

# SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

1972





**THE MAGAZINE**  
**OF**  
**SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE**  
**NEW PLYMOUTH**



**No. 13**

**1972**

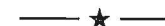
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# SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

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# Principal's Foreword . . .

It is good to know that at last the building programme at the College is coming to an end with the provision of a music suite and office accommodation set down for 1973. In addition some alterations to rooms in the Senior School are planned but these are quite minor changes. The only further possible building may be brought about by improvements in staffing with consequent alterations in the building code. This might mean a second gymnasium — without cost to parents or school I hasten to add.

With the end of the building programme in sight we can now establish a ground beautification programme. It is a pleasing feature of the S68 plan for new schools that an attempt is made in the early stages to arrange buildings, lawns and gardens into a harmonious whole which will be not only functional but pleasant to look at and work in. We hope that with professional help we may be able to do something of this at the College.

A feature of the new building code is the improved facilities given to large schools for senior classes. We look forward to adding to our senior science block a common room and a lecture room. Associated with these changes we intend to modify the present prefect system and have seventh formers accept some responsibility for certain school activities covering a wide range of pupil interests. It will be an experiment for one year.

At times we have felt the need to bring school and community closer together through an extension of our work experience scheme. Next year we intend to offer senior pupils the chance of working one afternoon a week in a position of their own choosing so that they might more readily appreciate what is actually done in the day to day running of the job they hope to get. This could cover work in banks, offices, laboratories and businesses depending on the availability of positions offered. Already business firms have indicated their willingness to help young people in such a way and this co-operation is greatly appreciated. No pay can be given but I expect those taking part will be insured. No classroom time will be lost as this is part of the free option programme.

Changes in the examination system are moving slowly both at the School Certificate and University Entrance levels. It is good to record the increasing interest being taken by seniors in the courses for New Zealand Certificates as qualifications for certain careers. I look forward to even greater emphasis being placed on these courses as they are within the grasp of many who do not wish to go on to University.

In 1973 I hope the school will have a year of consolidation as far as the roll is concerned as there will be little, if any, increase on 1972 numbers. This is because of a lower intake than usual, but in 1974 we shall be back to the normal sixty to one hundred increase. By 1975 at the latest, fairly precise plans will need to be made for the fourth secondary school in New Plymouth.

It is my hope that staffing for 1973 will be easier than in the past and this appears likely. We have fewer leaving than ever before and with a static roll we need additional staff only because of improved staffing ratios. It will be an unusual experience to have all staff appointed before the end of the year.

Several members of the High School Board have resigned after giving fine service to education generally and the three New Plymouth schools in particular I do wish to thank Mr. Bob Mills, Chairman of the College Committee, Mr. Colin Allen, Dr. John MacGibbon and Mr. Bob Street for the great interest they have had in the School and their willingness to act for us so often. We wish them well and do appreciate their services.

The Parent Teacher Association, under the leadership of Mr. Samuels, has once again been a tower of strength and a constant support in what we try to do. Their immediate aim of providing a well equipped cafeteria was brought much nearer as a result of an excellent gala day when parents and pupils combined to raise alone some \$2000 net for the project.

I do thank the teaching staff for their loyal support throughout the year, engaging themselves as they do in many activities not directly concerned with the classroom but of considerable value to our pupils. I am certain there is no more important a profession than ours and it will become increasingly so. To our student leaders my thanks go, for their work has not been easy but their contributions important.

To all may I wish the season's greetings, a pleasant holiday and a good year in 1973.

A. L. McPHAIL.



**Back Row:** K. Larsen, G. Clareburt, D. Plyler, E. Watt, W. Barwood, I. Brown, C. Gill, B. Edwards, T. Lanning, P. Keown, L. Clarke, J. Bance, G. Rawson, J. Piercy, W. Procter, K. Horan, P. Jessa, S. Mason, J. Leishman, D. Smith, K. Sowersby, J. McDiarmid, A. Laverack, D. Oliver.

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**Front Row:** P. Chapple, B. Finch, H. Peel, R. Greensill, C. Howes, W. Crisp, W. Potter, C. Wilks, J. Connor, A. Hutchinson, A. McPhail, G. Procter, J. Grant, D. Frank, A. Purdy, D. Bell, L. Hill, A. Page, J. Lovell, T. Guy, M. Sutcliffe.

## STAFF NOTES

With over sixty staff members (or is it seventy?) we can expect some changes during the year. We can also expect some errors and omissions in these notes so see if you can spot them.

We gained during the year Miss McDougald, Miss Wiess, Miss Morton and Mrs. McKenzie, our new nurse, having thanked and farewelled Mrs. Gross, Miss Rutledge, Miss Howard and Mrs. Ashton. It seems at this stage that further losses will number about half a dozen including Mr. Keown, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Pethybridge, Miss McDougald and Mr. W. Procter. They will be replaced by Miss Clarke (homecraft), Miss Penny (commercial) Mr. Bennett (geography), Mr. Mans (chemistry) and Mr. Corner (technical).

We are quite cosmopolitan now. Would you settle for one Australian, five Englishmen, four Americans, a South African, a Canadian and a Welshman? I hope they stay with us for several years.

This year has been a busy one for the staff—congratulations to the Ashley-Browns, Browns, Clareburts, Clarkes, Greensills and Keowns'. Don't forget they've probably been awake half the night before you come roaring into the classroom. Have you noticed how contented Miss Richards looks these days? Well that's impossible, but take a look at Mrs. Chapman.

We have thrashed the students on the sports fields (almost), enjoyed working with them for Gala Day, enjoyed one another's company at a dinner in the Westown Hotel and at a beautiful bonfire barbecue at the beach; but we are looking forward to the end of year dinner as the climax of sociability. I think we've earned a rest and hope you have too. Just a little reminder if I may: a smile and a friendly word are very comforting so please spare a few minutes to come and say au revoir or goodbye to us, we appreciate it. All of us wish all of you a happy holiday.

A.P.

### DEAR DIARY

July 23rd, 1971—

My 1st day upon arriving in New Plymouth wasn't too eventful. I went immediately out to Spotswood College. Upon my entering the buildings, I knocked upon the Headmaster's door, introduced myself, ANDREW, quite a shocked expression.

PURDY soon one of the Assistant Headmasters suggested we have a look around the campus. Naturally we went out to look at the P.E. facilities. As we climbed the road to the gymnasium several students could be seen FIELDING a ball just opposite the gymnasium. As we topped the rise to the upper fields I could see the sun gleaming on the SUTCLIFFES of Mt. Egmont.

**Dear Diary:**

To-day I had one of the most enjoyable days here at S.C. I had the privilege of playing in a game of Kiwi Rugby. I played last 4/5 or something like that. Anyway I had an opportunity to carry the BALL for a few feet before I was scragged, as the students say. To be FRANK in STEADMAN I think some GUY on my own team did the scragging because I'm certain I could have scored a "try" against the opponents with my blinding speed. Ha!

All KENNEDY aside tho—and you McLAFFERTY if u REISCH; if it had ended there all would have been fine.

**Dear Diary: Sept. 28th, '71**

To-day classes ended with a sudden thud. While playing B.B. I was tripped and fell hard on the BARWOOD. I hit with a CRISP thud and I GRANT you I could have BAULD as the pain went PIERCY thru my arm. I know I became quite pale around the GILL. I know my arm was BRUCED close to the shoulder.

The students said, just a EMMETT HEPPELSTON its way. When help arrived I was taken to the HOWSE on the HILL known as the N.P.P.H.

When I arrived at the hospital a nurse started LANNING over me and said, WILLISON you will be O.K. The Dr. will look at you soon. They took me into the ward and began cutting my shirt off. The nurse said,



CONNOR do too much till the Dr. arrives but don't worry you're in good hands; you're not just in some HICKLAND. Later Dr. looked at my arm and sent me to x-ray; he told me they would have to wait for the specialist to get here. JESSA WATT WILKES have to be done, will take a little PLATT out, meantime HOWARD you like to SPENCER time in hospital.

RAE I said, RYAN now what I could really use is a POTTER something because I feel ill. I knew I was no longer pale or even ASHLEY-BROWN but must have been a little GREENSILL. HARRISON, the nurse said, DUNCAN that room and use the loos.

BERNIE soon I returned and started undressing. The nurses gathered around to help and I said LARSEN DARLING I LOVELL you with your OGLE eyes but I can take off my own BANCE as I FINCHED with each movement. LEISHMAN alone a few minutes while I PEEL out of these clothes.

**Dear Diary: Dec. 7th 1971.**

As I write the last few PAGES I have one last comment to make regarding S.C. I know that on occasions it was like pulling teeth with a pair of PLYLERS to get the students to work, but all in all they are a nice group. Of course their will always be many KEOWN up in front of Mr. HUTCHINSON and Mr. PROCTER's office, when the PEEL of the new bell in the quadrangle is heard, and if they McPHAIL to BOND an understanding it will do no good to send for WILLIAMS, ASHTON, RAWSON, RICHARDS, SMITH or CLAREBURT, but maybe it would do some good to send them to a CHAPPLE on occasions.

Well Diary now that its OLIVER and as I close out my last days at the College I can only say they have been most enjoyable and pleasant. I will truly miss the many friends and acquaintances I have met and know that both endure forever.

Dated Dec. 7th, 1971.

I now propose a toast to all the friends here at Spotswood.

Thank you.  
Mr. G. CROSS.

# ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS



## THE BATTLE FOR THE CANTEEN

9.45 a.m. 20 crack members of the elite pupil para-military organisation, the tap dancing and jungle warfare squad, assembled on the lower field under the leadership of John Burgess. Their objective—to buy a 20c meat pie at the canteen (gasp!) and use it to batter their way out again.

The situation was explosive. They were opposed by a task force of prefects, lead by that veteran of the Clean up Spotswood College Campaign, Heather Buchan. Their task—to prevent at all costs pupils from buying food at the canteen.

9.48 a.m. The first wave of attack! J. Burgess leads an advance party of ten, including Vicki "R & R" Partington and "The Brylcream Boy," Gavin Lees. Using brass knuckles, bike chains and the deadly Kung Fu ancient Chinese art of Unharmd combat they penetrated to within three feet of the canteen entrance in the mad press.

10.06 a.m. The second wave of attack was lead by Graham Miles, a man who has probably forgotten more about the military applications of asparagus than most people cared to remember. They tried to force their way through the exit and were met by a group of prefects. Savage fighting flared around the cream bun stall. Six doughnuts bit the dust, but were sold again immediately afterwards. A canteen fruit pie was declared a disaster area and placed under a six-month quarantine before being sold. The pupils withdrew in disgust.

Interlude: an advertisement

"Hello! I'm Seldom Anygood, and right now I'm right in the middle of a desperate guerilla warfare battle somewhere in that exotic country of (Aaaaaaargh!) contrasts, Laos. You (Boom! Crash! Rat-tat-tat!) may be able to (chop! Bam! Smash) hear it going on (Urgh!) in the background, and believe me this is all very exciting, with machineguns, hand grenades, and even some hand-to-hand combat thrown in as well! But although bullets are flying all over the place and there are bodies literally everywhere, you people of Spotswood College can get the same excitement and even more—they actually serve food—you need go no further than your very own canteen! (Aaaaaaargh!). Remember the speciality—Vietnamese peasant a la Flambe. Yes, and once again the Canteen has won the top gold award for mediocrity and boring advertisements . . . "

To continue . . .  
Not to be discouraged, the pupils unleashed plan "B." Peter Bennett climbed onto the Canteen roof armed with a stout rope and The Little Mountaineer Play Kit, intending to lower himself through the canteen skylight. At this point his plans suffered an unforeseen setback. There is no canteen skylight . . .

Meanwhile the ingenious Grant Elliot raced into M2 and placed his athletic form behind the music room piano, intending to use it as a battering ram on the partition into the canteen. The instrument crashed into the wall. The canteen promptly collapsed, killing the 300 people inside. Grant Elliot surveyed the mess, then spoke the words which were to go down in the history books:

"I wonder whether that affects my chances of getting Higher Leaving?" (Or, according to some, "If this is bad you should see what it gets like during interval . . .").



Interlude:

Malcolm Giles addresses 6000 massed Seventh Form troops on the lower field.

He paused to contemplate the vast, angry mob screaming abuse at the fascist establishment and yelling for blood as he stood alone on the gigantic dais.

This was undoubtedly the high point of his military career. One word from him and thousands would surge forth to burn, pillage and destroy! He spoke:

"Ladies and gentlemen . . . "

Interlude:

David "I Came Back" Birrell addresses the massed prefect reactionary troops before Phase Two of the pupils' drive to capture Spotswood College commences:

"Fellow prefects, I make no secret of the fact that our position is critical. We are out-numbered by a considerably large force. At this moment they are marching on the quadrangle. They have superior weapons, superior training and good leaders. Their repeatedly expressed intention is to burn our beloved College to the ground, to kill us all and stick our heads on the flagpole! Do not despair! I hasten to assure you all that I am keeping the situation under constant review! And—" his face contorted with pain. A knife thrown by an unknown hand thudded between his shoulderblades. He gasped, staggered and slid to the floor. Janet: "I'm glad he did!" Plummer bent down and remove the piece of folded paper from the long-bladed knife.

"This is a message from our spy in the field!" she announced. "Our top-secret cloak and dagger agent, Murray Bolton—" Her voice rose dramatically "the Prefect without a badge!"

"What does it say?" asked Denise Guy, the very same D. Guy that gave the world an exciting new variety of Asian Flu.

"The pupils are going for defense rather than attack," replied Janet. "They're dug in in the S Block Toilets, and they're heavily armed. We've got to flush them out—"

"I hope they're still segregated," remarked Linda Penny anxiously.

"And we'll need firepower to do it. We'll get shot to pieces if we go in without it."

"This is a cause for celebration!" remarked Colin Jackson, reaching for the coffee.

There was no doubt about it—the pupils had finally met their Waterloo. This was obviously a job for Robin Pittwood. He leapt to his feet, put them on, tied on his helmet, clipped on a revolver, put on his gloves and leapt out of the window. Just seconds later Ian Moody flung the window wide open for him . . .

Robin Pittwood swung into action, making a mental note to use the concealed door next time. He boarded his supercharged unicycle and roared off with a powerful thunder of detonating cylinders. Second later he struck at S Block, intending to strafe the pupils with the most deadly weapon yet unleashed by the prefects—their lethal 300mm recoilless megaphone. He roared up the steps and opened fire at point blank range. His first burst caught Barney Brewster, that well-known researcher into cases of insomnia during French classes. Barney collapsed, helpless (with laughter).

Next second a knife thrown by an unknown hand struck Robin in the foyer. He gasped with pain, and the unicycle accelerated out of control towards the wall. There was an explosion—Robin was thrown six feet by the explosion. He sat up, painfully slid out the knife and read the note attached to the blade. Another note from Murray. He smiled. Trust Murray to keep them all on their toes.

## The Pupils' Counterattack

There was a knock at the door of the Prefects' Room. Raewyn Hill opened it. Brett Kannemeyer stood there, holding a sheet of paper in one hand and some revolutionary literature in the other.

"Would you like to sign this petition?" he asked. "It's in support of the new organisation, Students for the Total Extermination of Non-Co-operative Head-prefects, or STENCH for short."

"Why sure," replied Raewyn. "What about you, Warren?"

"No thanks," replied Warren Williams. "But—aaaaaargh!" His face contorted with pain as a custard square thudded between his shoulderblades . . .

Interlude:

Phillip Pritchard says prayers as official chaplain for the prefect forces before the coming battle.

"Dearly beloved, let us all sing together that glorious hymn of praise, Nearer My God to Thee—aaaaaargh!" His eyes glazed over as a milk bottle thudded of the back of his head. He slowly slipped to the floor.

"Aha!" said Carol Larkin. "That looks suspiciously like a 1970 ½-pint non-disposable N.P.C.C. bottle to my inexperienced eyes."

There was a note inside. Rae Dalgleish bent down and read it. Was it another note from their top secret agent in the field, that intrepid master of disguise, etc., etc.?

"It's from the City Milk department. Our account is overdue again. We'll have to start a collection for this . . ."

"I'm on my way!" said John White, needing no further encouragement to leap into action. He charged out the door. Only seconds later Ian Moody opened it for him . . .

## The Final Battle

The pupils surged into the quadrangle, lead by that ferocious trio of revolutionaries, Neil Haldane and the Dunbar boys, marching along to the tune of "The Long and the Short and the Tall." A momentary hush came over them as the cavalry detachment of the prefects came into view. The instigator of this brilliant move was none other than Barbara Hammonds, leading the

troops on a handsome jet-black male chauvanist, followed closely by Julie "Mother told me not to come" Leonard. The two forces crashed together. The first casualty amongst all the kicking, biting, hitting, killing and gouging was Paul D. Gundersen, whose low-fat real fruit yoghurt was rudely knocked from his grasp as he wondered what on earth was going on.

Kevin Glentworth, meanwhile, had an extremely close shave (transforming his appearance) when he was unlucky enough to tangle with Andrea Mack. As he staggered back she smiled at her secret weapon, her left index fingernail—the one she called the Spoiler. Richard Hutchinson failed in a desperate attempt to get Joanne Meredith to leap upon him and strangle him manually. Louise Moss's bicycle was shot from underneath her and plummeted her down a manhole. Keith Adair sighed, then spoke these historic words:

"For a short person Louise sure knew a lot of people in high places.—What more fitting memorial than this.—  
**A Small Loss**

At this point a censorship notice was thrown from above by an unknown hand. No mention will therefore be made of the pupils' attempt to smuggle Steven Walker into the Prefects' room disguised as a gorgeous blonde and Ross Loader into the canteen as a gorgeous redhead (a bit of a puzzler, this); of the pupil's cheer team and vocal encouragement squad (Paul S. Holder and Steven C. Whittington), or the daring assault by the Prefect mountaineering team, David Smith and Lindsay Sutherland, who would have climbed the previously unconquered North face of B block but for the expertise of John Hooker, Spotswood College's most intrepid door-to-door toothbrush salesman, or the noble work done by the 7L Maths discussion club, Deborah Latham, Vanda Lloyd-Smith and Roselyn Slemint.

"Right!" said Duncan Tullet, his face blackened with chalk (he'll get that right one of these days). "I'm going to put a stop to all of this by blowing up the Prefects' room." He pushed down the plunger on the control box. Hundreds of pretty lights lit up the hall.

"Hey, what's gone wrong?" demanded Duncan.

"Sorry," said Paul Blackburn, the expert in electrical wiring. "Force of habit, I guess."

#### Peace in Sight

At last, the mighty struggle about to end, Christopher Brown to celebrate the occasion, wrote a brilliant composition that added a whole new dimension to music: "SMELL." The song was taken up and performed by that well-known Waitara song and dance group, Keiren Faull and Peter Gall. Terry Sole, already marked out for a brilliant career as conductor for a Singing First Fifteen, summed up the feeling when he appeared to the waiting mob outside the Prefects' Room and said:

"I am filled today with two contrary emotions: sorrow at my fallen comrades and jubilations that peace has come again. I go now to other colleges, to make sure that such a ghastly affair will never be repeated!" He leapt into his chauffeur-driven car. Seconds later Ian Moody opened the door for him . . .

#### Lost in Action

Brian Williams.  
John MacDonald.  
Wayne Strong.  
Robert Torrens.

A memorial to these dead heroes was gratefully scratched on the S Block toilet walls.

Alas for those of you who want to know the conclusion to the titanic struggle, at this point the bell rang, which was of course . . .

THE END OF PLAYTIME



S. Sorensen, W5S1

#### POEM

Today  
I decided  
it was time to  
seek out and remove  
several remnants of my unhappy past  
gathering an arsenal  
Of army rejects  
I proceeded to destroy  
certain enemies.

Since time of writing  
I have been informed  
that the house at Pooh Corner  
no longer exists  
(destroyed no doubt by  
hand grenades and/or petrol bombs).

And Noddy (and his car)  
have been trampled  
by a ten-ton articulated  
lorry near London.

Peter Pan (although developing a  
remarkable resistance to  
DDT) succumbed to 2, 4, 5 - T  
(R.I.P.)  
And Br'er Rabbit contracted  
myxamatoxis  
whilst Alice was declared mentally defective  
and removed to a mental asylum.

Now, feeling bored

I am sitting sky-high  
in my treehut  
taking pot shots (with my tommy gun)  
at passing birds.  
And if King Arthur  
should come riding on his white charger  
with a banner  
advocating Castile's Soap)

I wonder what I could do?

H.A.B., 7P.

#### THE CANVAS CAVE OF BAUBLED SOUND

The horses danced around and around, their painted manes glowing under the flashing light, around and around, their red hooves never touching the ground, empty saddles and hanging reins. The music threw baubles of sound around the cave of canvas to mingle with the changing lights.

She stood at the door, the flap of heavy striped stuff rattled in the night but was lost amongst the bubbling music. Her toes wriggled in the orange saw dust. Her hands clutched the ragged doll to her skinny chest. Her eyes were round globes of enchantment, and the horses pranced around and around, their red hooves never touching the ground.

His eyes were black buttons sewn in the centre of painted white diamonds, his mouth a small slit in a wide grin of red. His costume was distorted diamonds, red and white, changing with the lights. His slim body seemed to form from the effervescing music among the horses and his laughing face and bobbling pom-poms. There were three on his hat and six down his chest, enormous bright red ones on his toes which didn't disturb the saw-dust over which he must have trod. And his white gloved hand was outstretched, one finger beckoning. His laughter was the music and the horses pranced around and around, their painted manes glowing under the flashing light.

She was tempted, oh so tempted. But there, behind him, there in the shadows that played on the canvas walls, her eyes caught the hint of faces, faces like her own. They were sobbing the tiny silver tears of the night, their sounds were the music and they rode the horses that pranced around and around, only one saddle was empty, only one pair of reins was hanging.

He was nearer, his eyes sparkling deep in the paint and she saw that the slit of his mouth did not smile. The painted grin that almost covered his cheeks was hollow, for this clown wept and his laughter too was hollow. But the music rang around and around, still he beckoned and his colours tempted her.

"Mikadelle! Mikadelle!" She glanced away from the clown to the flapping doorway. In the night outside was the sound of her mother calling her home. The light began to fade, the music to slow. Looking back the clown had receded but stepped forward again as she returned her gaze, the music and light began to swell.

Her mother's cry grew stronger, closer, with a glance at the clown, and the dancing horses she turned and ran to the doorway. The light dimmed low, the music dribbled slow, a bubble of sound escaping to burst and disappear. The clown nearly faded, the flapping of the canvas could be heard. Only for a second did they grow, falter and dip before she ducked out into the rain.

—They were gone. The lights were dead, the last bubble broken, the clown melted and her mother's arms closed around her. Her father's anxious eyes were dark under their heavy brows, his mouth truly smiling with relief and it was home they were going to, leaving the prancing horses and their tortured riders to tempt another entranced child to the canvas cave.

Jill Fryer, 6F.

Photo by P. Joo



### THIRD-FORMER

He was small for his age, but his mother said he was a late developer. Not that he minded, for what he lost in stature he made up for in speech. There was nothing he liked more than to have all attention focused on his every word—but unfortunately they didn't always listen.

He had noticed it for some time. At first a sideways glance, a wink; but it grew, grew into unremitting scorn. He could do nothing about it. All he could do was keep up his ridiculous facade of "thick skin" and blinded ears. The storm blazed over him and from outward appearances he weathered it in blissful ignorance.

At night he dreamed, dreamed he was flying high above the world. It lay, shrouded in the clouds of selfish inattention, far below him. What did it matter if he could feel so free? If only he could remain so weightless and untethered, suspended between the realms of life and hope . . . At dawn every morning he woke in a cold sweat.

"Perhaps if someone," said his mother, "had taken the trouble to listen to him . . . I always said there was more to that child than anybody cared to notice. All he needed was one sympathetic ear—just one. It would have prevented this . . ."

I listened and looked on. Self-centred hypocrites the lot of them. What did they know after all? What right had they to judge me? How could they even attempt to contemplate my feelings and motivations? Oh well, poor things, they're only human. Here I am and there, behind the glass are they. Insignificant blobs . . .

Julie Leonard, 7P.

### MATERIAL FUNCTIONS OF EXISTENCE

It began . . .  
Particles dwelt remotely in infinity,  
The cycles changed without reason or cause,  
Molecules formed rhythm and linked in  
A necklace.  
Different colours, new forms, chemical relationships.  
Life began !!!

The ingredients of the recipe required  
intermixed internally eye creating,  
Which dilated expressing a meaning for purpose.  
A nucleus reigned over smaller nuclei,  
Placing in order and functional actions  
Adhering, adjoining to mica striations  
Ideas advanced adding pages to encyclopedias.  
The author in cunning,  
Carefully arranging,  
Created a boom for the readers to employ.  
On played the melody.  
Existence was Mathematics positive and negative  
Mathematics pulled the strings at all functions.

The sun broke the ice,  
Vapourised,  
Fell through voids forming oceans in time  
Round the orb,  
Petrified,  
Residues to substances.  
Crystals gleaming in sunshine  
Some with iron likewise in diamonds.  
The vault bled red  
Parasites consumed blood  
Which ran through their beings,  
The ice weighed down the sun.

Patterns changed.  
The picture showed Mathematic's creation  
Feeble physically and intelligent mentally.  
Mathematics multiplied,  
Too much goodness makes too much evil.  
The scales topple,  
Rulers progress their existence,  
Inventions of complex society.  
The authors write them with pen  
Ants use their armies  
Cycles repeat repeat repeat cycles.

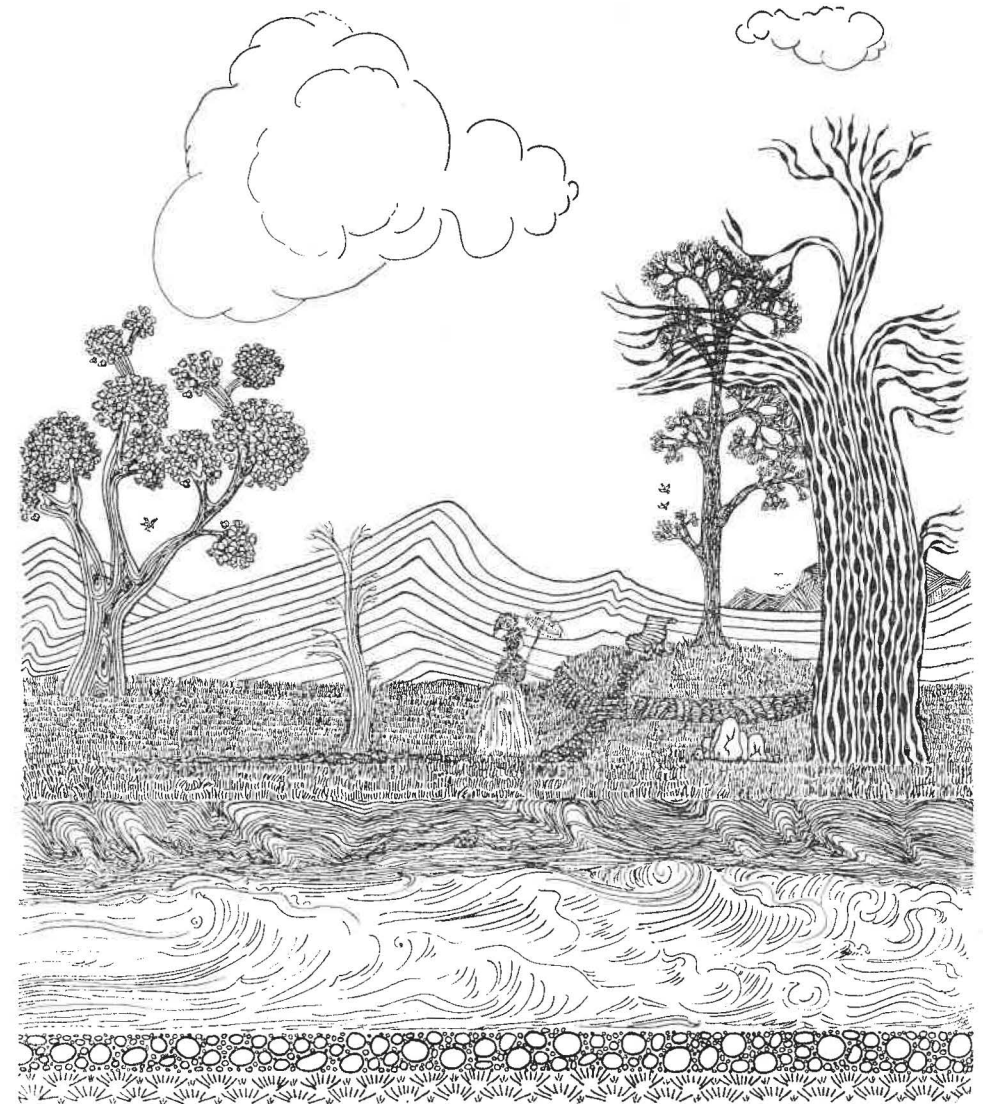
Heathen of the beginning worship their creations,  
Society was their literature and beliefs.  
They camouflaged in the environment,  
Lived like parasites on blood.  
The educated progressed in Science  
Opened the cells of origin,  
Answering questions  
To benefit from to develop their intelligence.  
Unbalance and complications.  
A machine degenerating and rusting to the soil.  
The wizard depends on magic,  
The artist translates ideas on painting,  
The stars turn to cinders . . .

Demons and devils at evil light the fires  
And dance and swear oaths  
To the dwellers of the cathedral.  
The fiends burn paper from the Earth  
And the sorcerer adds herbs to the meats.  
The cauldron writhes accompanied by familiar  
Sounds,  
Death observed contentedly at the brew . . .

The wizard and the artist combined in contemplation  
To endeavour to create,  
A craft able of breaking the biosphere  
And utilize their purpose in the enigma of  
Emptiness.  
They are millionaires opening their worlds to  
Treasures,  
Far, far, far away, deep, deep in darkness . . .

Mathematics said 'ONE PLUS ONE MAKES ANOTHER'  
Life began !!!  
The Unbelievable looked back at the Cause,  
Their figures in silhouette around the furnace.  
There is no substance . . .  
Nothing positive . . . only negative . . .  
No existence . . . or significance.  
Colours danced in the cathedral courtyard.  
Sleepiness . . .  
Happiness . . .  
Relaxation and luxurious linen lined with pompoms  
Pink and plump.  
Hues of hallucinations, members of the spectrum.  
No meaning or rhythm.  
Hearing heard audible odes,  
Abstracted forms . . .  
The feys frolicked through the violets with pleasure  
Black and white  
Don't look alike  
Mathematics was right.

Wizard and artist slumbered on linen of the cathedral.  
Mathematics drew a Graph;  
X and Y, and X, Y negative  
"Zero Is Nothingness," said He,  
"Nothingness is The Origin,"  
Life began . . . Russel Grant, W5S3.



2nd Prize — Art Competition  
Lynda Newman, E5S1

### POEM

He turned, suddenly, but it had disappeared,  
He could not pin it down.  
Every time he turned it stepped back  
out of view.  
He couldn't see it, but he knew it was there,  
Always picking and prodding.  
He the conquerable, it the unconquerable.  
Pressed back into limbo  
But always returning  
Armed with new criteria  
New forces to aid the advancement of good,  
Repression of evil,  
Inner peace,  
Mental balance—  
The conscience.

Rosemary Monaghan, East 4F1.

### NIGHT

As I look out my window,  
I see the sun sinking into the ocean.  
I look down onto the ground and see a snail  
Curling up to go to sleep.

Now I look up into the sky  
And see the black-ribbons of cloud  
Covering the orange-black sky  
I look up into the stygian black sky.

And all I can see are  
The small glittering lights in the sky  
The stars have lifted their blinds once more.

Lorna Potaka, W3Y.



## "QUEEN ANNE"

Tomorrow morn at the break of day, I, Queen Anne Boleyn of England, second wife of King Henry VIII, shall be dead. Clad in white and head bowed low, I will be led slowly forward with the rhythmic pulse of the court's drums echoing in my ears, and there upon the scaffold I shall lay my head and by the swift sure action of the executioner's sword, I shall die, for I have shamed my husband and my king, and this is to be my punishment.

As I sit in this cold, dark, stone tower which has been my home for what seems like eternity, I think about the following day's procedure, but it stumbles carelessly over my mind and my eyes fill with tears that I weep for my king. I ask myself "how can this be happening to me, the Queen of England? What have I done to deserve such a harsh punishment as that which has been thrust upon me? I know I have angered and disgusted my husband to the extent, that he can no longer bear to lay his eyes on me in case the sight strains them too much, but for what reason I do not know, nor do I understand.

I close my eyes to fight back the tears, and I listen to the softly falling rain on my tiny window. The sound is comforting to me and for the first time in many days, a faint smile brushes across my lips. The feeling deep inside of me is one of peace and serenity and I tell myself that this is how it will be very soon when all my worries and heart breaks will be no more.

Soon I will hear the footsteps of the guards coming up the spiral stairway to fetch me, and so now I must find the courage that I know is hidden somewhere inside of me, and bring it out into the open so I can bravely face up to my punishment.

Thank you, dear Henry, for sending away to France for a swift executioner who uses a sharp steel sword instead of an axe. I know that deep down inside, under that cold, cruel heart of yours, you do have some feelings for me after all, because you do not wish me to feel any pain when I go. Thank you also those of you who have tried to comfort me in my long hours of waiting, and I forgive you all, even Henry, for having misunderstood my intentions when all I tried to do was be a good Queen for my country. I must go now. I see you all for the last time. Remember me won't you? And do not forget that I was your Queen, even if it was only for a thousand days. I pray to my Lord to have mercy on my soul.

Janet Evans, W5S1.

## THE KILLINGS OF A TORMENTED DRAGON

Thud,  
Another kanga crashes to the ground,  
Its body writhes in agony,  
Its face contorts with pain.  
The fire blackens the twisted body.  
And the tongues of flame again leap forward,  
A koala drops, smoking, out of a gum tree,  
Little round eyes glassing over,  
With the pain from the fire.  
Happy bundles of fur,  
Roasting in the flames.  
All around animals dropping, dying,  
Delirious with the intense, searing heat from  
The flames,  
Screaming and shrieking while they sizzle.  
The fire roars on,  
Engulfing everything, like a tormented dragon,  
Tormenting the bush, the bears, and nature.

S. Page, E3D.

## DEATH

Creeping  
Slowly  
Through the darkness  
Death throws its octopus shadow over  
The silent city  
Searching  
At last, finding its victim it seizes,  
And retreats.

Barbara Saywell, E3D.

## POLITICS IN SPORT

The proposed 1973 Springbok Rugby Tour of New Zealand has been very much in the news lately. Just how much should we let politics into our sport? What would happen, for example, if the staff took their politics onto the Rugby field? Over to ace commentator B. Smith on the lower field for the highlight of the '72 Rugby season, English versus Maths and Science Departments:

"Well hello everybody, at the moment the teacher staffing situation is excellent, with just a hint of salary increases in the air. The two teams are at the moment warming up in front of a heater in the staff room, so let's take a quick look at the line-ups. For the English teachers, a solid and experienced pack, with Mr. Page at half-back passing the buck to Mr. Lovell at fly-half, who passes it to Mr. Edwards and the other comparatively new English teachers in the centre and wings.

For the Maths and Science team, a pack of hard-core Mathematicians and Physicists, feeding their results to Mr. Wilks at half-back who will not, of course, bother to prove them himself. Next we have Messrs. Piercy Peel, Plyer at 1st, 2nd and 3rd 0.625 respectively, feeding Mr. Mason and Clarke on the wings.

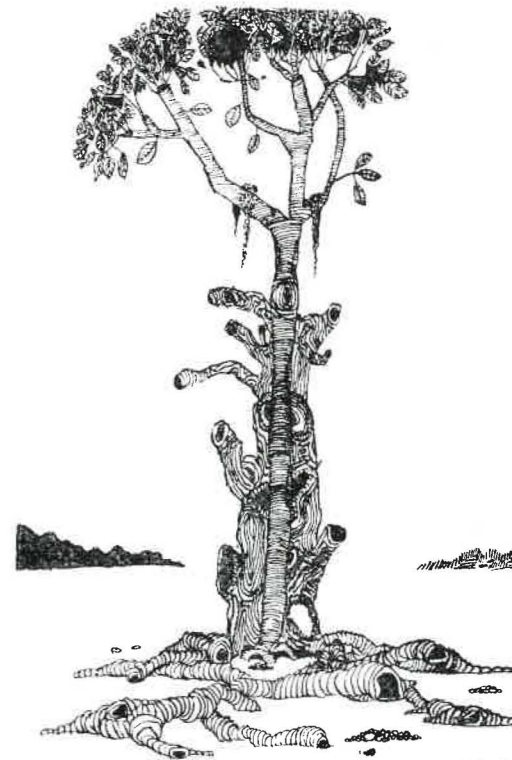
They're off! And Mr. Wilks catches the burden of proof fair and square, but he swiftly whips it out to Mr. Piercy who—he's dropped it! He's dropped the perpendicular! It's scooped up by Mr. Page who gives it to Mr. Lovell who gives it to Mr. Edwards who gives it back to Mr. Lovell who returns it to Mr. Page, AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!

Well, it'll never come out of that, so the Inspector blows them all up and they'll hold a set staff meeting. Mr. Wilks waits . . . he's got . . . wait for it . . . an education grant! He whips it to Mr. Piercy, who feeds it to Mr. Peel, who—he's attempting to spend it on his own! But no, he's brought down by Mr. Edwards with a fairly elementary pun. Well, they're holding another staff meeting, and Mr. Wilks puts in the application for an education grant! The Scientists are screwing the staff meeting for all they can get . . . but no! It's a tightwad to the English teachers! Mr. Page gives the grant to Mr. Lovell, who's attempting to clear the pressure by buying some library books! Wait for it . . . can he clear the application on the full . . . no! The cheque has bounced! They'll hold the staff meeting where he made the move.

Well, this time Mr. Page is getting the education grant . . . no he's got some S.C. results instead! He throws an 'A' pass to Mr. Lovell! Mr. Lovell gives a 'B' pass to Mr. Edwards!, a 'C' pass to Mr. Spencer! A long pass to Mr. Ashley-Brown on the wing, who—he's dropped it! He's dropped Maths! It's scooped up by Mr. Mason! He goes through one tackle! He goes through another! They can't stop him! He's going to score . . . ?

No, the Inspector calls him back and asks him to remove his spurs. They'll hold another staff meeting . . .

M. Giles, 7F.



M. Adams

## A NOTE FROM A "WIDENED" TRAVELLER

I was asked to give my impression of New Zealand, and being such an expert at this sort of thing; a master of writing; a world-wide authority on Taranaki, and having lived here eleven months,\*two weeks and three days, I condescended to do so.

To say that my impression of New Zealand has been an excellent one would not be beyond the realms of truth. Admittedly, when I arrived at the Auckland airport on a wet day in August, I almost wasn't allowed into the country because of quarantine restrictions. Anyone would think I had Americanitis! The customs officer stamped my two-year visa for six months, but fortunately for me, I was Kiwinised enough during that period to be allowed to stay the remainder of my time. Despite this red tape I have found "The Land of the Great White Cloud" an interesting, easy place.

When I think of New Zealand I will always imagine the people first: my New Zealand families, my friends and my acquaintances with whom I have shared my mistakes, my opinions and my laughter. Also the Prefect's room which has put up with my singing, American tea-bags, and glorified Hokey Pokey!

The second thing which occurs to me when thinking of New Zealand is just how lucky New Zealanders are. Despite what an outsider would think looking at the newspaper reports of the political unrest in New Zealand, very few New Zealanders would starve. You have good food, extensive health benefits, and magnificent scenery.

Packed into your small country of approximately 64,000 square miles are: mountains, plains, forests; an excellent view of the sea, wastelands and even one man-made desert, copied after "No Man's Land" in

Oklahoma. Although small, Kiwi Land gives an impression of tremendous size, and there are not many who wouldn't think it large if lost in the "wop-wops."

Church architecture has made a fantastic impression on me. I never have seen such a wide variety of Church buildings in my life. New Plymouth is an apt example with St. Mary's, St. Andrew's, Whiteley, the Baptist Tabernacle, and Catholic Cathedral. What has been even more fantastic is the number of people who give up their Sunday Morning lie-ins and Rugby practices to fill them up!

The thing which has made a lasting and undeniably the BIGGEST impression on me is New Zealand food. The average Kiwi is reputed to consume a quantity of food exceeded only by XXX. My delight over cooking methods has been so obvious that as a farewell gift I was given a cook book.

I could go on like this all day, but I haven't got the time, you haven't got the patience and the magazine hasn't got the room. I liked New Zealand; I enjoyed wearing my school uniform and attending Spotswood College. In many ways New Zealand could be another American State, and may one day be so!?

Well, having been told travel broadens one, I'd better go home!

Peggy Hickey,  
1970-71 Rotary Exchange Student,  
from Oklahoma, U.S.A.

## Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gents, Transvestites . . .

WHEELS. Many people in the past have spoken in their turns on wheels. No puns intended, I'm just fortunate that things turned out like that. Well now . . . as you may have guessed, I'm hair today to give a talk on hair, long hair, boys' long hair, long hair on boys, boys on long hair, hair on long boys, long on hair boys . . . and haircuts. I'll trim this speech to the minimum.

There's a lot to be said for long hair . . . and most of its derogatory. The majority of people between the ages of 90 and 123 too often write to the papers, magazines and the like to voice their opinion.

Well, in my opinion, their opinion is not worth my giving my opinion on their opinion. That's my opinion. They say that long haired youths are dirty, unkempt, and greasy. They're right but we must keep it from them. We can't let them know that they're right. Why, for them it'd be paradise, if all hell was let loose and they got their dirty-pickers onto a pair of scissors. They'd cut us down in no time.

Take my grandmother for example . . . She says "shocking"—I say—but she says "pack of scruffs they are"—I say—but she says "yobs, that's it they're yobs, all of them"—I say—but she says—"boys with long hair should be abolished if they don't wear caps"—and I say—but she says "for 90 years I've put up with them you know . . ." Well she's right! There are far too many incidents of long hair these days.—Well as it happens—long hair is a growing thing these days. One can't overlook it. Indeed a new menace has entered our society.

Now, let me say this—if you've been taken in, or worse still if you've believed any of this—then you are narrowminded, pig-ignorant and mentally deficient. There's a lot to be said for hair—it's . . . long!—and its . . . hair.

Thank you for your attention—or lack of it.

T. Blackburn, 6F.

## SPRING

She visited a tiny mouse  
And listened to him chat  
She stayed for tea and listened  
While he told her of the cat  
She drank tea out of acorn cups  
And biscuits off a leaf  
They called her a romantic child  
Absorbed in her beliefs

The next day she woke up early  
And had breakfast in the hall  
She stayed a while longer  
And talked to pictures on the wall  
Her tiny face was serene  
Her eyes knew not of grief  
They called her a romantic child  
Absorbed in her beliefs

She walked among the bluebells  
Her hair like shining gold  
She never thought of growing up  
Or of growing old  
She was soft and fresh and child-like  
Not like an autumn leaf  
They called her a romantic child  
Absorbed in her beliefs

When next she slept her mind was filled  
With dreams so real to her  
But she never never woke again  
And never shed a tear  
Tears were shed of course, by mice  
And (of course) by leaves  
They called her a romantic child  
And longed for her beliefs

Rosemary Holm, W5S1.

## WE HAVE WOMEN'S LIB— WHY NOT TEENAGERS' LIB?

Let me introduce myself. My name is Jahna Carstens, my age is sixteen years and my sex is female. My profession or job of work is, at present, being a school pupil. My ambition is to go to university, study law and enter that profession. I am not a radical—in fact I am rather shy and conservative. There is no threat to society lurking inside my body—only normal human things.

In fact, I'm a very ordinary, unknown teenager who doesn't want to blow up the world or even change it drastically.

I have said all this mainly to impress the adults of our society of the fact that there is no need to fear me. Only, I am upset, even perhaps furious, and therefore feel the need to have my voice heard, my views considered and my mind calmed slightly.

The reason for my state of mind is the treatment people of my age group receive from the adults of society. For some time now I have felt dissatisfied but have never really worried about it over-much. Now the time has come when I can no longer merely think about my woes; so I have decided to write them down.

We in New Zealand, and particularly in Taranaki, are living in an old fashioned society. Perhaps we "children" may not desire to do so, but the adults enjoy it this way, and as they are in control, we must abide by their rules—if we fail to do so we are faced with recrimination and suppression.

Quite often I get the impression that we are thought of as unthinking things which have sufficient intelligence, perhaps, for school work, but certainly not enough for forming our own opinions or for having constructive views. If we dare to voice an opinion or to act in a manner contrary to the out-dated views of the adults we are looked at askance, called long-haired freaks (in the case of males), or are suppressed in our attempts to show our opinions. An example of this suppression was shown on the 8th of April over Hauraki news when it was said that some students in a Thames school were not to be allowed to attend the school prize-giving because—they would not stand for the National Anthem. Shocking! Perhaps they felt this to be an irrelevant, non-sensical thing with very little meaning for them (and others). When they do something about this they are suppressed. It may not be important to them to attend prize-giving, but the act of forbidding them to go is one of narrow-mindedness and intolerance.

This attitude arises from the fact that adults, especially parents, wish to keep us children for as long as possible—which means that childhood is prolonged far longer in our society than in other societies. After all, we were such lovely babies—as witnessed by all those baby photographs with which we are periodically embarrassed. We may not be as beautiful now, or as cuddly, but it is nice to continue the delusion that we look up to our parents as infallible, perfect beings. Our physical growth is covered up as much as possible by school uniform so that what is nearly out of sight is nearly out of mind, and so our mental growth can also be ignored. I say our growth is nearly out of mind because if it were completely out of mind there would not be so many constrictions placed on us. Are we mindless animals to be petted, patted, and chained?

School uniform is degrading and insulting to people of our age. It enforces conformity, uniformity, and lack of individuality. Computers are more suited to this atmosphere. In ourselves we are individuals of a thinking age—but no one sees this, we are simply—school CHILDREN. Of course it would not be in keeping with society's pre-conceived ideas to recognise us as being people, capable of rational thought, or to give us a certain amount of freedom in what we are to wear to school.

Why don't we protest more against our being made inferiors? Because in one respect society does prepare us fully for adult life. It makes us afraid of law enforcers, makes us bow to administrators, makes us feel that because these people are given some authority over us they are all powerful and are capable of inflicting grave punishment if we infringe upon this power. I say this prepares us for adult life because adults are like this in their attitude towards government and so on—which is ridiculous because they pay the government and people in control, and these people depend on them for their power. We "children" are not in such a happy position, we do not control appointment of our controllers so we are very effectively brainwashed into thinking all figures of authority unbeatable and all-powerful.

After having lived a total of sixteen years I still dislike the thought of leaving home for good, of having complete independence. I admit this but am not ashamed of it. My parents are great as far as parents go, but they have made home seem so secure, so safe and such a good place to be, and the world seem so big and scary—a big bad wolf, that my inclinations turn me from following my common sense, so that when I leave home it will probably result in home-sickness or some such thing for a while. I think this happens to everyone—even those strong males who are not sup-

posed to cry. This is wrong and cruel. When I go out I must first gain permission from both my parents. When refused permission I may, in fact do become angry but I obey because I am not extraordinary. Instead of creating this atmosphere parents and all adults should encourage us when we are children to be independent, and it is wrong of them to try to continue our childhood past 15—using in the process all society's tools. We should at 15 be started on the way to responsible adulthood.

Most thinking people, and some who simply want to be "with it" groan about the terrible state the world is in. Wars, murders, robbery, drugs, the big bogey-man sex, and so on. Adults cause these things and this is because when they were finally allowed to reach adulthood they were unprepared but expected to act as great wise adults should. They cannot control their greed so they make war, sell drugs, they cannot control their emotions so they take drugs, are sexually irresponsible, murder people they DISLIKE and so on. We pseudo-children find our main protest to our prolonged childhood in following their example having sex with gay abandon, having gangs and gang warfare, taking drugs, saying naughty words—all of which the adults who set the example say is not nice, not the done thing. Neither is their treatment of us "nice" but they continue in their blind actions.

It is claimed that we have a democratic society whereby all men are equal before the law. Rich and poor may be equal but we "children" are not equal to adults. We have, for example, little chance to speak for ourselves in the courts of law.

Although we are considered inferiors we often carry a great deal of the work load in the home, working as well as adults do and yet being spoken down to, our ability to handle responsibility ignored until the younger ones need minding. We find people not yet 21 (the accepted age when a person becomes an adult officially—although you pay tax before then without having a say as to how your money will be spent). To return to the point—we find people not yet 21 doing the same work as adults but receiving less pay. This is plainly exploitation of people legally unable to retaliate. We are exploited in many ways—as in the world of music where records aimed at us as consumers are increased in price, where songs are presented in such a way to arouse our emotions in the hope of greater sales. When it is not necessary to play to our more matured emotions—you do not find true children having these emotions—our growth is ignored.

Adults find a lot of people of my age group a problem to handle. They would have themselves a great deal of trouble if they stopped trying to control us and started trying to understand us, helping us, letting us control ourselves. We are not stupid, we won't go wild, the world will not fall down about mankind, neither will it be blown up—which is what adults seem to be trying to do. Perhaps the world may come to its senses.

Of course, letting us gain some equality would take a lot of courage on the part of adults—it would mean admitting they can be wrong. Giving up a little of their authority and power would be hard. I wonder if they will ever find that courage.

Jahna Carstens, 6C.

## GRAFFITI

Weep for the lonely—theirs is the only  
Dream we've left undreamt.  
Their prayers—forgotten words on silent walls  
A memory afloat amid the fire-tipped nights  
Their hopes like buttercups in waterfalls  
Lie twisted in a sullied purity of white  
Among sore, faceless dreams on starlit moulds  
What mind—angry as scarlet flowers unfolds.

H.A.B., 7P.



Lynda Newman, E5S1

## PROMENADE

Le sable est gris—comme mon cocur. Les vagues de la mer courent a ma rencontre, le vent s'amuse avec mes cheveux. Le ciel avait ete bleu, mais maintenant il devenait gris, lui aussi. Puisque le soleil se couchait, les nuages disparaissaient et les collines eloignees etaient oubliées.

Mon ombre noire s'etendait sur le sol. Mes pensees s'eloignaient de cette scene magnifique et etaient bientot tres loin. A la meme facon que le sable gris avalait mon ombre, mes pensees avalaient la beaute des elements. Je ne voyais rien que ce moment il y avait trois semaines.

C'etait ici, a cette meme belle heure de la journee. Je voyais tout—je vois—Mais quelqu'un vient vers moi. Peut-etre? Peut-etre. Les derniers rayons du soleil m'aveuglent. Je ne vois rien. Les vagues scintillent et le sable, le sable—

C'est fini. Les collines ont pris le soleil, le soleil a pris la lumiere. La lumiere, ma lumiere, ma vie—La plage est grise. Un vieillard me passe et sourit. Son petit chien aboie joyeusement.

Voyez, la vie continue, depechez—vous, reprenez votre chemin a la maison. Depechez—vous a attendre demain. Depechez—vous, pour ne pas manquer la renaissance du jour. L'aurore amenera de nouveau le soleil.

Julie Leonard.

## TUESDAY'S DEAD

"Oh, what's the time?"

"Five to six."

"I'd better be going."

"What's the rush?" She watched him as he stood in front of her, feeling small, but so full of happiness she hurt inside.

"Gotta help my brother, I was supposed to be there at half past five."

"Sorry I kept you." She left the soft warmth of the old sofa and followed him to the door.

In the hall he kissed the top of her freckled, turned up nose, stroked her thick waves of dark hair and said goodbye.

"Will I see you again?"

"Tuesday?"

"Okay." She smiled as he skipped down the steps, strode along the crunching gravel of the path and jumped easily over the shut gate. Her eyes followed his figure down the rest of the path, shaded by old, bent trees, their knotty branches grasping hands overhead to form a tunnel. He then entered the dazzling sunshine, glanced behind him, lifted a hand in a final goodbye, and was gone.

Quietly she shut the door, her mind already racing to Tuesday. Back in the room she flung herself on the sofa, trying to catch the last shreds of his image. The lovely smell of horses and earth he left in the air. Shutting her eyes, it helped form his picture, the spiraling dark curls, those small blue eyes, like chips of warm glass, throwing the sun that had come through the window back into the room. The small welt that was a scar on the inside of his middle finger, the pattern of the skin on his thick hands, picked out by the earth that was rubbed in them. Especially the kiss that had tasted of beer. Although he denied the fact that he had been drinking, the sun spark had glowed brighter, he was laughing inside, she had felt it when his chest shuddered with the jumping breath.

Then she sat just thinking of Tuesday and the happiness of seeing him again welled up inside and spilled as hot tears that hurt her nose with their coming.

Saturday drifted by in insignificance, the night had been long. Sunday was filled with visitors that sank into the comfortable whelms of the sofa with cups of tea and biscuits while she sat on the window seat, occasionally turning from the view of the gate and the shadowy trees to watch her mother lift the heavy silver teapot once more and fill a waiting cup. Occasionally she heard the dense noises of their chatter and polite conversation which changed to impolite whispers at odd moments. But really she was listening to the voice in her head that was drumming out Tuesday to a slow and regular rhythm, like the pulsing of her blood. And so did Monday finally pass.

Tuesday found her at the window seat watching the morning fill out her skirts, draping it with hot yellow petticoats and high frills of clouds. Slowly, Tuesday matured to a billowing blue, heated the green of the trees and glistened on the windows, but it was no use, Tuesday was dying, her blood staining the clouds, glogging, dropping, he had not come, she frowned deeply as she watched the shadows coagulate under the trees.

Next Tuesday was the same, it sent a letter on the way to a post box she knew he owned. More Tuesdays, the pain in her stomach ached all day long, tears pricked in her eyes when she thought too deeply. Another letter begging for a reply it seemed the eyes that read them were empty.

Months had sunk into the depths of time, she had

waited and could wait no more. Circling the table twice she kept her eyes on the gleaming instrument. On both chairs she sat to look at it. Gathering courage, her slim hand grasped the handle, it swooped to dive between her ribs, the pain was intense, a strangled cry bubbled to her lips, she staggered, clutched at something soft, it fell, a pillow, she tumbled onto the floor still thinking of Tuesday's past.

The telephone rang and echoed around the room.

Jill Fryer, 6F.

## PEAR IN A BOTTLE

Beautiful, golden, pear;  
I watch you suspended in your prison.  
And see materialise in your sensuous face  
A beautiful golden man  
From long ago.

Beautiful, golden, man;  
Behind those thick glass walls  
You stand and stare  
Don't you know me?  
Has time destroyed the memory  
Of something meaningful  
We shared?

The light strikes your dark, brooding eyes.  
Why don't you blink—  
Or move?  
Why do you gape?  
I have come back as I said I would—  
Reach out  
Touch me  
Man I loved you!

'Man' I shout  
Remember when you touched me  
Remember what you said  
Man those words—  
You bastard—You loved me  
But where are those promises now?

Vile, black, pear;  
I watch you suspended in your prison  
And I ask you  
If pears feel pain  
If they bleed  
When they are cut  
In two.

Patricia Leonard, 6F.

## "MAKE UP"

A quiet morning—  
sweet face.  
Sweep of cheek bone—  
horizon gold.  
Soft shadowed—  
Muted mould  
of gentle lady  
Blue virgin grace.

## "WINDOW PAIN"

headlight on the hill.  
and shadows run  
like secrets  
and hide from—  
becoming.

## "A LAUGH"

quick-silver running through his fingers  
and she was gone.

J. Malan, W5S1.

## "TO DUST"

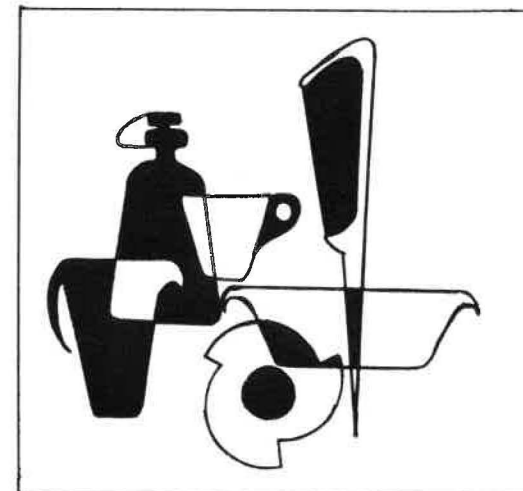
Grey dust.  
Mouse carpet.  
Sordid, soiled in the bright sun rays  
of faerys' streets;  
All neatly paved and cobbled  
With tiny stones of dust.  
Gold dust  
Of lazy summers  
And honey suckle  
Creeping up to the empty attic.

Jenny Malan, W5S1.

## THE THOUGHTS OF A VICTIM OF NORMALITY

It's hard, when you're young, to be old  
Or to be juvenile—  
The fibre snaps  
The flesh expands  
You're torn between two abstract worlds.  
—You are like me  
—And I like you  
And I wonder as I stare at your faces  
If you feel  
—As I do—  
The conflict, which causes so much pain.

Pat Leonard, 6F.



S. Sorensen, W5S1

## POLLUTION

Many a time has a child spent hours  
In the branches of my tree  
Many a cat has slept in front of the  
Warmth of my flame  
Many a man has walked within the streets  
Of my city  
Who has taken my child, my cat  
And my man whom I cherish most  
My branches have been torn  
My streets been ripped  
My flame has died  
I was the almighty  
But now I am nothing.

Patricia Moorcock, W4U.

## DREAM

Hundreds and hundreds of them  
Advanced on me  
All full of curiosity.

Big round eyes stared  
Big pointed ears listened  
Sharp white glistened.

They tugged at my clothes  
And they pulled my hair  
All they could do was stare.

It was a vicious circle  
I was surrounded  
I stood there dumbfounded.

There was no escape  
No exit at all  
In the spacious hall.

I turned over in my sleep  
They were still there  
I froze with fear.

I opened my eyes  
I saw them around me  
I was like a fish in the sea.

I tried to scream  
But not a sound could escape  
Not a move could I make.

As my eyes adjusted to the dark  
The pixies began to pale away  
And my room came to bay.

They were gone forever  
I turned over and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Christine Banks, W5S1.

## FOG AT NIGHT

The fog fell softly and quietly as if a cat upon a bird. Nobody knew it had come because they were asleep, but it came and I was the only one who had witnessed it.

As thick as pea soup it had grown, and like a pot, it was over-boiling. It landed between the orchard and even between the roses. Nowhere have I seen such thick fog at night.

Breathing heavily, I fumbled out towards the lamp-post where I was supposed to see light, but no light appeared, only a dull shine that ended inches away.

I could smell the foliage and wetness that the grass exhaled and I too knew that the grass was finding it as hard to breathe, as I was. What could I hear? It was so strange. I knew I could hear silence and like many other people felt silence was rare and on rare occasions like this found it a strange thing.

No birds were awake, no busy sound of people rushing to and fro, no sound of cars driving up and down, and I could not hear the sound of my mother's voice, which I so longingly awaited.

Will I ever find her or will I have to search all my life? That is why I am the only one that has witnessed the fog. I am like the fog too, I come and go and seek but I never find. I explore through every corner, look through every bush but I never find.—Perhaps I will someday.

Christine Patterson, W3Y.

## "LA TAUPE"

### Part One—

One of the men struggled to his feet. His breathing was slowed and hard, his eyes reflected the anxiety he felt. In the far corner Captain Varges fumbled at a series of switches and dials on a panel built into the main control unit. On the floor the other six men lay trying to conserve the rapidly disappearing oxygen in the cabin. Poite walked unsteadily over to Varges who replied to his questioning glance by giving a slight nod with his head. It had been ten minutes since the fire had occurred which had caused the air purification system to cut out and it had become obvious to Varges by his futile attempts at the control unit in the half-light of the well-used torch that the standby circuits had also been affected. Had they been in order both light and oxygen would have been restored by now. Their only chance of survival was now in the fate of Burns, the young electrician, who was already unscrewing the protective plates where the fire had broken out. Their removal revealed a mass of broken wire and melted insulation tape of both the main and a secondary electrical system that ran very close together in this area of the vehicle. In the background one could hear the reactor which was quickly dying.—Varges had closed it down so the electricians could attempt to repair the secondary circuit which was least affected. In the minds of all the eight men they wondered if the dying reactor was a reflection of themselves. Already hope was waning like the precious oxygen.

### Part Two—

With the onset of the discovery of the 119th element Yuronium, named after the Government Researcher of late—Yuran, the R.G.E.U. had made tremendous progress in the field of etuphysodurism which had previously begun to stagnate. Moreover the application of etuphysodurism to the less advanced field of sub-terrestrial travel had markedly been more successful since Yuranium is an absolutely pure form had been used in the construction of earth displacement mechanisms. Its suitability for this purpose was due to the fact that it could undoubtedly withstand the most extreme temperatures created by either direct heat application, friction, or otherwise.

The R.G.E.U. was secretly undergoing massive research and experimentation with this element especially exploration and defence field. She had recently started her "La Taupe" series—this consisted primarily of the development and construction of a specialised manned military vehicle for boring through sub-terrestrial areas, and in so doing adding an invaluable force to the country's defence.

### Part Three—

"La Taupe IV" lay under heavy guard in a large military installations, while technicians and mechanics worked on opening the large heavy hatch of the cylindrical vehicle.

Military investigation authorities had retrieved the nuclear powered manned vehicle headed by a large conical base and earth displacement system after it had stopped short for no apparent reason about a hundred kilometres away and two hundred metres under the desert surface.

Unable to be motivated by the bore attached to the front of it, on the surface, four retractable caterpillar tracks had been developed for this purpose. Upon

recovery of the vehicle these had for some reason come out accidentally and these together with the rest of the craft gave justice to the name "La Taupe" the mole.

Because of the heat resistance of the craft the designers had realised that it would be near impossible to cut into the craft so an external mechanism for opening the hatch had been designed—it was this that the technicians now worked on with their knowledge of the intricate system they managed to open the one-foot thick door.

Light flooded into the dark, cold interior and reflected off the metallic panels that lined the inside. The situation immediately became clear to those present: the burned-out panels, the mass of wire, and the eight uniformed bodies on the floor.

Murray Reid, W5S1.

## PERIOD IN CLASS

Start work  
What about you two?  
Ha!  
Don't know Sir  
Sleeping all the time  
I thought I asked you to keep it in your folder  
Sir  
What did you say?  
Sir  
What do you want?  
Do you have anything to do during this period?  
Sir  
Are they your stories or someone else's?  
That's good  
Must be a pretty dead loss  
I've got some neat poems  
What's all the noise?  
Hope your getting on with something  
Ah really?  
Sir  
Bruce wants you  
Ah now look  
I can't let you have time to do your project unless you keep quiet  
Stop it Dick!  
That's what I mean  
As there's one, there's one  
You got a Baboon Sir?  
Go on  
Make it a Chimpanzee  
What does a Baboon look like Sir?  
I've got some funny children  
Yes Viss  
Peter  
Get on with something quietly  
I might try this?  
Ah well  
—Unreal!  
Put in an orange lamp  
That must be some marking on a field  
See there are the lions  
You'll have to shorten it  
Out of this world!  
Yes Yes!  
They lived before us  
Once upon a time  
I saw Dina  
My son.

Chris Chilcott, W4U.

## THE OLD WOMAN

Sitting in an armchair by a fire  
Sits a figure like a wilted flower that once had  
Bloomed  
Her face like a mushroom left in the sun too long.  
Her hands trembling like a leaf in the wind.  
She stares endlessly into the flames of the fire  
As if a magnet were pulling her eyes towards it.  
The reflection of the flames in her eyes  
Seems to make them sparkle and  
Her face glow with happiness.  
But deep down inside she is a lonely person.  
Rona Wyatt, W3R.

## THE SEA

Her dress  
The golden shore of sand  
Edged with a sunburnt fringe  
Of young palm trees  
Stretching many miles  
With unbroken sand-dunes  
She waves,  
With her white foamy hands  
All day,  
All night,  
Never ceasing.

Patricia Moorcock, W4U.



J. Fryer, GF

## A CHARACTER STUDY

We were in an exam room and she was sitting a few desks away. A puzzled expression covered her face. Her forehead rested on her left hand, and I knew that she was pressing that left hand hard.

Her brown eyes moved across the paper, reading the instructions. Her long, lean legs were neatly crossed under the desk. White ankle sockettes and well-polished brown shoes covered her feet. My gaze shifted to her figure—slim. The short tunic barely covered her, and her blazer almost reached her hem.

Neatly tied with golden ribbons, her long, black pig-tails shone in the late morning sun. They fell over her shoulders onto her work.

Being in the position I was I couldn't touch her, but I knew that the skin on her tanned face and arms would still feel soft and tender.

She would most probably smell of one of her sweet, romantic perfumes. Her body would still have that warm, sweet smell.

I continued to watch her. She had a wonderful co-ordination between her brain and hands. Every time she found an answer she would begin to write, and while she wrote, her eyes would shine. It was as though the answer actually travelled through them, shining brilliantly.

Her sixth sense must have told her I was watching her. She turned and smiled and turned back to her work. By the look that had been in her eyes, I could tell that she would come with me to the movies again, tonight.

She reminded me of a beaver when she was working on the exam. Each answer she wrote, was another twig to build her home.

C. Field, E5S1.

## AWAKENING

Everyone sleeps,  
But not I,  
Wandering through the near-empty house,  
I give a quick glance out the window.

A lone bird chirps its tune,  
An abandoned trike lies helpless,  
Amidst the dew,  
Like a wounded animal.

Am I the last man?  
Is this my last day?  
I can't think.  
Somewhere in the pale blue sky,  
A jet shatters the morning,  
Exploring the endless sky.

Suddenly things begin to happen,  
The neighbourhood is alive,  
The trike is claimed,  
The bird is no longer chirping,  
The jet is no longer heard;  
Is it exploring somewhere else?  
The sky is an endless blue mass.

Wilma McDonald, W5S3.

## THE STORM

Deathly clouds traverse the heavens,  
Changing, wallowing, stupendously arrogant,  
Spreading the feelers of life and death.

The rain strikes the swollen earth,  
The clouds give and the light prevails,  
The sun has forced a passage.

Murray Leong, E3D.



J. Fryer, 6F

## POEM

Oh, how I love you so,  
You are so beautiful.  
When I'm lonely, I'll know  
That I may come to you;  
When I'm unhappy, crying  
You're there, as always.  
At night when it is cold  
You keep me so warm.  
If you're ever gone  
I know I'll miss you:  
You're so nice, lovely  
Comforting, understanding.  
You stand up to it all,  
So warm and kind,  
My dearest bed.

Celia Field, E5S1.

## POEM

Reaching out, hands grasping as if  
To get hold of fresh air.  
But all, in vain; like  
The air, your face  
Disappears.  
Images from upon  
The wall, your face  
And body, there  
Before me:  
You walk towards me  
But as I reach out my hands,  
You go, dissolving  
Into thin air  
As if you were a ghost.  
Never a real person  
As I know you.

Celia Field, E5S1.

## CAT

Fluff of fur  
Soft purr  
Pussy

Janice Tunbridge, W3U.

## PUSSY

When I play with my cat,  
Who knows whether  
I make her more sport  
Than she makes me?

Janice Tunbridge, W3U.

## THE WIND

The wind blows away the ashes,  
From a house that once lived.

Debbie Ropata, W3Y.

## DAISIES

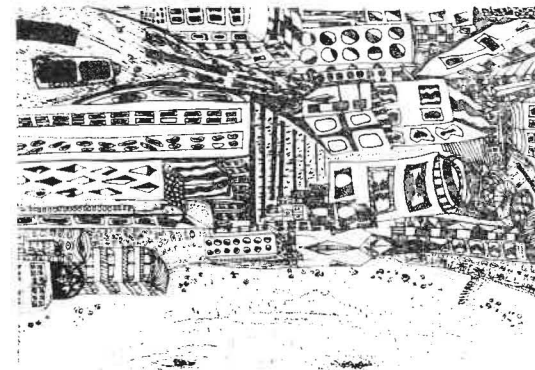
Daisies out in the paddock,  
With the sun gleaming down  
Upon them as though they  
Were slaves.

Debbie Ropata, W3Y.

## CRUSH

The Conqueror  
Comes  
He comes in 44-gallon drums.

Robert Taylor, W3U.



P. T. Standish

## DREAM

The House on the hill has one light  
And laughter;  
Ivy clad it sits amongst the bare trees  
And green ones  
A man sits at the gate on horseback  
Wanting to go up but not being able to  
And a carriage of full people goes past the gate.  
He turns his horse slowly and goes away.  
A girl in a blue dress and a cape  
Comes out and swings round the trees;  
She is the youngest  
Not wanting to go in and loving  
The moon,  
She enters by the front door.  
The cook is in the kitchen by herself,  
But a black figure is in the doorway.  
Scene fades.  
On horseback he comes again and starts up the hill,  
Slowly  
It is a long drive, but not that long;  
He nearly gets there, but everything stops.  
It is  
A picture.

Rosemary Holm, W5S1.

## BONGO PEOPLE

Down where the thick green ferns lay  
Scary people dance the night away,  
Bong-did-e-bong they play their drums  
And listen to the beat of the Bongo Drums,  
Clapping hands and dancing feet  
Feel for the rhythm of the untold beat

At last the music sings itself away  
And quietness is spread till dawn next day,  
Nobody stirs and nobody waits till  
The sun-god rises and pays them well,  
Bong-did-e-bong again they play  
Down where the thick green ferns lay.

Patricia Moorcock, W4U.

## "MOUSES"

Cecily and Cyril lived in a cushion,  
Covered with silk and lined with feathers.  
Cecily and Cyril were two small mice,  
With brown little bodies and long white whiskers.  
Cecily and Cyril were mouse and wife  
And they weren't very richly and they weren't  
Very nice—  
(Cos they didn't like "Pooh-Bear" and they didn't  
Like ice-cream)  
They had no mouslings, so they weren't very happy.  
Spite their lovely cushion,  
They were both very snappy.  
Cecily and Cyril had met in a haystack—  
They had fallen terrible in love,  
And they'd run away stack—  
'Till they came to a house with a green silk cushion,  
And they'd made a little nest  
In a very "trendy" fashion.

But . . .  
They were terrible bored, they were terrible lonely,  
And they squeaked to the moon  
For something only.  
Oh silly little mice with long white whiskers.  
For one dark night, they were sleeping most deeply,  
When all of a sudden—  
Their nesty was broken—  
There were feathers all over!  
And silk in little bits,  
And mice were frightened, most out of their wits.  
And they didn't know what'd happened—  
And they didn't know why—  
'Till suddenly they saw Tom Puskins  
With his greedy gold—green eyes.  
And mice were frightened, and mice had fits  
And they couldn't move anywhere  
'Cos they'd lost their little wits.  
They were all of a tremble,  
And they really couldn't move,  
Not an inch nor a whisker, nor a little sharp tooth  
And they really were not squabbling  
And they really did not fight  
They just stood there petrified—quite sick in their  
Small frights.

But Tommy wanted mouse for dinner—  
Tommy didn't care—  
If mice had long pink tails  
And whiskers here and there  
—So he gobbled one—  
Then t'other one—  
And then he went to sleep  
On a feathered bed  
With bits of silk  
Where no more mouse would squeak . . .  
Jenny Malan, W5S1.

## EXTRACTS

The waterfall fell,  
Spreading its silver beauty  
Upon shiny rocks.

Suzanne Murphy, W3D.

Sun streams onto his face,  
Shading one side—  
Two faces, one bright,  
One sad.

Peter Burgess, W3D.



K. Ulrich, E3P

#### SATURDAY, 24th JUNE, 1972

Saturday morning was not as bad as the last tramp, but I put on jeans and a jersey because I did not want to waste time up at the Chalet by changing. By the time I was ready I had 20 minutes to get to the school. I arrived just as they were going to call the list.

Steven Luscombe and I hopped into Mr. Rawson's car. Dave Smith was in the front seat. We stopped at a shop in Devon Street West and then straight to Egmont National Park and up the Chalet. There I put my raincoat on and my gloves on. About ten minutes later Mr. Lovell cried, "Packs on" and on we went.

We turned onto the Landrover track which was at this point a good gravel road.

Not long after starting up our first steep hill, a person up a fairly steep hill. At the bottom of this hill a person got hit on the head with a rock which was buried in an ice ball. Apparently the thrower had not known the rock was inside and a rule was made that no ice be thrown. At the top of this hill we saw our first worthwhile piece of snow. From here the descent was gradual and most of the ground was covered in snow. However the track where the wheels of the Landrover went along was not covered in snow and this is where we went. Soon, however, the whole track was covered in snow. It was not icy enough to hold our weight and would give beneath us. So we had to walk where other people had walked—where it was firmer.

As we went along, the ice gradually started to become firmer and I came upon a tiny creek, about a foot across, which had cut a channel across the track. When we turned another corner the ice was hard and slippery, and was becoming dangerous. The wire netting sometimes showed. The wire netting was used to chain up the Landrover to help it up and to stop the vehicle from slipping back. One boy slipped ten feet and shortly afterwards, we were all lined up and followed the steps made by ice axes. Dave Smith said that if you do slip, turnover on your stomach and try to dig your toes in, then you pray. We made quite good progress with the steps and the ice was now very dangerous.

As we turned some corners I saw the Hen and Chickens Bluffs. There was also a shallow, formidable

ice valley, about 20 feet across. At the end was a bluff. A type of bridge crossed at the bluff, and if you were to slip, to hold on to this bridge would be your only hope before going over. At the top of this valley, Mr. Lovell slipped about six feet then showed us what to do when you slip. He turned over on his belly and stuck the ice axe in close to his chest. He then sat upright balancing himself, he dug steps all around him, still sitting down with these steps he was able to stand up. He then chopped steps back to our track. Up to now our track of steps in the ice had zig-zagged all around, but now it went straight. We were now at the ice bank.

Above the bank was the Tahurangi Lodge. We could either go straight up following some other steps, or go on an angle to the east. The straight up version was a lot quicker, but the descent off the ice bank on an angle was indicated as the proper route, so this is what we used. Steep steps were cut into the ice from the leader to make sure of no accidents, as none of us had crampons. When we were about half way up, a man walked down from above us. I heard someone say "Why isn't he slipping to his death down the ice bank?" Dave Smith replied "Because he's got crampons on, things that contain spikes to dig in the ice; with those he won't slip." Presently the man yelled out "Cup of tea." Dave Smith cried "Great." The man then turned and went back to the lodge. When I looked down into the ice steps carved viciously by the ice axe, the flat bottom was clear blue, every step was blue; only the surface was a glassy white and the further in you dug, the darker the blue became.

Presently John appeared and walked briskly down the slightly sloping flat. After exchanging greetings he asked if he could help. Mr. Lovell exclaimed "You can dig some steps." "Why, I don't need them, I've got crampons on" was John's comment. "Not for you, for us" Mr. Lovell cried back. John then hurriedly cut some steps down to the leader and then returned to the top. When the leaders were at the top Mr. Rawson asked him to get a rope. He ran to the lodge and returned with two ropes and extra equipment (ice axes). One was a short rope which they agreed to use.

The longer bundle of rope was dropped and started sliding down the slight slope (flat) towards the bluff. John, using his crampons, instinctively ran after it. The person behind said "He won't get it in time." He caught up with the rope, just before it was about to slide over the bluff. In a desperate attempt to save the rope he tried digging his ice axe in to hook it. However, the thrust pulled him over and he landed on his belly, arms and legs stretched out as he went over.

For about two seconds he disappeared only to reappear and just miss a large rock; he was sitting upright when on the tiny flat stretch. His ice axe was following him, but it was coming down much slower. He made a few short grunts and tried desperately to dig his crampons in (which would have been his only saviour), but he only picked up speed as he toiled from the Hen and Chickens bluff, forty feet down.

At first, everyone was shocked, and I heard the person behind me say softly to himself, "Is he dead, what will it be, 36th victim or something?" I think everyone had those thoughts for those few seconds of time.

It didn't take long for everyone to start acting. Mr. Lovell carefully made his way back along the steps until he could see John. He then yelled "John, are you all

right?" I heard a voice but could not distinguish the words. Mr. Lovell again called to John "stay put and we'll come and get you," for at this time John had actually picked himself up and was walking around with a crampon stuck in his leg. Mr. Lovell then shouted to us "He said he's all right, but thinks his wrist is broken." Our leader, Dave Smith, using his two ice axes like walking sticks, as substitutes for crampons hurriedly hobbled to the lodge (about 50 yards away) and reported that someone had gone over. A member of John's party came and asked: "Anyone who can wear crampons and carry a stretcher come to the lodge to get them fitted." Mr. Lovell, Mr. Rawson, and a couple of seniors volunteered, but it took us half an hour to cover the last 50 feet to the lodge.

There the school's citizen band transceiver was used to communicate with the Search and Rescue. We all took our boots off in the basement, which had heaters in the toilets, and showers. We were taken to the first floor which contained the very large bunks, in which students were placed. The second floor was the main living room; there was a terrace on which to enjoy the view, but at this point, we were confined to the bunks.

Very soon, they had John up. There wasn't much to do in the bunkrooms, but the first thing we did was have lunch, which was such a relief, for we had not eaten for a long period of time. Four girls in the top bunk tried singing and strumming on the guitar but none of us boys was interested, and after about half an hour they dropped the idea and went into the next bedroom.

Up till now, I haven't said anything about snow blindness. For when we were covering the last 150 feet to the lodge, the sun bouncing off the ice into your eyes could really affect your eyesight for a short period of time. At one stage I could not see the steps. This could have been extremely dangerous for me.

A pack of mixed cards was brought in, and we spent the next 15 minutes trying to pick one full pack. A game went on, but after a few games one big lad threw his hand into the air. But the three of hearts went out the window and slipped a little way down the treacherous ice only to hit a small bump and stop. There was no way to retrieve the card, as anyone of us who would have climbed out the window, would have slipped down the long slope, this time to certain death. However, about ten minutes later, two packs of cards came. I had two games of cards with two other boys, winning one game. However I soon quit to join Steven Luscombe. Together we lay on the enormous top bunk and stared at the summit of Mt. Egmont which from this angle of the mountain made the peak look as if it came into a single point.

Shortly afterwards, we saw our first search and rescue man. He was clad only in long trousers and had a black singlet on. He did of course have crampons on. In the distance, we could see other men far off. The doctor had not arrived, but was on his way with Alpine Club members giving him support. Some magazines were handed into our bunkroom. They were mainly of two kinds, Wild Life and Fast Cars. I found the Wildlife magazines more interesting.

Mr. Lovell came in and said they were going to get John out by helicopter, as it was too dangerous by stretcher, and the Landrover could not get up, even with the aid of chains.

About 20 Search and Rescue men arrived. Afterwards the doctor finally arrived and Mr. Lovell told us that

John was suffering from skin abrasions, broken arm and badly cut up leg. But there was also the threat of shock, and he was already showing the symptoms for this. At about 3.15 p.m. the 30 Search and Rescue men, Dave Smith, and Mr. Rawson moved off to start making a landing pad for the helicopter. They chose a spot about 150 feet from us.

There is quite a job in preparing a landing pad. First the men had to clear a flat stretch 10 feet by 10 feet on which the helicopter could rest without slipping. Also, the landing pad should easily be seen from the air. It could be on the right angle so the helicopter could come into it. There should also be no rocks, or any other solids under five pounds. If they were under this required weight they would be pulled into the big rotor propeller by its powerful suction. We could see the men working. They were obviously in a hurry, but it still took them about three-quarters of an hour before the pad was ready. Mr. Lovell came in and said that they weren't sure if we could get out of the lodge and that we might have to stay the night. For you already know that we couldn't move out until the helicopter took John out. We were getting a bit impatient (for there were about twenty of us in our bunkroom), so the seniors brought us in the big radio.

We listened to the news, to see if there was any mention of the accident. Meanwhile, as we listened to the end of the cricket, which I wasn't particularly interested in, Mr. Lovell broke the silence and told us that we might have to spend the night in the lodge. When he came in the next time, which was about 15 minutes later, he said that we would definitely be spending the night here (at the lodge). Miss Grant explained that the helicopter, which had been sent from Auckland had been delayed at the New Plymouth airport because it had to be refuelled. The helicopter was at New Plymouth picking up another doctor and medical supplies, and also a guide to guide the helicopter over the mountain. She said that the helicopter would be coming in a few minutes to get John out and explained that the ice had already frozen very hard and that by the time they got us to the chalet it would be dark. Search and Rescue men would go down to get food supplies. About five minutes later, Miss Grant told us we could go into the living room to see the helicopter. I went onto the terrace, and sat on the wooden rail where I had an excellent view. I did not fancy standing on the terrace itself as it was covered in ice. I had better mention that Mr. McPhail had been contacted by the Search and Rescue at the request of Mr. Lovell and Mr. Rawson. He then had the job of contacting all the parents of the students who were in the lodge and tell them that we would not be home that night.

We could see the helicopter now, a speck in the sky coming from New Plymouth. It appeared above the cloud (towards the east), and moved across and almost over our heads, not more than 50 feet above us. It then continued west towards Henry and Maude Peak, searching the ground for the best route in. Before the helicopter had reached the cloud, a cardboard carton had been set on fire to guide it in. Then the helicopter turned in a semi-circle and came through a gap between the mountain and the large cloud. It carefully hovered to the landing pad, and stopped in mid-air, manoeuvring itself into the best possible position, before setting down. John was by this time half-way to the helicopter. He had been warmly wrapped up and put inside a canoe-like toboggan, which was carefully slid down towards the helicopter, supported all the way by about four men. When he reached the helicopter it only took

them about 30 seconds to get him aboard. I noticed how much the New Zealand sign stood out. It was a round circle just like the British, but with a kiwi in the middle.

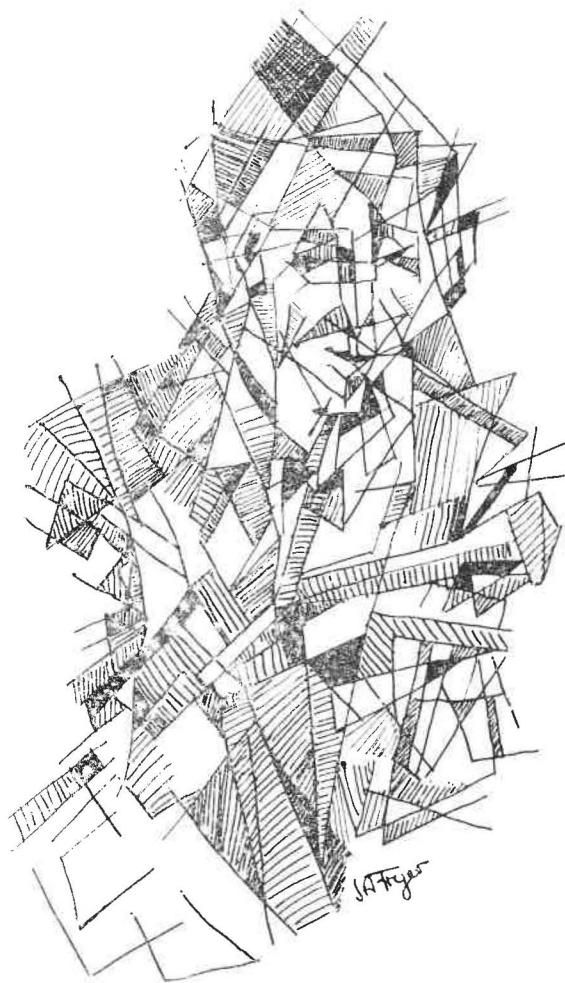
The helicopter itself, was about a three to four seater. It had a moderately large cabin on it with a long tail. It was an army-type with a dark green colour. Its powerful and very large rotor propeller just missed the tail propeller, by a few inches. The helicopter lifted itself off the ground and disappeared in the direction from which it had come. Miss Grant and some other seniors lined up to have their photo taken, I retreated into the living room. I looked at the Tait transceiver which sat on the table. It had been used to help communicate with the outside world. We all were put back in our bunkrooms. About 4.15 p.m. Miss Grant announced that the Search and Rescue had decided to take us out and that we were all to go to the basement and collect our packs and boots. Miss Grant told us that it would be extremely cold and that we were to put on our warmest clothing. I put my thick woollen jersey on, then wrapped my scarf firmly around my waist. I already had my jeans on so I put on my green jacket. I then put on my woollen knitted hat. My coat was put on and the hood pulled over and tied. I put my pack on, my boots I had put on before, and lastly I put on my gloves which were also woollen knitted by my mother. The first party of about 15 were called down and set on their way. I could not see what was happening but knew that the same would happen to me. The second party, which was about 15 were gradually called down. I was nearing the door, when Miss Grant cried, "Next four." I was the last person of these four. At the base of the lodge the men bound us altogether with rope, so that we were four feet apart. I heard the other people being called down and they were also roped together and joined on to us. We had to wait for about 15 minutes before we were away. We had little time before it would be dark. We went straight down the treacherous ice bank (about 50 feet) by steps cut by the men. Sometimes the steps nearer the bottom were not very good and we would slip. But not very far, for the rope kept us from slipping more than three feet. If the rope had not been there, many other accidents would have occurred.

The going was hard on the ice, and we all grew tired. Darkness fell and we went a slightly different course. Torches had to be switched on. When we reached softer snow we trod on, half slipping and falling down the slopes. I saw the Landrover tracks where the Landrover had tried to get to the lodge, but to no avail. We turned corner after corner, went down slope after slope, the torches piercing the darkness for way ahead. I was beginning to wish that we were back safe in the lodge. As I trod lazily along, I lit up when I saw the little stream which I had mentioned earlier in the story. I knew then that we were getting near the Chalet. But the Chalet was further than I had expected. When I first hit the dirt of the Landrover track, the impact was noticeable after trudging through the soft snow. I then tried to walk as much as possible on the snow as it was softer. Soon after however, there was no snow and we kept tripping and stumbling over the rough metal track. We came to the gate, which was already open, probably left open by the Landrover. We walked the final short distances where there was a weak sigh of relief from the people ahead of me. In the

Chalet we sat down for a few minutes as we were all very tired. I sat down by Steven Luscombe who had come down with the first party. I then hastily slung off my coat, hat, gloves and scarf. I then opened my pack to get something to eat. Mr. Lovell yelled "Who came in Mr. Rawson's car?"

Mr. Rawson warned us that there might be a bit of ice on the road. However, no sign showed of this as we left Egmont National Park and we were soon home.

Steven Manning, W3Y.



The Editor  
1st Prize — Art Competition  
J. Fryer, 6F

## COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

### COUNCIL REPORT

This year the council was faced with the task of redeeming some lost face in the eyes of the school, for in previous years lack of communication had marred overall efficiency. A revised scheme of electing members to the council was also brought in this year in an attempt to have more profitable discussions. To this end 12 of the members were drawn from senior school and junior representation was given via the school captains. Generally this proved to be a better system than in previous years when each form had a member.

Communication with the school was made through assemblies and through printed sheets with the council minutes printed on them. These sheets represented an effort to make people aware that the council was prepared to listen and to act on suggestions made — and as such took up many out of school hours.

The council also received letters from many organisations asking for support, generally this was given as was support to other local schemes. The need for funds to aid such organisations and appeals as the Vietnam Medical Aid appeal, the Olympic Appeal, Life Raft Appeal, Rice Bowl Appeal and Fijian Orphan Appeal would have proved to be a major problem had school support not been given. Council organised dances and sold badges which were generally well supported by members of the school and this support was greatly appreciated.

At school many regulations were looked at and suggestions for revision of some rules, and standards, were well received by Mr. McPhail.

Generally this proved to be a profitable council year and the major task of restoring confidence and providing communication with the school was fulfilled; and from this moves to an even stronger standing in the future should be assured.

D.B.

### Report from West School Council

At our last meeting of the year, on 9th November, the Council Members were all agreed that because of lack of interest and lack of influence, the Council as it is, is inadequate for anything other than arranging sports teams.

Our one mighty effort was distributing rubbish tins more thoroughly throughout West School, which were removed the next day never to return. The only reason this motion was carried out as quickly as it was, was due to Council Members leaving the meeting to distribute them themselves.

We feel that the College Council should contain members of East and West Councils, thus eliminating the East and West Councils. The Junior School's Councils could be replaced with a Sports Committee.

West School Council.

### COLLEGE COUNCIL



Back Row: G. George, J. White, D. Bowering, W. Williams, D. Dawson, C. Jackson, S. Fluker, R. Wawatai.  
Front Row: L. Tangaere, D. Guthrie, L. Sutherland, J. Plummer (Vice-President), Mr. McPhail, D. Birrell (President), D. Guy (Secretary), R. Hill, N. Tioko.

**WEST SCHOOL COUNCIL (Including Leaders)**



**Back Row:** H. Brewster, L. Edwards, W. Jennings, M. Reid, D. Marshall, J. Kettlewell, H. Kitchin.  
**Front Row:** N. Thompson, J. Ma'an, S. Fluker, Mr. Procter, L. Tangaere, R. McEwan, E. Insull.

**EAST SCHOOL COUNCIL**



**Back Row:** C. Edwards, P. Page, P. Andrews, G. Anstis, R. Robertson, T. Hutchinson, R. Geary, K. Hall.  
**Front Row:** S. Armstrong, A. Brill, G. George (School Captain), Mrs. Connor, Mr. Hutchinson, N. Tioko (School Captain), A. McElhannan, C. Field.

**EAST SCHOOL LEADERS**



**Back Row:** N. Tioko, S. Manley, M. Thompson, R. Robertson, L. Lister.  
**Front Row:** I. Ropata, S. Archer, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Connor, B. Jury.

**COLLEGE PREFECTS 1972**



**Back Row:** R. Pittwood, P. Pritchard, J. Gosnell, M. Bolton, K. Adair, R. Ormiston, D. Dawson, C. Jackson, P. Gall.  
**Middle Row:** B. Hammonds, L. Penney, J. Leonard, T. Sole, I. Moody, J. White, C. Larkin, A. Mack, R. Dalgeish, P. Harding.  
**Front Row:** R. Wawatai, L. Sutherland, J. Plummer, D. Guy (Deputy Head Girl), W. Williams (Head Boy), R. Hill (Head Girl), D. Birrell (Deputy Head Boy), H. Buchan, J. Meredith, L. Moss.  
 Absent: D. Smith.



### Report from East School Council

At the beginning of the year our problem was to get under way because there was, as usual, a lack of suggestions, but as the year progressed we tried to rectify this situation.

We held assemblies once a fortnight and found the response gratifying.

Our other activities included: collection of toys for the Crippled Childrens' Society; raising money through lunchtime record sessions to help support a Fijian orphan; and the raising of more than \$324.00 (compared with last year's \$114.69) on Gala Day.

We also arranged sports teams and were able to have teams to enter into all sporting competitions.

To ensure a good start for East School's activities in 1973, it has been decided to hold Council elections of 4th and 5th form representatives in November of this year so that we will have the beginnings of a Council to work with until the remainder is elected.

On behalf of East School, we thank Mrs. Connor and Mr. Hutchinson for the help they have given us during the year.

East School Council.

### BRASS BAND



**Back Row:** R. Davies, M. Petrove, D. Kirkland, S. Hutton, R. Wilkinson, I. Dykes.  
**Middle Row:** W. Lynch, J. Smith, P. Riches, M. Heatley, S. Manning, B. Carnachan, C. Paul, A. Gillespie.  
**Front Row:** B. Lonsdale, S. Carson, A. Dungan, P. Bowering, M. Brown, G. Oliver.  
**Absent:** P. Corbett, P. Leonard, A. Henderson, G. Coughlin.

### BRASS BAND REPORT

This year has been another successful one for Spotswood's Brass Band, due, as always, to the dedicated work of our tutor and conductor, Mr. L. Hall, and of course, the enthusiasm of the pupils. There are, however, problems, such as the difficulty in obtaining full attendances at lunch-time practices when so many other things are going on. The other main problem is that the majority of the band are seniors, and the next two years will see the disappearance of the playing core

of the band. To alleviate this, a "beginners band" was formed, which often plays without the support of the more experienced players whom they will soon lose.

The first project of the year was, as last year, the Taranaki Secondary Schools' Music Festival. Following the success of last year's combined band, the bands of Spotswood, Girls' High, Inglewood, Waitara and Stratford again combined to play "Wandering Star", "Morning Praise", and "Aunt Alice". They were again enthusiastically received at both concerts.

The brass quartet competitions were again held in the May competitions, and our quartets Nos. 1 and 2 gained 1st and 2nd placings from the field of 2.

The next term began with earnest practice for the Chamber Music Contest. We had entered a quartet—the "Endoplasmic Reticulum", consisting of Wendy Lynch, Pat Leonard, Andrew Dungan and Stephen Hutton, and a large group, playing in a new section of the contest, conducted by Stephen Hutton—"Scrap Brass". The extra practices were made worthwhile by the fact that we won both sections of the Taranaki regional contest. However, neither group qualified for the national final.

On the last weekend of the 2nd term we visited

Te Awamutu, and both chamber music groups entertained a receptive audience in the College library.

Then in the last week, Tawa College visited us. Both chamber music groups, the combined band, and the beginners band were included in the programme, as well as the Concert Band, including woodwinds, under the direction of Mr. Purdy.

Future plans include playing at the Gala Day and the break-up ceremony.

Again our thanks go to Mr. Hall for his constant encouragement and advice throughout the year.

Stephen Hutton.

### MADRIGAL SINGERS



**Back Row:** N. Tioko, J. Sole, S. Hutton, J. Kristiansen, T. Sole, B. Garnett, G. Walker, B. Lonsdale, P. Smith.  
**Front Row:** J. Alley, S. James, P. Pritchard (Leader), Miss McLafferty, C. Brown, M. Neuman, C. Leong.

### MADRIGAL REPORT

The year began, as usual, with a shortage of members after many had left school; this year it was most acute in the bass section. The problem was soon solved and practice began in earnest for the Secondary Schools' Music Festival. We decided to perform "Amor in Nachen" by Gastoldi; "Ave Maris Stella" by Aherio, and a swingle arrangement of a Vivaldi Fugue, accompanied by double bass and drums. It was perhaps a little too ambitious with so many new members, and though we sang well, it was not up to the standard of previous years.

The next undertaking was performing for a Rotary Dinner. We selected slightly more straightforward

pieces: "Amor in Nachen" again, "In Stiller Nacht" by Brahms, and "Matona Lovely Maiden" by Lassus. For practice we sang these to East Assembly, and were well received. The result of the extra practising put in was a very successful performance, which left us feeling confident for a good performance for the Tawa-Spotswood Music Festival. As this was only a few weeks later, we decided to repeat these three songs, and the successful result was repeated.

There are two more concerts this term at which we will be singing.

Our thanks to our conductor, Miss McLafferty, who once again has shaped our "raw" talent into a well-balanced Madrigal Group of high standard.

S. Hutton.

## ORCHESTRA



**Back Row:** B. Jones, P. Hare, G. McAlpine, R. Ball, D. Lilly, C. Sinclair, A. Vinnicombe, V. Paynter.  
**Middle Row:** M. Brotherson, C. Curtis, G. Cannell, P. Riches, L. Ball, J. Lowen, E. Stewart, W. Lynch, S. Hutton, R. Davies.  
**Front Row:** J. Alley, S. James, J. Sole, Mr. Purdy, C. Brown, D. Meads, R. Wilkinson, G. Ottaway, J. Walwyn, B. Lonsdale.  
**Absent:** M. Naïon, P. Corbett, P. Leonard, J. Wilson, C. Martin, R. Fisher, B. Wells.

## ORCHESTRA REPORT

This year has not been particularly active for our orchestra, due mainly to the wide range of playing experience amongst the players. In fact, we have only once performed by ourselves, both our other concerts being combined with other orchestras, which alleviated our other main problem of a lack of balance.

The first appearance was at the Secondary Schools' Music Festival, where we combined with the Girls' High orchestra to play "Sleigh Ride" by Mozart, Grand March from "Arda" by Verdi, and to accompany the massed singing of "Song of Joy" by Beethoven. The resulting sound was very impressive.

Our other concert was with Tawa. By ourselves we played "By the time I get to Phoenix" by Jim Webb, "Sonata" by Corelli, and "The Old Castle" by Mussourgsky, in which Grant McAlpine took the saxophone solo. We combined with Tawa to play the "Aida" Grand March, and Mozart's "Sleigh Ride".

We thank Mr. Purdy, who in spite of the problems he has had to face, has continued to produce a high standard of orchestral music.

S.H.

## CHESS CLUB REPORT

1972 was another good year for the Spotswood College Chess Club. During the year the Club sent two players to Wellington to take part in the area finals of the New Zealand Schoolboys' Chess Tournament. They sent a team of 6 to play at Te Awamutu and entered 3 teams in the competition for the Prentice Cup.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the visit of our gallant team of 6 to Te Awamutu. The team (in order of height) consisted of M. Giles, I. Street, G. Lees, P. Hole, B. Lockyer, M. Petrove.

They hit Te Awamutu in early August. Prepared for any situation, they were supported by 1 brass band, 2 hockey teams, 2 netball teams, 4 teachers and 3 junior debaters.

The opposition were overawed by the display and lost 6-0. The return match is eagerly awaited . . .

The August holidays came around and M. Giles and J. Blackburn went to Wellington for the finals of the New Zealand Schoolboys' Chess Championships. M. Giles managed to scrape in 3rd equal, having won 6 games out of 8. Better luck next year, Malcolm. (Ha, Ha!)

The final tournament fixture was the annual Taranaki Secondary Schools' Championship, with Spotswood out to retain the Prentice Cup which it won last year. All eyes were on the strong Spotswood A team (M. Giles, I. Street, P. Hole and P. Blackburn, sounds familiar, doesn't it?) which lost the cup in brilliant style.

Despite the high-speed driving by the team stuntman, I. Street, we arrived at Inglewood in time and got home as well. However, it was all to no avail.

A number of amusing incidents happened during the year, most of them intentional. The reporter (affectionately named the Red Bearded Monster) for the Te Awamutu Chronicle, came about half an hour after the match ceased (and all our opponents had left) demanding photographs.

We struck a number of poses: Spotswood College Chess Players looking aggressive, elated, confident, dynamic, etc. However, the reporter had different ideas;

he waited because he wanted us to look worried, concerned, defensive, etc. Used as we were to winning positions, we found this difficult.

Thanks to Mrs. Risch for bringing the Chess Club through another year. Thanks to all those who came along. Hopefully, the Chess Club will continue as the success story of T Block.

P.S.: Contrary to rumour the Chess Club does not consist only of M. Giles, I. Street, P. Hole, G. Lees and M. Petrove.

M. Giles.



Gala Day

## LIBRARY NOTES 1972

Generous people are not quite as rare as is often thought in this cynical 20th century. This is proved by the generosity of two groups of people towards the college library this year.

The first group is that band of regular College Librarians who give up their free time to help in the library before school, at morning intervals, at lunchtime and after school. In this time they issue and replace books, help process new books, trace misplaced cards and help Mrs. Emmett and Mrs. Francis in the Herculean task of running an efficient library. We thank the College Librarians for their generosity and have pleasure in announcing that this year's prize for the most capable and efficient librarian goes to Alan Belcher. This is Alan's last year at Spotswood and we wish him well next year.

The other group of generous people includes all those who have donated books and money to the library. Our funds are necessarily limited and we are most grateful to the following people who have shown much good taste in adding to our stock: N.P. Astronomical Society, Mrs. Duncaif, R. Mitchell, Naval Board, Mr. Fielding, Mrs. Harrison, P. Simmons, L. Baldock, D. Charman, B. McConnell, E. McFhee, R. Bevin, N. Anderson, Mr. Hallett, Mr. Potter, Miss Harkness, N.P. Savings Bank, A. Connett, Mrs. Piercy, Miss Richards, Mr. E. Andrews, A. Belcher, E. White.

By the end of October, 912 new books had been added to the shelves, including two new sets of encyclopedia, bringing our last accession number to 8,507 which is over six books per pupil. We hope that our next month's stocktaking does not fall short of this number — in other words we hope that all borrowed books are returned! If the thoughtfulness of those who use the library matches that of the two groups already mentioned in these notes all will be well.

## SENIOR DEBATING

The Senior club started out with quite good membership but interest dropped in a lot of cases and about half a dozen people were left and they debated quite actively throughout the year.

Francis Douglas College has been our most frequent rival this year, having been debated against three times.

The first debate against F.D.C. was "That Advertising Should Be Abolished". Our team, being a little inexperienced at this stage, lost, having taken the negative side. Team was: 1st speaker, Brenda Garnett; 2nd speaker, Russell Mercer; 3rd speaker, Debra Guthrie.

The second against F.D.C. was "That Sporting Ties With South Africa Be Maintained". The standard of debating was higher this time and Spotswood, for the affirmative, held the F.D.C. team to a draw. Team was: 1st speaker, Malcolm Giles; 2nd speaker, Marilyn Neuman; 3rd speaker, Brenda Garnett.

The third debate against F.D.C. was also a draw. The team was Marilyn Neuman, Brenda Garnett and Terry Blackburn in that order of speaker. The topic was "That N.Z. Should Maintain An Armed Force". Spotswood took the negative.

Each debate held was reaching a higher standard than the last and Malcolm Giles, Jahna Carstens and Marilyn Neuman contested two debates with Sacred Heart College, both debates going to Spotswood.

The highlights of the year for the Seniors were undoubtedly the Te Awamutu and Tawa debates.

Te Awamutu: The topic was "That the Destruction of the World will be the Inevitable Result of the Advance of Civilisation". Spotswood took the affirmative and won by 290 points to 277. Team was Marilyn Neuman, Jahna Carstens and Cindy Muggeridge.

Tawa: The topic debated was "That Nudism is Dignified." This was a particularly good debate and again Spotswood won by a very small margin—269 points to 265. Spotswood took the negative side. The team was Malcolm Giles, Paul Gundeson and Marilyn Neuman. The cup for overall winner went to Spotswood and the cup for best speaker for the negative went to first speaker Malcolm Giles.

The Debating Club extends thanks to our Jaycæ judges for their help in the field of adjudication and special thanks to Mr. Ashley-Brown for the help and encouragement he has given the club, often giving up his own spare time to us.

B. Garnett.

## JUNIOR DEBATING

The Junior Debating Team has on the whole had quite a successful year with three wins to two narrow losses. The original team consisted of John Priest (3rd speaker), Denis Hall (2nd speaker), and Martin Watson (1st speaker). A second team was later introduced. The speakers were Evan Andrews, Margaret Brooker, and Robyn McEwen.

Our first 3 debates were against Francis Douglas, all 3 were great successes for the original team.

The topics were "That Homework in Secondary Schools be abolished" (Spotswood took negative); "That Police should not wear guns" (Spotswood took negative); "That French should not be taught in N.Z. schools" (again we took negative).

The fourth debate was against Sacred Heart and the topic was "That Student Protest is not effective" (Spotswood took the negative). The team consisted of two new speakers and one from the original team. The debate was narrowly lost.

Then came the biggest debate of the year and also the biggest hard-luck story. The team travelled up to Te Awamutu for two days in August. The team was made up of John Priest, Margaret Brooker and Martin Watson. The debate was close right the way through, but the final score came out to be 246-247 in favour of Te Awamutu.

Martin Watson.

## SPEECH CONTEST

The speech finalists this year were of a high standard, except that the third form non-placegetters needed practice at voice projection and force.

The Senior contest was won by Malcolm Giles, with Paul Gundeson and Stephen Hutton second equal. Other finalists were Marilyn Neuman, Douglas Bowering and Gary Walker.

The Fifth Form contest was won by West. Placegetters were Jennifer Malan first, Helen Brewster second, and Rosemary Holm third, all of West. All the other contestants spoke well. They were Grace Bennett, Cheryl Drinkwater, Diane Emmerson, and Celia Field.

The Fourth Form contest was won by East. First was Trevor Riddle, second Phillip Walker, and third Chris Knauf. Others to speak were Paul Charman, Denise McAlpine, Shelley Paintier, Elizabeth Priest, Carolyn Skellern and Patricia Smith. They all spoke well.

West won the Third Form contest and the placegetters were Margaret Conray first, Jane Kensett second, and Leonie de Abatua third.

It is good to see students attempting oratory and succeeding so well.

A. G. Page.



GRACE BENNETT

Winner of Spotswood College Korimako Speech Contest

## INTER-SCHOOL DRAMA

The contest for the Dr. Andrews Trophy was won by West, but the main thing was that many young actors and actresses seized the opportunity to develop their talents and entertain all who took the trouble to attend. If you missed these comedies it serves you right.

Unlike our major productions in alternate years, these plays are produced by the students. The production of a play is a most arduous and exacting task so that one member of the staff was assigned to each play to keep an eye on things if necessary. These teachers, Mr. Spencer, Mrs. Williams, Miss Howard and Mr. Bance, disclaim all credit for the productions nominally under their care.

A few senior pupils are involved and this practice will be extended in two years time now that senior school pupils retain their East or West designation.

The plays have been rehearsed entirely in the pupils own time so we must congratulate them for their effort and loyalty.

We are grateful to: Mrs. Connor and the make-up team; Mrs. Risch for the stage sets; Mrs. D. Arthur, our adjudicator; Robin Pittwood, Lindsay Ward and crew—lighting.

Wednesday, 12th April—

West School Play: "A SLICE OF LIFE"

An extract from Thornton Wilder's "OUR TOWN".

Cast—in order of appearance: "Stage Manager", Matthew Brown; Howie Newsome, Greg Oliver; Si Cromwell, Gavin Tiplady; Constable Warren, Murray Reid; Mrs. Gibbs, Jenny Malan; Mrs. Webb, Donna Walker; Dr. Gibbs, Stephen Davies; George, Hugh Mills; Mr. Webb, Paul Charman; Emily, Sally Conquest; Football Players, John Priest and Martin Watson; Mrs. Soames, Rosemary Holm.

Producers: Frances Young and Graeme Heap; Costumes: Peta Graham; Properties: Jocelyn Alley; Prompt: Christine Banks.

East School Play: "PASSION, POISON AND PETRIFICATION"

A Farce by G. B. Shaw.

Cast: Lady Magnesia Fitzlollemache, Diana Haldane; Sir George, Paul Gundeson; Adolphus Bastable (her lover), Barry Jury; Phyllis (her maid), Robyn Williams; The Landlady, Susan Archer; A Policeman, Ross Robertson; A Doctor, Bryn Meredith.

Producer: Andrew Dungan; Sound: K. Horan; Prompt and Wardrobe: Aline Williams; Stage and Props: Athol Henderson; Music: Miss McLafferty and Mr. Purdy.

Thursday, 13th April—

West School Play: "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

Cast: Jaggars, Trevor Riddle; Mrs. Jo, Patricia Smith; Jo, Terry Blackburn; Pip, Kay Cousins; Magwitch (1st convict), Michael Brotherson; Second Convict, Mark McLean.

Producer: Deborah Guthrie.

West School Play: "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

Cast (in order of appearance): Narrator, Helen Brewster; Dorothy, Carole Young; Scarecrow, Morris West; Tin Woodman, Garth Burt; Lion, Richard Jefferies; Guardian of the Gates, Chris Chilcott; Army of Oz, Peter Jones; Wizard of Oz, Stuart Fluker; Bad Witch, Kathleen Warren; Good Witch, Beverley McCarty; Flowers and Witches, Denise Booth; Glenys Castle, Wendy Kempton; Barbara Shaw, Sonia Bant; Elaine Harab, Valda Stone.

Producer: Carla Topping; Assistant Producer: Brenda Garnett; Properties: Deborah Connett; Stage Manager: Peter Lund.

## INTERACT



Back Row: S. Hutton, D. Tullet, G. Heap, D. Dawson, K. Adair, C. Jackson, M. Hayton, J. White, C. Frewin.  
Middle Row: R. Dalgleish, M. Swanson, V. Lloyd-Smith, D. Latham, A. Shaw, R. Parkes, P. Bowering, C. Leong.  
Front Row: J. Carstens, C. Bone, C. Burgess (Vice-President), W. Williams (President), L. Sutherland (Secretary), A. Mack, F. Young, R. Slemint.

## INTERACT CLUB

The Spotswood College Interact Club held its fifth Annual General Meeting on the 15th March, with approximately thirty intending members present. Officers elected were: President, Warren Williams; Vice President, Ngaire Caitcheon; Sec./Treas., Lindsay Sutherland; Directors: Rae Dalgleish, Colin Jackson, Vanda Lloyd-Smith, John White.

Guest speakers during the year were, Suraya Dewing on the place of drugs in our society; Mr. Piercy and Mr. Lovell speaking on the organisation "Amnesty International".

The first task of the year was carried out by Warren and Ngaire who were talked into giving a brief outline of Interact and its activities to Hawera Rotary Club which was intending to initiate an Interact Club in the Hawera High School.

A number of appeals in the city were supported by the club, including Braille Week and Save the Children Fund. Twenty-five dollars was donated to the Life Raft appeal which was launched following the drowning of two boys. A car wash was held at the beginning of the first term. It did not go without mishap, or rain, but those who turned up managed to raise \$30 for the Mayor's Emergency Fund. The boys in the club assisted

Rotary in a project moving stones to the Ratapihipihi Reserve. Members of the club were assigned the job of setting up the Spotswood Primary School hall for the weekly Rotary meetings—unfortunately this was all too often overlooked.

Boys' High School Interact very thoughtfully planned a combined Interact Barbeque on a Saturday night followed by a gorse picking day on Sunday—the barbeque was great. Labouring on Sunday was done by 11 Spotswood fools and 1 Boys' High boy—enough said!

One Saturday morning was spent cleaning up the top field at Spotswood College. On another occasion a load of firewood was moved for a solo parent, this was done through Birthright. Some of the boys in the club helped in moving seats and sets for the Bride of the Year show.

Ngaire Caitcheon left us in July as she had been awarded an American Field Scholarship which took her to North Carolina for a years study in an American High School. This meant the loss of a good active member and our Vice President; Carol Burgess was promptly voted in as new Vice President.

The final event for the year was a Car Trial which went off very well and was enjoyed by all those who took part; it ended at Merrilands Domain with a barbeque. L.C.S.

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

Once again another successful year for the Duke of Edinburgh Award at the College. Although the number of girls entering the award remains about the same, the number continuing right through to gold level seems to be increasing. This is encouraging because after all, this is what the scheme is all about.

This year there are about fourteen girls at various stages in their work for the Gold award and some may gain their awards at the end of the year. Those who did not go to a residential leadership course last year went to one held during the first week of the August holidays in Wellington this year. They attended lectures during the day and groups went to see various aspects of welfare work in Wellington, but there was still time for sightseeing and shopping!

About twelve girls are working on the Bronze level and another eleven girls are working on their Silver award. Their interests are varied—elocution, sewing, ski-ing, ballroom dancing, singing, and others. The award is well worthwhile and I hope these girls continue to Gold level. I would also like to see more girls join the award next year, because at all levels it is both satisfying and enjoyable.

We hope that about eight girls will complete their Gold awards within the next six months. Several of these have really worked very hard, as they have left

school and have had to fit their Award activities in with other commitments. They have also worked for twelve months, visiting and helping old and handicapped people, which they have found most rewarding and enjoyable; the old people have appreciated their visits very much indeed. A Gold award is really well earned.

Once again, thanks must go to Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Williams who constantly encouraged and advised us during our awards, and to other staff members for their help during the year.

C.P.L.

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS, 1971

**Bronze:** Fay Allen, Susan Archer, Christine Banks, Jennifer des Forges, Janet Evans, Elizabeth Jones, Wendy McLean, Jennifer Malan, Sheryl Sturmey, Linda Terrill, Judith van Westendorp, Donna Walker, Aline Williams, Denise Williams.

**Silver:** Robyn Inglis, Raewyn McLean, Pamela Marshall, Glenys Mills, Helene Pearson, Helen Sutcliffe, Maureen Wright, Frances Young.

**Gold:** Jennifer King, Susan Turner, Ruth Ward.

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD



**Back Row:** S. Sturmey, J. Malan, G. Jackson, E. Priest, D. Walker, S. Johns, S. Davies, K. Bird, Judy des Forges, Jenny des Forges, H. Davies, J. Stewart, J. Svendsen, L. Ball.

**Middle Row:** W. McLean, K. Cousins, V. Andrews, S. Archer, S. Cagienard, J. Hunt, G. Mills, A. Lind, C. Banks, F. Allen, J. Evans, A. Williams, Lyn Sutherland, P. Callingham.

**Front Row:** C. Bone, F. Young, P. Marshall, M. Wright, C. Larkin, J. Leonard, H. Sutcliffe, R. Dalgliesh, Lindsay Sutherland.

## CATAMARAN CLUB

The Catamaran Club has now finished an enjoyable, but serious season of sailing. The club now possesses two eleven foot catamarans: McPhail's Navy One and Two. This is now a popular class, thanks to Mr. Crisp who got the design on his travels. Many enthusiasts belong to the club and several have built their own craft as in the case of A. Gable in Capricorn, G. Francis in Toi, and D. Jones in Sad-Sack, and become quite successful during the season. Two boats are under construction in the wood-work department at School, and one is taking shape in the back shed of I. McLellan, and R. Lister is also making one.

At the beginning of the season not many people appeared for the Saturday morning tuition where you learn the basic skills of sailing and how to rig the boats. The School boats, however, are not rigged for racing but for learning, even though they took part in afternoon racing, but that's half the fun of sailing. Towards the end of the season a meeting was held and a number of new members were recruited. This set the club going again and even girls paid the additional one dollar which goes towards the maintenance of the boats. However, as the saying goes "women drivers", "women sailors" also accounts for them in the case of E. Lucas who rammed and capsized one of the craft. After the recruiting both boats were seen on the water and even the Foxton Regatta, a yearly fixture, was attended by one boat with T. and B. Robinson at the helm. The boats are now at the school getting repaired for next season's use.

If you also want to join the club contact Mr. Crisp. Remember, everyone is welcome.

R. Lister.

## TRAMPING CLUB

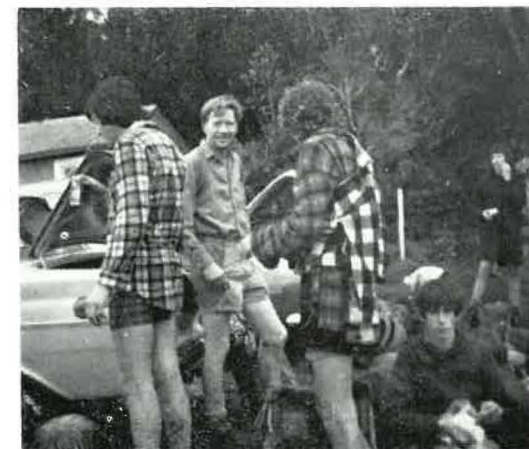
This has been a good year for the Tramping Club with a keen band of about thirty regular members braving the elements to explore the bush and hill country of Taranaki. Although bad weather caused us to abandon our first summit trip at Tahurangi Lodge, and made us cancel our second summit attempt altogether, no other trips have been stopped by weather. Admittedly we have learned what it is like to be wet and muddy and have disproved the idea that wet feet cause colds, but the majority of our trips have been in clear weather. Thanks to this year's leaders, Dave Smith, Noel Bungay, Brian Herlihy and Grant Stanton we have explored almost all of the tracks on the Kaitake Ranges, the Pouakai Ranges, and on the North Egmont side of the lower slopes of Mt. Egmont. We have traced the intriguing course of the Waitara-iti and hope to have an overnight trip to the Moki Hut before the year is over.

All of our trips have had their special excitements and amusements: Mr. Oliver had to admit defeat in his attempt to outpace Miss Grant at Waitara-iti; we have reason to doubt the shortness of Brian Herlihy's supposed short cut slide down from Haiaui Hut; I don't think anyone won the running mud battle between Brian Herlihy and Peter Fryer on one hand and Mr. Rawson and Mr. Lovell on the other at Waiweranui, but

the mud disguises they all ended up with were an improvement to their respective complexions. No doubt tiredness was a contributing cause of the antics of the girls descending from the Pouakais after the Kiri Track marathon, but I am sure that enjoyment had a lot to do with the way they almost swam down the sewer.

Extremely icy conditions and the rescue operation for former club member John Pulford gave us a long but interesting afternoon at Tahurangi Lodge. This was an unfortunate incident but it gave us a valuable sideline view of a full scale helicopter rescue. The club is to be congratulated on the way it kept out of the way under trying conditions. We extend our admiration to John Pulford for his courage and hope his wrist injury recovers fully.

The new third form members of the club have proved their fitness this year—in fact at times we wished that the 3D contingent would run out of breath before their exuberant voices frightened every bird out of the bush.



Tramping Club

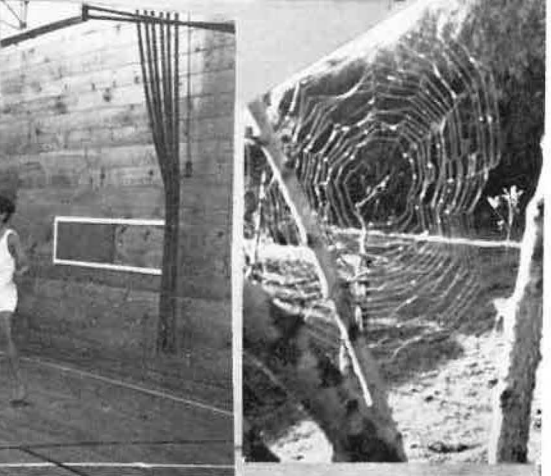
They never did run out of breath though! Luckily the attempt to despoil the fragrance of a certain staff member's pipe with sardine oil did not quite succeed, but we have noticed that he smokes less.

We would like more girl members in the club next year if only to prove that not only ugly mugs go tramping. We have had a loyal band of girls members, but not enough for a co-educational school the size of ours.

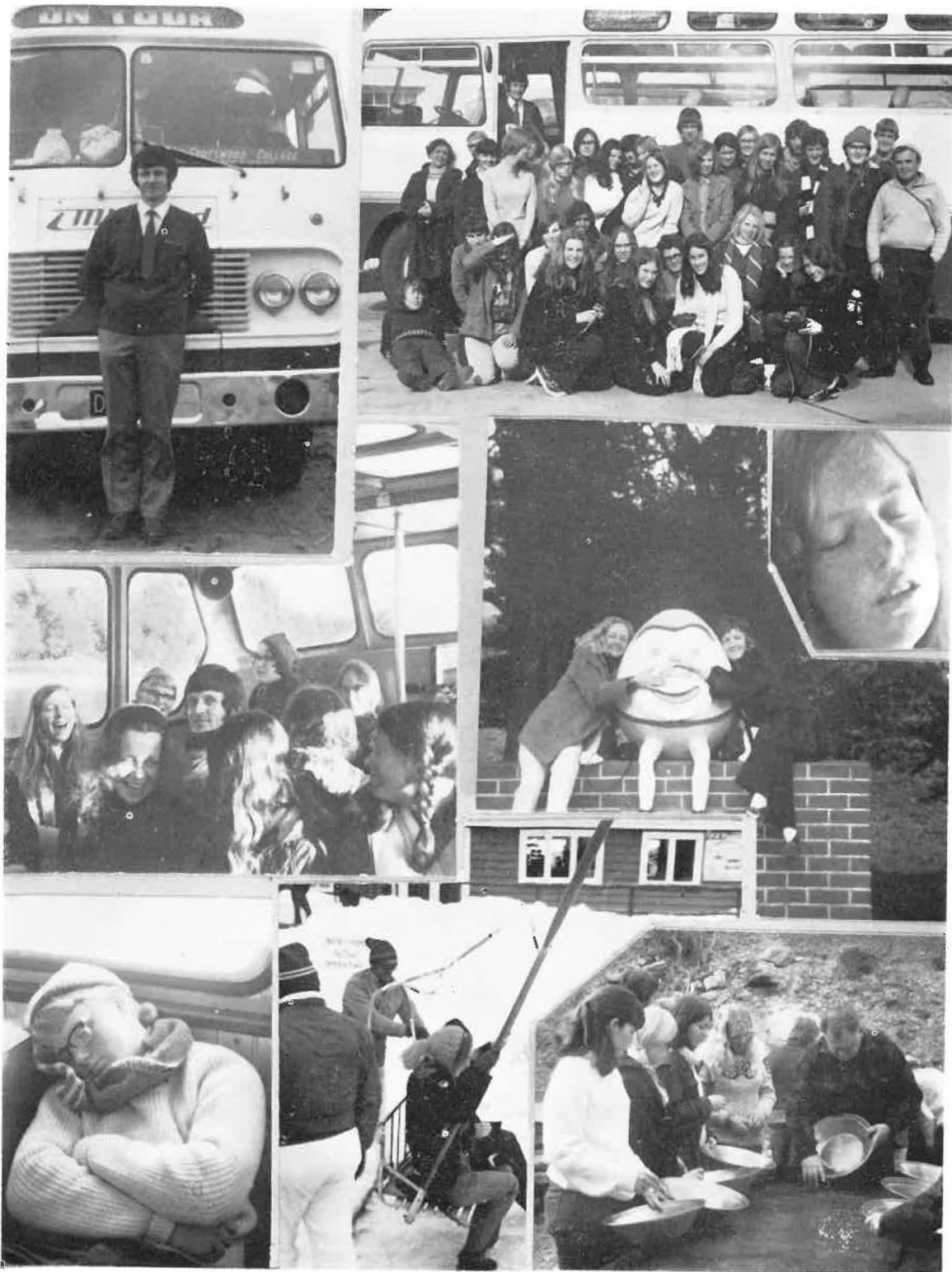
We would like to thank Miss Grant, Mr. Rawson, Mr. Peel and Mr. Lovell for their guidance, their company and their transport, and we would also like to thank all parents who have helped us with transport throughout the year. After all our number and our route makes a bus far too expensive, so we are grateful to all who have provided their cars.

So "Packs up", only a few more streams to cross and we will be ready for next year's season.

# PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB



## SOUTH ISLAND TRIP



## 1972 SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

The only way you can really find out what the trip is like is to go on it! However, for those not lucky enough to manage that, we will try to give you some idea of how much we enjoyed ourselves. But next year's trip is planned to include the West Coast — so start saving!

After months of planning, preparation and painful piling up of funds, 29 pupils, one ex-pupil, Mrs. Connor and Mr. Frank left the College on August 22nd for the long awaited South Island trip. After collecting 4 girls from Inglewood High School (by the end of the day you couldn't tell them from us!) we eventually arrived safe and sound in Wellington, just in time for the eager few to catch the shops, and for the rest of us to have a trip on the cablecar, under the fixed stares of the natives who appeared to consider us somewhat peculiar. After a hearty meal at the Railway Station (of which more later!) we embarked on the 'Rangatira'. Some weeks earlier we had discovered, to our great consternation, that four boys and four girls had been booked into the same cabin. Hasty action had been taken to rectify this situation, but we were nevertheless relieved to find that we had the necessary number of properly apportioned cabins! The trip across to Christchurch was somewhat unsettled, to say the least, and this gave rise to the notorious 'meatballs' episode, in which the recent meal did not sit well on queasy stomachs and all but eight of the party succumbed despite patent pills and remedies! At one stage some of us even caught sight of a College staff member — not with our party — clinging to a corridor railing, looking distinctly unhappy. We were all more than pleased to meet our driver waiting for us on Lyttelton wharf with the big Midland bus. This was Dennis Mulholland, who had driven our party on our last trip — and was still ready to tackle another expedition with us! We felt that this was a real recommendation!

Breakfast at Christchurch station was more than welcome to most of us, and after meeting Miss Parkins, who had planned our tour, we left for Lake Wanaka. En route we visited the Waitaki and Aviemore dams, and were taken on a conducted tour of the mighty Benmore power station. Dennis gave us an excellent commentary along the way, as he did during the entire trip, and made photographic stops whenever requested. Through the Lindis Pass the snow was right down to the road, and a lengthy, lively and noisy stop was made here. Dinner at Wanaka was followed by an overnight stay at Wanaka Motor Camp, where most of us fell thankfully into bed, after an almost non-stop journey of 250 miles.

Next day we passed through Luggate, near the 45th parallel, halfway between the Equator and the South Pole, and went on to the Kawerau Gorge, where we tried our luck at gold-panning, with varying degrees of success. We began our lunch here, with delicious hot soup, and carried the rest with us to Arrowtown, where we snatched bites between visits to the Museum and the Gold Nugget souvenir shop. The latter has by now accumulated a sizeable amount from Spotswood College contributions over the years! It was here that one of the boys bought his famous fur mitts, which were readily lent around the bus for that day, but have not been seen since! From Arrowtown we went to Coronet Peak, where the snow was much deeper than we had seen it before. After a wait we finally, and noisily, boarded the chairlift, mastering to some extent the art

of leaping on and off the moving chairs, in front of an interested crowd of experienced skiers. We climbed the last fifty feet on foot—slips, slides and screams from all, but the magnificent view of range after range of snowy peaks was worth the effort.

From here we went on to Queenstown, where we stayed overnight at the Apex Chalets — centrally heated, with real beds, clean sheets and thick new blankets; we couldn't believe all this luxury, but made the most of it! A large recreation room took care of the evening's entertainment — somehow the prospect of 5 miles walk there and 5 miles back to spend the evening in the bright lights of Queenstown didn't have much appeal. Next morning a hydrofoil trip on Lake Wakatipu and shopping, again, occupied our time, and we finished our stay by riding the famous gondolas up to the Skyline Restaurant where we had an elegant lunch. Perhaps too elegant, as three groups who returned late had to chase the bus, which we had craftily hidden round a corner. The stay at Queenstown was voted by most the highlight of the trip.

On to Te Anau for our overnight stay—and down to earth with a bump. Accommodation was certainly not up to the standard to which we had become accustomed, and the meals were not either. In the evening we went on a launch trip to see the glow-worms in the 'Te Anau' Caves, or the 'Cave of Rushing Waters'. This is reputed to be the only 'living' cave in the Southern Hemisphere, and is still in the process of forming. On our return we decided to deal effectively with one case of sheer exhaustion, and several of incipient flu—extreme measures were taken with liberal doses of hot Lemacol, containing dissolved wax particles from the paper cups, being literally forced into unwilling patients, who were then sent off to bed with hot water bottles. We discovered also that one sleeping bag had been left at the Apex Chalets, but with contributions from the rest of the dormitory, the owner managed to survive the cold night.

Next morning we travelled to Pearl Harbour, on Lake Manapouri, where we were all rather appalled to see the height to which the water will rise if the proposed raising of the Lake is carried out. The Save Manapouri Campaign collected several recruits! We boarded the 'Fiordlander', (advertised by its captain as the launch with 'the most scenic and hygienic toilet in the world') and really enjoyed the trip up the lake to West Arm, Dennis was a centre of attraction for the girls — for once he was not otherwise occupied in keeping the bus on the road! At West Arm the bus took us down the road which spirals through an access tunnel over a mile long, with a gradient of 1 in 10, to the underground power house of New Zealand's largest scheme. We drove into the amazing machine hall, which is hewn from solid rock 700 feet below the surface. The walls are beautiful, with the natural rock grain kept clean by sandblasting, and rising 128 feet up. The hall contains 7 turbines, though not all were operating, but we did see one of the two huge overhead cranes in action. This visit was a unique experience for us all. Lunch was eaten on the return trip to Pearl Harbour, after which we set out for Dunedin. En route we managed to get our one and only photo of the whole party, at the 'centre' of Mossburn.

A delicious buffet dinner awaited us in Dunedin, after which we went out to Tahuna Park and unloaded the luggage into the dormitory block. Mr. Frank had a room in splendid isolation from the rest of us, the girls had smaller rooms, the boys all slept in a large dormitory, and Mrs. Connor occupied the 'Secretary's

Office', complete with swing door and non-operational telephone. Next we went back into town for a swim at the heated Olympic Moana Pool—this was great. We went to look at the renowned 'Star Fountain', but feel that Pukekura Park fountain could show it a thing or two. On the way back to the camp we shouted ourselves some light refreshments from a slight surplus in cash, and then lit a roaring fire in the main room and sat up till midnight talking. A slight commotion ensued when the hardy few were persuaded to abandon their nefarious activities and GO TO SLEEP!



South Island Trip

In the morning a last minute inspection for left behind articles revealed half a bottle of gin under one of the girl's beds! Mrs. Connor decided against bringing it home as a souvenir and consigned it to the nearest rubbish tin, over the anguished protests of several more sophisticated members of the party. We finally established, after careful investigation, that it was a relic of a previous inhabitant. On the way to Christchurch we visited Moeraki Beach with its spectacular spherical boulders, and enjoyed a stroll by the sea. We had time to visit the Christchurch International Airport before dinner at the station, and then Dennis returned us to Lyttelton Wharf, where he was the recipient of touching and tender farewells from us all, but especially several of the girls. He appeared overwhelmed with embarrassment. The sea trip to Wellington was fortunately very peaceful, and the bus back to New Plymouth was strangely quiet, with sleeping bodies everywhere, reluctant even to get out for lunch at Wanganui! However everyone agreed that the trip had come right up to our expectations, and was a fantastic holiday.

Our grateful thanks to Miss Daphne Parkins who organised and re-organised our itinerary with endless patience, and to Dennis who combined his driving duties with such an entertaining commentary, and contributed so much to the smooth running of the whole trip. A tour which includes restaurant meals, reasonably comfortable accommodation and the scenery of the South Island, all taken care of by the company becomes a real holiday for all of us. Thanks from everyone, Daph and Dennis!

Though the accompanying photos may imply that much of the time was spent in sleeping, it wasn't! We packed the eight days so full of memorable experiences that we just had to snatch forty winks sometimes while we went along.

Finally we would like to thank Mrs. Connor and Mr. Frank for accompanying us, and for the fantastic time we had. We hope they really meant it when they said that they had really enjoyed it too, and that we had co-operated and behaved very well. (NOTE: We really did, and you really did! J.A.C., D.M.F.)

If anyone is considering making the trip next year — book in now, and start saving; it's worth all the trouble, and we hear the West Coast and air travel might be on the programme!

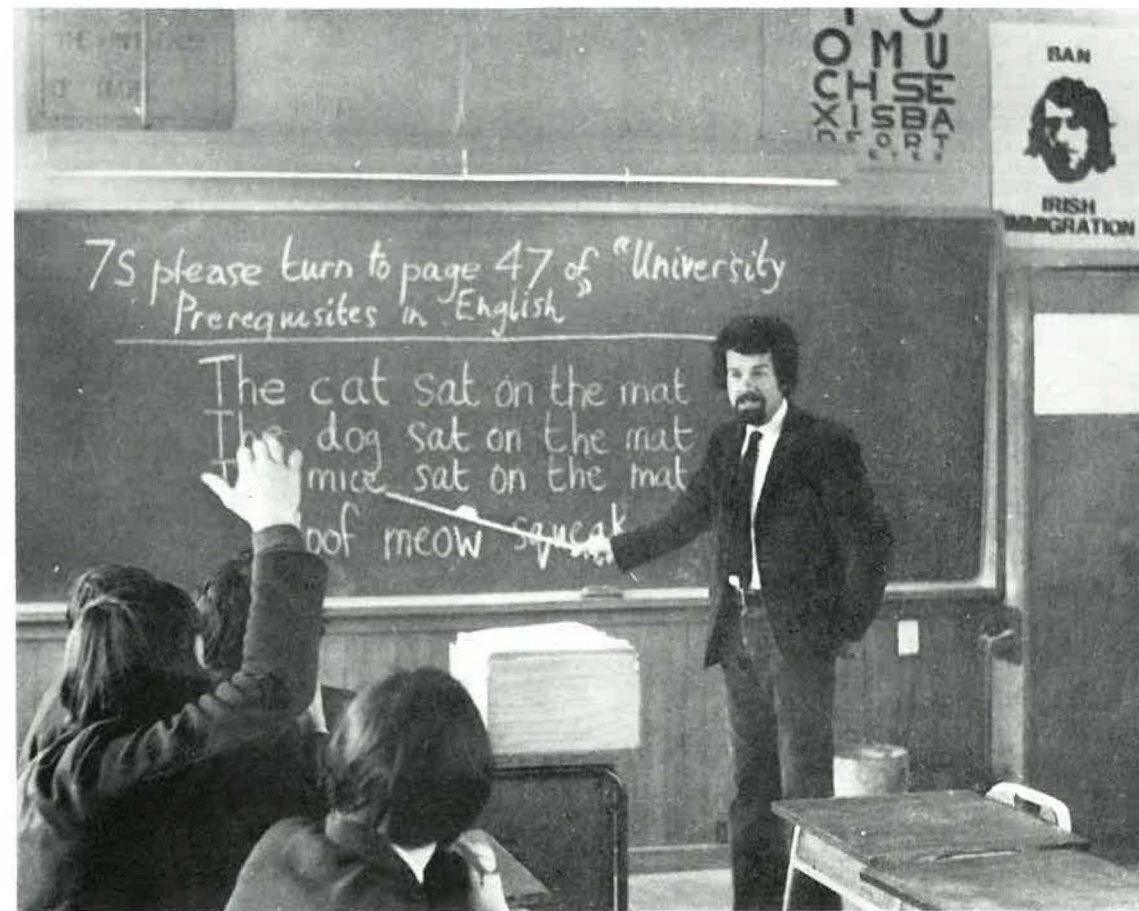
Carla Durinck  
Robyn Luscombe  
Judy Duynhoven  
Barry Lockyer



J. White, Winner



School Activities



MIRACLES WILL NEVER CEASE

This year has been one of great rejoicing and much praise has been offered to God through our Lord Jesus for all His blessings. You know, His is the Name above all names, the name at which every knee shall one day bow, when Jesus returns to judge and rule the earth. Those who have submitted to that Name this year have learnt in some small measure the truth and the beauty of this.

It has been a difficult year in some ways. The Lord has been giving us a real burden for our friends and colleagues, so that we have offered long and fervent prayers for their souls. Often there would appear to be no answer to prayer, and it is so hard to go on in pure hope when all outward evidence looks hopeless. Yet we have also been given the strength to carry on and have learnt the truth of the scripture which tells us that "there is more joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance than at ninety-nine others who have no need of it." Our joy at seeing new souls becoming filled with the love and peace of Jesus has been great.

Last year we were assured that 1972 would be a fruitful year for the Lord at Spotswood. So in February we began our prayer meetings again, after the pattern of the previous term. It has been a great privilege

to join in prayer with students and staff daily throughout the year, a privilege which has brought with it so much blessing. As we come together in this way, we learn to follow the advice of St. Paul—"Share one another's burdens." We all have problems, some more than others, and by praying for each other and ministering to each other in the Spirit we have gradually learned a little more of the love of God, how He truly is our Father and longs richly to bless His children. Some have been healed of various ailments, others have been given strength from God to cope with impossible situations, still others have learnt to love their friends more by praying daily for them. Prayer moves mountains, you know. Some say it's all coincidence, but how strange that when the prayers stop the coincidences stop as well! Or is that coincidence too?!

We're also learning that there are great blessings in purely praising God. Our Monday meetings have been mainly for praise and some have been nightly. We have learnt that to praise God we have to be humble, we have to realise that He is God, Supreme and Almighty as well as being loving and kind. Humility does not come easily to most of us and we have been taught our own worthlessness in many ways. We thank God for this.

Three years ago we used to struggle and strive to think of a programme for our Thursday meetings.

Over the last 18 months we have not had to panic once, the Lord has led as we have prayed for guidance. When you rely on Him and give Him the glory, things move!

There have been two camps this year. The one at Anniversary week-end was just for Spotswood students and staff. It was a cosy, "family-sized" camp—17 people had lots of fun and fellowship at Clawton Street. The second was a joint effort with the Girls' High School, and ended in an open meeting for Taranaki Friends of Scripture Union. Again, a good time was had by all. To complete our spiritual diet this year we had a "Quiet Day" on Anzac Day, which together with the previous evening was spent at the Cubs Cottage in Alfred Road. The Quiet Day consisted of a series of led meditations and prayer times. It was a new experience for some, to be cut off from the world, spending time in silent meditation of the Word of God, but we found it most stimulating and rewarding.

This last term of the year has been one of much concentrated activity in our scene. We have had a series of panel discussions, two with a panel of Christian pupils and one with Christian and non-Christian staff. All three have taxed and strengthened our faith and have taught us a little more of what it means to both share and suffer for our faith.

When we look back over the year we can see a great change in many aspects of our lives, but there are two people who perhaps deserve special mention here. Firstly, we said our farewells to Miss Richards last term, and are delighted to welcome Mrs. Chapman in her place. Mrs. Chapman, it appears, is newly-married, but we don't hold that against her—in fact, we extend our warmest wishes and assurance of prayer.

Secondly, we welcome formally into our ranks Mr. Piercy. Our delight at his re-birth was great and we understand that his wife has now accepted that it is still the same man. He found it hard to understand that this joyful new person radiating a new peace and love really was the former Mr. P. Still, some things you just have to take on faith!

Yes, it's been a year of miracles—miracles of re-birth, of new graces, of restored health, of new and further vision. Most of all, of realising that God takes us as we are, no matter what shape or size or what we've done. Before Him, we are all lowly but all loveable, and when we accept Jesus then that love is shared with and in and through us. We're not perfect by a long chalk but our Lord is indeed worthy of the praise of all that lives.

K. P.

#### COLLECTORS

**Corso House to House Appeal:** Linda Smith, Carol Neuman, Paul Gardiner, Geoffrey Latter, Barry Lockyer, Andre Capper, Alan Molloy, Janine Mackenzie, Margaret Edwards, Richard Hutchinson, Jenny Malan, Vicki Andrews, Linda Ball, Deborah Clarke, Patricia Magrath, Raewyn Hill, Helen Sutcliffe, Karen Jones, Davina Amor, Ruth Sutcliffe, Shelley Paintier, Rosemary Holm, Roderick Ball, Michael Skilling, Robyn Luscombe, Carla Durinck, Ernest Ruakere, David Keenan, Tony Brown, Stuart Kerr, Ross Dowle, Susan James, Dianne Lister, Trevor Riddle, Hendrina Holl, Janet Wright, Mark Phillips, Debbie Ropata, Hera Erueti, Peter Darby, Paul Charman, Chris Chilcott, Michael Ruakere.

**R.S.A. Poppy Day Appeal:** Alan Guthrie, Diane Lister, Linda Smith, Carol Neuman, Ross Bevin, Barry Lockyer, Richard Hutchinson, Tim Hutchinson, Cheryl Drinkwater.

**Salvation Army House to House Appeal:** Carol Neuman, Linda Smith, Geoffrey Latter, Christopher Miller,

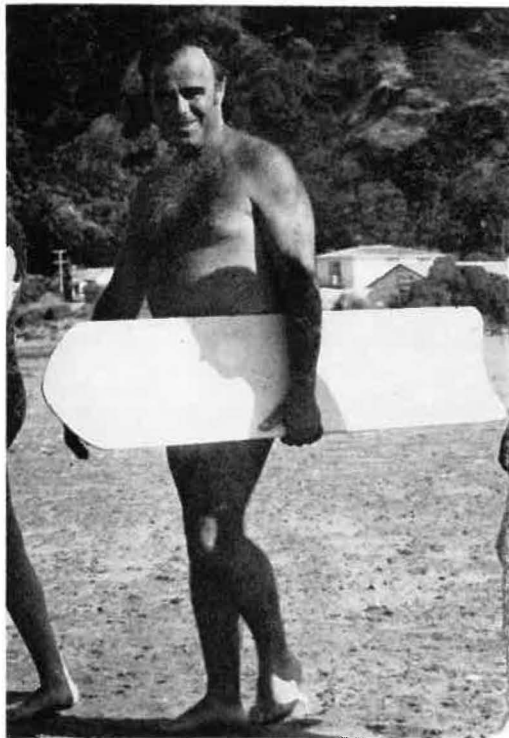
Ross Bevin, Gwen MacDonald, Wendy Fox, Robyn Meredith, Michael Lennon.

**I.H.C. House to House Appeal:** Linda Smith, Sharon Armstrong, Carol Neuman, Julie Wilson, David Webster, Kathryn Hines, Debbie Clarke, Raewyn Hitchcock, Robyn Julian, Wendy Fox, Jane Kensett, Aileen Haldane, Rachel Johnston, Judy Kristiansen, Bronwyn Jones, Sue Barr, Grant Elliot, Denise Guy, Colin Jackson, Warren Williams, Dianne Emmerson, Neil Haldane, Paul Blackburn, Barry Lockyer, Steven Quinlan, Paul Page.

**1972 Braille Collection:** M. Skilling, P. Andrews, D. Emmerson, N. Haldane, M. Edwards, J. MacKenzie, D. Clarke, C. Latter, L. Kahakura, P. Hepi, C. Patterson, L. Graham, P. Magrath, R. Dowle, S. Page, J. Lobb, J. Marshall, D. Ropata, L. Benny, M. Brown, R. Ball, J. McKenzie, M. Hayton, E. Lucas, D. Guy, W. Kirkland, R. Pittwood, S. Hellewell, C. Williams, B. Lockyer, J. Duynhoven, J. Nation, P. Darby, L. Ball, J. Barnes, H. Buchan, C. Larkin, W. Williams, K. Cousins, R. Monaghan, G. Dowle, G. Winikerei, T. Adlam, M. Phillips, S. James, D. Gordon, T. Riddle, C. Miller, E. Priest, J. Wright, S. Armstrong, G. Roberts, L. Cook, A. Babe, J. Wood, E. McMillan, K. MacArthur, E. Currie, J. Kristiansen, A. Sinclair, G. Revell, K. Taylor, M. Popata, E. Mananui, F. Eruera, K. Jones, J. Walden, M. Ruakere.

#### MAGAZINE EXCHANGES

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



And then I hung five, shot the tube and did a wheelie

## PRIZE LIST 1971

#### EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

**Girls:** Junior, Deborah Alcock; Intermediate, Paula Harding; Senior, Beth Wilson.

**Boys:** Junior, Tim Fowles; Intermediate, Barry Read; Senior, Keith Adair.

#### EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

**Girls:** Junior, Gail Gaukrodger; Intermediate, Robyn Haase; Senior, Paula Harding.

**Boys:** Junior, James Morwood; Intermediate, Ross Thomson; Senior, Blair Harding.

#### PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS

**Girls—Third Forms:** Sheryl Williams, Glenda Dakin; **Fourth Forms:** Lillian Tangere, Lynne Jury; **Fifth Forms:** Helen Manu, Sheryl Cliffe.

**Boys—Third Forms:** Tim Fowles, **Fourth Forms:** Stuart Fluker, **Fifth Forms:** Robert McGregor.

#### HOUSE AWARDS

**Faye Hill Cup for Interhouse Netball:** West.

**Denise Barribal Cup for Girls' Interhouse Hockey:** West.

**Borrell Cup for Interhouse Soccer:** West.

**Sole Cup for Interhouse Tennis:** East.

**Interhouse Speech Cup:** East.

**The Sargent Trophy for Interhouse Music:** East.

**F. V. Morine Cup for Interhouse Athletics:** East, West.

**Honour Cup for Interhouse Rugby:** East, West.

**Joy Rookes Cup for Original Composition and Solo Competitions in Music:** Kim Walker (Senior).

**Natalie Cleland Cup for Spotswood-Rangiatea Basketball:** Spotswood.

**W. McDonald Cup for Interhouse Cricket:** West.

**Chris Hamill Cup for Girls' Interhouse Softball:** West.

**Interhouse Shield for 20 Events:** West.

**Dr. and Mrs. Andrews' Award for Interhouse Drama:** No Competition this year.

#### SPEECH CONTEST

**Third Form:** 1st, Ross Bloore, E301; 2nd, Philip Walker, W3A1.

**Fourth Form:** 1st, Helen Brewster, W4A2; 2nd, Carol Young, W4A1.

**Fifth Form:** 1st, Stephen Hutton, E5S1; 2nd, Deborah Guthrie, E5S2.

**Senior:** 1st, Ray Hine; 2nd, Heather Buchan.

#### ART COMPETITION

1st, Jill Fryer.

#### LIBRARIAN AWARD

Andrea Connet, E4P2.

#### LITERARY CONTESTS

**Third Form:** Dean Whitmore.

**Fifth Form:** Jill Fryer.

#### DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

**Sixth Form:** Prose, Bernard Brewster; Poetry, Heather Buchan.

**Griffin Trophy for Most Improved Third Form Soccer Player:** Kevin McCulloch.

**Murray Wood Cup for Pupil Contributing most to Gymnastics:** Suzanne Johnson, Gary Walker.

**Lorraine Lovell Challenge Trophy—Girls' Tennis:** Barbara Gould (absent).

**Toatakitini Trophy Spotswood O.B. v. 1st XV:** Old Boys.

#### SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

##### Third Forms:

General Excellence: Trevor Riddle; Best Work Experience: Robyn Vickers; Technical Drawing: Dean Whitmore; Improvement: Robert Chandler; Commercial Practice: Joanne Stewart; Commercial Practice: Virginia Johnson; Mathematics: Donald Babe; French: Shashank Nene.

##### Fourth Forms:

Shorthand/Typing: Glenda Carley; Consistent Effort in all subjects: Jennifer McDonald; English: Janet Sole; Social Studies: Janet Evans; Best Work Experience: Denise Smith; General Excellence in all subjects: Karen McArthur; Commercial Practice: Denice Brown.

##### Fifth Forms:

History: 1st =: Jahna Carstens, Rachel Parkes; French: Wendy Lynch; Science: Chris Mackey; Technical Drawing: Ian Halford; Clothing: Delwyn Brown; Book-keeping: Brian Herlihy.

**T. Guy Prize in Engineering:** Gary Ryndorp.

**Kidd Garrett Prize in Engineering:** Noel Huggard.



**Motor Trade Award in Engineering:** Ian Street.

**Riddick Bros. & Still Prize for Outstanding Woodwork:** Trevor Dalton.

**Hughson's Hardware Ltd. Award in Woodwork:** Newton Gordge.

#### CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS

##### Third Forms:

E3A1: 1st Rosemary McNaghan, 2nd Ross Bloore.  
W3A1: 1st= Jennifer Herbert, Glenda Jackson.  
E3A2: 1st Craig Murray, 2nd Christine Hargreaves.  
W3A2: 1st Carol Perry, 2nd Paul Gardiner.  
E3A3: 1st Ena Whittaker, 2nd Martin Stephens.  
W3A3: 1st Jill Pearson, 2nd Mark Bamford.  
E3A4: 1st Moana Te Moana, 2nd Judith Robb.  
W3A4: 1st Dean Whitmore, 2nd Neil Lovegrove.  
E3A5: 1st Peter Gray, 2nd Doreen Tunbridge.  
E3A6: 1st James Seed, 2nd Leigh Phillips.  
W3A5: 1st= Andrew Robinson, Bruce Pope.  
W3A6: 1st Joanna Walwyn, Geoffrey Latter.  
W3A7: 1st Robert Murrell, 2nd Mark McDonald.

##### Fourth Forms:

E4P1: 1st Robert Fisher, 2nd Karen Harvey.  
W4A1: 1st Roderick Ball, 2nd Murray Reid.  
E4P2: 1st Lynda Shotbolt, 2nd Carolyn Johnson.  
W4A2: 1st Jack Kettlewell, 2nd Grant McAlpine.  
E4G: 1st= Judy Duynhoven, Denice Brown.  
W4A3: 1st Russell Braddock, 2nd Alistair Mundell.  
E4C1: 1st Gail Bielawski, 2nd Patricia Beggs.  
W4A4: 1st Kevin Hall, 2nd Trevor Richardson.  
E4C2: 1st Denise Williams, 2nd Sheryl Hedley.  
W4H: 1st Sharin Herbert, 2nd Dianne Woodcock.  
E4E: 1st Jeffrey Green, 2nd John Hotter.  
W4E: 1st Clarke Logan, 2nd Keith Merewether.  
E4W: 1st Cameron Ashton, 2nd Alex Begg.  
W4W: 1st David Christiansen, 2nd Howard Jones

##### Fifth Forms:

E5S1: 1st Stephen Hutton, 2nd Marilyn Neuman.  
W5S1: 1st Corrine Bolton, 2nd Graeme Heap.  
E5S2: 1st Helen Belcher, 2nd Karen Fisher.  
W5S2: 1st Ann Field, 2nd Glenys Mills.  
E5S3: 1st Jill Fryer, 2nd Rhonda Benton.  
W5S3: 1st Trevor Dalton, 2nd Ian Halford.  
E5S4: 1st Paul Murray, 2nd John Ance'l.  
W5S4: 1st Paul Bee, 2nd Gary Ryndorp.  
E5B: 1st Krystine Dwyer, 2nd Linda Lawlor.  
W5B: 1st Pamela Lovegrove, 2nd Jocelyn Jones.  
E5R: 1st Cynthia Jury, 2nd Stuart Brill.

##### Sixth Form:

Technical Drawing: Graeme Insull.  
Accounting: Noel Bungay.  
English: Heather Buchan.  
French: Lois Penny.  
Biology: Heather Buchan.  
Add. Mathematics: Robin Pittwood.  
Physics: Malcolm Giles.

##### Seventh Form:

Geography: Nancy Wallace.  
Biology: Eileen Andrews.  
Music: Kim Walker.  
Accountancy: Robert Death.  
Applied Mathematics: Heather Gee.

#### SPECIAL PRIZES

**The Maori Purposes Fund Board Prize:** Kevin Jones.

##### The Devon Footwear Prizes:

History and Geography and German: Janet Plummer.  
Maths and Chemistry: Barbara Hammonds.  
Maths, Chemistry and Physics: Andrew Stedman.  
For consistent effort in French: Lois Baldock.

**Janet Rawley Prize for English:** 1st= Neil Billington, Brent Page.

**Helen J. Baccn Award** (for Merit in History and Geography): Girl, Janet Plummer; Boy, Bernard Brewster.

**H. Collier & Co. Prizes for Music:** Leader of Orchestra, Christopher Brown; Leader of Madrigal Singers, Kim Walker.

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

**Bruce Walker Trophy** (for endeavour and leadership): Suzanne Johnson.

**R.S.A. Prize:** Heather Gee.

**P.T.A. President's Prize for Head Girl:** Suzanne Johnson.

**L. M. Moss Prize for Head Boy:** Ian Jackson.

**Dux Cup** (Presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. Aderman): Andrew Stedman.

**Principal's Prize—Dux Medal and Books:** Andrew Stedman.

# SPORTS

## CRICKET



**Back Row:** S. Kirkland, S. Fluker, D. Dawson, W. Ruakere, C. Hamil, S. McElhannan, D. Moral, Mr. Oliver.  
**Front Row:** G. Benny, B. Jury, R. Ormiston (Vice-Captain), D. Birrell (Captain), M. Neal, C. Hobbs.

## CRICKET

### 1st XI

The cricket team which emerged after the 1971-72 holiday period was surprisingly experienced and only a few new faces had their season in the Northern Division second grade competition. The team was David Birrell (capt.), Ross Armiston (vice-capt.), Donald Dawson, Dinu Moral, Clive Hamill, David Kirkland, Carey Hobbs, Stuart Fluker, Graham Benny, Mark Neal, Wiremu Ruakere, Barry Jury, and Shaun McElhannan. Player-coach was Mr. Davy Oliver who helped out in some matches and his constant attendance at both practices and matches was much valued by all.

The team was nicely balanced and after a period of gaining match practice the team clicked and ran out undefeated in the second round, which included creditable wins against Francis Douglas, Inglewood, and the eventual winner New Plymouth.

It was with this background that the team looked optimistically to the annual college matches against Freyberg of Palmerston North and Tawa of Wellington.

### Freyberg Match

Spotswood batted first on a previously untried Freyberg wicket and were soon in trouble. After losing two wickets for five runs it was a period of consolidation from R. Ormiston (52) and D. Birrell (29) that gave a measure of respectability to the first innings total. The team was eventually dismissed for 133 and were faced with the difficult task of containing the Freyberg batsmen on their home ground. However accurate bowling from openers D. Birrell and W. Ruakere kept the total down and the wickets falling, and with the score at 8 for 133 it seemed as though Freyberg would be dismissed for a total not much more than Spotswood, however an adventurous innings of 101 from Freyberg's A. Connell surged the total to 224.

Faced with the task of overhauling this total before having an opportunity to press for a win, Spotswood declined the challenge and battled time before being dismissed just before close of play for 167. This second innings saw R. Ormiston complete a creditable double with a score of 63 to follow his first innings score of 52. S. Fluker also regained form with a tenacious 23 not out.

## Tawa Match

Due to the overused condition of the Spotswood wicket this game was played at Pukekura Park. Whether the realisation that the venue for this game is officially recognised as a first class wicket or the overcast conditions gave the Tawa swing-bowlers an advantage one will never know.

Spotswood was dismissed for the season's lowest total of 85. However, once again opener D. Birrell bowled well for five wickets and also once again it was rearguard determination which aided Tawa to 195.

R. Ormiston and C. Hamill batted slowly in an attempt to consolidate the Spotswood second innings and get the side off to a big score but wickets soon began to fall and with the total at 5 for 91 things did not look too bright. However at lunch with D. Dawson on 42 and G. Benny yet to score there was still some measure of hope. The afternoon session proved to be a fine exhibition of penetrating stroke-play from D. Dawson and he raced through the sixties and was

suddenly in the eighties. G. Benny was batting well and gave the stability at the other end, which was an important role and was able play. The 'nervous nineties' soon came and it brought with it some anxious moments before 'Buck got his ton'. This is a truly creditable innings for the boundaries were scored with unparalleled regularity in spite of the size of the ground and of how the opposition set their fields.

Special thanks for this game must be extended to Messrs Connett and Muggeridge, who, as official umpires, gave the game a real 'big time flavour' and provided a consistency of decision which was a welcome relief from some of the umpiring experienced during the season.

With the newfound depth in the cricketing fraternity at the College, the First XI should continue this initial taste of success and with the continued assistance of Mr. Oliver and the parental support, this should be assured.

D.B.

## ATHLETICS



**Back Row:** G. Walker, D. Dawson, W. Williams, J. Thompson, D. Babe, K. Adair, J. Gosnell, C. Jackson.  
**Middle Row:** Miss Andrews, G. McAlpine, J. White, W. Callaghan, A. Hitchcock, H. Ries, D. Alcock, K. Jones, B. Clare, T. Sole, S. Hutton, Mr. Huwes.  
**Front Row:** C. Perry, N. Thompson, P. Harding, R. Hill, S. McArthur, R. Slemint, B. Garnett, C. Wood, R. Manley.

## Taranaki Secondary School Athletic Sports

### HEATS—Girls, Junior:

- S. Williams, 1st, 200 metres.
- S. Williams, 2nd, 100 metres.
- C. Perry, 1st, 100 metres.
- C. Perry, 1st, 100 metres hurdles, heat 2.
- R. Manley, 1st, 100 metres hurdles, heat 1.
- K. Jones, 3rd, 200 metres.

K. Jones, 3rd, 100 metres hurdles, heat 4.

### Intermediate:

- D. Black, 2nd, 100 hurdles, heat 1.
- S. Cameron, 1st, 100 hurdles, heat 2.

### Senior:

- P. Harding, 1st, 100 hurdles, heat 1.
- R. Slemint, 1st, 100 hurdles, heat 2.
- B. Garnett, 3rd, 200 metres.
- B. Garnett, 2nd, 100 metres.

### Relays—Heats:

- Senior Girls:** B. Garnett, R. Slemint, A. Field, P. Harding, 3rd.

**Junior Girls:** S. Williams, K. Jones, R. Manley, C. Perry, 2nd.

### FINALS—Girls:

- C. Perry, 4th, Junior 100 metres.
- S. Williams, 4th, Junior 200 metres.
- D. Alcock, 2nd, Intermediate long jump, 14' 7½".
- S. Cameron, 4th, Intermediate 100 metres hurdles.
- W. Callaghan, 2nd, Intermediate shot put, 24' 7".
- R. Slemint, 2nd, Senior high jump, 4' 5".
- B. Clare, 4th, Senior 400 metres.
- R. Manley, 2nd, Junior 100 metres hurdles.
- S. Williams withdrew final 100 metres because of an injury.

### Relay—

**Junior Girls:** C. Perry, K. Jones, R. Manley, S. Williams, 3rd.

### FINALS—Boys:

#### Junior:

- D. Babe, 1st, 800 metres, 2 min. 16.2 sec.
- D. Babe, 1st, 1500 metres, 4 min. 45.8 sec.
- T. Fowles, 1st, high jump, 4' 11".
- T. Fowles, 3rd, long jump.

#### Intermediate:

- G. McAlpine, 3rd, 800 metres.
- P. Eisenhut, 2nd, 200 metres.

#### Senior:

- D. Dawson, 3rd, triple jump.
- J. Gosnell, 3rd, high jump.
- K. Adair, 2nd, 400 metres.
- J. Thompson, 4th, 1500 metres.

At this stage I would like to point out the fact that our girls' athletic team who represented Spotswood College at the Taranaki Secondary School Sports, were not athletes who had been training and competitively participating in club meetings throughout the year. These girls competed in the Secondary School Championships knowing that competition would be hard. Credit must go to these girls who spent many a lunch hour and after school time to try and improve on their standards at our school sports. A commendable effort by both the girls and boys athletes considering they are not current members of local athletic clubs.

Athletes selected to represent Taranaki at the North Island Secondary School Championships at Hamilton over Easter were:-

**Intermediate Girls:** Deborah Alcock (East), Whakaata Callaghan (East).

**Junior Boys:** Tim Foules (East), Donald Babe (East).

**Intermediate Boys:** Grant McAlpine (West), Peter Eisenhut (East).

**Senior Boys:** Keith Adair (East), Donald Dawson (West).

### GIRLS CROSS COUNTRY RESULTS

**3rd form:** 1st, Julie Wilson (East); 2nd, Janne Lowen (East); 3rd, Jan Marshall (East); 4th, Heather McLeod (West). Time: 11 min. 19.9 sec.

**4th form:** 1st, Carol Perry (West); 2nd, Raewyn Manley (West); 3rd, Katherine Heydon (West); 4th, Joanna Walwyn (West). Time: 10 min. 11.1 sec.

**5th form:** 1st, Lee Sutherland (West); 2nd, Patricia Sandish (East); 3rd, Elaine Insull (West); 4th, Sharon Cameron (East). Time: 9 min. 53.3 sec.

**6th and 7th forms:** 1st, Paula Harding (West); 2nd, Barbara Clare (East); 3rd, Lindsay Sutherland (East); 4th, Carol Jeffrey (West). Time: 10 min. 25.3 sec.

**Final Points:** West 166, East 163.

### RESULTS TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOL GIRLS' CROSS COUNTRY

The sports were held at Francis Douglas College on October 14th in pleasant conditions. Spotswood College girls ran very well and the following placings were gained from a field of 53 competitors:-

5th, Julie Wilson (East); 8th, Carol Perry (West); 16th, Elaine Insull (West); 22nd, Paula Harding (West); 23rd, Raewyn Manley (West); 24th, Lee Sutherland (West).

D. C. ANDREWS.

## NETBALL

The Reserve 'A' team this year was: Carol Burgess (goal keeper and captain), Moana Te Moana (goal defence), Vicki Wilde (wing defence), Lillian Tangaere (centre), Ropu Wawatai (goal attack), Ngaire Thompson (goal attack), Elizabeth Mananui (wing attack), and Vicki Mananui (goal shoot).

This year Freyberg visited Spotswood and we showed them what fine weather we have here in New Plymouth. And they showed us what fine players they produce down in Palmerston North by beating us 39-4.

The team played in the Inter-Secondary Schools tournament at Opunake and under miserable conditions we won two games and lost two games.

As usual we played the staff and strangely enough they proved the better, and disgraced us by winning 16-8. Their team also included a few of the men teachers. (Mr. Finch's height proved quite a challenge to our small goal shoot.)

In the Saturday competitions against Sacred Heart and Girls' High teams our team did extremely well, and won the majority of its games.

Another game that is played each year is School v. Rangiatea. The first game was a draw and in the replay a week later Rangiatea beat School 5-4 after an extremely close game.

Due to lack of enthusiasm on behalf of some of the team, Reserve 'A' was changed. The new players were: Rosalind Slemett (goal defence), Paula Stonnell (wing defence), Vicki Wilde (changed to centre), Raewyn Manley (goal shoot), Elaine Insull (wing attack), Moana Te Moana (changed to goal attack), Cheryl Williams (reserve). This team played in the annual game against Spotswood Old Girls. The Old Girls proved a far more experienced and fitter team when they beat us 29-5.

The team travelled to Te Awamutu and in wet conditions Te Awamutu beat us 48-16. Even though we were losing by a fantastic margin the team kept up the sporting spirit and provided a good game.

Although the season was not very fruitful as far as victories go, the games were enjoyable and the team, in both cases, adjusted well to each other. The only thing missing in the top team as well as all the other Spotswood netball teams, was enthusiasm.

On behalf of the Reserve A team I would like to thank Miss Pethybridge for all the encouragement and time she gave to coach the team. Also, thanks to Miss Andrews who helped out later on in the season.

Carol Burgess.

## SENIOR NETBALL TEAM



Back Row: Mrs. Newman, J. Duynhoven, K. Medway, P. Longbottom, A. Shaw, Mrs. Hickland.  
Front Row: B. Garnett, C. Jeffery, S. Williams (Captain), D. Latham, M. Cowie.

## SWIMMING

The School Swimming Sports were held in two sessions this year, the heats one afternoon and the finals another afternoon. Senior swimmers were placed in East and West for the first time and this proved to be successful. All swimmers were well supported by their respective schools. West won the sports for the fourth year in succession with 636 points. East gained 449 points.

Four new records were set at the sports and some very good times were recorded for the many new events held this year.

The highlight of the sports was undoubtedly the staff versus prefects relay. The prefects were by far the superior team and recorded an overwhelming victory despite the vast amount of cheating by the staff.

The Taranaki Inter-Secondary School Sports were held at the Highlands Intermediate swimming pool in March, in extremely wet conditions. However, all in all it was a fairly successful day for Spotswood. Our

swimmer gained 14 firsts and 12 minor placings in the individual events and 3 placings in the relays. Three new records were set by Rex Harding in the Junior Boys' events.

Rex Harding was the only representative from Spotswood at this year's North Island Inter-Secondary School Championships. He gained second placings in the Junior Boys' 100 and 200 metres freestyle and fourth place in the Boys' Open 400 metres freestyle. This was a very commendable performance.

We are grateful for the support given to us by Miss Andrews and Mr. Huwes throughout the year.

R.H.

**Swimming Champions:** Junior Girls, Rosemary Monaghan; Intermediate Girls, Lee Sutherland; Senior Girls, Raewyn Hill; Junior Boys, Rex Harding; Intermediate Boys, James Moorwood; Senior Boys, Ross Thompson and Blair Harding equal.

## TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOL SWIMMING SPORTS 1972 — RESULTS

### SENIOR GIRLS

66<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Butterfly: R. HILL 1st.  
100 Yards Breaststroke: P. HARDING 1st, A. MACK 2nd.  
66<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Freestyle: P. HARDING 1st.  
100 Yards Freestyle: P. HARDING 1st.  
133<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Medley: R. HILL 2nd.  
200 Yards Freestyle: R. HILL 1st, V. PARTINGTON 3rd.

### JUNIOR BOYS

33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Butterfly: M. NEAL 1st.  
66<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Breaststroke: D. CARTER 2nd.  
100 Yards Freestyle: R. HARDING 1st (Record), M. NEAL 2nd.  
100 Yards Medley: R. HARDING 1st (Record).  
200 Yards Freestyle: R. HARDING 1st (Record).  
4 x 33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Relay: SPOTSWOOD 1st.

### INTERMEDIATE BOYS

66<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Freestyle: J. MOORWOOD 2nd, M. THOMPSON 3rd.  
66<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Backstroke: J. MOORWOOD 1st.  
133<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Medley: M. THOMPSON 3rd.  
4 x 33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Relay: SPOTSWOOD 2nd.

### SENIOR BOYS

100 Yards Breaststroke: B. HARDING 3rd.  
100 Yards Backstroke: B. SUTHERLAND 1st.  
133<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Medley: R. THOMPSON 1st, B. HARDING 3rd.  
220 Yards Freestyle: N. NODDER 1st, R. THOMPSON 3rd.  
440 Yards Freestyle: N. NODDER 1st.  
100 Yards Freestyle: B. HARDING 3rd.  
4 x 33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> Yards Relay: SPOTSWOOD 3rd.

## FIRST NETBALL TEAM — 1972



Back Row: E. Mananui, D. Phillips, R. Wawatai.  
Front Row: M. Te Moana, N. Thompson, C. Burgess (Captain), L. Tangaere, V. Wilde.  
Absent: V. Mananui.

## INDOOR BASKETBALL

The year promised to be a good one, with four of last year's players returning, Andy Cowie, D. Dawson (Buck), John Burgess and C. Pruden (Sticks), being joined by newcomers Jamie Scott and Garry Carnachan.

Trying to make up for our lack of height we used a zone defence, enabling us to have our taller players as guards on defence, also there for rebounds, and the shorter players out the front hassling for the ball. On attack the taller players would go right down to the front court, leaving the shorter ones to bring the ball up. This style of play worked very well, enabling us to set play up and take an easy set shot or create a gap for someone to drive in for an easy lay-up.

After our grading games, both of which we won, we were put in the 'A' Grade, but because of team members' other sporting commitments, 'A' Grade being played on Saturday afternoons, we relegated ourselves to the 'B' Grade. After a rather mediocre start, only winning our first few games by a few points, we settled into our style of play and really clicked for a couple of games, e.g. we won one game 54-9 after leading only 9-7 at half-time. In 17 minutes we piled on 45 points and only conceded 2. Then came our first loss, to Ufala 'B', a game we deserved to lose after everyone played poorly, looking as though no-one trusted anyone else enough to pass to them.

### SECOND BASKETBALL

However, this proved to be our only loss in the first round, at the end of which we found ourselves to be on top of the ladder. Although we lost two more games in the second round, we defeated the runners-up in our last game to be a clear 6 points ahead of them on the points table to win the competition.

We also acquitted ourselves very well in outside tournaments. Early in the season we participated in the Zonal Intersec tournament held in the Y.M.C.A. to select the school to play in the tournament to select the New Zealand Secondary School Champ. After defeating Tongariro High and Hamilton High in the preliminaries, we found ourselves in the final playing Christ's College from Hamilton. These boys were really good and beat us 118-32, and we later learnt they went on to become the N.Z. champs, so we didn't feel too bad. We also feel we would have done better if we had been fresher; we had already played two full games that day and were hit by injury, John kept getting cramp in both legs, Sticks broke his leg in the first half, and Andy sprained his thumb badly but played on.

In the Taranaki Inter-Sec tournament we also went well, defeating N.P.B.H.S. 41-30 in the final, quite a decisive win over a team which came 4th in the 'A' Grade competition here, meaning we would have come out reasonably well if we had stayed in that at the beginning of the competition.



Back Row: J. Hooker, P. Bennett, W. Strong, K. Fauli, R. Leader, Mr. Bance.  
Front Row: P. Gall, S. Berendsen, J. Gosnell, R. Ormiston.

Our only College match was played against Te Awamutu in our gym near the end of the second term. We won this quite comfortably, 42-20, but we never really went well and it should have been more but for silly defensive and attacking errors. In the Inter-Sec. games we were fortunate enough to have I. Moody playing for us, a player from the school who plays for an outside club, in the 'A' Grade competition. His accurate shooting earned many points and just having him in the team caused us to lift our game considerably.

Morale throughout the year was really tremendous and no-one regretted his decision to play. Even when not playing everyone stuck together and felt at a small loss when the season ended. All the boys thank Mr. Finch, without whom all the success we enjoyed would not have been possible. The amount of time he gave up to coach us during the week, and then to take us to tournaments in the weekends was greatly appreciated. Congratulations also to Andy and John for being selected in the New Plymouth Colts team, and to 'Buck' and 'Sticks' for being picked in the New Plymouth 'B' team which went to Mt. Maunganui.

Andy played forward on defence, as he was one of the shorter players. His ball control was really good as was his hassling on defence, and he had a good accurate jump shot from around the keyhole. Jamie, the other forward, also had good ball control, and Andy and he developed good co-ordination in bringing the ball up. He also had an accurate set shot from out the top of the keyhole. Sticks was the normal centre, although sometimes John played here. Being our tallest player we relied on him a lot of the time to pull down the rebounds for us, and guard out any good shooter we came up against. He also developed a useful jump shot. Buck mainly played guard but occasionally forward. He had a good powerful drive, and also, when on, sunk some good shots, both jump and set shots. John mainly played guard. He was another we relied on to get us the rebounds and guard well too. He and Sticks never let us down, because although we were one of the shortest teams in the competition we got more than our fair share of ball. Garry, a first year player, lacked confidence a little at the start but when he settled down he played some really good ball. He got off his feet and fought hard for rebounds, and developed a good jump shot.

Overall a most successful and enjoyable year.

D.D.

## BADMINTON

Spotswood was still not good enough to beat Freyberg or Te Awamutu when our badminton team met them in competition this year.

Freyberg defeated Spotswood by 10 games to 6 in the first year of competition between colleges. It was the second defeat suffered by our team against Te Awamutu — 10-6 in 1971 and 12-4 this year.

The reason for Spotswood's defeats on all these occasions was probably that club meets were not well patronised during the year, with the standard of competition falling as a result. Unfortunately we didn't have a ladder this year to inspire a competitive attitude.

In the competition away with Freyberg, Spotswood girls proved to be the "ace trick" for our team, winning the girls' singles 3-1 and drawing the doubles 1-1.

The boys' and mixed doubles resulted in victory for Freyberg.

In the Spotswood v. Te Awamutu game, the mixed doubles proved disastrous for our team, with Te Awamutu winning all its games (15-10, top combination; 15-8, 2nd; 15-2, 3rd; 15-0, 4th). The boys' doubles saw more spirited competition in a game between G. Benny and P. Jones and Te Awamutu's P. Davies and S. Berryman. Setting was needed to determine the final result, which was 23-22 to Spotswood. Te Awamutu however, won all the boys' singles, two of the girls' singles and one of the girls' doubles.

Teams list: Boys—G. Benny, P. Jones, P. Kerr, R. Still; Girls—J. Kristiansen, V. Partington, N. Wallace, C. Latter, J. Meredith.

On behalf of the team and the club I would like to thank Mr. Larsen for his guidance, determination and sociability in club meets and extra time before the competition games.

J.K.

## GIRLS' INDOOR BASKETBALL

An interested and co-operative group of girls have participated in basketball this year. Many thanks go to Andrew Cowie and John Burgess who willingly gave up their own time to coach the teams.

Although we did not have very many games over the season, the team played well to win their inter-secondary school game against Te Awamutu College with a convincing score of 40 to 4.

A group of girls who trained in the squad formed their own team which took part in the Junior League competition on Friday nights. They were placed second in the overall competition.

A welcome to any new players for 1973 is extended and good luck to those who intend carrying on playing Indoor Basketball.

V. B. Boyden.

## GIRLS' TENNIS

The team that was chosen to play against Tawa and Freyberg consisted of Vicky Partington, Janice Robertson, Whakaata Callaghan, Janice Falconer, Frances Young and Lillian Tangaere. Unfortunately we lost both events, owing to the fact that our two top players from last year had left. The girls' tennis team this year consisted of one new player, Vicky Partington, and five of last years players.

Tawa won 13-11 and Freyberg won 15-9. Playing at Stratford in the Inter-Secondary School Tennis Championships, we had little success, but F. Young and J. Falconer did manage to get into the semi-finals of the ladies' double.

We thank Miss Andrews for spending her free time coaching us on Tuesday nights after school, also thanks to Miss Platt who supervised activities at Freyberg.

F.Y.

## TENNIS



Back Row: Miss Andrews, L. Tangaere, P. Jones, G. Dougherty, J. Kettlewell, J. Robertson, C. Young, W. Callaghan.  
Front Row: J. Lovell, V. Partington, P. Graham, M. Collinson, J. Falconer, F. Young, S. Dods.

## GIRLS' HOCKEY — 1st XI



Back Row: A. Bradley, F. Kelly, D. Lister, G. Ottaway, Miss Andrews, C. Young, S. Roper, D. Belcher, D. Brodie.  
Front Row: C. Perry, B. McCarty, V. Stone, G. Bland, C. Klenner.

## GIRLS' HOCKEY

This year the Girls' A hockey team travelled to both Freyberg and Te Awamutu. The Freyberg match, which was played in fine weather, showed up the Freyberg team's experience. An exciting game ended 8-0 to Freyberg. Spotswood showed improvement in the game against Te Awamutu. Spotswood fought hard in the second half, which was played in heavy showers, but the final score gave Te Awamutu a victory 3-2. Girls' High teams, even with two attempts, did not manage to beat us. To finish a good season we played the staff, which was an entertaining game, finishing a 2-2 draw.

The B team's only game of the season was against Girls' High and was won by Girls' High.

Our special thanks to Miss Andrews who has done a wonderful job coaching and supporting us; also to Miss Peel for her time spent coaching the B team.

A team: V. Stone (capt.), F. Kelly, D. Brodie, D. Lister, C. Perry, G. Bland, G. Ottaway, C. Young, B. McCarthey, A. Bradley, D. Belcher, C. Klenner, S. Roper.  
B team: N. Wallace, J. Pearson, D. Insull, C. Cliffe, C. Topping, S. Johnstone, R. Johnson, Y. Peterson, W. McDonald, S. Painter, G. Baldock, J. Leighton.

## BOYS' HOCKEY

The season had a good beginning with twenty-two boys at our first meeting. We were divided into two teams, First XI and Second XI.

The first game was organised between N.P.B.H.S. 'A' and Spotswood. Losing 2-0 at half time we made a comeback to score a goal. Final score 2-1.

The annual N.P.O.B. 5-a-side tournament was our next fixture. Spotswood had two teams in, but were unsuccessful. Spotswood 'A' was beaten by Hawera High School to be put out of the final. The 'A' won 3, lost one and drew one, with a high score of 7-0 against a N.P.B.H.S. team. The 'B' team had a very unsuccessful day. They lost all games, but had good team spirit. Although not successful, we picked up tips from other players.

Our second game against N.P.B.H.S. was a better show. After no goals in the first half, we scored a goal in the second half, but let two slip in. The final score was 2-1, but the Spotswood team showed good following up.

Freyberg came up this year with a strong team. Our team had greatly improved on last year and dominated play but could not finish attacks, although the opportunities arose. The final score was 6-1 in favour of Freyberg.

Travelling to Te Awamutu gave us an advantage. Last year they won whilst away and this year Spotswood won whilst away. Playing on a rain soaked ground made hockey nearly impossible. Spotswood attacked from whistle to whistle.

Our first goal came from good following of a penalty corner. This 1-0 lead remained until half time. Te Awamutu fought back and managed to score a goal.

## VOLLEYBALL TEAM

### NEW ZEALAND SECONDARY SCHOOLS' COMPETITION



Back Row: A. Field, P. Marshall, J. Robertson, R. Inglis, R. Hill (Captain), D. Brodie.  
Front Row: H. Manu, Mr. Keown, Miss Andrews, V. Wilde.

This made our hockey hard and fast. Keeping the pressure on paid dividends when the winning goal was scored. A shower of rain livened the hockey up and the pressure was kept on the Te Awamutu goal but to no avail. The final score of 2-1 ended a good season for Spotswood hockey.

The boys would like to thank Mr. Hill and Mr. Huwes for their time and effort. Thanks to all the boys concerned for their time and patience.

Centre-half.

## SENIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

The highlight of the softball season was the Inter-Secondary Tournament which was held at Waitara. For the first time there were three grades in the boys' and girls' section. In previous years there was one team from the College. Having three grades was very successful because it gave the junior members of the school a chance to participate. All teams did very well with three teams reaching the final. The senior team beat both Boys' High and Opunake, but lost to Waitara in the third match. Because the tournament was run on the two-life system, the Spotswood senior team went through to the final where we were beaten 8-7 by Waitara in a very close game.

### SENIOR SOFTBALL TEAM



Back Row: W. McDonald, R. Wawatai, S. McKenzie, D. Phillips, W. Callaghan, H. Manu, Miss Andrews.  
Front Row: I. Ropata, L. Tangaere, N. Thompson.

The sportsmanship of the team was very high and the practices were very well attended with a few members coming from Waitara and Okato.

I would like to thank the Waitara High School for putting on such an event and thanks go to Mr. Sowersby for giving up his time to coach the team.

Team: T. Taylor, J. Skipper, J. Dykes, P. Gall, J. Hooker, M. Bolton, W. Strong, K. Faull, B. Teruki, J. McDonald.

Tony Taylor.

## GIRLS' SOFTBALL

The softball season began with an enthusiastic attendance at all practices and this enthusiasm was upheld throughout the season.

The senior girls attended the Taranaki School tournament at Waitara in March and although we were unfortunate not to win the shield, the day was enjoyed by all. The first game was against N.P.G.H.S. and although our team played an outstanding game, the G.H.S. team was too much, and they went on to win the shield, with Spotswood and Waitara runners-up. Other games we played were against Opunake and Stratford and we won both.

The team would like to thank Miss Andrews for the time she spent in selecting and coaching them.  
Lillian Tangaere.

## SOFTBALL



Back Row: J. Skipper, W. Strong, M. Bolton, K. Faull, G. Keenan.  
Front Row: B. Teruki, I. Dykes, T. Taylor (Captain), P. Gall, J. Hooker, Mr. Scwersby.

## GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

The Girls' Volleyball team has had a very successful year's play.

We started practices early in the first term with about ten keen players, most of whom were in last year's team.

The first competition we competed in was the Taranaki Secondary Schools' tournament held at the College gym in April. It was disappointing that only three teams competed in the girls' section. Spotswood won its two matches to become winners of this tournament for the first time.

The highlight of the year was the N.Z. Secondary Schools' tournament in which our girls competed for the first time. Eight players travelled to Wellington on the second Tuesday of the May holidays, with Miss Andrews and Mr. Keown, ready to compete in the three day tournament.

Before actual tournament play began Spotswood had to compete, with 12 other new teams, for the four empty positions in the Senior Girls' second division. Spotswood won three out of four of these matches and

won a place in the second division. The team then had to play in section play and won all four matches, the results of the games being: v. Burnside, 15-7, 15-0; v. Mana B, 15-3, 15-7; v. Wainuiomata, 15-0, 15-7; v. Northcote, 15-8, 15-4.

With these wins Spotswood won its section and had to play against the placegetters of the other section of our division. The results of these games were: v. Viard, 15-5, 12-15, 15-10; v. Northcote, 15-3, 15-5; v. Timaru, 15-7, 15-10.

These results made Spotswood the winners of the second division, the highest position a team playing in the tournament for the first time could attain.

When the N.Z. School teams were announced it was not surprising to hear that two members of our team, Debra Brodie and Janice Robertson, had been selected after their excellent play throughout the tournament.

While it was pleasing to win our division in the tournament and to get two players into the N.Z. team, the trip was a memorable one for other reasons, most

of which I cannot mention in this report. Both Mr. Keown and Miss Andrews spent considerable time at the Wellington Central Police Station! In two separate incidents both teachers had a car window smashed and small items stolen from the cars. Half of the team spent several hours one night at the Wellington Hospital casualty department getting one thumb X-Rayed. As a result of these incidents the girls staying at the Y.W.C.A. Hostel managed to get locked out two nights in a row.

During the second term play got under way at the Y.M.C.A. where local teams have been competing weekly. At the time of writing this report Spotswood A is winning the women's competition.

Spotswood was host to the Te Awamuu girls' volleyball team towards the end of the second term. Spotswood won the match three games to one but the standard of play was rather disappointing. This was probably partly due to the fact that two of our players travelled to Te Awamutu in other sports teams.

### GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL



Back Row: Mr. Keown, D. Alcock, J. Robertson, S. McKenzie, D. Brodie.  
Front Row: V. Wilde, P. Marshall, R. Hill, H. Manu.

In the last weekend of the second term Spotswood played in the N.P. Y.M.C.A. tournament which attracted teams from all over the North Island. Twelve women's teams competed in the tournament. Spotswood won the three matches in its section and qualified for playoff for minor placings. In these post-section matches the team met two experienced teams from Hamilton and narrowly lost both matches to finish third in the tournament.

This was the first time in the year that the team lost important matches. Of the 15 major matches played throughout the year we won 13 and lost two.

One of the main reasons the team has been so successful this year was the expert coaching and advice given to us by Mr. Keown. The team has greatly appreciated the time and encouragement he has given us throughout the year. We are also grateful to Miss Andrews for supervising many of our practices and travelling with the team on many occasions.

R.H.

### VOLLEYBALL



Back Row: S. Berendsen, J. Burgess, J. Hooker, P. Gall.  
Front Row: R. Thomson, I. Moody (Captain), D. Dawson, Mr. Sowersby.  
Absent: J. McDonald.

### RUGBY

#### Sixth Grade Green

This team enjoyed a very successful season, winning the local competition with the loss of only one of the eleven games played. They also won the only game played in the end of season knock-out, with the final unfortunately being cancelled.

The team settled down quickly and started the season with big wins in the first few games. As the season progressed the opposition became stronger and games more closely contested. As the season drew to a close the performances slipped slightly with the result that one game was lost narrowly to a very good NPBHS Moyes side, and the last two were won by very narrow margins.

The success of the team was undoubtedly due to the fine spirit and dedication shown by all members.

Although it is very hard to pick out individuals from the team, some members I feel deserve special mention. In the backs the captain Paul Christiansen showed outstanding form in many games and scored 73 points from 13 tries and 7 penalties. Neil Parkes showed real ability on the wing and scored 9 tries in only 7 games.

Gary Anstis also deserves special mention, playing for the first time at fullback. He started the season rather shakily and toward the end of the season, although often under considerable pressure, played with complete confidence.

In the forwards the Harding brothers, Blair and Rex, played outstandingly throughout the season.

Eight members of the team gained representative selection during the season.

I feel all members of the team can feel very proud of the efforts throughout the season.

#### FIRST XV REPORT

This year the team had ten wins, ten losses and one draw. The forwards and backs did a good job in spite of a plague of injuries throughout the season.

A major weakness of the team was the lack of a reliable goal kicker, and several games were lost that might have been otherwise won.

The team had two coaches: Mr. B. Edwards and his assistant Mr. Babe. Mr. Edwards put a tremendous

amount of work into moulding an efficient team. This culminated in a victory over Freyberg High School (the top Secondary School in Manawatu). Also, for the first time in the history of the School, Spotswood defeated Francis Douglas 9 points to 3.

Our captain this year was John White, who was ably assisted by vice-captain Warren Williams. The forwards included Neville Nodder (hooker), and loose head prop, Trevor Dalton. Locks were John Thompson, John McKenzie and Don Babe. Our breakaways were Terry Sole and Kieren Faull. Our other breakaway and forward reserve was Greg Keenan. "Peter Pan" (Peter Gall) combined with half back Chris Frewin at the base of the scrum to give him a speedy, clean ball. Forwards were effective in tight play and set moves resulted in many tries being scored. The backs showed many dazzling displays of speed and footwork when in retreat of the ball (and at times even managed to go forwards with it).

First five-eight was Stuart Fluker whose handling was perfect. Second five-eight and centre were Wayne Strong and Keith Adair who often caused excitement on the sideline. On the wing was John McDonald who was a solid, sure-footed runner with the ball. Colin Jackson at full-back, produced some play very characteristic of his nature.

In the May holidays, Terry Sole, John Thomson and John White played for a combined New Plymouth Secondary School's team, against a top Sydney school team, St. Joseph's; beating them and being the only New Zealand team to do so. In August, Terry Sole was picked for the Taranaki Secondary School's Under 18 team and played in competitions in Auckland and New Plymouth. Neville Nodder and John White were picked for the Taranaki Secondary Schools 'B' team. They played Taranaki's Fourth Grade side, defeating them by 16 points to 9. Also our young and most talented player of the team, Stuart Fluker, was picked for the Taranaki Under Sixteen side, playing in a competition in Hamilton in which they were narrowly defeated in the final.

The First XV had tremendous spirit on and off the field and I am sure that this helped overcome many obstacles. On behalf of the team I would like to thank Prof. Jim and his assistant Bruce Babe for devoting so much of their time and energy to the problems of the team and it is to their credit as well as the devotion of team members that the team was able to do so well this year. We would also like to thank all our supporters who came along and gave us something to play for.

### RUGBY — SIXTH GRADE GREEN



**Back Row:** G. Anstis, B. Pope, T. Lund, G. Berry, J. Glentworth.  
**Middle Row:** B. Jury, A. Washington, A. McAlpine, B. Larsen, G. Eden, J. Ansell, Mr. Smith.  
**Front Row:** J. Morwood, C. Farrant, B. Harding, W. Putt, R. Harding.  
**Absent:** P. Christensen (Captain), N. Parkes.

### Results:-

Competition games: won 5, lost 5, drew 1.

Inglewood: won 16-0, won 16-12; Waitara: lost 14-0, lost 8-3; Hawera: lost 10-0, drew 3-3; Opunake: lost 7-0; Stratford: won 16-13; N.P.B.H.S. 'A': lost 9-7, won 6-0; Francis Douglas: won 9-3.

Inter-College visits: Freyberg: won 7-3; Te Awamutu lost 7-4.

Non-Competition games: H.M.N.Z.S. Kiama: won 22-6, won 20-3; Stratford 3rd grade: lost 9-8; N.P.B.H.S. 'A': won 9-0; Waitara H.S.: won 7-4; Spotswood Old Boys: lost 10-8.

## SOCCER

The terrific popularity of soccer in New Plymouth over the past few years has created many first rate clubs in our area, and the amenities which they can offer their players have had quite an effect on the number of boys who wished to play for the College team. At the start of the season only 15 boys came forward for College teams and well over 100 boys went to play for the clubs.

With our one team we trained hard and played hard to win our league undefeated. By doing so, we were put up into the higher division where the boys were often bigger and more mature, but despite that we won some, lost some and finished up half-way.

The one very notable fact which was shown was the spirit of sportsmanship which prevailed in all games throughout the season, and as boys, as well as players. As their coach, I was so very proud of them. We don't intend to raise world beaters but do attempt to teach that Sport makes Sportsmen and in last year's team I feel this goal was attained.

J.L.



# ATHLETICS' RESULTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Standard
<b>JUNIOR GIRLS</b>				
100 Yards	S. Williams (W)	C. Perry (W)	K. Jones (W)	13.7 secs.
220 Yards	S. Williams (W)	K. Jones (W)	L. De-Abitua (E)	28.5 secs. (Recrd)
80 Metres Hurdles	R. Manley (W)	S. Williams (W)	K. Jones (W)	15.6 secs.
High Jump	R. Manley (W)	M. McGregor (W)	K. Jones (W)	4ft. 5in. (Equalled Recrd)
Long Jump	S. Williams (W)	K. Jones (W)	M. McGregor (W)	13ft. 7½ in.
440 Yards				
Shot Put				
Discus				
Relay	West	East		56.4 secs. (Record)
<b>INTERMEDIATE GIRLS</b>				
100 Yards	J. Williams (E)	G. Canley (E)	A. Hitchcock (W)	14.1 secs.
220 Yards	K. Hall (E)	S. Merrick (E)	D. Alcock (E)	28.5 secs. (Record)
80 Metres Hurdles	D. Black (E)	B. Mora (E)	S. Cameron (E)	14.6 secs. (Record)
High Jump	D. Alcock (E)	H. Ries (W)	D. Koch (W)	4ft. 5in.
Long Jump	D. Alcock (E)	L. Taylor (E)	H. Ries (W)	13ft. 9½ in.
440 Yards				
Shot Put	W. Callaghan (E)	N. Thompson (W)	S. Cameron (E)	38ft ½ in. (Record)
Discus	A. Wood (W)	N. Thompson (W)	S. Cameron (E)	73ft. 8½ in.
Relay	East	West		55.4 secs. (Record)
<b>SENIOR GIRLS</b>				
100 Yards	P. Harding (W)	B. Garnett (W)	R. Slemint (W)	14.6 secs.
220 Yards	B. Garnett (W)	P. Harding (W)	P. Harding (W)	31.4 secs.
80 Metres Hurdles	R. Slemint (W)	P. Harding (W)	B. Garnett (W)	15.4 secs.
High Jump	R. Slemint (W)	A. Field (W)	P. Harding (W)	4ft. 5in.
Shot Put	R. Hill (W)	S. McArthur (W)	B. Garnett (W)	21ft. 5½ in.
Long Jump	R. Slemint (W)	B. Clare (E)	B. Garnett (W)	14ft. 7½ in.
Discus	R. Hill (W)	S. McArthur (W)	B. Garnett (W)	72ft. 2in.
440 Yards				
Javelin				
Relay	West	East		57.6 secs. (Record)
<b>JUNIOR BOYS</b>				
100 Yards	B. Whittingham (W)	C. Chilcott (W)	H. Head (E)	13.3 secs.
220 Yards	C. Chilcott (W)	R. Iveson (W)	G. Dent (E)	27.6 secs.
440 Yards	T. Fowles (E)	C. Piggot (W)	E. Burke (W)	1 min. 1.4 secs.
880 Yards	D. Babe (E)	C. Piggot (W)	R. Harding (W)	2 min. 23.4 secs. (Recrd)
1500 Metres	D. Babe (E)	S. McAughen (E)	R. Harding (W)	4 min. 47.6 secs. (Recrd)
100 Metres Hurdles	M. Kemsley (W)	B. Whittingham (W)	P. McIsaac (E)	17.9 secs. (Record)
High Jump	T. Fowles (E)	B. Berridge (E)	P. Medway (W)	4ft. 10½ in.
Long Jump	T. Fowles (E)	D. Shotbolt (W)	M. Kemsley (W)	14ft. 3½ in.
Relay	East	West		
<b>INTERMEDIATE BOYS</b>				
100 Yards	P. Eisenhut (E)	M. Parkes (E)	D. Christianscn (E)	11.8 secs.
220 Yards	P. Eisenhut (E)	M. Parkes (E)	D. Carson (E)	25.3 secs. (Recrd)
440 Yards	M. Parkes (E)	G. Brookes (W)	A. Wilson (E)	1 min. .01 secs.
880 Yards	G. McAlpine (W)	P. Wood (E)	A. Wilson (E)	16.1 secs. (Record)
1500 Metres	P. Wood (E)	J. Evans (W)	D. Bryan (W)	47.5 secs.
100 Metres Hurdles	C. Prudden (E)	D. Marshall (W)	P. Rielly (W)	17.1 secs.
High Jump	M. Hale (W)	G. Kenny (E)	C. Farrant (E)	4ft. 10½ in.
Long Jump	P. Eisenhut (E)	K. Bishop (E)	P. Christianscn (E)	17ft. 7in.
Triple Jump	J. Crofskev (E)	G. Farrant (E)	K. Bishop (E)	34ft. 7½ in.
Shot Put	J. Evans (W)	M. Fisher (E)	J. Whittaker (E)	33ft. 10in.
Discus	P. Eisenhut (E)	S. Read (E)	K. Bishop (E)	99ft. 3in.
Relay	East	West		49.2 secs. (Record)
<b>SENIOR BOYS</b>				
100 Metres Hurdles	K. Adair (E)	G. Kenny (E)	J. Hooker (E)	16.8 secs. (Recrd)
100 Metres	K. Adair (E)	G. Walker (E)	J. White (W)	12.6 secs.
400 Metres	K. Adair (E)	R. Blinkhorne (W)	J. White (W)	56.3 secs.
800 Metres	S. Hutton (E)	W. Williams (E)	J. Thompson (W)	2 min. 8.6 secs.
1500 Metres	J. Thompson (W)	S. Hutton (E)	C. Jackson (E)	4 min. 40.7 secs.
Long Jump	D. Dawson (W)	G. Walker (E)	G. Keenan (W)	18ft. 3½ in.
Triple Jump	D. Dawson (W)	G. Walker (E)	C. Jackson (E)	38ft. 3in.
High Jump	J. Gosnell (E)	G. Lander (E)	G. Keenan (W)	5ft. ¾ in.
Discus	D. Dawson (W)	G. Elliot (E)	J. Hooker (E)	96ft. 1in.
Shot Put	W. Williams (E)	M. Bolton (E)	G. Lander (E)	34ft. 1½ in.
Relay	West	East		
Open Javelin	D. Dawson (W)	G. Elliot (E)	J. Scott (W)	118ft. 11in.
Points	West 688	East 630		

Junior Championship: Sheryl Williams (W).

Intermediate Championship: Deborah Alcock (E).

Senior Championship: Roselyn Slemint (W) and Brenda Garnett (W) 1st equal.

## BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP

Junior Championship: T. Fowles (E).

Intermediate Championship: P. Eisenhut (E).

Senior Championship: K. Adair (E) and D. Dawson (W) 1st equal.

# SWIMMING SPORTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Time
<b>JUNIOR GIRLS</b>				
33 1/3 Yards Freestyle	R. Monaghan (E)	J. Hana (E)	A. Sutherland (E)	20.2 secs.
55 Yards Freestyle	S. Carstens (W) 1st = C. Early (W) 1st = R. Monaghan (E)	S. Carstens (W)	H. Davies (E)	40.3 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	K. Hines (W) 1st = J. Sparkes (W) 1st = West	East	H. Davies (E)	44.8 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke			S. Carstens (W)	55.9 secs.
4 x 55 Yards Relay				2 min. 47.0 secs.
<b>INTERMEDIATE GIRLS</b>				
33 1/3 Yards Freestyle	C. Wood (W)	S. Cameron (E)	C. Garnett (W)	21.6 secs.
55 Yards Freestyle	M. McGregor (W)	L. Sutherland (W)	F. Kelly (W)	37.7 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	L. Sutherland (W)	P. Moffitt (E)	C. Wood (W)	46.1 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke	L. Sutherland (W)	S. McKenzie (W)	F. Kelly (W)	51.7 secs.
110 Yards Freestyle	F. Kelly (W)	East		1 min. 32.9 secs. (Record)
4 x 55 Yards Relay				2 min. 47.0 secs.
<b>SENIOR GIRLS</b>				
33 1/3 Yards Freestyle	N. Caitcheon (W)	J. Meredith (W)	B. Garnett (W)	23.0 secs.
110 Yards Freestyle	P. Harding (W)	R. Hill (W)	V. Partington (W)	1 min. 19.0 secs.
220 Yards Freestyle	R. Hill (W)	V. Partington (W)		3 min. 12.6 secs.
220 Yards Medley	R. Hill (W)			3 min. 38.5 secs.
4 x 55 Yards Relay	West			2 min. 45.5 secs.
<b>JUNIOR BOYS</b>				
33 1/3 Yards Freestyle	P. Francis (E)	P. Burke (W)	T. Fowles (W)	20.9 secs.
55 Yards Freestyle	M. Larkin (W)	J. Lovell (W)	D. Babe (E)	33.8 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	M. Neal (W)	D. Megan (W)	D. Babe (E)	41.0 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke	D. Carter (E)	M. Larkin (W)	S. McGovern (E)	44.6 secs. (Record)
110 Yards Freestyle	R. Harding (W)	M. Neal (W)	D. Babe (E)	1 min. 5.6 secs. (Record)
220 Yards Freestyle	R. Harding (W)	M. Neal (W)		2 min. 20 secs.
220 Yards Medley	R. Harding (W)	M. Watson (W)		2 mins. 56.0 secs.
4 x 55 Yards Relay	West	East		2 mins. 12.5 secs.
<b>INTERMEDIATE BOYS</b>				
33 1/3 Yards Freestyle	D. Garmonsway (W)	S. Fluker (W)	J. Kettlewell (W)	18.2 secs.
55 Yards Freestyle	J. Moorwood (W)	M. Thompson (E)	P. Thompson (W)	29.6 secs.
55 Yards Backstroke	R. Robertson (E)	G. Berry (E)	P. Whalen (E)	39.8 secs.
55 Yards Breaststroke	I. Dykes (E)	P. Whalen (E)	R. Braddock (W)	44.8 secs.
110 Yards Freestyle	J. Moorwood (W)	M. Thompson (E)	P. Thompson (W)	1 min. 8.4 sec.
110 Yards Backstroke	N. Lees (E)	B. Dalgleish (W)	G. Berry (E)	1 min. 21.1 secs.
110 Yards Breaststroke	P. Thompson (W)	I. Dykes (E)	D. Marshall (W)	1 min. 45.1 secs.
220 Yards Freestyle	P. Thompson (W)	B. Dalgleish (W)	R. Fisher (E)	2 min. 41.2 secs.
4 x 55 Yards Relay	West	East		2 min. 12.4 secs.
<b>SENIOR BOYS</b>				
33 1/3 Yards Freestyle	W. Williams (E)	G. Crow (W)	B. Markland (W)	18.0 secs.
55 Yards Freestyle	R. Thompson (W)	N. Nodder (W)	T. Sole (E)	29.4 secs.
110 Yards Freestyle	B. Harding (E)	J. Thompson (W)	T. Sole (E)	1 min. 8.2 secs.
110 Yards Breaststroke	B. Harding (E)	T. Sole (E)	I. Clyma (W)	1 min. 35.4 secs.
220 Yards Freestyle	N. Nodder (W)	R. Thompson (W)	J. Thompson (W)	2 min. 27.9 secs.
220 Yards Medley	R. Thompson (W)	B. Harding (E)	N. Nodder (W)	2 min. 49.5 secs.
4 x 55 Yards Relay	East	West		2 min. 7.0 secs.

## SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Junior Girls: Rosemary Monaghan (E).

Intermediate Girls: Lee Sutherland (W).

Senior Girls: Raewyn Hill (W).

Junior Boys: Rex Harding (W).

Intermediate Boys: James Moorwood (W).

Senior Boys: Ross Thompson (W), Blair Harding (E) equal.

## SCHOOL RESUMES FOR—

Third Forms, 6th Forms, Seventh Forms—

Thursday, 1st February, 1973;

Fourth Forms, Fifth Forms—

Monday, 5th February, 1973.

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