but then Waitara scored twice to run out winners by 6-5.

This year we played Freyberg High School at Palmerston North for the first time, and the fixture was most enjoyable. The game was played with the inclusion of Max Clarke and Boyd Loveridge, two promising 2nd XI players. The ground was very heavy, which probably suited our style of play, and we came out winners by 7-1. The outstanding players of the match were Jack Halliday, who turned on a brilliant attacking performance, and Graeme Bennett in goal who was very safe.

J.E.B.

THIRD GRADE (Second Eleven)

This year this team had a mediocre season. The inability to combine effectively while making attacks and to fill the gaps when defending, contributed greatly to our losses.

Mr. Hill, our coach, did his best to mould a good team with the raw material he was given. With only a little time available for outside activities he could not give us full length practices.

Four members of our team gained places in the Taranaki Under-14 representative team: R. Barker (who, we are sorry to say, has left us to go overseas), K. Loasby, B. Loveridge, and N. Tito (who played well enough to be selected for the North Island team).

Results (first round and second round in that order) were:

- v. Waitara — lost 1-2, won 5-0.
- v. Stratford — lost 1-2, lost 1-3.
- v. Hawera — lost 0-7, lost 0-7.
- v. B.H.S. "B" — won 5-1, won 4-3.
- v. B.H.S. "A" — drew 5-3, lost 2-4.

The team was: Stedman, Jorgensen, Clarke, Tito, Collett, B. Loveridge, J. Tooby, Barker, G. Bowen, White, Dennis Wilkinson, Laycock, Loasby.

FOURTH GRADE

During the season the team met very stiff opposition and we lost most of our games but our second-round scores showed a good improvement. Most of the teams we played had an advantage of height and weight. We travelled to Hawera, Stratford and Inglewood. I would like to thank Mr. Page for all the coaching and assistance he has given the team.

The team was: G. Berridge (v. capt.), B. Henry, P. O'Brien, P. James, G. Loveridge, R. Buchanan (capt.), G. Eden, R. Collett, D. Berridge, P. Gerrard and A. Miles.

R.B.

FIFTH GRADE

The 5th grade Soccer Team had a bad start in the season probably because the players did not know each other too well. So, in the first round, the team gained only two points. Half way through the season, however, the fifth grade team began to pick up and won several games in a row. The best win was 9-0 against Stratford. Although the team beat B.H.S. "A" it lost in the last game against their "B" team at the Racecourse, partly because one player was injured and the reserve was delayed by a puncture. The team finished fourth in the table with eight points.

The team was: D. Allerton, G. Marshall, R. Sweney, T. Robinson, A. Dore, B. Peel, C. Winstanley, J. Mercer, G. Lloyd-Smith, C. Giddy, L. Tooby, R. Mills, D. Priest, N. Marriner, A. Flett.

D. ALLERTON (capt.)

GIRLS HOCKEY

This year two school teams were entered in the Taranaki School Girls' Tournament.

The "A" team played very well with the help of our new coach, Miss Pearson. Out of the 11 match games, we have had 7 wins, 2 draws and 2 losses. The team travelled with the football and basketball teams to Opunake, shortly after the opening of the season. We showed our combination of keenness and co-operation by coming out on top and scoring 5 goals to their one.

In the final stages of the second term we played Manurewa at Spotswood. Although we lost last year 2-0 we showed our improvement this year by drawing 4-4.

Miss Pearson arranged for the "A" team to play in the Secondary School Girls' Tournament at Auckland during the first week of the August holidays, and we are very grateful to Miss Pearson for giving us an opportunity to compete and for giving up her time to come with us. We won our five games to win the section, being presented with ribbons to show that we competed and won.

Over-all the "A" team has had a wonderful and successful season.

The "B" team although not quite as successful as the "A" played a number of enjoyable Saturday games and have gained much in experience.

The teams were:
"B": M. Muggeridge, M. Hammonds, J. Rookes, J. Wright, G. Autridge, J. Tucker, C. Bracegirdle, H. Gardner (capt.), B. Sole, A. Ubels, I. Biddle.

"A": C. Bond, C. Mace, G. Winstanley, I. Biddle, R. Jury, R. Lobb, P. Lobb, C. Bond, J. Gatenby (capt.), R. Whittaker (v. capt.), J. George, J. Skelton.

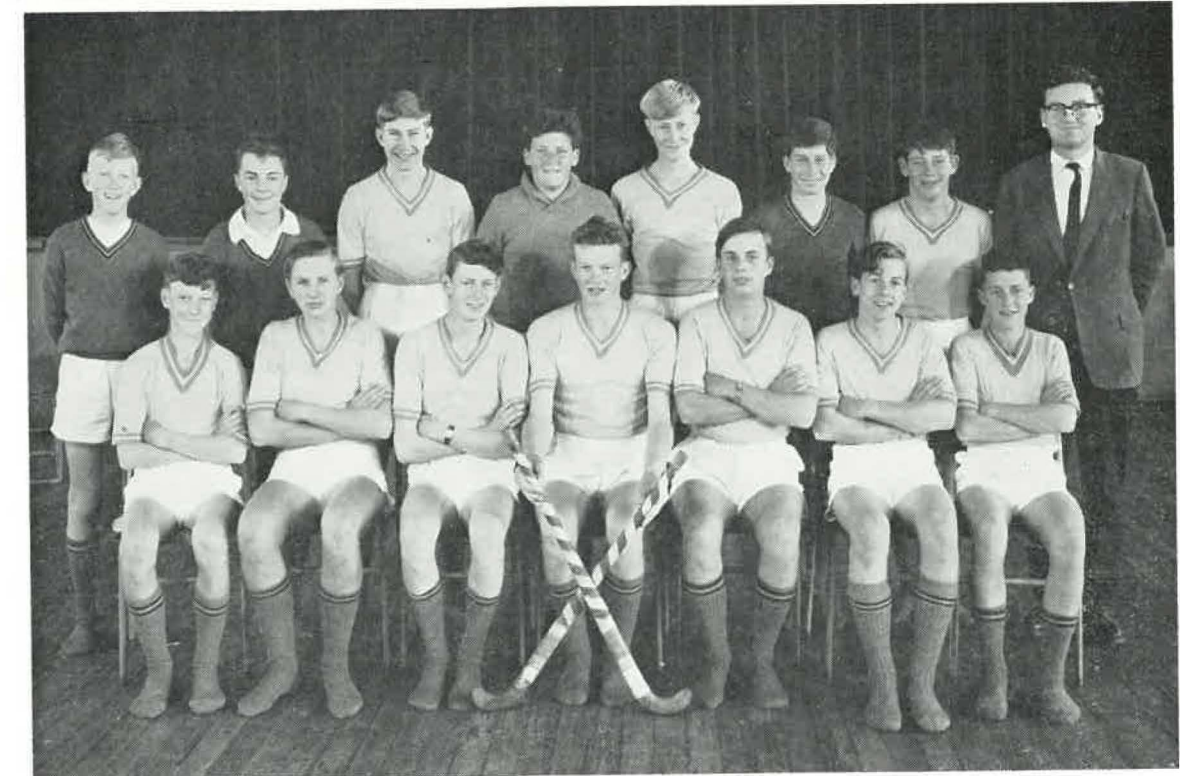
J.G. & G.W.

BOYS HOCKEY

This year the school entered its first boys' hockey team in the 3rd grade competitions. Throughout the season the team had about twenty members and was coached by Mr. Gibbons. Outside coaching was given by Mr. Lynch who also refereed Saturday matches. On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Lynch for all he has done.

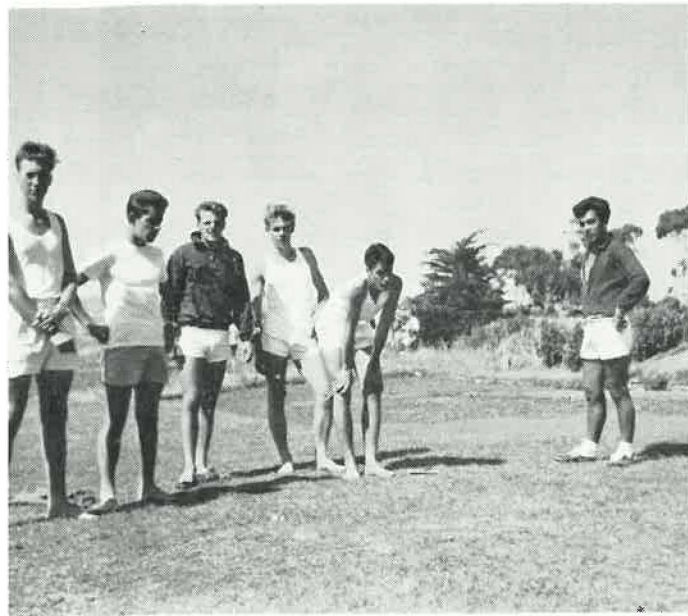
We played three rounds consisting of twelve games. Out of these we won seven and drew one. During the season we had some very good wins. We played Opunake in the inter-school matches and three of the team members went down to Stratford for the Taranaki trials but were not successful. Towards the end of the season we had several practice games with Francis Douglas College.

G. HONEYFIELD

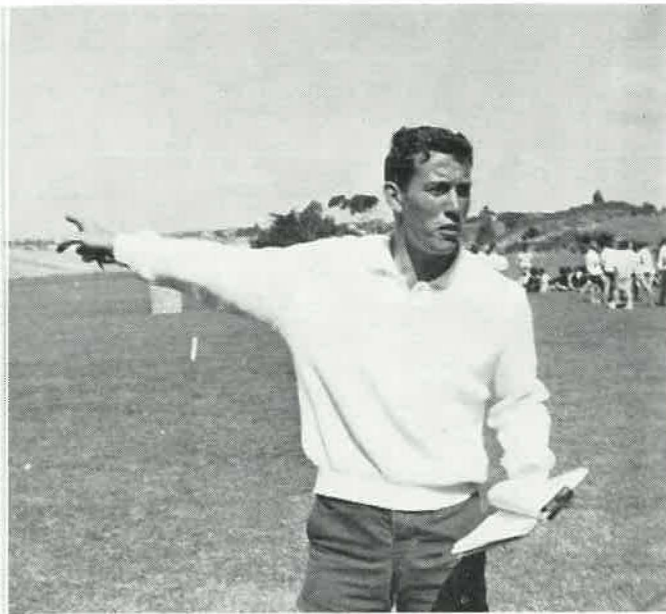


Back: Stuart, Lucas, Wadsworth, Borchart, Johnson, Gowan, Young, Mr. Gibbons.
Front: Clarke, Alley, Mundell, Honeyfield (captain), France, Sharpe, Humphrey.

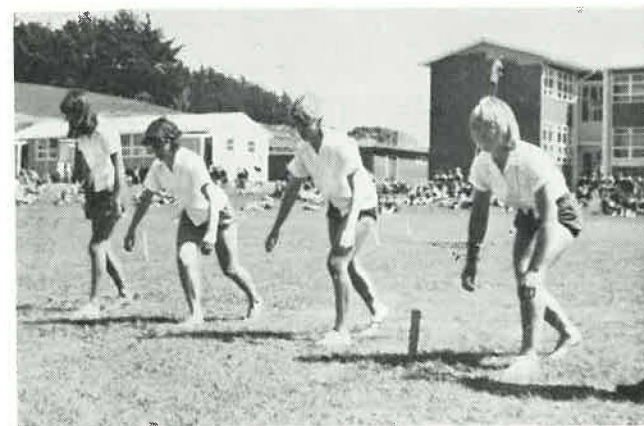
ATHLETIC RESULTS



Long jumpers.



Le Directeur



Sprinters.



Hunters



Around the bend.



Sprint Winners.



Tiddy's Toss.

Event	First	Second	Third	Time' Height, Distance
Junior Boys				
100 Yards	B. Walker	G. Hills	M. Williams	11.1 secs. (rec.)
220 Yards	B. Walker	M. Williams	P. Salisbury	27.3 secs.
440 Yards	P. Duckett	B. Hill	A. Green	55.6 secs. (rec.)
880 Yards	G. Hills	M. Fluker	T. Cook	2 mins. 32.3 secs.
80 Yards Hurdles	W. Procter	K. Fitzpatrick	P. Salisbury	11.1 secs. (6 flights)
High Jump	P. Duckett	D. Watts	W. Warren	4 ft. 6 in.
Long Jump	B. Walker	N. Northcott	J. Barnes	14 ft. 7 in.
Javelin	G. Ruakere	K. Fitzpatrick	B. Borchart	91 ft. 7 in.
Shot Put	R. Johnson	A. Flett	J. Jorgenson	25 ft. 6 in.
Relay	Motomahanga	Paritutu	Moturoa	
Intermediate Boys				
100 Yards	G. Harris	J. Weir	G. Webber	10.7 secs.
220 Yards	G. Harris	J. Weir	T. Spencer	25.6 secs. (rec.)
440 Yards	G. Harris	J. Miller	G. Lloyd-Smith	59.1 secs.
880 Yards	G. Miller	M. Churchill	T. Taylor	2 mins. 17.6 secs.
High Jump	T. Spence	A. Cloke	B. Henry	5 ft. 0 in.
Long Jump	H. McPhall	T. Spencer	T. McGregor	14 ft. 8 in.
Javelin	R. Gordon-Stables	P. Moeahu	J. Leathley	116 ft. 6 in.
Shot Put	G. Nixon	J. Weir	W. Emmett	33 ft. 5½ in.
Triple Jump	G. Stables	R. Halliday	H. McPhail	31 ft. 8½ in.
Relay	Mikitahi	Motomahanga	Paritutu	
Senior Boys				
100 Yards	A. Erueti	K. Roberts	D. Fleming	10.6 secs. (rec.)
220 Yards	K. Roberts	D. McIntyre	J. Haliday	25.8 secs.
440 Yards	P. Mason	B. Lynch	D. McIntyre	59.9 secs.
880 Yards	W. Cochran	J. Borrell	M. McAlpine	
High Jump	R. Scholes	M. Collins		4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump	A. Wright	A. Erueti	P. Mason	17ft. 4 in.
Javelin	B. Andrews	A. Stanton		89 ft. 1 in.
Shot Put	S. Bond	W. Cochran	R. Dove	35 ft. 2 in. (rec.)
Triple Jump	R. Wright	A. Erueti	J. Borrell	34 ft. 10 in.
Relay	Moturoa	Paritutu	Motomahanga	
Junior Girls				
75 Yards	J. Wilson	L. Whittle	A. Boswell	9.5 secs. (rec.)
100 Yards	J. Wilson	L. Whittle	M. Muggeridge	12.3 secs.
220 Yards	P. Evans	J. Fowler	J. Wilson	29.8 secs.
High Jump	W. Love	P. Evans	F. Dove	4 ft. 3 in.
Long Jump	P. Evans	M. Muggeridge	C. Ward	13 ft. 2 in.
Shot Put	T. Walker	M. Muggeridge	T. Boyce	23 ft. 8 in.
Relay	Motomahanga	Moturoa	Mikotahi	
Intermediate Girls				
75 Yards	M. Pepperell	M. Legge	J. Moody	9.8 secs.
100 Yards	M. Legge	S. Flett	M. Pepperell	12.7 secs. (equal rec.)
80 Yards Hurdles	S. Flett	C. Mace	P. Boyce	12.5 secs. (5 flights)
Long Jump	B. Smith	L. Plant	B. Smillie	11 ft. 10 in.
High Jump	B. Smillie	S. Inglis	P. Boyce	4 ft. 3 in.
Shot Put	K. Autridge			16 ft. 2 in.
Discus	E. Ashby	A. Kopua		83 ft. 10 in. (rec.)
Relay	Moturoa	Motomahanga	Mikotahi	

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height Distance
Senior Girls				
75 Yards	P. Smith	B. Boswell	M. Patrick, P. Keenan	9.6 secs. (rec.)
100 Yards	P. Smith	M. Patrick	P. Keenan	12.6 secs.(rec.)
220 Yards	P. Smith	B. Powell	M. Watson	31.0 secs.
High Jump	P. Keenan	J. Gatenby	M. Patrick	4 ft. 2 in.
Long Jump	C. Rodgers	R. Whitaker	J. Fisher	10 ft. 7 in.
Shot Put	C. Rodgers	C. Rodgers	E. Thompson	28 ft. 5 in.
Discus	C. Rodgers	S. Richards	C. Rodgers	82 ft. 9½ in. (rec.)
Open Events				
440 Yards Girls	B.Powell	J. Dutton	C. McCullough	72.9 secs.
Mile	G. Miller	M. McAlpine	L. Eaton	5 mins. 14.3 secs.

INTER-SECONDARY CROSS COUNTRY

There were several fast times for the School Steeplechase and many hard training runs followed, but only minor places were taken in the Annual Taranaki Inter-Secondary Cross Country Championships at Opunake on October 9th. The Opunake course was similar to our own with most of the course including road work, but unlike the Spotswood course it contained a steep cliff face and a quarter mile home stretch with a stiff northerly blowing into the exhausted runners' faces.

The major junior placings were closely contested, but unfortunately although our boys undoubtedly gave their best they were unable to remain with the leaders in the 2½-mile event. The intermediate team held their own in 3-mile event with the first of our runners, G. Miller, finishing in the first ten. The seniors' 3½-mile event included a golf course in the run and although the winner finished nearly a minute clear of the second runner, our runners all finished in the first twenty, with McAlpine finishing strongly to take 9th place.

The enthusiasm shown by the boys, especially the younger runners, is a pleasing feature and with so much obvious talent the school will by no means be disgraced in the future.

Individual placings within the grades were as follows: Senior: M. McAlpine (9th), J. Reeve (13th), J. Miller (19th), P. Gayton (20th). Intermediate: G. Miller (10th), T. Taylor (16th), A. Hills (22nd), L. Gush (32nd). Junior: J. Cleaver (22nd), G. Hills (23rd), G. Hall (26th), K. Blink-horne (29th).

CROSS-COUNTRY RESULTS

Individual performances were:
Senior: McAlpine, 19 min. 39 sec., 1; Walker, 2; Gayton 3.
Intermediate: Taylor, 11 min. 10.4 sec., 1; Gush, 2; McMillan, 3.
Juniors: Hills, 11 min. 11.2 sec., 1; Blink-horn, 2; Banks 3.

TENNIS

This year tennis has been played regularly whenever the weather has been suitable. Generally, the standard of play has improved, with the girls achieving success — the boys gaining some valuable experience.

Inter-House tennis has been of good standard this year, the competition being for the "Sole Tennis Cup." The games played have enabled players to gain confidence and concentration in match play and have also stimulated interest in practices.

Inter-School games were played against Freyberg High School and Opunake High School in the first term. This year the tennis team consisted of four girls and four boys.

Girls: Charlotte Rogers (capt.), Dianne Sole, Bonnie Moss, Diane Kopa.

Boys: Dennis Sole (capt.), Paul Mason, Gary Lovell, Jack Halliday.

v. Freyberg High School, March 25th, 1965

The day of the games was most unsuitable, play being impossible in the morning owing to continuous rain. But at 1 p.m. the rain ceased and we were able to continue with the singles and doubles for the rest of the afternoon. The following morning mixed doubles were played but once again we were interrupted by showers, and the final results had to be assessed on the games completed. The result was: Spots. 8 games to F.H.S. 6 games, with 2 mixed doubles unfinished, with the sets even.

The teams were evenly matched, and it was pleasing to see members of both teams enjoying their games regardless of results.

v. Opunake H.S.

Opunake sent a strong team of players and our boys and girls performed excellently, fighting back to draw the rubber eight games each.

Charlotte Rogers

INDOOR BASKETBALL



Back: T. Taylor, G. Fitzpatrick, K. Fitzpatrick.
 Front: R. Waipapa, S. Bond, J. Borrell (Captain), N. Braddock, J. Cleaver.

With almost a completely new team from the previous season and with only one or two players with actual match experience, the indoor basketball team looked to be in for a fairly lean season. But with a keen squad and regular practices, the season became the school's most successful yet.

The team began playing in the Men's "B" Grade of N.P.I.B.A.'s competition. The first game was an overwhelming success with a win by 75 points. From here, the team came through the season without defeat, to win the Kiwi Shield 13 competition points ahead of their nearest rivals. In doing so they scored over 700 points, with some 250 points being scored against them. However, some of the games were very close and against Phoenix the team was held to a draw, 33-33.

At the end of the season the team entered in the Taranaki Schoolboys' Tournament, and with wins over N.P.B.H.S. and Stratford we reached the final against Hawera. This game turned out to be our first and only defeat of

the season — Hawera won convincingly by 60-36. Although we held them 32-30 at one stage, their height advantage and skill told in the end.

Several outstanding individual performances were recorded during the season. As a guard, Ted Taylor played some very good basketball, his rebounding being a feature of his game. He needs plenty of practice with his set shots. Stephen Bond, the other regular guard, proved to be sound and competent, only his "driving" letting him down. Reynold Waipapa, although somewhat casual at times, has a flair for the game and was an asset to the team. The shoots both had successful seasons, Keith Fitzpatrick, who scored over 200 points, being the second highest points scorer in the men's "B" grade. His positional play and shooting were excellent throughout the season and he established a match record of 36 points. Jeff Cleaver was probably the hardest working player in the squad, and he scored over 150 points. His style was very good, his only disadvantage being his height. At centre, John Borrell, captain and coach of the team, was the principal scorer with

over 300 points. He was selected as a member of the Representative Squad at the beginning of the season and was able to pass on much to the team. He was top scorer in the Men's "B" Grade, and second in the association.

The future of the team seems to be fairly secure, as there is considerable interest in the school and many developing young players. Next year's team will be much the same, the only losses being Stephen Bond and John Borrell,

and there is no reason why they cannot repeat this year's performance.

Final Analysis: Played 20. Won 18. Drawn 1. Lost 1. For 821. Against 389.

Won Kiwi Shield — Mens "B" Grade. Runners-up Taranaki Schoolboys' Tournament.

Principal Scorers: Borrell, 333; Fitzpatrick, 244; Cleaver, 167.

—J.E.B.

SWIMMING

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Distance
Junior Girls				
55 yards Freestyle	Pearson	C. Roberts	McAlpine	37.65 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	C. Roberts	McAlpine	B. Dryden	44 secs. (rec.)
55 Yards Breaststroke	Pearson	McAlpine	Hitchcock	50.3 secs. (rec.)
Relay	Motumahanga	Moturoa	Paritutu	2 mins. 56.1 secs. (rec.)
Intermediate Girls				
55 Yards Freestyle	P. Boswell	B. Dryden	Cowley	42.7 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	C. McCullough	Hunter	Boswell	40.7 secs. (rec.)
55 Yards Breaststroke	C. McCullough	J. Moody	J. Hughs	46.5 secs. (rec.)
110 Yards Freestyle	B. Dryden	P. Boswell	Hunter	95.0 secs.
Relay	Motumahanga	Mikotahi	Moturoa	2 mins. 59.3 secs.
Senior Girls				
55 Yards Freestyle	Robinson	Marsh	Gatenby	38 secs. (rec.)
55 Yards Backstroke	Robinson	Gatenby	Skelton	51.5 secs. (rec.)
55 Yards Breaststroke	Robinson	Sykes	Smith	45 secs. (rec.)
Relay	Mikotahi	Motumahanga	Moturoa	3 mins. 2 secs. (rec.)
Junior Boys				
55 Yards Freestyle	Flett	Paul	Green	35.4 secs. (rec.)
55 Yards Backstroke	Flett	Rutherford	Paul	48.2 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke	Paul	Wesley	Green	53.5 secs.
110 yards Freestyle	Fraser	Nixon	Busby	75.1 secs. (rec.)
Relay	Motumahanga	Mikotahi	Moturoa	2 mins. 40.8 secs.
Intermediate Boys				
55 Yards Freestyle	Bond	Nixon	Fraser	30.8 secs. (rec.)
55 Yards Backstroke	Bond	Fisher	Haase	52.9 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke	Fraser	Procter	Haase	75.1 secs. (rec.)
110 Yards Freestyle	Fraser	Nixon	Haase	2 mins. 15.1 secs. (rec.)
Relay	Paritutu	Motumahanga	Mikotahi	
Senior Boys				
55 Yards Freestyle	Bond	Tunncliffe	Scholes	28.9 secs. (rec.)
110 Yards Freestyle	Bond	Tunncliffe	Andrews	64.4 secs. (rec.)
110 Yards Breaststroke	Bond	Meier	Halliday	1 mins. 28.2 secs. (rec.)
Relay	Paritutu	Motumahanga	Moturoa	2 mins. 14.9 secs. (rec.)
Open Events				
220 Yards Boys	Bond	Bond	Fraser	2 mins. 20.9 secs. (rec.)
Girls Open Butterfly	McCullough	Dryden	Roberts	45.5 secs. (rec.)
Diving				
Boys	MacIntyre	Nixon	Emett	
Girls	Robinson	Dove	Northcotte	

INTER-SECONDARY SPORTS

Those who gained places were:

B. Bond: 1st Intermediate Backstroke; 1st Senior Backstroke; 2nd Open Butterfly.

D. McIntyre: 1st Open Diving.

S. Bond: 1st Senior Breaststroke; 2nd Senior 100 yds Freestyle; 2nd Senior 220 yds Freestyle.

C. Roberts: 1st Junior Girls' Medley.

C. Robinson: 3rd Senior Girls' Backstroke; 3rd Senior Girls' Medley.

C. McCullough: 2nd Intermediate Girls' Backstroke.

G. Nixon: 2nd 50 yds Intermediate Boys' Freestyle.

E. Meier: 2nd Senior Breaststroke.

Relays: Intermediate Boys', 1st; Senior Boys', 2nd place.

S. Bond (capt.)

GYMNASTICS

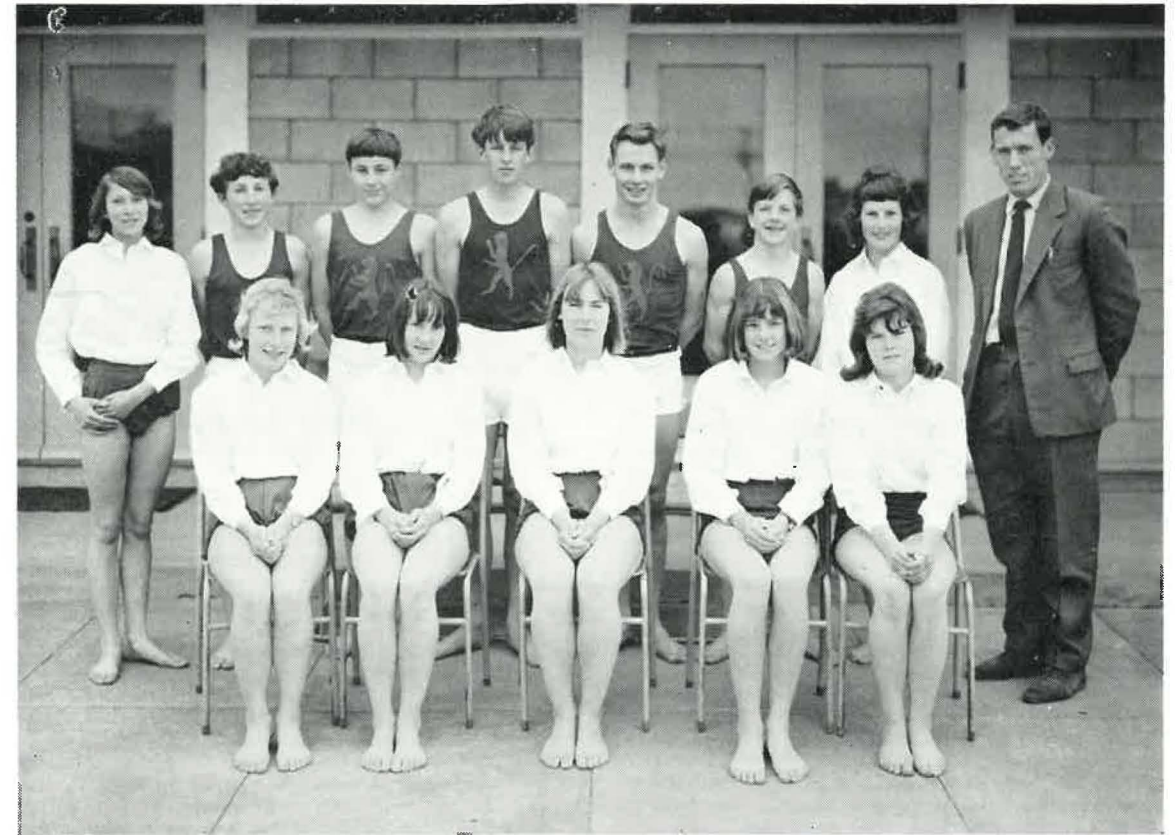
The Inter-Secondary School Championships were held at Stratford on October 16th. A team of seven girls and five boys entered and acquitted themselves well. The competition was keen and the standard high.

Our thanks to Mrs. Smith, Jan Hunter and Mr. Hissey for giving up their time to coach the team.

Results were:—

Girls: F. Dove—1st junior floor, 1st junior beam, 1st junior vaulting. P. Revell—1st intermediate beam, 2nd intermediate vaulting, 2nd intermediate floor. J. George—2nd senior vaulting, 3rd senior floor.

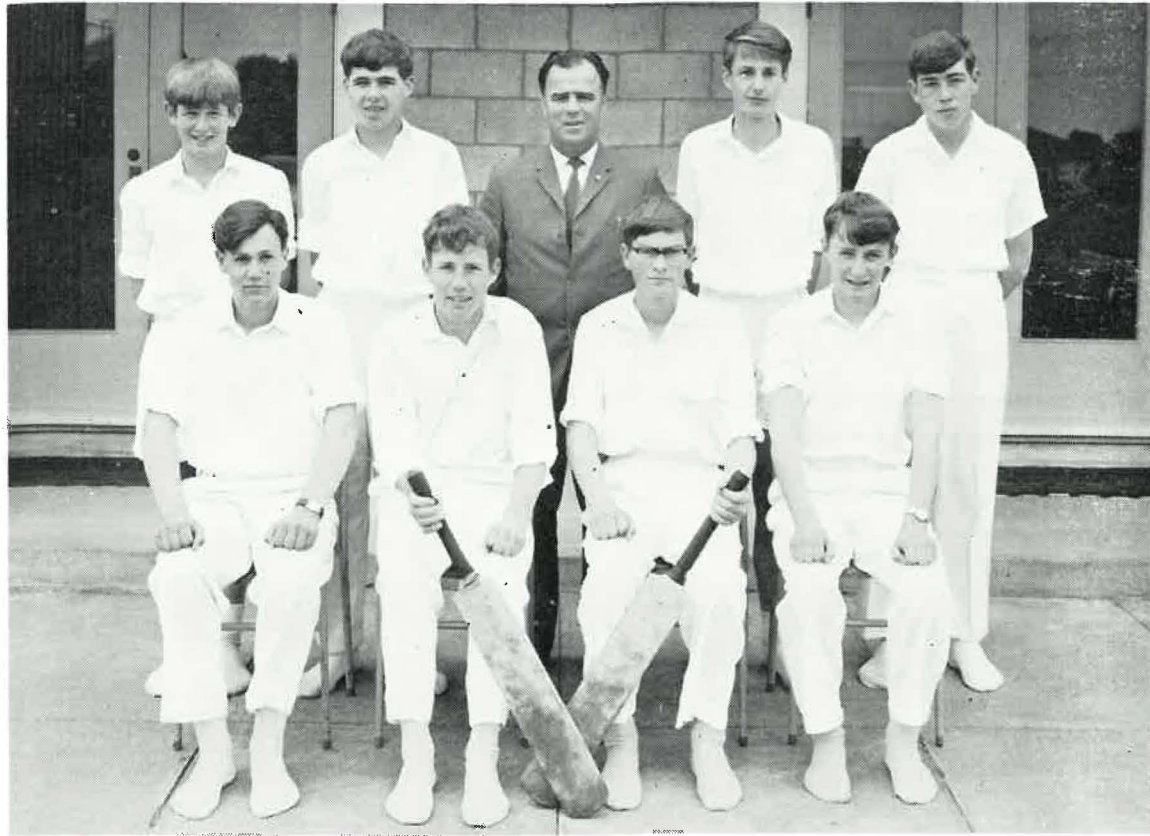
Boys: P. Gayton—1st senior vaulting, 3rd senior floor.



GYMNASTICS TEAM

Back row: F. Dove, P. Gayton, W. Procter, J. Tucker, J. McIntyre, M. Woods, J. George, Mr. Hissey (Coach).
Front row: G. Booker, P. Revell, M. Pepperell, W. Kinloch, Z. Wilson.

CRICKET



FIRST CRICKET TEAM

Back left: J. Cleaver, C. Rawlinson, G. Procter (Coach), B. Alley, R. Grant.
Front left: J. Fluker, R. Bracegirdle, G. Ross, H. McPhail.

At the time of writing, steps have been taken and progress made in providing vastly improved conditions for coaching cricket in the school. We can at last see in the making a good concrete practice wicket and a turf match wicket. Though we have tried methods of producing reliable playing surfaces before this, we have not been successful. Perhaps the fact that we have had to wait some time for these improved facilities will give us all the more joy in using them. In a young school there are many calls on school finances and we have had to bide our time.

It would seem that on a national basis, cricket is not receiving the support it should, New Zealand does not rank highly in status, not because of lack of potential in our players but because of lack of good facilities and encouragement. Undoubtedly it is an expensive sport but it does have much to offer. It is a skillful and an exciting game where fortunes can change in a matter of minutes, when the result can be in the balance until the last over.

Why is it that a very small percentage of boys entering secondary school play the game? It would seem that the pleasure gained from learning the many cricketing skills must surely be missing because of the lack of facilities. However it would appear that administrators in many centres are aware of the problems and at last are doing something about it.

There seems to be a new weather pattern developing in Taranaki — fine from Monday until Friday and wet for Saturday. It certainly seemed that way this season. However, we did play games against Boys' High School, Francis Douglas College, Waitara High School and Inglewood High School.

Most of these games were of a good standard and keenly fought. The policy of playing the game for the game's sake, and therefore no trophy or points system has been maintained successfully.

There were three grades in the secondary school division: A, B and C. Spotswood College entered teams in the A and C grades. The A team and virtually the school 1st XI was

captained very ably by Graeme Ross. Jeff Cleaver was captain of the second team and performed his duties very capably.

Unfortunately we cannot report in bold print the result of the game against our rivals and friends Freyberg High School. We were the host team this year and we feel the occasion was most successful in every or rather in almost every respect. We really enjoy this game. We would confidently suggest you watch this page in the 1966 issue of our magazine.

The following is the scoreboard for the 1965 Freyberg High School-Spotswood College annual cricket match.

SPOTSWOOD—First Innings

G. Ross, caught-bowled Hunter	11
J. Fluker, lbw Kay	0
J. Borrell, bowled Kay	4
R. Wright, bowled Lucas	0
R. Bracegirdle, lbw Hunter	2
J. Cleaver, lbw Hunter	8
R. Grant, bowled Hunter	0
B. Alley, bowled Kay	0
B. Alley, bowled Kay	1
A. Muggeridge, bowled Hunter	0
H. McPhail, bowled Hunter	1
C. Rawlinson, not out	0
Extras	7
Total	34

Second Innings

Ross, not out	34
Fluker, lbw Hunter	14
Borrell, run out	10
Wright, lbw Lucas	7
Bracegirdle, caught Kay	3
Cleaver, caught Kay	0
Grant, bowled Kay	14
Alley, not out	12
Extras	12
Total (for 6 wkts decl.)	98

FREYBERG—1st Innings

Harder, bowled Grant	0
Lucas, bowled Ross	3
Hunter, bowled Grant	0
Kay, lbw Grant	11
Sutherland, stumped, bowler Muggeridge	13
Loveridge, bowled Grant	1
Grigg, bowled Grant	0
Scott, bowled Grant	0
Airns, bowled Borrell	12
Lamb, bowled Muggeridge	0
Speedy, not out	2
Extras	1
Total	43

Bowling:

Grant 6-19

Second Innings

Lucas, lbw Grant	2
Hunter, not out	3
Kay, not out	2
Rain washed out play.	
Win on the first innings to Freyberg.	

OLD GIRLS' BASKETBALL

A Team:

G. Maloney (captain), J. Scott (secretary-treasurer), J. Eden, P. Keenan, C. Hamill, C. Dutton, B. Clegg, C. Johns. Coach: Mrs. M. Jackson.

I have to report on the A team's behalf, a very favourable season's basketball. Our efforts during the Opening Day Tournament qualified us to play in the Senior Reserve Grade at the Waiwakaiho Courts.

In the first round of games we withstood six of seven challenges only narrowly beating the College team 17-16. In the second round we played five games and were victorious in four.

In June, we travelled with our B team and the College team to Hawera to partake in the Queen's Birthday Tournament. After many rigorous games we had to be satisfied as runners-up to Waitara, who beat us 4-3.

After getting five girls in to the representative trials, two qualified to play in the North Division Team, and travelled to Hamilton.

All members of the first team were awarded badges for winning the Northern Division Tournament, we received a cup for our victory in the Central Division Tournament, and although we were not as successful in the Taranaki Division Tournament, we all enjoyed the games immensely.

In a challenge against the College team, we narrowly beat them 19-18 after a very exhausting game. We look forward to their challenge next year.

B. Clegg.

B Team:

Sally Moss (captain), Raewyn St. George, Janice Slater, Irene Jorgenson, Karin Wilson, Maureen Kitchen, Julia Biddle. Coach: Mrs. M. Jackson.

The team played in the Senior B Grade and although we did not win the competition, we did well considering the team was a completely new one. On June 7th we played in the Queen's Birthday Tournament at Hawera and reached the semi-finals of the B Grade. In June the North Taranaki and Taranaki Rep' Team were picked and three of our girls were chosen for the North B Team.

Practices for the team were held on Thursday nights and Sunday mornings, and despite some rather hazy appearances and tired efforts on the Sunday mornings, our practices were well attended. We are grateful to Maria Jackson who coached us throughout the season and taught us much.

We take this opportunity also to thank the College for the use of their courts, for their lively interest in our progress, and their friendly rivalry.

S. Moss.

BASKETBALL



SPOTSWOOD NO. 1 TEAM

D. Sole, T. Walker, C. Rodgers, W. Sykes, A. Conn, M. Hallmond, R. Scott, J. Hunter (Captain), L. Smith (Coach).

SPOTSWOOD No. 1

This year Spotswood 1 was a young team to play in senior grades, but they acquitted themselves extremely well. After being beaten for sixth place in the A grade, they finished third in the Senior Reserve grade. Next year, having gained valuable experience in combination play, they should rise even higher in the Northern Division grades.

The team won both major games of the season and finished well up the list of successful teams in the Intersecondary Schools Tournament. The Freyberg game was a difficult game but the score was 11-10 in our favour. Against Manuwera we had a good win, 25-11. A large percentage of the team was chosen to represent North Taranaki secondary schools at Hamilton for the shield between Waikato and North Taranaki, and it was Taranaki's only successful representative team.

The team was not so lucky in the games against Rangiatea and Spotswood Old Girls, losing by narrow margins. The annual game with Opunake was lost by a single goal also.

The team would like to thank Mrs. Smith for the hours she spent coaching us and supervising us on Saturdays.

L.M.

JUNIOR A TEAM:

Members of the team were: Lynette Dryden (captain), Nancy Riddick, Sue Pearson, Jillian Booker, Jennifer Dutton, Dianne Jones and Lorraine Lovell. At the beginning of the season we had nine players, but as the year progressed the number decreased to seven. After winning all our games at the opening day tournament, we were placed in the Junior A Grade. The team played well together, improving all the time. We won the Junior Grade for the Northern Division and got into the finals of the Taranaki competition.

We won our match against Opunake High School and we also played in the Secondary School Tournament at Waitara.

Congratulations to Dianne Jones and Lynette Dryden who were selected for the Northern Division representative teams.

On the whole we had a very successful and enjoyable season. Our thanks go to Maree Hallmond, our coach, who spent much of her time with us and brought us up to a very high standard by the end of the season.

—L.D.



JUNIOR A BASKETBALL TEAM

L. Lovell, D. Jones, G. Booker, J. Dutton, S. Pearson, N. Riddick, M. Hallmond (Coach). Absent: L. Dryden (Captain).

RANGIATEA NO. 1 TEAM

Charlotte Rogers (capt.), Nancy Taoha, Ruth Goldsmith, Alice Wairau, Phyllis Wairama, Charlotte Kara, Maureen Waiwai.

This year we were unable to play as a school team, but we were looking forward to the challenge for the cup.

On the last day of the second term, August 20th, we encountered a very hard game against an experienced School 1 Team. We went into an early lead, they were trailing 9-6 at half time and at this stage looked like a losing side. Good shooting by the College goalies put them on an even score with us of 16 all at full time, but a toss up had to be awarded. Hostel won this and after an exciting and tense moment of ball handling up and down the court we managed to take the lead at 17-16 and win the Natalie Cleland Cup for the second successive time.

C.R.

SPOTSWOOD No. 2

The College's Number Two basketball team had quite a successful season this year, coming third in the B Division for the North Taranaki Association. Luck was not with us for the Freyberg game, however. We took the lead in the first half, but lost the game 24-17 in the second half.

During the season we lost our captain, Diana Bielawski, and our new captain was Rayleigh Clark. Without the help of our coach, Mrs. Smith, our team would not have had the success that it did.

L.M.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

THE TRAVELLER

He looked at himself in the mirror, and a pale and gaunt stranger came face to face with him. The skin that once fitted over his cheek bones now pouched grievously, just like a blood hound's, he thought. And his eyes, once the passage through which his personality was emitted, now seemed lustreless, lifeless. Only sixty-five, he thought, but the feeling of juvenility had completely evaded him.

Was he ever a boy, like those at present in his neighbourhood? He could remember walking several miles to school along a winding metal road with the children from the neighbouring farm, dragging ponga fronds in the puddles and wiping them around the girls' legs in the wet weather. He could remember the times when he went eeling with his brothers, and came home dripping, with strands of water weeds still in the folds of his clothing. And running races at the annual Sunday School picnic, and clearing the bush from his own land after he had married. Yes he could remember these things, but not now his limbs swung freely, nor now could he undertake such activities without exerting himself.

He turned and glanced through the window. The late afternoon sun filtered through the trees opposite, creating flecks like huge golden petals on the roadway. The world was a beautiful place, he thought. Even the weeds pushing through his border plants had a beauty when in flower. But it all passed; the weed and the hybrid; the good and the bad. Life was enigmatic. Why did some plants suddenly produce a virus? Why did a man's body, for no apparent reason, become impaired by disease? Why did his body become affected? WHY? Was there any justification for it?

The past seven years had been spent in and out of hospital, a seemingly endless cycle with no results. Now, he was just another to add to the statistics, another cancer victim for whom medical discovery was too late. But he had learnt much about human nature over those years, even about himself, and he often thought about his wife's illness and early death. He smiled affectionately, for it was the admiration of her courage that kept his spirit intact. In fact, he felt her presence now even more than he had over her last thirty years' absence. He could not let her down.

But life was not quite over. The doctors had said six months, and there were many things to do before his departure. It was rather like planning a journey, his seat was booked, but few other preparations had been made. He no longer had any qualms about facing death, but there were matters that required tidying up. Tomorrow he would begin packing, in order to move to his son's. He was glad Peter had married such a fine girl, for he was still young to be left without relations. There were a few plants he wished to give away, and his furniture was to

be sold. He had a new life ahead; one of anticipation rather than resignation. There was the question of his will too, for it would require revision now that he had received the finance from his sold home. The rolled-back lid of his writing desk revealed an open notebook. Additions: £2000 Cancer Research Fund, £500 Intellectually Handicapped Children, £500 Crippled Children's Association. Peter would understand.

The tree shadows lengthened, and seemed to slither over his front lawn. The diamond light of a few stars pierced the deepening blue. The world could still be beautiful, even to a sufferer. He wondered if he would miss it. As yet, whatever could surpass the natural beauty of earth, seemed inconceivable.

PAM SMITH, 6A.

APPEASEMENT

The waves came closer, licking at the shore,
And the land shrank away.
For Tainui was angry,
Tainui: God of the Sea,
Supreme and mighty.
The waters were boiling with his wrath
And the fish had fled,
And the waves came closer, ever closer.
A huge swell appeared
Growing bigger,
And from it came a giant form.
Tainui: God of the sea,
King of the fishes and king of the waves.
The thick brown lips muttered cruelly,
The great arms were folded,
And the bloodshot eyes stared towards the land.

The waves beat their fury against the shore
And the gale rose to a crescendo,
And in the middle of the storm
The great lips opened,
And spoke:
"I Tainui, demand homage,
Or the sea will devour the land.
I have spoken."
He disappeared beneath the waves
And under the swirling mass of water,
His face was calm,
Impassive.

On the beach the people gathered,
And from them twenty walked forward
Into the turbulent waves
And under.
The storm quieted;
The waves abated;
The wind died down;
And underneath the ocean's surface,
The great face was calm,
Impassive.

—C. McPhail.

SURFING, SURFERS AND THE PUBLIC

With the tremendous growth in surfboard riding over the last five years or so, there have been many new problems created. As more and more young people take to the surf, huge problems of public safety arise. These days most beaches have special areas for surf-riding and swimming. This eliminates to a large extent the possibility of injury to members of the swimming public. However the problem is not entirely eliminated, for the swimmers watch the surfers and as the latter move along the beach, so do the swimmers.

Nearly always this is when the trouble happens; a loose board tossed by a wave can, in seconds, become a lethal object. A swimmer may be maimed for life or fatally injured. The press pick up the story, enlarge it, there is a public outcry, surfing is classed a public menace and the beach is closed to surfing. The fact that the swimmer was out of his specified area is not taken into consideration.

Another factor which creates a bad surfing image, is the presence on the beaches of the "hodads," the "surf-bums" or non-surfing antagonisers. This group, seeking relief from their ruined social life, have adopted the mannerisms, dress and speech of the real surfers. They may own surfboards but these are usually pure decoration. They bleach their hair, wander around in groups, talk loudly, swear, drink alcohol in public, litter up the beaches and go out of their way to be rude to the general public. As is usual with today's society, they are labelled as part of surfing and the whole sport receives an undeserved black-eye.

As yet in this country, things have not gone so far. Surfing is still a young sport in New Zealand and there are hundreds of spots where the genuine surfer can get away from the crowds and still enjoy perfection in surf. The majority do this! It is the minority group, the "grimmies" or learners, the persons who own a board just to be "with it," who clutter up the public swimming beaches who cause a nuisance. Generally, spots where there is a good surf are not favourite swimming spots.

There is much, however, which can be done to improve the surfing image, both by surfers themselves and by public bodies. Surfing clubs should police their members, remove any undesirables. Surf life-saving clubs should impose fines or some similar jurisdiction on both swimmers and surfers who leave their allotted areas.

In the U.S.A. many clubs have gone out of their way to improve their image. They hold mass cleanup drives, where the whole club or a group of volunteers clean up a particular beach where surfing is popular, clearing it of broken glass, etc.

It is, however, as much the duty of the public, who are, at times, themselves to blame, to learn to discriminate between the genuine surfer who is taking part in an active and graceful sport, and the non-surfing antagonist, who goes out of his way to draw attention to himself by holding wild drinking parties on the beaches

and leaving the sand littered with bottles and other debris.

To the surfer, his image is an important thing. It can bring him respect or degradation. It is therefore natural that he is concerned that the good, not the bad, is prevalent.

J. WILKINS, 6G

SONG AT SUNSET

The sun climbs down the quiet west
To melt into the sea —
While all her rays of gold float out
Onto the liquid blue — to be
Just dreams of better days or best;
And all around the reddening clouds
Kaleidoscope the sky:
And none do feel so small at all
As my wee craft and I.

The wavelets whisper on the sands
And tell the tale of old.
Of how the sun is drowned each night.
And turns the sea to burnished gold.
And yet, amphibious creature — she
Returns at dawn — the leading light
Of our society.
And all diurnal creatures praise
Her for their own prosperity.

Now all around me light grows dim.
The day is old — and done,
For soon the star-struck sky will show
Her diamond prisms one by one.
What anti-climax now I feel:
A sense of something precious lost.
So now I draw my line and creel,
And turn my boat-head to the shore
And leave the dulling coast.

—Diana Quay.

LIMERICKS

There was a young man of Siam,
Who lived upon rye bread and jam,
He sailed 'cross the sea
To New Zealand with me,
And now lives on green peas and lamb.

There was a young bloke from Australia,
Who at sport was an absolute failure;
When out playing tennis
He proved just a menace,
So his mates shipped him off to Somalia.

There was a young man of Peru,
Who said: "I'm an Inca, are you?"
"Oh, no!" said a stranger
"I'm the Lone Ranger,
Is Tonto related to you?"

Jason, a young man of Greece,
Went in search of the lost Golden Fleece,
In a ship called the Argo,
He brought back that cargo,
And he, I hope, now rests in peace.

—R. Burgess, 3L.

MY AUNT ISOBELLE

It was with some trepidation that the family learned that Aunt Isobelle had once more disgraced the family. The news arrived post-haste in the form of my grandmother who, overcome by such terrible news, had strengthened up sufficiently and quickly enough to dash over and tell us five minutes after the message had been relayed through the family grapevine to her.

I had only just arrived home from the city office in which I worked a short while before and was in the midst of setting the table when my mother, her brow furrowed, asked me to come into the kitchen for a few moments. Grandma was sitting at the kitchen table and she acknowledged me with a nod and half smile as I came in.

"Your Great Aunt Isobelle has done it again!" my mother said, sitting down at the table rather abruptly.

"Oh?"

"Yes!" said Grandma emphatically. "This time she has shifted to the city!" she paused to let this sink in.

"Oh!" I said again, this time with a hint of understanding I was not sure I possessed.

"She's so irresponsible! And living all by herself — unchaperoned in a big city! Who knows what may happen or what she might get into her head to do!" This was said with such a menacing air that I immediately imagined my Great-Aunt as stealthily wandering through the streets wearing a hunted look as she is pursued by the police; just as criminals in Cloak and Dagger stories.

"But surely she's old enough to take care of herself!" I protested, remembering that my Great-Aunt's years numbered at least sixty-five.

"Isobelle will never be old enough to look after herself!" said grandmother. "She has always had queer notions, even as a child, and any new idea she is always so quick to believe and uphold. A woman of her age should be staid, responsible, and sensible and Isobelle is certainly none of these. I know it is an awful thing to say of one's own sister but — I do believe she's ever so slightly fuddled."

"Perhaps she was lonely in the country, especially since Uncle Zimmerlist has been dead a few years now. I am sure she could be discreet in the city, Grandma!" I said.

"How do you know? Besides, you've never even met your Great-Aunt!"

As this was certainly a point I decided to subside from further defence while my mother and Grandmother passed judgment on the family's black sheep. Grandma, however, now decided to launch the decision reached by the family council (consisting of all my great-uncles and aunts) and to inform me of my duty.

"You have your holiday period from work coming soon haven't you?" Grandma inquired knowing perfectly well that I did.

"Well! . . . You've got a good head on your shoulders. You're nearly twenty-one! You should have a stabilizing effect on your aunt."

"I should?" I queried; not fully realizing the implication.

A few days later Aunt Isobelle gained a boarder. My arrival should have been a surprise to her but she accepted it as a matter of fact. It seemed that the world held no mysteries or secrets for her and indeed she confided to me that she was sure she held the key to life and death. If one did not know that Aunt Isobelle was deeply religious her revelations could almost have been regarded as profanities. But in spite of all her little absurdities she had a warm encompassing character of which I was immediately aware the minute I met her.

"Make yourself at home, dear! I'll make a cup of tea! My! You haven't changed a bit!" she said when she welcomed me. Considering the fact that she hadn't seen me since I was a baby, this statement was a bit out of place — I hoped — but I thought perhaps she was just putting me at ease.

Conversations never lacked colour or interest when you were with Aunt Isobelle. Indeed, within half an hour of our meeting we were absorbed in deep discussion on Zen-Buddhism and Voo Dooism. My Aunt had literally hundreds of books on such subjects many of which she had obtained while her husband, who was not exactly average himself, had been alive. I seem to remember an occasion when the family had been shocked to learn that Aunt Isobelle and Uncle Zimmerlist had set up a seance house in their country home with my celebrated aunt acting as "medium" but this new venture lasted but a while when the neighbours declared that the two's dealings with spirits was disturbing the cows during calving and that either the seancing went or Isobelle and Zimmerlist did.

"Oh!" said Great-Aunt, brightening up. "You've read the book too! Well! I've got simply piles of books you can browse through! There is — now let me see — Reincarnation . . . very interesting, that! Zen-Buddhism, How To Practise Voo Doo Sensibly, How To Protect Your Garden From Fall Out . . ." And so it went on.

I thought that by this time I was conditioned for any surprises my aunt might spring on me but little did I know. On the third day of my visit, however, I received the biggest surprise of all. It also ended all necessity for me to further my visit.

Aunt Isobelle was engaged! He was a quiet unassuming man whose common sense seemed to be just the stabilizer needed to balance my Aunt's over-endowment of eccentricities.

"John's a gardener you know! A little square but nevertheless a dear!" my Great-Aunt said as she introduced him.

It was a beautiful day for the wedding — the only hitch being when my Aunt took a little longer than the traditional five minutes to arrive at the church. As I sprayed confetti over the radiant couple I thought how full of excitement their future life together could be. With Aunt Isobelle how could life be dull!!

D. Quay, 4A1

AN ENGLISH WAITER

My first impressions of the life I was to lead for the next six months, came as the Italian head-waiter, Nicola, led me up a dingy flight of stairs to a bare room. The room was small — only large enough for a bunk and an old scarred dressing table. The floor had no coverings, the walls of plaster were covered with all sorts of dirty marks, and even the cotton bedspreads looked as if they hadn't been washed since they were first bought. I was not impressed at all. I was left to my own devices for the rest of that afternoon and I set about trying to at least make the room look inhabited. I was utterly miserable and I began to wonder why I had even considered being a waiter. An excellent start!

That evening I commenced my training in the dining room. It was a Saturday night and by eight o'clock the dining room was very full. My first job was one that required the utmost skill and dexterity — I took a jug of water around and filled the glasses of water-drinking guests! Later on that evening, I had advanced to taking the cheese trolley around, although I must admit that the only cheese I could identify was Camembert. When I went to bed that night I was convinced that I had chosen the wrong profession.

For the next few weeks I learned as much as I could. I got used to the long hours, as some days we worked for 10 hours. I also began to learn the short cuts and the finer points of "looking after oneself." If you just took what they gave you then you went short. The three Italian waiters were somewhat unscrupulous, as I was the only Englishman there. All the waiters were supposed to put all the tips they got into what was called a tronc. At the end of the week or fortnight the tronc was to be totalled up and split five ways. So I kept putting my tips into the tronc until I suddenly realised that I was the only one putting all my money in the troncs. The others put the odd half-crown in but they all made sure that they got a full share at the end of the week. And so I learned that it is best to do as the Romans when in Rome.

The next crisis came some two months later when I was told that I was to have a room-mate. I was not at all perturbed at this, until the gentleman concerned moved in. He was a tall, thin German Jew, his head was shaved completely bald and he wore a skull cap. He was the new kitchen porter. At first I thought him to be a fairly reasonable sort of chap — later on I was not to feel so well disposed toward him. That evening he set up an altar at one end of the already crowded room and draped certain religious cloths over it. From that night on, he used to kneel before it and say his prayers in Hebrew for the best part of an hour each night before he went to sleep.

Even on Saturday nights when he used to come home at three dead drunk, he still went through this hour long routine! I became very short-tempered with him. Fortunately for him and for me he left the Hotel at the end of a

month, possibly back to the Synagogue where I feel he would be better suited.

But my next room-rate was even worse. An Italian called Pepe, he had some disgusting habits. One of the worst I felt was that he used to lean out of bed and expectorate on the floor at fairly regular intervals. As I had the top bunk, it made my landings on the floor in the morning somewhat dicy. It was like jumping on top of a banana peel.

This time, however, I had had enough and thought that there must be better hotels than this. So I applied for a job in the south of England, and moved in, little realising what was in store for me in the south. I was only starting to see "life."

—J. Borrell, 6G.

MECHANIC'S HAND

Five fingers
Tiny-strong hairs springing upward in protection,
Cracked knuckles wrinkled wasted
Fingers worked and hard-entrenched
With strong pipeline-plastic,
Mucous-coated veins and lifelines
Carrying blood with
Swelling pulsing rhythm through the skin.
The crater pores stand open
Deeply pitted
Tiny holes in a skinned expanse,
Shallow split and holding upright
Hairs, and strong.

—C. Lewis, 6A.

SURFERS' JARGON

Surfers rule the world or so the surfers say themselves. But they have a language of their own and unless one is a keen surf addict, it is impossible to interpret them. When the surf is gas and the waves glassy and tubing, the surfers don their dacks and head for the swells out the back. The waves are four footers and the surfers walk the board, ride the nose, and hold onto the rails.

Johnny is amongst the select group further out from the youngsters at the shore-break, waiting for the big one of the day. He sees the swell building, glassy and fast-moving. He kneels, scratches and then stands. The board slides down to the bottom of the wave and Johnny left-turns under the white fringe of the curl. The soup closes in behind him but he keeps in position. The white water behind him is left behind and he makes a classic back-arch. He faces the soup now, then stalls, does a left turn and is on the shoulder again.

The wave is smaller now, and pounding to the shore, perfect for some hot-dogging. Slowly he makes a neat execution of walking the board then there is a cool five toes hanging over the nose.

The beach is ten yards off now and the wave closes out in the shorebreak. He creams.

—Barbara Sole, 5A.

ROOFTOP DILEMMA

The other night I was relaxing by the fire, smoking my favourite pipe and ruminating. Recollections of my younger days flooded back in a torrent. It was one of these recollections I am about to relate to you this day.

It must have been nearly 50 years ago, to the day, in fact, when I halted my sparkling cream and green van outside the large, rambling "1½" storey mansion. This was the place. I leapt from my van, wishing that my mate, Fred Thirk, hadn't gone down with the 'flu. Just like old Fred, God rest his soul. It would take me an eternity to paint the roof of this house without his willing help.

I wrenched the extension ladder from its sockets on the side of the van, and heaved its cumbersome bulk into my shoulder. Grasping a pot of paint in my free hand, I staggered towards the gate. A well placed boot unlatched the iron-barred gate. "Good thing the lady of the house isn't home," I had chuckled to myself. I doubt if she'd have approved of that. A kick of my heel secured the gate behind me. Cautiously I placed the brimming pot of green paint on the well-clipped lawn. Extending the ladder to its full length and balancing it on the guttering of the roof, I proceeded to climb. Unfortunately my foot slipped on the bottom rung. "Sploosh!" Yes, you're right! My left leg was ankle-deep in green paint! Just a new pair of sandshoes, too. I remember thinking to myself at the time that maybe it wasn't so bad after all, as green sandshoes were becoming the "craze" way back in 1960. Actually I regretted the fact that I didn't remove the shoe then and there. I had a "dickens" of a job getting it off later, as the paint had seeped inside it and dried there. Instead I righted the overturned pot and carefully remounted the ladder, thinking to myself how lucky I was. If the paint had been red, oh! The thought of scrubbing red paint off green grass almost caused me to topple from my perch half way up the ladder. I only hoped the fussy old widow, who owned the house, wouldn't notice the green paint on the lawn. As it turned out she did and I was forced after all to scrub the grass, but that is another story in itself.

With a sigh I reached the summit of the ladder and pulled myself, by dint of great effort, onto the roof. However, fate had another trick in store for me. As I struggled onto the roof with a final triumphant lunge, my paint-sodden sandshoe slipped and caught the top rung of the ladder. With a groan I turned my head slowly. Sure enough, there was the ladder, curse its wooden bones, teetering in mid-air. If I hadn't known better, I could have sworn that ladder was a living thing. Slowly, ever so slowly, it swayed backwards, eluding my grasping fingers. Finally, seeing that I could lean out no more, it decided to cease torturing me, and crashed earthwards, striking the fence with a thud.

What a predicament! Stranded on a rooftop with no apparent avenue of escape. What a fool I must have looked to any passerby who chanced to glance up! Ah, well, no use standing around, I remember thinking this as I clambered over

the roof, tracking green paint over the red iron. A pleasant sight, or so it seemed, greeted me as I scrambled over the top of the roof. Below stood a gardener's shed, quite a large one, and with a seemingly strong roof. Maybe, with a little luck, I could jump onto it. Ah, what a foot Hardy young man I must have been. The jump was not a great distance, but the roof of the shed was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Bracing myself, I leapt into dizzy space. Two seconds later a great crash, sufficient to wake the dead, could be heard. The iron succumbed to my weight and broke. I remember hoping that no pitchforks had been left sticking up. However I had no need to worry. Not about pitchforks anyway. There I was, stuck! Yes, stuck! I had only fallen through up to my waist.

Imagine that fussy old woman, returning home to find a young man stuck tight in the roof of her shed. Believe me it was a sight for sore eyes! That's what the firemen told me when they came to haul me out. One cheeky scamp had the audacity to say I resembled one of the wooden clowns at the fair, down whose mouths you throw "ping-pong" balls. "A proper Charlie," another mentioned.

And there I must end this tale of green paint, living ladders, and shed roofs made of freshly painted rusty iron. I hope you enjoyed it. —Robert Burgess, 3L.

THE NIGHT OF THE STORM

The storm had been brewing for several days now. The afternoon had been as sultry as a furnace, the ground quivering with heat waves. A boisterous wind had sprung up, accompanied by incessant rain. Towards the evening, the sky had become wild and angry with great black, billowing clouds racing overhead. Dashes of gold and purple tinted the lurid horizon, gradually being replaced by sombre clouds.

The sea, being whipped to a frenzy by the lashing wind, was as black as a coal mine. Gigantic waves pounded against the cliff-face threatening to dash the rocks to powder. Behind the cliff trees were being slashed and whirled mercilessly by the driving wind, while tall bamboos bowed humbly to the hurricane, like servants to their master. The penetrating search light of a beacon constantly probed into the darkness.

A low rumble, like drums, rolled out of the west gradually reaching a crescendo like the roar of a hundred lions. Lightning shot across the sky in a sizzling streak, illuminating the scene for a brief few seconds. With each deafening clap of thunder, the rain poured down with renewed vigour. Sea birds screamed shrill protests above the tempest, drowned by the frequent cacophony of thunder. Somewhere, far away, a dog wailed — his tone eerie with the sound of falling rain and the low rumble of thunder.

The thunder gradually diminished in violence and echoed over the sea in more gentle tones. The lightning grew less frequent and gradually the tempest subsided.

LOUISE WHITTLE, 4B1

SOCIAL MISFITS

The purple sky a hotch-potch a hop-scotch a mop-flop ablaze a colour. A whirl of red, a mist of whiskey-bottle on the rocks a cracked and grisly pavement of stones of weeds of trickles of water of laughter and shaking. People fumble mumble stumble jumble crumble in the purple spinning time out-growing distance. The moon tosses tipsy to a haze. A shining city stirs itself a frenzy war-dance mixing spinning things of people and places and faces and lights and

I'm alone. By myself. Cold. Broken. Finished. An outcast, push'd quietly yet firmly aside from The People. A misfit. A social misfortune, a mistake, a put-me-back-and-ask-for-a-new-one. A bitter, wasted, useless glob of jelly. For my pleasure. Society doesn't want me. Doesn't need me. They shun me, ignore me, pass me, pity me, hate me, loathe me, love me, leave me. Always they leave.

A fix.

A pink relief.

Oh yes, I did it. Me. All by myself. I chose it. This life. I'm the defendant. The counsel, Yes! Yes! The prosecutor. But they're the jury. They pass sentence. They leave me out. Pass me, Leave me. Pass me. Leave me. Broken breaking, Bleeding bled, Breeding bred. Blessing. Blessed. Look!

Look at the old man over there!

I say, pass quickly. Can't be seen near there.

Look at him. Queer.

Well I feel sorry for him.

Ugh! What a specimen.

Pass. Pass quickly.

Hey! Look at him!

Hmm, coma or trance, probably.

I still feel sorry for him.

Quick, let's go.

Pass. Pass quickly.

But I want

Mustn't touch.

No dear, leave the teddy alone. Mummy doesn't

Like. Leave it dear. Leave it.

Leave it. Leave.

Woozy now. Oozy woozy ooooozy. I don't dare. No more.

Sleepy, sleepy, woozy.

Happy, sappy, sleepy, swelly, lully,

lull, lull, lull. Woozy now.

Let em passssss me. Lettem, lemme, lettem

sleepy, woozy, lemme

die.

C. LEWIS, 6A

A LAND BY THE SEA

The winds sweep through my golden hair,

As I stroll along the sand.

Seagulls overhead fly low,

In this lonely land.

Around the rocks the shellfish scuttle,

Chitons, limpets and large shore crabs

And in the rock pools, both small and deep,

The shrimps, dart and sleep.

The waves roll on to the shore,

The sands blow along.

Man could never equal this beauty,

In this lonely land.

C. Francis, 3L.

THE PORTRAIT

As I was wandering through the Art Gallery dreamily contemplating each painting before it slipped past my eye, I was struck by a portrait at the end of the hall I was in. I stopped, and looked at it from where I stood. It was an oil painting of a young lady, not very old, but not a child either. I regarded it for some minutes, and then moved to one side, to see it from a different angle. Odd! Her eyes seemed to follow me. When I was some distance from my previous position, I stopped and looked again.

She hadn't changed in the least. But after all, why should she? It struck me that she should have turned to face me. No, there she was, her position unchanged, but none the less still looking at me.

I moved closer. Her eyes never gave up following me. I blinked three times to make sure I wasn't dreaming, and looked again. There she was, as intriguing as before.

I felt like reaching out and shaking hands with her, and was just tilting forward when the sight of someone staring at me brought me back back to my senses. I turned and walked away, feeling a great fool.

Hardly had I gone a few steps when again I turned, "just to make sure she was still looking." Yes, she was, with that faint smile on her lips and that sort of mocking look in her eyes. I wanted to rip her picture off the wall, but I controlled myself.

A sudden mad idea of buying her portrait passed through my mind, just to give me pleasant dreams at night, or for something to look at before I got up in the morning.

No, I said to myself, you can't buy her. You haven't enough money for a start. You'll have to be content with seeing her every time you come here.

I dragged myself away from that picture, still looking at her, and she still looking at me. But what was that? I thought she winked as I turned my head away. Did she? I wonder.

by Philip Alley, 5A

OUR VIEW OF THE PARK

Two thousand square yards of cut green lawn.
Two million square yards of sea
A huge expanse of cumulus cloud
Lie out in front of me.

The stirring squirl of the Scotties' band,
The spray from the bow of a dredge.
A dark smoke cloud from a puffing train
And the golden line of a hedge.

A pavilion of brick and fresh with paint.
A home boat Auckland bound
The golden glow of a setting sun
And T.V. a background sound.

Ten acres of lawn the Council mow
A glorious view of the sea.
A bowl of sky embracing it all
What lucky people are we.

—J. Morgan, 4A1

IT WASN'T OUR FAULT

When it was all over we came back still arguing. Some maintained that contact should have been made and the disaster averted, while the stronger group supported the idea of non-involvement and of allowing fate to run its course. This race, they said, had been too primitive to grasp fully the concept of overlordship. Their diseased minds were too full of suspicion and hate. Their whole history was one of violence and cruelty, although, it had to be admitted that there had been times when they had appeared to be almost civilised, and one point in their favour had to be admitted: their scientific advances were brilliant and had been accomplished in an unbelievably short time. In five hundred years they had advanced as far as we had in five thousand, scientifically that is; but culturally and in the development of the mind, they were still infants. Telepathy was laughed at and levitation was still the dream of science-fiction writers.

Whatever it had been was now a charred heap. We had never before encountered so much artificial radiation in all our history of contact. For the last fifty years we had watched while the inexorable tide of self-destruction had flowed towards its inevitable finale. Even if a few pockets of life still held out they would be swamped by the clouds of radiation which were swirling around the globe, bringing death to everything that lived.

You couldn't say that we hadn't tried. Two thousand years before we had sent one of us to try and straighten them out. He had succeeded to a certain extent for many people had recognised the ideals and the sense of all that he had taught them. Unfortunately the people turned him into a religion and that as usual amongst these immature children turned into a religion of fear for the next 1400 years. Then we sent down several artists. Unfortunately one of our maladjusted citizens escaped to the planet and experimented on the people with his ideas.

I suppose that the people had something to blame us for but we had done our best and now it was all gone. Earth was destroyed by her own people.

H. McPhail.

HAIKUS

Thundering waves crash
down on the shore to stroke and
caress the pale sands.

The sun burns the day
To nothing while night restores
its hidden beauty.

They toil forever
under the strict unsparing
hand of their master.

We eat and thrive but
others less fortunate must
suffer and soon die.

—Lois Penny, 5A.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

By Robert Burgess, 3L

Hector, brave and valiant,
Led the men of Troy
Into many a battle,
Greek warriors to destroy.

But the great Achilles,
Vowed he'd make an end
To the life of Hector,
Who slew his lifelong friend.

So without the gate of Troy
They met one fateful day,
But Hector's pleading parents
Begged him, "Run away!"

Three times around the city
They sped on winged feet,
Watched by the Gods from Olympus
On their high and lofty seat.

Hector, by Athene's trickery,
Was forced to face the foe,
Waiting in splendid armour
His glittering spear to throw.

Achilles hurled his deadly weapon,
But Hector quickly knelt,
The spear flew o'er his shoulder,
And ne'er a blow was dealt.

Hector cried, "You missed me!"
"To me your life must yield!"
Achilles stood there proudly,
And raised his massive shield.

Hector's spear came hurtling,
Flying true and straight,
But its point was blunted
Against the armour plate.

Now the warrior Goddess
Handed back Achilles' spear,
Hector, the brave and valiant,
Knew that death was near.

He drew his sharp and heavy sword,
But Achilles' spear was thrust
Into the flesh of Hector
Who fell dying to the dust.

Achilles stood in triumph
O'er Hector's mighty frame,
"Now, you dog, I have avenged
My great friend's noble name!"

"Patroclus' wondrous armour
You thought you'd live to wear,
But now the dogs and vultures
Your rotting flesh will tear."

As Hector lay there dying,
He said "Achilles, wait,
Lest one day the angry Gods
Claim you at the Scaen Gate."

Death closed mighty Hector's eyes,
His soul then sped away,
Leaving behind its youthful manhood,
Upon that fateful day.

WHAT JOB?

I felt sure that, had I been left in this prolonged agony much longer, I would have worn the cold uninviting linoleum right down to the floor boards. I had been ordered to wait in the corridor until Mr. Watt Jobb was ready to interview me. But until now I had been alternately pacing the corridor and sitting on the slippery, cheerless chair that had been provided by some considerate person. But the sitting down had been the worst as this had given my anxiety an opportunity to mount up and mingle with the tension that was gradually overcoming me.

As I sat there in front of that dreaded door, the sign bearing the words, "Senior Careers Adviser" stared mockingly back at me. Between feelings of tension and anxiety, muddled thoughts dawdled across my brain, and, suddenly, the door-handle moved, turned, and the door opened, revealing — him.

"Come in," he requested.

I did so apprehensively and he motioned a chair similar to the one outside.

"Now then, let's get down to business," he said briskly. "What do you propose to do when you leave school?"

"Well — um," I stumbled.

"A doctor or nurse — teacher, secretary, chemist, librarian, radio announcer—"

I didn't really fancy any of these but even if I had he didn't give me a chance to utter a word but carried on unsympathetically, only stopping for short breaths.

His brow gradually became furrowed with lines of perplexity as I rejected all his suggestions with a shake of my head. It seemed to him as if nothing would satisfy me and when he had eventually exhausted all his suggestions his only choice was to 'give up!' At last he dismissed me with, "Well, you'll have to think it over very carefully. You haven't got much time. And when you do decide on something—," he said this with a sigh, "I'll have to see you again."

I thanked him for his trouble and quickly retreated, glad that it was at last over but not at all sure of the impression that I had created. I reflected on it as I made my way back to school. Besides, after the dreadful impression I had given him how could I have told him that I wanted to be a Careers Adviser so that he was to be my prospective employer! After all, he hadn't suggested that — had he!

Lois Penney, 5A

THE SHORE

by Christine Francis, 3L.

The white crested waves
Roll onto the rocky shore;
Up the sand they slave.

BELLS

As the peeling bells toll
Their ringing sounds far and wide,
Stirring mind and soul.

FIRST FISH

The fiery sun beat down on the countryside, turning it to tinder. Grass turned from green to brown, trees drooped in the suffocating heat and spring snows melted like butter over a fire. Mountain streams gurgled and bubbled: only they survived the soaring temperatures. Beaches were packed, rivers were full, not to mention public swimming baths. Anything not protected died; it was Mother Nature's murder.

Hidden under the "popping" lupin by a small stream lay a boy, about nine years of age. In his hand he held a crooked stick carved from a branch of a tree. The string tied to the end of the rod stretched far out into the water. It was about 1.30 p.m. The sun was at its highest intensity and even in the shade one felt like a newly baked cake.

This boy was used to hot weather and enjoyed spending days alone while the rest romped around at the beach or some such place. He liked to think in peace, away from people.

Suddenly his thoughts rocketed away as the line twanged and tugged. A fish. He jumped up and pulled in the string as fast as possible. At last, he had caught something. It felt big and seemed to struggle a lot. The small boy was excited. Here was something to boast about. Finally he pulled the fish up onto the rocks at the stream's edge. A baby trout. What a pity. Non one would believe him.

He took the bait and hook from the fish. Fortunately, the hook had done no damage to the struggling creature.

Sadly he threw it back. A tear fell.

by J. Hutton, 3L.

"THE FUTILITY OF WAR"

Down the twisty corridors of time
The cry of the wounded ring;
Man has met man in battle
And with what advantages to bring?

Steel meets steel and cannons roar
Young mortals fall to earth
As friend joins friend to vanquish foes
While Death's lips part in mirth.

Out of the haze of turmoil,
Above the torn terrain,
Again the question arises
Why must man be killed in vain?

From Darius to Napoleon,
Man has conquered man,
But are the spoils of victory
Worth the lives of men?

Oh! when will man surrender
His lust to kill and burn?
When will he once more live in peace,
Will not he ever learn?

W. Cochran, 8BG

THE STEEPLECHASE

Pat, Jack, Tom, and Mac,
All set off at the boom of the gun;
For there was a race to be run — and won.
It would be a gruelling feat —
Especially in this torturing heat.
Masters as refs for mile after mile,
If they had to run they'd alter their smile
That thought of a drink soon makes the boys
drool;
But they had better run faster to finish at all!
Puff, pant, heat and sweat,
Still a long way to the finish line yet.
There's a slimy bog just up ahead
They just wade through it — they feel like lead.
Slur, slosh, squelch, slud,
Sure is a mess
This black, slimy mud.
They think of the shower
So they put on the speed,
When this race is over
They'll be pleased indeed,
The rest of the story is easily decided —
Mothers would be happier
If clothes were provided!

—A. Miles, 4A1.

THE KILL

by A. R. Sutherland

The gun belched flame and lead sped towards its target. The gunshot reverberated and echoed through the dank, lofty bush while smoke dribbled from the barrel, drifted upwards and was lost in the trees.

The pig stumbled in its headlong flight and rolled, screaming. It lurched to its feet, frothing at the mouth, and stumbled on, red oozing from its chest. The dogs, gripped in the excitement, closed in for the kill, barking. But the old boar was still game and it backed against a log and faced them with its last defiance. One dog was too keen, came in too close and an evilly curved, gleaming tusk reached out and hooked upwards. The dog curled up over the boar's back with a hideous yelp. It landed with a dull thud, ripped from stomach to throat. Blood spurted from the throat at regular intervals while long spaghetti-like tubes spilled from the stomach.

The other dogs had lost some of their courage and hung back. The hunter arrived and pulled out his bayonet. He held it ready for sticking and encouraged the dogs in, waiting his chance. The boar turned away at another dog and he struck. The bayonet slid in easily as if being put back in its sheath and was out again in a flash. The boar sunk to its knees but still turned to face its last tormentor. The dogs were braver now and one grabbed a hind leg and twisted the pig over on its back. The hunter sprang like a panther and the knife flashed from its poised position. Legs kicked, there was a squeal, then silence except for the panting and whining of the dogs.

FOUR FACES OF DEATH

Death has many faces,
One for every man.
But different as they all may be
Death remains the same.

This man lies still,
His body racked with pain.
His face is haggard,
His eyes are grey,
Clouded over with the mists of fear.
Far through the darkness
His cries swiftly fly,
Taking his plaint to all men's ears.
But now he is silent
As through the night
Death comes to take him
From that twisted cell,
That diseased clay,
His body.
Death comes as a friend,
Gentle and caring,
To deliver him from his prison of pain.

A young man,
Still finding Life,
Meets Death too soon.
Death comes void,
No form at all,
Only too soon.

Sitting in a gutter,
Stinking strong of alcohol,
A bottle he holds in his hands,
The contents he hopes
Will drown his sins.
His Life was wine,
And women,
And song,
He cared not for responsibilities,
But now they are too heavy.
He hears Death approaching.
His fear knows no ends.
He gets up to flee,
But sinks once more to the ground
Petrieved with terror
Or perhaps too drunk to run.
Death approaches,
A gaunt figure
On a gaunt horse,
Dressed in a black shroud.
The finger of judgment, points
At the cowering drunk.
As Death reaches out,
A scream!
The lifeless body slumps forward
To lie there 'til morn.

The Christian meets Death
The best way of all.
He fears not his coming
For Death comes as Life.

—R. Halliday.

THE SUBURB

Scurrying figures move in on soft moist green paddocks. They divide the land up into squares, oblongs and rectangles, with each plot being reached by a road. Then large machines move in and mould the land into the ideal shape. Men arrive with nails and precut weatherboards and studs and dwangs. They are working from plans they have memorized because they have built this "model" so often.

When they have finished, the decorators move in. Walls are covered with pretty paper, the weatherboards are painted bright colours, and then the people move in with all their neat pieces of mass-produced furniture, and their latest model mass-produced cars — which are painted bright colours. Beauty created over hundreds of years is scratched away and within nine months scurrying little people have settled in to make permanent homes.

But are these people lost in anonymity? No, during the week they labour very hard so that on Saturday and Sunday they can make concrete paths, polish their cars, and attend to their little plots of green grass, which must always be kept short with the edges trimmed neatly and the clippings all brushed away so that they are not seen. Their lawn must be as neat as anybody else's in the street. They are surely lucky to have such congenial places to live in, and efficient cars to save them pushing bicycles. Strange that these weirdy-beardies with long hair who paint vague pictures, or compose music that is all mixed up, or write poetry, which is "round the bend," strange that they cannot appreciate the benefits of having well-trimmed neat hair, clean-cut suits, nice houses and cars, and nice neat little lawns. These necessities which all suburbanites have and which make all suburbanites look the same. But if one of these mixed-up people were to mention words like "shallow," "ugly," "dull," or "let the lawns grow long and do something expressive," or even "help others," "relax" and "lose your conformity," then these ticky-tacky people would be panicking as they reached the bottom of their shallow imaginations.
David Wilkinson, 6B.

ON TO THE SUMMIT

By Christine Francis, 3L

The morning of our conquest was fine. We, the members of St. David's Bibleclass, left New Plymouth at 7.30 on Saturday morning.

All members were in high spirits, and as the cars taking us to the mountain house drew nearer, we looked anxiously up at the great heights of Mount Egmont.

Our guide, Peter Wilson, arrived five minutes after us, and signed the book. The air was crisp and cool, but as we trudged up the path, one by one we stopped to remove our jumpers. The sun climbed higher in the sky, and we emerged from the pleasant bush to begin a hard climb to the hut.

Over the Razor Back we struggled, encouraging one another on. Then, after one and a half hours' labour, the hut was reached. The cool water there revived us, and then in the distance the great heights of Mount Ruapehu shone forth above the fleecy clouds. It was just like a picture to me, who had never seen it before, and I stood there taking it in until we moved on again.

The hardest part was yet to come. The Scoria. A good half mile of back-breaking climbing. Every step taken required an immense effort on the part of the climber, and when the halts were called, I was not the only one who lay face down panting.

While we were struggling up the Scoria, about fifty yards to our left, was a bunch of mountain goats, taking an easy stroll up a ridge.

Two hours after leaving the hut, the Lizard lay ahead. We called a halt and had lunch. Few ate anything as the thought of the climb before us left no appetite. Then at 12.30 p.m., we slowly made our way to the crater. It was colder now, and as we got nearer to the ice, the gloves, hats and coats went on.

Finally we reached the crater. The ice was hard and very slippery. I was staggered when I learned that the sheer cliff, or so it seemed, still had to be climbed.

So with great reluctance, I pushed my legs up the last hurdle, and reached the summit.

LIMERICKS

There was an old man called Ted
Who loved to lounge on his bed
He used to waggle his toes
With the end of his nose
Which made it terribly red
—Michael Collier.

There was a young man of Greece,
Who delighted in eating yeast
To his immense surprise
Upwards he did rise,
And floated away to the east.
—Moira Campbell.

There was an old dame of Leeds,
Who sowed her garden with seeds;
She gave them much care,
Shed many a tear,
When nothing came up but weeds.
—J. Hutton, 3L.

There was an old man from Peru
Who went to sea in a shoe
He thought it would float
(The silly old goat),
But the sole was worn right through.
—Lois Reeve.

FLYING SOLO

Inevitably the end of secondary school heralds an important change for the student, and the transition from the rank of sixth-former to 'fresher' is no exception. In fact, the readjustment from secondary school to 'varsity' would be one of the most important of all. As promised throughout secondary days, university work is a completely different way of learning. The sheltered student with a folder of cyclostyled notes, and of some importance in his immediate surroundings becomes a bewildered, unsupported fresher, frantically making notes from recommended sources, and acutely aware of his insignificance. The 4,982 other students have all been there at least four years; know the intricate enrolling process backwards; never attends the wrong lectures and certainly don't care about a 'non-credit pass' lad from an unheard-of secondary school.

However, although seemingly impossible at first, the transition and re-establishment into new conditions is gradually made. You realise that almost half of the 4982 are as 'green' as yourself, and mutual aid is soon forthcoming. You gain new friends, a new timetable, and a new hairstyle also if you wish. You are independent, virtually your own boss and comparatively free from the bonds of discipline. You have the advantage of being able to work, play and sleep when you like, and you have the initial disadvantage of having major decisions suddenly thrust upon you, coupled with the awareness that no-one except you is really going to be concerned if you make the wrong choice. You need attend lectures only if you wish; a friend will usually sign for you at compulsory tutorials and extra notes and problems are purely optional. In most stage one subjects a little over half who initially enrol pass finals, and the statisticians are little concerned whether Jones, K. L. is in the 53.8% above the red line or in the 46.2% below it. Computer analysis of final results personify the impersonality of the first academic year.

As well as presenting a marked change in working conditions, university also presents for many a drastic change in living conditions. The great majority of students are away from home and for most freshers this is a completely new experience. Private boarding or flatting in the first year often mean that complete independence is thrust too rapidly on the ex-sixth-former. Partly for this reason, it is preferable to live in a student hostel at least for the first year. Not only are such hostels usually cheaper and more central than private lodgings, but they are also valuable in providing companionship and assistance for the transplanted student. Usually, entry into these halls of residence is governed largely by academic achievements, and consequently a favourable "working atmosphere" generally is maintained, while necessary social activities are (of course) regularly integrated.

The change in study and accommodation is added to finally by a noticeable change in thought. Previously, room for criticism and questioning has been strictly limited, but now it is almost to rebel not to rebel. Many make full use of this new-found freedom and often non-comfortity is valued for its own sake. Dress and general appearance are the most obvious outlets for the 'new freedom' although its manifestation is certainly not limited to these forms. The quiet chap across the corridor is just as likely to be a ribald Marxist as he is to have the outward appearance of Rasputin.

New philosophies abound on all subjects, and little encouragement is required for these to be expanded. You need to work eight hours per day per unit; results are rigged anyway; and the same questions come up every three years. You also discover that all secondary school teachers are basically sadistic authoritarians, that clergymen are unsuccessful politicians and that Antarctic will have covered completely the Southern Hemisphere by 1970. However, you soon realise that those stupid, antiquated ideas that you should have rejected years ago do not require such major renovation in order to be of assistance in your new environment.

Hence the transition becomes a period of challenge, which if successfully met, can serve only to strengthen the student. The first year at university presents many problems, but also many satisfactions. Uncertainty of results as coupled with the increasing confidence characteristic of second year students. The fear of another year of initial upheaval, re-establishment and the frantic swot, is compensated for by the anticipated pleasure of entering the ranks of the "seniors." The first year of university is undoubtedly a testing one, but it can also be a successful one, and is unquestionably enjoyable.

Dennis McNamara (A.U.C.)

THE SLUG

The slug lay on the plate, an inert and lumpy mass of flesh. For some time it remained unresponsive to my impatient proddings, until at last one tentative feeler poked out a little distance from the head, then quickly retreated as it came into contact with my hand. However, the slug's curiosity, once whetted, refused to go unsatisfied, and after a few breathless seconds of debate about what to do, the slug put forward both feelers from his head. I was thrilled, and prodded the slug once more, hoping to make it move, but back went the feelers into the pulpy body. I sighed. This slug obviously scared easily.

But I had not long to wait before the feelers again came out in a cautious exploration. Exercising a noble restraint, I forebore to poke the slug again, and stared fascinated at the two benignly-

waving stalks protruding from the head. I stared at the little bulbous spots at the head of the stalks. I was just going to prod one of them to see what would happen when a disconcerting thought struck me. Those little black knobs could be EYES, and for all I know they might be watching me! Disconcerted, I jerked my hand back and pushed the plate away from me as though it held poison. For a while we stayed like that; the slug and I.

Then I got down to a bit of solid reasoning. If the slug could see me, it couldn't do much except snigger with its slimy little friends about my appearance, and surely I shouldn't let a thing like that stand in the path of true observation. So, happy once more, I pulled both plate and slug back towards me and continued my studies of this most interesting mollusc.

Then I had a brilliant idea. I ran out to the garden and brought back a small piece of cabbage, which I placed on the plate, and watched entranced as the slug slithered over the smooth white surface towards the cabbage leaf. Arriving at the crinkly edge, the slug stopped abruptly, very delicately felt it with his feelers, then turned and made at full speed for the opposite side of the plate. I chuckled with delight. This was definitely a slug after my own heart. I hated cabbage, too. Suddenly the thought of the slug gossiping with his slimy friends did not seem nearly as revolting as before. After all a slug needs his fun.

By now I was feeling very brotherly towards my slug and, being in a jubilant mood, poked him with my finger. This was a mistake. The feelers shot back into the head, and the slug rolled to the centre of the plate and lay there, a useless piece of flesh.

Thoroughly disgusted with my slug, I put it back in the garden and went off to find a book.

C. McPHAIL

A BUS RIDE IS BORING?

As usual, the school bus was extremely overloaded, in fact I'm sure the driver did not realise we were normal human beings who needed air to breathe. However we were all in.

Slowly the bus started off, and jerked violently as it changed gear, making those standing, swing precariously back and forth on the

handles provided on the roof for them. I was one of those unfortunates standing.

Although my view wasn't particularly good, I did notice a small, rather frail little boy standing behind me. In fact, the position he was then in reminded me somewhat of a tinned sardine. He was obviously an undergrown third-former, and was not enjoying being jammed in among a tribe of fourth, fifth and sixth form monsters.

Stop upon stop went past, until those of us standing, were able to take a deep breath as the bus cleared. Then came the first fatal stop when someone pushed me and I trod, none too lightly, on Mr. Third-former's toe. Quickly I turned to him with a string of apologies which he duly accepted with a smile.

The second tragedy occurred when I picked up someone's suitcase to pass it to her and shinned the poor boy. This time my apologies were accepted, but the smile was missing. I felt uncomfortable as these incidents were not intentional.

At last the fatal blow hit. The bus had to stop and start on a hill and to do this it had to rev. a great deal. Finally the driver released the clutch and the bus gave a terrific jerk forward and then back. The girl in front of me came flying back into my arms, and, collapsing under the impact of her weight, I crashed down into the small boy. All three of us landed in a heap on the floor.

As quickly as possible I stood up trying to regain my dignity, not daring to look at my victim. As he was not on the floor I assumed he had survived that lot also. Perhaps he wasn't as weak as he looked. Anyhow it seemed as though it would take a lot of time to put him out of order.

Fortunately for me, as well as the boy, the next stop was mine and I fairly leapt from the bus. I brushed myself down and started for home, carefully avoiding people's curious glances at my flushed face and burning ears.

I wonder if the boy's mother had to bathe his bumps and bruises that night? I'm sure she did.

—Glennis Southall, 4A2.

CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS:

- 3A: 1st Christina McPhail; 2nd, Adrienne Lambert.
 3B: 1st Keith Fitzpatrick; 2nd, Bruce Walker.
 3C, 1st Ruth Goldsmith; 2nd, Bruce Robertson and Michael Johnson.
 3D: 1st, Louise Whittle; 2nd Raymond Dunlop.
 3E: 1st Kathryn Heep; 2nd Peter Thompson.
 3F: 1st Jennifer Weir; 2nd, Graeme Riddick.
 3GK: 1st David Griffiths; 2nd Wayne Jury.
 4A: 1st, Raewyn Lobb; 2nd Geoffrey Ward.
 4B: 1st, Wayne Morris; 2nd, Graeme Constable.
 4C: 1st Lynne Kay; 2nd Leslie Walker.
 4D, 1st, Jeanette McDonald; 2nd, Diane Bielewski.
 4E: 1st Geoffrey Berry; 2nd Graeme Bezzant. The J. A. Snell Memorial Prize, Warwick Emett.
 4F: 1st Terence Robinson; 2nd, Bruce Cowley.
 5A: 1st Robyn McKenzie; 2nd Ngaira Drake
 5B: 1st Bruce Alley; 2nd Robert Rose.
 5C: 1st Janice Bishop.
 5D: 1st Charlotte Rogers; 2nd Ross Revell.
 5E: 1st John West; 2nd Maureen Kitchin.
 6BG: 1st Marilyn King; 2nd Carol Belton.
 6BM: 1st Paul Bryant; 2nd Jennifer Joel.

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS:

- 3rd Form:** French, Rosemary Beaufaire; Homecraft/Clothing, Veronica Evans; Science, Trevor Cook; English, Sharlene Stobie.
4th Form: English, Rex Humphrey; Mathematics, Thomas Joel; French, Lois Penny; Homecraft/Clothing, Joan Cowley.
5th Form: Shorthand/Typing, Denise Barriball; Homecraft, Glennis Horgan; Clothing, Barbara Gilbert; Mathematics, Donald Stedman; Engineering, Trevor Smith; Technical Drawing, John Smillie, Art, Barbara Clegg.
Lower 6th Form: English/French, Christine Lewis; Mathematics/Mechanics, John Reeve.
Upper 6th Form: English, Kathleen Sargent; French, Allen James; Geography, Anne McPhail; History, Dennis McNamara. Special Merit in Maths, Renny Snell.

SPECIAL PRIZES:

- Head Prefect's P.T.A. President's Prize (Mr O. G. Sole).—Kathleen Sargent.
 Board Chairman's Prize (Mr L. M. Moss).—Renny Snell.

DUX MEDAL, BOOK AND CUP:

Renny Snell.

SPEECH CONTEST:

Third Form, Diane Charman; Fourth Form, Waima Nathan; Fifth Form, Donald McIntyre; Sixth Form, Denis McNamara.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS:

- Girls:** Third Form, Pamela Revell; Fourth Form, Patricia Boswell; Fifth Form, Mary Campbell; Sixth Form, Jan Hunter.
Boys: Third Form, Kenneth Shaw; Fourth Form, Edward Taylor; Fifth Form, Philip Gayton.

HOUSE AWARDS:

- The F. V. Morine Cup for Interhouse Athletics:** Paritutu House, John Barriball and Bettina Phillips, Captains.
The Faye Hill Cup for Interhouse Basketball: Motumahaunga House, Charlotte Rogers, Captain.
The W. MacDonald Cup for Interhouse Cricket: Moturoa House, Denis McNamara, Captain.
The Honnor Cup for Interhouse Rugby: Motumahaunga (Neil Cleaver, Captain), and Moturoa House, (Denis McNamara, Captain).
The Interhouse Speech Cup: Motumahaunga House, Neil Cleaver and Charlotte Rogers, Captains.
The Sole Cup for Interhouse Tennis: Motumahaunga House, Charlotte Rogers, Captain.
The Dr. and Mrs. Andrews Interhouse Drama Award: Motumahaunga House, Neil Cleaver and Charlotte Rogers, Captains.
Interhouse Shield for 17 Events: Moturoa House, Aileen Rupapere and Denis McNamara, Captains.
The Borrell Cup for Interhouse Soccer: Mikotahi House (Ray Egarr, Captain), and Moturoa House (Denis McNamara, Captain).
The Natalie Cleland Cup for Spotswood v Rangiatea Basketball: Rangiatea, Aileen Rupapere, Captain.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE PASSES, 1964:

B. Alley, M. L. Armstrong, B. L. Bailey, D. Barriball, G. N. Bennett, E. A. Bird, J. F. Bishop, P. W. Borrell, R. P. Bracegirdle, N. F. Braddock; G. A. Brett, P. E. Briscoe, M. J. Campbell, R. M. Clark, Barbara Clegg, Beverley Clegg, N. A. Drake, B. E. Dryden, J. C. Duckett, J. A. Eden, J. L. Ewington, R. R. Fitzpatrick, P. M. Flett, J. E. Free, L. M. Garcia, D. C. Grant, L. J. Halliday, J. W. Hollard, A. F. Jamieson, R. F. Joel, P. Keenan, M. J. Laycock, G. B. Love, W. P. Love, G. McAlpine, P. McDonald, D. McIntyre, S. R. MacKenzie, A. H. McPhail, B. D. Mills, J. M. Moulden, W. C. Parker, M. Patrick, M. F. Pierce, M. Prout, V. R. Revell, K. F. Roberts, C. Rogers, R. G. Rose, G. L. Ross, P. L. Saunders, R. D. Scholes, J. M. Smillie, T. A. Smith, D. Sole, D. J. Stedman, G. R. Sutherland, J. D. Tooby, L. S. Walker, J. D. West, C. A. Whiting, Olive E. Wilson, N. B. Wood, R. A. Wright, D. L. Young, D. E. Wilkinson.

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE PASS LIST, 1964:

J. Barriball, C. A. Belton, S. M. Bond, D. Brabender, P. Bryant, M. D. Cook, J. A. Cooper, B. E. Cox, P. G. Duke, J. C. Hunter, L. J. Inglis, J. F. Joel, M. A. King, C. I. Lewis, B. R. Lynch, J. W. Peel, K. A. Procter, J. Ramsay, J. L. Rawley, J. E. Reeve, K. Shaw, P. J. Smith, A. M. Cole, D. G. Sole, R. M. Stanton, D. J. Sutherland, P. E. Taylor, W. E. Winter.

TARANAKI SCHOLARSHIPS:

Kathleen M. Sargent; R. R. J. Snell, B. C. Richardson.

FORM LISTS**6A:**

Bond, Stephen N.
 Bryant, Paul
 Cox, Brian E.
 Lynch, Bruce R.
 *Mason, Paul M.
 Peel, John W.
 Reeve, John E.
 Sole, Denis G.
 Winter, William E.

6B:

Armstrong, M.
 Bailey, B.
 Braddock, N.
 Bryant, B.
 Fleming, D.
 Halliday, J.
 Honeyfield, T.
 Jamieson, A.
 Lobb, G.
 Love, W.
 McAlpine, M.
 McIntyre, D.
 McPhail, H.
 Mills, B.
 Parker, W.

6BG:

Alley, Bruce
 *Bennett, Graeme
 Borrell, John
 Bracegirdle, Ralph
 Cochrane, Warren M.
 Duckett, John
 Laycock, Michael
 Martin, Bruce
 McDonald, Peter
 Ross, Graham
 Sutherland, Gavin
 Walker, Len
 Warden, Alan
 Wilkins, Alan
 *Wright, Rex
 *Bird, Elizabeth
 *Bishop, Janice
 Briscoe, Pauline
 *Clark, Rayleigh
 Dryden, Beverley

5A:

Alley, Philip
 Bond, Barnett
 Boswell, Ian
 Egarr, Graham
 Fitzpatrick, Gavin
 Fluker, John
 Humphrey, Rex
 Joel, Thomas
 Kindberg, Lynton
 Lovell, Gary
 McGibbon, Alastair
 Sharp, Colin
 Spranger, Max
 Ward, Geoffrey
 Bond, Carolyn
 Grant, Maria

5B:

Berry, Geoffrey D.
 *Constable, Graeme N.
 Cooper, Geoffrey A.
 Dove, Roger L.
 Emett, Warwick
 Fisher, Peter M.
 Guild, Peter M.
 Gredig, Kevin F.
 Mason, Stephen H.
 Meier, Eric
 Morris, Wayne D.
 Mugeridge, Alan J.
 Mundell, Lester K. J.
 Parkes, Rodney J.
 Rae, David J.
 Tallot, Peter G.
 Winter, Charles F.

Hunter, Jan C.
 Lewis, Christine I.
 Proctor, Kathryn A.
 Robinson, Carolyn M.
 Smith, Lynette M.
 Smith, Pamela J.
 Taylor, Patricia E.
 White, Jennifer A.
 Whittaker, Rosemary C.

Roberts, K.
 Rose, R.

*Saunders, P.
 Scholes, R.
 Stanton, B.
 Stedman, D.
 Tooby, J.
 Tunncliffe, A.
 Wilkinson, David
 Wilkinson, Denis
 Beardmore, Dorothy
 *Keenan, Pamela
 McAlpine, Gaylene
 *Patrick, Marian
 Sole, Diane

*Eden, Jennifer

*Ewington, Joy
 Fisher, Jean
 *Flett, Pauline
 *Free, Janet
 *Garcia, Lynette
 Hawkins, Linda
 Luckin, Janice
 McConnell, Linda
 McEwan, Josephine
 *Moulden, Janice
 Rogers, Charlotte
 Richards, Shirley
 Rookes, Joy
 Skelton, Janice
 Sykes, Wendy
 Tulloch, Linda
 Whiting, Carol
 Wilson, Olive

Hammonds, Mary
 Hitchcock, Lynne
 Jury, Raewyn
 Kitchingman, Maree
 Lobb, Pam
 Lobb, Raewyn
 Mackenzie, Christine
 Morgan, Kaye
 *O'Neill, Jaime
 Pepperell, Megan
 Petrowski, Lynette
 Smillie, Beryl
 Sole, Barbara
 Walker, Lesley
 Walker, Nancy
 Penney, Lois

Biddle, Irene H.
 Boswell, Pat A.
 Boyce, Penny
 Crockett, Robyn N.
 Eley, Heather
 George, Jennifer A.
 Hallmond, Marie A.
 Hanover, Lynette M.
 Howarth, Beverley A.
 Kay, Lynne
 *Kerr, Bonnie M.
 Lucas, Raewyn
 Mace, Christine O.
 *Parrish, Christine F.
 Seaman, Joy M.
 Senior, Kaylene J.
 Wright, Janice A.

5C:

Beaufaire, Carol
 *Bielawski, Dianna
 Booker, Vivienne
 Casperson, Glenda
 Cowley, Joan
 *Dravitski, Marilyn
 Erueti, Vicki
 Flett, Sue
 Frank, Lorraine
 Gatenby, Jocelyn
 George, Maureen
 Gray, Isobel
 Holdren, Jan
 *Hunter, Janice
 Kopua, Rautu
 *Macdonald, Jenny
 McDonald, Jeanette

5D:

Ansford, Vaughan
 Busby, Allan
 Bowen, Graham
 Campbell, David
 Collins, Michael
 Gray, Geoffrey
 Dawson, Keith
 Dove, Bruce
 Gowan, Bruce
 Grant, Roderick
 Henderson, Trevor
 Kendall, Ian
 Lobb, John
 McArthur, John
 Sattler, Maurice

5E:

Berridge, Graham
 Bezzant, Graeme
 Bound, Rex
 Brown, Greg
 Campbell, Neil
 Cloke, Alan
 Dore, Alistair
 Farmer, Bruce
 Flemming, Robin
 France, Ian
 Gayton, Phillip
 Jorgenson, Laurie
 McGregor, Alan
 McNeil, John
 Miller, John
 Nixon, Graham

5F:

*Andrews, Bruce
 Asquith, Wayne
 Claringbold, Ross
 Cowley, Bruce
 *Dutton, Brian
 Edwards, Shayne
 *Ellison, Ross
 *Erueti, Angus
 Gordon-Stables, Robert
 Gush, Larry
 *Harris, Grant
 *Leathley, Jim
 Marriner, Neville
 *Moeahu, Peter
 Robinson, Terry
 *Patu, Peter
 Smith, Kevin

McCarthy, Phyllis
 *Morris, Christine
 Naylor, Joanna
 Plant, Lynda
 Rowland, Gloria
 Samuels, Louella
 Shoemark, Heather
 Simpson, Jean
 Stott, Merle
 Thompson, Elaine
 Thomson, Marilyn
 *Topless, Heather
 Urquhart, Anne
 *Waiwai, Maureen
 Walsh, Carolyn
 *Watson, Margaret
 Winstanley, Gail

Young, Anthony
 Ashworth, Raewyn
 Clark, Sharon
 Gardner, Helen
 *Jorgensen, Noeline
 Loader, Dale
 Marsh, Janet
 Mumford, Gillian
 Mumford, Pamela
 Nathan, Waima
 *Powell, Beverley
 Rogers, Chrissie
 *Smith, Janet
 Saleman, Christine

Parkes, Ron
 Scholes, Steven
 Sutherland, Robert
 Sweeney, Robert
 Thacker, John
 Clark, Lynley
 *Cox, Shirley
 *Cox, Janice
 Crow, Elizabeth
 Gilbert, Barbara
 Inglis, Susan
 *Murtagh, Sally
 *Saunders, Gail
 *Smith, Pat
 Wairama, Phyllis

Stockwell, John
 Webber, Graham
 Whitaker, Mark
 Williams, Allan
 *Wood, Murray
 *Guopp, Alan
 *Anderson, Raewyn
 *Auridge, Karen
 *Frazier, Helen
 Lovell, Kaye
 Martin, Diana
 Okey, Raewyn
 Smith, Barbara
 Taoho, Nancy
 Temara, Evelyn
 Tutaki, Lucy

4A1:

Berendsen, Alan
Brewster, Stephen
Cavaney, Wayne
Cook, Trevor
Fitzpatrick, Keith
Halliday, Rex
Hart, Kevin
Hill, Bruce
Keenan Raymond
Loasby, Kevin
Lynch, Ross
Miles, Alan
Procter, Warwick
Rawlinson, Christopher
Taylor, Ted
Ward, Roger
Bracegirdle, Cheryl
*Coxhead, Joy

4A2:

Churchill, Murray
Cleaver, Jeff
Denny, Kim
Dungan, Christopher
Fluker, Malcolm
Gayton, Denys
Giddy, Colin
Gredig, Maurice
Hewson, Grant
Jans, Neil
Knight, Geoffrey
McCracken, Trevor
Marshall, Wayne
Mercer, John
Ramsay, Ian
Shaw, Ken
Thomas, Elwyn

4A3:

Bennett, Mervyn
Farrant, Russell
Green, Paul
Johnson, Michael
Jorgensen, Trevor
Lloyd-Smith, Graham
O'Brien, Peter
Robertson, Bruce
Smith, Nigel
Wadsworth, David
Autridge, Glennys
Charman, Diane
Collins, Miranda
Goldsmith, Ruth

4B1:

Asquith, Paul
Bloore, Alan
Buchanan, Robert
*Christiansen, Owen
Dunlop, Raymond
McCurdy, Wayne
MacLeod, Max
MacMillan, Ian
Ruakere, Graham
*Spencer, Terry
Thompson, Peter
*Tooby, Lawson
Williamson, Ross
Winstanley, (Denni
Woods, John
Andrews, Jocelyn
Archer, Faye
Askew, Lynette

Cumming, Lynn
Davison, Janet
Fowler, Judy
Kay, Janet
Lambert, Adrienne
Lewis, Pauline
Loader, Dianna
Love, Wendy
MacGibbon, Judy
MacPhail, Christina
Morgan, Jenny
Moss, Bonny
Powell, Margaret
Quay, Dianna
Seager, Rhonwen
Stobie, Sharleen
Wallace, Vivienne
Winter, Dorothy

Walker, Bruce
Ballinger, Shirley
Beaurepaire, Rosemary
Conn, Alison
Derry, Marcia
Drew, Maureen
Grace, Elizabeth
Hill, Jennie
Johns, Marion
Lund, Karen
McConnell, Judy
Moody, Jacqueline
Perkins, Bronwen
Revell, Pamela
Southall, Glenys
Treanor, Carol

Hughes, Jolene
Katene, Lesley
Klatt, Alison
Ritai, Mary
Ropata, Diane
Rosser, Ruth
Scott, Raewynne
Simonsen, Vicki
Tucker, Janet
Ubels, Anne
Watta, Moehau
Wairau, Alice
Walker, Margaret
Williams, Martha

Bellamy, Diane
Bowen, Patricia
Carrington, Diane
Cawthray, Jan
Evans, Veronica
Hawkins, Karen
Heap, Kathryn
Hine, Anne
Honeyfield, Caryll
Liley, Alison
Mace, Colleen
Prouse, Heather
*Robinson, Sue
Scott, Marlene
S'uck, Kathleen
Waite, Anne
Whittle, Louise

4B2:

Atkinson, Barry
Borchart, Barry
Clarke, Wayne
Eales, Jeffrey
*Eaton, Gary
Fraser, Geoffrey
Fraser, Ross
Griffiths, David
Haase, Graham
Hancocks, Philip
Herbert, Kevin
Hills, Ashley
Kemsley, Trevor
*Ludeman, John
McGregor, Terry
Miller, Gary
O'Sullivan, Tony
Read, John
Slight, Lance

4B3:

Bailey, Alan
Clarke, Max
Erueti, Wayne
Gillies, Graeme
Hildred, Stephan
Jorgenson, Joseph
Jury, Wayne
Kerr, Jeffrey
Loveridge, Boyd
Loveridge, Brian
Martin, Peter
Mischevski, Kelvin
Peters, Leonard
Pittwood, Peter
Riddick, Graeme
*Sanson, Carl
Stockman, John
Williams, Michael
Anderson, Colleen

4K:

Eaton, Larry
Hart, David
Henry, Brian
Hills, Ross
Low, David
McDowell, David
Marsden, Murray
Phipps, Arthur

3L:

Burgess, Robert
Collier, Michael
Gaze, Peter
Hutton, John
James, Peter
Laming, Ian
Meehan, Donald
Morgan, William
Liley, Alison
Mace, Colleen
Prouse, Heather
*Robinson, Sue
Scott, Marlene
S'uck, Kathleen
Waite, Anne
Whittle, Louise

50

Tilly, David
Topless, Graham
Waipapa, Raynol
White, Perry
Battersby, Judy
Cattley, Carol
Chambers, Julianne
Griffin, Marie
Holmes, Kristina
Hume, Carina
Kendale, Suzanne
Lilley, Ann
McCullough, Coraleen
Miller, Christine
Plant, Judith
Rowe, Heather
Smith, Lorraine
Spence, Janet
Williams, Sharon

Anderson, Christine
Barker, Lynette
Carley, Sandra
Free, Charlene
Goldsworthy, Alison
Gush, Diane
Hamill, Adrienne
Harris, Katherine
Jorgenson, Raewyn
Legge, Margaret
Pahuru, Kiranga
*Reed, Shirley
Riddick, Barbara
Roberts, Carolyn
Tiuku, Judith
Wier, Jennifer
Whittaker, Rosemary
Mitchell, Karen

Weir, John

Wilson, Brian
Young, Bruce
Saunders, Judith
Schroder, Carol
*Solomon, Lynneece
Stevens, Judy
Vercoe, Jocelyn
Walker, Ngaire

Dryden, Lynette
Eley, Lynne
Francis Christine
Garcia, Carol
Gilshnan Jeannette
*Graham, Susan
Harvey, Robyn
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