



**SPOTSWOOD
COLLEGE**



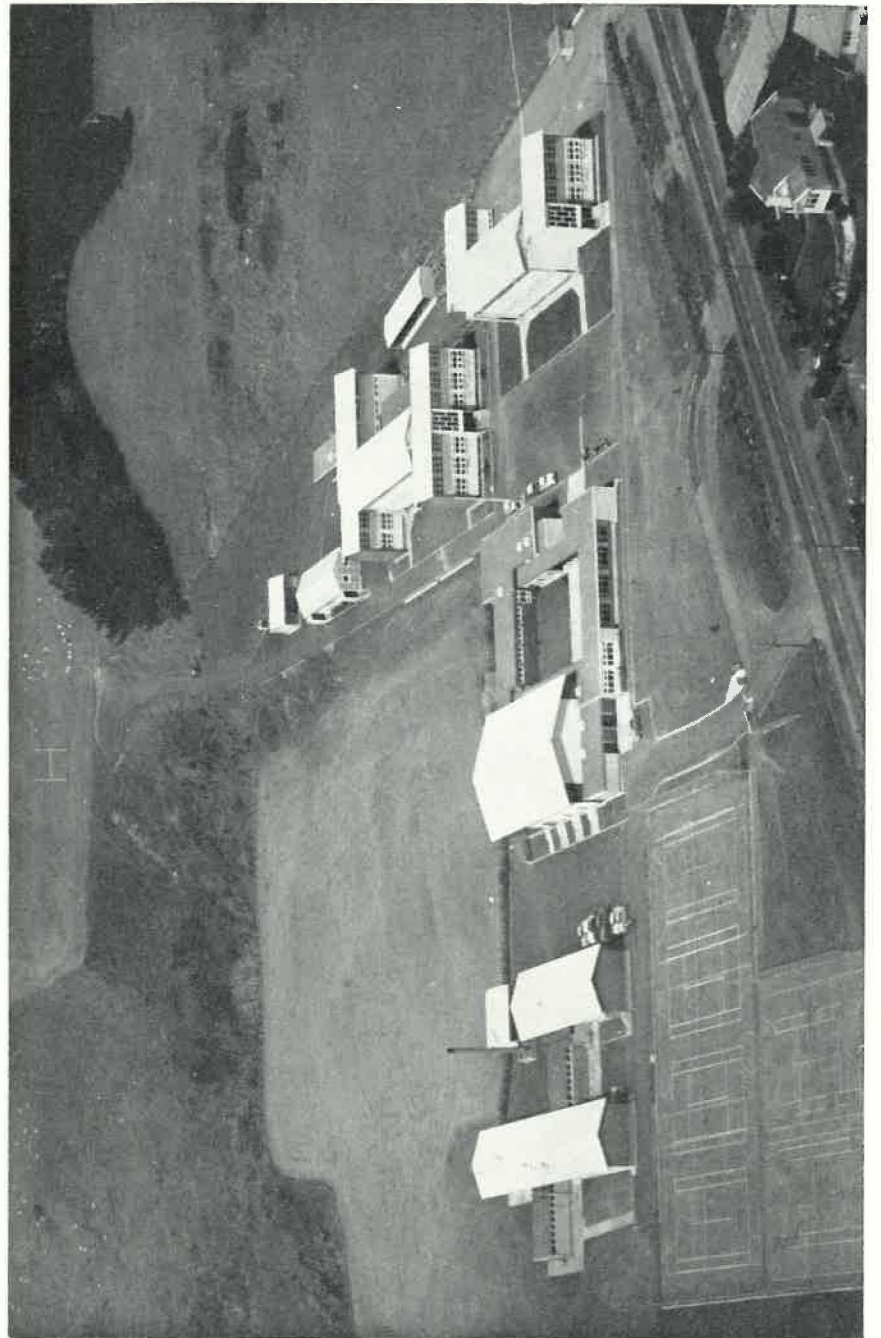
MAGAZINE



No. 3

1962

A record of
School activities from
February 2nd 1962,
to October 31st, 1962.



PRINCIPAL'S PAGE

The school year began sadly for us through the death of a foundation member of the staff, Miss Joan Foster, after a severe illness. Such happenings do come but we can feel fortunate in having known so fine a person.

As predicted the roll was in excess of 420, the final figure being 431, and it is to be hoped this steady growth will be continued. Too rapid an increase in numbers has its complications. Already we can see the necessity for additional playing fields for it is expected that 800-1,000 will be our ultimate roll. The Minister and Department have been approached and are considering our needs. It would appear the school will require about eight playing areas.

We are fortunate in being fully staffed. One of our two wanderers, Mr. T. Sweeney, has returned to the fold after a year in the United States, full of good cheer and with most interesting comment to pass on to us. Mr. Fitzgibbon, on loan to Sarawak, Borneo, is expected back some time next year.

This year we have about seventy students presenting themselves for the School Certificate examination in a variety of subjects. All who wish to sit may do so. Their task is not an easy one in that they have no senior school to look to as an example. Nevertheless we are confident that some students will do well as a result of serious and sustained effort. It is equally certain, too, that some pupils who expect to pass without making adequate effort themselves, will be disappointed. There can be no doubt that, with good jobs becoming difficult to get, higher qualifications and good school reports will be required. This is a healthy sign. We look forward to having a sixth form next year, as a truly senior school gives balance and stability.

School traditions take time to develop but some are emerging already. We are happy to note the pleasant tone in the senior classes and the readiness with which many students offer their services to various community and school projects. The school council has exemplified this by setting aside a sum of money raised by class efforts towards relief of lepers. Such efforts indicate that our young people are as sound as ever.

School teams have played their part and enjoyed success in various realms of sport and this without placing too great an emphasis on winning, but rather on participation and enjoyment. It is pleasing to report the extension of work in music and drama. The orchestra is growing and will continue to do so in 1963. The presentation of "The Winslow Boy" was a fine effort and all who took part in any way are to be commended.

It is of value to mention the establishment of a school counselling system this year. There are times when it is necessary to have close liaison between home and school through the good offices of someone who is free to visit homes and discuss ways of helping both pupils and parents. I firmly believe that counselling is needed in our schools so have been pleased to make the move. It is good to have someone on the staff able and willing to do such work.

Evening classes continue to increase in numbers with sixteen meeting each week. In this way the school can serve the community and provide a service so obviously desired.

It is fitting that I should pay a very great tribute to the work of Miss Simpson who completes her service at the end of this year. The school has been fortunate to have her wise guidance and leadership in many matters. Her wide experience and sympathetic but firm administration of the girls' side of the school in these our early years have made the task of establishing sound traditions so much easier. I am sure that staff and parents besides the students themselves would desire me to extend their very best wishes to Miss Simpson, and hope that her retirement may be long and happy. We note that she retires in New Plymouth and so will be handy to the school. Another member of the staff, Mr. B. N. Jones, also retires to give up teaching for the farm. He has not spared himself in the service of the school and we appreciate his loyal support. We shall see less of Mrs. Baker next year as she intends to carry on part time teaching rather than full time. We hope a less strenuous timetable will enable her to enjoy life in New Zealand more fully.

The support of the High School Board has been behind us in all we do and it is good to know our interests are so well looked after. The Parent-Teacher Association has been a tower of strength in its practical support and in its keen desire to assist the school in every way. We thank the Board and Association for all they have done.

To the many people who have donated trophies for House Competition, provided books for our library and shrubs for our grounds our thanks are due. With so many people indicating their interest in the school we can go forward happy in the thought of such support. It is up to us to justify that support and prove that this school is a worthy one.

STAFF NOTES

The continuing upsurge of enrolment is still bringing new personalities into the staff-room. This year we were pleased to welcome to the permanent staff Miss M. Beck and Miss N. Smith from Auckland, and Mr. J. N. Barrowman from Mr. McPhail's former school, Heretaunga College.

Mr. R. F. Stowell from Massachusetts (U.S.A.) served us as a reliever for the first two terms. He and his family have since settled in Taneatua where he is on the staff of the Ruatoki District High School.

His replacement is the evergreen Mr. T. Sweeney, sometime lecturer at Montclair State University, New Jersey. Mr. S. has brought back a mine of information and recent texts from the U.S.A. This challenging array of ideas will no doubt make an important contribution to our teaching techniques in the near future. Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney travelled widely in both the U.S.A. and Canada. Their experiences and slides have recently entertained staff and pupils.

At the end of the year we will lose the services of Mrs. L. Andrews who has helped us in the Commercial Department for two years. Mrs. Andrews made a great contribution in the staff-room, in the classroom and especially in the development of drama in the school. Her enthusiasm, energy, and quiet efficiency will be remembered, especially when we need these qualities in planning a new play!

Mr. Fitzgibbon is still happily working at his assignment in and about Kuching, Sarawak. He is very happy to announce the arrival of Margaret Angela, his fourth child.

The modern staff-room in many schools is the scene of a constant stream of arrivals and departures. This has not been the case here. Not till this year did we lose a member of the foundation staff. The year began with the tragic loss of Miss Foster. We remember her as a very pleasant, unruffled, capable and kindly person who put far more into life than she ever tried to take out.

Her friend, Miss Simpson, leaves us in happy circumstances. She has completed her service and has elected to retire from her onerous duties as Senior Mistress. Miss Simpson can hand over her charge to her successor confident that she has established an enviable tone among the girls. She will be greatly missed, both socially and professionally and we wish her every happiness in the adventures that must surely lie ahead of one so vigorous.

The school has continued to play a part in the training of young teachers, particularly in the Homecraft Course. Miss Martyn completed a section in the first term, Miss Erb in the second and Miss Watson in the final term. Miss Olsen was attached to the Science Department for a three week section during the second term.

The only other newcomers this year have both been part-time teachers in the Homecraft Department—Mrs. Jeffries and Mrs. Mead.

Despite a long second term that was made trying by a widespread influenza epidemic, the staff fielded two full-strength (?) basketball teams for a blood-match at the close of the second term. We came second. On our report will appear the remarks "More concentration required." We hope to do better in the end of year fixtures in cricket, softball and tennis. We look forward to some such remark as "Hard work has brought well-deserved success."

It is with great sorrow we record the death of Miss Joan Foster, a member of the staff since the school was opened. Those of us who knew her well and worked with her came to appreciate her steadfast character, her sound and consistent attitude to life and the way she faced problems with a quiet and steady spirit. Now we realize how much her ill health must have affected her but she seldom allowed this to show and followed the daily round of duties without fuss. We shall remember and be grateful for her pleasant companionship and marked efficiency in the office and classroom. We recognize too that she carried her fine Christian principles into her daily life and that these sustained her in her last illness. In expressing the deepest sympathy of us all to her family we say too that we are the better for having known her, even for so short a time.





Back Row: Messrs. Frank, Jones, Baker, MacDonald, Deerson, Page, Guy.
Middle Row: Mr. Procter, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Mead, Miss Smith, Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Emmett, Miss Scott, Mr. Barrowman.
Front Row: Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Northover, Miss Simpson, Mr. McPhail, Mr. Sweeney, Mrs. Baker, Miss Middlemiss, Miss Beck.

COLLEGE PREFECTS, 1962



Standing: D. McNamara, L. Megaw, M. Cassidy, C. Orr, R. Egarr, J. Fernee, G. Paul.
Seated: K. Sargent, S. Yates, Miss Simpson, R. Snell (Head Boy), Mr. McPhail, A. Brunning (Head Girl), Mr. Sweeney, V. Greiner, G. Nickson.
Absent: J. Reeve.

PRIZE GIVING CEREMONY, 1961

After the National Anthem, Mr. Moss, Chairman of the Board, opened the ceremony with a few comments on matters relating to the school generally. This was followed by reports on the school activities read by Renny Snell, Suzanne Yates and Dennis McNamara. Their reports on the school's sporting and cultural activities were well delivered.

In his address to the parents and the school, the Principal, referring to the nation-wide teacher shortage, suggested that pupils who had not made any serious attempt to work should not be admitted to the fifth form. This would also help to raise the standard of the School Certificate examination.

The presentation of awards was made by Mrs. McPhail and the academic prizes were presented by Mrs. Aderman.

Three vocal items were interspersed with the speeches and the school orchestra played a Mozart minuet.

PRIZE LIST

Class Prizes:

4A R. Snell	J. Cumming	K. Sargent
4B B. Richardson	R. Mills	S. Irving
4C J. Smillie	L. Gardner	C. Rogers
4D E. Powell	R. Gudopp	H. Gatenby
3A M. King	B. Lynch	J. Reeve
3B R. Mong	J. Peel	L. McArthur
3C G. Blyde	H. Coxhead	D. Grant
3D R. Rupapere	D. Jones	F. Sargent
3E M. Wheeler	M. Tamarapa	N. Parker

Third Form Subject Awards:

English, M. King; Science, M. King, J. Reeve; Social Studies, M. King, A. Sole; Clothing, M. King, S. Ellis; Commercial Practice, M. King, N. Jones; Homecraft, S. Parkes; Shorthand-Typing, M. King, J. Calvert.

Fourth Form Subject Awards:

English, A. James; Mathematics, R. Snell; French and Social Studies, K. Sargent; Science, J. Fernee; Clothing, H. Gatenby; Commercial Practice, D. McNamara; Shorthand-Typing, D. Rose; Woodwork, R. Jeffries.

Class Improvement Awards:

4A V. Pattrick	4B D. Brabender	4C M. Jackson
4D G. James	3A V. Hales	3B W. Crow
3C A. Rupapere	3D T. Klenner	3E P. Stroud

P.T.A. President's Prize: (Girl prefect), A. Brunning.

Board's Chairman's Prize: (Girl prefect), S. Yates.

Principal's Prize: (Head boy), R. Snell.

Speech Contest: Senior, R. Snell; Junior, K. Procter.

Daily News Literary Awards:

Fourth form prose: A. McPhail 1, W. Arthur 2, S. Yates 3.

Fourth form verse: J. Rawley 1, D. Rose 2, R. Petch 3.

Third form prose: M. King 1, C. Lewis 2, N. Cleaver 3.

House Awards:

Morine Cup for Athletics: Mikotahi (M. Morris, W. Baird).

Inter-house Shield: Motumahanga (G. Nickson, G. Paul) and

Moturoa (S. Yates, D. McNamara) equal.

Sports Prizes:

Girls: Pre-junior, J. Scott; Junior, S. Strawbridge; Intermediate, S. Yates. Boys: Pre-junior, J. Borrell; Junior, D. Winter; Intermediate, P. Falconer.

Swimming:

Girls: Pre-junior, C. Hamill; Junior, R. Dryden; Intermediate, A. Gordon. Boys: Pre-junior, J. Borrell; Junior, M. McAlpine, P. Blyde; Intermediate, W. Baird, J. Halliday.

Physical Education:

Girls: 4th form, A. Clegg; 3rd form, J. Scott.

Boys: 4th form, D. McNamara; 3rd form, J. Borrell.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

This year the school council had 27 members consisting of the prefects and a representative from each form.

Our elected officers for the year were:—

President: Dennis McNamara.

Vice-President: Allison Brunning.

Secretary: Mercia Cassidy.

We discussed various topics which were of interest to the whole school and, with McNamara presiding, managed this very well.

Our main aim this year was to raise funds with which we could provide a suitable gift to the school. After some discussion at the Council meeting, the forms went ahead thinking of activities to aid our funds, and before very long there were talent quests, film evenings, socials and many other activities which raised a lot of money.

Now we are considering the best way to use the money. We have also dealt with other matters in Council e.g. Arbor Day and making a contribution to a worthy cause which we consider should be an overseas one.

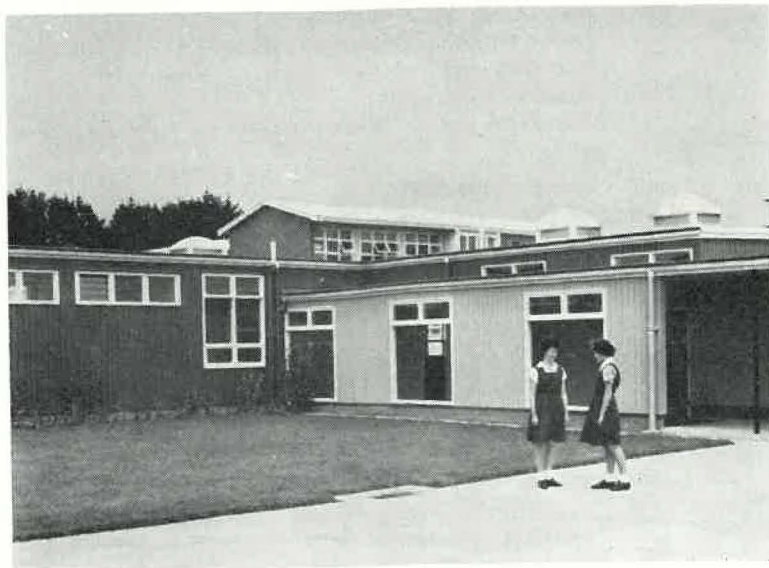
We are pleased with our first major year of Council meetings and hope that they will continue to benefit the school.

M.C.

SCHOOL DIARY, 1962

- Feb. 6th: *School year begins.*
Welcome to staff: Mr. Barrowman, Mr. Stowell, Miss Beck, Miss Smith, Miss Martyn.
 21st: *Tabloid Swimming Sports, Kawaroa Baths.*
 22nd: *Visit from Mr. Reed on his walking tour of N.Z. bringing good cheer.*
 26th: *Championship Swimming Sports—heats. It was hot.*
 27th: *Championship Swimming Sports—finals. Not so hot.*
- Mar. 7th: *First rugby team travelled to Okato.*
 9th: *Tabloid Athletic Sports—afternoon.*
Sale of first College Newsletter (4A).
 13th: *Athletic Championship sports 1 p.m.*
 14th: *Athletic Championship sports 1 p.m.*
 26th-29th: *Inspectors visit school. "What docile pupils!"*
 30th: *House games—basketball, cricket, tennis—7th period.*
 31st: *Inter-secondary School Athletic Sports—Pukekura Park.*
- April 4th: *House games—basketball, cricket tennis—7th period.*
 5th: *Girls from 4 Hcft. visit Milk Treatment plant.*
 9th: *Miss Yuri Fukurishi from Japan talked to 4B and 4C. Social Studies classes and showed slides of her country.*
 11th: *Oral Polio vaccine. "I remember the good old days."*
 12th: *Girls 4 Hcft. visited Hillsborough cheese factory.*
Fifth form exams.
 13th: *Fifth form exams.*
 16th: *Fifth form exams.*
 18th: *Music Festival—Stratford.*
"Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon they soothed their souls to pleasures."
 19th: *Anzac Service 3 p.m.*
First Term ends. "Please Sir, do we have to take a holiday?"
- May 14th: *Second Term begins.*
 23rd: *2nd Polio vaccines. "A bit like cherry brandy."*
- June 5th-7th: *"The Winslow Boy"—evening.*
 12th: *Film evening for pupils—cricket and rugby.*
 13th: *House games 7th period.*
Film evening open to public—cricket and rugby.
School party to "The Spanish Dancing Theatre"—Opera House—evening.
 28th-29th: *Junior exams.*
- July 2nd: *Junior exams.*
 4th: *Freyberg teams visit College.*
Bus tour 9.30-11a.m.
Basketball and rugby games 1-3 p.m.
Social evening.

- 6th: *Third Form plays.*
 11th: *House games—7th period.*
 13th: *Mrs. Williamson, organizer Kindergarten Association, showed slides at lunch-time to interested girls.*
 18th: *Film Evening—United Nations group.*
 20th: *Basketball and Rugby teams visit Manurewa.*
 23rd: *Promotions and demotions. "I will return!"*
- August 8th: *P.T.A. evening concert.*
 9th, 10th: *Fifth form exams. "If only . . ."*
 11th: *Basketball tournament—Hawera.*
 14th: *5A social.*
 15th: *Visit of Okato basketball, hockey and rugby teams.*
 17th: *Fourth form plays.*
Staff v. pupils' basketball match.
2nd term ends.
 18th: *Basketball tournament.*
- Sept. 10th: *Third term begins.*
Mr. T. Sweeney back from U.S.A. "Hi!"
 25th: *5th form Commercial Practice class visited office of Ivon Watkins. Mr. Northover in charge.*
 26th-28th: *Visit from Miss Young, representative of N.Z. Wool Board, showing slides and films to pupils.*
- October 3rd: *Speeches.*
 5th: *Speech finals.*
 10th: *Steeplechase. "Who put that muddy hole there?"*
 17th: *Cricket, baseball and tennis teams visited Opunake*
 27th: *Gala Day.*
 31st: *House Sports afternoon.*



School Activities

MUSIC

In February 1962 we were delighted to have Mrs. Northover with us even though she could stay for only one term. Her help with some of the singing classes was invaluable. Mrs. Alley was persuaded to take over these classes in May. As the second term proceeded Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Alley combined classes, where possible, for part singing. This was in preparation for the school concert held on July 23rd as a Parent-Teachers' evening. The City Choir was invited to sing at this concert. They sang two brackets of songs and ended the evening by combining with the school for the last two numbers. This, under the able direction of Mr. Menzies, was a great success. The accompaniste for the evening was Mrs. Alley. The school choir was conducted by Mrs. Francis, the school orchestra by Miss Bramley and the City Choir by Mr. Menzies whom we thank for bringing his choir to sing so beautifully for us.

The Taranaki Post-Primary Schools' Muise Festival was again held in Stratford at the end of the first term. Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Alley and Mrs. Northover accompanied the eighty pupils who attended from our school. The Rangiatea Hostel Girls provided our school item. This took the form of Maori action songs which were very well done and great credit therefore must go to Mercia Cassidy, their leader, and the Rev. Pihama who trained them.

The Massed School Songs were:—

"Go Forth With God"—Martin Shaw.

"Marianina"—girls only.

"Men of Harlech"—boys only.

"Hoki Hoki."

"Morning Praise"—Beethoven.

"Oklahoma."

"Dona Nobis Pacem"—round.

Violin lessons were given on Fridays by Miss Petheram. During the lunch hour in the second term, time was given by Miss Petheram for the training of group playing. The result of this was a very creditable performance of a violin trio at the Parent-Teachers' evening on July 23rd by Anne McPhail, John Smillie and Russell Jeffries.

The third term saw the commencement of two violin classes. These pupils show great enthusiasm and practise at any available time in the music room.

Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. France each gave a violin to the school and we thank them.

The school orchestra has grown in quality as well as quantity under the able direction of Miss Mary Bramley. The members are: Violins—Hilarie Hammonds, leader; Jennifer Cumming, Anne McPhail, John Smillie, Graeme Earl, Russell Jeffries, Bruce Alley, Peter Saunders, Joy Ewington. Cello—Kathleen Sargent. Descant Recorders—Shirley Duke, Robyn Mills. Tenor Recorder—Frank Sargent. Cornet—Richard Ewington. Pianist—Colleen Orr.

Piano lessons continue in the school. Two grade IV pupils gained 95 marks out of a possible 99 at the Royal Schools of Music Theory Examinations which are held in July.

We were delighted to have a visit from Mr. Walden Mills, Adviser on School Music in New Zealand. He attended assembly and afterwards heard the orchestra play.

Our pianists throughout the year at assembly have been Beverley Powell, Allan James and Robyn McEwen.

LIBRARY NOTES

Teacher in Charge: Mr. N. J. Northover.

Librarian: Mrs. B. E. Emett.

Assistants: Kathryn Anderson, Raewyn Anderson, Raewyn Ashworth, Sharon Brabender, Delwyn Bungay, Ruth Erickson, Lily Gardner, Heather Gatenby, Tewai Hohaia, Janice Mattock, Judith Sattler.

As the school roll increases it becomes harder for the library facilities to meet the growing demand for books. Last year, with an average roll of 280 pupils, we had 1684 books listed in our register: a ratio of approximately six books per pupil. This year our roll is fairly steady at 420 and we have a total of 1923 books. This means that we have now only about 4.5 books per pupil.

Such figures must not lead us to assume that the library has been starved for funds. Over £200 has already been spent this year—most on it on expensive works of reference.

The library is an improving source of information as well as a supplier of recreational reading. The present issue rate of about 250 books per week is quite a pleasing figure. In this we have been assisted by an eight month loan of 250 books from the National Library Service, who also provided several "special loan" sets.

The excellent service that we have received from N.L.S. is a tribute to this efficient organisation and to the work of Mrs. Emett. She is always willing to "go the extra mile" and her quick response to requests has been very helpful to both staff and pupils.

The issuing of books at morning interval and lunchtime has been controlled by the assistants. Mrs. Emett has a warm word of praise for their consistent attendance and co-operation. There is, however, much that assistants, however willing, cannot do. At present Mrs. Emett is typing catalogue cards for the entire library—three for each book. When completed, these catalogues showing subject, author and title, should be a great help to those who are learning the techniques of library-search.

With so much good work being done in the library by so many, it is sad to notice one unhealthy trend. In the first two years, only four books were lost but a recent stock-taking shows a discrepancy of fifteen. Not one of them can be accounted for. In the case of National Library books the cash value has to be made good by the school. Such losses have to be stopped and this unfortunately means stricter control. We have found it necessary to lock the library during the unsupervised periods. When losses cease we will be very happy to allow the former browsing and research facilities.

A much brighter note is provided by some of the recent leavers who have donated their text book deposit to the library. If this commendable practice continues, the generosity of the many will clearly swamp the selfishness of the few.

THIRD ANNUAL SPEECH CONTEST

Once again every pupil in the school was asked to make a prepared speech. The pupils responded well, making an effort to gain points for their houses and realising that here was a chance to gain experience in public speaking. The third formers' speeches could perhaps be better called "talks" but it was obvious that last year's experience had benefited the older pupils, many of whom gained considerable audience impact. Some speeches which showed intensive preparation were heard from the fifth formers.

Place-getters in the finals were:

Fifth Form: D. McNamara 1, R. Petch 2, R. Snell 3.

Fourth Form: Christine Lewis 1, J. Borrell 2, Patricia Taylor and Wendy Julian 3 equal.

Third Form: A. Cloke 1, P. Saunders 2, R. Wright 3.

THE WINSLOW BOY

Early in June, a cast of eleven from the fourth and fifth forms presented "The Winslow Boy" on three consecutive nights. This was the climax of three months of preparation under the guidance of Mr. Northover.

The play concerns an English, upper middle class family, the Winslows, in the period before the Great War. Ronnie Winslow (13), the youngest of the family, had been expelled from Osborne Naval College for allegedly stealing a five-shilling postal order. The boy was adamant about his innocence so his father, Arthur Winslow, brought a case for damages against the Admiralty.

Although this seemed a relatively unimportant matter it involved the attention of Parliament and began to catch the public imagination. The case of Winslow v. Rex made headlines in the popular press which saw it as a romantic episode in the wider struggle of the times: the common people versus the privileged classes. These basic facts were taken by playwright Terence Rattigan from the famous Archer-Shee Case of 1910.

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Arthur Winslow	:	Renny Snell
Mrs. Grace Winslow	:	Janice Rawley
Catherine Winslow	:	Colleen Orr
Ronnie Winslow	:	John Barriball
Dickie Winslow	:	Rodney Petch
Sir Robert Morton	:	Dennis McNamara
John Watherston (Catherine's fiance)	:	John Borrell
Desmond Currie (family solicitor)	:	Peter Vause
Miss Barnes ("Daily News" reporter):	:	Alison Sole
Violet (the household maid)	:	Kathleen Sargent
Fred ("Daily News" photographer):	:	Brian Reeve

In presentation and reception the play was a great success and the players responded well to their appreciative audiences.

The set, constructed and assembled by Mr. Procter and his helpers, made a great contribution to the atmosphere of the play. Mr. Lloyd Nickson of Devon Intermediate School was of great assistance to us in the decor. He painted a realistic backdrop and supervised the efforts of paint-crew (S. Yates, A. McPhail, etc.). Numerous people lent period furniture, fittings, pictures, ferns and the inevitable aspidistra. Perhaps the most sincere compliment to the finished set came from one small girl who genuinely believed that it was a real room.

Mrs. L. Andrews again "propped us up," backstage. She designed and provided nearly all of the costumes. From her home came many of the stage properties. She gave freely of her wide experience and youthful energy; suggesting improvements, removing doubts and difficulties, encouraging the players.

Mr. Guy, who again strung up the lights, designed, made and installed some very smooth-running curtain winding gear. Graeme Thacker again worked the switches and sound effects in his unfurried and efficient way. The players were made-up by quite a big "team," some of whom also assisted as stage hands. They were: Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Johnston, Miss Erb, Anne McPhail, Glenice Nickson, Suzanne Yates

As a group the cast spoke and moved with pleasing dignity. Renny Snell played old crotchety Mr. Winslow unhesitatingly and forcefully. As Grace, his wife, Janice Rawley stepped right into the part and lived it most convincingly. A newcomer to a major production, John Barriball, was a great favourite as Ronnie. Colleen Orr and John Borrell played the engaged couple very gracefully: not an easy task for those without practical experience! Peter Vause was another sincere suitor. The great lawyer, officious and cold, was played with charming ease by Dennis McNamara. In the tense cross-examination scene his ruthless, unfaltering flow of questions created a convincing and dramatic atmosphere.

The lighter touches in a serious play were provided with great gusto by happy-go-lucky Dickie, the gushing Miss Barnes and good old Violet. Their humour prevented the story from becoming oppressive.

The second night audience saw the players reach their best standard of teamwork. They were rather tired on the final night but sustained by a "warm" audience, the cast turned on their most dramatic performance. A full victory was in sight when some lapses in concentration led to a minor stage catastrophe.

At the wind-up party, Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Northover were presented with tokens of appreciation from the players. Mesdames Smillie and Rawley signified the occasion by presenting a magnificent and specially decorated cake. During the festivities Mr. Moss arrived informally and warmly commended the players in terms of unmistakable sincerity.

The school now has a few dramatic assets: a reasonably equipped stage, funds for lighting, the beginnings of a wardrobe, and some (for their age) very experienced players. This group plus the many others recently trained in class-room drama may enable us to start some House plays next year. For this we need a class-room theatre as well as the main stage.

Our main aim is not to raise funds—nor is it just to provide entertainment. We hope to train the widest possible number in the dramatic skills that will help them in later life to carry out gracefully, any ceremonial duties that befall them. A major production is merely the show-piece of all such work.

R.C.P.-N.J.N.

Viewpoints of the players

There are undoubtedly many who are interested in a major production. They wonder how it feels to be part of a group giving public performances.

The answers can only come from the players themselves. Several of them have jotted down their impressions with a view to explaining the stage situation to those who are interested.

Janice Rawley (Mrs. Winslow)—"The three nights were exhausting, hot work but I received great personal satisfaction in working for this show."

Rennie Snell (Mr. Winslow)—"Very enjoyable during rehearsals and actual production. We found that the audience made a great difference to our confidence, the children being very difficult to play to."

John Barriball (Ronnie Winslow)—"Rather nerve-racking at the start but help from the stage crew was a great benefit."

John Borrell (John Watherstone)—"I thought that the play did something for everyone concerned with it. There was the thrill of being part of something and of working as a team."

Alison Sole (Miss Barnes of the "Daily News")—"I enjoyed every moment of it. It is hard but rewarding work."

MAJOR PRODUCTION—CAST



Standing: B. Reeve, P. Vause, K. Sargent, D. McNamara, J. Barriball, R. Snell, J. Rawley, J. Borrell.
Seated: M. Sole, C. Orr, R. Petch.

MAJOR PRODUCTION BACK-STAGE CREW



Standing: S. Yates, Mr. Northover, A. McPhail, G. Nickson, Miss Erb, G. Thacker.
Seated: Mrs. L. Andrews.

FORM PLAYS 1962

Third Form:

This year's plays, following in the already flourishing tradition of dramatic work at the College, once again aimed at giving as many of the school's first-year students as possible the opportunity to participate in a short play, and thus to gain some experience in the techniques of acting and production. Some of the rehearsals took place in English classes and the plays were presented in the school Hall before an audience consisting of all the third forms.

3D's production, which opened the programme, belied its title "A Quiet Tea Party"; it was vigorously acted, fast-moving and anything but quiet, and the hilarious adventures of the players, notably Dennis Young's, provided an excellent opening play. 3C followed with "The Hambling Jewels"—a sinister tale of burglary set in one of the stately homes of England. One of the features of this production was the daring use of make-up: Jocelyn Gatenby as the Duke and Raewyn Ashworth as Butters were particularly impressive. "Grand Partiality," presented by 3B, set the actors a formidable problem in speech technique, since some were required to adopt the Yorkshire dialect while others coped with Hollywoodese. On the whole they were successful, Bruce Farmer as Grandpa and Beverley Powell as Mrs. Spink being most effective. Lastly, 3A took a not too serious trip to the realms of historical romance with a performance of "The Sheriff's Kitchen." Robin Hood, his Merry Men and the dastardly Sheriff were there in force, and Donald Stedman's slimy Steward was overshadowed only by Alan Jamieson's authoritative interpretation of the part of Friar Tuck. Each form provided a backstage team and these made an essential contribution to the success of the production.

Later, the 3A and 3B productions were presented before parents and friends at the School Concert. Both plays were probably more successful in their second performance: the impact of "Grand Partiality" was increased by the actors' improved control of accent, and they spoke at a slower pace which allowed the "punch" lines greater effect. Although the 3A stage crew spent rather an anxious time redecorating the Sheriff's kitchen, (while the choir nobly covered the sounds of hammering and the producer's curses) the play itself ran smoothly. Friar Tuck and the Bone once again stole the acting honours.

It is clear from the success of these activities that there is no lack of acting ability and imaginative ideas in the lower forms of the school. It remains for these talents to be developed so that the high standards already set by our seniors in major productions may be maintained.

Fourth Form:

Not to be outdone by their juniors, the fourth forms presented an afternoon of plays in the Hall before an appreciative audience of their colleagues.

"The Dyspeptic Ogre," presented by 4C, successfully combined comedy with fairy tale. As the ogre whose dinners disagreed with him, John Palmer, by turns mild and bitter, produced a satisfactory piece of characterisation. Bruce Sutton, well cast as the Jester, Sue Whitaker as the Cook and an attractive set of Dinners vivaciously led by Pam Quinlan, gave the Ogre good support. This lively performance would have been even more effective if some members of the cast had known their lines better.

4B and 4A struck a more cultural note with excerpts from "Pygmalion" and "She Stoops to Conquer" respectively. In presenting such relatively weighty works both forms were taking on a more difficult task than 4C. The opening scene from "Pygmalion," played against a stark setting consisting of two chairs, provided a chance for a fairly large crowd to participate in the action on stage. Before this crowd Eliza (Glenys Price) and Higgins (John Barriball) played out their stormy scene with a fair amount of vigour, though Eliza could have been still coarser and Higgins yet more violently enthusiastic than they were. Some of the secondary characters failed to speak up clearly.

The 4A actors performed with great gusto in a play whose style is not easily appreciated by a modern audience. Robert Mong, Ruth Fitzpatrick and Peter Vause looked very confident and moved very well, but their voices though excellent in volume, were not clear, so that some of the words did not come over to the audience. The achievement of good speech is still one of the greatest difficulties in school acting: players must learn to speak clearly and precisely; mumbling and shouting are both to be avoided, and 4A and 4B could learn something about this from 4C's production.

The juniors were grateful to Mrs. Andrews who coached them in the use of make-up.

LIFE IN NEW JERSEY

For nine months, I lived with my wife and two boys in a lovely but expensive residential area in Upper Montclair, New Jersey. We occupied a second floor apartment in this area, and were required to pay 140 dollars a month—unfurnished. (N.B. 2.8 dollars equal £1.) There were many large estates and palatial homes in Upper Montclair, but ours was not one of them.

The climate of New Jersey does not appeal to me at all. The summer is hot and intolerably humid; the winter is long and can be very cold. We were fortunate in experiencing a mild winter in which the temperature did not get down below 15 degrees F. Despite the colder temperatures, I did not feel as cold as I sometimes have in New Plymouth. In fact, I wore fewer clothes throughout the New Jersey winter. Perhaps the reason for this was the absence of violent winds, commonplace in New Zealand. Most of the days were calm, or with a gentle breeze at the most. I did have to buy a fur cap with ear flaps to protect my ears, which seemed to notice the cold. Having never before been personally snowed upon, I was fascinated with the fairyland scene after the first heavy fall, but I soon found that my romantic notions of snow were dispelled. The fact is that it is a tremendous nuisance. The sidewalks and roads would freeze, making walking and driving hazardous. Before the snow could freeze we had to shovel it away from our paths, and from our street frontage. We could have been sued if anyone had slipped and injured himself on or in front of our property—if the snow and ice had not been removed. Driving a car on iced-over roads is not my idea of fun. There were times when the car did not respond to my tugs on the steering wheel, and we slid past our turning into an unwanted road. And then the melting snow! Dirty, oozy slush—making the wearing of galoshes imperative.

Under these conditions, central heating is a must. In our apartment house, the thermostat controlling the temperature of the central heating was in the ground floor apartment, inaccessible to us,

so that we were rather at the mercy of the occupant of the ground floor apartment. We found the heating adequate, but the people occupying the apartment above us complained frequently that they were cold.

The classrooms at the State College where I taught were so overheated that I used to feel uncomfortable and was unable, at times, to think clearly—rather a drawback when you are expected to lead a student group in discussion.

The fall and spring were beautiful seasons. In New Jersey, the leaves really do "fall," and the spring really "springs." The leaves turn gorgeous brown, dark red, and yellow colours before falling, leaving the trees completely stark. In spring the trees reclothe themselves with startling suddenness. In two or three days the bare trees would have put out new foliage.

The cost of living was high, especially food, transport, entertainment, and insurance. Some costs:—Car insurance, 140 dollars; health insurance (to cover my wife and family), 140 dollars; milk, 28 cents a quart; butter, 70 cents a pound; bread, 28 cents; telephone, 10 dollars a month approximately; movies, 75 cents in the downtown areas but two dollars where we lived; haircuts, one dollar 75 cents (and a 25 cent tip). It would cost five dollars for haircuts for me and the two boys—about 36/- N.Z. Of course, salaries were noticeably higher in the U.S.A. Even so, the cost of living was considerably more expensive. Taxes were high, too. Americans have to pay income tax, social security tax of 3 per cent., sales tax of 3 per cent. (in many states), and a community tax which is used mainly to build and equip schools. In the Upper Montclair area, the community tax on a typical family home would be over 700 dollars.

The quickest lesson I learned in my life was to drive on the right-hand side of the road. At first, I found this difficult, and had to keep talking to myself so that I would not suddenly shoot over to the left, but soon I picked up the idea. The first few drives I had along congested Route 46, New Jersey, terrified me. Three lanes of bumper-to-bumper traffic, either crawling or moving rather too fast for me, was a little out of my class. But I soon adjusted and came to enjoy driving under American conditions. We covered 14,000 miles by car without misadventure, and came to admire the cleverly systematic traffic control—a motorist's delight—providing he can read the numerous signs.

It took me a little while to become adjusted to American food. I did not like the pre-sliced bread we used to get from the supermarket. The slices were about $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, the texture was spongy, and the taste insipid. A slice of bread left out on a plate for ten minutes would dry out. We longed for a good New Zealand sausage or saveloy. The American varieties were rubbery and seemed to shrivel before your very eyes when being cooked. We preferred our New Zealand milk to the homogenized American type, which did not seem to have much taste. We did not fancy some of the rich dressings and desserts, for in general, Americans go for sweeter food than we do. And the tea! Tea is almost invariably served in this manner. First your cup is filled with hot water. Then a tea bag is floated in. You hold the tea bag by the string with one hand while, with the other you squash the bag against the side of the cup with your spoon, to your satisfaction, or lack of it! But I should not be too critical. In the hygiene of handling food Americans are way ahead of us. Not for them the bread delivered unwrapped, nor

the shop assistant fingering your food. Food was generally packaged in cellophane, or, if not, tongs would be used. And we did discover some delightful American foods—potato salad, cantaloupes (delicious golden-red-fleshed sweet-melons)—and I became a lover of and frequent chewer of the traditional American hot dog and cheeseburger. We were invited to numerous outdoor barbecues, which Americans love. Invariably the meat cuts or chicken legs would be the choicest possible, purchased probably not from the supermarket but from a private butcher.

If we were to believe that what we see in American films and what we read in our newspapers gives a true picture of Americans, then we would be sadly astray. We saw no instances of teen-age misbehaviour. True, we were not living in a depressed area but we did travel through thirty states, and we did live for long periods in two communities, without seeing any of the wild behaviour often attributed to American adolescents. We occasionally heard of violence, vandalism, or of fatal car accidents in which teenagers were involved, but apart from what I saw in Madison, Wisconsin, there was little to cavil at. There a 10 p.m. curfew had been imposed on teenagers, and any teenager aimlessly driving around the city streets after dark, would be questioned by the police. In this city, there were beer parlours for teenagers—well patronised too, it appeared. I could not help thinking that the first step to be taken in Madison was to shut down these beer parlours.

We visited many American homes, and made many new friends. We did not find these Americans boastful or lovers of the fast life or ostentatious with their free spending. The people we knew were mainly kindly, generous, hospitable, temperate and religious. It was the exception, not the rule, to be offered an alcoholic drink in an American home. It was surprising to find that in every American home in which we ate, grace was said. On one occasion all those seated around the table held hands while grace was said. Far from having too much money, many Americans do not have enough. The typical American parents would have more financial anxieties than their New Zealand counterparts. A greater percentage of housewives would work there, compared with here. The American social security system supplies few benefits apart from Old Age Pension. Consequently, parents must pay large annual sums to insure themselves and their children against illness. In addition, the cost of a college (university) education, very keenly sought after and appreciated in U.S.A., is heavy, and parents must plan their finances wisely to help their children through college.

Our experience in the United States is one we shall never forget. Perhaps one day we may be able to return. In any case, let me recommend to the pupils of Spotswood College this thought—that if, through good fortune, you have the opportunity to travel—grasp it!

T. SWEENEY.

GALA DAY

Saturday, October 27th, 1962—once again it was time for the annual school gala. This gala, like the two previous ones, had been prepared for weeks ahead. For once we hoped we would have fine weather, but after a week of rain we could expect nothing more than rain on Saturday. However, the sun shone brightly by 1 o'clock and the crowd gathered.

The weather was not the only thing bringing the crowds, for the Taranaki Ladies' Highland Pipe Band was present and gave a fine performance in front of the school. Unfortunately, despite the fact that the girls' playing was praised immensely afterwards, applause was very slow.

The mannequin parade was again very popular and the garments were sold afterwards at very cheap prices. The dresses, ranging from children's sizes to women's fittings were the good work of and a credit to Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. FitzPatrick.

Of course, the most popular stall was that of the mystery parcels. This, as last year, brought the crowds and the most funds for the Parent-Teachers' Association.

All the stalls were in the hall and included produce, sweets, sewing, white elephants, the waffle stand and "Rookery Nook." There were also four raffles—grocery order, half a sheep, a large Christmas cake and an earrings and brooch set with a pair of stockings, besides the quickfire raffles.

Outside attractions included a coconut-shy and car and train sets which were demonstrated by boys from the school.

Once again, the Gala Day was a great success and resulted in a net profit of about £270 for the movie projector.

CAROLE SWENEY.

EVENING CLASSES

This year fifteen classes have been conducted at the College. Extra classes have been run in woodwork and millinery and a typing class has been introduced for the first time.

Effective enrolments totalled 285 and it is significant that these comprised 210 ladies and 75 men. A number of the former have attended woodwork classes and have even been game enough to attempt metalwork but as yet no males have shown up at millinery, cake decorating or floral art. It is also noteworthy that the largest single class has been physical education for ladies. The initial response was almost overwhelming but by dint of strenuous activity and injury incidental thereto, our instructor was able to reduce the numbers to manageable proportions.

Attendances in general have been steady and only one class has been in danger of falling below the regulation attendance of six people a night. This must be due in some measure to the excellence of the instruction given. The most consistent attenders have been the small but enthusiastic band of cake decorators. It would appear that woodwork and dressmaking are the most popular subjects. Four classes a week have been run in both of these.

Next year we hope to extend classes still further. The number and type of classes offered is a reflection of public response. Individuals or clubs interested in further classes would assist the organisation by contacting the school early in the year. At present classes are conducted in metalwork, woodwork, millinery, dressmaking, floral art, cake decorating, typing, art and physical education (ladies). It is possible to attend more than one class provided that it is not in the same subject. The only charge is a 10/- maintenance fee.

RANGIATEA NOTES

We are always learning new things about the name of our Hostel. Recently we came across the fact that Ra'iatea with the global meaning "ng" in the Hawaiian language was the island from which the Aotea canoe left in the Great Migration of 1350—in our history of the British Isles about the time Robert the Bruce was active in Scotland and when Edward III was ruling in England.

Because the Maori people trace their ancestry back to a canoe, these are important in the lives of the people. It is for that reason the Hostel boarders are divided into groups named after these canoes—Aotea, Te Arawa, Takitimu, Mataatua and Tainui. Rivalry is keen in sport and cultural competitions for the prize to the winning house is the Ngatai Shield. Other prizes include the Manaaki award presented by the Maori women of Hawera for the most improved boarder, the Maori Affairs Prize for the best form V or VI pupil, and the Head Girl's Cup with miniature.

The Hostel prefect's badge is again significant of Maori thought and inspiration. With Mount Egmont in the background and a Maori canoe in the foreground the badge signifies the highest spiritual thought in Maoridom "te waka o te Wairua"—the canoe of the spirit. Underneath is part of the Hostel motto "Nga Kakano o Rangiatea"—(We) the seeds of Rangiatea are scattered.

Like other boys and girls who are looking forward to leaving school, we of Rangiatea have been thinking of various careers. We have students applying for Teachers' College, two for dental nursing, others for general nursing and also work in the Maori Affairs Office and the Post Office. Most of these who will be leaving are the seniors from the Hostel who have spent at least three years at secondary school.

THE MAORI EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION

It is our feeling that the Hostel has been well and timely placed because of the extra emphasis given to Maori Education through the launching of the appeal.

The Hostel boarders were involved in two efforts for this appeal—a Gala to which they contributed the programme and later a Concert.

In most places the Appeal was supported enthusiastically by the Maori people. This appeal has done more than raise funds, it has brought together people of both races on committees and also participating audiences at many functions.

The Provincial Committee for North Taranaki raised over £3,000 of its quota.

Already individual pupils are feeling the advantage of the fund, as well as school leavers seeking placements in employment. "Rangiatea" has been asked to keep vacancies for three Maori Foundation Scholarships for next year.

It is as the Maori proverb says

"Ka pu to ruha
Ka hoa ta rangatohi"
The old net is set aside
The new net is set.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS

This year the school athletics were held on two successive afternoons with the running heats and jumping finals held on the Monday, leaving Tuesday afternoon to finalize the running.

Many records were broken. This no doubt was brought about by the increase in the number of competitors and the conscientious training of the place getters.

Two needs became apparent during the running of the sports; one was the need for a full size athletic track especially for the running of relays, and the other the need for a set of hurdles.

Pre-Junior Boys:

100yds.: D. Cursons 1, G. Bennett 2, K. Roberts 3. 12.8.
220yds.: G. Bennett 1, T. Saunders 2, D. Cursons 3. 30.9.
80m. Hurdles: H. McPhail 1, K. Roberts 2, W. Parker 3. 14.9.
440yds.: T. Saunders 1, G. Bennett 2, A. Clark 3. 70.0.
High Jump: R. Sutherland 1, R. Fitzpatrick 2, I. Fowles 3. 4' 1".
Long Jump: T. Saunders 1, D. Cursons 2, G. Bennett 3. 13' 1".

Junior Boys:

100yds.: A. Erueti 1, B. Lynch 2, W. Carrington 3. 12.5.
220yds.: P. Webber 1, B. Sutton 2, A. Erueti 3. 28.7.
440yds.: J. Borrell 1, B. Sutton 2, B. Lynch 3. 62.8.
80m. Hurdles: J. Borrell 1, R. Gush 2, R. Smith 3. 14.5.
880yds.: J. Borrell 1, B. Sutton 2, P. Saunders 3. 2m. 25.
High Jump: B. Lynch 1, W. Carrington 2, J. Borrell 3. 4' 3".
Long Jump: A. Erueti 1, B. Sutton 2, J. Borrell 3. 15' 2".

Intermediate Boys:

100yds.: J. Winter 1, R. Egarr 2, J. Jury 3. 11.5.
220yds.: M. Wheeler and J. Winter equal.
80m. Hurdles: J. Barriball 1, J. Halliday 2, N. Cleaver 3. 13.4.
880yds.: D. McNamara 1, B. Reeve 2, M. Wheeler 3. 2m. 20.6.
440yds.: R. Snell 1, M. Wheeler 2, J. Reeve 3. 58.8.
Long Jump: B. Reeve 1, G. Thacker 2, R. Mong 3. 16' 1".
High Jump: G. Gordon-Stables 1, W. Crow 2, B. Reeve 3. 4' 9".

Pre-Junior Girls:

75yds.: C. Lewis 1, P. Keenan 2, L. Maaka 3. 9.9.
100yds.: C. Lewis 1, P. Keenan 2, L. Maaka 3. 13.3.
150yds.: C. Lewis 1, L. Maaka 2, P. Keenan 3. 19.6.
Long Jump: C. Lewis 1, P. Keenan 2, J. Gatenby 3. 12' 8".
High Jump: C. Lewis 1, J. Gatenby 2, L. Maaka 3. 4' 3".

Junior Girls:

75yds.: V. Roach 1, N. Cleland 2, I. Cox 3. 10.0.
100yds.: V. Roach 1, W. Cleland 2, J. Biddle 3. 12.9.
150yds.: V. Roach 1, C. Hamill 2, N. Cleland 3. 19.1.
80m. Hurdles: C. Hamill 1, J. Scott 2, C. Belton 3. 15.0.
High Jump: J. Scott 1, M. Campbell 2, N. Cleland 3. 4' 0".
Long Jump: J. Scott 1, V. Roach 2, I. Cox 3. 14' 2".

Intermediate Girls:

75yds.: G. Lewis 1, P. Smith 2, D. Rose 3. 9.5.
100yds.: G. Lewis 1, D. Rose 2, P. Smith 3. 12.7.
150yds.: P. Smith 1, D. Rose 2, G. Lewis 3. 19.0.
80m.: Hurdles: E. Mace 1, H. Gatenby 2, A. Clegg 3. 14.9.
Long Jump: S. Ellis 1, E. Mace 2, F. Hill 3. 13' 11".

Relays, 4 x 100yds.:

Pre-Junior Girls: Motumahanga 1, Moturoa 2, Mikotahi 3. 50.1.
Junior Girls: Mikotahi 1, Moturoa 2, Motumahanga 3. 48.7.
Intermediate Girls: Motumahanga 1, Moturoa 2, Mikotahi 3. 46.7.
Pre-Junior Boys: Paritutu 1, Motumahanga 2, Mikotahi 3. 49.3.
Junior Boys: Moturoa 1, Mikotahi 2, Paritutu 3. 46.7.
Intermediate Boys: Motumahanga 1, Moturoa 2, Mikotahi 3. 43.5.

ATHLETICS TEAM



Back Row: M. Wheeler, J. Winter, G. Gordon-Stables, D. McNamara, R. Snell, P. Webber, J. Borrell, R. Egarr.

Middle Row: A. Erueti, L. Willan, B. Sutton, C. Hamill, H. Gatenby, J. Barriball, D. Cursons, H. McPhail.

Seated: G. Maloney, E. Mace, C. Lewis, D. Rose, N. Cleland, J. Scott, P. Smith, V. Roach.

SOFTBALL TEAM



Standing: Miss C. Scott (Coach), V. Roche, J. Bounsall, M. Cassidy, P. Hart.

Seated: J. Scott, E. Mace, A. Clegg (Captain), R. Dryden, F. Hill.

INTER-SECONDARY SCHOOL ATHLETICS

This year a large team of athletes took part in the inter-secondary school athletic championships on Pukekura Park with considerable success.

Three of the school athletes did remarkably well. They were Christine Lewis and Heather Gatenby with wins in the girls' high jump events and Renny Snell who made a record-breaking run in the intermediate boys' 440yds.

Many of the school's representatives gained places as did three of the relay teams, and altogether it was a most encouraging day for our school athletes. This should spur them on to even greater heights next year.

INTER-SECONDARY SCHOOL GYMNASTICS

This was the first ever time that a gymnastic tournament encompassing the secondary schools of Taranaki has been held, and it was encouraging no doubt for the promoters to have so many schools participating.

Spotswood College entered some teams in the Junior and Intermediate girls and boys' events with some pleasing performances by the boys and girls.

Pat Keenan was third in the junior girls' crossbar event and Jocelyn Gatenby was fourth in the junior girls' long box event.

Geoffrey Blyde was second in the junior boys' freestanding event as was John Thacker in the Intermediate boys' event. Phillip Gayton's long arm overswing in the junior long box event was judged to be the best voluntary junior boy's vault—all in all a splendid performance by our team.

TENNIS NOTES

Tennis this year has been enjoyed by a good number of boys and girls. No organised competition games were played but despite this the general standard of play improved considerably.

November 29th—Freyberg High School Visit:

A team of eight girls travelled with a boys' cricket team. The visitors arrived by railcar on Tuesday, 28th November, at 4.30 p.m. and returned home on Thursday.

The day of the games was most unsuitable, playing being impossible in the morning owing to continuous rain. At 1 p.m., however, the rain ceased, the courts were swept and play began. A further shower an hour late held up play for fifteen minutes. Play continued until further rain at about 3 p.m. made it impossible.

The result: 7 games to 5 games, a win to Freyberg.

The team was: Piki Kopa, Patsy Winitana, Maree Morris, Rangi Rupapere, Miria Tamarapa, Glenice Nickson.

November 30th—Opunake High School Visit:

Opunake sent a strong team of senior players and our boys and girls performed very creditably, fighting back throughout their games.

The result: Opunake won by 18 games to 6.

Our team was: Piki Kopa, Patsy Winitana, Maree Morris, Rangi Rupapere, Miria Tamarapa, Dianne Rose, Murray Feek, Wayne Humphrys, Dennis Sole, John Spranger, Jim Halliday, Rodney Goldsworthy.

December 9th—Staff versus School:

Twelve members of the staff turned out to do battle in a series keenly contested games watched by a large crowd. The staff won by 4 games to 2.

October 17th—1962 Opunake High School Match:

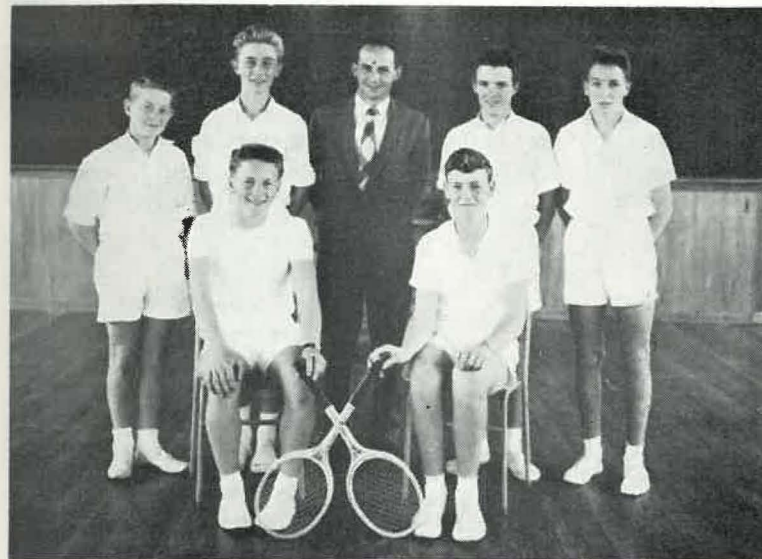
The result: Opunake won by 11 games to 7 games.

TENNIS TEAM—GIRLS



Standing: Left to Right, V. Winitana, G. Nickson, D. Rose, A. Rupapere, Mr. Guy (Coach).
Seated: R. Rupapere, P. Kopa, M. Morris, M. Tamarapa.

TENNIS TEAM—BOYS



Standing: G. Jury, W. Humphreys, Mr. Guy, J. Halliday, D. Sole.
Seated: M. Feek, R. Goldsworthy.

CRICKET NOTES 1961-62

Cricket, as a sport in our schools, is not played by large numbers of boys. However, there is consolation in the fact that those who participate are very keen.

The 1961-62 season was the first in which the Post Primary section of the North Taranaki Cricket Association played their own competition. No points were recorded for games and no trophy was at stake. In other words the game was played for the game's sake, and what a tremendously successful season it was.

Our first XI, captained by D. McNamara, went from strength to strength and enjoyed a most successful season. There were high lights and avoidable lapses but generally all team members gave of their best.

W. McDonald captained the 2nd XI with credit and at the end of the season this team had its share of scalps.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure experienced during the season was the wonderful success achieved by the 3rd XI captained by G. Ross and comprising only third formers. This team played through the season without loss—congratulations boys.

The dress of the three teams was of a high standard and set the tone for good cricket. There is a vast difference between "playing cricket" and "becoming a cricketer." Cricket is played anywhere from the verge on the side of the road to the famous grounds where the grass is tended like a prized lawn and the "wicket" in the middle referred to almost as hallowed ground. Is it possible for a boy to graduate from the road verge to this other sphere? The answer is an emphatic yes. However, this transition cannot be achieved in five minutes and without tremendous self discipline and study of every aspect of the game. Habits are difficult things to break and therefore it is suggested that the beginning of a cricket career is the important part. Conscientious endeavour to obtain the correct grip on the bat—the correct stance at the wicket are most important. If you are not prepared to set these basic points right, from the start, your career as a cricketer will be very short and limited. We must not lose sight of the fact that it is "only a game" but what greater pleasure is there than that of playing the game well?

The following analysis of batting and bowling for the First XI may be of interest. (Remember, however, that schoolboy batting averages are always low as the good bowling averages would suggest):

Batting:	Innings	Runs	N.O.	H.S.	Av.
McNamara	13	218	1	55 n.o.	16.8
Borrell	12	186	2	34	15.5
Baird	11	144	1	36	13.1
Jeffries	14	120	1	23	8.5
James	11	73	2	12 n.o.	6.7
Mong	10	64	2	33	6.4
McDonald	6	33	0	27	5.5
Stewart	7	30	2	10 n.o.	4.3
Nielson	12	44	1	18	3.9
Snell	10	36	1	9	3.6
Cleaver	10	32	2	9	3.2
Barriball	7	20	0	8	3.0
Bowling:	O.	M.	R.	W.	APW.
Borrell	55	14	166	34	3.2
Cleaver	53	20	94	25	3.7
McNamara	95	45	209	35	6.0
Nielson	8	2	19	3	6.3
James	88	30	156	22	7.0
Mong	49	14	114	15	7.7

Wicket Partnerships:

1st wicket	48	Baird-Borrell.
2nd wicket	51	Baird-Borrell.
3rd wicket	26	McNamara-Jeffries.
4th wicket	18	Jeffries-James.
5th wicket	22	Mong-Borrell.
6th wicket	21	Stewart-Borrell.
7th wicket	30	Mong-McDonald.
8th wicket	19	Jeffries-Snell.
9th wicket	15	Mong-Jeffries.
10th wicket	29	Stewart-McDonald.

School Fixture v. Freyberg H.S.

This was played at Spotswood on Wednesday, 29th November, 1961, and won outright by 60 runs. The day was very wet and very little hope was held that there would be any cricket. However, the weather cleared and the wicket dried out so that play commenced at 1.30 p.m. It was a very enjoyable game and on the day a fair indication of the strength of the respective teams. Freyberg were unfortunate in that two of their players were required for another school fixture. Nevertheless there were some good performances by some of our players. We look forward to the 1962 game which will be played at Palmerston North.

Freyberg won the toss and put Spotswood in to bat.

Spotswood:—First Innings:

Borrell, caught Ranford	31
Baird, bowled Bowler	2
Jeffries, caught Bowler	2
Barriball, bowled Bowler	0
McNamara, caught Farmer	1
Mong, bowled Farmer	11
Nielson, caught Meyer	1
James, bowled Ranford	7
Stewart, lbw, bowled Meyer	0
Snell, not out	0
Cleaver, caught Ranford	3
Extras	21
Total	79

Freyberg:—First Innings:

Total 54

Bowling:

Mong	10.5	5	13	5
McNamara	6	1	18	1
Cleaver	4	2	8	3

Spotswood:—2nd Innings:

Baird, run out	14
Borrell, not out	30
McNamara, caught Bowler	15
Extras	12
Total (for 2 wkts. declared)	71

Freyberg:—2nd Innings Total 36

Bowling:

Mong	2	0	17	1
McNamara	5	1	13	5
Cleaver	3	0	9	3

Congratulations to four of the 1st XI who were selected to play in the A and B representative sides on the 30th November. These teams were selected from the teams playing in the Secondary Schools' (North Taranaki) competition.

A team: D. McNamara, J. Borrell.

B team: W. Baird, M. Nielson.

School Fixture v. Opunake H.S. 1st XI

Lost by one wicket. Played at Spotswood College on 30th November, 1961. The day was fine and play commenced at 10.30 a.m. Lunch 12-12.30; play resumed until 1.40 p.m.

Spotswood lost the toss and were sent in to bat. With the representative players absent on this day, our batting strength was depleted. Consequently there was a somewhat shaky start to the innings. The total was not very great but the heartening aspect was the realisation by the team that attack was the best method of defence. Attack they did and it almost paid off.

Spotswood:—1st Innings:

Barriball, bowled Salsberger	0
McDonald, W., bowled Salsberger	5
Jeffries, B., caught Salsberger	0
James, caught Davey	8
Mong, run out	1
Snell, caught Davey	9
McDonald, J., caught Salsberger	0
Jeffries, R., bowled Davey	8
Stewart, bowled Davey	1
Cleaver, caught Davey	9
Wheeler, not out	0
Extras	2
Total	43

Opunake:—First Innings Total 44

1st XI v. Staff

Played on Tuesday, 5th December. The day was beautifully fine and the hours of play were 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. with light refreshments between innings.

With several experienced players at their disposal the result was a foregone conclusion as far as the staff were concerned.

Well, as so often happens the result was contrary to expectations (staff's). The 1st XI rose to the occasion and set about their task with a quiet confidence.

McNamara won the toss and made first use of the wicket. The runs came fairly quickly and at "time" the 1st XI were 109 for 9 wickets. Mr. McPhail proved to be the most dangerous bowler.

The staff opened their innings confidently but McNamara broke through and it was not long before things looked bleak for the favourites. Mr. Page, who opened with reluctance, batted with credit and it was unfortunate that when chasing runs, he was run out.

The game was enjoyed by all, played in the right spirit and consequently the tone has been set for the tussles ahead.

1962 School Fixture v. Opunake H.S. 1st XI

This game was even closer than the one run victory to Opunake of 1961 recorded above. The game ended with each side scoring 5½ runs. Borrell, who scored 30, was our only batsman to reach double figures. Our best bowlers were McNamara six wickets for six runs and Borrell four for thirteen.

FIRST ELEVEN, 1962



Standing: J. MacDonald, L. Megaw, R. Snell, A. James, R. Mong, J. Borrell, Mr. Procter (Coach).
Seated: M. Neilson, M. Wheeler, D. McNamara, N. Cleaver, J. Barriball.

BASKETBALL A TEAM—TARANAKI JUNIOR CHAMPIONS



Standing: Miss C. Scott (Coach), G. Nickson, F. Hill, N. Cleland, G. Price.
Seated: J. Scott, E. Mace, M. Morris (Captain), R. Dryden.

THIRD ANNUAL SWIMMING SPORTS

With the increase in swimming entries we saw many records lowered as swimmers competed in the stronger fields.

Included in the programme for the first time this year was a competition for divers, and it was encouraging to see the high standard attained by the finalists.

Mr. Barrowman was responsible for the planning and running of the sports and the school thanks him for his organisation which enabled the races to run quickly and finish within the allotted time.

RESULTS:**Pre-Junior Boys:**

- 33 1-3yds. Freestyle: P. McDonald 1, G. Bennett 2, R. Dove 3. 23.6.
 66 2-3yds. Freestyle: P. McDonald 1, P. Borrell 2, J. Fowles 3. 53.6 (record).
 33 1-3yds. Breaststroke: G. Bowen 1, J. Fowles 2, P. Gayton 3. 34.2.
 33 1-3yds. Backstroke: G. Bennett 1, P. Borrell and J. Toomey 2. 28.2.

Junior Boys:

- 33 1-3yds. Freestyle: B. Sutton 1, B. Lynch 2, A. Holdt 3. 20.9 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Freestyle: B. Sutton 1, J. Borrell 2. 46.4 (R.).
 100yds. Freestyle: B. Sutton 1, A. Holdt 2. 1m 18.4 (rec.).
 33 1-3yds. Breaststroke: D. McIntyre 1, J. Borrell 2, L. Halliday 3. 36.5 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Breaststroke: D. McIntyre 1.
 33 1-3yds. Backstroke: J. Borrell 1, A. Erueti 2, G. Blyde 3. 26.5 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Backstroke: P. Vause 1, B. Williams 2, C. Seeling 3. 57.9.

Intermediate—Senior Boys:

- 33 1-3yds. Freestyle: J. Halliday 1, W. Autridge 2, L. Willan 3. 19.8 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Freestyle: J. Halliday 1, R. Jeffries 2, D. Harris 3. 47.1 (R.).
 100yds. Freestyle: G. Blyde 1, R. Jeffries 2, W. McArthur 3. 1m. 16.4 (R.).
 33 1-3yds. Breaststroke: N. Cleaver 1, G. Blyde 2, J. McDonald 3. 32.2 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Breaststroke: J. Halliday 1 (not swum).
 33 1-3yds. Backstroke: L. Willan 1, W. Gundesen 2, G. Paul 3. 26.8.
 66 2-3yds. Backstroke: W. Gundesen 1, W. Arthur 2, D. Harris 3. 61.0 (R.).

Pre-Junior Girls:

- 33 1-3yds. Freestyle: J. Gatenby 1, B. Dryden 2, K. Wilson 3. 23.2 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Freestyle: J. Gatenby 1, B. Dryden 2, K. Wilson 3. 55.5 (R.).
 33 1-3yds. Backstroke: J. Gatenby 1, K. Wilson 2, D. Sole 3. 28.5.

Junior Girls:

- 33 1-3yds. Freestyle: M. Campbell 1, C. Hammill 2, I. Cox 3. 21.9.
 66 2-3yds. Freestyle: M. Campbell 1, S. Petch 2, C. Hammill 3. 54.8.
 33 1-3yds. Breaststroke: P. Flett 1, J. Scott 2, V. Ellison 3. 32.9.
 33 1-3yds. Backstroke: C. Hammill 1, M. Campbell 2, N. Cleland 3. 25.8 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Breaststroke: J. Scott 1.
 66 2-3yds. Backstroke: J. Eden 1, M. Kitchen 2. 1m. 8.9 (R.).

Intermediate—Senior Girls:

- 33 1-3yds. Freestyle: P. Wellington 1, G. Price 2, H. Gatenby 3. 22.5 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Freestyle: P. Wellington 1, J. Irving 2, G. Price 3. 52.1.
 33 1-3yds. Breaststroke: R. Dryden 1, G. Nickson 2, F. Hill 3. 26.2.
 33 1-3yds. Backstroke: P. Wellington 1, S. Yates 2, G. Price 3. 26.3 (R.).
 66 2-3yds. Breaststroke: R. Dryden 1, G. Nickson 2, A. Hunter 3. 58.9.
 66 2-3yds. Backstroke: S. Yates 1, R. Mills 2, J. Stroud 3. 1m. 3.3.

Open Dive:

- Girls: R. Dryden 1, G. Nickson 2, J. Scott 3.
 Boys: D. McIntyre 1, P. Vause 2, J. Halliday 3.

Relays—Inter-house Relay—Girls Under 14yrs.:

- Moturoa 1, Mikotahi 2, Motumahanga 3. 1m. 40.5.
Inter-house Relay—Girls Under 14½yrs.
 Paritutu 1, Mikotahi 2, Moturoa 3. 1m. 32.
Inter-house Relay—Girls Over 14½yrs.
 Moturoa 1, Motumahanga 2, Paritutu 3. 1m. 33.6.

INTER-SECONDARY SCHOOL SWIMMING:

This year the swimming was held in Hawera on a somewhat showery day. The thirty-two swimmers gained valuable experience but once again the lack of no school baths was apparent with only one girl gaining a place in the final. Congratulations, Raewyn Dryden.

BASKETBALL

Once again the opening practice drew a large muster of keen players, and six teams were entered in the North Taranaki Division's Saturday basketball competition. Unfortunately this early enthusiasm did not last, and many girls let their coach and captain down by failing to attend practices and even Saturday fixtures. These girls will, no doubt, find it difficult to gain a place in a school team next year.

The past season was a particularly successful one for the College A team, who were unbeaten in the local competition, in the Taranaki final, and in inter-school matches. The girls have worked very hard throughout the long season and well deserve the honour of being Taranaki Junior Champions. Congratulations also to the B team, who completed a fairly successful season, by winning the closing day tournament. The other four teams had only mixed successes, but will surely benefit from the practice and experience gained. The school congratulate Faye Hill and Glenys Price who were selected for the Northern Division Junior Representative team.

INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES:**v. Freyberg High School at New Plymouth:**

Very heavy rain just prior to the matches marred what could have been close, exciting games. The players, as well as being wet, had to contend with a very heavy, slippery ball. Conditions for spectators were also most unpleasant.

The College A team settled down more quickly than did Freyberg and went into an early lead. The Spotswood defence, adapting their play to the conditions, slowed the game down considerably, and played a safe, if unentertaining game. The half time score of 9-2 to Spotswood was a good indication of the run of play. After the break, Freyberg looked a much better combination and the play was less one-sided, but they had too many goals to catch up and the Spotswood

team showed that they did not intend to lose their lead. The game ended with the score at Spotswood 17, Freyberg 9.

In the B grade, both teams were evenly matched and the game was a closer one. Very good shooting under difficult conditions was a feature of the game. For Spotswood, Annette Clegg and Raewyn Dryden played very well on defence and kept the opposition from taking the lead.

Spotswood B won 18-12.

v. Manurewa High School, Auckland:

The morning of the long awaited encounter dawned clear and cool—perfect weather for basketball. Once again the Manurewa A team held a good height advantage over the College team—an advantage of which they made full use. Although Spotswood went into an early lead, they were trailing 16-13 at half time, and at this stage looked like a losing side. The Spotswood girls were much fitter than their opponents, who began to tire in the second half, but they continually lost possession through faulty ball control and careless passing. Very good goalies in the Auckland team took every opportunity to increase their lead at each Spotswood error.

With the score against them at 22-17 and about five minutes' playing time left, our girls appeared to gain new confidence and greater concentration and for the first time in the game really settled down. Slowly they drew even at 22 all, and then took the lead to win the game 27-22, in a very tense and exciting finish to a first class game of basketball.

The Spotswood B team continued their unbeaten record against Manurewa, defeating the Auckland side by 32 goals to 22. At no stage did they look like being defeated, although their opponents played good basketball and were by no means overwhelmed. All members of the team played well, but mention must be made of the very fine goal shooting by Pamela Hart and Glenice Nickson.

v. Okato D.H.S. at New Plymouth:

In both games, the Spotswood teams were superior to the Okato sides. A strong combination, and good goal shooting gave both College teams a win.

A won 20-14.

B won 26-10.

INTER-SECONDARY SCHOOLS TOURNAMENT:

A third form team, and the College A team travelled to Stratford to participate in this tournament which, owing to bad weather, was postponed until the third term.

The third form team won two and drew two of the eight games played. The A team, playing against senior teams for the first time, acquitted themselves well, winning three and drawing one of the eight games. The experience gained at this tournament will benefit the girls greatly.

MEMBERS OF TEAMS:

A Team: M. Morris (Capt.), J. Scott, R. Rupapere, E. Mace, G. Price, F. Hill, R. Dryden, N. Cleland.

B Team: A. Clegg (Capt.), G. Nickson, P. Hart, P. Keenan, M. Campbell, G. Maloney, C. Rogers, B. Clegg.

Third Form Team: L. Maaka (Capt.), B. Clegg, C. Jacobs, P. Keenan, K. Wilson, D. Smith, J. Eden, P. Dudley.

RUGBY

We had hoped to field five teams this year but although the number of boys weighing in was sufficient to make this possible the weights and ages worked out most inconveniently. The result was that only four teams could be fielded, in 5th, 7th, 8th and 9th grades. The 5th grade had rather more boys than were needed, but we could not make up a 6th grade without ruining good teams in lower grades. During the season several boys had to transfer to a higher grade, as they had put on weight, and in the case of the 9th grade the numbers fell so sharply that we had to withdraw that team and enter another 8th grade. We will not again make the mistake of underestimating the growth rate of the youngest and lightest boys and will not attempt to form a 9th grade team next year. Any secondary school pupil should be able to hold his own at least in the lower divisions of the 9th grade competition.

Generally we are well satisfied with the number of boys playing Rugby and with the performance of school teams in this code.

1st XV:

As in previous years the 1st XV was basically the highest Saturday team, with the addition of a few lighter boys from lower grades who were thought to be playing particularly well. The result was that the teams fielded for inter-school games had not practised together consistently and they combined poorly. Some of the team selections were perhaps not the best. There were occasions when a seventh grade player proved too light, or on the other hand, when we felt that we could have taken more notice of ability than of sheer size. We hope, however, that this will be the last year of such uncertainty. Next season it should be possible to bring together a 1st XV which will play as a team in the Saturday competition and give a better account of itself in inter-school games.

v. Okato D.H.S.

This was played right at the beginning of the season. We were invited to play the curtain raiser for a senior Okato game against a visiting Sydney team. We felt that our performance was not bad under the circumstances though both we and they were obviously not in good form. We lost 9-3, our only points being from a goal by N. Cleaver.

v. Freyberg High School

The team which visited us was not the Freyberg 1st XV, as sixth form boys were not included. The two teams were therefore of comparable status. Our team put on its best performance so far. Hallmond as hooker, Sutton on the side of the scrum, and Cursons as full-back were outstanding. Sole scored a try and Cleaver dropped a goal, to the complete astonishment of Freyberg—we are getting used to his facility in this direction. This gave us our first win in our inter-school game, 6-3. It was a well deserved success, as the whole team played to capacity. In fact, the number of injuries and the list of boys off the field for the next few weeks indicated that we had played beyond capacity.

v. Manurewa High School

After our win against Freyberg, and with the encouragement of a fairly close result last year (by comparison with 1960) we were reasonably confident of success against Manurewa. From the beginning of play, however, we realised that we were hopelessly outclassed individually and collectively. The inevitable result was that we lost 25-3, our points being scored by Mong. The score could well have been even more ignominious, had not Manurewa been too gentlemanly further to humiliate an exhausted and demoralised opponent.

v. Okato D.H.S.

In a return game at the end of the season we had a win against Okato, 11-8. Our points came from a try by Winter and a conversion and penalty by Cleaver. The team was the same as that which played Freyberg and seemed to be the best combination we could produce.

Boys who played in, or turned out as emergencies for the 1st XV were: J. Barriball, N. Cleaver, D. Cursons, R. Egarr, P. Falconer, L. Farmer, M. Feek, T. Fitzpatrick, T. Hallmond, R. Jeffries, M. McAlpine, J. MacDonald, D. McNamara (Capt.), D. Mattock, R. Mong, G. Paul, R. Pidgeon, B. Reeve, J. Smillie, D. Sole, B. Sutton, P. Webber, M. Wheeler, J. Winter.

Looking into the future, we can expect a reasonably good season next year, as most of our players will be back at school. The Freyberg fixture seems to be a very suitable one for us. Probably we will outgrow Okato in a few years' time, but in the meantime we are evenly matched and enjoy games against boys we are getting to know very well. There seems to be some danger that Manurewa will eventually outgrow us, as their school is increasing in size much more quickly than ours, but we have by no means resigned ourselves to inevitable defeat in the ensuing years.

5th GRADE:

Both the pre-competition grading games were lost, so we found ourselves in the B division with Waitara High School, Star and four Boys' High School teams. In this division we were quite successful in the early part of the season. In the first round we drew with Waitara High School, the eventual winners of the competition, and our only loss was by one point to Boys' High School Red. In the second round, however, we lost all our games, even against teams we had previously beaten very easily. Probably the reason was that the team had too many players available. In fairness to boys who wanted to play, all had an equal number of games, and this sometimes resulted in some of our best players having to take a turn on the sideline when their ability was needed most. More serious was the fact that enthusiasm was sometimes dampened by the knowledge that there were plenty of others if it suited a boy to take a Saturday off, or to absent himself from practice. This obvious falling off in performance was highly unsatisfactory. One player, Neil Cleaver, was selected for the North Taranaki Representative team.

Games played 9, Won 3, Drew 1, Lost 5.

Points for 90, Points against 50.

7th GRADE:

Once again the ruling by the North Taranaki Management Committee caused disruptions in our team's combination. This ruling states that any player who passes the weight limit of his grade must go into the next grade—this is a most disheartening ruling to players and coaches as a team can during the season lose many of its players.

Our team finished 3rd in the 7th Grade A division and four of our players were selected to play in the school's first fifteen. Our congratulations to Francis Douglas who once again were the premier team in the competition. The players were: Capt. D. Sole, V. Capt. J. Barriball, A. Walsh, M. Saunders, T. Saunders, B. Sutton, P. Crockett, W. Arthur, T. Hallmond, V. Wilson, M. McAlpine, D. Wilkinson, E. Loader, B. Williams, T. FitzPatrick, R. Bracegirdle, G. Roper, G. Blyde, M. Nielson, R. Egarr A. Dravitzski, B. Bailey.

8th GRADE:

This team has had a most successful season with hard fought games and a generous measure of success attributable to a robust pack of forwards and some speedy backs. The team tried to play open rugby whenever conditions were suitable. The effectiveness of the backs is shown by the fact that top scorer with thirteen tries, was wing three quarter McDowell. We would like to offer our congratulations to Francis Douglas, winners of our division, who were the only team to beat us.

The record for the season was: Played 10, Won 7, Lost 2, Drew 1. Points for 76, Points against 29.

Members of the team were: G. Jury (Capt.), G. Ross, B. McConachie, A. Erueti, B. McDowell, D. McIntyre, W. Crow, P. MacDonald, A. Holdt, D. Turner, R. Peel, W. Parker, G. Peterson, I. Fowles, N. Braddock.

The following boys were chosen to represent North Taranaki: G. Jury, G. Ross, B. McDowell, P. MacDonald, A. Holdt, A. Erueti.

9th GRADE:

We started the season playing in the 9th grade, enjoying our football and winning most of our games. After five matches we were forced to play in the 8 grade B owing to the increase in poundage of three of our members. We lost our captain Angus Erueti and Vice-Captain Chook Fowles to the 8th grade A and congratulate them on their promotion; we were also sorry to lose young Murray Wood who broke his ankle.

The weight advantage enjoyed by our new opposition more than offset the poorer standard of play we encountered and we lost most of the games in the latter part of the season.

Most of the members turned out for all practices and this had much to do with the good heart and tone of the team.

Team members were: Captains A. Erueti, J. Peel, Vice-Captain I. Fowles, W. Winter, R. Maine, H. McPhail, L. Walker, B. Thacker, B. Farmer, R. Crossan, P. Fernie, M. Wood, B. Hills, G. Stevenson, R. Revell, W. Love, T. O'Sullivan.

SOFTBALL

The beginning of the softball season, late in 1961, was greeted with enthusiasm. Interhouse fixtures were played, and an improvement in the standard of softball was seen.

A very pleasant day was spent in matches against Opunake.

Results:

Spotswood A won 16-8.

Spotswood B lost 11-12.

We also had a visit from New Plymouth Girls' High School during the last week of the term.

Results:

Spotswood A won 10-7.

Spotswood B won 12-4.

Unfortunately, the return game against N.P.G.H.S. scheduled for term I, 1962, had to be postponed, and then cancelled owing to a very bad spell of weather. Thus the summer season came to a rather weak close. We hope for a better season in the coming summer.

Spotswood v. Opunake H.S. at Opunake on October 17th, 1962

This game was a tense and exciting one, and except for a short lapse, our girls played very good softball. The pitching of captain Annette Clegg was superb, and at all times had the Opunake batters in trouble. Very fine catching by Virginia Roche and Janice Scott was another feature of the game.

The final score Spotswood 24, Opunake 4 was a good indication of the run of play.

SOCCER

After a successful 1961 season in which the school's first ever soccer team won the B Grade schoolboy competition trophy, we faced 1962 with eager anticipation. A great number of new boys this year turned out and as a result we were able to field two teams, the A team in the 4th Grade and the B team in the 5th Grade. We played at Spotswood, Waitara, Inglewood, Stratford and the race-course. Mr. Deerson, the 1961 coach, was joined by Mr. Page this year. The season was very enjoyable and successful.

Great stimulus to our game was provided by the two games with visiting teams from Wanganui and Auckland. We hope to make these games annual fixtures.

Six of our boys were selected for the Taranaki under-fourteen representative side. This team travelled to Wanganui during the August holidays to meet and play against teams from all over the North Island. In the tournament the Taranaki boys did better than any other under-fourteen team from the province in recent times.

A TEAM:

Members of the team were: J. Borrell (Capt.), M. Armstrong, P. Borrell, D. Grant, Jack Halliday, W. Humphreys, A. James, B. Lynch, J. Palmer, L. Read, C. Seeling, R. Wright.

Competition Games:

v. Stratford	: Drew 1-1	v. Stratford	: Won 3-1
v. Waitara	: Drew 2-2	v. Waitara	: Won 7-3
v. N.P.B.H.S. "B"	: Won 5-0	v. N.P.B.H.S. "B"	: Won 5-1
v. N.P.B.H.S. "A"	: Won 11-0	v. N.P.B.H.S. "A"	: Drew 2-2

Games with Visitors:**v. Wanganui High School**

This was an invitation game as curtain-raiser to the Chatham Cup match. Wanganui won 4-1 although Spotswood threatened the Wanganui goal several times. The visitors led 2-1 at half time, and in the second spell Wanganui gained control although Spotswood fought back gamely. The game was the hardest we have had and showed up our chief weakness: not getting to the ball fast enough. Jack Halliday scored our goal.

v. Mount Albert Old Boys

This was a very keen game until the last quarter when Mt. Albert netted two further goals to win 4-2. Nevertheless our team put in a good display of fighting football and for long spells had the Auckland players scrambling on defence.

An Appreciation. Our warm thanks go to the parents who helped with transport, and especially to Mr. Nebbs who helped us with our bottle drives and even made us a goal net.

Congratulations to the following boys selected for the under-fourteen Taranaki Soccer Team: J. Borrell (Capt.), P. Borrell, J. Halliday, B. Lynch, L. Read, R. Wright.

B TEAM:

This team played in the 5th Grade A section of the competition. The boys were very keen and their soccer improved throughout the season.

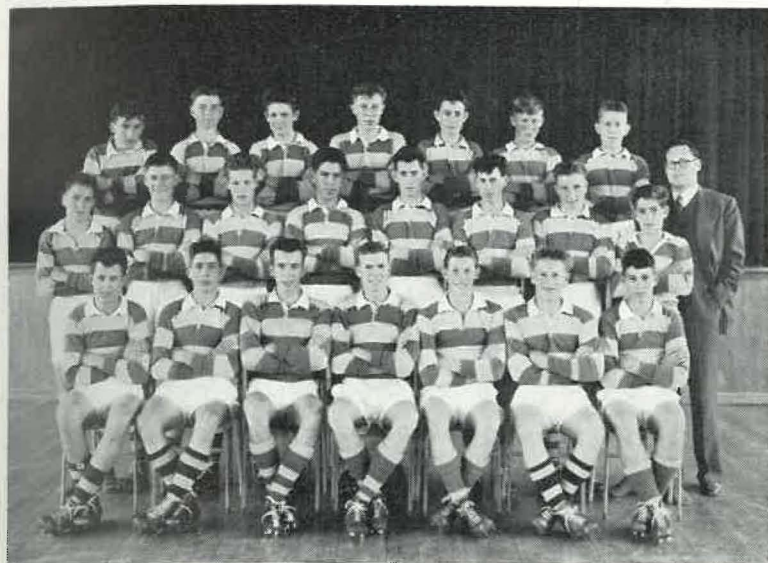
The team was: D. Jones (Capt.), D. Harris (V.C.), J. Reeve, D. Hanover, R. Healy, D. Young, K. Roberts, R. Tooby, R. Dove, N. Wood, D. Stedman, G. Sutherland, R. Rose, R. Ewington.

Results:

v. Stratford	: 1 1	v. Stratford	: 3-0
v. Waitara	: 1-1	v. Waitara	: 0-3
v. N.P.B.H.S. "B"	: 5-0	v. N.P.B.H.S. "B"	: 6-0
v. Inglewood	: 2-2	v. Inglewood	: 1-0
v. N.P.B.H.S. "A"	: 2-5	v. N.P.B.H.S. "A"	: 1-3

Analysis: Won 4; Drew 3; Lost 3.

FIRST FIFTEEN SQUAD—1962



Back Row: D. Cursons, T. Fitzpatrick, S. Wheeler, G. Paul, B. Sutton, R. Pidgeon, J. Barriball.
Middle Row: D. Sole, M. Wheeler, R. Egarr, R. Mong, J. Smillie, J. MacDonald, A. Warden, M. McAlpine, Mr. MacDonald.
Seated: P. Webber, D. Mattock, J. Winter, D. McNamara (Captain), N. Cleaver, M. Feek, R. Jeffries.

SOCCER A TEAM



Standing: Mr. Deerson (Coach), C. Seeling, J. Palmer, B. Lynch, M. Armstrong, L. Halliday, R. Wright, Mr. Page (Coach).
Seated: P. Borrell, W. Humphreys, J. Borrell, A. James, D. Grant, L. Read.

Original Contributions

TARANAKI DAILY NEWS AWARDS

This year the competition was confined to prose. Four entries from each of the three forms were submitted to Mr. J. H. Fullarton, Associate-editor of Taranaki Newspapers Ltd., who gave first places to the following:—

Fifth form award—

WHY I WOULD LIKE TO TRAVEL ABROAD

Hi there! My name's Jock Harris. I'm very pleased to meet you. I'd just thought I'd grab a few spare moments and tell you some of the main reasons why I would like to travel abroad. Actually it's a thing that I've always wanted to do, but I've never had the chance, or perhaps it's just that I've never got round to it. But right now I have a sort of mania to get over the seas and look around.

You see, I look at it this way. If a frog wants to get a look around he's got to go from pond to pond, doesn't he? If he stays in one pond all his life he's going to end up one hell of a dumb frog, isn't he? Yep. So that's me—I'm just like a frog who's got sick of the old pond and wants to expand, like.

So I want to go abroad.

Now here I am on the shore at Auckland waiting for my boat. Yes, you've guessed it—I'm going to Aussie. When this desire hit me I thought to myself, "Now, Aussie's the place, boy." So Aussie it is. I reckon that that's a man's land—plenty of wide, open spaces for the country man, and plenty of big cities for one who likes the crowds. Oh—another reason why Aussie's a man's land—just take a look at Bondi Beach on a hot summer day—you'll see what I mean.

Well, Aussie's not the only country in the world so I guess I'll eventually get the urge to move on. I've got nothing in particular lined up but I think I'd try to make for a place that's always appealed to me—Canada. Now, Canada's a modern place, everything's new and shiny, I reckon. I could spend a good long time working my way across Canada, taking in sights while I go.

And so I arrive at the Atlantic. From here I think Spain would be the place for me—you know, all those senoritas and bullfights. Then I think I'd dash around the continent for a while; but I don't think I'd go much on this funny language business I've heard of. Why everyone can't speak good old English I don't know. Well, then I'd . . .

Hullo, there's my boat—I'm sorry, but I must go now. You see this sudden desire isn't actually all my own work. A good part of it's due to some gentlemen in blue who seem very keen to see me. I suppose you can't blame them—nobody likes anyone getting out of Mount Eden.

Well, goodbye. You'll understand I'll have to leave. As I said, I'm off to Aussie on that thing on the water—let's hope I get there—Heaven knows I'm paying this bloke enough.

Goodbye!

RENNY SNELL, (5A).

Fourth form award—

THE HIGH JUMP

Try as she might, she could not stop her eyes from drooping. A muscle twitched in her face, the breeze ruffled her hair. She looked up and saw the ring of expectant faces, with the white bar gleaming like a princess jewel in the blackness, and made a fruitless attempt to grin. A wave of nausea seemed to pass over her, making her thin face seem white, hollow and peaked. Then the sickness passed and she was transformed. Cold, steady eyes stared at the bar, a confident smile hovered about her lips, and every graceful line of her body screamed certainty and confidence. Taking a short run-up she leapt, and breaths were released with a noise that sounded like an engine emitting a cloud of steam. She lay in the sawdust and stared. That grisly monster that had taken the place of the bar wobbled indifferently, then slowly steadied. She felt a glorious, light-headed feeling as she walked back to her mark, and pulled on her tracksuit. Suddenly, her sense of hearing returned and she heard the thunderous applause. A becoming blush burnt around her face and her head swelled with pride. She felt at the moment she could love anything and everything, even her worst enemy. But wait. There was her opponent, a handsome girl, with a confident way. However, that manner seemed to wilt as she jumped. A leap, tuck your legs under, and there—she was over—5ft. 3ins. read the black-board.

Once again it was the other's turn. Perhaps the slight rest had done her good, for she was no longer oblivious to her surroundings. She saw, it seemed for the first time, the beauty of the trees, the glorious green of the grass, the deep, mysterious shade of the sky and the pin-points of brightness that were the floodlights. Then all her thoughts were concentrated on height.

She had to have height to clear the bar, and that was the thing that mattered most. There she was, a slim figure in athletic blouse and rompers, well-made, expensive running shoes on her feet. Numbness overtook her, and she felt a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. It's no good, it's no good, I can't do it. This train of thought ran through her mind as she leapt. She landed, gasping, on a pile of wood shavings. The bar shuddered. It couldn't fall, it couldn't, it couldn't! It didn't.

CHRIS. LEWIS. 4A.

Third form award—

STORMY WEATHER

The wind had left the sea. One could look over the swelling sides of the rubber-raft into a shocking green mass of water. The swell was like that in the middle of a deep harbour on a calm day.

Only this wasn't the middle of the harbour or anywhere near a harbour, nor was it a perfect day. The sun was impossibly hot and the air was alive with it. Listening, silent, everything was alert; the sea lay quiet, smooth, yet the way the swell rolled was different.

The raft never moved, neither did its occupants. No-one ever talked at noon, let alone this one. What was everything waiting for; how could anything wait in that heat? The air was bristling and alive.

Didn't you hear it? No, just imagination, the wind, had fluttered past them, only for a second. It was now hotter than ever.

That crackling—yes, it was no imagination; faint, but growing more distinct. Funny that it should come like that, out of nowhere, and in the middle of nowhere.

Then the air was back again, humid, cold, bringing with it a chilling breeze, which drove fast ripples across the surface of the water.

Clouds! Real clouds, and out of nowhere. The sun shone no more, and the breeze was rapidly increasing in strength. This was cold—goose-pimples stood out on the skin of the crew.

The life-raft blistered and swelled no more; it was now a limp form several inches lower in the water. The clouds were dark moving, banking, tumbling masses carrying

Hark! That hiss, hear it: rain.

The wind had stopped completely, but now there was no stifling heat, no burning heat on sore skin, only the wonderful warm tingle of rain trickling down the body. It was glorious, rain everywhere, rain in the eyes, rain in the hair and rain for dry mouths.

But now the crackling had grown violent and with it, lightning. The sea had risen, and the rain had now become cold and miserable. The sea leapt and fell, and the rain continued to drench the crew, but its wrath was in vain for they had found a new attraction; food. Flying fish. Shirts, jackets were raised to catch the fish as they skimmed above the water.

Then they were gone, and with them went the storm. Those men were grateful for that storm; joyously grateful.

R. SCHOLLES. 3A.

AS THE PUPILS SEE IT

AT THE COFFEE BAR

After the pictures, one Friday night, some friends and I went up to the Capri. We just managed to find a spare table and it was crowded. Fred and the boys were doing a roaring trade behind the counter, as people were arriving all the time. They came mainly in crowds and were mostly young people.

There was now only room to stand and there was quite a bit of confusion and noise. Although the Capri is a small place it is clean and the food and coffee is excellent and that is the main thing.

The local gang of motor-bike boys arrived and started creating a disturbance. They did not stay long for they were soon told to go. People seeing their motor-bikes outside would change their minds about going in and so these boys were a bad advertisement.

The babble of people's voices sounded like bees swarming round a honey-pot. Above the noise of the people talking could be heard the sound of pop music, which was coming from the back of the shop.

The bright coloured lights, the sound of soft music, and the smell of food gave the coffee-bar a pleasant atmosphere. The people were gradually leaving. Soon only a few were left. Couples still sat drinking coffee and discussing what they were going to do in the week-end.

It was nearly midnight when we left the warm atmosphere of the coffee-bar and made our way home.

BARBARA ALLAN. 4B.

THE PERFECT TEACHER

Painters have painted Him in their imagination and people, when they think of Him, think of the description in the Bible, or having imagined Him as they will. The Bible describes Him as "tall with dark hair falling to His shoulders and with dark, gentle and sorrowful eyes." This may be so but does that give us an inkling of the inner character of Him who was a man but at the same time not a man? If I had been one of those ancient people, sitting on a hill while He taught I wonder what I would have seen. Let me describe Him as I think He might have been, on one of those days long ago.

There were thirteen men on the hill but twelve of them were immaterial. It was the thirteenth man who mattered. By his stance, one could see his strength of character. His shoulders were slim but his arms strong, especially above the elbow. They might have been the arms of a blacksmith or a carpenter, a goldsmith or perhaps a potter. His hair was fair and slightly waved at the ends and He wore no hat. His yellow robe was draped loosely, typically of the fashion of the Nazarites. His feet were caked with dust where the thonged sandals did not protect them. While He spoke, His hands were folded. When He wished to stress a point they were stretched out flat, palms upward. There was something different in this man from the ordinary orator. He did not rant or cajole or raise the crowd into a frenzy but instead gave them His story, His ideals, in such a way that they did not get excited. I looked at the faces of the crowd searching for someone to argue against Him. On every face was a reflection—the reflection of the man who was talking to them. On the faces of the beggars, the blind, the working girl, the servant, was a calm so thoughtful but understanding that it seemed that they all had a common knowledge. The breeze gently ruffled the clothing of the multitude but not even so much as a hand, a foot or head was moved; all sat silent, listening, enraptured.

I looked to His face, the most wonderful of all. He had a long dark beard and a peculiarly clear skin. His face was slightly lined and around His eyes was a mass of wrinkles—laughter, sorrow, tiredness? Who knows? His eyebrows were long and curved and very thick. His eyes were dark brown and alive but were rather like a deep, green pool—fathomless. The whole expression of His face was of a tiredness of the traveller, the Mother towards her children but most of all a Father regarding His children, wondering how they would fare and rather regretful that they should leave him. But more than this, this was not the face of an ordinary man. It was not an earthly face.

JANICE RAWLEY. 5A.

TO HOMEWORK OR NOT

What would we do with the hours now spent
In keeping both teachers and parents content?
If we'd no homework to do at night
We'd have lots of time to play and fight!
There'd be no marking for teachers to do,
Fathers would never learn 'devoir pour vous'
The lessons we learn during the day
Would fade from our minds without any delay—
Exams would prove nightmares, far worse than right now,
So we'd better give in and admit with a bow,
That homework is necessary, oh dear and how!

JAN COOPER. 4A.

"WHY IS THERE SO MUCH JUVENILE DELINQUENCY?"

Is it as much "juvenile" delinquency as "parental" delinquency? During the last fifty years, cinemas, sporting clubs and other outside activities have drawn people away from their homes and families. For this reason, many married people, when the responsibility of bringing up a family is upon them, are not prepared to give up these outside interests. Consequently the children suffer either physically, mentally or spiritually and therefore we get teenagers who, because of the lack of interested parents, a home life and Christian teachings at home, become delinquents.

It is not unnatural for a young person to seek enjoyment outside his own home, enjoyment often of a bad nature, if the parents are not interested in staying at home and helping their children entertain themselves. Of course this does not mean that the parents should do all the giving, but they should encourage hobbies, especially ones in which the whole family can participate.

Another reason for delinquency, caused partly by these outside interests, is the lack of Christianity in many homes. In fact if it were not for religious lessons in some schools, some children would never know the true meaning of Christmas or Easter, let alone what it means to be a Christian. This arises through the lack of example on the part of the parents. Many think it is enough to send their children to Sunday school once a week and that their Christian education can end there. And consequently many teenagers associate Christianity with going to Sunday School and not with the life which they are living now and their lives in the future, as adults.

Nowadays many teenagers earn big wages for unskilled jobs and because they have no money responsibilities at the time there is no incentive to save, so the money is splashed on cigarettes (to try and be more grown-up), records, outlandish clothes, cheap and often obscene literature (which has been especially written to appeal to these shallow minds) and cars (or bombs). With these, and because they have no good example to follow, often no decent homelife, no beliefs to show them what is right or wrong, they become public nuisances. We call them "delinquents."

KATHLEEN SARGENT. 5A.

LEARNING TO DANCE

My mother had been overjoyed at the prospect.

"At last you will be a young lady," she cried. "No more going to the pictures every Friday night."

"It's one and six an hour," I said hopefully.

"Twice that amount would not be expensive if you are taught some manners."

So here I was, sitting on the draughty side of the hall with my best friend. Her mother had forced her to go too. We looked at the boys, and decided we would be wall-flowers.

"Good afternoon, boys and girls," boomed a hearty voice. There was dead silence except for echoes. But it continued.

"My wife and I are going to teach you the old-fashioned waltz first. Now, how many of you know how to waltz?"

About half a dozen hands poked up, looking rather lonely, as there were fifty people in the class.

"Ah, about half of you!" continued the voice optimistically. "My wife will turn on the tape-recorder. Now gentlemen take your partners for the old-fashioned waltz!"

No-one moved.

"Come along, my wife and I will set an example." Watching, my friend and I decided we would never be able to dance that well!

"If everyone danced like that," she said, "I'd have no ruined stockings after socials."

"Yes," I agreed, "people have such big feet, don't they? And it's worse when you can only rock and roll."

By then the boys had begun to move.

"May I have the pleasure?" I gabbled, seizing my friend by the hand.

"Yes, kind sire," she replied. "Should I curtsy?"

"No, silly, come and find a corner."

We had found a deserted one when the wife came up. Seeing us practising the twist, she was surprised.

"I see you're having difficulty with this. You must get the rhythm in your feet."

We jogged up and down obediently. Satisfied, she proceeded to the next corner.

Soon it ended, and we began the foxtrot. Imagine my horror when the instructor picked my friend! A boy came and picked me. He could foxtrot beautifully. It was no use, I could see I would have to learn to dance.

ROBIN MACKENZIE. 3A.

LORD COBHAM—A GREAT GOVERNOR GENERAL

It was with genuine regret that New Zealand farewellled Lord Cobham, Governor General of New Zealand from September 1957 to September 1962. During his five year term in our country, he gained respect from the people of New Zealand and showed a genuine interest in their lives.

Charles John Lyttelton was born in London in 1909. He had a preparatory education at Summer Fields school and later attended Eton College. In 1932 he graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, with an honours degree in law. He was fond of good, clean sport and first visited New Zealand in 1935-36 with a touring cricket team.

During the Second World War, he served with an anti-tank regiment in France, then in the Third Maritime Regiment. He was with the Royal Artillery in 1945 and during the years 1943-45 he commanded the Fifth Maritime Regiment from its base in South East England. Upon the death of his father in 1949, the Honourable Charles John Lyttelton became the tenth Viscount Cobham and in September 1957 he arrived in New Zealand as Governor General.

It soon became apparent that Lord Cobham believed in the upholding of Christian principles and family life. He stressed several times the importance of the Bible.

"The Bible makes people humble in prosperity and staunch in adversity," he once said in a speech. He believed that man could not live without religion and philosophy and still remain happy.

Deep thought and knowledge of the classics were apparent in his speeches. In addressing a school once, he told them the importance of gaining access to the best that has been said or written through history. Lord Cobham was an honest, straightforward speaker who continually pointed out the responsibilities as well as the privileges of democracy. He will always be remembered by New Zealand for his friendly, humble manner with the people.

COLLEEN ORR (5A).

Further Contributions

LOST

The day was bright, extremely bright. The air was still and over the valley there was a reverent hush. The houses seemed to be waiting. For what?—Good news? Disaster? Who knows?

Mrs. Crowne was getting tea ready. She moved tiredly around the kitchen, her old slippers slapping on the shiny lino. She sighed and brushed back a lock of straggling hair. Life was hard. She glanced up at the clock. Time the kids had tea.

"Barbie," she yelled. Barbie, an attractive girl of about fifteen, came running up the path. "Your tea's ready. Where's Tim?"

"Tim went for a walk in the hills," explained Barbie. "He wanted to be alone." She investigated the oven. "He said he'd be back by five."

"But it's a quarter to six now," replied her mother.

"Don't worry. He'll be back soon." Barbie went to the sink and began to wash her hands.

But he wasn't.

Bert Crowne strode into the kitchen. "I've rung the police for a search party," he said, "they should be here soon." His wife just stood there pale and grey.

"Will they find him?"

"Of course, dear," he said, "don't worry." But how can you not worry when your son is lost, maybe injured, even dead? Tim was a good boy. He may have been rude at times, but wasn't that to be expected? All boys were. Tim did household chores—he chopped wood, dried dishes, mowed lawns and didn't groan about it. And now he was missing. She felt old and weak.

There was no sleep for the Crowne family that night. Barbie lay awake and took back some of the things she had said about Tim. He wasn't so bad really. At least he didn't call her names when he was with other boys as some of her friend's brothers did. And to think that she might never see him again.

As the days passed Mrs. Crowne grew quieter and greyer. The house had changed too. A little brown spider had spun a web across the light bracket and caught fat flies. The lino was not so shiny and there was dust on the clock. Barbie was quieter too. She didn't stay talking to her friends after school, and she didn't hurry any more.

The Police were going to search for two more days and if there was no trace of Tim they would have to call off the search. On the last day, a Saturday, the Crowne household was quiet. Mrs. Crowne had broken down and did not leave her bed. Her husband sat beside her. Barbie sat staring out of the window. It was a lovely day; the sky was blue and the sun was shining. It shone on the shiny black car that was coming along the street. It stopped outside the house, a man got out, walked up the path, knocked and entered. As he entered the bedroom Bert looked up. Slowly the man shook his head.

ANNE McPHAIL (5A).

SAFE

Of course, it served me right. I knew that I shouldn't have gone out in such terrible weather in my small boat. But who was to know that the previous evening, when I took my yacht out of the twinkling harbour into the gathering gloom? A slight swell was running, and a brisk easterly wind chopped the sea. Ahead of me, I could see, through a thick yellowish veil, an unusually brilliant orange and red sunset. The night passed uneventfully and at three in the morning, I turned for home again. After a little while, I felt the air become charged with tension. I started to get a restless urge to be doing something, but I was unable to concentrate on anything. By nine in the morning, I was within sight of land, and by ten I could make out some features of the landscape. Behind me, through the milky veil that still persisted, I could see a greyish blur on the horizon, shot through with a coppery light.

I began to get a little nervous, as the swell of the sea increased a little. Perhaps the wind was a little stronger, but now, it had changed direction and was blowing straight towards land. By imperceptible degrees, the skies darkened. Clouds started to scud by overhead, as the grey blue became larger, more menacing in its murderous intent. I looked towards the land; suddenly it seemed that it was miles away. I knew then that the storm would catch me, and I recalled old Simon's warning that the hurricanes could blow up any time, and also that if you were caught in one you had as much chance of survival as a snowflake in a blast furnace. I hoped to be able to prove him wrong.

The seas increased with murderous rapidity; the wind speeded up with a deathly intent, clutching at my boat and my heart with an invisible hand. The haze increased: I found it hard to see even the near coastline. A wave swept some water into the boat. Panicky, I started to bail furiously. Suddenly, above the clamour of the elements, I heard a new sound. The boat started tipping over; I frantically grabbed an iron stanchion, but my head hit something, and I knew no more.

I woke up on the beach with the sun shining brightly above me. Strangely, I could not move my body, but I could see my brother leaning over me.

"That was rather foolish of you," he said. "I thought that you would have had more sense."

"Oh," I bantered back, "you never can tell. After all . . . but you died last year of cholera. You're dead!"

"So," he said kindly, "are you."

ALLAN JAMES (5A).

FUGITIVE

Johnson's spirit was on the verge of breaking. All the disappointment he had suffered so far was collecting in him. His food had gone, his right foot was swollen and bleeding continuously, his body was scratched and cut about, and the dismal rain and darkness played with his sanity. He had been certain that he was going in the right direction but that had been nearly two hours ago.

He felt like giving it up. He knew the end would come sooner or later. He would either die in the bush from exhaustion and hunger, or, if he was caught, by execution. But the thought of food and shelter from the old huts kept his weary feet dragging along. His shoulders were hunched forward and his heart was beating wildly. The veins of his hands and feet stood out like a huge water-worm on a flat piece of dirt, and his head felt swollen, like a balloon, full of water getting ready to burst.

Johnson stared wildly about him. Nothing! Nothing, but the black ugliness of the bush. Suddenly a dog's barking broke the stillness of the bush. The police were on to him. Johnson ran wildly. His body crashed against a huge pine-tree and a sickening crash of splintering bone again broke the stillness. He fell to the ground, his shoulder throbbing madly. He felt the warmth of the blood as it began to trickle down his arm and chest.

The world was going round and round. Johnson's nerves cracked. His body began to shake uncontrollably. Tiny beads of sweat began to trickle their way from his forehead, his hands and his whole body.

His heart heaved and lurched. The dog barked again. He tried to regain his energy, to pull himself up, but a searing pain ran down his arm. The dogs were closer now. He could hear them and the loud thud of the police as they came after the dogs. Closer, closer, closer.

"No!!" Johnson screamed in terror, "I'm innocent, innocent I swear!!" but the thudding only grew louder. His nerve broke and he toppled. Slowly, dimly, the world left him.

EUNICE MACE (5B).

THE OCTOPUS

The great bright base with engine strong
Heaves its arms above the throng,
Dipping, rising, whipping round,
The frail tin seats echo with sound.
Passengers cling to handrails cold,
Joyous, but not losing hold;
Joy at living wells inside,
They really love this crazy ride.
One second north, one second south,
The breath is ripped right from your mouth,
You dip and spin and gulp some air,
Are blinded by your flying hair;
Back you're pushed into your seat
And then come almost on your feet.
At last you slow, glide in to rest.
You get out, think, "It's the best!"
So if you e'r go to a show
On the Octopus be sure to go.

Man—I know!

SUSAN ELLIS. 4A.

PREPARING FOR A PARTY

When my Uncle Des. and Auntie Joyce returned after three years in America, they told Dad that they would show us and some of our friends the slides that they had taken during their absence. Dad arranged for them to come on Wednesday, which gave us two days to prepare to entertain them, ourselves and at least twenty of Dad's friends, whom he had already invited. Of course Dad thought that was ample time to "chuck a few more chairs in the lounge and dig up a bit of tucker," as he put it, and couldn't understand Mum's little gasp of horror as he casually told her the arrangements.

Mum got to work immediately, not waiting for morning. She sat Dad down with a pencil and paper and made him write out the names of all the guests. That was fatal. The list was much longer than she thought it would be, of course, but also, when Dad saw all the names on the paper, he remembered all those he had forgotten to notify. Although we tried to dissuade him, he got up and rang them, extending a most hearty invitation. Planning the seating arrangements took us far into the night and we youngsters went off to bed, leaving Mum and Dad haggling over whether or not Grandma could sit on an apple-box.

The next day found Mum working like a slave. She started cooking before we had gone to school, and I missed my second course of breakfast because she washed the dishes before I had time to eat it.

Arriving home, I stopped to admire the great quantities of food, such as you don't see every day, which were piled on the kitchen table. It made Mum fume to see me standing still and she flung a flour-bag and a grocery list a mile long at me, and I was soon staggering home from the shop carrying such unusual things as olives, preserved ginger and of all things, a soda siphon.

That soda siphon intrigued Dad. When he saw it, he had to find out how it worked, so choosing his time carefully (when he thought Mum wasn't around) he sat it on the bench and lifted the handle. Soda squirted everywhere—on the wall, over the flowers, and spoiling a sponge cake.

"Bryan," screamed Mum, making a lunge for him.

"Yes dear?" asked Dad sheepishly.

"Get out of my kitchen, this very minute."

Poor Dad. I'm sure he would have cleaned up the mess cheerfully as the price of finding out how it worked.

Next day, before school, Mum met me at the bedroom door with the vacuum cleaner.

"And please don't skip any corners Kathy. With all these people there's bound to be an eye on every portion of the room."

A strange phenomenon occurred at tea time. My little sister had set the table, according to tradition, but between each knife and fork was an accumulation of sundry articles, including many things we thought we'd lost ages ago.

"What's this?" I asked vacantly.

"Things," Mum replied wisely. She had collected all our belongings she'd see lying in her path and put them on the table, so we'd have to shift them before eating. Very crafty. I've never seen a tea go as fast as that one. The dishes were washed and put away before a quarter to six.

Mum was worrying about the food and drinks. Did she have enough savouries? Did it really look as though she'd had to pick even the mangy strawberries to cover the gigantic cream sponge? Did

Dad have too much punch for a party like that? And then, a little later, did he have enough?

Ken came in from outside, just before the guests were to arrive, in a shabby old pair of jeans and a shirt that certainly wasn't his. It could have been an old one of Dad's, but was more likely the one Grandad used to wear in the cowshed.

"Oh Ken!" groaned Mum. "You're not ready! You've only got fifteen minutes."

"Gee Mum, what else have I got?" asked Ken. "Oh," he added seeing Lynda and me dressed up to the nines. "Do I have to get dressed up?"

We were ready on time, however, Lynda and I in our best frocks, Mum in her summer suit, apron, and floured nose, Dad in sports trousers and good shirt that probably smelt faintly of fish bait, the result of a fishing expedition that took place straight after my cousin's wedding, and Ken with shoes and socks, a distinct high-water line and slicked-down hair already going back to its usual unruly style. Yes there we were, all standing in a line like Chinamen, waiting to receive our guests.

KATHLEEN SHAW, 4A.

THE STRANGER FROM THE WIND

One windy evening in March, Bill Smith was sitting by the fire reading the paper when there was a sharp knock on the door. When he opened it, he was amazed to see a small, withered-looking man dressed entirely in black. He carried a small black stick, and when the door was opened he walked straight in and sat himself down.

He looked about the room, sniffed, and pulled out a large, dirty handkerchief, blew his nose resoundingly, and ran a hand thoughtfully through his bristly black beard, which stood more or less straight out from his chin. He looked round again and his shrewd black eyes disappeared under bushy eyebrows. He muttered something which Bill couldn't hear or understand, then he flopped back and went to sleep.

All this time Bill had been standing by the open door, his mouth agape staring fixedly at his welcome but unasked guest. Who was he? Where did he come from? There were a number of questions Bill would have liked to have asked but he remained silent.

He quietly shut the door and went back to his paper glancing up now and then at the strange little man who had come in from apparently nowhere. Normally Bill had never been a timid man, being strong and well able to look after himself in any fight, but the sight of this small, wizened man put an unspeakable fear, or was it excitement, into Bill. As he sat there with one eye on the stranger and one eye on his paper Bill was startled to hear the apparently sleeping man ask, "Ask your questions a bit more slowly and you shall get an answer," in a high-pitched, sing-song voice.

Bill started. "B . . . but," he stammered, "I haven't said a word!" "That," said the old man, "is a matter of opinion."

Slowly and patiently the old man answered Bill's questions, and Bill to his surprise found himself slipping off to sleep and the old man he noticed turned a transparent white and disappeared.

It wasn't until next morning that Bill was found. The mystery of his death was never solved but beside the chair opposite his body was a black stick and gloves.

HEATHER GILLIES. 4C.

AN OLD SAILOR

He was tall, very tall indeed, and his shabby clothes and scraggy beard gave him a grotesque appearance. His name was Sam Hitch, but everyone in the tiny village called him "Old Sam." Nobody knew his correct age, though as far back as they could remember he had lived with them.

He was dressed in an old grey polarneck jersey with shabby trousers nearly covering his salt-stained shoes. All his life he had worked on the fishing-trawler which had once belonged to his father. But now when he felt too tired to struggle up the steep steps to the deck and heave on the sails, he stayed in his small dilapidated hut that was perched precariously on the edge of the cliff overlooking the quiet harbour.

During the week-ends after the fishing fleet had returned home, he would sit on an old beer-keg outside his door and tell dramatic stories of when people had thought the world was flat.

His voice was gruff and low and there was always a croak when he told these stories and his mind seemed to be going back to his childhood days.

He lived a quiet life and at nights when the stars twinkled like millions of minnows with the sun striking their backs, he would sit on the keg and silently smoke his pipe.

BEVERLEY CLEGG. 3B.

THE TREE

The tip of the top branch swayed,
As the angel upon it was laid;
And they all stood back to view the tree
Dressed in its Christmas finery.

Candles glowed amid the leaves,
Lighting the gently swinging wreaths;
And silver bells hung in a row
Clothed in artificial snow.

Masses of stars, golden and bright,
Hid in the leaves, shone in the light;
While tinsel drifted here and there
Entwining the tree in colourful fair.

Streamers, ribbons, holly and chains
Threaded the tree in colourful lanes;
And crackers and balloon among the green
Mingled in with the Christmas scene.

The presents lay at the foot of the tree,
The packages sparkled mysteriously.
They sat in rows, all shapes and sizes,
Wrappings glistening, full of surprises.

Planted in a gay red tub
Stood the very special shrub—
The Christmas pine rose straight and proud,
To be admired by the crowd.

MARILYN KING 4A.

THE SPIDER

The first time I saw J. Ecklebrecht, I was at a buyers' convention in London. I didn't take much notice of him then; he just seemed a nondescript type of fellow, not my type at all. However, the next time I saw him he was at home on his own ground, so to speak, and had changed considerably. I remembered him as a little, quiet, grey man, who wouldn't say "boo" to a goose. Now, however, he was standing outside his shop—J. Ecklebrecht Hardware—and raving at some boys who had, it seemed, broken some china in the shop. As I approached, his manner changed, and his voice became whining:

"Now, run along, laddies. Can't you see I've an important customer here? I won't scold you this time. Goodbye. Ah, good afternoon, sir. What can I do for you? Some glass-ware perhaps? I have some lovely lines here, sir. Step right this way, sir."

As he had been talking, I had been studying him covertly. He was much more corpulent than I remembered him, and instead of having a thin grey face, he had a large, florid one, with an extremely bulbous nose. His face, added to the red flannel waistcoat he was wearing, made him look like an escaped fire engine. With a "Judas" smile, he led me into the shop, and I followed docilely, like a fly following a spider, to destruction. I was trapped inside by his immense form, which filled the doorway.

"Now, you just look around until you find something you want, then tell me."

I picked up a glass vase and handed it out to him. Smiling, he took it from me, wrapped it, and charged me three times the price, which I paid without a murmur, and then he allowed me to leave.

LYNETTE GARCIA. 3A.

EELING AT NIGHT

My friend and I decided to go eeling down the Huatoki bush. We decided to meet there at half-past seven. It was really black in the bush and my knees shook like jelly at every little noise.

I am terrified of the dark but it was just as well it was, for if I had seen the huge black spider that was crawling up my slacks I think I would have died. My brother noticed it after we had lit the small fire, and he brushed it off before I could see it. We lit the fire hoping to attract the eels by its bright light, then we all chose a place on the bank of the river where it would be easy to climb down to bring the eels up (if we caught any).

We all saw the eel at once and tried to gaff it, the result being frightening the eel away and, Splash!!! Carol ended up in the river. She refused to go home so we all sat down and watched for eels again.

Suddenly I heard a twig snap and the sound of feet. I told Ray and as we stood up to see who or what was coming. We saw two black figures running down among the trees; they both carried torches from which the light made everything weird and ghostlike. When they reached us they told us they were from the fire brigade and had been informed by a lady on the hill that she had seen smoke rising from the gorse and suspected a quarter acre of gorse was on fire. The firemen apologised for breaking up our eeling and said we had better put our fire out in case anyone else rang up and with that they left us, but we had had enough of eeling anyway and decided to pack up and go home

WENDY LOCK. 3D.

OUR SECRET ISLAND

We discovered our island one day while out swimming in a small river. Actually it wasn't all of us who first saw it but my small brother who was about ten years old. I will begin by telling just how we found it. You see, we were out picnicking one bright sunny day, and after eating our picnic dinner, which my mother had prepared for us, we decided to go a little up-stream to explore. So we made our way slowly along the sandy little beach we had been playing on, and went around a small cliff.

My brother, who always likes nature study, had gone on ahead of us, to see everything first. We were taking our time going through some small shrubs when we heard a strangled cry. Fearing that my brother had been hurt we ran around a fairly large tree and looked onto one of the most beautiful sights you could ever see.

There, just around the corner, was a lovely little cove. The sunlight danced on the water and the sand glistened like glass. It was even sunnier here than it was around the other corner from which we had come. But what made us stare in awe, was a little island right in the middle of the river.

Amidst all this beauty was my small brother jumping up and down with excitement. He called us over to where he was standing, and told us to look across to the island, and there, where he had pointed, were two fat native pigeons sitting in a miro tree. Their dark green breasts and red beaks were plainly visible in such a brilliant ray of sunlight.

Afterwards we found a shallow crossing over to the island and spent the day, or what was left of it, lazing on our island, looking at the trees and berries.

When it was time to go home my brother turned and said, "Good-bye my island in the sun, until I return again."

From then on it has been known to us by that name.

E. THOMPSON. 3C.

THE CAR

A cloud of steam, a coughing choke,
A gasping, rattling roar,
Surrounded by a veil of smoke,
A frightful crash and more.
A wheeze, a bang, a halting jump,
A charging change of gear,
To stop before a petrol pump;
An attendant, full of fear,
Forces a passage through the fumes,
To pour the petrol in,
While the monster nearby looms,
A clanking heap of tin;
A deafening blast of red-hot flame!
A cloud of blue exhaust!
The 'car' jumped off the way it came,
Reluctant?—It was forced!

CHRIS. LEWIS. 4A.

AN OLD MAN

Tap, tap, tap. The feeble old gentleman hesitantly hobbles along the path tapping his worn stick with each step. As he comes nearer, his complexion draws my attention. His pale, mottled skin is wrinkled into numerous folds below his eyes and round his mouth. The crown of his head was a shining oval fringed by wispy bits of hair. His eyebrows made up for the lack of growth on the top of his head and met in bushy profusion over the bridge of his bony nose. His eyes were pale and watery and seemed to be weeping continually. His lips moved incessantly as if he was talking to himself, disclosing toothless gums. During this mouthing of soundless words his chin quivered causing his jowls beneath his jaw line to vibrate like something blown in the wind. The jowls seemed to be a continuation of the lobes of his ears, so sagging and wrinkled was his skin. As he came, one foot barely reached in front of the other as he tottered feebly on. The wind caught at his coat tails, flapping them, and flattening his trousers against his scrawny knees. His whole appearance gave an impression of frailty and piteous old age.

J. HALLIDAY (5B).

SKELETON ROCK

While passing by the graveyard dark
I saw a frightening scene,
Two grinning, staring skeletons
Were dancing on the green.

One leapt and cracked his fossils white
And screamed an eerie scream,
The other did the cha-cha-cha,
And twisted quite supreme.

The village clock struck 'leven loud,
Then, twisting madder still,
They bounded o'er the graveyard wall
And danced on up the hill.

As twelve was struck they halted there,
And slithered down the hill,
Their tombs they closed upon themselves
Then all at last was still.

SUSAN ELLIS. 4A.

AN OLD SAILOR

The old sailor is called Hans Caspersen. He is Norwegian and comes from a small town about ten miles from Oslo.

Hans is very short with grey blue eyes. He is now eighty years of age. He has grey hair and a fair skin with very few wrinkles on his face.

He dresses very neatly, usually in a long-sleeved shirt, blue tie, and a navy blue suit. That is what he wears most of the time when going out. He is a very clean looking man.

Hans became a sailor when he was twelve and a half years of age. He ran away from his home. There were about ten others in his family. Then in about 1920 he came to live in New Zealand. He got married and had two sons. His wife died not long ago.

His character is very pleasant for he is kind and very gentle with young children. He likes to listen to the songs of long ago. He doesn't like the songs that are sung now and says half of the teenagers of today don't know what singing is really like. He is still very active for even though he is eighty he stills work. He likes his work at the Wellington telephone exchange. He likes walking. Sometimes he wishes he was still at sea. He has just about been around the world in his sailing days. He is very soft-hearted and doesn't like to see children hit or animals hurt or killed. He doesn't go out to pictures or anywhere else much. He says he likes to go home from work, have his tea and go to bed to read the paper.

Hans boards in a flat with another man. He was in New Plymouth last week and stayed at our house for a few days, as he is my grandfather.

KERRY CASPERSEN. 3E.

GUY FAWKES AT HOME

This year, our neighbour made up his own crackers and asked our family to come over and watch him let them off. We all trooped over in an expectant mood.

The neighbour, whose name is Robert, had some strange equipment for letting off crackers. He had a flex running from a power-point inside the house where it was plugged into a 6-12 volt output transformer. From this two wires ran up to the crude-looking cracker. He explained that there was a piece of resistance wire through the cracker. When an electrical current is passed through it, it heats up to such a point that it melts and flames a little. This ignites the cracker.

Well, we were ready so the ceremony proceeded. Robert plugged the apparatus into the power-point. There was a bright red flash, then a roaring flame shot two feet up from the cracker. The smoke was terrific. We were all soon striving to find a place which was smoke-free and yet from which we would still be able to see the cracker. We couldn't.

This was repeated twice more and then Robert said he had a special one to let off. He rigged up this "special" one which was in an aluminium tin, and plugged it in. There was an instant crimson flame one foot high followed by a miniature mushroom cloud. After a while, before our startled eyes, the tin melted! Robert was promptly forbidden by his parents to let off any more of them. Phew!

So he then came to watch our display. We had two sky-rockets plus a few other crackers. Robert suddenly had a brainwave.

"Why don't we aim it straight down the road?" he asked.

"All right," I said, a little sceptical about it. So that is what we did. We ignited the rocket. It, with a roar, tore straight down the lawn and into the front hedge which was macrocarpa.

"No more of that!" I cried.

So we sent the next one straight up. It took off and spiralled up, and went out. Soon there was a loud crash as it landed on the roof. Next I lit a "Mt. Vesuvius" and set it down. Robert, who did not know this, sat within six inches of it unaware that it was alight. It went off with a roar, Robert leapt up and away from the cracker with a surprised and frightened, "Crikey."

He suggested I let off my bangers by putting them in potatoes and throwing them. Mum came to my rescue with, "John has his milk-run to do in the morning and has to go to bed now."

Robert then said good-bye and left. I hoped I would never have a Guy-Fawkes as nerve-racking as this again!!

J. REEVE. 4A.

Form Lists 1962

FORM 5A

Cassidy, Mercia Z.
Cumming, Jennifer A.
Dryden, Raewyn E.
Duke, Shirley J.
Egarr, Raymond A.
Ferne, John H.
Free, Francis K.
Greiner, Valerie.
Harper, Maureen D.
*Irving, Sherryn L.

James, Allen R.
*Lewis, Gillian A.
McNamara, Dennis R.
McPhail, Anne.
Mills, Robyn M.
Orr, Colleen L.
Petch, Rodney C.
Paul, Graeme R.
Patrick, Valerie.
Rae, Margaret J.

Reeve, Brian E.
Rawley, Janice L.
Rose, Dianne C.
Sargent Kathleen M.
*Smith, Sheryll M.
Swensy, Carol L.
Snell, Ronald J.
Winter, John D.
*Williams, Yvonne E.
Yates, Suzanne M.

FORM 5B

Arthur, R. Wayne.
Brabender, David.
Daniels, Kevin J.
Earl, Graeme.
Ewington, Richard.
FitzPatrick, D. Trevor
Goldsworthy, Rodney
L.
Halliday, James B.
Johnson, Graeme L.
*MacDonald, Wayne D.
McAlpine, Malcolm A.

Richardson, Barry C.
Thacker, Graeme J.
Anderson, Kathryn F.
Bounsall, Joy.
Brunning, Alison J.
Clegg, Annette.
Hammonds, Hilarie M.
Hart, Pamela J.
*Haskell, Sharyn K.
Hill, Faye Y.
Kopa, Piki M.
Mace, Eunice M.

Maine, Barbara J.
Moke, Dianne.
Morris, Maree K.
Nickson, Glenice M.
Petrovski, Valerie J.
Prikahu, Christina M.
Rogers, Charlotte H.
*Vercoe, Helen F.
*Wilkinson, Stephanie
G.
Winitana, Veronica P.
A.

FORM 5C

Slater, Warren J.
Smillie, John M.
Sole, Denis G.
Walsh, Allan P.
Willan, Lynton R.
Wilson, Vivian C.
*Bungay, Delwyn.
*Ericksen, Ruth D.
Gardner, Lillie A.
Gatenby, Heather E.
George, Joan C.

Hohaia, Tewai.
Kete, Lena.
*Mattock, Janis.
O'Brien, Betty.
Rangihaeata, Queenie
Harris, David M.
Jeffries, Brian.
Jeffries, Russell S.
Loader, Eric.
MacDonald, John W.

Megaw, Lionel J.
Nielson, Michael J.
*Quigley, Garry C.
Auridge, Wayne D.
Falconer, Peter J.
Farmer, Larry H.
Gordon-Stables,
Graham.
Gredig, Winton.
Gundesen, Wayne R.

FORM 4A

Borrell, John E.
Bryant, Paul.
Cleaver, W. Neil
Cox, Brian E.
Hales, Vallis W.
Lynch, Bruce R.
Mong, Robert S.
Peel, John W.
Reeve, John E.
Shoemark, Malvern G.
Vause, Peter A.
Warden, Alan.

Wilkins, John W.
Wilkinson, David T.
Winter, William E.
Agate, Lorraine M.
Belton, Carol A.
Calvert, Judy A.
Collins, June C.
Cook, Margaret D.
Cooper, Janet A.
Dutton, Cheryl A.
Ellis, Susan E.
FitzPatrick, Ruth A.

Julian, Wendy.
King, Marilyn A.
Lewis, Christina I.
McConnell, Linda.
Procter, Kathryn.
Shaw, Kathleen.
Smith, Pamela J.
Sole, Alison M.
Sutherland, Denise J.
Taylor, Patricia.
Watson, Denise C.

FORM 4B

Jones, Noel P.
Lilly, Timothy.
Peel, Roger H.
Ramsay, James.
Revell, Ross V.
Watkins, Paul D.
Allen, Barbara J.
Bird, Elizabeth A.
Campbell, Mary J.
Coxhead, Heather M.
Hamill, Christine M.
Heatley, Glenys.

Herlihy, Elizabeth M.
Inglis, Lynette J.
Jorgenson, Irene A.
McCarthy, Louise C.
Maloney, Gaille M.
Mantle, Gaille M.
*Martin, Christine.
Price, Glenys M.
Roche, Virginia E.
Rupapere, Aileen.
Sattler, Judith M.
Scholes, Jennifer.

Sheridan, Leonie C.
Skelton, Janice L.
*Strawbridge, Sally F.
Swensy, Denise.
Wagstaff, Susan K.
Wellington, Pauline.
Allen, John W.
Barriball, John.
Crow, Wayne M.
Duke, Phillip G.
Fleming, David S.
Gaston, Glenn R.

FORM 4C

Blyde, Gary P.
Crockett, Paul J.
Fisher, John P.
Grant, Donald C.
Hallmond, Terrence
W.
Palmer, John S.
Pidgeon, Robert V.
Sargent, Frank W.
Senior, Gary O.
Sutton, Bruce R.
Webber, Phillip W.

*Barnes, Carole V.
*Berge, Pauline B.
Brabender, Sharon.
Cawthray, Rhonda.
Clark, Rayleigh M.
Cleland, Natalie E.
Cloke, Jocelyn A.
Drake, Pauline E.
Gillies, Heather C.
Holland, Pamela F.
Howarth, Dianne.
*Irving, Jeanette A.

Kurukaanga, Carolyn.
Leonard, Annette.
*McDonald, Jill.
*Parkes, Sylvia.
Quinlan, Pamela.
Rupapere, Rangī.
Scott, Janice A.
Simpson, Donna M.
Stockman, Robyn V.
*Ward, Heather.
Whittaker, Susan K.

FORM 4D

Asquith, Dennis J.
Asquith, Graeme D.
Bailey, Ronald W.
Collins, Gary L.
Cowley, Neil J.
Frewin, Newton B.
Humphreys, Wayne J.
Johnson, Bruce.
Jones, Derek.
Loveridge, Nolan J.
Maine, Roger I.

Rital, Reginald.
Seeling, Cass A.
Williams, Brian G.
Turner, David.
*Barrett, Lois D.
Barron, Yvonne J.
Cox, Irene N.
Feakins, Janice V.
Gill, Cynthia M.
Hunter, Andrea.
Kennedy, Eileen.

*Milham, Marlene.
Phillips, Bettina.
Rowson, Ola.
*Saddler, Valerie.
St. George, Raewin.
Tahi, Wai.
Turner, June.
Patel, Jasu.
Gill, Cynthia M.
Winkler, Shirley.

FORM 4E

Berge, Trevor.
Bielewski, Anthon.
Bowen, Gary.
Boyes, Wayne.
Culling, Russell.
Fee, Murray.
Ferne, David.
Gillington, Robert.
Growcott, Larry.
Gush, Roger.

Julian, Craig.
Jury, Gary.
*Jury, John.
Langman, Brian.
Mack, Lloyd.
Marsden, Clive.
Mattock, Donald.
Nebbs, Jeffery.
Parker, Kerry.

Peterson, Garry.
Prouse, Graham.
Rayner, Laurie.
Sanger, Neal.
Standing, Gary.
Stott, Nelson.
Stroud, Peter.
Wheeler, Michael.
Wolland, David.

FORM 3A

Armstrong, Mark L.
Bailey, Brian E.
Bennett, Graeme N.
Borrell, Peter W.
Bracegirdle, Ralph P.
Bryant, Barrie.
Fitzpatrick, Royce R.
France, Ian L.
Halliday, Lionel J.
*Hindle, Leslie J.
Jamieson, Alan F.

Lobb, Geoffrey B.
Love, Wayne P.
McIntyre, Donald R.
McPhail, A. Hugh.
Parker, Wayne C.
Read, Lance G.
Ross, Graham L.
Scholes, Ross D.
Stedman, Donald J.
Sutherland, Gavin R.
Tooby, John D.

Wright, Rex A.
Bishop, Janice F.
Briscoe, Pauline E.
Eden, Jennifer A.
Garcia, Jennette M.
McEwen, Judith R.
McKenzie, S. Robin
Rickerby, Anthea.
Whiting, Carol.
Wilson, Olive E.

FORM 3B

Alley, Bruce R.
Braddock, Noel F.
Campbell, Edward.
Duckett, John C.
Farmer, Bruce A.
Gerrard, Peter N.
*Hancox, Dean C.
McNeil, John.
Mills, Barry D.
Roberts, Kerin F.
Rose, Robert G.

Saunders, Peter.
Walker, Leonard S.
West, John.
Baldock, Ann G.
Barriball, Denise.
Biddle, Julia R.
Clegg, Barbara.
Clegg, Beverley.
Drake, Ngair A.
Dryden, Beverley E.
Ellison, Valda.

Ewington, Joy.
Free, Janet E.
Holden, Janine M.
Hurst, Rangī M.
Jorgensen, Noeline M.
Morris, Christine J.
Powell, Beverley M.
Randall, Hilda.
Smith, Denise R.
Sole, Dianne M.
Thompson, Julia A.

FORM 3C

Andersen, John R.
 Andrews, Bruce.
 Blyde, Jeffrey S.
 Dawson, Keith I.
 Fernee, Peter.
 Fowles, Bruce.
 Gayton, Phillip H.
 O'Sullivan, Terrene.
 Rossouw, Michael D.
 Thacker, John.
 Young, Anthony.
 Anderson, Raewyn M.

Ashworth, Raewyn J.
 Black, Marilyn I.
 *Christie, Lorraine.
 Drew, Pauline.
 Feakins, Carole F.
 Fields, Jennette M.
 FitzPatrick, Joy H.
 Fraser, Helen A.
 Gatenby, Jocelyn C.
 Gilbert, Barbara J.
 Keenan, Pamela D.
 Kyle, Jennifer A.

Loader, Dale.
 McAlpine, Gayline L.
 Mace, Carol G.
 Moulden, Janice M.
 Mundy, Pamela.
 Patrick, Marion.
 Pierce, Frances M.
 Revell, Annette L.
 Thompson, Elaine.
 Vinsen, Sandra L.
 Wilson, Karen.
 Winstanley, Gaile Y.

FORM 3D

Bowen, Graeme.
 Brett, Graeme.
 Eruei, Angus.
 Fox, Peter.
 Hanover, Denis.
 *Healy, Robert.
 MacDonald, Peter.
 McDonald, John.
 McDonnochie, Bryan.
 Roberts, Donald.
 Scott, Trevor.

Smith, Trevor.
 Sutherland, Robert.
 Thacker, Bruce.
 Wood, Murray.
 Wood, Nolan.
 Young, Denis.
 Benton, Sue.
 Dravitzski, Marilyn.
 Faulkner, Cheryl.
 Flett, Pauline.
 Hook, Noeline.

Horgan, Glenys.
 Jacobs, Charlotte.
 Lock, Wendy.
 Maaka, Lydia.
 Marks, Shona.
 Northcott, Carolyn.
 Perreux, Lois.
 Petch, Sandra.
 Read, Alison.
 Stroud, Joy.

FORM 3E

*Bishop, Marie J.
 *Blackmore, Janet C.
 Caspersen, Kerry A.
 Copestake, Diane M.
 Dudley, Pauline B.
 *Faulkner, Lennette C.
 M.
 Gover, Jocelyn.
 Hart, Raewyn.
 Humphreys, Robyne.

Johns, Carole M.
 Krutz, Marian J.
 Komene, Sharon M. A.
 Kennedy, Margaret R.
 Loveridge, Patricia.
 Martin, Jan P.
 O'Brien, Liza.
 Old, Marlene S.
 Pokere, Rangwhaia.

Richardson, Fay.
 Ritai, Anna B. M.
 Rogers, Chrissie D.
 Saleman, Christine L.
 Simpson, Anne L.
 Slater, Janice.
 Tito, Erika.
 Vercoe, Diane M.

FORM 3F

Bamfield, Russell D.
 Bamfield, Grant W.
 *Barber, Lawrence.
 *Bernie, Brian.
 Carrington, Wayne F.
 Cloke, Alan L.
 Cooper, Darian A.
 Crossan, Neville R.
 Cursons, Dennis G.
 Dove, Roger L.

Dravitzski, Anthony J.
 Elliott, Ken.
 Hill, Neville.
 Holdt, Alan R.
 *Hutson, David.
 Hutton, Michael.
 Lewis, Graeme.
 McDowell, Brian W.
 Mowat, Brian J.
 Roper, George.

Saunders, Tim.
 Saunders, Michael L.
 Shaw, Eric.
 Shippey, Graeme A.
 Singfield, Victor E.
 Smith, Roger A.
 Stevens, George.
 Surrey, Henry I.
 Wheeler, Spencer J.

*Indicates left during the year.

PROSPECTUS

This is a co-educational school, built in 1959 to meet the needs of post-primary education in the western districts of New Plymouth. The roll in 1963 is expected to be 530, classes being available at the third, fourth, fifth and lower sixth form levels. The eventual roll is expected to be 800-1,000.

Courses:

All pupils in the first two years are required to take English, Social Studies, General Science, Core Mathematics, Woodwork or Art or Dressmaking, Music and Physical Education.

In addition, the special subjects of various courses are:—

Professional	: French, Full Mathematics.
General	: Commercial Practice, Full Mathematics.
Commercial	: Shorthand, Typing, Commercial Practice.
Homecraft	: Clothing, Homecraft, Typing.
Industrial	: Woodwork, Technical Drawing, Metalwork, Full Mathematics.

All girls will take Dressmaking or Homecraft or Art, and all boys Woodwork and/or Metalwork. Latin may be introduced into the senior school if there is a sufficient demand. Bookkeeping will be introduced.

School Certificate:

All courses lead to this examination in the fifth form, students being presented for the first time at the end of 1962. Subjects are chosen according to course from the following:—

English, French, History, Geography, Mathematics, General Science, Commercial Practice, Shorthand/Typing, Clothing, Homecraft, Woodwork, Metalwork, Technical Drawing.

Endorsed School Certificate and University Entrance:

Any pupil from any course can gain an Endorsed School Certificate after completing one satisfactory year in 6B and can also present himself for the University Examination. The College will prepare students for this examination in the following subjects in 1963 i.e. when there will be a 6B in the school:—

English, French, History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Technical Drawing, Bookkeeping, and possibly additional Mathematics.

Higher School Certificate and Scholarships:

Students from any course who have completed two years' additional work of a suitable standard in certain school certificate subjects can gain this Higher School Certificate. It is hoped that students will also be prepared for the University Scholarship Examination during 1964 and after that year.

Facilities:

The College possesses an administration block including a hall and music room, two two-storeyed classroom blocks containing a library, geography room, four laboratories, two art rooms and twelve

classrooms, and a specialist block containing a homecraft room, a woodwork shop, a metalwork shop and a technical drawing room. Facilities also exist for dressmaking, typing and physical education.

All main sports are catered for: Cricket, tennis, athletics, swimming, softball, rugby, soccer and basketball. Opportunities for learning the piano, violin and 'cello can be arranged. Students may also join the school orchestra.

There is a school uniform, grey, green and gold, for boys and girls. Text books are issued upon deposit of £1 which is returned when the student leaves. Stationery may be bought at the College office. Each pupil is expected to pay 25/- activities fee to pay for additional library books, sports gear, buses for trips, school magazine and for facilities not supplied by the Department.

For further information write to the Principal, Spotswood College, New Plymouth.

Autographs

Autographs

