

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

1971





THE MAGAZINE
OF
SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE
NEW PLYMOUTH



No. 12

1971

Contents..

PRINCIPAL'S FORWORD	4
STAFF NOTES	6
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	7
SPEECH CONTEST	24
MAGAZINE EXCHANGES	24
COLLEGE COUNCILS	25
DRAMA	28
CHAMBER MUSIC REPORT	28
BRASS BAND REPORT	29
MADRIGAL REPORT	30
TAWA VISIT	31
ORCHESTRA REPORT	31
TE AWAMUTU - SPOTSWOOD COMBINED CONCERT	31
GIRLS' DUKE OF EDINBURGH SCHEME	32
EVENING CLASSES	33
SOCIAL COMMITTEE	33
INTERACT CLUB	34
CURIOUS COVE 1971	35
TRAMPING CLUB	36
CATAMARAN CLUB	36
ODD SHOTS	37
DEBATING CLUB	38
CHESS CLUB	39
CRUSADER MOVEMENT	40
LIBRARY NOTES	41
THANKS	41
PRIZE LIST 1970	41
LITERATURE COMPETITION 1971	43
RUGBY	45
STEEPLECHASE	45
GIRLS' HOCKEY	47
BADMINTON	48
GYMNASTICS	48
SOCCER	49
BOYS' HOCKEY	50
INDOOR BASKETBALL	51
VOLLEY BALL	52
NETBALL	53
ATHLETICS	54
GIRLS' TENNIS	54
BOYS' TENNIS	55
SWIMMING	55
GIRLS' SOFTBALL	56
CRICKET	57
SOFTBALL	57

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

NEW PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOLS' BOARD OF GOVERNORS

MR. W. M. SPEDDING, Chairman.
 Mr. C. Allen Mr. R. M. Mills
 Mrs. I. P. Greig Mr. L. M. Moss
 Mr. A. W. Lander Mr. J. S. Putt
 Mr. D. J. Little Mr. O. G. Sole
 Dr. C. H. MacGibbon Mr. R. S. Street
 Secretary of the Board of Governors: Mr. W. A. Connor.
 Assistant Secretary: Mr. J. C. Baylee.

STAFF

Principal: Mr. A. L. McPHAIL, M.A.
Deputy Principal: Mr. A. HUTCHINSON, M.A.
Deputy Principal: Mr. G. A. PROCTER, Adv.Tr.C.
Senior Assistant Mistress: Miss J. GRANT
Senior Assistant Mistress: Mrs. J. A. CONNOR.
Guidance Counsellor: Mr. R. S. R. GREENSILL, C.Rem.Ed.

Heads of Departments:

Commerce: Mr. W. G. Potter.
English: Mr. A. G. Page, B.A.; Mr. J. C. Lovell, B.A.
Social Studies: Mr. D. M. Frank, M.A.
Mathematics and Physics: Mr. D. G. Ball, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Mr. B. P. Finch, B.Sc.
Music: Mr. A. M. Purdy, Mus.B., L.R.S.M., A.T.C.L.
Remedial: Mr. L. R. Hill.
Science: Mr. J. P. B. Chapple, B.Sc.; Mr. C. B. Wilks, M.Sc.; Mr. H. A. Peel, B.Sc.
 (Hons.), Dip. Ed.
Technical: Mr. D. T. Guy, Adv.Tr.C., Tech. T.C.

Miss D. C. Andrews
 Mr. H. A. Ashley-Brown, B.A. (Aust. National Univ.)
 Mr. J. W. Bance, T.Cert. (Univ. Leicester)
 Mr. W. D. Barwood, M.A. (Hons.)
 Mr. J. C. Bauld, C.Cert.
 Mr. S. M. Bond, B.Sc. (Oregon)
 Mr. G. L. Clareburt, M.A.
 Mr. W. A. Crisp, Tr.C., Tech. T.C.
 Mr. G. W. Cross, M.Sc. (Indiana)
 Mr. B. J. Edwards, B.A., Dip. Tch.
 Mrs. B. E. Emmett (Library)
 Mr. A. J. Fielding
 Mr. C. W. Gill, B.A. (Hons.)
 Mrs. B. A. Heppleston
 Mr. S. G. Heppleston, N.Z.C.E.
 Miss C. B. Howard, B.A.
 Mrs. D. M. Howse, Hc.Cert.
 Mr. P. Jessa, B.A. (Cape Town)
 Mr. J. A. Kennedy, Dip. Phys. Ed.
 Mrs. M. T. Kennedy, Dip. Phys. Ed.
 Mr. P. A. Keown, M.A. (Hons.)
 Mrs. R. L. Keown, B.A.
 Mr. T. J. Lanning, M.A. (Hons.)
 Mr. I. K. J. Larsen, Tr.C.
 Mr. J. Leishman, R.N.E.R.A.
 Miss B. D. McLafferty, L.T.C.L., C.M.T.
 Mr. R. B. McLennan, B.Sc. (Hons.)
 Miss J. Ogle, P.C.T., I.P.S. (Hons.)
 Mr. D. J. Oliver
 Mr. E. J. Piercy, B.Sc. (Edinburgh)
 Mrs. K. Piercy, B.A. (Hons.) (Leicester)
 Miss S. M. Platt, P.C.T.
 Mr. D. W. Plyler, B.S., M.Ed. (Indiana)
 Miss K. Procter, B.A. (Hons.)
 Mrs. J. E. Rae
 Mr. G. I. Rawson, M.A. (Hons.)
 Miss G. M. Richards, B.A., A.T.C.L.
 Mrs. M. E. G. Risch, Std. Ref. (Konigsberg), Dip.
 F.A. (Dresden), Dip. Hort. (Berlin)
 Mrs. A. Ryan, H.T.C.
 Mr. D. S. Smith
 Mr. M. J. Spencer, B.A. (Oxford)
 Mrs. E. M. Sutcliffe
 Mr. M. B. Sutcliffe
 Mr. E. N. B. Watt, Ad.Tr.C.
 Mrs. M. C. D. Williams
Part-Time Staff:
 Mrs. P. M. Ashton
 Mrs. P. A. Darling
 Mrs. V. M. Duncan
 Mrs. C. A. Fielding
 Mrs. M. M. Francis (Library)
 Mr. L. Hall
 Mrs. M. H. Harrison
 Mrs. P. A. Hickland, P.C.T., I.P.S. (Hons.)
 Mrs. L. C. McCarthy
 Miss M. A. Meharry
 Mrs. M. Peel, Dip. Phys. Ed.
 Mrs. S. L. Spencer, B.Sc. (Alberta)
 Mr. D. Stedman
 Mrs. B. Watt
 Mrs. J. Willison, B.Sc. (Hons.) (London)
Office:
 Mrs. C. Haunton
 Mrs. W. A. Olsson
 Mrs. J. N. Narbey
Caretaker-in-Charge:
 Mr. J. J. Stoppard
Groundsmen:
 Mr. C. F. West
 Mr. G. W. Rawlinson

Principal's Foreword . . .

The number of large schools in New Zealand has continued to increase with twelve over 1200 and seven over 1300, of which the College is one. There are difficulties in organising such large institutions but our unit system is one method which is working well. We pioneered this "schools within a school" concept and though this has been in operation for the past three years it is not officially recognised. Therefore it was particularly encouraging to have Mr. C. Gair, Associate Minister of Education, visit the school early in October to see the system in action and to consider the possibility of giving us the Department's official blessing. I am sure he could see that here was one way of dealing with large schools to the real benefit of the pupils. Official recognition is needed as our staffing position is affected. I am hopeful of a satisfactory result.

The Board and Department by agreement have decided that the school's ultimate roll will be fixed at 1400 and that permanent accommodation will be provided for that number. Though we must expect to grow beyond 1400 prior to the opening of a fourth school in New Plymouth, it is good to have a limit set so that we can settle down to establish patterns of development. So far growth has been fast and buildings have lagged behind requirements. This limiting of the roll has meant a certain restriction on entry. Enrolment is based on proximity to the school and to more girls and boys who have had brothers or sisters attending here before. There is a right of appeal to the Board. These are very sound and workable restrictions. It is to be hoped that a fourth school will relieve pressure upon us.

As I mentioned last year, changes will occur in the sixth and seventh form examination system. University Entrance in particular is being looked at closely. This fact together with the decreasing importance of broadly based university degrees, emphasizes the necessity for providing senior courses more in keeping with technical skills. We hope to introduce further non university entrance courses at the sixth form level aimed at providing qualifications for technicians. The recent establishment of a separate Polytechnic for Taranaki in place of the Technical Division of the Boys' High School is a real advance for the district. Its function could well have some influence on senior courses in secondary schools.

Building contractors are still with us. The construction of the senior science block will provide one of those excellent facilities to which large schools are entitled. We look forward to the relief it will give to our science staff. With the fixing of the roll at 1400, permanent accommodation can be settled. Further rooms needed are for West School a laboratory and classroom, for East School a laboratory and three classrooms, and for the administrative block a suite of music rooms.

Movement of staff is as great as ever. We were delighted for Mr. J. N. Barrowman when he was appointed Principal of Western Heights High School in Rotorua, his home town. I am sure his experience as head of West School will be of value to him. Mr. G. Procter was appointed in his place and has occupied the warm? hot? seat since May. For 1972 we still have staff to appoint. It is difficult to say how we shall fare by February next year.

Over the past few years we have been experimenting with student participation in school administration. Now, I feel, we are at the point of setting up a sound council system. Seniors can contribute much to the tone of the school and I look forward to working with them.

On behalf of us all I do thank Mr. Spedding and the High School Board, Mr. Mills and the Board Committee and Mr. Samuels and the Parent-Teacher Association for their great interest and support at all times. We are indeed fortunate to have them backing us. I am sure that possible alternatives in the structure of the Board now being considered are indications of vigour and growth. Such alternatives, too, are an indication of the increasing complexity of board administration.

To the staff may I express my deepest appreciation for their support and for all they have done both inside and outside the classroom. Without their efforts a school cannot achieve much of value. Student leaders have contributed considerably to what has been achieved this year and to them my thanks.

May I wish you all a pleasant holiday and a successful year in 1972.

A. L. McPHAIL, Principal.

STAFF



Fourth Row: Messrs. C. Bauld, D. Oliver, G. Heppleston, D. R. Stedman, T. Lanning, C. Gill.

Third Row: M. Sutcliffe, B. Watt, D. Smith, A. Purdy, McLennan, B. Edwards, G. Clareburt, J. Leishman, G. Cross, P. Keown, G. Rawson, J. Kennedy, W. Barwood, J. Piercy, A. Fielding, P. Jessa, K. Larsen.

Second Row: Mrs. M. Peel, Mrs. V. Duncan, Miss D. Andrews, Mrs. J. Willison, Mrs. B. Emmett, Mrs. K. Piercy, Miss J. Richards, Mrs. P. Darling, Mrs. B. Heppleston, Miss C. Howard, Mrs. J. Rae, Mrs. R. Keown, Miss M. Meharry, Mrs. P. Hickland, Miss S. Platt, Mrs. D. Howse, Mrs. C. Fielding, Mrs. A. Ryan, Miss K. Procter, Mrs. M. Williams.

First Row: Miss B. McLafferty, Mrs. M. Kennedy, Mr. C. Wilks, Mr. B. Finch, Mr. B. Crisp, Mr. J. Lovell, Mr. D. Ball, Mr. H. Peel, Mr. A. Hutchinson, Mr. A. L. McPhail, Miss J. Grant, Mrs. J. Connor, Mr. T. Guy, Mr. W. Potter, Mr. A. Page, Mr. D. Frank, Mr. P. Chapple, Mrs. G. Risch, Miss J. Ogle.

STAFF NOTES

Spotswood College must be getting old — not only have we welcomed this year three old pupils, Kathryn Procter, Donald Stedman and Stephen Bond, to our ranks but also we are saying farewell to an old pupil who has served three years with us — Carol Fielding. Thank you Carol for your contribution, we will miss you and Mr. Fielding. Two other husband and wife combinations will be going. They are Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. and Mrs. Heppleston. Our best wishes go with them and nine others who are probably leaving. It is good management and consideration that they are leaving at the end of the school year rather than the middle.

That was not meant as a reflection on Mr. Barrowman's time of departure because headships are a special case. It was good to see his conscientiousness and ability rewarded by this promotion.

Notwithstanding Mr. Barrowman's undoubted ability, Mr. Procter soon showed us that no man is indispensable.

During the year Mr. Cross and Mr. Plyler arrived from the U.S., Mr. Bance from U.K. and Mr. and Mrs. Spenser from Canada. We are really

enjoying this infusion of foreign blood and hope they will not become New Zealanders in outlook too soon. It's good to hear Lloyd Clarke is coming back from Canada too.

I remember some years ago, when the staff was only a third its present size, writing congratulations to all the staff who had enlarged their families during the year. I haven't had to do so for a while. What's wrong with everybody?

During the May holidays Mr. Page was careless enough to get a puncture in his right lung. You will see by the initials appended to these notes that I very sincerely hope he doesn't get another.

The staff room remains a happy place, possibly because we are too busy to be otherwise and possibly because you students are such pleasant people to work for.

To our seventh formers especially, we say thanks for being so genial and helpful, happy days, and do come back and see us in the near future.

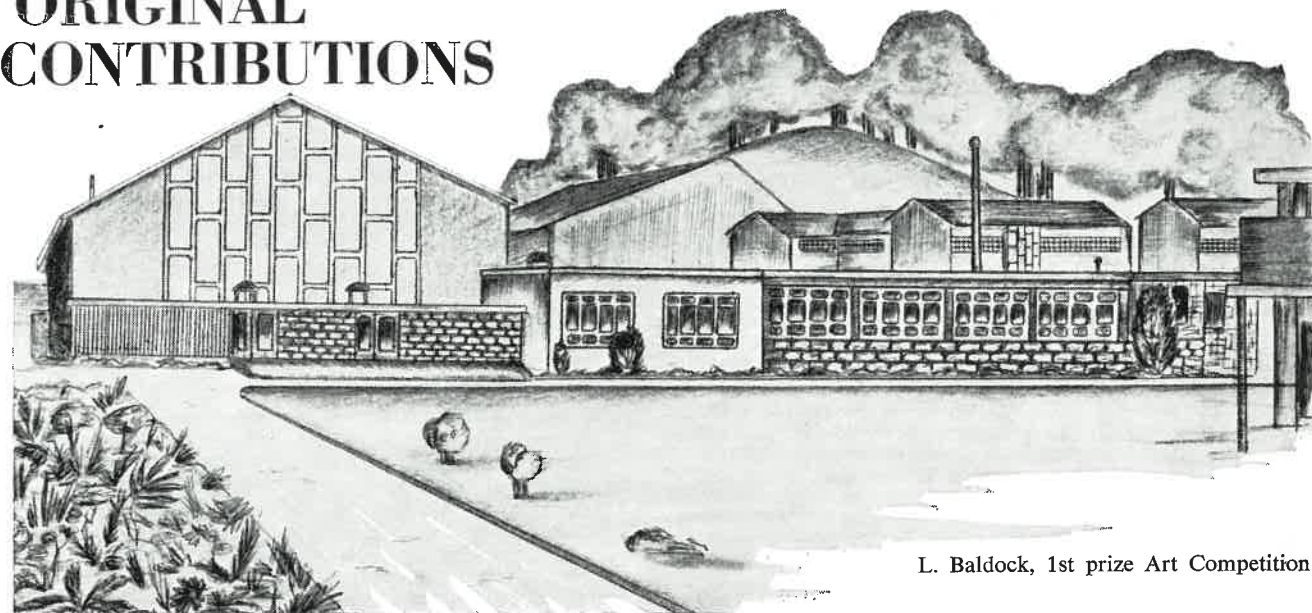
A.G.P.

PREFECTS



Back Row: R. Richings, S. Tooley, A. Cliffe, G. Bastin, A. Stedman, K. Jones, W. Williams, R. Death, P. Lobb.
Middle Row: D. Sharrock, N. Wallace, G. Wilde, A. Sandford, S. Pope, R. Ritchie, D. Birrell, D. Guy, R. Hill, L. Riddle.
Front Row: R. Ward, H. Gee, A. O'Connor, H. Buchan, J. Innes (Deputy Head Boy), I. Jackson (Head Boy), S. Johnson (Head Girl), S. Willans (Deputy Head Girl), F. Van Paassen, N. Calicheon, E. Andrews.
Absent: N. Kirikiri, L. Jones.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS



L. Baldock, 1st prize Art Competition.

POIM I

When he went into hospital to have his appendix taken out he asked the doctor for it and now displays it on his mantelpiece in a jar of meths.
And he is on several committees for various service organizations because he believes that he can contribute something to the community that way.
And he stands up in picture theatres when they play "God Save the Queen".
And he thinks that females who belong to Women's Lib. are lesbians with burnt bras;
that morons should be sterilized but he isn't sure because after all they're people aren't they?
that university students all smoke marijuana;
that the world is going to pot;
that unless you're already depraved pornography won't corrupt you;
that pollution is getting worse and by the year 2000 if we aren't over-populated we'll be poisoned;
that everybody has basic human rights.
He believes in God
and tolerance
and the basic dignity and freedom of human beings.

He believes in peace
and thinks that
war is obscene.
He doesn't do anything odd
Like reciting Genesis in the Bathtub
or reading "Winnie the Pooh"
or christening his bicycle Jonquil
or celebrating Walpurgis Eve
and he didn't ever once run away from home in the middle of the night
and it's all
really
very
sad.
And How do you spell love in Russian??

POIM II

Last night I dreamt I heard
the odour of your flesh
and the warm stench as your
moist breath hissed softly on my cheek
I dreamt I saw you dying — abandoned, hollow and void
Do not stir the ashes
or prod the comforting lethargy
My heart does not want to hear your terror
And my mind does not want to see your oblivion
Go away
Let me obscure the vision of your grinning, lidless eyes
Let me forget your frigid shudder
Your last gasp
I don't want you
I don't need you —
I don't think.

POIM III

and the last rites are completed
the creation is recreated
he is gone.
We can empty Our eyes
peel the skins of emotion from Our faces
and let memory rot and die
after all — We're only Human —
were you?
and do you still believe
you are the Alpha and the Omega?

—H-A-B, 6P.

THE DRONE

It was sickening weather — a typical English summer. All day long the rain pattered on the rooftops and poured into the street gutters.

It was while I dragged myself in the direction of a small narrow street that I first saw — the house! It was a little, old-fashioned dwelling, like many that are to be seen in that district — relics of Elizabethan times. A notice was plastered across a sign-board saying "To Let". As if to aid me in making up my mind, a large splash of rain fell with a soft plop on my nose.

Cautiously I approached the door. It was locked, of course. I examined the windows on the ground-floor and cursed at my usual bad luck. I glanced quickly to the right and left. The policeman at the corner had his back to me. Two couples hurried by. Another quick look; I was unobserved; a tinkle of glass breaking, a thrust of the arm, a turn of the wrist — and the window was open.

I scrambled with my hands on the window ledge and drew myself up. The effort cost me what strength I had left; but at last I lay exhausted — inside. I rose, closed the window again to avoid suspicion, and felt in my pockets for an odd match. I struck it. Then, at what the flame revealed I nearly dropped it. The room was furnished — splendidly furnished in a style three centuries old. I held my hand over the flame, thinking that my weakness was playing tricks on me — but no. It was true! I, a hungry, homeless tramp had found a home beyond my wildest dreams. Carrying a candlestick, I advanced to the door, then I halted. A sudden fear had shaken me. The house I had seen from the outside had looked bare and empty, and there had been that "To Let" sign to confirm its appearance. This house, on the contrary was comfortably furnished, and it had the feel of a house that was lived in. Suppose I had broken into the wrong house? I could expect little mercy at the hands of the occupants. I laughed a little, remembering my condition — and then I first heard it.

It seemed to come from within my brain — a low pitched droning of buzzing flies. The sound droned on, sometimes increasing, sometimes decreasing in volume. The buzzing persisted until I felt as though my head was resting against a hive of busy bees. I swayed a little and stretched out my hand to the door.

It opened easily, and a moment later I stood in the hall. Almost immediately I realised that the buzzing had stopped. By the light of my candle I saw a little door in the passage which presumably led to the kitchen. Cautiously I opened the door and stepped through. Spread on the table was the most delicious looking meal I could have hoped for.

And then it came again — a low, continuous buzzing. But not from my head this time, my head was clear. The sound seemed to come from the housekeeper's room. I filled my mouth and approach-

ed the door and bent my head to the crack. I put my eye to the keyhole, but the room was in darkness. I placed my hand on the knob and cautiously turned it. Almost immediately the sound of buzzing stopped. Slowly, very slowly, I opened the door and peeped inside. Then I think my heart froze. Supported across two chairs was a long box whose shape filled me with dread. The lid of the coffin was off. Then as I peered, horror stricken by my gruesome discovery, the ghastly buzzing recommenced. It seemed as though a veil was plucked simultaneously from the corpse's face. Something got in the way of my foot and I stumbled. The door knob flew out of my hand, and I heard the door slam behind me, then the next instant I was fighting with the monstrous, droning, buzzing cloud of blowflies which had been feasting on the corpse.

Madly, I beat at them with my fists, but with little result. The whole room seemed alive with hairy legs, with tiny, sticky feet trying to settle on my skin. One, larger than the rest, settled on my lip and was about to insert its body into my mouth. The thought of the thing it had been feeding off flashed into my mind and as I struck savagely at it with my hand I felt its huge, fat body squelch on my cheek and drop. Somehow I gained the door and opened it. I dropped my candle in my panic, and now puffing and sweating with fear, I crawled, half rolled, into the kitchen. I heard the door slam after me. Deprived of my light I groped in the darkness for the little door which led into the hall. My fingers closed on the knob and turned it. Round and round it went, while all the time a chill of fear crept up my spine paralysing my very thoughts. Something had happened to the catch, the knob was hopeless. I was locked in! Then, when all hope had nearly left me, I remembered the kitchen. I fumbled across the pitch-black room to the kitchen door. Here surely would be a way out. I turned and shook my fist in the direction of those half-human flies buzzing behind that shut door, the door of death. It was my body they wanted, to drink live blood and taste live flesh. I staggered to the back door. Not a fraction of an inch would the door move either way.

Even as I wondered I heard the clanging of a bell somewhere in the street. I peered through the window. Queer how different London looked by moonlight, and strangely enough it had been raining not so long ago and the sky was as clear as the clanging bell. I realised I was gazing at a part of the city I never dreamed existed. The houses opposite seem to be of the same age as the one I was in now. Again that bell and with it I could hear the scrape and bump of heavy wheels over cobbles. A voice was calling, "Bring out your dead, bring out your dead". And when he saw me he pointed to the mass of human freight, and as a shaft of moonlight fell on them, I saw that some were not dead — yet, and twitched about on top of each other. I peered across the street to the doorways, not understanding what it meant. And then I gasped, on each doorway was marked a large cross, the cross of sorrow, the cross of disease, the cross of the plague.

The cart rumbled on and I stood dazed with the meaning of it all. Had I stepped back through three hundred years when I broke through the window of the house? Had I died outside when I lay under the arch in the pouring rain and could this be my hell? Fearfully I tiptoed to the kitchen door and held my lantern up. The droning from the death chamber swelled louder than a swarm of bees.

I longed for something to drink. I thought of the wine and food on the table, but seeing it I recoiled. Had I really eaten that writhing mass of great white worms? Or had the food rotted during the few minutes I had been out of the room?

Something hummed round my head and out of reach. I turned and stared, hypnotised at what I saw. Watching me from its perch on a piece of rotten meat on the table was an enormous fat blow-



V. Andrews.

fly. As I looked it was joined by another and yet another, and now the buzzing filled the thick atmosphere of the room, while I could only watch — held spellbound by their uncanny discipline.

Then in a mass they rose, and the room echoed to a shrill. With a wild yell I dropped the lantern and fled into the kitchen while all about me the disease-carrying flies buzzed, settling on my face, my neck, my ears. I fought them off blindly and leaped on to the table by the window. It was a sixteen-foot drop at least down to the street, but I did not hesitate. The plague was in the house, the flies carried it, the food I had eaten had been infested. With my bare arm I smashed the glass of the window. Then I crashed headlong down into the street below.

The doctor now continues the story:

He was picked up in a narrow street, run over by a lorry — broken legs. Nearly dead with starvation, poor fellow. But that night at home I found myself wondering whether it was "nonsense". There was no sign of a house as he had described. But a well-known authority informed me that the road there

crosses the site of one of the many plague pits which harbour the bodies of the victims who died as a result of the Great Plague.

D. Whitmore, W3A4.

FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY

"We are restrained, caged and manacled by your decadent society and its petty rules and regulations. Your oppressive legislation contradicts the basic human right of freedom, essential to the dignity of man. We, the youth of today and the up-and-coming generation should unite to rid ourselves of this curtailment of our liberty and this contradiction of human rights. Youth advocates a new and truly free society where everyone is guaranteed complete freedom 'to do his own thing,' a liberated society which would represent the culmination of five thousand years of the history of man. Youth demands the acme of civilization: a society based on true liberty! In this perfect state every person, regardless of creed or colour, would have no dampers on his right to act as he pleases and according to his conscience, with no interference whatsoever from the state and other people?"

The above propaganda is exaggerated, but it is still the basic manifesto for a substantial number of my acquaintances.

Their credo, summarised, is that in our society any and every individual should have complete and uncontrolled freedom of choice of action. To what extent "uncontrolled freedom?" John Burgess (6P) sums it up here:

Burgess: "Any person should have absolute freedom to do what he wants to."

Question: "What if he wants to murder his grandmother?"

Burgess: "Tough luck for the grandmother."

A recent plea for the unrestrained society came from Rowene Cash (6F) in a class speech. Again it was "do what you want to."

These people want freedom; little is said of responsibility. Responsibility consists of restraints on the individual, so that his choice of action is restricted. These restraints can be internal and external: i.e., psychological inhibiting factors, and laws and social rules. The "freedom people" want to abolish the latter two, but vacillate over the first. They want to remove control of actions from the last two inhibitors leaving this task to the first restraint. Thus an individual should act only in accord with his own conscience.

But the conscience can surely only be created from outside influences: Laws and social regulations! These condition the individual and create the psychological inhibitions so that without the external influences there can be no internal inhibition—thus no control. Inhibition is vital to every society but in varying degrees.

I contend that there is definitely no human society whatsoever that has true complete freedom. Even in the hippy pads and communes there are rules against murder, assault, etc. These rules are an infringement upon "true liberty."

Psychologist O. Hobart Mowrer states: "This whole emphasis today on the individual doing what he or she thinks is right can only lead to moral

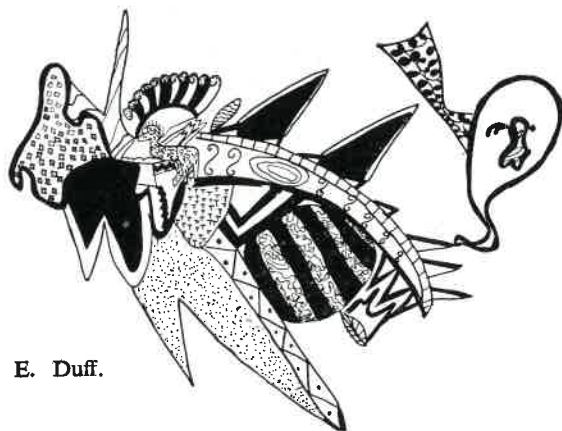
anarchy. Every known society has a set of regulations for patterning and controlling behaviour. A society can't exist that is chaotic."

Absolute freedom is impossible in a society; perhaps the only time the individual is truly free to say what he wants is when he is a baby. The baby feels no social inhibitions of any kind, and he can do what he likes physically, except he cannot, walk, crawl or talk. He can still do what he wants.

I have mentioned responsibility cursorily. The "freedom-fighters" want responsibility only to one's self, but in every community the individual is also responsible to that community. Interaction between individuals must always follow some social pattern, and in their interaction people become responsible to one another. If interaction and social intercourse is severely limited (as in a small family group isolated completely from society) or completely halted (such as with a hermit living in the mountains) the freedom-ideal can possibly be attained. As long as the hermit avoids any contact whatsoever with his fellow humans he can do what he likes.

Now I want to digress a bit from the title and discuss the actual amount of freedom in our society. I think it is not really the law which restricts the behaviour of youth but rather their peer groups. The chief objection by youth, as shown in Rowene Cash's speech, is restriction on self-expression, yet while our society does not encourage self-expression, there are no laws against it. Young people are limited by what other members of their age group will think or say about them. If young people do not like restrictions they will rebel. I don't think they have—or when they do rebel they conform—e.g., most boys grow their hair long.

Generally speaking, these people moan about their lack of freedom (especially in schools) but do nothing beyond that. Prominent moaners have not made any contributions to the school magazine ("Chronos") about their complaints; have not written letters to the newspapers; have not shown the practicality of their ideas; and have not activated the schools councils with new candidatures or complaints. They are completely free to do any of the above; they don't.



E. Duff.

In their plea for self-expression they forget that often when they are asked to express themselves vocally or on paper they complain "Youth" has the freedom to seek their desired freedoms, but calmly waits for middle-aged apathy and conservatism. In short, "Youth" makes little use of the freedoms it already has.

—B. Brewster, 6F.

THE MALE OF THE SPECIES

It was the strangest thing I had ever seen, I wasn't quite sure what it was, fair hair hung in two shining plaits down the sides of the bronzed face, with its startling sky blue eyes. Long, brown, trouser clad legs stepped briskly along the gravel path, sandals clacking and scuffling noisily. A long navy trench coat winged around it, fluttering like the feathers of a raven. The ends of a white silk shirt flashed, and a jangle of glass beads dangled and clicked on the black buttons of the coat.

I watched the long-fingered hands that were clutching the leash clipped to the collar of a large dog whose pedigree must have been slightly obscured by a long line of mongrel parents. The shaggy beast loped along at an amazing speed, carrying its master (mistress?) in its wake. The animal stood as high as my hips, at least; floppy velvet ears bounced and a hot pink tongue lolled, drops of spittle flew off it.

It was an interesting spectacle, at a distance, but I suddenly realised the spectacle was headed in my general direction. The dog had its happy hazel brown eyes fixed on me; I stared back at it in horror, unable to move my legs which had become leaden, incapable of saving me from a ghastly end.

"Help," I mumbled feebly, clutching my raincoat so tightly that one of the large buttons broke. Slowly my senses melted from their frozen state, I turned and ran, but too late, the dog was close on me by this time and running seemed to entice it on; I made a wrong turning, coming slap into a high brick wall. I turned . . .

A moment later I was pinned by huge heavy paws, and my face was given the best and most thorough wash it has ever had, as a pink, rough, flannelly tongue rasped over my cheeks. I drew in hot "doggy" smelling air, choked and managed to gasp out "Help!" again.

The world had gone black, but this, I found, was because my eyes were tightly screwed up. I opened, and immediately shut them, the sight of those awesome ivory teeth, the ribbed roof of the mouth, that enormous tongue, and gaping throat was too much.

"Rosie! Down boy!" I heard, through the sound of heavy excited breathing and whining that rumbled from the depths of the dark cavernous interior of the dog.

Eventually, Rosie decided he had had enough and slumped down on my feet, crippling me I felt, for life.

Now I faced Rosie's master (mistress?). I rubbed my eyes and looked again, the jaw had the angular look of a male, the nose was straight, and the cheeks had hard lines too, definitely a male face, but . . .

"Look, I'm terribly sorry," It was saying.

"So am I," I admitted.

It grinned, square teeth glistening.

"He does get pretty excited sometimes."

"Obviously, I hope he doesn't make a habit of it."

"Not usually, I've noticed he only goes for some people."

The voice was most certainly masculine.

"And I'm one of the unfortunate ones."

I'm afraid so."

"What happens now? You realise that moving, on my part, is an utter impossibility."

It looked down at the overgrown fur rug wrapped securely around my legs.

"Hmm, if I get him off, he's not going to just sit and watch you walk away, you'll have to accompany me back to my digs."

"Since you put it like that, there's no choice is there?"

Rosie was pulled off with a lot of pulling, sweating and muttered curses. My feet, I was amazed to find, were still in quite good condition, somewhat smaller, I thought, but still there. I managed to hobble with them back to "It's" digs. Rosie had hold of me for the duration of the journey, not physically, just the eyes; to look deeply into them was a mental death.

"It's" digs was a red, yellow and blue bus at the motor-camp by the sea.

"You'd better come in for coffee," It said, "then Rosie will go to sleep and you can sneak out."

I prayed for my safety as I reluctantly followed "It" up the steps into the bus, which turned out to be a caravan in disguise.

"What do you think of it?" It asked, waving me onto the sofa which ran along one side of the bus.

"Looks pretty good," I said cautiously.

"By the way, the name's Jan."

It reached up into some cupboards and took out two mugs. This divulgence of information had by no means assured me. I made sure that the door was handy.

"Jan Engle," It continued, "Don't worry. I'm a male." He flashed another sparkling grin. He must have heard my sigh (was it relief) for he laughed. "You're wondering why all the hair?"

"That had crossed my mind."

"Well as a matter of fact, I'm not sure either, it just seemed like a good idea at the time."

The kettle was on, he took the coffee jar out of a lower cupboard.

"Coffee?"

"Is there anything else?"

"Sorry."

"O.K., coffee."

—J. A. Fryer, E5S3.

ANSERINE

"Helluo, George, The Marine?"

"Elluo Fred I'm Anserine."

—H. Doherty, E3A2.

My every dream
My every longing
Joys which shimmered once
In a many-coloured arc
Each golden dream
— All unfulfilled —
Place me all these 'neath my head
For that last night.
Stand no cross before my eyes
Lay me no wreaths
But merely pluck some memories
From the branches of my life
Then plant for me a sapling
And let bells, birds of memory
Chant in its boughs
The final hymn.

—K.P.

HAIKU

she turned the corner
flames burned tenderly within her,
but, he wasn't there.

a lonely figure
small, and quietly sobbing;
her dog lay still, dead.

—Rae Dalglish, 6M.

A LONELY SCENE

The mining outfit was dead:
No one came.
No sounds echoed through
the great tunnel walls
No worker's whistles came from inside
where it used to be a busy scene.
Not even a cat lived there;
it was plain dead.
The miners' quarters are deserted
Where workers lived now live birds.
Rats, mice and other creatures occupy
the shack.
But . . .
Over in the corner perches
A rusty, coal oven
Which used to be full of fire
But is now overcome with cobwebs.
The old mule track is overgrown
with weeds and tree roots;
It leads to an old water pump
down by a young crystal stream:
earth's life-blood flowing
uninhibited and free.
Gone now,
the thunder of man and machine—
only the small insect caresses
the grass as she passes.

—Patricia M.

ODE TO THE SKY

Infinity of many moods
Of colouring too dull or bright
For us below to comprehend, your greatness
beyond all meaning.
The stars, the creases of your folds,
The sun and moon your eyes, to view
Our doings for all time, but still
It's hard to understand
That time grows old.
Still the same you stay, not changing
As we down here shrivel and bend
Our backs against the weight of life.

—David Batten, 6M.

BALLAD

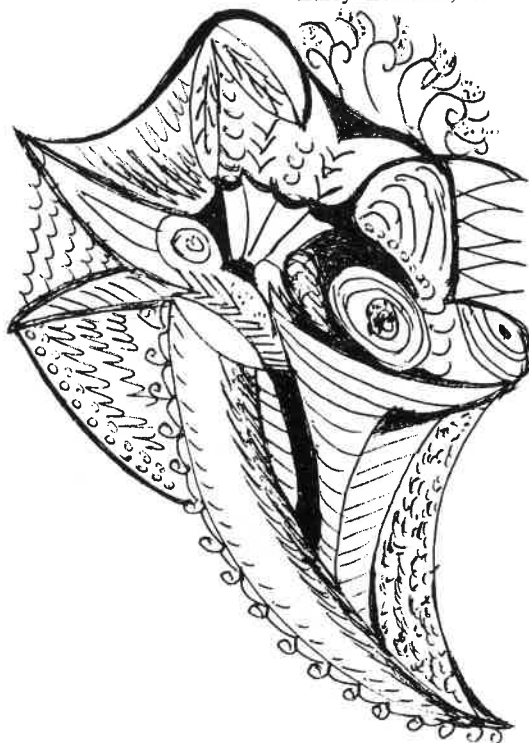
Bill Browning was the horseman's name
and robbery was his trade,
And for every man he robbed
a spectacle he made.

The Highwayman they called him,
and many men tried
to stop the deadly villian,
though many of them died.

For he was smart and tricky
and though they tried to match
the speed, the dare, the cunning
of the villain they couldn't catch,

They couldn't stop his raidings,
his dare-devilling spree,
so a "Wanted" poster, was
placed on every tree.

—Larry Edwards, W3A1.



THE PARK

The wind was blowing a cold westerly in the park. The clouds were sweeping across the sky leaving no time for the sun to peep through. The tall and small trees swayed, stretching their branches out and greeting one another. A narrow gravel track meandered slowly between the great giants. Grey, wooden seats were scattered around. On one of these sat a human. A man. An old man with long trousers and black shoes. Over these hung a khaki coat which was buttoned up to the neck. On the head, which was snuggled close to his breast, sat an old, ratty hat. He didn't move. A large glob of mucus hung from his red nose. An extra gasp of wind blew the hat from the old man's head and drove it along the grass. Long grey hair blew in one direction, flapping like a flag from a sailship; yet a sailship is alive but the old man . . . A sudden convulsive shudder travelled through his body and all was quiet again, except for the howling of the wind through the trees.

—C. Jeffery, W5S1.

TO THOSE CONTEMPLATING CITY LIFE

You pull up your shades
To show your neon flashes.
You impress those who live miles
Away where the air is still sweet
And the corn grows healthy.
You magnet them to you
So the unknowing fools seep into
Your bloodstream.
You devour their souls.
Lonely and lost
They haunt your countenance
Refugees from wheatfields
They are doomed by steel
And glass.

—Jeff Buchanan, 6K.

Let the oak darken the bedroom
And leave the vines to encroach on
The veranda.
Don't pull the thistles in the back garden.
Tell the boy who mows the lawn
He is no longer needed,
We are letting them grow.
Pull up the concrete path
And let the earth breathe;
Then when the oak has crushed
The roof and punctured the ceiling
And the wisteria has strangled
The porch —
Leave the thistles now long gone
To seed and the choking grass.
Go! Leave what is not yours
And which cannot be bought.

Jeff Buchanan, 6K.

A LONELY ANYTHING

Loneliness is a puppy without a bone
Loneliness is a bird without a wing,
Loneliness is a life without happiness
Loneliness is worse than anything.
Loneliness is a blue rose
Loneliness is a square bell,
Loneliness is a cold fire
Loneliness is terrible.

—W. Huggard, W4A1.

Like Ancient Gods
We set ourselves
Upon the winds of time,
And turn our ships
Towards the sun,
To burn—
The very souls of men.

—M. Reid, W4A1.

A black veil casting
a grey shadow on
A white face moistened
with sorrow:
Hell,
Heaven,
I wonder?

Jennifer Jones, 6F.

DEVIL'S COMFORT

Comforting luke-red glow,
Lick and lisp
Of a desirous flame:
The silhouette of emotion.

Greg Medway, 6F.

LONELINESS

The lonely silence of nobody there, nobody
coming. But
This secluded house hasn't given up hope.
The laughter and chatter once heard within
its walls are dead.
Now nobody cares, nobody's coming.
The house reaches out and seems to be
saying:
"Please somebody let me live again, fill my walls
with laughter and chatter, fill my chimney with
heartening warmth and fill my yard with the toys
that were once there. Please don't abandon me.
I beckon you, enter me, live in me, although I am
overun with rats and weeds.
Please somebody, care."
But nobody heard, and nobody's coming.

C. Young, W4A1.



C. Martin.

LONELINESS

Mary sat in one of the hard chairs and stared up at the portrait of Silver Eagle, hung over the fireplace. At her back the sun was sinking steadily and the long level shafts of pale gold fell on the portrait in its solid gilt frame. The painted grey horse stood out from the shadowed corners of the room with a soft luminosity. The steed did not move. He stood still, gazing into the sunset with his tail held high and his ears pricked as though listening for a voice which never sounded.

Mary suddenly felt tears pricking behind her eyes. Silver Eagle had stood in that wistful, listening attitude for twelve years now, the time since he had been painted, but the voice for which he waited had been silent for only a year. Although his death had released him from twelve years of almost continuous suffering, Mary still missed her father keenly. She blinked her eyes vigorously, and scowled down at the legs of her jodhpurs.

S. Sorensen, W4A1.

THE MOUSE

The mouse looked at him
He looked at the mouse.
The mouse jumped
He jumped.
The mouse twitched
He twitched.
The mouse smiled
He smiled.
The mouse frowned
He frowned.
The mouse walked towards him
He walked towards the mouse.
The mouse glared at him
He glared at the mouse.
The mouse kicked
He kicked.
The mouse jumped at him
He jumped at the mouse.
The mirror broke!

G. Kenny, E3A2.

LOVE POEM

I cannot help myself, my darling:
when I left this room this morning,
you remember how I swore I would never return?
But I could not keep away.
You know, all day I wandered the streets,
seeing and hearing nothing
but you, my lovely, and your siren-like call,
beckoning me.
Would I had but the courage to forsake you.
Alas, I love you. I am captivated
by your effervescence, mesmerised
by your very being, and intrigued
to my very soul.
Yes, as I walked I could think only of you,
You, you wondrous creature!
Your singular eye so enchanting
I cannot resist your soft-flowing wrinkles
and your pallid amorphous blob of body.
Yet so much as I try, your speckled tuberous shoot,
so beautifully deformed and twisted,
draws me on, forever, always back to you.
I cannot but love you forever,
my lovely shrivelled potato.

B. Brewster, 6F.

THE TRY

Along the line it went,
to the master of them all.
Along the line it went,
And Williams received the ball.

He slipped inside Davies,
and poured on the pace.
When Williams tried to tackle,
He was fended in the face.

I could feel the excitement in me,
As, for the corner Williams raced.
Gibson tried to catch him,
but he was outpaced.

Williams scored the try,
it was a good run.
The conversion was good,
The All Blacks had won!

Tony Mack.

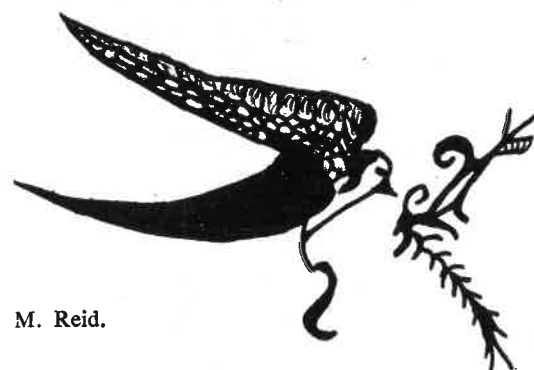
REPORT ON THE PLANET EARTH

It seems to me, from my observations, that on earth there is a powerful but unseen force that governs the life of Earthmen. Earthman has acknowledged its existence for thousands of years. He calls this force TIME. This force is constantly dying and being born. The dead part man calls "History", the live part "Present" and the unborn part "Future".

This force seems to be partly manageable. In many places on earth there are factories making "time pieces" (where the pieces come from I can only theorize). With these "time pieces" man may "keep" time. These instruments range from about one cubic centimetre to many cubic metres. I hypothesize that the larger instruments are placed where Time needs more control. Man is always consulting these instruments to "see what the time is". (Note the peculiar use of the word "is".)

On the evidence presented above I suggest that if Time can control Earthman (a seemingly semi-intelligent being), our race might have great difficulty surviving there.

B. FitzPatrick, W5S1.



M. Reid.

POEMS

Sunrise restores
energy
once lost
to
distant dreams
of
life.

Clouds look
so
lively, but
'tis only
the motion of
revolving
worlds.

Man is
only another
freak amongst
changing
sciences
of
tomorrow.

Its darkened
fingers grasp
life
to end
misery
and bring
freedom.

Julie Ranford, 6P.

ESSAY

After two hours the flames had died away and the smoke had stopped and the crickets, birds and other animals came out of hiding. Scattered over a small area were pieces of green rectangular paper which were continuously turning over in the light breeze. Some of this paper was very brittle as if it had been scorched. In actual fact it had. It started raining twenty minutes later bringing snow. The money was first pounded into the ground by the heavy rain and then slowly covered with snow. The pilot of the Tiger Moth belonging to "Over the Fence Aero Club" was still hanging by his straps with his skull pushed in and his flying goggles filled with frozen blood. The fuselage of the aircraft was resting upside down and the wings scattered. The de Havilland Sydney Major III engine was about a hundred feet behind, the fuselage was all burnt out and the wings and fuel tanks were also. Night came, it snowed more heavily covering the wreckage completely. An owl came out. The moon rose.

—Matthew Connor, W5S1.

THE CENTIPEDE

Left Right! Left Right!
Marching!!! Marching!! Marching!
Through the green and grassy glen.
Marching!!! Marching!! Marching!
Over the spring and sprightly stems
Of succulent sycamore leaves.
Marching!!! Marching!! Marching!
DETAIL HALT!!!

—G. Wilde, W4A2.

HAIRCUTS

Haircuts should be banned by law,
There's just no need for them at all.
They make you look so very posh
But leave more of your neck to wash.
And mighty me it's an awful price
To pay to make your hair smell nice.

So let it grow is what I say
Down your neck and on its way,
And after quite a few weeks
You'll be able to tuck it in your breeks.
Although your mother's sure to rave
Just THINK OF ALL THE SHIRTS YOU'LL
SAVE.

A. Gillespie, W3A4.

ANIMALS IN CITIES

What would it be like if wild animals such as tigers and so forth were introduced as house pets? Butcher shops would probably say "Please leave your Tigers Outside", or "Boa Constrictors Not Permitted".

Just imagine if a shop assistant walked up to you and said, "Lady, your elephant is ruining the carpet. Doesn't it believe in digging a hole first?"

Yes, good people, this is what would happen. Instead of "Beware of the Dog", signs would probably say, "Beware of the Gorilla", or "Please do not Sit on the Crocodile".

What would the world become? An over populated "Pets Pantry"? No, friends and neighbours, we can't let this happen. We must stand up against them!

Larry Edwards, W3A1.

HI-EN

The first majestic swoop
as that of a grey-sea-swallow;
graceful,
supple and majestic;
winding her course 'midst the colourful maze.
Jump here,
swerve,
over the rustic bars
to completion as
the announcer crackles his jubilant message
of triumph
as
she
flutters 'tween the fences in joyous honour
grandly beautiful
in
her
blue-brown
haze
of
roan.
With her
flowing white tail
enhanced
by the
plush, plum
bridle
and
adorning
ruby-red
rosette.

S. J. Sorensen, W4A1.

MOUNTAINS OF MIST

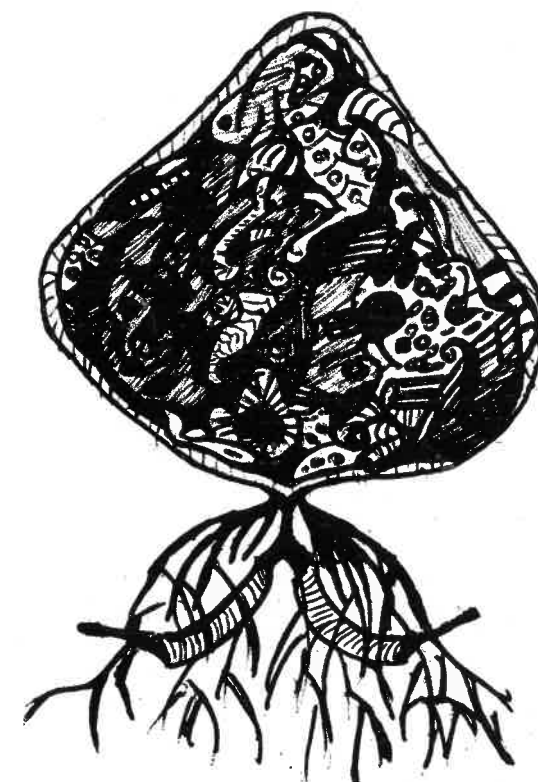
Rising from reality,
Never ending in their merging with the mist,
Running riverlets, cutting through different shades
of green.
Snow capped tussock, burning through the dimness,
But cold, cold like death,
The Lord of the mountains.

A never ending variety of shapes,
Barely discernible through the maze of droplets,
Evil shapes, living, deformed horrors of your
imagination.
Cold, dank, closeness, following footsteps.
The hiss of tussock, the crushed snow,
A light! — safety.

A kaleidoscope of colours — the morning,
The clearing mist, the dawning light.
Horror has gone with the mind,
Only beauty remains,
Contrasting bush with cleanness,
Splashing blobs of rock breaking the blankness.

Solitude, peace, freedom from man,
The leaf, the bird, the silence, the sound.
Contrivances to lull the mind,
Retrogression to the security of the womb.
Simplicity in love, two faces, twins,
Peace — Nature.

—G. W. Elliot, 6M.



M. Reid.

ESSAY

I suddenly went white and felt weak at the knees as I saw the huge petrol lorry come rushing towards us. I had to hide my head as it came within inches towards our little "souped up" Triumph 750. I clung onto Ashley praying we'd miss the terrible nightmare in front of us. But I knew we'd have no such luck. Too many seconds whizzed past and I prayed harder than I had ever done before. But as I slowly looked up I was in time to see the lorry hurtle down upon us. My mind was whizzing. Within seconds my whole life seemed to flash back. They always say your whole life flashes back before you die. As my eyes slowly opened I saw I was lying in a pool of blood. I suddenly realised what had happened.

As I looked hopelessly around I could hear Ashley screaming with pain. I tried to move but I could feel something slowly digging into my crumpled up leg. The pain was so immense that I could only close my eyes and grit my teeth. I thought "Oh God why doesn't somebody help? Oh, please, somebody help!"

I then heard somebody come beside me and say, "It's alright dear, we'll get you mended." Mended I bet, I thought.

I spluttered and opened my mouth to say "How's Ashley" only to start choking up blood. I then heard the siren of the ambulance come zooming along. I could hear scuffling feet and then I heard the most frightening words in all my 17 years.

"It seems as if the guy will mend alright but the girl's mashed pretty bad". I screamed. I was so frightened and the agony was unbearable. If only I were unconscious. Oh, if only.

I then heard some men clomp past with Ashley on a stretcher. I tried looking to see if he was badly hurt but he was covered up with a sheet. I then saw our bike being towed away. But why wasn't anybody helping me?

"Please help," I muttered. "Oh the pain, Lord!" I cried.

At last the ambulance men were coming over to me. I could feel they were putting something on my leg.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked, chokingly. But they didn't answer. Desperately I lifted my head to look down at it. It wasn't there!!!

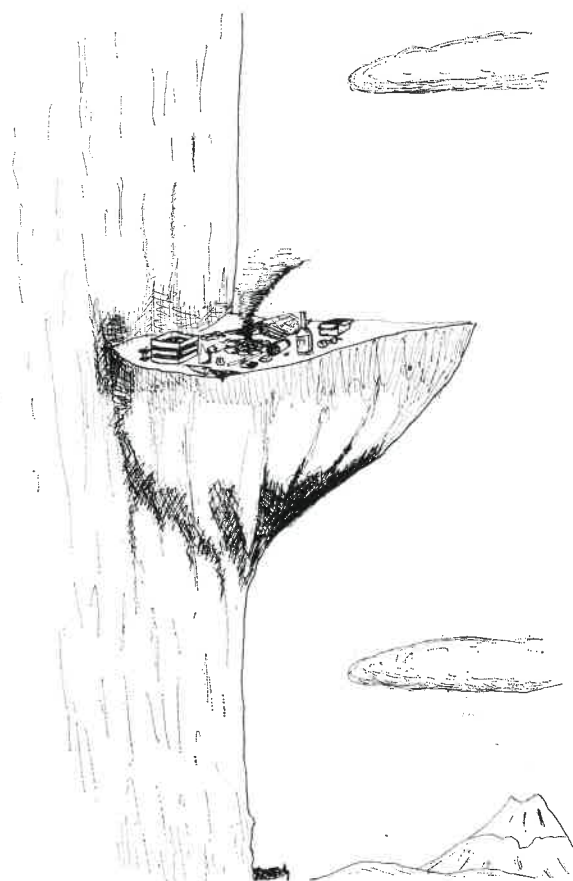
I screamed in terrible fright and pain and then I felt myself crumple up and everything went BLACK.

H. Montgomery, W3A1.

AT DAWN

At dawn, on the distant horizon, was a sailing ship of the late 1880's. This ship was in immaculate condition, with its sails high, and its bow banging gently against the slight ripples in the water. From a distance the dying moon threw the reflection of the ship towards the northern sky. One could hear the quiet creaking of the ropes. Then, from out of nowhere, a voice came, "LAND AHOY" and within minutes, the quiet of the early morning was disturbed by the noisiness of excited men.

Paul Couch, W3A2.



B. Brewster.

PURSUIT

The moonlight rays touched upon the dusty back-block's road, encouraging me to travel on. It was late — it had been a good party. I was alone, and yet I had the most uneasy feeling that I was being followed. I drove on, I must get away. Faster now as the feeling of something supernatural engulfed me.

And then it happened, an eerie scream and a red eye glaring at me as two white laser beams shot out. A large black and white hand was racing after me, and all the while the eye and screaming continued. Nearer it came until I could see the pupil of the being's eye in the rear vision mirror. It whined a sigh of satisfaction as the hand encompassed me, drawing me to a halt.

I sat there waiting. Then a black and white tentacle wormed its way through the window. Then it spoke:

"Breath into this bag, please sir."

David Birrell, 6F.

THE LONELY BEACH

The lonely beach stretched before him. It was no spectacular sunrise but he could tell it was going to be a fine day. He unlocked the boot and took out his fishing bag. Undoing the straps, he checked to see that he had everything: hooks, sinkers, reels, knife, line for traces, brass rings, two apples, a thermos of tea and some sandwiches. He closed the bag, propped it against the wheel and shut and locked the boot. Next he took his fourteen foot split-cane rod from the clips that held it. He locked the car, shouldered his bag, picked up his rod and tiptoed through the long wet grass and down onto the beach. Once there he zipped up his jacket as it was still rather chilly, and looked along toward his destination.

"I'll try the mussel reef first," he said out loud to nobody.

He started off, and was soon enveloped in the salt mist that rolled off the sea, hit the huge cliffs and stopped where it was. He looked at the cliffs towering above him a hundred feet high.

"Hope none of that damn cliff decides to fall this time, it was close enough last time." He fell silent and thought about how lucky he had been.

Ten minutes later he reached his destination, but was not the only one there. The intruders looked at him as he came closer.

"Hello, glad you are here, I needed some company," he said softly.

But they left, the half dozen gulls sat up, looked warily around, spread their wings and some unseen hand plucked them from the beach.

He put down his gear and looked out to sea. He could see a few rocks, gleaming black, not jagged, but smooth, covered in millions of tiny mussels, fish food. He got out his reel and attached it to his rod; loosening the ratchet he fed the line up the rod and through the rings. He then laid it carefully down so as to get no sand in the reel; next he got some line for making traces. He tested it to make sure it was strong, then he got out a wickedly curved hook and tied it on, using the knot his father had taught him a year ago; he tied a brass ring on the end of the line and fed the main line through the sinker holes, checking to see that there were no rough edges to cut the line. Then he tied the end of that to the brass ring which stopped the sinker sliding right down to the shank of the hook; he got out some bait and cut a slice and put it on the hook.

Having done this he wandered down the beach to wash his hands. The water was freezing so he dabbled his fingers in and wiped them on his trousers on the way up. He picked up his rod, and, as he moved down the beach he checked to see if the bail arm was in the right place, and he had enough line out. He placed himself left leg forward, left arm on the butt of the rod, right arm extended down and straight; he bounced a few times then putting all his energy in, he cast out his line. It went where he wanted it, right into the hole by the big rock; he loosened off the ratchet and walked up the beach paying out the line as he went, then he crouched down on his haunches, tightened up the ratchet, wound in the slack and waited. After a quarter of an hour he leant the rod up against the big rock and went for a cup of tea.

About an hour later the ratchet screamed in shrill agony; he rushed down to it, tightened it up and reeled in the slack, yes it was there alright, and a nice one.

"Boy, I hope it's a snapper," he shouted excitedly. Winding up the slack he walked down the beach; it was awkward because the rod was between his legs, but reaching the water he put it in his gut, right on the hip bone, and started pumping in the fish. First he pulled back, keeping the line tight at all times, then winding the line in he brought the rod down. As the rod came back the ratchet screamed.

"Boy, this is a good one," he thought out loud.

Ten minutes later, with every bone aching, he glimpsed the fish about ten yards out. As he wound it in he could see it moving back and forth, its silver sides flashing like a car's lights in the rain, then it was on the beach, flapping violently.

"A snapper," he yelled joyously. He pulled it up the beach, and took the hook out; the fish flapped in vain. He stood up and looked at it — the eye stared at him and he was overcome with the desire to put it back.

"Poor thing, still if I put you back someone else will get you." He hurriedly put it in the sack and put it in the shade. He baited up again, threw out and came back for a cup of tea and some sandwiches.

By twelve he had a smaller snapper which he had caught soon after the other, but now it was too hot, the sea was like polished glass and the tide was going out. He'd finished his food, so he reeled in his line, cut off the tackle, put the reel and bait back, picked up the knife and went to get his fish.

He walked slowly back absorbing the beautiful day. Various people out for walks greeted him; he replied. He was desperately trying not to think of tomorrow, but he couldn't force the thought of it out of his mind, so he concentrated on other things. But tomorrow was always there, school.

—Peter Fryer, W5S1.



AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

Christmas holidays had come and we were camped in a tent deep in the bush at Tarawera. The days were long and fine; signs of deer and pigs were plentiful. It was early morning, the sun was just edging the clouds with pink, as Dad and I shouldered our rifles and set off in search of deer. Birds were calling to one another and flashing past in hurried flight; high above a harrier hawk wheeled in decreasing circles, his wings motionless. As the sun rose even higher and bathed the tops of the lofty rimus, totaras, miroos and tawa trees with gold, tuis broke into beautiful songs and pigeons tumbled about in clumsy flight. Close by could be heard the "good night" call of the owl, and far away in the valley the piercing whistle of a retiring kiwi. Suddenly in a small clearing we could see a wild sow and her family busily rooting, their tails swinging from side to side and their long snouts digging deeper and deeper into the soft soil in search of worms and fern roots. We did not want to shoot at these pigs, because there were fresh signs of deer and we knew they must be nearby. We quietly crept close to the edge of the clearing and concealed ourselves behind a fallen totara tree and waited. Dad said to be very quiet and to keep as still as possible because he could smell deer. I quietly levered a round into the chamber of my .22 "Savage" high power rifle and applied the safety catch, and settled down to wait.

The pigs were unaware of our presence and continued in their search for food. Presently all seemed still and quiet; the pigs stood still, every head raised and watching one spot in the bush edge. We also watched and waited, our hearts beating a little faster, for we too knew that a deer was approaching.

When it came, it came quietly, it just seemed to have grown there, as it stood, its long neck stretched and body tense, ears standing fully erect and slightly twitching to catch all sound, nostrils open in search of danger scent, eyes open wide searching every shadow for danger. We were well hidden and escaped observation — the pigs were of no threat to the deer so were of no concern to this beautiful animal.

Because of the time of the year this stag had shed his antlers and was only carrying a head of soft velvet antlers, large and wide, with a trailer of vines gently swinging from one antler, and a clump of soft green moss hanging from a top tine of the other antler, a sign that he was starting to rub the velvet from his antlers for coming battles.

I looked at Dad: he shook his head, no, we would not shoot this beautiful deer, it would be a waste, as his head would be no use as a trophy yet.

Slowly Dad lifted his camera and as the shutter clicked, ever so quietly, almost noiselessly, the stag gave a snort and was gone in one great bound, his white rump patched, our last sight of him.

The pigs scampered off with tails stiff, grunting and squeaking with fear as they knew danger must be close at hand, but they were safe from us.

An hour or so later we surprised three hinds feeding on wine-berry. Quickly we melted into the shadows, slipped the safety catches from our rifles. I took the deer nearest to me and fired, she leapt high in the air, then ran for cover. I felt disappoint-

ed, I was sore I had missed her. Dad also fired — his deer fell, shot in the head, the third deer ran into some wine-berry. We remained still, rifles once again reloaded and ready, and just as well, because suddenly the third deer returned on the run, stopped suddenly at the sight of Dad's deer which was still twitching, slowly it approached the fallen deer, and I could see the fear in its eyes and felt sorry. I think Dad felt the same and as one we both applied our safety catches and stepped into the light in full view of the frightened deer, which stood and looked at us, not knowing what had happened or what to do. I waved my arms at it and it wheeled and bounded off.

Dad told me to follow the tracks of my deer. As he said I had scared it a bit. This remark made me feel better. I entered a patch of bush and there, its big eyes glazing, lay my first deer. I was pleased but sorry. It seems such a pity that deer have to be shot for being what they are, a noxious animal on which has been passed the penalty of death.

I have hunted since and will hunt again, for such is the feeling when one outwits nature, and such is the joy of being free and living with nature.

—Kenneth Taylor, W3A1.



S. Tarr.

THE DOOR

He opened the surgery door. The surgery was part of the house now: a converted room which had been once one of the many empty, depressing rooms in the large house. From the orderly surgery smelling of sterilised equipment and antibiotics, he entered a musty old room that had an obvious "lived in" look.

Down the greatly carved wooden stairs raced his daughter. She flung herself into his arms and gave him an affectionate kiss. It pained him to think that this beautiful girl with her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks wasn't really his, but another's. The slightly oriental shape of her eyes proved it.

He turned from her, only to meet the cold stare of his wife. How much she hated him he could only guess, but her hatred was strong enough to ruin him. She spoke with the coldness that reflected in her eyes.

"Your meal is in the oven. Rinse the dishes when you've finished." With that, she turned and walked coolly out of the room not giving him a chance to ask what had happened to the maid.

He went into the kitchen and sat down to his meal. It was quiet, too quiet. He hated eating his meals on his own. After he finished, he placed the dishes in the sink and ran the water over them.

When he returned to the living-room, his wife was sitting, knitting. He walked over to the cabinet and poured himself a whiskey, then he sat down on the sofa and picked up the paper. But he did not read. His thoughts followed the line they always did, a depressing tense line. He hated these evenings when they just sat, conscious of each other's presence but determined not to show it. How often he had wanted to stand up and tell her what he thought of her, but always courage failed him, and he lay drowning in her irritating superiority.

The grandfather clock at the top of the stairs seemed to boom through the house as it struck out the time. Almost automatically she rose and began the nightly ritual of straightening and fluffing the cushions. It sent his teeth grinding as he watched her; how strangely this trait of neatness came through the other cold, thoughtless nature.

Next moment she was climbing the stairs and with a heavy sigh he rose and followed her. But at the top, they parted. They slept in separate bedrooms at either end of the corridor. He had moved out of her bedroom after his mother had died, because he did not think he could stand the mental strain. She had been restrained while his mother had been alive, but now that she was mistress of the house, she had her own way with the servants and with him.

He had a restless night, lying awake for one hour intervals. He had only begun to sleep when suddenly he was awakened by gentle shaking of his shoulder. It was the old maid, Maggy. She had been with him since he was a little boy, nursing him and comforting him in times of need. How could he stand it without her?

She handed him a cup of black coffee then went into the adjoining bathroom to run his bath which, basically, woke him up.

After emerging from his bath he felt relaxed and his tensed brain stopped trying to hammer its way out of his skull. He descended the stairs in his own time and went to the kitchen. There he sat down to a slice of bacon and two fried eggs. Again the coffee was black and good. Maggy fussed around him until he had had his fill. He rose and put his chair back, went over to Maggy and laid a light kiss on her wrinkled forehead, as payment. She blushed proudly and pushed him away.

He went into the hallway. There he met her coming down the stairs. They stopped and stared at each other. How many times had he told himself to talk to her and make amends. But now it was too late and eventually she would ruin him even if it cost herself also. He knew this and she was glad of it because it would all help finish him. But still he thought it was his fault for their unhappiness.

Slowly he picked up his bag and walked to the surgery door. But all the time he could feel the eyes of his wife penetrating through him to the very bone. He opened the door and slipped through. As he lay against the door like an exhausted old man he wondered how long he could hide behind his profession. Someday she would come and drive him with a devil's fork to hell. That would be the last door he went through; the door marked "Fate".

Selma Carstens, W3A2.



P. Taylor.

THE PARTY

The party ended leaving only the dregs of a night, and a headache that beat thick and heavy on a drowsy mind. Sitting on a low bench, head on hands, she wondered what insane idea had made her go through with it. The red light glowed dully, catching on the edge of a bottle, glass, a shoe that had been forgotten, not quite, the owner burst in, with a shower of chilled night air, grabbed the offending garment and disappeared again, banging the garage door.

She moaned softly, picked up the glass, the bottle, they clanged on top of the large freezer that had served as a table. The red light flickered out with a touch of her long fingers on the switch, darkness enveloped her until her eyes began to make out the white freezer crouching in the corner.

She opened the door, was met hard in the face by the sharp slap of cold. She forced herself out, shivered and caught sight of the glowing orb of the milky moon which winked with the passing of a deep grey cloud.

Why? It jangled with a million thoughts and pictures, that small word "why" caught in the web of her mind. She had not even thought of throwing a party, everything had been fine until, when?

Trying to think back, the party's events kept obstructing the memories that would come if his eyes would stop blotting out everything else, they swam in the drink Jalan had poured that morning; oh, what a drink! Thick, rich, sweet and tangy. He had not answered properly, just said it would make her feel good, had he had any? No matter, the worry of how to explain the mess echoed and rebounded.

Her legs swayed and she clutched at the ice of the drain pipe. Something touched her legs, she started—the cat. Her breath hung momentarily like



P. Mills.

the racing clouds. The pounding beat on in her head as she walked rather uncertainly up the path to the house. It was in darkness, and seemed to lean rather precariously, or was that just the tears disturbing her sight?

The comfortable curve of the brick fence skidded roughly on the skin of her hand as she dragged her body up the long, stepped path. It stopped abruptly, interrupted by the lower garden gate. Throwing a glance into the deep navy darkness—that face, she was seeing it everywhere. A touch on her arm broke a strangled cry from her lips.

"Hey, steady, it's only me," a warm flowing voice, that drink. The pale of his face and the shadow of those deep-set eyes. "Thought I might help you clean up."

"Oh," she mumbled, her mind whirling, "I, I'm leaving that till tomorrow."

"You don't sound too good."

"Got a headache." An arm slid around her waist as they moved up the steps, the fingers spread out feeling her warmth. She melted into the arch of his arm, letting him help her.

"If you can't beat 'em join 'em." It came into her mind, and clung stickily, repeating over and over. The last steps. An arm of the house shut the wind off.

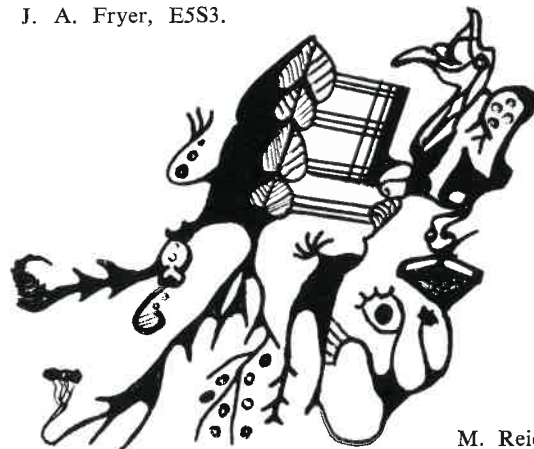
Over his shoulder the stars blinked, sleepily, below the wide expanse of velvet the deeper darkness of swaying trees danced in the breeze. The vague shine of moonlight illuminating the garage roof, the lawn, and closer the squat pillars holding the mossy banisters of the terrace where they stood.

"If I close my eyes . . ." The lids were heavy, oh so heavy, they almost hurt to stay up. "If you can't beat 'em join 'em." He felt the weight of her body relaxing, heavier in his arms, her lids as clouds covered the moon eyes. The long fingers stopped playing with the curl at the nape of his neck, and the smiling lips grew cold on his, the heart that beat so close to his drew nigh to stopping.

"When I open them, I shall see little devils dancing, surely, so hot, hell, my hands are damn heavy, I wonder what they're like, do they really have horns, dare I?"

A blinding glare of white morning light struck her eyes, but somewhere, yes, there was that face, and the shadow of those deep-set eyes.

J. A. Fryer, E5S3.



M. Reid

SEVEN DAY TERROR

"Is there anything you want to make disappear?" Clara asked her mother.

"A sinkful of dishes is all I can think of. How will you do it?"

"I just built a disappearer. All you do is cut the other end out of a beer can. Then you take two pieces of red cardboard with peepholes and blink. Whatever you look at will disappear."

"Oh."

"But I don't know if I can make them come back. I'd better try it on something else. Dishes cost money."

"You can try it on the Manners' cat outside there. Nobody will care if it disappears except the Manners."

"All right."

Clara put the disappearer to her eye and blinked. The cat disappeared from the sidewalk outside.

Her mother was interested. "I wonder how it works. Do you know how it works?"

"Yes. You take a beer can with both ends cut out and put in two pieces of cardboard. Then you blink."

"Never mind. Take it outside and play with it. You hadn't better make anything disappear in here till I think about this."

Clara went down to the cafe on the corner.

"Do you have anything you want to make disappear, Peter?"

"Only my thorn."



L. Smith.

"If I make it disappear it'll leave a hole in you and you'll bleed to death."

"That's right, I would. Why don't you try it on the fire hydrant outside?"

This in a way was one of the happiest afternoons ever in the neighbourhood. The children came from blocks around to play in the flooded streets and gutters, and if some of them drowned in the flood (and brother! it was a flood) why, you have to expect things like that. A bunch of smart alegs from the water department came out and shut off the water for a few blocks around and put some kind of cap on in place of the fire hydrant.

"Have you seen our cat?" one of the Manners girls asked Clara.

"No, I never know where it is."

Bobby Murphy wore a little hat on top of his head. Clara pointed her weapon and winked. The hat was no longer there, but a little trickle of blood was running down his cheek.

This was the beginning of the seven-day terror in the neighbourhood. Trees disappeared from parks; lamp posts were vanishing into thin air; Wally Walden drove home, got out, slammed the door of his car, and there was no car. As George Mullen came up the walk to his house his dog Joe ran to meet him and took a flying leap to his arms. The dog left the sidewalk but something happened; the dog was gone and only a bark lingered for a moment in the puzzled air.

But the worst were the fire hydrants. The second hydrant was installed the morning after the disappearance of the first. In eight minutes it was gone and the flood waters returned. Another one was in by twelve o'clock. Within three minutes it had vanished. The next morning fire hydrant number four was installed.

So far no human had been injured or disappeared — except for the little blood on the cheek of Bobby Murphy, on the lobes of Christina when her earrings disappeared from her ears; a clipped finger or so when a house vanished at the touch; probably not more than a pint of blood and three or four ounces of flesh all together.



L. Baldock.

Now, however, Mr. Buckle the grocery man disappeared before witnesses. This was serious.

Some mean-looking investigators from down town came to Clara's house and asked questions.

"I started most of them," said Clara. "But I didn't consider them ugly. But if you want to get to the bottom of this just ask me a question."

"Did you make those things disappear?" asked the investigator.

"That isn't the question," said Clara.

"Do you know where they have gone?" asked the investigator.

"That isn't the question," said Clara.

"Can you make them come back?"

"Why, of course I can. Anybody can, but I need some stuff. Get me a gold watch and a hammer. Then go down to the Drugstore and get me this list of chemicals. And I need a yard of velvet and a pound of rock candy."

"Shall we?" asked one of the investigators.

"Yes, it's our only hope. Get her anything she wants."

And it was all assembled.

She held the hammer over the gold watch of the investigators, on the floor. Clara suddenly brought down the hammer with all her force on the beautiful gold watch.

"That's it," she said. "Your troubles are over, now I predict that every single object will return exactly seven days from the time of its disappearance."

The seven day terror had ended. The objects began to reappear.

"How," asked the investigator, "did you know they would return in seven days?"

"Because it was a seven-day disappearer that I made. I also know how to make a thirteen-day,

a twenty-seven day and an eleven-year disappearer. I was going to make a thirteen-day one, but for that you had to colour the ends with the blood from a little boy's heart, and Cyril cried every time I tried to make a cut."

"But tell me," asked the investigator, "why did you want the chemicals?"

"For my chemistry set."

"And the black velvet?"

"For dolls' dresses."

"And the pound of rock candy?"

"What do you think I wanted rock candy for?"

"One last question," said the investigator. "Why did you smash my gold watch with the hammer?"

"Oh," said Clara, "that was just for dramatic effect."

D. Whitmore, W3A4.

DIE KARTOFFEL

Ich liebe sie, die Kartoffel,
Sie ist so wunderschön,
Obgleich im allgemeinen,
Ich habe sie sehr gern.

Eine braune Kartoffel,
Ach! Sie schmeckt so gut,
Ich gehe um und sammele
Sie in meinem Sommerhut.

Ach! Sie ist so klein,
Ich hab' sie in der Hand,
Ich esse viele Kartoffeln,
Wenn ich bin, an dem Strand.

—Paul Holder, 6F.

WHO?

Who
paddles warily towards
his ecstasy,
reaches it,
rides it,
challenge gone
he leaves.

should it be hard to reach,
he struggles,
almost wins
but ultimately fails.
again he leaves
disgusted at the surf,
not himself.

his technique never changes
in anything.
he admires,
then likes,
and conquers love.
challenge gone
he leaves.

someone should tell him,
someday,
not to conquer life.
after life
there is only
death.

—K. Kerr, 6F.



BETRUNKEN?

Ich ging zum Hotel,
und trank viel Bier,
Ging dann nach Hause,
und sah ein Tier —

Es war ein Tier mit grossen Augen,
Die Nase war lang und rot,
Der Mund war eine dunkle Hohle,
Die Haut war trockenes Brot.

Es machte mich so wirklich kalt,
Es sah aus wie ein Schuft,
Ein Nebelstreif, der war so alt,
Er verwischte, in der Luft.

Und dann, was für ein Wunder
Begann es zu verblässen
Frei war die Seele, die Luft war feucht
Der Traum war nun verschwunden.

Ich war allein,
Es war nicht dort,
Ich lief so schnell
Vom schrecklichen Ort.

Paul Holder, 6F.

ON DEATH

"We have shown the unmistakable tendency to push death aside, to eliminate it from life. We have tried to keep a deadly silence about death—after all, one's own death is beyond imagining, and whenever we try to imagine it we can see that we really survive as spectators." Sigmund Freud, from *Timely Thoughts on War and Death*, 1925.

People will not face death. They don't think about it: any thoughts about one's own death are soon banished from the consciousness as "morbid." Perhaps to make death less real death is dismissed as a joke—take as an example the various jokes about St. Peter at the pearly gates.

This refusal to face death, however, cannot be maintained when someone near to us dies. But then a direct confrontation is avoided by the use of euphemisms: the person has "passed away" or "departed." The escapism of the modern American funeral testifies to the denial of the idea of death. To admit to the reality and inevitability of death would surely question the validity of the American way of life—the rat-race society of money-making status-seeking and social climbing? The entrepreneur and the social-climber must not think of death because "you can't take it with you." Death is the great equaliser: everyone has to die.

People fear death. Dr. Eustace Chessier, in his book, "Why Suicide?" says: "The most important function of Christianity as far as the individual is concerned has always been to enable him to adjust himself to the fact of death. From its very start, the dynamic of Christianity was that death need not be feared." Can moral decline in the Western World be attributed to the (perhaps unconscious) feeling that life is meaningless if it is terminated in death? An acquaintance has told me that he felt frustrated in that whatever he achieved in his life, it all led up to death. Thus life was pointless.

Yet to resent the fact of death is to deny the basic conditions of life. Without death, life would become intolerable. Evolution is dependent on the death of the individual so that the species can go on.

Much of the resistance to death is irrational. Attitudes towards death are much more sensible

and matter-of-fact in the Orient. In Tibet, the corpse is hacked to pieces and fed to the vultures. Gandhi and Nehru were publicly cremated in India. Death in the West is an occasion for a solemn extravaganza: large sums of money are spent on what is called "paying one's last respects." This is followed by a long period of mourning, although not nearly as long as was practised at the turn of the century. As an interesting digression, I quote the advice on mourning to be found in "Jack's Reference Book," a thousand-page tome published in 1914: "Time of wearing mourning is as follows:

(1) For a wife, the widower should wear mourning for two years. (2) For a husband, the widow should wear deep mourning for the first year, the crepe being gradually reduced during the next nine months, and plain black for the remaining three . . . (8) For a first cousin, six weeks."

Christians are consoled in the thought of death by the thought of an after-life, but atheists and existentialists have nothing for them after death: for them death is the end. But is it? Certainly this is an oft discussed question. The atheists say that an after-life cannot be scientifically proven, and that life after death is merely wishful thinking. What are the opinions of the men who have scientifically studied psychic phenomena, i.e., telepathy, ghosts and spiritualism? Three of the most famous psychical researchers—Lodge, Myers and Sedgewick (literary aside - This surnames-only (1) shows essayist's erudition and (2) establishes the three as figures of authority, since by name-dropping the essayist assumes the three men to be so famous that their integrity is unquestionable) proved to their own satisfaction that an after-life did exist.

Even if the reader cannot accept the evidence that convinced three intelligent men, I feel it is still ridiculous to look upon death as absolutely and irrevocably the end: we know that the body closes shop and is demolished, but what of the mind? Thus I think it would be far healthier to look upon death as a really important event, more in the sense of a turning point in one's life. Henry Ward Beecher, the American minister, summed it up when he said on his deathbed:

"Now comes the mystery."

This is far more constructive and optimistic than Freud's comment that:

"The goal of all life is death."

Freud, who had a pre-occupation with death (even when he was young, he disconcerted his friends by parting with the words, "Goodbye, you may never see me again") thought that there was, beside the life instinct, or "Eros" (sexuality, self-preservation), a death instinct, which he called "Thanatos." In "An Outline of Psychoanalysis," Freud claims: "We may suppose that the final aim of the destructive instinct is to reduce living things to an inorganic state. For this reason we call it the 'death instinct.' The idea of 'Thanatos' has been discredited and abandoned by modern psychologists, so this leaves us with the will to live."

So rather than regard death as an irreversible end, it is better to think of it as a turning point. Should we postulate on what we shall meet when we die? I think there is no reason why we should not, but serious consideration, I feel, is unnecessary because we will all find out the answer sooner or later (probably more later than sooner), and in the meantime we have a life to live. Confucius did not speculate on an after life—he said he would

wait—but concerned himself with this life, because no matter what happened following death, we still had this life, and we still had to live it responsibly. I suppose Confucius would be called a humanist nowadays.

Let us then seek a rational and sensible attitude to death, many will find this difficult because it is not easy to rationalise a lingering unconscious fear away. But we cannot run away from death, we are all bound to be touched by the bony fingers of the skeleton death—that is another example of a ridiculous attitude towards death, the personification of death as some grim reaper — which we should now try to overcome. I end with a quotation from Socrates, who said: "To fear death, gentlemen, is nothing other than to think oneself wise when one is not: for it is to think one knows what one does not know. No man knows whether death may not even turn out to be the greatest of blessings for a human being, and yet people fear it as if they knew for certain that it is the greatest of evils."

B. Brewster, 6F.



P. Taylor.

MAGAZINE EXCHANGES

Hawera Technical High School, Waitara High School, Inglewood High School, Opunake High School, New Plymouth Girls' High School, New Plymouth Boys' High School, Te Awamutu College, Central Hawke's Bay College, Paeroa College, Manurewa High School, Tawa College, Kuranui College, Penrose High School, Heretaunga College, Francis Douglas Memorial College.



G. Coils.

When all the land
that lies beneath those
Interminable skyscrapers
Has returned to its
original felt,
When metalled roads
are green,
When children play in the
rust and vetch of
factories overgrown with
the vines and creepers
of years,
When governments and
industries
Lie choked by weeds in
fertile rain,
For sure the few
who stay alive,
Will laugh, and grow to
Love again.

Helen Brewster, W4A2.

SPEECH CONTESTS 1971

Senior: Sixth and seventh form students were not coerced into making a speech this year so it was very gratifying to have six very good finalists. They were Ray Hine (1st), Heather Buchan (2nd), Denise Guy (3rd), Gavin Lees, Peter Mills and Paul Simmons. Our congratulations to all six.

Junior: The interschool contest was won by East School by 68 points to West's 58.

Finalists were:

Fifth Form: Stephen Hutton (1st), Deborah Guthrie (2nd), Russell Mercer (3rd), Christine Arden, Janice Falconer and Marilyn Neuman.

Fourth Form: Helen Brewster (1st), Carol Young (2nd), Celia Field (3rd equal), Jenny Malan (3rd equal), David Carrington, Diane Cook, Judy Duynhaven, Sharon Guy, Rosemary Holin and Ross Robertson.

Third Form: Ross Bloore (1st), Phillip Walker (2nd), Mark McLean (3rd), Paul Charman, Kay Cousins, Glenda Dakin, Phillip Harvey, Janine McKenzie, Carol Perry and Suzanne Wilde.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

COLLEGE COUNCIL, 1971

President: Neil Billington

Vice-President: John Thompson

Secretary: Maureen Collier

Except for its undertakings upon a few minor propositions, the College Council for this year has been somewhat ineffectual. Whether this has been due to the nature of its composition, lack of interest from the school as a whole and lack of interest from the administration, or perhaps a combination of these factors, it is not completely possible to ascertain. Therefore, in an attempt to improve the status of the College Council for next year the composition of Council may be changed to include two Junior School leaders, the head Prefects and four seventh formers and four sixth formers, to make a complement of twelve.

—N.B.

WEST SCHOOL COUNCIL

The year has gone so quickly that we have not really had the time to talk and discuss many things over with the school properly.

Our council, this year, has been a rather amateur one, with three people from last years council to

help and guide the rest of us. The younger councillors have each contributed their bit towards the school and though there were times when they had to let the older kids have their say, I'd like to thank them for what they were able to do.

The council, as a whole, has had a hand in many school activities this year. These included the parade for the Sports Day. We had tremendous support from the school and I hope everyone enjoyed it. It sure was fun preparing the coffin, but it is funny how the "other school" had one too. Who did the eavesdropping?

We also ran several assemblies this year. The first assembly was rather terrifying for many of us, but we soon got used to being stared and gaped at. Our second assembly was mainly to farewell Mr. Barrowman.

Meetings were to be held every second Wednesday and on special occasions. We have had many suggestions and motions brought forward, some were declined, others forwarded to College Council.

At the time of writing this report our Council is busy (with heads down!) thinking about Gala Day. This is perhaps the biggest event in which we are

COLLEGE COUNCIL



Back Row: J. Innes, I. Jackson, J. Thomson.

Middle Row: S. Willans, A. Cowie, R. Wawatai, J. Whittaker, K. Laurie, A. Butler, D. Guthrie.

Front Row: L. Edwards, S. Johnson, N. Billington, M. Collier, G. Evans.

EAST SCHOOL COUNCIL



Back Row: G. Walker, G. Lander, A. Dungan, D. Crozier.
Middle Row: G. Doughty, B. Jury, G. Kenny, J. Whittaker, K. Laurie, R. Wawatai, G. Evans.
Front Row: S. George, G. Watkin, D. Guthrie, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Connor, A. Cowie, N. Tioko, D. Brown.

WEST PREFECTS



Back Row: N. Kingi, B. Avery, N. Pehi, J. Themscn. Front Row: A. Schou, H. Manu, Mr. Procter, N. Keenan, R. Schrider.

involved, and it involves the whole school. This year we haven't had any fantastic ideas, but I hope that the ones that we have at the moment will be a success. There will be no point system for the contributions, but only for what is sold on the stalls.

Around the school, there is always someone complaining about something but all they do is tell their friends and then drop the subject. These complaints interest us. Many of the suggestions we received were not supported; they were not backed up with reasons and so they had to be declined. I think that this is one reason why our councils have failed to work properly.

Finally, I think that some gratitude should go towards the staff of West School, especially Mr. Procter and Miss Grant who have always been available to guide and help us.

EAST SCHOOL COUNCIL

Once upon a time, about the beginning of the year, the pupils of East School elected two School Captains, 12 council members and eight leaders. It was the job of these fine upstanding members of the school to (a) organise sports teams, (b) think up suggestions (or listen to ones from discontented pupils) that would lead to the betterment of the

East School in general and (c) hold Council Assemblies.

Well, full of enthusiasm, they threw themselves to the task at hand and during the first term alone East lost the Swimming, Basketball (12 games-0) and drew the Athletics, and so to the second term.

Undaunted (which is something that can always be said for the East Council), but somewhat hampered by a lack of enthusiasm from East School on the whole, the Council managed to organise enough people into teams to win the Basketball, Tennis, Cricket and the Speech and Music Competitions. But it is noticeable that when East loses there is no room for doubt, e.g.—

Rugby, 12 games—nil; Soccer, six games—nil; Hockey, two games—nil.

Of course the East School Council did more than the six pole tennis poles that are strategically positioned about East. Unfortunately many of our wonderful suggestions never got further than the College Council, but this year's East School Council will surely be remembered for the length (very short) and variety of its readings at Council Assemblies.

—D.G.

EAST PREFECTS



Back Row: D. Crozier, G. Walker, G. Lander, A. Dungan, R. Wawatai.
Front Row: N. Tioko, Mrs. Connor, Mr. Hutchinson, G. Watkin.

DRAMA

TEN LITTLE NIGGERS

Producer	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Connor
Narracot	-	-	-	-	-	Graeme Heap
Rogers	-	-	-	-	-	Ross Alley
Mrs. Rogers	-	-	-	-	-	Barbara Hammonds
Vera Claythorne	-	-	-	-	-	Janet Charman
Lombard	-	-	-	-	-	Graham Miles
Marston	-	-	-	-	-	Christopher Brown
Blore	-	-	-	-	-	Andrew Dungan
Emily Brent	-	-	-	-	-	Heather Buchan
General MacKenzie	-	-	-	-	-	Donald Dawson
Sir Lawrence Wargrave	-	-	-	-	-	David Birrell
Doctor Armstrong	-	-	-	-	-	Kim Walker

This year's major production was "Ten Little Niggers", Agatha Christie's classic suspense thriller. After intense rehearsing for two months, the cast put on a very good performance for two nights to a full hall. The audience obviously enjoyed the performance from their reactions, especially to the murder scenes, in particular those of Wargrave and Marston. We were supported in the production by a large group of technicians, stage-hands and make-up girls, and much credit must go to them for helping to make the performance what it was. In particular, we would like to thank our producer, Mrs. Connor, who put in many hours rehearsing with us, and must have rehearsed hard herself to get that delightfully surprised look when we gave her the flowers on the last night.

C. Brown.



The cast — "Ten Little Niggers"



Rehearsal — "Ten Little Niggers"



Rehearsal

CHAMBER MUSIC REPORT

In early June, the Taranaki regional semi-final of the national Secondary Schools' Chamber Music Contest was held at the N.P.G.H.S. This year, although we had the same number of groups, the number of performers had increased. This was accounted for by the entry of a 14 piece string ensemble with piano continuo, coached by Mr. Purdy, which played an arranged version of Mozart's "Ave Verum Corpus". The four other groups entered were: a brass quartet which performed "Petite Suite for Brass" by Benay, a woodwind trio — Trio in Bb by Beethoven, a string quartet — String Quartet in G by Mozart, and finally a trio (two violins and a piano) which played their own composition. This latter entry, like the String Ensemble, was Spotswood's first entry of this kind, and we hope not the last.

Ross Alley.

BRASS BAND REPORT

The Spotswood College Band has now been in existence for three years, and the members, under the direction of Mr. Lionel Hall, have reached a high standard of individual and collective musicianship.

The year began with practices for the Secondary Schools' Music Festival. The plan was ambitious—the bands of the five schools at which Mr. Hall teaches would combine to play the popular "Trumpet Voluntary", a hymn "Non Dunket" and the accompaniment to the Massed Choir item "This Land is Your Land". There was only one combined practice, and the final result was a tribute to the work that had gone into the concert. The band (of about 100) was enthusiastically received at both concerts.

Then our band settled down to prepare for the Tawa visit in the second term. We prepared two items for the band itself, and two for the concert band, which includes woodwind and percussion sections.

An incident that I hesitate to record is the playing of the East members of the Band in the East-West music competitions not long afterwards. We

were to play the gay minuet from Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik". However, it became a little too gay, and the members were, for various reasons, in hysterics of laughter for the portion of the piece that we managed to play. The mark of 11 out of 30 was not exactly what we had come to expect from the band!

At the end of the second term, the Te Awamutu College orchestra came for a short visit and concert, and the band gave the items from Tawa for a small but receptive audience, who were quite generous with their applause when they found they had to listen to the march "Wairoa" twice.

Other successes include the quartets Nos 1 and 2 coming 1st and 3rd in the May competitions (there were only 3 entries), and many groups have played in various concerts in the city. The band also makes regular appearances at assembly.

All this experience in public performance has had a most beneficial effect on the band and its members, and we thank Mr. Hall for his increasing efforts to uphold the high standard which the band has reached.

Stephen Hutton.

BRASS BAND



Back Row: D. Kirkland, G. Stanton, S. Carson, A. Dungan, P. Bowering, P. Carter.
Middle Row: M. Brown, B. Avery, R. Davies, I. Dykes, S. Hutton, R. Wilkinson, M. Parish.
Front Row: M. Collinson, G. Oliver, M. Cleland, P. Riches, P. Leonard, N. Nodder, B. Lonsdale.
Absent: W. Lynch.

MADRIGAL REPORT

Five of the group's female section left this year and unfortunately they were all sopranos. Hence Miss McLafferty had to have a major recruitment. The alto section, however, is a strong six this year and the basses and tenors lost only one member.

Since the group had such a large proportion of new members we decided against singing for the Secondary Schools' Music Festival this year, as we felt we were not up to the standard the group has set in past years.

The Tawa Music Festival, held at Tawa this year, was the group's first public performance. Our disappointment at not being able to sing in the first term was made up for by the tremendous response the Tawa audience gave us. Our two brackets consisted of:

(1) a set of 5 nursery rhymes with piano accompaniment, by Ralph Hunter;

(2) two difficult motets in contrasting styles, one being a baroque piece by Scarlatti "Exultate Deo" and a contemporary setting of the beatitudes by Brown. The Tawa madrigalists combined with us to sing "The Echo Song", Lasso; and "Cantate Domino", Pitoni.

Two weeks later, Te Awamutu College arrived for a two day exchange, and at the concert the group sang a repeat of the Tawa programme. This term we hope to give a couple of concerts in order to raise money for the cost of making a record. At these concerts we intend singing double chorus work (Schutz) and a large number of baroque motets.

We have also sung in assemblies this term and the reaction by all schools was very favourable. Of course all this would not have been possible without the untiring energy of our conductor Miss McLafferty, who has trained us to reach the standard we have.

Kim Walker.

MADRICAL SINGERS



Back Row: P. Legge, S. Hutton, R. Alley, P. Pritchard, C. Brown, J. Christiansen, M. Nation, N. Tioko.
Front Row: J. Alley, P. Smith, M. Newman, Miss McLafferty, N. Wallace, S. James, C. Leong. (Leader, K. Walker, absent.)

TE AWAMUTU — SPOTSWOOD COMBINED CONCERT

On Friday, 13th August, a concert was presented by the Te Awamutu and the Spotswood College musical groups.

Te Awamutu College sent about twenty instrumentalists, while Spotswood presented soloists, chamber music groups, band and orchestral items.

The concert was an outstanding success and the crowd showed their appreciation with spontaneous applause throughout the programme.

This was the first musical exchange with Te Awamutu College and future exchanges are looked forward to as the experience of performing with and billeting the Te Awamutu visitors was a very worthwhile one.

ORCHESTRA

This year's orchestra has improved and expanded under Mr. Purdy's careful tuition. A lot of its success can be attributed to the many new members especially in the violins, and for this we have to thank Mrs. McCarthy. The other instrumental teachers, Mrs. Purdy for the woodwind, and Mr. Hall for the brass, have helped to keep the individual standard of playing up.

The two highlights of the year were the Taranaki Secondary Schools Music Festival, where the orchestra performed creditably, and combined with other school orchestras to perform a condensation of Brahms' 4th Symphony, and the Rachmaninoff

2nd Piano concerto, with Kim Walker, our pianist, playing the solo; and the Tawa trip, where we performed the Minuet from Haydn's symphony No. 53, and some lighter music, combined with the Tawa Orchestra.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Purdy for the hard work he has put in this year.

C. Brown.

TAWA VISIT

Two bus loads of Spotswood students left for Tawa on Thursday morning, 29th July. We arrived at Tawa about half an hour after school had finished. Billets were sorted out and Thursday night was left free.

All day Friday was spent rehearsing for Saturday night's concert.

A debate was held, the topic being "That people should be tried for their war crimes". We took the negative and won the debate, thus bringing the cup back to Spotswood after last year's draw.

On Saturday morning a party was taken over the University's Electronic Studio by Douglas Lilburn, a well known New Zealand musician.

Saturday afternoon was again left free. The concert was extremely successful, both Tawa and Spotswood set a very high standard of performance that was peaked in the combined numbers. Unfortunately the audience was small, but they were appreciative.

We left Tawa on Sunday morning for a very "musical" trip back.

K.W.

ORCHESTRA



Back Row: K. Walker, R. Davies, G. Stanton, M. Collinson, M. Cleland, S. Hutton, P. Carter, G. McAlpine, B. Wells, R. Ball, R. Ward, H. Gee.
Middle Row: J. Alley, C. Bone, C. Curtis, D. Guy, D. Guthrie, R. Fisher, P. Corbett, R. Wilkinson, D. Meads, R. Alley, B. Lonsdale.
Front Row: G. Cannell, L. Ball, P. Riches, Mr. A. Purdy, S. Vinnicombe, S. James, J. Sole.

GIRLS' DUKE OF EDINBURGH SCHEME

1971 brings the fifth successive year of pupils working for the various levels of the Award.

For the first time at Spotswood College, two girls have finally completed the gold level of the Award. This has taken them approximately four years to do. Their certificates will be presented next April by the Governor-General, Sir Arthur Porritt, or his representative, at Government House, Wellington. There are seven other girls still working for their gold levels. A compulsory residential leadership course was attended by these girls at the Y.M.C.A. in the Pohangina Valley, Palmerston North, from 17-21 May. It was run by the Manawatu Region Girls' Brigade.

The twelve silver level girls did the usual overnight tramp, to Waiweranui Y.M.C.A. Hut, covering about fifteen miles. Two girls of a party were misled by the twisted signs at the end of Puniho Road and took the wrong track. After tramping for a while, they realised they were lost, so they stopped and waited for someone to find them. The girls did the right thing by wrapping themselves warmly in their spare clothes and sleeping bags, and they must be congratulated for keeping calm and behaving sensibly.

Also a group of silver girls doing Entertainment under the "Design for Living" section, went to "La Scala" to try their theories out. They all had a wonderful time, and it has been suggested that this could be repeated for next year's group. Mr. Sutherland, the Mayor, who was dining there, noticed their exemplary manners and behaviour, and knowing the lady with them, came over and congratulated the girls.

Thanks must be given to Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Rae who guide the twenty girls completing their bronze level. These two teachers have been giving a great deal of time to the scheme for several years now. We also appreciate the help given by Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Emmett, Mrs. Willison, Miss Andrews and other staff who devoted much of their free time to assist all levels.

Most of all, on behalf of all the past and present Duke of Edinburgh girls, especially Susan Turner, who is now nursing, and myself, I would like to express our very grateful thanks for the encouragement, help and advice that Mrs. Conner has constantly given us.

T.R.W.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD



Back Row: H. Sutcliffe, P. Marshall, R. Inglis, H. Pearson, V. Lloyd-Smith, M. Wright, G. Mills, F. Young.
Front Row: A. O'Connor, J. Revell, J. Leonard, C. Larkin, N. Corkill, D. Horsup, R. Dalglish.



Ruth Ward



Susan Turner

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

The College is very proud of these two girls, who are the first to gain the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award through the Scheme operating at school.

Susan Turner finished her Award on January this year, just before she began nursing, and Ruth Ward, who is in Form 7, completed hers in July. Both girls have gained Bronze and Silver Awards in previous years, and will receive their final Award from the Governor-General in April next year.

The Gold Award is one of the highest any girl can earn, and carries with it a special Recommendation. It is achieved only after several years persistent and often difficult effort. We heartily congratulate Susan and Ruth on their achievement.

EVENING CLASSES

Classes this year have fallen from eighteen to thirteen, partly as a result of the increase in enrolment fees from \$2 to \$6 a year. Nevertheless, interest in some classes has remained at a high level. Once again the craft classes have been particularly popular and cake decorating, floral art, continental cooking and woodwork have been well supported.

It is to be hoped that numbers will pick up again next year as charges are still reasonable in relation to benefits obtained.

D. M. Frank.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

The Social Committee started off with a social at mid year. At first, two socials were to be run, but because of lack of support from Senior School, it was decided to run one dance for the whole school. For the first year we decided to have two bands, and this turned out to be very successful. After much concern about numbers attending, we had a good response and made a considerable profit.

We also organised a coffee evening for Freyberg. It too was successful, but not as many turned up as hoped for.

At the beginning of Third Term, organisation was underway for the Ball. We recommend that in future the organisation for these events should commence as early as possible as there is often difficulty in booking bands and caterers.

Our thanks to Mr. McPhail and staff for their confidence in us and also their co-operation.

Social Committee: Maureen Collier, Pam Coughlin, Heather Gee, Greyam Wilde, Ian Jackson, Russell Ritchie, Richard Hutchinson, John Thompson, Kandy Laurie.

INTERACT

The Interact Club held its Annual General Meeting on Wednesday, 24th February, with an attendance of forty-five intending members. It had been previously decided to reduce membership to encourage more active participation, however this has not proved successful and student participation with projects has been generally poor.

Officers elected for 1971 were: President: Paul Lobb; Vice President: Russell Blinkhorne; Secretary: Suzanne Johnson; Directors: Sally Willans; Ngaire Caitcheon; Ian Jackson; Greyam Wilde.

Guest speakers throughout the year were:

1. Mr. Roy Powell, a High School teacher from Madera California, on tour with the Rotary Exchange Team.

2. Mr. Castalli of Civil Defence whose aim was to give ideas on how the club could help the community.

3. A soldier returned from Vietnam.

4. Peggy Hickey, the visiting exchange student, gave a talk on Oklahoma before she left to return home after one year with us.

The directors attended a Rotary West Tea Meeting and four representatives attended New Plymouth Rotary during the visit of the Californian Exchange Team.

Club activities were:

Following a suggestion that the club should join Civil Defence the Sixth Form boys attended a series of rescue courses at the Fire Station while the girls took First Aid.

The Sixth Form students spent one and a half hours each fortnight assisting many senior citizens

in New Plymouth — cleaning sections etc. By the letters received it was obvious that this project was much appreciated.

There were several clean-ups of East End beach and one at the Huatoki Domain.

The New Plymouth City Council requested assistance to up-date the electoral rolls. This was carried out, although rather unsuccessfully as many of the residents were not home on the Wednesday mornings. The club has also been asked to deliver "Scan 71" magazines throughout New Plymouth for which it will receive \$100 (I hope this is carried out).

One social and financial project has been held, taking the form of a car rally. \$26 profit was made.

Two additional projects were carried out by the girls — dismantling of stalls after the Taranaki Winter show and ushering at the Bride of the Year show.

Many appeals including Braille and Intellectually Handicapped have been supported. \$50 was given to the Tainui Home Appeal. As a result of a car wash, \$70 was given to the Save the Opera House Appeal.

Four members of the club attended the Annual National Conference at Palmerston North which was most enjoyable and we learnt how other clubs function and ideas were given for future projects.

Although many suggestions have been made which have not been carried out, club activity has been reasonably good and I wish future clubs all success with projects.

S.J.J.

INTERACT



Back Row: R. Smith, J. White, R. Richings, D. Birrell, P. Fowler, B. Barnett, P. Mills, W. Williams, A. Sandford, G. Medway, G. Miles, C. Frewin, F. Gould.
Middle Row: J. Revell, D. Latham, C. Putt, D. Guy, G. Francis, P. Taylor, D. Dawson, G. Elliot, C. Jackson, P. Simmons, E. Davies, L. Sulzberger, D. Sharrock, J. Ranford.
Front Row: K. Wheeler, A. O'Connor, J. McCullum, H. Buchan, B. Leong, G. Wilde, R. Blinkhorne, S. Johnson, P. Lobb, S. Willans, I. Jackson, N. Caitcheon, L. Sutherland, L. Baldock, P. Latter, M. Nicholson.
Absent: S. Pope, P. Hickey, R. Ward.

CURIOUS COVE 1971

For the first times, our annual trip to Curious Cove was undertaken as a joint venture with Inglewood High School. This turned out to be a very harmonious and happy union between the two schools.

DIARY

Friday, 3rd September: Two buses departed from Spotswood College at 9.45 a.m. to join with a third bus at Inglewood High School. During the morning the four staff families and 77 pupils journeyed to Wanganui, where we stopped for a one course hot meal. During the afternoon the party journeyed on to Wellington, arriving at the Picton ferry terminal at 6 p.m. After 3½ hours on the ferry the weary travellers arrived in Picton to begin the 40 minute launch journey up Queen Charlotte Sound to the Cove. We reached our destination soon after 11 p.m. and were all ready for a good night's rest.

Saturday, 4th September: Soon after breakfast we departed on two launches (Rongo and Reomoana) for Ship's Cove which was a favourite landing place of Captain Cook. At Ship's Cove we had a picnic lunch after which 20 pupils in the company of Messrs. Peel and Chapple tramped to Resolution Bay, while the rest went out fishing. After picking up the trampers there was more fishing and then with rising winds, a choppy return trip to Curious Cove. In the evening we watched a selection of films, and then learnt some new dances under the guidance of Mr. Geoff Manning.

Sunday, 5th September: A free morning, when we found time to tidy our huts, write letters home and attend to our washing. After lunch the tide was out, and the whole party walked around the shore line to Pill-box Point. Mr. Procter and some enthusiastic pupils gathered in some large mussels which were eaten experimentally when we returned to the Cove. In the evening we had dancing and games.

Monday, 6th September: After breakfast, the two launches were waiting for us again. This time we turned out of Queen Charlotte Sound and travelled the full length of Tory Channel following the ferry route. This was mainly a fishing excursion. At mid-day we landed at Mr. Perano's farm to have our picnic lunch. Here we also saw the tame eels under a bridge made from whale bones. In the evening we watched a film "Whistle Down the Wind" starring Hayley Mills.

Tuesday, 7th September: In the morning 75 members of the party completed the traverse of Mount Kapikatea. We scrambled and puffed up a very steep bulldozer track on the north side of the Cove, then made our way through the bush-clad peaks east of the Cove, and emerged from the bush to make a very steep descent on the south side of the Cove (very hard work for elderly gentlemen like Messrs. Procter and Chapple). Unfortunately the wonderful views were hidden under banks of low cloud. In the afternoon Mr. Peel organised a table tennis competition, which was won by Christine Fredrickson (Inglewood), and Mark Collinson (Spotswood). At the same time Mr. Day umpired a softball game between the two schools and Spotswood were the victors. The evening was devoted to dancing and games.



Curious Cove

Wednesday, 8th September: A perfectly fine day and a prompt start was made after breakfast for Anakiwa at the southern end of Queen Charlotte Sound. Here we were met by an instructor and taken on a guided tour around the Outward Bound School. None of the inmates were seen because they were away on a long hike. From Anakiwa, the launches took us to Torea Bay where we landed to consume our picnic lunch. In the early afternoon we travelled across the Sound to Picton where we spent nearly two hours shopping. After dinner back at the Cove, the early part of the evening was spent Frog Racing. Paul Chapple emerged as the 1971 Champion for this event. Later in the evening we lit a huge bonfire on the beach and enjoyed a barbeque. For many, this was the best day of the week.

Thursday, 9th September: The morning of this day was left free for people to fish, talk, play or simply rest. In the afternoon there was an organised scavenger hunt and also a wild game organised by Mr. Day. In the evening we again danced and played games.

Friday, 10th September: The morning was blustery with a choppy sea. However we proceeded with boat racing in teams of 4. Each team had to row a small flat-bottomed boat from the shore out to the raft, around the raft and back to the starting point. Each team was timed from start to finish. Some teams were "all at sea" in this event and didn't even get out to the raft. The climax came when the staff team took their turn. Mr. Procter predicted a quick journey to the bottom of the ocean for both the boat and crew. However, he was wrong, and after 5 minutes 20 seconds, the staff were safely back on shore.

Saturday, 11th September: After an early breakfast, we boarded the launches for the last time and, under rather bleak conditions said farewell to the Cove and its staff. After a long and uneventful journey we arrived at Inglewood at 9 p.m. to bid many fond farewells and be met by our parents who were waiting in the rain for us.

General Comment from Mr. Chapple to members of the party:-

Since our return from Curious Cove, I have heard many flattering and favourable comments about the trip. I would like to take this opportunity of saying that the enjoyment and success of this trip can be attributed to a number of factors.

1. The co-operation and friendliness of the Manning family who are the proprietors of the Cove. They leave no stone unturned in their efforts to make our sojourn enjoyable.

2. The staff who accompanied me with their wives were expert in acting as Mum and Dad to every member of the party. My supporting staff were Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Peel, Mr. and Mrs. Day. Mr. Day from Inglewood High School kindly acted as driver for one of the three buses.

3. The week of comparatively fine weather was our good fortune. Stormy conditions could seriously restrict our activities but this didn't eventuate.

4. The 77 teenagers made a major contribution to the trip's success. Any troubles we had with the pupils were small ones; in general the behaviour was very good and they were an excellent bunch of pupils to travel with.

CATAMARAN CLUB

This year the Catamaran Club got away to a fine start in the early part of the year. A meeting was arranged, and a number of keen new members (half being girls) were enrolled. We then arranged the building of the two fine new craft which the P.T.A. had so kindly donated for.

Work was started early and keen boys and girls put their lunch-time aside to build the new boats. Work began to slow down about the start of the second term, so arrangements were made to work Saturday mornings which quickly saw the boats take shape. Even the girls turned out in full force, and what a great job they did. Boys being the way they are, handed jobs like sanding to the girls, and they were done every time without any fuss or bother. We have members so keen to work on the boats to complete them that one boy biked in from Waitara, just for a morning's work.

The end of the second term saw the completion of one boat and the near completion of another. Also "McPhail's Navy" has had a sanding down ready for her new paint job. Another meeting also took place at this time and after much argument and discussion it was decided that the new colour of "McPhail's Navy" would be blue with a varnished deck.

The registration was also worked out and a number will go on the sail with the Arafura emblem, which is a small "a" and "c" interwoven on a coloured background.

This season the two school Catamarans will be stored in the Taranaki Catamaran Association shed at the New Plymouth Yacht Club and will be looked after by appointed people. They will be raced on Saturdays by different catamaran club people against the other privately owned Arafuras. When all the Arafuras are completed (privately owned included) we will have a fleet of about seven boats for racing.

We thank Mr. Jones, a representative from International Paints, who kindly came along on a Saturday morning to show us the correct way of painting the boat. The paint session was open to the whole school and we ended up with a great response. We thank him for the trophy he presented to the Arafura Class.

Facts about the Catamaran: Length 11ft., Beam 5ft. 2in., Mast 17ft., Weight 80 pounds (unrigged), Sail area 84 square feet.

For further information please contact our Club Commodore (Anthony Gable) or Mr. Crisp.

Denis Leatham and Jean Horner.



Adding to the fleet

TRAMPING CLUB

The majority of the tramps this year were held in the Egmont National Park area. The first trip of the year was to Paul's Falls. Here also was the first mishap of the year, as the tail end of the party somehow managed to wander off the main track. However, about an hour later they turned up, none the worse for their little excursion. Meanwhile, back at the falls a few of the party had braved the icy waters for a quick, refreshing swim.

The next tramp planned was the climb of Mount Egmont. On this trip many, including teachers, took advantage of the opportunity to reach the summit, and thus seventy-six started out from North

Egmont. However, after an hour or so of puffing and panting three ailing people decided to head back and spend the rest of the day sunbathing at Tahu-rangi Lodge.

Of course, no year would be complete without a tramp to Whangamomona, and so a large party of eighty-six left the Whangamomona station in the early hours of the morning, all keen to get under way. Everyone made it up to the tunnel without much bother, but, as we started to descend, blood-curdling screams were heard from up front — Bees! This place was marked as a danger area for the return trip. After breakfast the party was divided up into two, the larger one heading off for the lunch area, while the smaller party went off gorging. At one stage the party found themselves swimming across a deep pool — boots and all — to climb up a slippery waterfall. Many people were feeling the effects of the day as they made their way along the long, winding road to the station, where we all sat about singing and playing cards until the train came in.

The following trips included the Waitara-iti trip, where a small party followed the Waitara River to its source; Brame's Falls, where Miss Platt was given a round of applause as she somehow



"This lot's for the bunsen burners!"



Wet! Gala Day 1970 water follies.

managed to cross the river without getting wet; a tramp up the Kaitaki Ranges, climbing up the Waiau Track to Patuha Trig — Kaitaki Peak — and down the Mander's Track. During lunch some of the party inspected the dental situation of a Maori skeleton found; a Snowcraft course; and Curtis Falls, via Maketawa Track, returning via Waipuku to Taurangi Hut.

Bad weather struck as a party made their way to the top of the Pouakai Ranges, climbing up the Dover Track and returning down the Plymouth Track. The party were hit by gale force winds and rain as they made their way in pairs along the top of the ranges to the hut, where eighteen wet, cold people crammed in for their lunch.

An overnight Moki tramp is planned for Labour weekend, and the club hopes to hold four more tramps before the end of the year.

My thanks go, on behalf of the club, to all staff, especially Miss Grant and Mr. Lovell, and parents who have assisted throughout the year in providing transport.

A.B

DEBATING CLUB

This year we managed to maintain an even membership, small in number but enthusiastic. We lost one of our best debaters in the 2nd term, Janet Charman.

To begin the year we had constitutional elections nearly according to the true democratic way where Ray Hine was elected as unwilling President and Denise Guy as Secretary. We abolished the previous positions of treasurer, vice-president and the publicity committee, principally because (a) we had no money and (b) if these positions had been kept up we would not have had any members who weren't holding official positions.

The Club originally met in T7 but the venue changed in the second term to the team-teaching room, cold but more suited in size.

Our meetings throughout the year were irregular though fairly well attended. Most meetings concerned practice debates before outside competition. The Club indeed flourished on outside debates, not inside competition — school support was meagre. We managed nevertheless to win all Senior debates and all Junior debates except one.

The main debate of the year was Tawa on July 28th — "That People should be tried for war crimes" was the topic. Spotswood on the negative and the team representing the school: Ray Hine, Andrew Dungan and Heather Buchan. We won this debate so regaining the cup for Spotswood

College which we forgot to bring home. Heather Buchan was our best speaker and over the whole year Heather was best senior speaker and Andrew best junior.

Te Awamutu, with the Seniors travelling and debating "New Zealand should leave the Commonwealth", defeating the opposition once again. We owe thanks here to Raewyn Edwards, Russell Mercer and Jill McCullum for debating when no one else was able at very short notice. The Juniors argued that rather hashed topic "The Space Race", their stunning rhetoric quite defeating the visitors.

We began the year with an intriguing discussion on marijuana with Francis Douglas. The majority of the audience decided they would try it for fun or to conform with the group. The Juniors had a formal debate on the "Place Women have in the Home"; Debra Guthrie overwhelming the adjudicator to win the debate decisively for Spotswood. Further debates with the school covered "That advertising should be banned"; "New Zealand farming community"; "Conformity brings contentment"; "Equal pay for equal work — socially unacceptable, economically unsound and morally wrong"; "Concept of heresy is not applicable to the modern age", the only debate lost.

Prior to the Tawa debate we had a practice with New Plymouth Girls High School. This debate was characterised by lack of support, late starting and other misfortunes. These contributed to debating club going into recess.

DEBATING TEAM



Back Row: S. Hutton, A. Dungan, P. Charman.
Front Row: Mr. Bauld, H. Buchan, R. Mercer, D. Guy, R. Hine, R. Edwards, D. Guthrie.

We had an increase in Junior members this year, a good sign because it builds up the base of the club. More Junior members means more debates giving good experience, not only in public speaking.

Debating Club had an overall win in the speech contests this year, for seniors all first, second and third places were taken by our members, in the fifth form, first and second places were occupied by our members.

Our thanks this year go to Mr. Bauld, patron of the Club, Mr. Page and Lance Wiggins for adjudicating, all the members of the club and members and patrons of other clubs, and Brother Max from Francis Douglas.

Denise Guy.

CHESS CLUB

The Spotswood College Chess Club had quite an influx of young players this year and T.6 has been the scene of keen battles during the lunch hours — not all these battles were played entirely on the chess boards! The membership numbers fluctuated around the 40 to 50 mark. One of the outstanding events compared to the world economy is the fact that the membership fee could be decreased to 5 cents per person. With this money 6

new chess sets have been bought this year, decreasing the number of battles over the use of the sets and increasing the amount of peace in favour of concentration on the games.

To our invitations to other schools for an inter-school play we unfortunately had no response.

It took quite a long time to play off the championship games where everybody had to play every other player, a rule which some players found hard to follow. The result of this system apart from sifting out the year's champion Malcolm Giles, was the general raising of standards in playing and a keenness of players to go to the Chess Tournament at Inglewood.

Thanks to Mr. D. Stedman who helped to keep the players' interest awake.

The three teams at the May Tournament at Inglewood brought the following results:

A team: M. Giles 4 to 1, 2nd place; M. Whittaker 3 to 2; J. Street 3 to 2; D. Heremaia 4 to 1, 3rd place.

B team: B. Lockyer 3 to 1; R. Ball 2 to 3; J. Thurston 3 to 2; C. Dent.

C team: G. Lees 2.5 to 2.5; P. Standish 2 to 3; P. Tooley 2.5 to 2.5; N. Ubels 2 to 3.

The visit from Te Awamutu brought us the challenge of 6 chess players for an exciting game on Friday night of the 13th, in the school library,

CHESS CLUB



Back Row: B. Lockyer, I. Street, P. Hall, A. Henderson, D. Heremaia, M. Whittaker, R. Robertson, G. Coughlin.
Front Row: C. Paul, D. Bennett, M. Giles, C. Johnson, P. Standish.

watched intently by a silent crowd. Our team of M. Giles, M. Whittaker, J. Street, R. Ball, D. Heremaia and T. Plant defeated the visitors 5.5 to 0.5.

The final event was the Taranaki Inter-School Tournament at Inglewood on September 23rd, where Spotswood College had to defend the Prentice Cup, won last year. Again we had a record attendance of 3 teams.

A: M. Giles, M. Whittaker, J. Street, D. Here-maia.

B: P. Hall, T. Plant, R. Ball, G. Lees.

C: B. Lockyer, Patricia Standish, Carolyn Jelen-son, J. Thurston.

D: G. Coughlin, C. Paul, A. Henderson, Denise Bennett.

This tournament was a great first experience for some players and crowned with the winning of the Prentice Cup, which has now been won by Spotswood College for the 3rd time out of four since it has been awarded.

Our thanks for a year of great activity around the Chess board go to Mrs. Risch for the availability of the pleasant surrounding of the Artroom, for her coaching and not always easy organising.



The Chess Club in action

"PRAISE THE LORD! CRUSADERS ARE BLOSSOMING!"

What a great and wonderful change there has been within our movement this year. At the beginning of the year we set up a committee, a formal sort of body like any other committee, with a president, secretary, etc. We had our Thursday lunch hour meetings and also decided to put Tuesdays aside, with alternate committee and prayer meetings. Thursday meetings were run as in the previous year — that is, we had quite a few guest speakers and a few discussions, the load being shared among those who were told that they had volunteered to take a meeting!

We had a few extra activities — two car washes to raise funds for our library and for our junior leaders going to various conferences.

In the middle of the year we had a weekend "camp", run by Miss Bev Hott and the Rev. Ross Pilkington from Scripture Union. This was an inspiration to those who attended — pupils and staff from the local high schools all gathered at the Baptist Church Hall to share experiences and discuss problems.

Many of us in the Crusader Union have felt all year that something big was round the corner and with the coming of spring, we really felt it had arrived. We had to come to grips with ourselves, to decide what we really wanted for Crusaders, for our school, and in our own lives. There is so much "dead wood" around in the world today, that we longed to be able to do what is in fact our pledge as Crusaders and what Our Lord Himself has asked us to do: "Be witnesses to me"

We had been floundering around all year, but it was also a period of preparation and meditation and now out of our blind groping efforts there has emerged real strength. We have realised what it was we were lacking. Many of us, staff and pupils alike, have made a complete rededication of our whole lives to Christ, and we are going from strength to strength through Him. We have taken over the team-teaching room for Thursday lunchtime, and attendance is vital and interested. Since we have put Christ back at the head of our group, He has been really able to speak to many of us through these meetings. We hold a "natter and question" session on Tuesdays, too, for any interested to find answers to queries, etc. Also we have a prayer meeting at break twice a week, Wednesday and Friday, with a growing number of students attending. All are welcome, of course. And all this as a result of prayer! We have committed our group, our school, our lives to Him, we are allowing Him to work through us, and what a tremendous difference it makes when there is a true strength at the top. We have been struggling and ineffective for so long, now we rely on the Source of all strength to meet our needs, and so we can truly say:

"Praise the Lord! Crusaders are blossoming!"

Mrs. K. Piercy.

LIBRARY NOTES 1971

This year the library has been hard at work coping with three different classes at once for most periods of the day. This has been successful as long as the three classes have been library or study periods, but we have not liked L2 being used as an ordinary classroom. We should like to dismantle the partition which separates L1 from L2 as we feel a loss of spaciousness now that the mezzanine floor has been built. The stairway has taken a lot of floor space and the resulting restriction of floor space does not help an easy flow around the shelves.

We have added some 500 new books to the shelves so far this year to bring our last accession number to 7,595. We are most conscious of yearly stock-taking ahead of us next month as we fear that this may reveal a larger deficit than last year. With added use this is to be expected, but we abhor the loss of some books because of unnecessary carelessness of some borrowers.

We would like to thank the following people for donations of books: D. Kveseth, A. Innes, L. Drummond, R. Murrell, P. Latter, Mrs. Duncalf, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Potter. We also thank the classes W5B, W4B1, E4A2, W5GM2, E3A2, of 1970, for donating books to the library.

The College thanks its librarians for their efforts without which we could not function efficiently. Because college librarians provide such an invaluable service we have decided to award a book prize to the most capable and helpful librarian. This year's prize and our thanks, go to Andrea Connett who has led a good team.

J. Lovell.

THANKS

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

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ PRIZE LIST 1970

EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Girls: Junior, Gail Gaukrodger; Intermediate, Margarita Thompson; Senior, Julia Winter.

Boys: Junior, Barry Read; Intermediate, Charles Heremaia; Senior, Alan Innes.

EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Girls: Junior, Gail Gaukrodger; Intermediate, Raewyn Hill; Senior, Philippa Conn.

Boys: Junior, Mark Thomson; Intermediate, Russell Moffitt; Senior, Wayne Paul.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS

Girls: Third Forms, Beverley McCarty, West; Fourth Forms, Lynne Gadsden, East, Fifth Forms, Kathleen Manahi, East; Cheryl Coxhead, West.

Boys: Third Forms, Peter Koha, West; Fourth Forms, John Thomson, West; Fifth Forms, Warren Williams, East.

Poppy Day Collectors for R.S.A.: B. Fisher, G. Dowle, P. Magrath, P. Corbett, J. Carson, R. Dowle, M. Swanson, G. Drake.

Corso Collectors: G. Dowle, B. Lockyer, R. Dowle, L. Smith, S. Armstrong, B. Mora, S. Darby, E. Duff, R. Mclean, C. McNeil, D. Saward, L. Williams, R. Ball, C. Jackson, P. Darby, R. Hutchinson, K. Malan, J. Malan, S. Cliffe, M. Nation, M. Newman, S. Bant, J. Grover, N. Wallace, S. Carson, M. Swanson, S. Johnstone, J. Pearson, P. Magrath, R. Luscombe, C. Durinck, P. Corbett, J. Buchanan, J. McCullum, J. Kristiansen, L. Emmett, C. Rae.

I.H.C. Collectors: L. Newman, L. Gifford, L. Williams, B. Lockyer, J. Clarke, D. Guy, C. McNeil, D. Saward, P. Magrath, S. Brodie, R. Holm, J. Malan, H. Buchan, D. Guthrie, P. Leonard, P. Corbett, A. Lind, H. Belcher, J. Kristiansen, J. Charman, J. Des Forges, S. Archer, S. Armstrong, G. Evans, G. Wilde, R. Hutchinson, C. Neumann, L. Baldock, J. Teel, L. Luscombe, D. Latham, J. McCullum, D. Williams, S. Barr, S. Taylor, K. Taylor, K. McArthur, E. McMillan, M. Ruakere, A. Belcher, J. Denton, N. Caitcheon, J. Buchanan, G. Dowle, M. Swanson, R. Pittwood, H. Duynhoven, K. Malan, T. Hutchinson, R. Leong, P. Charman, P. Medway, S. Davies, P. Taylor, L. Smith, J. Ranford, L. Sutherland, H. Robinson, J. Meredith, J. Johns.

Braille Collectors: P. Darby, R. Dowle, G. Dowle, L. Latter, B. Fisher, C. McNeil, D. Saward, S. Paintier, S. Johnstone, J. Pearson, L. Smith, M. Mako, B. Lockyer, P. Moral, G. Jackson, C. Neumann, S. Darby, N. Wallace, P. Charman, R. Vickers, L. William, R. Hutchinson, R. Rangitonga, J. Malan, K. Malan, W. Williams, L. Emmett, M. Ruakere, D. McAlpine, S. Bant, S. Cliffe, H. Pearson, D. Emmerson, J. Aitcheson, C. Begg, G. MacDonald, L. Robinson, R. Sutcliffe, M. Thompson, C. St. George, D. Jones, G. Francis, L. Baldock, P. Pittwood, G. Elliot, G. Walsh, N. Haldane, S. Hallowell, K. Lowe, P. Batten, R. Bloore, R. Leong, C. Chilcott, G. Rang, D. Guthrie, E. McMillan, K. MacArthur, K. Hines, L. Gifford, L. Newman, A. Washington, P. Mills, A. Gee.

HOUSE AWARDS

F. V. Morine Cup for Inter-House Athletics: East.

Faye Hill Cup for Inter-House Netball: East.

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

Denise Barriball Cup for Girls' Inter-House Hockey: East.

Borrell Cup for Inter-House Soccer: East, West.

Honnor Cup for Inter-House Rugby: East, West.

Sole Cup for Inter-House Tennis: East, West.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrews' Award for Inter-House Drama: West.

W. McDonald Cup for Inter-House Cricket: West.

Inter-House Shield for 20 Events: West.

Inter-House Speech Cup: No Competition this year.

Natalie Cleland Cup for Spotswood-Rangiatea Basketball: No competition this year.

Joy Rookes Cup for Original Composition and

Solo Competitions in Music: No Competition this year.

The Sergent Trophy for Inter-House Music: No Competition this year.

SPEECH CONTEST

Third Form: **East**, Carol Drummond. **West**, Rosemary Holm.

Fourth Form: **East**, Debra Guthrie. **West**, Carol Bone.

Fifth Form, Sixth Form: No Competition this year.

ART COMPETITION

1st, Greyam Wilde; 2nd, Lois Baldock.

LITERARY CONTESTS

Third Form: Rosemary Holm.

Fourth Form: Deborah Guthrie.

Fifth Form: Jeffrey Buchanan.

DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

Seventh Form: Prose, Patricia Scriven. Poetry, Noel Derry.

Griffin Trophy for Most Improved Third Form Soccer Player: Dick Ryndorp, W3A2.

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

Lorraine Lovell Challenge Trophy—Girls' Tennis: Fiona Erb.

Toatakitini Trophy Spotswood O.B. v. 1st XV—Rugby: Alan Innes.

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

Third Forms:

W3A4: Glenys Gernhoefer, Best Work Experience Pupil.

E3P2: Fay Allen, Mathematics.

Carol Wood, German.

Janet Evans, French.

W3A1: Marion J. Cumming, Mathematics and Science.

Gail Bielawski, Shorthand Typing.

W3I2: Murray Hartley, Metalwork.

W3I1: David Christiansen, Woodwork.

Fourth Forms

W4A4: David Pascoe, Best Work Experience Pupil.

W4W: Alistair Roberts, Mathematics.

W4W: Denis Leatham, Woodwork.

W4W: Ian McLellan, Technical Drawing.

E4C: Sally George, Improvement in all subjects.

Helene Pearson, French.

Rachel Parkes, German.

Jahna Carstens, Social Studies.

Fifth Form

Linda Penney, French.

Bernard Brewster, History.

Janet Charman, English.

Malcolm Giles, Mathematics and Science.

Patricia Latter, German.

Susan McDermott, Clothing.

Graeme Insull, Woodwork.

T. Guy Prize in Engineering: Patrick Brien.

Kidd Garrett Prize in Engineering: Harry Duynhoven.

Motor Trade Award in Engineering: Robin Pittwood.

CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS

Third Forms:

E3P1: 1st Karen Harvey, 2nd Linda Terrill.

W3A1: 1st Roderick Ball, 2nd Janet M. Sole.

E3P2: 1st Carolyn Johnson, 2nd Dennis Batty.

W3A2: 1st Grant McAlpine, 2nd Glenwyn Wilde.

E3G: 1st Denice Brown, 2nd Selwyn Wansbrough.

W3A3: 1st Alastair Mundell, 2nd Lee Sutherland.

W3A4: 1st Kevin Hall, 2nd Trevor Richardson.

E3C1: 1st Glenda Carley, 2nd Judy Duynhoven.

E3C2: 1st Maureen Dickson, 2nd Denise Williams.

W3I1: 1st Howard Jones, 2nd Ian Welch.

W3I2: 1st Bruce Trott, 2nd Jay Evans.

E3I1: 1st Alex Begg, 2nd Jeffrey Green.

E3I2: 1st Alan Brill, 2nd Grant Hildred.

W3H: 1st Dianne Woodcock, 2nd Jennifer MacDonald.

Fourth Forms

E4A1: 1st Marilyn Newmann, 2nd Stephen Hutton.

W4A1: 1st Corrine Bolton, 2nd Anne Maskelyne.

E4A2: 1st Pamela McCarty, 2nd Karen Fisher.

W4A2: 1st Helen Sutcliffe, 2nd Pamela Marshall.

E4A3: 1st Pamela Longbottom, 2nd Andrew Cowie.

W4A4: 1st Trevor Humphrey, 2nd Mark Pattinson.

E4C: 1st Raewynne Priest, 2nd Lesley Williams.

W4C: 1st Ann Field, 2nd Charmaine Munro.

E4H: 1st Sally Blackman, 2nd Wendy Lennon.

W4E: 1st Ian Street, 2nd Ross Allen.

E4I: 1st Murray Sorenson, 2nd Gavin Crow.

W4W: 1st Trevor Dalton, 2nd Alistair MacIvor.

Fifth Forms

E5S1: 1st= Harry Duynhoven and Robin Pittwood, 2nd Warren Williams.

W5S1: 1st Heather Buchan, 2nd Barbara Hammonds.

E5S2: 1st John Taylor, 2nd Philip Pritchard.

W5S2: 1st Wanda Stone, 2nd Janice Gordon.

E5S3: 1st Murray Whittaker, 2nd David Eden.

E5B: 1st Lois Baldock, 2nd Jill McCullum.

W5S3: 1st Ann Clyma, 2nd John Pulford.

W5B: 1st Lynne Adamson, 2nd Anne Bolton.

E5Com.: 1st Suzanne Wildbore, 2nd Rhonda Clegg.

E5R: 1st Wayne Giddy, 2nd Kahu Moa.

W5R: 1st John Dent, 2nd Cynthia Jury.

Sixth Form

Linda Riddle, French.

Brent Page, History.

Murray Duke, Book-keeping.

Andrew Stedman, Mathematics and Physics.

Floortje Van Paassen, 1st= English.

Paul Ballinger, Bio-Chemistry.

Kim Walker, Music.

Eileen Andrews, Biology and 1st= English.

Janice Martin, Shorthand Typing.

Seventh Form

Patricia Scriven, 7H English.

Graeme Whittaker, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics 1st=.

Deborah Kveseth, Biology.

John Cooper, Physics 1st=.

Leonie Jarvis, Geography.

Kathryn Gould, History.

Ian Whitehouse, Chemistry.

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Devon Footwear Prizes: Pauline Reed, Biology and Maths; Bill Tanner, Book-keeping; Linda Riddle, German.

Janice Rawley Prize for English: Noel Derry.

Helen J. Bacon Award (for Merit in History and Geography): Girl, Leonie Jarvis; Boy, Noel Derry.

H. Collier & Coy. Prizes for Music: Leader of Orchestra, Ian Connor; Leader of Madrigal Singers, Kim Walker.

The Harry M. Bacon Memorial Prize (for pupils showing best all round promise in the Arts): Girl, Janet Turnbull; Boy, Kim Walker.

Bruce Walker Trophy (for endeavour and leadership): Mary Thomson.

Taranaki County Council Prize: Alan Innes.

R.S.A. Prize: Alan Innes.

P.T.A. President's Prize for Head Girl: Jennifer King.

L. M. Moss Prize for Head Boys: Alan Innes.

Dux Cup (presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. Aderman): Graeme Whittaker.

Principal's Prize: Dux Medal and Books: Graeme Whittaker.

LITERATURE COMPETITION, 1971

We thank "The Daily News" who contribute each year to the prizes for this competition, and congratulate the following students:

Senior Poetry: Heather Buchan.

Senior Prose: Bernard Brewster.

Fifth Form Prose: Jill Fryer.

Third Form Prose: Dean Whitmore.



STEEPLECHASE

This year's event was held over the same courses as last year in windy and very wet conditions. In spite of the adverse conditions, Jeff Ballinger ran strongly to break his brother's Senior record by 8 seconds.

Junior: 1st G. Eden, 15 minutes 21.9 seconds, 2nd D. Carrington, 3rd G. Saunders, 4th G. McAlpine, 5th D. Babe.

Intermediate: 1st P. Bowering, 16 minutes 27.6 seconds, 2nd B. Harding, 3rd R. McGregor, 4th N. Parkes, 5th M. Collinson.

Senior: 1st J. Ballinger, 16 minutes 59.3 seconds (new record), 2nd W. Williams, 3rd C. Jackson, 4th R. Blinkhorne.

School Points: West 149, East 141.

INTERSECONDARY STEEPLECHASE

This year's event was held at the N.P. Boys' High for the second successive year. The Junior course was run over 2.4 miles, Intermediate 2.85 miles, and Senior 3.35 miles. The Spotswood team ran with a good measure of success especially in the Junior and Senior. The Senior race was won by J. Ballinger, whose brother Paul won the event the two previous years.

College Representatives and Placings

Junior: G. Eden 3rd, G. McAlpine 6th, D. Babe 8th, D. Carrington 14th. Teams event: Spotswood 1st.

Intermediate: R. McGregor 6th, P. Bowering 7th, B. Harding 12th, M. Collinson 32nd.

Senior: J. Ballinger 1st, 18 minutes 55.4 seconds, W. Williams 4th, C. Jackson 6th, R. Blinkhorne 14th. Teams event: Spotswood 2nd.

FIRST XV RUGBY

The season got away to a late start with the trials being held in summer conditions. From these trials the selectors, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Kennedy, picked a squad of nineteen. With eight players back from last year and eleven new members we started the job of moulding a team.

Also new to the team this year was our coach Mr. Edwards. He soon got to know us and he realised what a task he had ahead of him.

As has been the case in recent years we had a relatively light pack, but throughout the season, experience and determination made up for this. Being a light pack we realised the need for mobility and thus fitness. In this aspect our many thanks must go to Mr. Kennedy who held calisthenics for us.

RUGBY



Back Row: J. Ballinger, C. Jackson, K. Adair, W. Williams, J. Thomson, R. Smith.
Middle Row: Mr. Edwards (coach), L. Jennings, J. White, R. Blinkhorne, N. Kingi, N. Nodder.
Front Row: T. Davison, D. Williamson, K. Jones (vice captain), S. Pope (captain), J. Harvey, R. McGregor.
Absent: N. Anderson.

Our first match was a pre-season match against Francis Douglas College. Although we were beaten we uncovered some raw talent that only needed to be developed. In the following week we worked hard and managed to co-ordinate fifteen men into one team. We were pleased with our efforts even though we were beaten in the first competition game.

From this point on we were plagued with injuries which left some of our most promising players on the sideline. This did not deter us as we played on without losing spirit.

Our front row consisted of Norm Anderson, Neville Nodder and Nicky Kingi. Norm and Nicky both back from last year, proved to be great ruckers and very hard to stop in the open. Neville was our hooker and being a very fast striker he gained us many valuable tightheads. Neville was selected for the Taranaki Secondary Schools B team. Steven Pope and John Thomson formed this year's locking combination. John was a fiery forward and a great ball hunter. He did some useful work in the line-outs but along with Norm was always well marked. Steven was always near the ball and worked well in the tight. Warren Williams, Robert Smith, Trevor Davidson and John Harvey were our flankers. Warren and Robert, who were both back from last year, were tireless workers both on attack and defence. Warren was unfortunately injured during the season and spent much time on the sideline. Trevor was a late find and he proved his worth with great speed on both attack and defence. John was unfortunate this year in that he had to play second string to more experienced players, however he is a good ball chaser. The No. 8 John White was a good tight player and he gained us many penalties from the scrums by holding the ball in the back row. A late addition to the squad was Arthur Sanford, who was a rugged forward, playing at either flanker or No. 8. The forwards were a pack of solid workers who never lost heart when the odds were against them as they were in many cases.

At halfback we had Robert McGregor who replaced Wayne Clare when he left us halfway through the season. Robert moving from flanker tended to keep the ball to himself at the start but soon improved and with more experience in this position is likely to be highly successful. Outside him was the first five-eighth, Russell Blinkhorne. Russell fed his outside backs and was able to place his short kicks well. At second five-eighth was Kevin Jones, the vice-captain. Kevin made many long probing runs through the opposition and he has a long torpedo touch kick. Kevin was named in the reserves for the Taranaki Secondary Schools B team. Outside him at centre we had David Williamson who had an unlucky season when he broke his collar bone in the first game. He was a strong runner of the ball, combining well with Kevin. On the wings we had Keith Adair, Jeff Ballinger and Len Jennings. Keith, playing his first season of serious Rugby, had a shaky start, but as the season progressed he gained confidence and became the team's most powerful runner. Keith scored three tries in one match proving his strength and also the ability of the backs to run the ball. Jeff, one of the smaller members of the team, had a great asset in his footwork. He put a lot of would be tacklers to shame as he jinked and

swerved past them. Len was a keen member but he lacked experience and confidence and had to step down to the other two. Colin Jackson was a safe and courageous fullback. He had a mixed season with his kicking but he put many long kicks between the posts.

INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES

v. Freyberg. We travelled to Freyberg to play on a damp and heavy ground. This game was the highlight of the season as we played curtain-raiser to the N.Z. Universities trials on the Palmerston North main Rugby ground. The game was fierce and rugged and played at a fast pace. After a forward rush Spotswood opened the score when Norm Anderson barged across the line to score. It was converted by Kevin Jones. Freyberg replied with a penalty and the score stayed at 5-3 until half-time. Shortly after the changeover John Thomson charged down a kick and Robert Smith fell on it to score. Freyberg then replied with another three points. Some desperate tackling followed by our backs until Kevin Jones put the issue beyond doubt with a further penalty. The final score was 11-6 to Spotswood.

v. Matamata. This was the first inter-school match between Matamata and Spotswood and was very successful. We travelled down and the game was played on a windy day. Our forward pack, although much the underdogs in height and weight disputed possession persistently. Our backs tackled desperately and tried again and again to attack, but our efforts were insufficient as Matamata powered through for four tries. Matamata taught us what fitness and co-ordination really mean. The final score was 14-0 to Matamata.

v. Te Awamutu. We travelled to Te Awamutu to play on a hot day which fortunately did not affect the standard of play. The first half was all to Te Awamutu as we made the mistakes and they capitalised on them. The forwards fought on and the backs tried to open the game up but the mistakes were too frequent. We were down 21-0 at half time. We were not beaten yet and we staged our comeback in the second half. We opened our scoring with a pushover try by Arthur Sanford after a five yard scrum. We attacked again and again but broke down at vital moments. However, Colin landed two good penalties to bring the final score to 21-9 to Te Awamutu.

Our thanks over the season go to Mr. Kennedy for efforts to keep us fit; to Mr. Graham, the Spotswood Old Boys coach, who came along to practices to assist Mr. Edwards; and last but not least to Mr. Edwards for his devotion and perseverance with the team. We would also like to thank our supporters who cheered us on. I would like to congratulate the team for the spirit in which they played on throughout our series of injuries and losses.

Record of games:

v. Francis Douglas: lost 8-3, lost 21-3, lost 14-3; v. Boys' High A: drew 6-6, won 9-0, lost 17-6; v. Inglewood: lost 17-3, won 11-6; v. Stratford: lost 12-3, lost 12-8, drew 17-17; v. Hawera: lost 12-5.

Inter-school matches:

v. Freyberg, won 11-6; v. Matamata, lost 14-0; v. Te Awamutu, lost 21-9.

Total played 15, won 3, lost 10, drew 2; points for 97, points against 179.

Steven Pope.

SECOND XV 1971

There were no easy games during the season, but although being beaten by wide margins on occasions, the team enjoyed their Saturday afternoon Rugby.

The forwards, although reasonably mobile, lacked the necessary weight and ability to win possession, and this placed the team at a disadvantage. The backs were the main points scorers, with Rocky Richings making some good breaks up field.

The Okato game on our own ground was one of our best. The forwards' hard rucking and winning over half the ball, gave the backs opportunities to move in.

Even though not firmly settled in permanent positions, both forwards and backs played some good football. With four new members joining the squad halfway through the season, there were enough players available for each match.

Our thanks to Mr. C. Wilks, who spent much of his time on Tuesday and Thursday nights coaching us, and for giving up his Saturday afternoons.

The team was: Steven Carson, Trevor Dalton, Donald Dawson, Peter Emerson, Bryan Fitzpatrick, Rocky Richings (vice captain), Ross Byers (captain), Gary Green, Brian Herlihy, David Kirkland, Bill Morgan, Harold Peters, Bryan Sutherland, Chris Taylor, Philip Taylor, Ian Welch, Greg Keenan, John McKenzie, Mark Hayton, Kevin Dodunski, Jeff Scott.

Ross Byers.

GIRLS' HOCKEY—FIRST XI



Back Row: J. Horner, J. Ranford, S. Roper, M. Collier, S. Foreman, G. Laurie, Miss Andrews.
Front Row: R. Woodcock, K. Lowe, W. Stone, H. Gee (captain), C. Coxhead, N. Caitcheon, R. Ward.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

This year, the Girls' A Hockey team was hostess to both Freyberg and Te Awamutu. Weather conditions favoured both games, which were most enjoyable. The match against Freyberg was an exciting one with Spotswood losing by 2-3. Although the team played well against Te Awamutu in the first quarter of the game, we then seemed to deteriorate and finally lost 0-4. We met with varying degrees of success against the New Plymouth Girls' High teams, and played an excellent game against New Plymouth Boys' High, although we lost 0-5. An entertaining game, one lunch hour, against a team of senior Spotswood boys resulted in a draw and a game against Waitara gave us a victory of 2-1. To finish a good season of hockey we hope to play the staff in an amusing unconventional hockey match.

Because of lack of experience the B team lost its one and only match against Hawera 0-10.

Unfortunately hockey appears to be rapidly deteriorating in the school, with hardly enough players to form two teams this year. If the teams were able to join Saturday hockey competitions, I am sure there would be far more enthusiasm among pupils and a much better A team would emerge. However, at present it seems unlikely that there will be Saturday hockey in the next few years and maybe next year the New Plymouth Combined Club could find even more young players among their ranks. Still, we wish next year's players the best of luck.

We would like to thank Miss Andrews for never completely giving up hope; also Mrs. Rae and Miss Ogle for their time spent coaching the B team.

A Team: H. Gee (captain), C. Coxhead, M. Collier, W. Stone, N. Caitcheon, J. Ranford, R. Woodcock, R. Ward, G. Laurie, K. Lowe, S. Roper, C. Foreman (reserve).

B Team: L. White, F. Kelly, S. Hansen, R. McLean, L. Sutherland, D. Lister, B. Jones, V. Stone, L. Lansen, C. Young, B. McCarthy, C. Wood, C. Latter, J. Horner, J. Cleland, C. Jackson.

H.G.

GYMNASTICS

For the first time since 1965 a gymnastic club was formed at school. It was not until early in the second term when the club finally began to function and those who were interested attended — resulting in a fairly constant membership of approximately twenty-five girls and one or two boys.

Badge work was started under the leadership of four other members. However lack of equipment, i.e. beam and beatboard, has not enabled the girls to sit the badges which many would have been capable of gaining.

It is hoped that a team will be sent this term to the inter-secondary championships, but this may

not succeed due to the training facilities.

Four members of the club: Gary Walker, Beverley McCarty, Janice Young and Suzanne Johnson are national gymnastic competitors and these have assisted the club by passing on their knowledge to the others.

I hope that this club will be continued successfully in the future.

S.J.J.

BADMINTON

The College Badminton Club enjoyed probably its most successful year ever. Two afternoons a week, all courts of the gym were in full use, usually with players to spare. The highlight of the year was the inter-college match with Te Awamutu, played at Te Awamutu. The team was: Girls — F. Young, H. Pearson, J. Sole, C. Burgess; Boys — J. Innes, R. Ball, G. Benny, P. Jones. Suffering, no doubt, from a lack of competitive experience, the team lost by 10 games to 6. Regular team members, S. Willans, J. Kristiansen and R. Hine were unavailable for the trip and could have made all the difference to the result.

Special thanks must go to Mr. Ball for his enthusiasm and guidance to the team.

J.I.

BADMINTON



Back Row: S. Willans, G. Benny, C. Burgess, P. Jones, R. Ball.
Front Row: F. Young, J. Innes, H. Pearson, J. Sole.

SOCCER

For the first time in the last few years the Spotswood College 1st XI Soccer team was entered in the Julian Cup, Division One, of Taranaki soccer. This meant that the team would be getting a hard game every week, and apart from N.P.B.H.S., would be playing almost exclusively men more experienced than ourselves.

The first game of the season against arch rivals N.P.B.H.S. proved to be a disappointment when we went down 3-1 after leading 1-0. It took only until the next game to discover that we had a very good forward line — and this is displayed by the fact that we scored in all but two of our games. The team provided the first major upset of the season by beating United 3-2, with D. Birrell scoring all three goals. The next week, however, was a big win to Moturoa "A" when we went down 12-1, but it is to the team's credit that G. Miles was rewarded with a goal after we had been losing 11-0 up till that stage. After a good patch near the end of the 1st round the first two games of the next round resulted in our losing, but we came back with another 3-2 win over United. Our second encounter with Moturoa "A" almost saw us overthrow the champions, and after being locked at 1-1 for most of the game, three quick goals put us out of the

running. The return match against N.P.B.H.S. resulted in a 2-2 draw after 2 opportunist goals to the opposition. The game against City was a great way to end the season — we won 10-1 with D. Evans hammering home 3 goals as just reward for a good season. B. Read found form in this match with his 3 goals and J. Piercy and B. Page both scored 2 goals as personal rewards for the good season.

The final game was against United, and after we had led 3-0 at half time, United made a determined comeback to win 5-3.

Although the overall team record may not seem good, it must be remembered that we lost mainly through lack of experience — but experience is what we will have next year.

The College match against Te Awamutu showed that Spotswood were more accomplished footballers than their counterparts and the 5-2 win shows this, with D. Birrell scoring 3 goals and G. Miles the other two. Many individual performances during the year stand out with team captain C. Erueti being impressive in many performances, his positional play and ability to run-off the ball often pivoted the team's defence into attack. Strikers D. Birrell and G. Miles shared out half the team's goals between them and often impressed with sharpshooting within the penalty box. Both D. Evans and B. Read proved

FIRST XI—SOCCER



Back Row: A. Taylor, D. Evans, S. Tooley, G. Wilde, R. Ormiston, B. Page, Mr. D. Oliver.
Front Row: K. McCullough, B. Williams, D. Birrell (vice captain), C. Erueti (captain), G. Miles, G. Bond, B. Read.

to be important assets to the forward line and consistently beat their opposition with sheer acceleration to set up the attack. G. Bond, acting in the main as link-man, often created chances of attack with his natty ball control. Attacking half B. Page made many fast breaks to link with his forwards and proved to be one of the team's most consistent backs. J. Piercy often tried to inspire attack through some determined running. S. Tooley played his best games as a defensive half and his ability to make the tackle was often used to its best advantage. Fullbacks B. Williams and T. Taylor were important players, as both had determination on defence and stuck to their task of breaking up attacks. Centre back R. Ormiston played intelligently, as the last line of defence must be in front of the goal. New-comers McCullough and J. Skipper will be valuable members of the team next year as was displayed by their performances at Te Awamutu. And finally to our goalies, D. Oliver and G. Wilde: D. Oliver made many good saves and his experience of top soccer often helped the team when the pressure was on. G. Wilde played against both Freyberg and Te Awamutu and accounted well for himself in both games. That we did not win every game was strictly against all our plans and the team revokes all responsibility for losing. Our thanks are extended to

both Doug and John (we're personal only on the field of course) and to our parental supporters. Unfortunately the encouraging voice of Mr. Page was missed for the greater part of the season. So until next season our goal-starved boots will go into retirement.

D.B.

SECOND XI

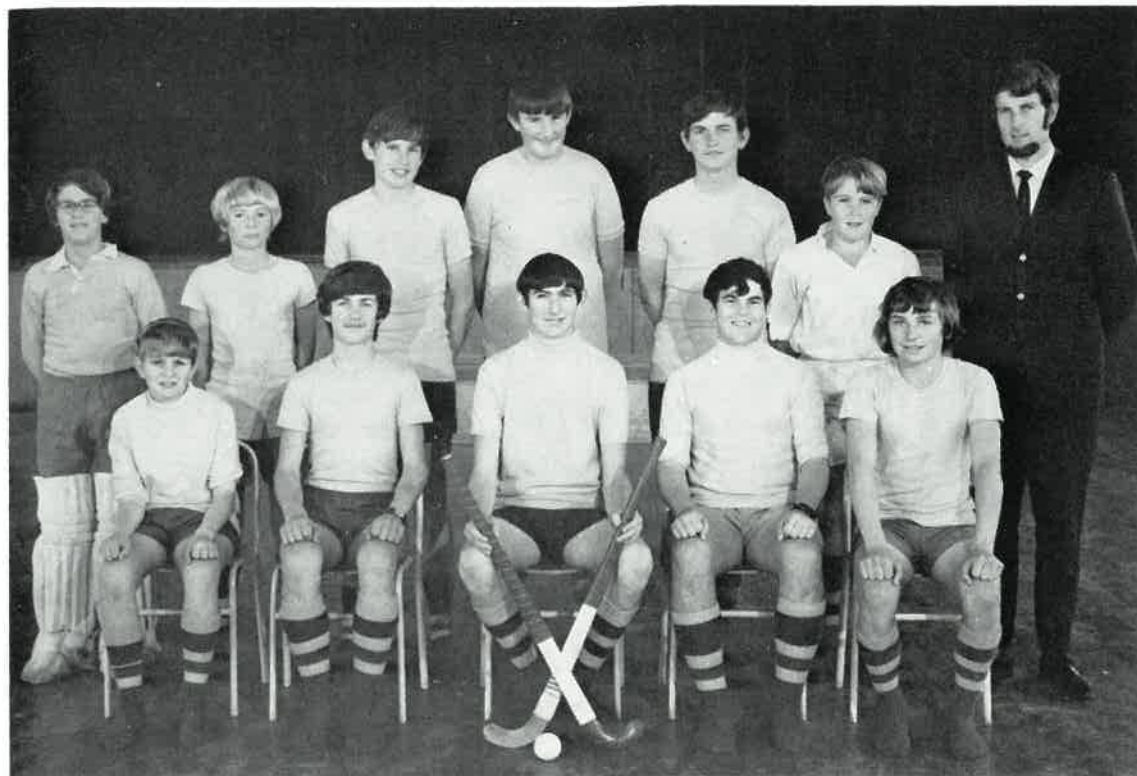
Members of the team: J. Skipper (captain), M. Shaw, G. Crow, M. Old, J. Sargent, J. Taylor, P. Mariner, S. Jenkins, R. Ormiston, M. Bound, Mr. Gill (coach).

Although the season's games were not up to expectations, the team played with courage and enthusiasm. The coach, Mr. Gill from England, gave us the necessary skills and tactics. The team took part in the Second Grade soccer competition, with limited success as most opponents were their school's First XIs. Several wins were gained with J. Skipper, J. Sargent and R. Ormiston, being the most outstanding members of the team.

THIRD GRADE

Despite a very poor start to the season due to lack of numbers, the team knitted together extremely well, and enjoyed a really good season, showing at all times a wonderful sense of sportsmanship.

BOYS' HOCKEY—FIRST XI



Back Row: J. Thurston, N. Ubels, I. McGibbon, B. Kibbel, D. Martin, R. Pepperil, Mr. Hepplestone.
Front Row: A. Robinson, N. Lees, P. Fowler, I. Halford, S. Garner.

BOYS' "A" INDOOR BASKETBALL

This year the team, consisting mainly of last year's B team, was: I. Jackson (captain), S. Muggeridge, P. Lobb, C. Lobb, J. Burgess, D. Dawson, A. Cowie and C. Pruden.

After playing well in the grading games, the team, along with eight others, made a breakthrough to the N.P.I.B.A.'s Men's A Grade, which was last achieved in '67 and '68. We justified our position here by gaining fifth place in the competition.

After a few games we set up a basic pattern of play, which made the best use of what height we had and of our individual abilities and this we stuck to throughout all of our following games. On defence we set up a three man zone with the two forwards roving and playing a man to man style defence. On attack, these forwards became guards, bringing the ball up the court, while the guards on defence now rushed up the court to become forwards on attack.

Although we had a good defence, our attack was sometimes lacking, with shooting not always accurate and occasional poor ball handling spoiling chances. However, as the games mounted up behind

us we improved, and in some games really shone. The best example of this and probably the most memorable game, was against I.W.D. Jestas, a team placed higher than us in the competition. In this game everything clicked beautifully. Every player was on form with almost flawless shooting and excellent passing and ball handling. Needless to say we thrashed them 40-25.

Probably the most consistent players were A. Cowie and D. Dawson, both combining well in bringing the ball up the court and both fairly accurate with set shots. Donald also did some good driving for the basket. I. Jackson used his height for some good rebounding and scored well on occasions although he was not always consistent. J. Burgess, playing at centre, was the key man for moves which, when used, often went well. He also used his height for some good rebounding. Although P. Lobb, a steady player, and C. Lobb lacked height, they both scored some valuable points with set shots. It was unfortunate that S. Muggeridge broke his arm during a game early in the season. He had been playing well up till then and although he was able to play in the last games of the season he didn't have time to regain his original form. C. Pruden replaced Stephen and although he initially lacked confidence, he quickly improved and with some good driving, scored valuable points for the team.

BOYS' INDOOR BASKETBALL



Back Row: A. Cowie, D. Dawson, S. Muggeridge, J. Burgess, Mr. Finch.
Front Row: C. Lobb, I. Jackson, P. Lobb.

For the first time Indoor Basketball was included in a school trip, to Te Awamutu to play against their college team. We duly thrashed them 51-16 in an easy game. We also played an unscheduled game against Freyberg College when they brought up several of their basketball players with their soccer team. We won 48-12, but they might have done better had they not played their soccer game just before the basketball game.

Other tournaments we played in were, the Queen's Birthday Tournament and the Rebels' I.B.C. Tournament. In these, we had some good games against better opposition and valuable experience was gained.

A great climax to the season was winning the Taranaki Inter-Secondary Championships held at Stratford. In this tournament we also had N. Billington and I. Moody playing for us. Our first game against Francis Douglas was a little scrappy but we won 25-16. The next game, the most crucial, was against Hawera A, to whom we had previously lost in a curtainraiser to the N.Z. v. New Plymouth game. Hawera, who had been the undefeated champions for many years, led most of the game, but during the second half a sudden burst of points put us in front. We kept this lead to make the final score 41-36. The final against N.P.B.H.S. was not as good as the Hawera game because we were feeling the effects of the two previous games. We won this game 32-19.

The team greatly appreciate the time and effort of Mr. Finch in coaching us and encouraging us

to make our successes possible. The team also thanks Mr. Kennedy for making the gym available to us during some lunch hours and for his support.
I. W. Jackson.

GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

The girls' volleyball team this year was fairly successful considering that many of our players had not played in previous years.

The first major event was the Taranaki Schools' Tournament in which five teams competed in the girls' section. Spotswood finished runner-up to N.P.G.H.S.

Towards the end of the second term the team travelled to Te Awamutu with other school sports teams. Playing in an unfamiliar setting, it took the team two games to settle down and by this time it was too late to make up lost points against a strong Te Awamutu team. Te Awamutu won the match 3-1.

The following weekend the team played in a New Plymouth Y.M.C.A. Tournament which included teams from all over the North Island. We were beaten in our first match and won our second match. We then had to play off for third place in Division B against Te Awamutu College. Playing this time in familiar conditions, Spotswood won the match three games to one.

We are grateful for the expert coaching and advice given to us by Mrs. Keown throughout the year.

R.H.

VOLLEYBALL



Back Row: K. Drummond, D. Dawson, J. Scott, Mr. Kennedy. Front Row: I. Moody, J. Burgess, N. Kingi, R. Thomson.

NETBALL

The Reserve A team this year was:-

Nina Kirikiri (goal defence and captain), who was a quick and always alert, both on defence and attack.

Ropu Wawatai (goal attack), good attacking and shooting ability.

Whakaata Callaghan (goal shoot), an accurate shooter with consistent skill.

Adrianna Callaghan (centre), fit and alert player.

Hoki Harding (wing defence), good defence ability.

Carol Burgess (goal keeper), very promising future as a defence, saved many rebounds.

Margaretta Thompson (wing attack), fast, skillful player, can also play well in the shooting circle.

Beverley Mills (wing defence), reserve, promising player with good court play.

The team travelled to Freyberg this year but the Freyberg team proved to be better, winning 29-10. It was a fast game, but Freyberg's sound defence and attacking gave them every opportunity to run over our team.

The team played in the Inter-Secondary Schools Tournament at Waitara, losing two games and winning one. This day was enjoyed by all. (Hoki eating at least three pies for lunch!)

Spotswood was the host for the first visit for Te Awamutu College. The first half of the game was even with both teams working to their fullest.

The second half had Spotswood struggling, but the team never gave up, with Te Awamutu winning 24-13.

The next game was School versus Rangiatea. Six of School's usual players now becoming the opposition. After a very even and tiring game, School won 5-3.

In the Saturday morning competition Reserve A came 3rd over all; Sacred Heart II winning the competition.

The last game of the season was against Spotswood Old Girls. This was a particularly exciting game, the teams evenly matched. Old Girls won 24-22.

On behalf of the Reserve A team, I would like to thank Mrs. Kennedy for the encouragement and time she gave to our team.

Beverley Mills.

Other Grades (Senior), (Intermediate), (Junior):

We had 15 teams competing in the Saturday morning competitions. All these teams played well, and enjoyed their games. The most successful being the Junior B and Senior A. The Juniors winning their section, and the Senior A runners-up in their grade.

These teams have been coached throughout the season by the following girls: Whakaata Callaghan and Suzanne Johnson (Senior grade); Lyn Sulzberger (Intermediate A); Raewyn Priest and Gail Watkin (Intermediate B); Kahu Moa (Junior A), and Carol Burgess and Susan Williams (Junior B).

NETBALL "A"



R. Wawatai, H. Harding, B. Mills, N. Kirikiri (captain), C. Burgess, M. Thompson, A. Callaghan, Mrs. Kennedy.

Many thanks go to these girls for the time and effort provided to teams. Thanks go to the teachers in charge of grades, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Hawse and Mrs. Ryan.

Mrs. Kennedy.

Inter - Secondary Schools Athletics

The Taranaki Inter-Secondary Schools Athletics Sports for 1971 were held at Jubilee Park, Inglewood. The day was overcast with scattered showers that plagued track events later in the morning. Because of weather conditions the March Past was cancelled. Despite the weather, all events were competed in good spirit.

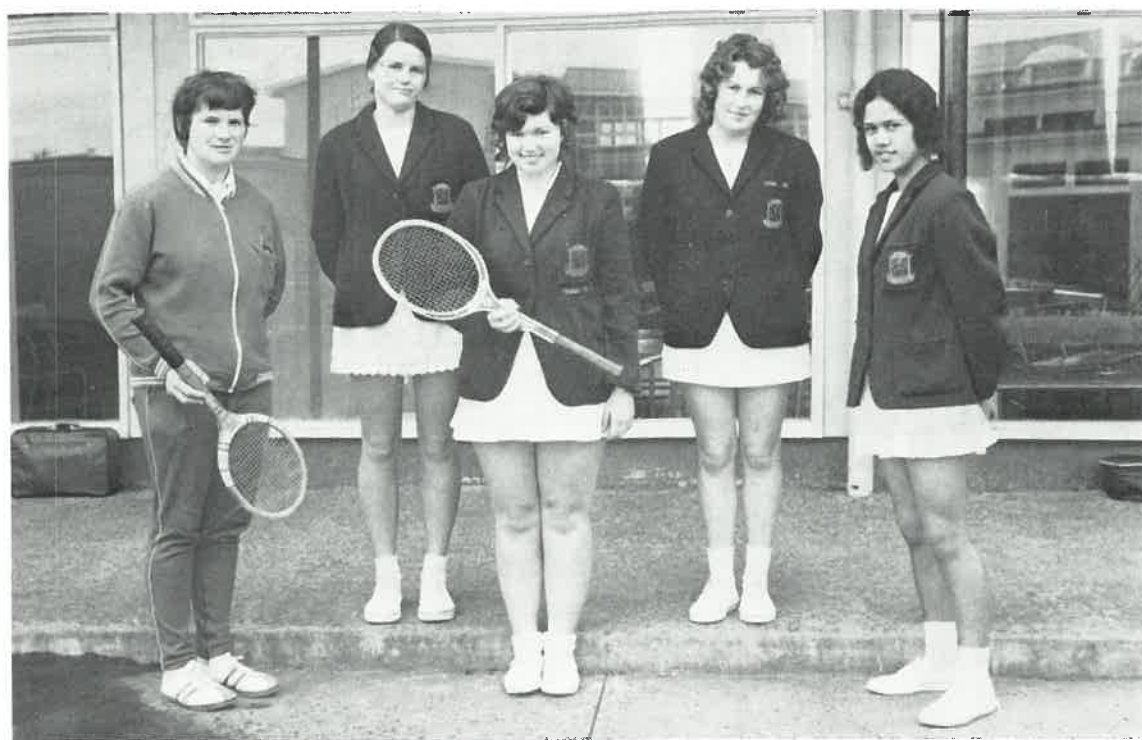
Congratulations to all competitors, especially those who gained places in the finals. Outstanding performances of the day were by Jeffery Ballinger who won the Senior Boys' 1500 Metres, and Tim Fowles who was first in the Junior Boys' High Jump.

On behalf of all the competitors, thank you to all the supporters who came along and a special thank you to Miss Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy for their time and effort in coaching and supervising.

Results—

Senior Boys' 1500 Metres: 1st Jeffrey Ballinger.
Senior Boys' Discus: 2nd Kevin Jones.
Intermediate Boys' Hop, Step and Jump: 3rd Robert McGregor.

GIRLS' TENNIS



Back: J. Robertson, B. Gould.
Front: Miss Andrews, J. Falconer, L. Tangaere.

Intermediate Boys' Long Jump: 3rd Gary Walker.
Intermediate Boys' 100 Metres: 2nd Barry Reid.
Intermediate Boys' 200 Metres: 3rd Barry Reid.
Junior Boys' High Jump: 1st Tim Fowles.
Junior Girls' Long Jump: 2nd Deborah Alcock.
Junior Girls' 80 Metres Hurdles: 3rd Raewyn Manley.

Intermediate Girls' 100 Metres: 2nd Sheryl Williams.

Intermediate Girls' Long Jump: 2nd Sheryl Williams.

GIRLS' TENNIS

The team that was chosen to play against Tawa and Freyberg consisted of: Fiona Erb, Barbara Gould, Whakaata Callaghan, Janice Falconer, Lillian Tangere, Janice Robertson and Francis Young (reserve). We won both of these events quite comfortably; both by 20 games to 4.

The girls' tennis team this year consisted of five of last years players with two new players, Janice Robertson and Frances Young.

Playing at Stratford in the Inter-Secondary School Tennis Championships we had little success owing to the fact that our two top players competed against each other in the first round.

We thank Miss Andrews for organising the practices and coaching, also thanks to Mrs. Heppleston for assisting at practices and supervising activities at Stratford and Tawa.

BOYS' TENNIS

This year's tennis programme was marked by a keen interest in the sport by many younger members of the school, especially the boys, consequently ladder competition was fierce and 25 boys were eventually crammed onto the ladder. The tennis team enjoyed considerable success despite its youth, beating Tawa College by 20 matches to 4, and Freyberg College by 19 matches to 5, in the annual fixtures.

A more experienced Francis Douglas College Junior team defeated our Juniors in this annual event, but with a solid line of junior players coming through the ranks, the tables may well be turned next year.

This year in the Inter-Secondary School Championships, Paul Marriner was narrowly beaten in the finals of the boys' singles. Paul proved to be the most successful Spotswood singles player in the tournament for some years. Overall, then, this has been a most successful year.

The team throughout the year was: Boys: J. Innes, R. Hine, P. Marriner, M. Collinson, J. Lovell, J. Kettlewell; Girls: F. Erb, B. Gould, W. Callaghan, L. Winitana, J. Robertson, F. Young.

P.M., J.I.

SWIMMING

This year, although the standard of swimming was again very high, there was still a disappointing number of entries in the school sports.

Ten new records were set at the sports, the majority of them in the Junior Boys' and Senior Girls' sections. West School showed their superiority by winning the sports for the third year in succession.

Although senior school participation in the school sports was poor, their own novelty sports were enthusiastically entered.

A strong team of swimmers travelled to Hawera for the Taranaki Inter-Secondary School Sports. Although the team was probably not as successful as in previous years, the majority of swimmers reached the finals, many gaining major placings.

Five swimmers qualified for the North Island Inter-Secondary sports held in Palmerston North. They were Ross Thomson, Jimmy Moorwood, Rex Harding and Raewyn Hill. Although none of the swimmers gained major placings most reached the finals in their events.

We are grateful for the assistance given to us by Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy throughout the year.

R.H.

SWIMMING TEAM



Back Row: B. Sutherland, R. Thompson, J. Thompson, W. Williams, N. Nodder.
Middle Row: Mr. Kennedy, R. Harding, P. Thompson, B. Harding, M. Thompson, Mrs. Kennedy.
Front Row: R. Monaghan, R. Hill, S. Manning, P. Harding.
Absent: J. Moorwood.

SOFTBALL

The highlight of the season has been the entry into competition of the school's first Boys' Softball Team.

We won all our matches except one, against Hawera High School, who beat us 2 runs to 1.

Although losing one game we were the eventual winners in the final, beating N.P.B.H.S. 13 runs to 6.

Practices were well attended by all team members who were always keen and willing to give their best.

Special thanks go to Mr. Kennedy for his expert coaching which reflected on the successfulness of the team.

I hope that this year's success will do much to encourage softball at Spotswood and that our performances may be reflected next year.

Team members were: N. Kingi (captain), S. Brill (vice captain), G. Shippey, T. Taylor, R. Paul, C. Erueti, J. Skipper, M. McIsaac, P. Koba, B. Morgan.

N. Kingi.

BOYS' SOFTBALL



Back Row: J. Skipper, M. McIsaac, C. Erueti, T. Taylor, Mr. Kennedy.
Front Row: P. Koba, B. Morgan, N. Kingi (captain), S. Brill, G. Shippey.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

The Inter-Secondary School Softball Tournament was held at Opunake High School on 20th March in fine weather.

Two teams competed in Senior and Junior grades. All but one girl was from Rangiatea Maori Girls' Hostel. The Senior team was very successful, winning all their games to be the champs. Their success was due to good team play, especially some fine pitching by W. Callaghan and good fielding in the diamond. The junior team was runner up, losing only one game to New Plymouth Girls' High School.

The trip was made most enjoyable all the way in the bus with guitar playing and singing.

1972 should bring a good standard of softball with most of our Junior team back at school.

Thanks go to Miss Andrews for coaching the Senior team and to Mrs. Kennedy for the Juniors.

Senior team: N. Kirikiri (captain), M. Mako, R. Rangitanga, G. Tawa, W. Callaghan, A. Callaghan, M. Thompson, S. Kairimu, M. Karini, H. Harding.

Junior team: L. Tangarea (captain), I. Anderson, N. Thompson, L. Mananui, N. Hook, M. Mitchell, M. Te Moana, F. Eruera, V. Mananui, R. Turirangi, J. Trainor, M. Popata.

CRICKET

FIRST XI

The 1970-71 season began well in mid-October with an outright win, but our dream did not come true, as we lost many of our remaining games.

This was probably due to the lack of experience in the team, as many leading and key figures had left at the end of 1970. Notable players to leave were B. Morris, who was a very polished and accomplished all rounder, K. Thompson, W. Martin, A. Innes (last year's captain), and I. Barr.

Those who filled their places were A. Sandford, R. Richings, S. Muggeridge, S. Fluker, C. Hobbs, and C. Hamill. Also we learnt that we would have two player/coaches, Mr. Lanning and Mr. Oliver.

Final statistics of our games during the season were: 2 won, 5 drawn, 3 lost. Best individual performances recorded during the season were: batting, D. Birrell 65 n.o., R. Ormiston 60; bowling, G. Bond 5 for 11. Best batting average, Birrell, 23.9, Ormiston 19.6, Bond 21.0. Best bowling average, Bond 27 wickets, 14.3, Birrell 24 wickets, 15.4, Ormiston 19 wickets, 14.34.

Our first inter-school fixture was against Freyberg at Spotswood. This game was the one which I rated as the team's best performance throughout the season, although we only won on the first innings.

Scores: Freyberg 1st innings 175, Mills 70, Connell 28 n.o., Vanderpoel 16, Wright 14, Brownie 14.

Bowling for Spotswood, Birrell 2 for 18, Muggeridge 1 for 12, Ormiston 4 for 61.

Spotswood 1st innings: 176 for 7 declared, Birrell 60 n.o., Bond 36, Ormiston 25, Hamill 10.

Bowling for Freyberg, Jack 3 for 43, Louis 1 for 19, Kemp 1 for 19.

Freyberg 2nd Innings 92, Kemp 22 n.o., Pither 18, Connell 16, Brownie 10.

Bowling for Spotswood, Birrell 1 for 6, Ormiston 3 for 20, Bond 4 for 29, Muggeridge 2 for 17.

At this stage the game was not a serious one as time had run out.

Spotswood's 2nd innings 17 for 4, Fluker 7 n.o. Bowling for Freyberg, Vanderpoel 4 for 9.

An unusual but interesting fact about this game was the number of L.B.W.'s dished out by umpires Ballantyne (Freyberg) and Lanning (Spotswood), 10 in all.

A week later we travelled down to Tawa. The team was very disappointed and annoyed with lack of organisation shown between Tawa College and park groundsmen. We wasted many playing hours, which would have brought a definite result to the game. Nevertheless, the game did get under way with Spotswood batting on a hard, bumpy pitch. We were soon in trouble, but a stern and

CRICKET—FIRST XI



Standing: Mr. Lanning, R. Richings, D. Dawson, D. Birrell, Mr. Oliver.
Sitting: P. Fowler, C. Hamill, R. Ormiston (vice-captain), A. Sandford, C. Hobbs.
Absent: G. Bond (captain), S. Muggeridge, S. Pope.

determined partnership between R. Ormiston and G. Bond, took the score from 1 for 1 to 41 for 2. The score went up slowly, until we were 75 for 3. Then a sudden dramatic collapse occurred, and we were bowled out for a mere 92.

Batting for Spotswood, Fowler 24, Ormiston 21, Bond 18.

Bowling for Tawa, Roberts 4 for 21, Hanlon 4 for 24, Hunt 1 for 8.

Tawa 1st innings 137 for 5 declared. Martin 56 n.o., Stirrat 36, Hepworth 19 n.o.

Bowling for Spotswood, Birrell 3 for 37, Bond 2 for 32.

Spotswood 2nd innings 124 for 6 declared. Ormiston 60, Birrell 27 n.o., Fowler 11.

Bowling for Tawa, Roberts 1 for 10, Maxwell 1 wicket for 0 runs.

Tawa's 2nd innings 43 for 3. Stirrat 13, Hanlon 10.

Bowling for Spotswood, Muggeridge 2 for 18, Birrell 1 for 14.

Result: First innings win to Tawa. Interesting fact is that we had one of New Zealand's current top class umpires in charge of our game — Umpire Martin, who has umpired many tests.

To Messrs. Lanning, Oliver and Page, we express our thanks for taking over the team when it was in difficulty, and for putting so much of their valuable time and knowledge in helping us over the past season. I also thank the rest of the team — you were a great bunch of guys.

G. Bond.

CRICKET — Second XI

The Second Eleven enjoyed a reasonably successful season: winning three matches, losing two and drawing four.

In the first half of the season, a steady opening attack, backed by the spin of C. Hobbs, was very effective, the most notable performances being 7 for 14 and 7 for 18 against Boys' High A and Francis Douglas respectively. J. Sargent took 6 for 6 (including the hat-trick), also against Francis Douglas. The batting rested upon the aggressiveness of Hobbs and the consistency of C. Hamill who proved to be extremely difficult to dismiss. Hobbs topscored with 53 against Boys' High B, while Hamill batted right through the innings against Boys' High A, scoring 35 not out. Useful contributions were made by Sargent, C. Dent, P. Blackburn, G. Benny, B. Jury, D. Kirkland and C. Meijer.

In the new year the opening attack of R. Hine and Sargent lacked adequate support and they were often forced to bowl for too long. Hine was the mainstay of the attack, especially when Sargent lost his accuracy halfway through the second half of the season — although Hamill, A. Cliffe, B. Jury and R. Southorn bowled usefully on occasions. The batting rested upon the run-getting of Hamill, who scored 69 against Boys' High B before being promoted to the First Eleven, and Hine, who also scored heavily. Most team members played at least one valuable innings, particularly Southorn, who played two valuable and aggressive innings to save the team from a precarious position.

Other team members apart from those already mentioned included: G. Hare, R. Pepperell, G. Carnachan, B. Meredith, G. McLeod and C. Visser.

Our thanks to our coach Mr. Clareburt for his help and advice, and special thanks to Mr. Benny for sacrificing much of his time to help with transport, umpiring and scoring.

J.S.

ATHLETICS' RESULTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Standard
JUNIOR GIRLS				
75 Metres (New Event)	C. Perry (W)	D. Alcock (E)	H. Ries (W)	11.6 sec.
100 Metres	D. Alcock (E)	S. Merrick (E)	C. Perry (W)	15.3 sec. (Rec. 12.7 sec.)
200 Metres	S. Merrick (E)	C. Perry (W)	K. Hall (E)	32.1 sec. (Rec. 29.7 sec.)
High Jump	C. Cocker (W)	S. Whitmore (W)	H. Ries (W)	4ft. 5in. (equals Rec.)
Long Jump	D. Alcock (E)	R. Monaghan (E)	H. Ries (W)	14ft. 6½in. (Rec.)
80 Metres Hurdles	D. Jones (E)	R. Manley (W)	C. Cocker (W)	16.2 sec. (Rec. 15.1 sec.)
INTERMEDIATE GIRLS				
100 Metres	J. Williams (E)	P. Harding (W)	G. Watkins (E)	15.3 sec. (Rec. 13.6 sec.)
75 Metres (New Event)	J. Williams (E)	P. Harding (W)	L. Jury (E)	11.0 sec.
200 Metres	G. Carley (E)	R. Millar (W)	P. Harding (W)	30.8 sec. (Rec. 29.2 sec.)
80 Metres Hurdles	C. Burgess (W)	L. Williams (E)	A. Field (W)	15.9 sec. (Rec. 14.9 sec.)
High Jump	C. Cameron (E)	S. Conquest (W)	L. Gadsden (E)	4ft. 4½in. (Rec. 4ft. 11in.)
Long Jump	K. Medway (E)	J. Alley (E)	A. Field (W)	12ft. 11in. (Rec. 13ft. 11in.)
Discus	M. Thompson (E)	D. Reid (W)	P. Harding (W)	77ft. 5in. (Rec. 84ft. 8in.)
Shot Put	M. Thompson (E)	D. Guthrie (E)	C. Cameron (E)	31ft. 9in. (Rec. 37ft. 7½in.)
SENIOR GIRLS				
75 Metres (New Event)	B. Wilson (S)	J. Revell (S)	W. Stone (S)	11.5 sec.
100 Metres	J. Revell (S)	B. Wilson (S)	W. Stone (S)	15.2 sec. (Rec. 13.5 sec.)
80 Metres Hurdles	B. Wilson (S)	J. Revell (S)	D. Guy (S)	15.7 sec. (Rec. 15.2 sec.)
High Jump	B. Wilson (S)	S. Johnson (S)	B. Mills (S)	4ft. 1½in. (Rec. 4ft. 11in.)
Long Jump	J. Revell (S)	B. Wilson (S)	S. Johnson (S)	14ft. 9in. (Rec.)
Discus	P. Coughlin (S)	H. Gee (S)	M. Collier (S)	70ft. 8½in. (Rec. 82ft. 9½in.)
OPEN EVENTS (Girls)				
Javelin	M. Thompson (E)	C. Cameron (E)	E. Mananui (E)	70ft. 6in. (Rec. 73ft. 10in.)
RELAYS				
Junior Girls (3rds)	West	East (disqualified)		59.1 sec.
Intermediate Girls (4ths)	East	West		59.4 sec.
Senior Girls (5ths)	West	East		1m. 1.2 sec.
JUNIOR BOYS				
100 Metres	W. Te Ruki (E)	G. McAlpine (W)	F. Uriger (W)	14.4 sec. (Rec. 11.8 sec.)
200 Metres	G. Brooks (W)	W. Te Ruki (E)	W. Williamson (E)	28.3 sec. (Rec. 25.8 sec.)
400 Metres	S. Jenkins (W)	G. Brooks (W)	P. Christianson (E)	1m 4.0 sec. (R. 59.2 sec.)
800 Metres	S. Jenkins (W)	G. McAlpine (W)	P. Christianson (E)	2m. 28.1sec. (R. 2m. 24.1sec.)
100 Metres Hurdles (New Event)	G. Eden (W)	C. Pruden (E)	K. McCullough (E)	20.3 sec.
High Jump	L. Edwards (W)	P. Medway (W)	B. Stevens (W)	4ft. 5½in. (Rec. 5ft.)
Long Jump	K. Bishop (E)	S. Jenkins (W)	J. Evans (W)	15ft. (Rec. 16ft. 1in.)
INTERMEDIATE BOYS				
100 Metres	B. Read (E)	S. Carsen (E)	I. Welch (W)	12.9 sec. (Rec. 11.6 sec.)
200 Metres	B. Read (E)	S. Hutton (E)	N. Parkes (W)	25.8 sec. (equals Rec.)
400 Metres	S. Hutton (E)	R. Cox (W)	J. Skipper (W)	59.8 sec. (Record 56.7 sec.)
800 Metres	J. Thompson (W)	B. Harding (E)	D. Christiansen (E)	2m. 20.1sec. (R. 2m. 16.9sec.)
Long Jump	G. Walker (E)	K. Drummond (W)	I. Welch (W)	18ft. 1in. (new Rec.)
High Jump	J. Gosnell (S)	G. Kenny (W)	M. Hale (W)	5ft. ½in. (Rec. 5ft. 2in.)
Triple Jump	R. McGregor (W)	G. Walker (E)	J. Thompson (W)	34ft. 11½in. (Rec. 37ft. 4in.)
Discus	S. Parkes (W)	G. Christiansen (E)	K. Drummond (W)	78ft. (Rec. 110ft. 8½in.)
Shot Put	R. McGregor (W)	J. Thompson (W)	B. Barnett (S)	37ft. 7in. (Rec. 38ft. 6in.)
100 Metres Hurdles	T. Taylor (W)	J. Scott (W)	B. Read (E)	18.2 sec. (Rec. 16.4 sec.)
SENIOR BOYS				
100 Metres	R. Paul (W)	K. Adair (S)	P. Emmerson (S)	12.3 sec. (Rec. 11.5 sec.)
200 Metres	R. Paul (W)	W. Williams (S)	P. Emmerson (S)	25.5 sec. (Rec. 24.1 sec.)
400 Metres	K. Adair (S)	W. Williams (S)	D. Leatham (W)	58.6 sec. (Rec. 53.5 sec.)
800 Metres	J. Ballinger (S)	C. Jackson (S)	J. Innes (S)	2m. 10.3sec. (R. 2m. 4.5sec.)
100 Metres Hurdles (New Event)	K. Adair (S)	G. Keenan (S)	W. Williams (S)	19.7 sec.
High Jump	J. Innes	C. Jackson (S)	S. Pope (S)	4ft. 8½in. (Rec. 5ft. 5in.)
Long Jump	D. Dawson (S)	C. Jackson (S)	C. Erueti (S)	15ft. 10½in. (Rec. 19ft. 7in.)
Triple Jump	P. Dawson (S)	K. Adair (S)	W. Williams (S)	34ft. ½in. (Rec. 42ft. 8in.)
Shot Put	K. Jones (S)	G. Walsh (E)	A. Crawford (W)	38ft. 8in. (Rec. 46ft. 7½in.)
Discus	K. Jones (S)			99ft. 8in. (Rec. 108ft. 9in.)
OPEN EVENTS				
1500 Metres	J. Ballinger (S)	C. Jackson (S)	J. Thompson (W)	4 min. 34 sec.
Open Javelin	R. Paul (W)	K. Jones (S)	C. Erueti (S)	119ft. 4in.
RELAYS				
Junior Boys (3rds)	East	West		55.6 sec.
Intermediate Boys (4ths)	West	East		51.6 sec.
Senior Boys (5ths)	West	East		53.7 sec.
CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS				
Junior Girls	D. Alcock (E)	C. Perry (W)	S. Merrick (E)	
Intermediate Girls	P. Harding (W)	J. Williams (E)	M. Thompson (E)	
Senior Girls	B. Wilson (S)	J. Revell (S)	S. Johnson (S)	
Junior Boys	S. Jenkins (W)	W. Te Ruki (E)	G. McAlpine (W)	
Intermediate Boys	B. Read (E)	J. Thompson (W)	R. McGregor (W)	
Senior Boys	K. Adair (S)	W. Williams (S)	C. Jackson (S)	

SWIMMING SPORTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Time
JUNIOR BOYS				
55 Yards Freestyle	J. Moorwood	R. Harding	M. Thomson	31.8 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	J. Moorwood	S. Reid	G. Berry	38.03 secs. (Record)
55 Yards Breaststroke	R. Harding	M. Thomson	N. Leis	46.9 secs. (Record)
110 Yards Freestyle	J. Moorwood	R. Harding	P. Thomson	1 min. 9 secs. (Record)
INTERMEDIATE BOYS:				
55 Yards Freestyle	R. Thomson	N. Nodder	B. Sutherland	30.4 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	B. Sutherland	N. Hunter	R. Robertson	34.5 secs. (Record)
55 Yards Breaststroke	R. Thomson	N. Nodder	I. Dykes	43.4 secs.
110 Yards Freestyle	R. Thomson	N. Nodder	N. Hunter	1 min. 6.3 secs.
SENIOR BOYS:				
55 Yards Freestyle	S. Tooley	B. Harding	R. Byers	32.1 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	No entries			
55 Yards Breaststroke	B. Harding	R. Byers	P. Mills	42 secs. (Record)
110 Yards Freestyle	B. Harding			1 min. 10 secs.
JUNIOR GIRLS:				
55 Yards Freestyle	G. Gaukrodger	M. McGregor	L. Sutherland	35.3 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	L. Sutherland	R. Monaghan	S. Carstairs	46.8 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke	G. Gaukrodger	L. Sutherland	P. Moffit	49.7 secs.
*110 Yards Freestyle	G. Gaukrodger	L. Sutherland	F. Kelly	1 min. 16.7 secs.
INTERMEDIATE GIRLS:				
55 Yards Freestyle	R. Haase	A. Schou	K. Kerr	39.8 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	R. Haase	A. Schou	L. Jury	44.4 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke	P. Bolton	R. Haase	C. Appleby	53.8 secs.
110 Yards Freestyle	L. Jury	C. Cameron	R. Williams	1 min. 39.2 secs.
SENIOR GIRLS:				
55 Yards Freestyle	S. Manning	P. Harding	R. Hill	33.9 secs. (Record)
55 Yards Backstroke	S. Manning	A. Mack	L. Tucker	39.6 secs. (Record)
55 Yards Breaststroke	P. Harding	A. Mack	L. Tucker	45.6 secs. (Record)
*110 Yards Freestyle	P. Harding	R. Hill		1 min. 16.7 secs.
OPEN EVENTS				
55yds. Mixed Butterfly	B. Sutherland	R. Thomson	R. Byers	35.5 secs.
Boys' 220 yds. Freestyle	N. Nodder	R. Thomson	B. Harding	2 mins. 27.2 secs.
*Boys' 110yds. Breaststroke	B. Harding	R. Byers	I. Clyma	1 min. 33.8 secs.
*Boys' 110yds. Backstroke	B. Sutherland	R. Monaghan	S. Reid	1 min. 20.5 secs.
Boys' Dive	S. Reid	J. Scott	R. Williamson	1 min. 40 secs.
*Girls' 110yds. Breaststroke	P. Harding	A. Mack	P. Bolton	1 min. 29.9 secs.
*Girls' 110yds. Backstroke	S. Manning	A. Mack	P. Moffit	
Girls' Dive	D. Roberts	C. Appleby	D. Reid	
RELAYS				
Junior Boys'	West	East		2 mins. 20.8 secs. (Record)
Junior Girls'	West	East		2 mins. 27.0 secs.
Intermediate Boys'	West	East		2 mins. 10.4 secs. (Record)
Intermediate Girls'	West	East		2 mins. 52.7 secs.

*These events are new events and so the times in these events are not records but the best recorded so far.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Junior Girl: G. GAUKRODGER (W).

Junior Boy: J. MOORWOOD (W).

Intermediate Girl: R. HASSE (E)

Intermediate Boy: R. THOMSON (W).

Senior Girl: P. HARDING (W), S. MANNING (W) equal.

Senior Boy: B. HARDING (E).

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE RESUMES
TUESDAY, 1st FEBRUARY, 1972.

Printed by Taranaki Newspapers Ltd.
