

WAIHEKE IMPRESSIONS 1980.

1st. No! Not Charlie's Angels but Trevor Smith and Neil Sicily acting the fools during the concert put on by all the people who went to Waiheke. We stayed at Simphin House, Palm Leach, and had a great time thanks to the teachers Mrs. Parker and Mr. Dent who organised and really made it all worth while for us. Also thankyou to Mrs. Dent who cooked our first meal and put up with us during our first night away, it was terrific!



1980

WAIHEKE

CAMP

3rd. We got rid of the boys for a night, so decided to watch a bit of television, during our only time of peace and quiet. Everyone was thoroughly exhausted by the time we arrived at the ba ch, so we had a very relaxing time to ourselves. The following day we were later picked up by a bus, and once again reunited with the rest of our gang.

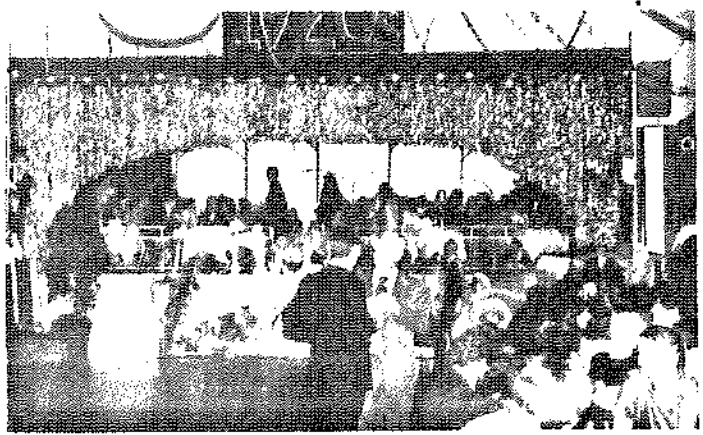
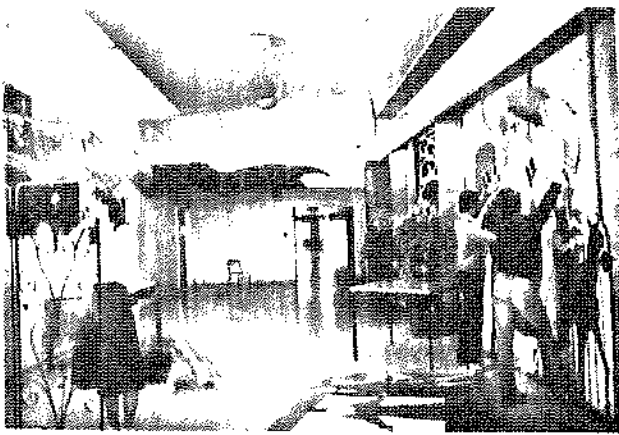
We had a very rough but exciting trip back home on the ferry to Auckland. Everyone was very tired after our long journey, but glad to be home.



2nd. Here we have our chief organisers relaxing before the long trudge home back to civilization.



THE BALL

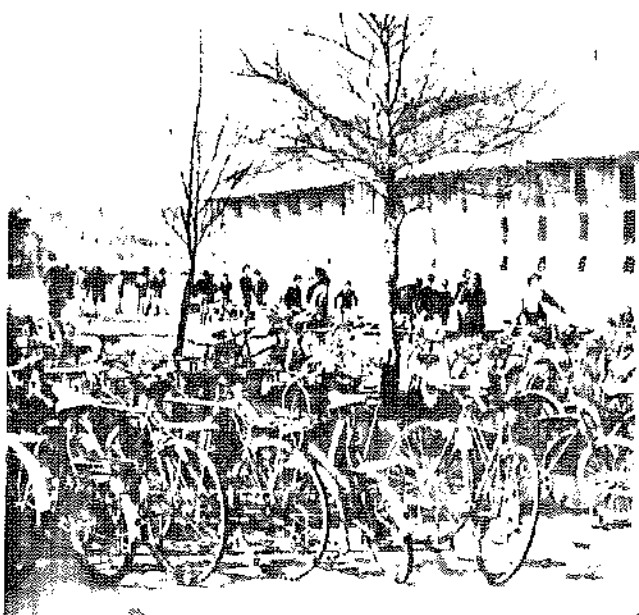
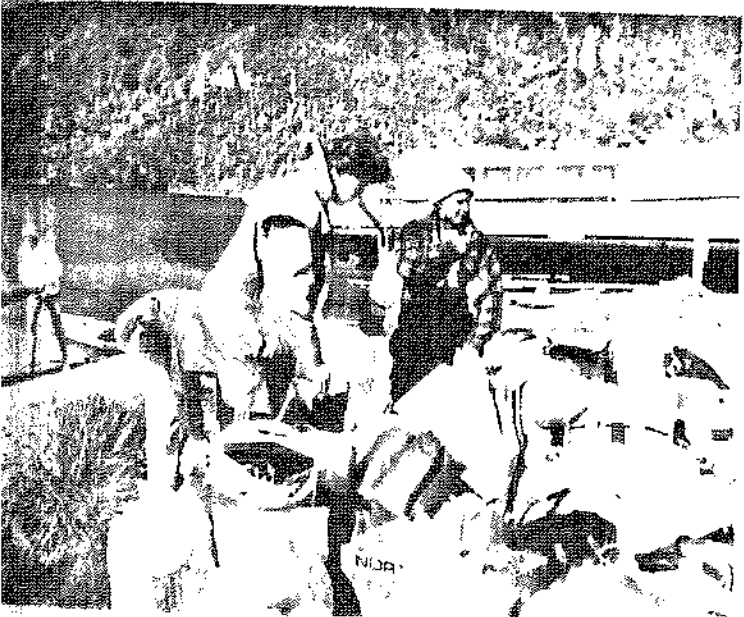




A day in the life of



CANDEING INTENSIVE — ALTERNATIVE EDUCATION



M Wing loos
Are full of education
It tells of all the gossip
And so 'n so' occupation

You learn of new gangs
And who hates who
You can learn new sayings
Sitting on a loo

No teachers go there
So you can wag
Hardly any kids either
So light up a fag

In my final verse I'll add
Just a little thing
If you want an education
Start using M Wing

Liz Colwill

GOODBYE



Mr. Stowe was Groundsman at Papakura High School for longer than most staff can remember. To most, he was the man on the tractor, mowing the fields and collecting the rubbish but the school owes a great deal to his interest in the grounds, especially the trees, many of which he planted and tended with loving care. Over the years he worked closely with Mr. Thornton, former Principal, and the fact that Papakura High School receives commendation for its park like aspect is in no small manner a result of Mr. Stowe's concern.

Mr. Hill or Wally, as he was affectionately known by both staff and pupils was a true character, with his travelling tool kit of screwdrivers, pliers and keys ever present round his waist - we sometimes wondered if he slept with them! He was a most conscientious caretaker and took great pride in the school. We wish him all the best in the sunny north.

Mrs Burnside joined the office staff in 1972 after working voluntarily in the English Department for several years previously. Her bright personality and efficient handling of all sorts of matters pertaining to staff, pupils and the public made us wonder how the office would function without her. Recently, she has been travelling in Australia and certainly she has more than earned her holiday.



Mr. Rowsell.

MRS KANTOR

Came to Papakura High School in term one 1979, two weeks after school had begun - thinking N.Z. Schools opened then. She and her husband had been living in London for 8 years where she taught at an East London school. Mrs Kantor has taught Clothing and Textiles at our school and in 1981 was made H.O.P. which lasted only 1 1/2 terms as she left in July to have a child. In the 2 1/2 years here she has been very helpful and obliging making costumes, props, curtains etc. for Rock Operas and other school productions.

Passed on to Mercury Bay Area School, Whitianga. Papakura High School have sorely missed Mr. Rowsell's warm personality! The cheeky grin from the door of LB; the hardwork put into the 1st XV; the invaluable help in running the English Dept. All this, and other pursuits mean Papakura's loss is Whitianga's gain, and we all join in wishing him well in his elevated position.

Mrs Kreider - a brief but pleasant encounter with an outgoing, highly motivated teacher. She changed many opinions about "Americans" and American Education. We will miss her.

Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown has left us after only one term. While here she displayed a warm personality and an ever-growing presence. We wish you all the best Mrs. Brown and hope that you and your family, and the new baby, continue to thrive.

MRS USHAKOFF

During her three years here, Mrs Ushakoff taught mainly English, with a little Art History as light relief. Her teaching has always been of a high standard and those pupils who were taught by Mrs Ushakoff were indeed fortunate.

Mrs Ushakoff is leaving to do her bit for the country's falling school rolls. By the time this goes to print, young Lee will be a reality.

We wish you every success and happiness in your change of occupation and hope that the nappy rash is not too painful to bear-bare?

Mr. Dent came to us from Australia four years ago. He spent three years charming us with his happy smile and enthusiastic approach to his teaching. His model making and skill in illustrating his lessons lead him to write a geography text and several sampler publications. He also produced the school magazine twice. Unfortunately for us the Department of Education then took him away from us for a year to produce work units to be used by other schools. Family obligations now call him back to the land of kangaroos but be assured Mr. Dent we will certainly miss you.

ALSO

On the move

Mr Cope



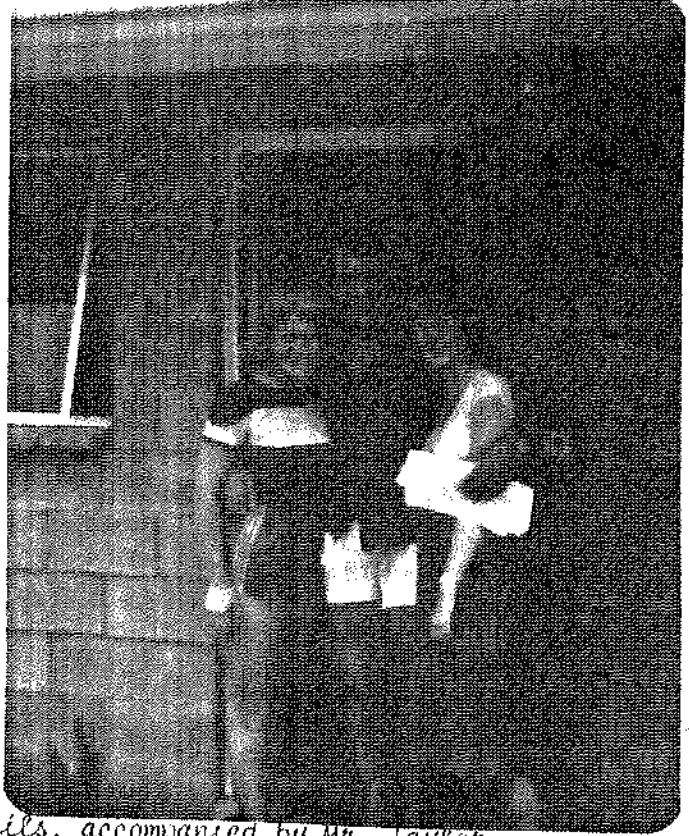
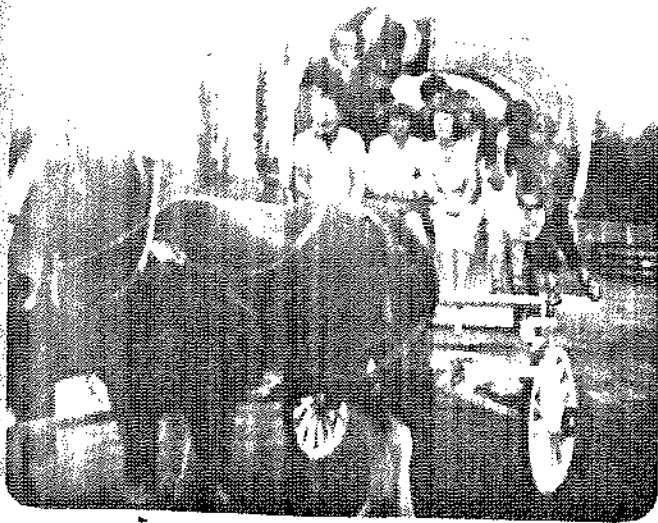
Mrs Jones All too briefly Mrs Jones was Office Secretary, before many of us could get to know her well. She insisted on efficient running of the office but beneath her sometimes stern manner, there was a concern and warmth for both staff and pupils.



Mrs. Johns has been with us for two years. She is leaving to run her own business. We appreciate the many lunchtimes she has spent helping with telebing. All the best for the future.

Mrs. Fox leaves us to help the baby boom. Although she was only here two years we appreciated her efforts in typing and accounting and we wish her well.

Mr. Eata has taught at Papakura for three years. He is leaving to play full time in a band. We hope to see him back relieving on occasions. He will always be remembered as a strict, efficient but very fair teacher.



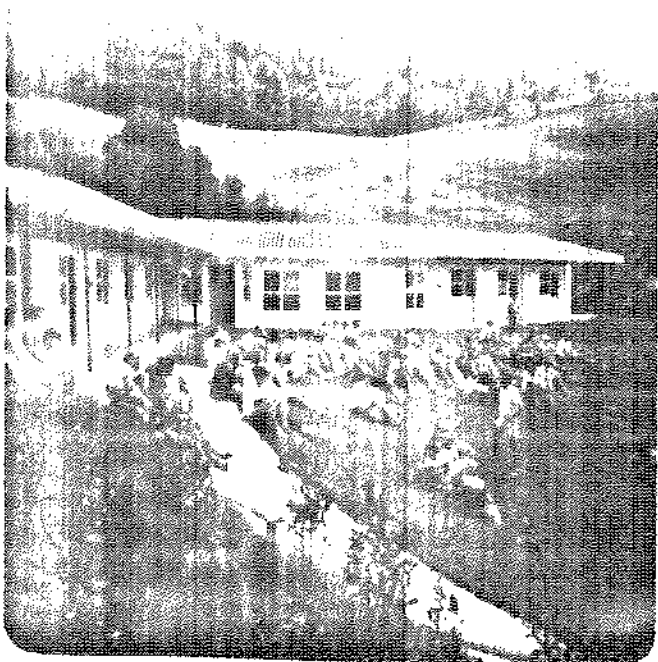
Third Form Economics Trip to Ngaruawahia.

On the 23rd March, seventy third form pupils, accompanied by Mr. Taylor Head of the Economics Department, Mrs Cox, Miss Johns and Mrs McCarrison, School Guidance Counsellor, left Papakura High School bound for a Ngaruawahia camp for four days of fun and work, visiting several factories and points of interest as part of their Economics Studies syllabus.

They stopped at Meremere power station for about an hour then carried on their way. Based at a Christian Youth Camp just outside Ngaruawahia, the students divided into two parties each day and visited local points of interest.

Tuesday consisted of a visit to the Clydesdale Agricultural Museum at Mystery Creek. After lunch break back at camp they went out again and visited the Hamilton Post Office. Other places of interest visited during the week included the Huntly Power Project and the underground Huntly Coal Mine. (Rotawara Mines)

Pupils also had one night of recreation, one group going roller skating and the other going to the pictures to see the New Zealand film "Goodbye Pork Pie". Thursday was the final day as they packed to come home. They detoured for a swim at Waingaro Hot Springs on their travels back.



THE COLENZO SOCIETY.

1981 has been a very productive year for the Colenso Society which has an official membership of over 50. A hard-working committee has largely been responsible for this.

Committee: Lionel Neal (7B) President
Susan Asplin (7B) Vice President
Melissa Johnston (5K) Vice President
Rosalind Spratt (5K) Treasurer
Janine Archer (6B) Secretary

At the beginning of each term the committee has met at a member's home to plan ahead. In the first term it was at Lionel Neal's and in the second at Susan Asplin's (thanks!)

On March 20th - 22nd we went to the beautiful Waitakere Ranges. At the end of the weekend a competition was held to see who knew the most native trees which Melissa Johnston and John Martin won (nice one). You would have met Mr. and Mrs. Kreider if you'd seen the Kauri Dam, and learnt something about the ecology of the area.

The Colenso Dinner held at school on Wednesday 22nd of April was a great success due to the hard work of many people. After the delicious dinner we watched a video on the Wrybill, introduced by Mrs. Beth Brown of the New Zealand Ornithological Society. This was followed by supper.

On the next Sunday we went with Mrs. Brown on a bird-watching trip to Miranda in the Firth of Thames. After a bit of bird-watching there was a swim in the hot pools and a bar-b-que.

The main trip of the year was to National Park Tongariro, May 24th - 28th, where we tried to find out why many of the beech trees are dying. We reached National Park at 1.46 a.m. after a 5 hour journey on the Northener to find no mountain goat, transport to lodge. To make our problems worse the railway station lights automatically went off. Stranded in the dark we made good use of our education breaking into the railway station (with the help of Katie Bosley!). We got to the Whakapapa Lodge around 4.30a.m.

While down there we visited Top O' the Bruce, Park HQ, Forestry Dept at Turangi, the crater-lake on Pihanga, and the hot pools. When we weren't working on the beech problem, or identifying plant specimens, we played cards and a ping-pong championship was held.

When Mr. Grant and his wife arrived and we soon realised that Mr. Grant had scrupulous eyes when it came to his cabin inspection. "...I was disgusted to find an upside-down shoe...shocked to see a table not correctly pushed against the wall...." We all enjoyed the company of Mr. & Mrs. Millar and Mrs. Millar's Hat. The other adults that came were Mr. & Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Bosley and her trio, and of course Mr. Robinson. Joking aside, these trips wouldn't be possible if they didn't have the support of the teachers and the constant work and effort that Mr. Robinson puts into the Colenso Society.

After school on Wednesday 29th June the Society had a night in town, going to the pictures to see "Elephant Man" followed by dinner at the "Hungry Horse". Subsidised with money from a successful Raffle held in Term I.

A trip to Rotorua in mid-winter was also a success. From July 24th - 27th we learnt about careers in forestry, the origin and pollution of the lakes, did some tramping and had the pleasure of Mr. Naylor's company. Mr. Ralph Naylor, of the New Zealand Forest Service told us how he had accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary on his expedition to build schools and hospitals up in the Himalayas. Mrs. McCarrison, the Guidance Counsellor, and mothers Mrs. R. Johnson and Mrs. B. Martin helped Mr. Robinson, Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Millar to run the weekend, made successful largely due to Mr. Naylor.

It won't be long before writing of our magazine, "Colenso", gets underway and the entire 3rd term is yet to come! The writing is to be done at Otakawhe Bay Lodge, Waiheke Island, in the last week of term two.

Thanks are due to Mr. Robinson, Organising Teacher, Mr. Millar, Mr. & Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. & Mrs. Grant and Mrs. & Mr. Kreider, Mrs. Bosley, Mrs. McCarrison and the parents Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Martin. Thankyou also to the others who have participated in these activities and helped the Colenso Society become the large and worthwhile organisation it is today. Roll on 1982!!!

- Fiona Ross, 41

PAPAKURA HIGH SCHOOL "40 HOUR FAMINE".

-Sandra Curley

This year, about sixty students participated in the forty-hour famine, which is a nationwide appeal. New Zealand's target was \$1 million.

The biggest amount raised by one person in the school was \$75.00, raised by Jane Walmsley of the 5th Form.

Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Archer were the two teachers behind this school's appeal. Mr. Dunlop has two friends working in the Somalia refugee camp which has approximately 70,000 refugees. The famine money from New Zealand will go towards this camp.

A total of \$599.00 was finally collected and the two organisers would like to thank all those who participated.

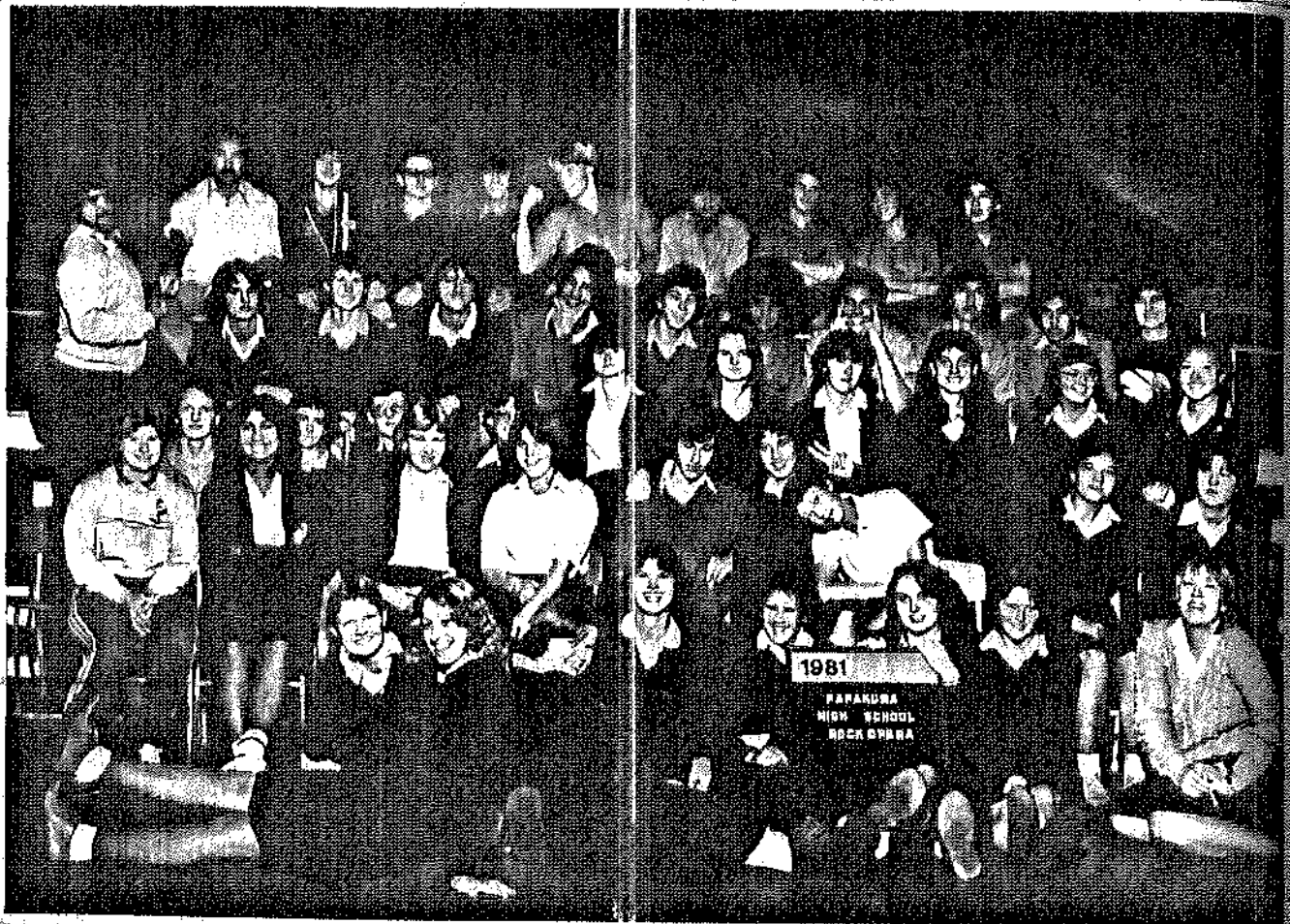
SAVING.

Save a Dolphin,
Save a Whale.

Conserve our woods,
its all for the good.

But most of all,
be like me,
Help me save a Refugee.

- Shirley Anderson
Form 5F



THE ROCK OPERA

ROCK OPERA - 1981 - THE CLOAK

The Rock Opera was performed in the first term of this year. The six performances were the result of several months preparation and hard work for both staff and pupils.

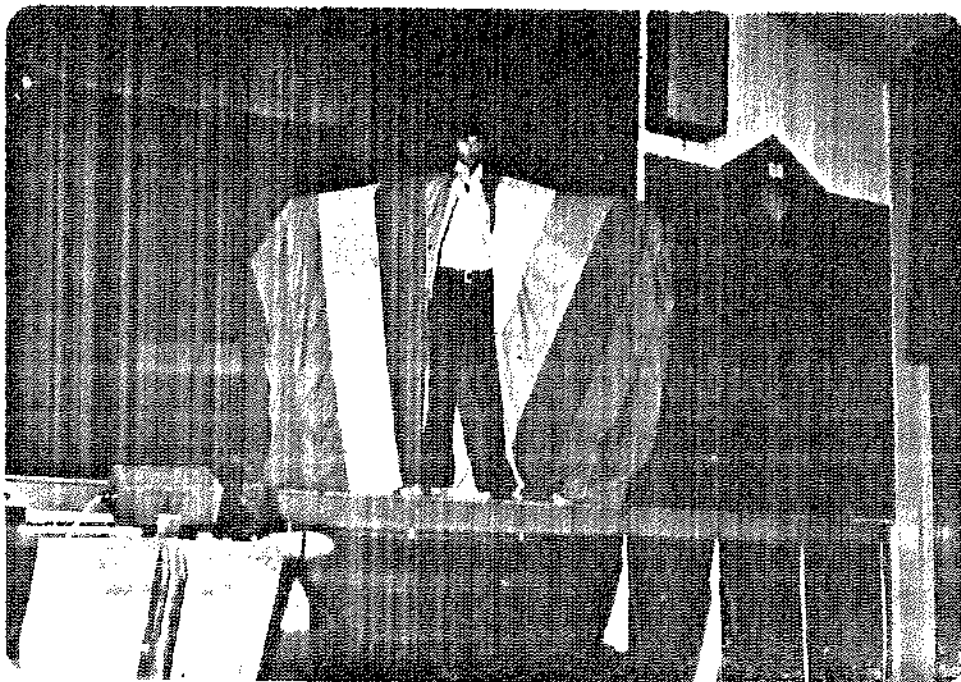




Once again, this year, the Rock Opera was written around existing songs and told the story of a arrogant young man who used school and friends to get ahead in life. His life was paralleled to that of the demi-god Maui whose arrogance caused his final downfall.

The cast comprised of 40 pupils from the senior school with Mark Bilton, Leah Hura, Omet Siteine, Wayne Robertson and Sheree Keane taking the lead roles. An important contribution was also made by the Maori Club. Several teachers also took part in the Rock Opera.

All performances proved most successful and we hope to continue this tradition in future years. Our thanks to all staff, pupils and the community for their support.



THE CRIMINALS.

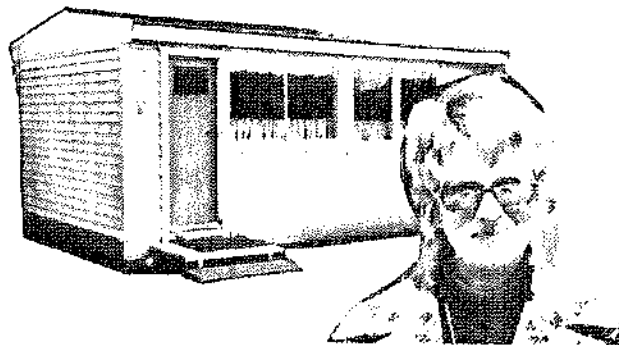
On March the 19 a new-wave band called "The Criminals" visited the High School to play a lunchtime concert. Even though there were lunchtime sport practices, many people turned out for some good, loud new music.

There were a few problems though. Many of the new bands don't seem to be able to quieten down the loud music, and so some of the people had to leave as the noise at times was unbearable. People outside were however, able to enjoy a free concert.

The people who stayed obviously enjoyed the concert as they gave the band three encores.



A well-known personality in our Japanese classes this year is Mr Fujiwara, Papakura High School's visiting teacher from Japan.



REMEDIAL READING

The Remedial Reading Room has continued to function successfully throughout 1981. It may be the smallest room in the school but it is also the cosiest.

Many pupils throughout the school have been helped in various aspects of Reading including study skills, comprehension techniques and improving reading rate.

We are very grateful to the 15 Voluntary Tutors who have given their time to assist so ably with the Reading Programme.

Linley Jones
Remedial Reading Teacher.

CREATIVE

WRITING

THE ANT

Run!
The Sky is falling
Autumn; down come the leaves.

In the dead of night
They come
Swift
Silent
Savage
Flying around in the sky
Shot Down
Proud to die.

Andrew Cooper 5D

SPEECH

The air was thick and crowding,
People just sat and stared.
Shuffles broke the silence
As a small timid girl rose,
"My speech" she began
With chambering and tumbling voice
That gave no meaning to her words.
Her throat was parched and dry
Giving out only squeaks and chirps.
Her nervousness grew
As the seconds lingered on,
"Right, times up" the teacher yelled.
A gasp of relief,
As she went red-faced
Back to her seat.

Night
Malign
Dark eerie
Huge dark expanse
A velvet cushion
Sparkling with stars
Sinister
Evil
Night

Sharon Grundy and Jodie Trewin

Gayle Joyce

FEAR IS

Fear is being in a strange house by yourself.
Fear is going into the dark street.
Fear is not wanting to jump off the roof.
Fear is walking down the dark stairs when the cat suddenly jumps out.
Fear is coming in late at night and waiting for my father to growl
Fear is being awake at night and hearing noises. at me.
Fear is going to the headmaster when you have broken a window.
Fear is facing dad when you've had an accident in his car.
Fear is walking through the bush at night.
Fear is being caught pinching from a shop...
Fear is Dracula sucking your neck.
Fear is wondering if Dracula is true.
Fear is watching scary movies.
Fear is noises outside at midnight.
Fear is walking to the bus station from ice skating.
Fear is when you are nicking fruit at night time and meeting the
Fear is taking out the milk bottles at night. guard dog.
Fear is walking on a tightrope.
Fear is talking to the teacher about something.
Fear is eating some food before my sister does.
Fear is thinking about being dead.
Fear is being shot at by my brother.
Fear is walking across the railway line when a train is coming.
Fear is being chased by a gang.
Fear is being chased by a skinheader at midnight.
Fear is all around us.

SHORT STORIES

WOODCUT

Trekh lived outside of the village in a small, wooden hut. Ideal, he thought for his purposes. The hut was old and damp, but built in front of a forest that held many animals which he would sketch and later carve.

Trekh had aged quickly. He was used to hard work, and his large, worn hands showed his long relationship with the land. His body was stained permanently from the decades of out door survival and his features were weathered and coarse. But Trekh was a gentle man, full of love. Full of love, but with no one to share it.

Even though he was poor, he was content to carve images into wood and take them into the village to sell. His profits were meagre and he could not buy all he wanted, but he was happy, and in his solitude he always found sanctuary from greed.

Sometimes one of the villagers would travel into the city many miles away, and Trekh would pay him to take some of his work to sell. Once he received a sum of money that was not quite adequate. Trekh suspected the villager of subtracting some of the profits for himself as an extra bonus and did not ask to send in work as often as in the past. So, Trekh was perfectly happy and at peace to live away from the dirt and mistrust of the villagers. It was only occasionally he felt the pangs of loneliness, and even then it was only for the company of laughing innocent children, who had not yet discovered the pettiness of adulthood.

One of his greatest passions was finding trees that were beautifully gnarled and twisted, and sketching the different voids and shapes in the bark. Strangely, these patterns sometimes took the images of the children he longed for but had never had. His hand was guided almost of its own will while he was transforming the flat two dimensional sketches into the warm, edged three dimensional faces and people that were a part of him, and that he loved almost more than he loved himself.

He would get angry sometimes and throw wild fits of rage and hatred. It was at these times that he would do his best work. He would sit in front of the fire, his eyes and soul burning, his hands printing the structural features of another's body. His crazed mind pounding for more energy, more life, more pulsating force. Breathing, living forms. He made breathing, living forms. In the madness that surged through him, there was life. Life that his mind transformed into misshapen wood. Life that he craved so much. Life that his hot, sweaty body had created.

He could not understand why he changed so suddenly, and afterwards, when dawn melted away the remnants of night and shot the forest with its first light, he would weep, puzzled at what he had done.

Trekh would dream at night about the life he created in his carvings. They became his children. laughing and playing with him. Around him there was only happiness, his children outshone the sun, outsung the birds, and warmed him as no fire had ever done. The dim cabin became a kaleidoscope of colour. No shadows anywhere. No darkness. No loneliness. Just light and laughter. All because of his children. His wonderful, caring children.

He would wake up in his damp, dark hut alone.

Each day he found it harder to concentrate on his work and to sketch the animals around him. Each day he found it harder to keep from thinking about the faces and figures he wanted to carve. Each day he felt himself slipping further and further away.

Trekh had conceived one special child, one small carving that was closer to him than the others. No matter what he was doing, his thoughts would always turn to the carving, feeding the growing desire for a child of his own. Trekh would hold it in his hands, warming it with his body, looking into its burning, wooden eyes and trying to will it to come to life. Trekh would stare at its face, it was lonely like him. It did not breathe because it had no one to breathe for. Trekh was there, the boy could breathe now. But, in his heart, Trekh knew that wood could not become flesh.

Sometimes, when he sat in his hut carving, he would turn suddenly, sure that he had heard something move or whisper, only to stare into burning, wooden eyes. It was as if he was haunted - his empty soul housing the ghosts of his wooden children. He even found himself wishing that there was something there, behind the eyes, watching him and waiting to be set free.

Then one day, there was,

He woke one morning to see a crying heap in the corner. He walked over to the shaking figure, not sure if he was still asleep, or if the thing was an animal sheltering from the cold. When he realised it was a child, he knew his prayers and patience had been rewarded. He looked into the figure's eyes. Yes, they were the same burning eyes. Only flesh now, instead of wood. But why did the child cry so? When Trekh tried to comfort him by offering him warm goats milk and telling him how long he had waited for him to break out of his wooden shell, the boy only cried more.

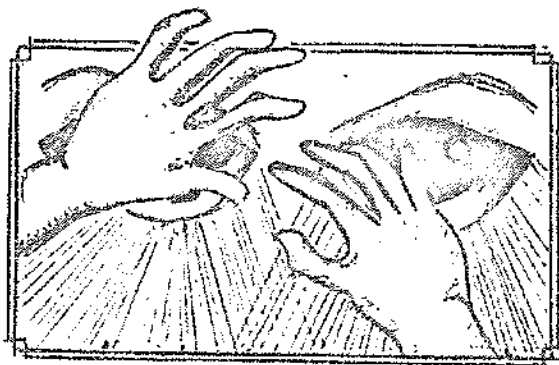
Why did he weep and struggle so? Wasn't Trekh his creator? He had made the child with his own hands. He had given the boy life, wasn't he grateful? But still the boy cried. He cried and cried and cried. Trekh showed him all the carvings. He let the boy play with them, but still the boy cried.

Trekh couldn't understand why the boy was crying. He tried to discover what he had done to upset the boy. But nothing entered his muddled mind. His heart and head were filled with anguish and pain. Why? Why was the boy so unhappy? Perhaps it was the carving. Yes, that was it. It was the carvings fault. He remembered its sad face. The carving was not happy so the child was not happy. He must find it. He would look for it and do it again so the child would be happy.

He found the carving by the fireplace. He could feel it shaking in his hands as he engraved the smile deep and definite on its smooth face. Now all would be well. The boy would be happy. Trekh was happy. He was content. And what was even better, he wasn't alone, and he didn't need to be alone any longer.

* * *

Daybreak found the villagers crowded in Trekh's hut. They looked at him and then at the lost boy cradled in his arms by the smouldering fire. Trekh was smiling. The boy was smiling too. Across his face was carved a bloody but clear smile, above which stared empty wooded eyes. And beside them both on the floor, lay a small carving of a weeping boy. A carving with sad, burning, but dead eyes. Only flesh instead of wood.



PHOTOGRAPH

That's my daughter there, sitting on the grass, looking small and innocent. I suppose I should feel some pride, some sort of love for her, but I don't. That's my daughter stuffing her face with an icecream, getting her clean clothes sticky and dirty. Her clean clothes that I spend hours each week making spotless, and then ironing away all the creases from, just so she can crinkle them and make them dirty again. That's my daughter that all the old ladies stop at to smile and say to me. "Isn't she beautiful? You must be very proud of her. I remember...." And I listen patiently, nodding and agreeing, wondering at the hardships they want me to wonder at, and then reply - "Yes she is beautiful, she means a lot to me."

I sometimes wonder if she knows I hate her. "That's my mother, the one who never smiles at me or gives me a hug." But she doesn't realise how hard I find it bringing her up. I mean I never asked God to give me a child for Christmas. I didn't want to raise a daughter on my own without a mother or father to encourage me. Without a husband to help and support me. They all deserted me because of her, so why should I do any better for her? Why should I give her love? She took all the love I ever had away from me.

And here we are now, both sitting at the park, watching the couples walk by looking deeply into each other's eyes. Watching the other children play on the swings and slides, while their mothers and fathers exchange jealous secrets and look anxiously on their siblings at the same time. Maybe it's just as well I'm not married, I'd probably end up hating him too.



Soon we'll be at home. Our dark, old two roomed house complete with all the hardships the old ladies talk to me about - mice, fleas, the cold, and an oven with only one working element. But at least there I can hide from the other girls. The ones my age that think to themselves "thank God that's not me with a daughter." It shows on their faces when they walk by looking when I'm not, then quickly looking the other way, as if scared to face the truth. The truth is that I could be them. At home in the dark, I can hide from the boys my age too. The boys that never look.

She's quiet at home, she doesn't cry very often, at least God had some mercy. Sometimes I play with her when it's raining, when we have to stay inside. She's like me in that way, she likes the rain. She likes pressing her nose up to the glass like I do and watching the water fall down to the earth or weeping on the window. She puts her hands up to her face like I do, trying to wipe away the rain from her eyes - her windows.

I'm not jealous of her, but I don't love her. I can't, I don't love myself.

Lisa Sabbage

THE CONSEQUENCE

by Katherine Parker

It was a wild, windy day.

The pines were bending and lashing at the very tops of the towering cliffs, and far below the surf pounded onto the jagged grey rocks, smashing, bucking back, smashing again.

Patches of the sky were a bright, brilliant blue, but the sun was barely warming as it peeked out between the grey clouds scuttling along their hurried path. Stringy grey grass at the end of the barren beach swayed, moving as if it had life of its own, dancing to the music of the wind and waves. Sand of whitest white whistled across the beach, while the gulls screamed piercing obscenities at each other.

Waves of a grey-blue colour, wild and powerful, churned, and stretched their toes up the beach to grab the furthest shells and grains of sand. The whole scene produced a breath-taking tingling and freshness of the aromas and noises of nature.

It was marred only by one solitary figure jogging along at the edge of the tide. It was Sunday, and the boy had escaped, to run to the beach which he knew would be absent of people. A small brown dog leaped and scampered at his feet, happy to be outside running with his master. The cold clear water splashed at their sides, forming sparkling diamond droplets in the sunshine, and the boy's toes and heels dug into the wet brown sand, leaving large alien marks alongside the dogs wavering tracks.

Reaching the rocks, they leapt in unison, the dog picking the route easiest for its paws. Miniature oceans filled hollows and crevasses, all of swaying coloured algae, blue and green and yellow and pink, and shy little fish.

The dog snapped at a startled jumping sandhopper, missed, and splashed through pool deeper than he had anticipated. He emerged with a surprised expression, and the boy laughed merrily at his pet's comic stunt.

They neared the end of the point, and moved to the direction of the familiar cat-shaped rock, away from the protecting grey giants behind.

The boy loved coming here; so did the dog. They were the best of friends, brothers, and the sea was their wild, untamed sister, with sapphire eyes and masses of white foaming hair. She rushed onto the rocks extended out the farthest, sending a salty shower of spray on the fogs roughened out, and speckling the boy's old blue jeans and unruly brown hair.

The clouds were coming in from the sea then; dark thunder clouds, pushing and jostling, forming bears and dragons in the sky. The dog extended his forelegs, lifted his nose, and sniffed the damp air. The boy looked into his big brown eyes, and smiled gently, then tossed his head back and let the wind lash through his long curly locks. It passed through his skull, cleansing his brain, and made him feel delightfully strong and free.

He stretched out his arms to embrace the coolness, and screamed with all his might. The dog looked up, startled, and barked and barked at the boy, but both sounds were carried away around the point, and the boy just laughed and hugged the dog.

The gulls were wild too; they loved this weather, and screamed and dived at the two familiar imposters below. The screams brought the boy's mind back to the last week at school - oh it was a long, winter week, so much like the eight more unending weeks to follow, till the much longed-for break arrived.

His fist thumped suddenly down onto the rock hard, grazing and crushing his little finger against razor barnacles underneath. He thought of the work he was behind in for Mathematics he never could understand maths, yet his father was a statistician History was so, so boring, and another assignment for bloody English too. Damn it! He had meant to do that yesterday, but had forgotten; now he would have to work tonight, and Mum would nag for hours, he knew she would. She would threaten, and nag, and winge as usual.....

The boy had forgotten the dog and the beauty of the beach. He was shaking, growing more and more angrier, and looking down he noticed the blood trickling down from the sorry little finger. But this only angered him even more.

He had been so happy, so content just a few short moments ago, but it was school, good god, it was always school that brought about these moods of utter depression and self-pity.

The pressure was on him continually, and he knew he wouldn't succeed at the end of the year. Failure loomed up like a foreign figure threatening to strike him down. It was so hard to get himself fully motivated, as if his brain was unplugged, his batteries totally flat, and when the beauty of his beloved beach beckoned and coaxed him, it was all so senseless, so useless, so impossible.

But to become a failure would disappoint his parents so much. The boy's mind was muddled, torn between the respect of his parents and his love for the beach. He thought of the years ahead, of struggling, failing, being tied down, beaten.

The gulls screamed overhead again, and a shoal of fish flitted past, to the boys sheer annoyance

and frustration. He wished, no he prayed, to be one of them, for the joy of escaping for good, for flying, for swimming, for freedom. But this could never be.

The boy turned around, and the dog leaped up, ready for the return home and the awaiting dinner. But the boy only shouted at him. "Get home. Go on, get lost."

The dog was surprised, hurt, but obeyed his master and unsurely trotted off towards home, quickly vanishing amongst the rocks.

The boy was crying now, bitter tears of sorrow and disappointment flowed in narrow rivers down his flushed cheeks. He raised his eyes slowly heavenwards, imploring but no help, no sign was noticeable. All was lost.

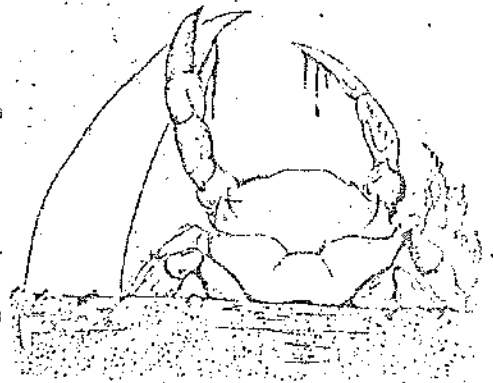
Still the gulls screamed, and still the waves crashed loud and hard. The boy stepped to the edge of the rocks to watch the swirling masses turn the rock and sand like feathers in the breeze. His mind grew hypnotized as the waves grew faster and closer, embracing him, touching him with gentle, loving fingers, caressing his burdened brain, comforting his sorrows, lifting the ton weight that pressed upon his shoulders and harrowed his mind. Further out to sea a fish leapt, flashed him a smile, and with a wink and a wave dived, and disappeared into the depths.

The boy knew then, the clouds were thinning out to a purple hue and the sun was smiling again, - lightness was enveloping; the path was clear. The wind stripped him of all sorrow, his mind was as fresh as a pure white lily in the spring.

He would survive, he would eat them all, he would be free and find paradise in his own way.

The boy stepped calmly off the edge of his rock and gently disappeared into the blue depths. His sister crashed a final salute, and another stricken soul was released unto her and her ever-abounding freedom.

THE END



DOCTOR

by Susan Williamson (6 Eng a)

Her hair was untidy and dusty, her clothes neat but simple, and around her was spread the memories of over thirty years of life. But beneath that shabby exterior was Tracey: a young mother, a qualified doctor and an extremely intelligent young woman.

What's more she was house proud too. That old cupboard had been annoying her for some time. Items of all descriptions has been tossed in there and simply left. Anything from old clothes to photographs could be found in the dark, dusty cupboard. Tidying it kept Tracey busy for hours. Amongst the mess she even found her favourite photograph. It was of her and John, standing arm in arm, young and in love. Their life stretching before them like a twinkling blue ocean. There had been no severe storms so far thought Tracey. But that ocean didn't quite sparkle so much anymore. Yet John and Tracey were still happy, still in love. With the birth of their son, everything seemed to be complete - or did it?

Like it or not, Tracey missed the hospital. She was young and intelligent, guaranteed a brilliant career in medicine. She loved the hustle and bustle of the hospital. The loving, grateful patients and most of all the comradeship of the staff. They were always laughing and joking. It somehow relieved the pressure of the long hours forced on them. Tracey knew that her career could have gone a long way.

But those days have passed. Today Tracey's life revolved around John, John and their 'damned' baby. The baby that demanded so much of her. Tracey was no longer able to be that free and loving person that she wanted to be. Something was considered wrong with her if the house was not perfect, if she could not host a whole selection of home cookery. Or worst of all, if 'that' baby was anything but perfectly happy. They all thought that she was blissfully contented staying at home. Tracey was meant to receive infinite delight from cleaning up the mess of others. 'Wonderful', Tracey scoffed, 'This sort of life just is not for me.'

But she had to admit that she loved John, and if that was the price she must pay for that love, then it must be paid. And with that thought she returned to tidying the cupboard, determined to get it finished.

Suddenly, amongst the rubble, her hand touched something unfamiliar. Upon a closer look, Tracey discovered her old doctor's coat. Instantly her heart filled with an aching longing for the hospital. The happy laughter and the caring tears. Although the old coat was only to protect the doctors' clothing, after a time it became something of a symbol. A symbol of the toil and tears that doctors put into their job, and the happiness and love that they received in return.

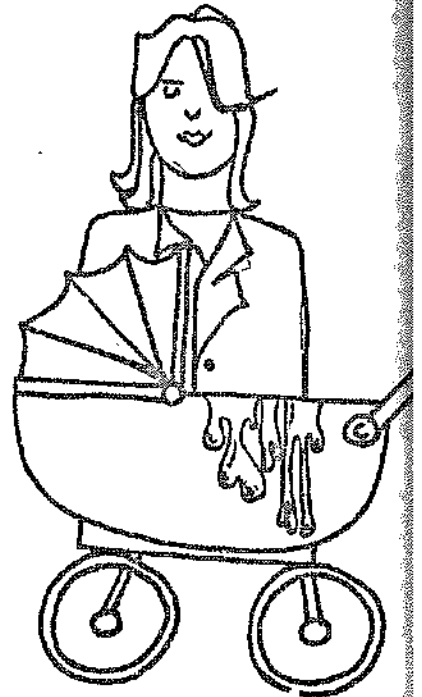
Tracey put the coat on again. She instantly felt at home wearing it. An old familiarity, almost forgotten, returned. An old cloud of tension and anger melted away. Instead, Tracey was surrounded by love and dedication. The old glow of happiness returned to her face.

Reaching into the pocket, Tracey felt a small package. A tiny, but beautiful gold medallion. The leaving present from her fellow doctors. It had hurt too much to wear the chain at first, so Tracey had simply tossed it away. Forgotten it completely. Now, wearing both the medallion and the coat, Tracey felt like a new person. Suddenly, all the trapped anger and frustration inside could be contained no longer. She slid onto the floor, streams of tears falling down her cheeks.

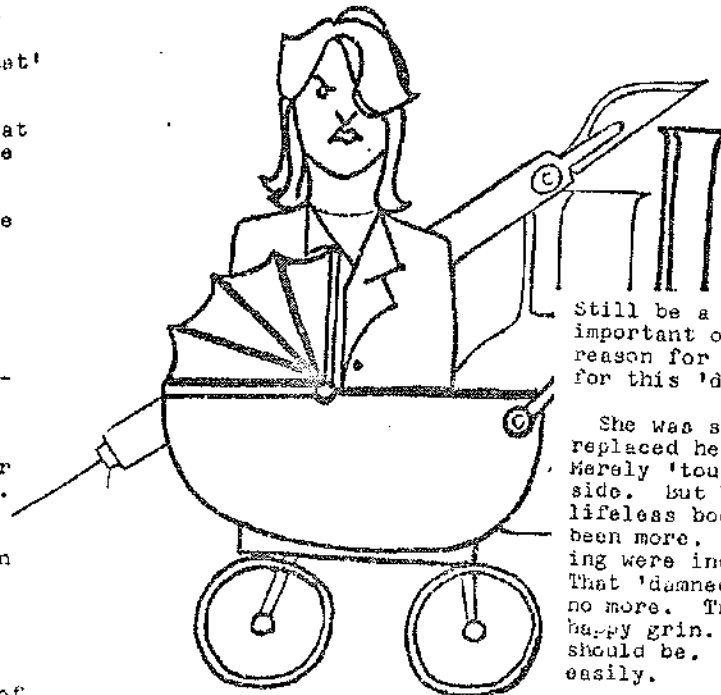
Just then a baby's cry brought Tracey abruptly back to reality. Wiping the tears from her eyes with a sweep of her hand, Tracey hurried to the nursery.

It was a mechanical reaction. Although she didn't realise it, Tracey ran to the nursery purely out of habit. There was no concern or fear for her son's safety. It was simply the desire to make him quiet. A desire for her world to return to peace. For from that peace Tracey derived comfort. Comfort from solitude.

It wasn't that Tracey was a bad mother. Her son was always well cared for. But the caring did not stem from a natural love for her son. Tracey's caring merely grew from years of being taught what to do, how to look after children. It was almost a robot kind of love. Yet Tracey was not aware of this. Or, if she was, it was pushed into the most remote corner of her mind.



And right now her mind was on her son. She plucked him from his cot and held him against her. Automatically, Tracey expected to feel a surge of maternal instinct but instead all those pent up fears and angers presented themselves. She suddenly became aware of what the baby was doing to her. Doing to her life. It was as if her son was pushing her off the ladder of living. Her grip ever loosening on the rungs. If it wasn't for baby Tracey could still be happy



Still be a doctor. And most important of all have an eminent reason for existing. If it was for this 'damned' baby.

She was so sure she had simply replaced her son on his cot. Merely 'touching' his head on the side. But looking at the limp, lifeless body, Tracey knew it had been more. The bruising and aching were increasingly by the minute. That 'damned' baby would bother no more. Tracey smiled a slow, happy grin. Things were as they should be. And it all happened so easily.

How could she help it if her son simply rolled off the table while her back was turned? 'My God!' Tracey laughed to herself, there was no telling what fate would bring you.

FORM NOTES

tal talent impresses producer
murder film.

ld you say ...

- a parachutist is a fall guy
- karate is chop talk
- duelling is a sworded affair
- a golf course is a site to be holed
- a handsome track star is sprint. charming

mpertickers

appiness is green lights in a row
These letters seem to be getting
larger because I'm backing up"
Unemployed isn't working"
You are a child of God. Please
call home".

ughter is the Best Medicine

teacher in a primary school asked
er pupils to write a short essay
r their plans for the forthcoming
ater vacation. A few minutes
ater, a little boy raised his hand
r asked, "Please Miss, how do you
pell 'gun'?"

ving been instructed to avoid such
bjects in class, she refrained from
er usual practice of writing new
ords on the board. Instead, she
aned over and whispered, "G-U-N".

ew minutes later the little boys
nd was again waving in the air.
ow do you spell 'die'?", quietly
e spelled D-I-E and then, curious
d a bit worried, she asked him,
hat are you planning to do?"
is wide-eyed response was, "I'm gun
die Easter eggs!"

hat is faster than a speeding
llet?" asks columnist Brina
nbeck, "More powerful than a
comative? Able to leap tall
dillings in a single jump?" -
men at bargain sales, that's who.

to the form WILS Mr. Irvine (M)

David: More sports equipment for all pupils!

Elizabeth: Life is what you make it! Like staying out all night.

Steven: Blondes have more fun! ???

Michael: Homework! What ***** Homework?

Letitia: No! It's not warmer up here!

Peter: Does anyone in the car know which pedal is the brake?

Larry: What's the difference between a truck load of sand and a truck load of babies?

;;puy qioqoyd f, uad you iromay

Stephen: ("Spee") McTigán: Well, ah, ah, Yes Sir I have done my assignment, but it's

Thérèse: Not all Swedes are blonde!

Gregory: New Zealand is blinkin' well freezing.

Rene: Out of bedworm at work

Donald: Is I ruled the world first I'd.....!

Barbara:

Wendy: Assignment! What assignment?

Francis: Guess who? "Today I'm going to teach you about parabolas and exponential

Christine: "I'm really not late Mr. Irvine - it's just all the boys got here before me."

Mr. Irvine: "You're an idiot what are you?"
("An idiot sir")

50 Miss Goodman W10

- Nigel Barnett - He has a smart answer for everything
- Neville Bishop - Gee, it's hard to write about myself - I'm so perfect
- Andrew Cooper - I only get talking so I won't fall asleep.
- Richard Edmonds - There's only 1 p roblem in life. Myself.
- Michael Hanburg - Why do I have to repeat everything?
- Eric Hughes - $XY + Z \times V4 = ABC$. That was easy!
- Andrew Laurenson - The day has come when the world will pay for its mistakes. Ha! Ha!
- Andrew Lindesay - I want to but I'm too shy!
- George Perkinson - I know how you spell that!
- Tony Holston - All the girls are hot on you.
- Gideon Wharerau - I've only been away a few days from school, haven't I?
- Nadine Allen - Punk is here to stay, man!
- Lynley Brewster - Miss Goodman have I done this exercise correctly?
- Susan Buckton - How boring! Why not do something interesting?
- Wendy Dornan - If I add colour to my books, maybe I'll get 3 out of 10.
- Karen Elliott - What sweat shirt will she wear today?
- Julie-Ann Glass - Yes, I understand. What did she say????
- Lorna Gray - I don't care if Michael H. doesn't want to sit with me.
- Debra Hays - How wide can your mouth open?
- Debra Hays - I agree with Susan.
- Dianne Holmes - When I'm here I'm never noticed. That's why I always stay away.
- Karen Kendall - I'm only quiet because I'm new. Wait until I settle in!
- Michelle Lawson - Who have we got for typing today?
- Lesame Lush - I want new chairs. my stockings keep getting holes! Miss Goodman, I wasn't talking!
- Linda Neale - Tomorrow has gone, today is here. Life is one of may problems.
- Joan Leville - I'm trying hard to groove with the Punky Sounds.
- Jodae Pender - I have a good excuse. I'll bring a note tomorrow.
- Mary Kockock - Look out world, here I come! (all thumbs)
- Brooke Boutley - To get into the Olympics I must improve my splits.
- Lisa Stanton - I'll work harder this year, I promise! It'll be different.
- Karen Tennant - I sit next to Linda so that I'll look intellectual.

Overall Comments:

"This class is rare, one the world has never come across, and let's hope it never does again.

Miss Goodman: Form Teacher: "I love this class, especially when they're all away



I have been in this class. Mrs. Wije our Form teacher is very kind and helps us with any problems. She brings us fruit and books sometimes. When we are very quiet she plays her radio. I like our room because there are plenty of pictures and plants around the walls. We have a lot of good kids in our class and a few bad ones. Some kids try hard and others don't. Most people think the girls are good but the boys aren't. We have more Maths than English in our class but we all know how to get on with each other. We think it's a good class to be in.

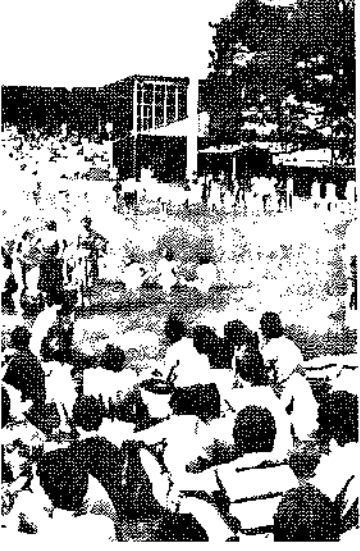
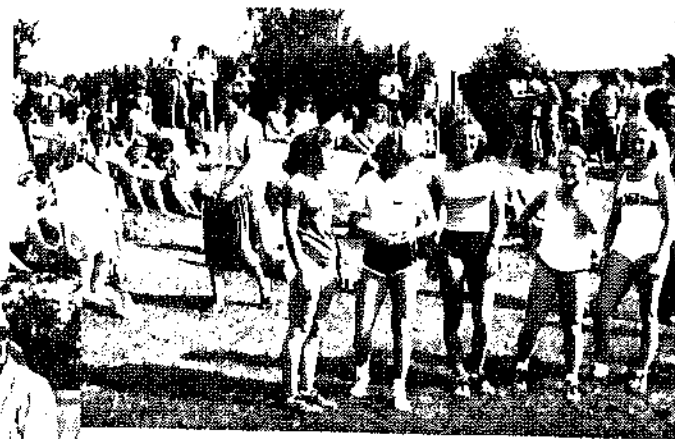
- Stephen Foster; Owen Teriakki; Tania Wiki
- Dianne Bishop; Sandra Whittington;
- Richard Ataki; Anne Mawharau



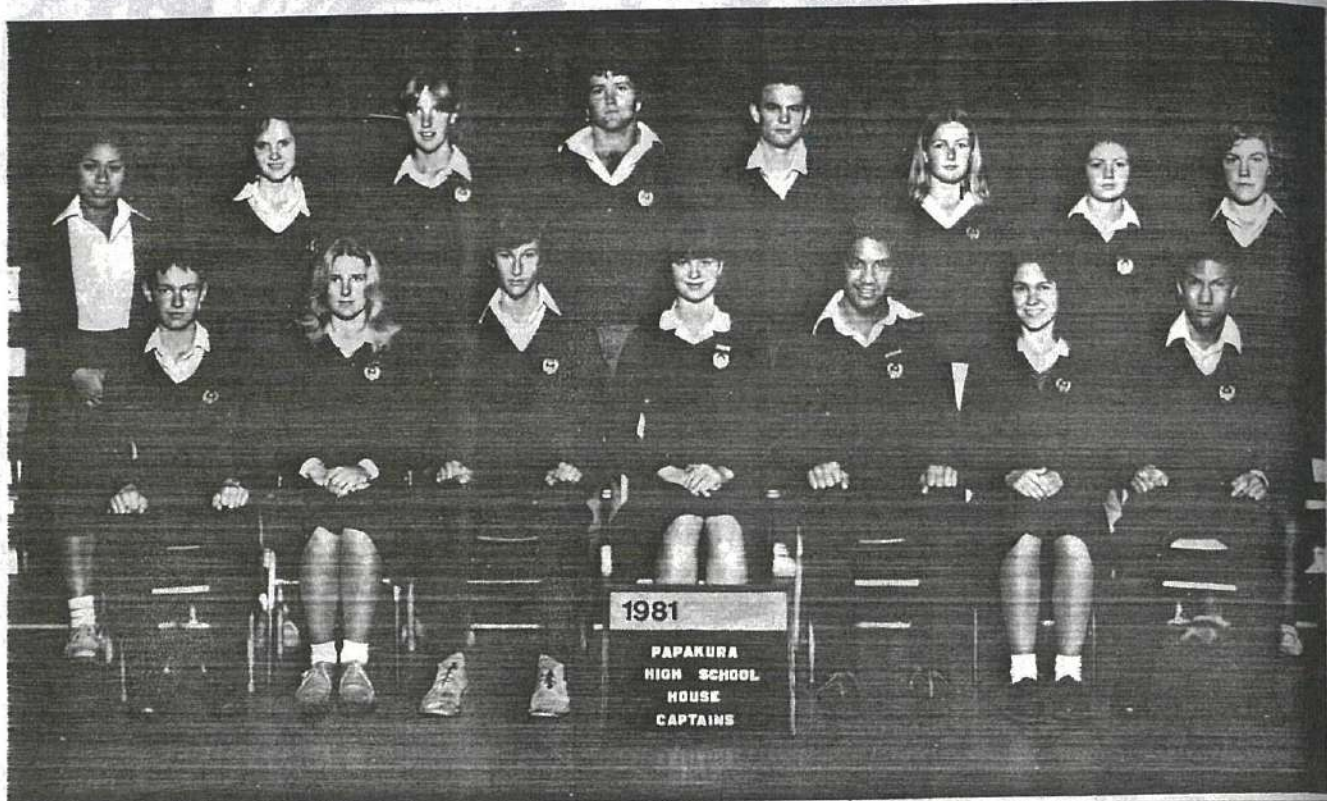
7TH FORM NOTES

- Charles Lazar : Mine was the best if all depends on your state of mind.
- Steven Roundtree : Mrs Moore calls me little one.
- Albert Tugaga : If Maratonga's in the Cook Islands then one Cook wouldn't spoil the loath.
- George Rooks : The standard of the New Zealand crew will go down next year, I'm joining.
- Jan-Marie Donald : I don't understand what all the fuss is about.
- Mark Wooster : I'm a champion dead chicken hurler.
- Mark Williams : I'm a demolition expert, look at the Prefects' room.
- Susan Asplin : Good things come in small packages.
- Lional Neale : Top sets, top service, Group Rentals.
- Heather Montgomery : She told me not to tell you but listen...
- Kim Masters : Mark says he's going in for quality not quantity.
- Margaret Cotter : Is a cotter pin really an alternative to a bolt.
- Helen Carroll : You can't get too much of a good thing.
- Ian Holland : What can you say about a bloke who shaves his legs.
- Stephen Varney : There's not much room in the back seat of an M.V., not that it makes any difference to me.
- Scott McCalmen : Physics is fun.
- Paul Banks : You've got to practice your ball control to be good.
- Paul Font : No I am not related to the boss!
- Joseph Kake : I can start your motor (carkey).
- Jayid Lockwood : Hunua Power Rules OK.
- John Gould : I said Miya not Rihoo you dumb Genie.
- David Griffiths : What Rugby Team.
- Ruth Buckley : Scholarship is not an exam - it is a state of mind.
- Helen Jarvis : Greg who?
- Bartherita Clarke : Have you seen the night of Toland?
- Genevieve Monoiyalu : How do you-doo.
- Greg Williams : Cancelled due to lack of interest.
- Allen Tooley : I'll understand one day.
- Anneline Fris : Don't let the ones fool you.
- Jillian Walker : Haven't you heard the news, jobs.
- Thip Burnside : Anathy is an inferior characterisation of modern man.

As you probably didn't notice there is one more missing from this list. That is because I am not even in the 7th form anymore five, celebrating a birthday which would only make sense if you were some of the people in the 7th form. I have to say that all courses have improved since I moved to - well, I don't know, Greenlane I think.



SPORTS DAY



HOUSE CAPTAINS 1981

Back Row: Lala Hepēhi (D, FG), Gayle Shadbolt (D, F)
 Christine Quarrie (C, F), Brett Burnside (C, C),
 Charles Lever (D, FG), Melanie Keen (D, B), Holly Putwain (C, FG)
 Jennifer Cooper (D, F)
Front Row: Ian Holland (D, B), Dorothy Dowden (C, B), Mark
 Bilton (C, B), Sandra Junge (D, C), Mark Williams (C, F),
 Kim Masters (C, C), Albert Tugaga (D, F)
Absent: Roland Ruha (C FG)

Fg = Fergusson F = Freyburg C = Captain
 C = Cobham B = Bledisloe D = Deputy

RUGBY ROUND-UP. by Loosenut Wal.

Once upon a time there was a school that wanted to field a team in every grade. However, the senior maths professor said "5 doesn't go into 80 six times, so teams were entered in the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th grade competitions.

Without many of our good players, who felt perhaps their interests were served better by the local clubs, the teams still managed to play every week with enthusiasm and enjoyment, even if winning sometimes eluded them. The lower grades, in particular, often found players, scarce as hen's teeth, but still managed to offer a game to all opposing teams. **WELL DONE CHAPS!!!** As I said at the beginning of the season, winning is a bonus, enjoyment of the game is the main thing. As one fifth grader spoke out. "The best things I like doing are playing rugby, playing Space-invaders, and just hanging about!"

Add to this sleeping and eating, and I think one could live happily ever after. NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS.

COMPETITION: 4th Grade C.S.S.R.U. Championship win.

INTER SCHOOL: 1st XV Quadrangular Tournament win

1st XV Papakura Trophy win.

TOP QUOTE: "Don't they remind you of those two? Who are they now? Yeah Tweedle-dum-and-Tweedle-dee!"

A good season boys and a special thanks to all staff who helped in any way throughout the season. FOS. Excuse the typing!

1st XV

A good season. The team was not beaten by any of the Co-Ed schools in the Counties competition. It was well led by Charles Lever, a dynamic loose forward. Ian Pryor was a useful acquisition from the 4th grade. He became the pivot needed to balance a very keen team. Other players of note were Phillip Matheson, a very good hooker and extra loose man; Richard Hoskins, an uncompromising prop; Isaac Davis, a tearaway loose forward; Tupehau TeUira, a penetrating runner and devastating tackler; and Brett Jude up until he left.

But really the team moulded well over the season, and there were some impressive performances and achievements. The most improved player award went to Andrew Horrice.

RECORD:	COMPETITION	V's	1st Round	2nd Round	INTER SCHOOL
	Pukekohe		W 15-10	W 6-0	Quadrangular Tournament
	Mamurewa		D 6-6		Won all games and the
	James Cook		W 30-0	W 13-4	Trophy defeating Rosehill
	St Stephen's A		L 0-60		in the final 18-3.
	St Stephen's B		L 3-13	L 0-20	Annual Papakura Trophy
	Wesley		L 3-32	L 3-20	Defeated Rosehill 15-4
	Te Kauhata			W 22-6	v Ngaruawahia W 26-0
	Rosehill		W 13-7		v Thames W 36-6
					v Penrose L 10-34
					v Kelston L 8-12
					v Howick Coll. W 17-10

Job well done by Tweedle-dum-and-Tweedle-dee. Remember the 'haka party'.

3rd GRADE.

A good season! A fanatic for movement of the ball by hand, Mr Elake had this team playing open, enterprising, and thus entertaining rugby. The team looked as if they were enjoying every game, and as some of the results show, it is no wonder. Although a good all round effort, players who stood out were Manu Hudson, Neil Green, and Kelly Manning; with Manu and Neil being selected for the Counties C.S.R.U. 3rd Grade team which defeated Thames Valley.

RECORD:	COMPETITION	V's	1st Round	2nd Round	INTER SCHOOL.
	Pukekohe		W 7-6	W 16-6	v Thames
	Rosehill		W 36-0	W 30-0	W 15-6
	Wesley A		D 10-10	L 8-16	
	Wesley B		Unplayed	W 37-0	
	St Stephen's A		L 0-16	L 6-16	
	St Stephen's B		W 4-3	W 25-6	
	Mamurewa		W 20-10		

WORK DONE AND WITH JOOHNAL NET CONTINUED.

4th GRADE.

A very good season. Counties C.S.R.U. Champions along with Rosehill. - The result being decided on the first round only.

With the loss of our scoring machine, Ian Pryor, to the 1st XV early on, winning became harder in this very even competition. But the team was very well balanced and always combined well when it counted, bringing off some great wins when all seemed lost. There were no really outstanding players but Wayne Robertson, George Parkinson, John Andrew, and the Mitchell brothers Stephen and Stuart, were selected for the Counties S.S.R.U. 4th grade team which defeated Thames Valley 10-0. The "best sportsman and team man award" would have to go to Ivan Marino. Always present and a very good prop for one so small, Ivan would be the first to offer to come off at half-time to give a reserve a game. Thanks Ivan! Thanks team!

RECORD: COMPETITION	V's	1st Round	2nd Round	INTER SCHOOL
St Stephen's B	W	34-6	W 3-0	James Cook
Rosehill	L	0-4	W 34-7	W 4-3
Wesley	W	29-0	W 16-10	Thames
Tuakau	W	17-4	W 11-7	W 17-12
Pukekohe	W	12-4		Rosehill
James Cook	W	7-0		W 15-10
St Stephen's A	D	6-6		
Te Kauwhata	W	12-0		
Manurewa			W 12-10	

5th GRADE.

RECORD: COMPETITION	V's	1st Round	2nd Round	INTER SCHOOL
Wesley	L	12-14	L 0-51	Auckland Grammar
St Stephen's B	W	16-10	L 6-24	L 4-23
St Stephen's A	L	0-20	L 0-42	Ngaruawahia
Waiuku	L	4-26	Default	L 4-16
		3rd Game	L 16-32	Thames
Pukekohe	L	0-20	L 0-32	D 10-10
		3rd Game	L 8-32	
Manurewa	L	0-42		

Not a very impressive record by the look of the scores. However, there is a lot on the credit side. Despite the defeats, a solid core of players stuck it out throughout the season. Some had had no previous experience in rugby, and it was not until the end of the season that the team was developing skill and combination.

Outstanding players were John Jacobsen, a wing of considerable speed and talent; David Te Haara, who played mainly at 1st five-eighth, but who could turn out with credit in virtually any position; Ian Lockwood, a most reliable and determined half-back; Shane Pritchard, without doubt the most improved player in the team; Thomas Williams and Michael Davidson, always in the thick of the forward action.

These were the outstanding players, but Chris Stewart, Dan Ritete, Colin Larsen, Carl Jackson, Scottie Ropiha, Dion Batistich, Graham Pakeho, Glen Oliver (and his father's van!!), Nelson Sillick, and Mohi Sam all had their moments and must be congratulated for turning out regularly.

6th GRADE.

'The league team', as quipped by Mr Petherick. But don't think your efforts were not appreciated. You held together really well and proved you had spirit when always playing, even when short. WELL DONE!

As well as being short you were also often outweighed. This led to a very up and down season. However, when at full strength and not outweighed by too much, you were a force to reckon with.

Outstanding player; Grant Matheson.

Most keen and reliable player; Stephen Korgen.

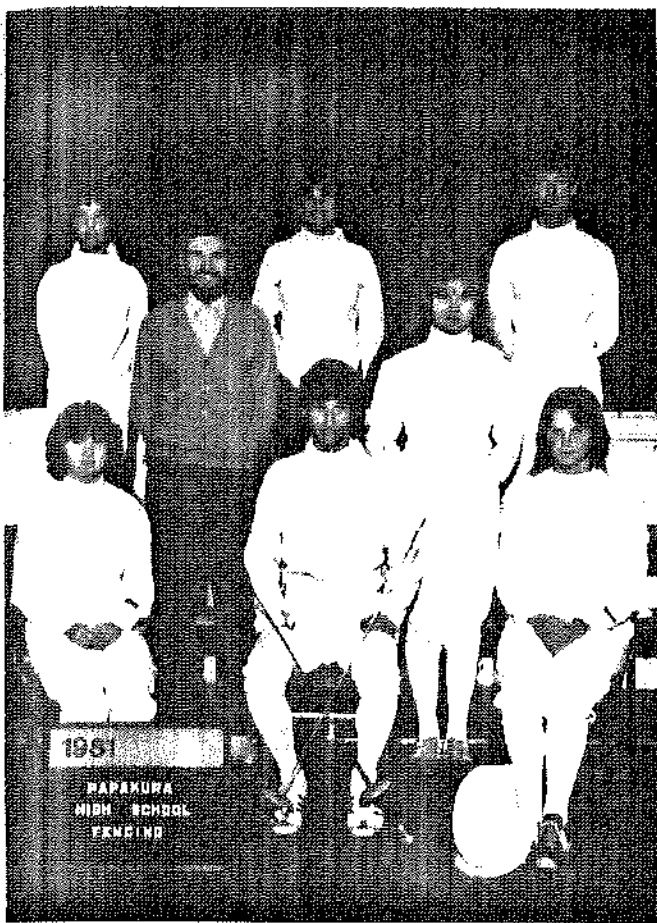
Most memorable win: Thames interchange. WON 84 - 0 !!

RECORD: Sorry no details.

PLAYED 16

WON 4

LOST 12

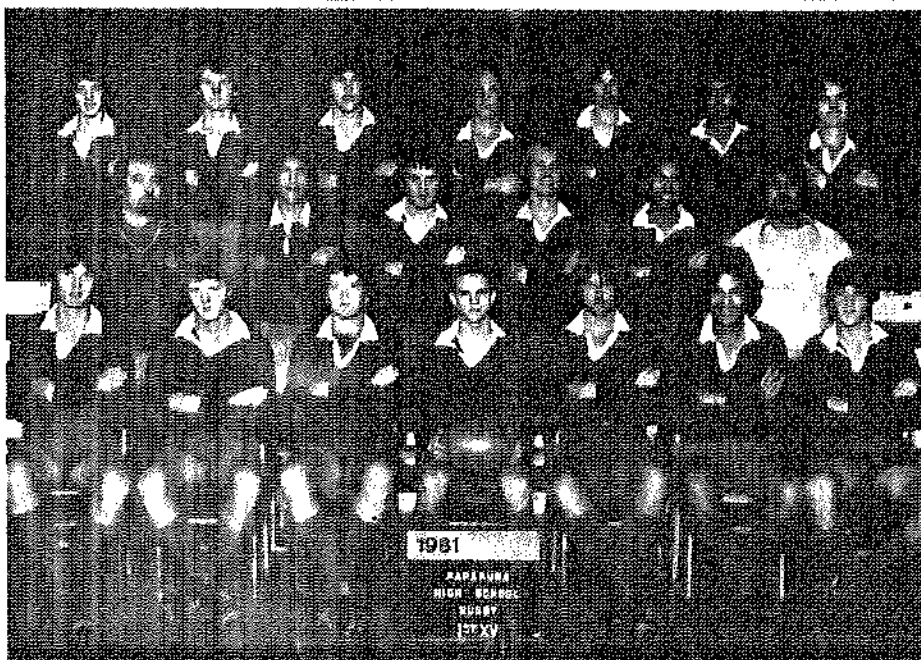


Back Row: Mark Deeki, Deborah Tooley,
Stephen McDonald
Middle Row: Mr Boston, Sonia Nicol
Front Row: Pauline Irvine, Mark Bilton (Capt)
Thelma Taylor

Papatūra High School Fencing Team winners of the Flesher Shield - awarded to the Auckland Province School with the best tournament record throughout the year.



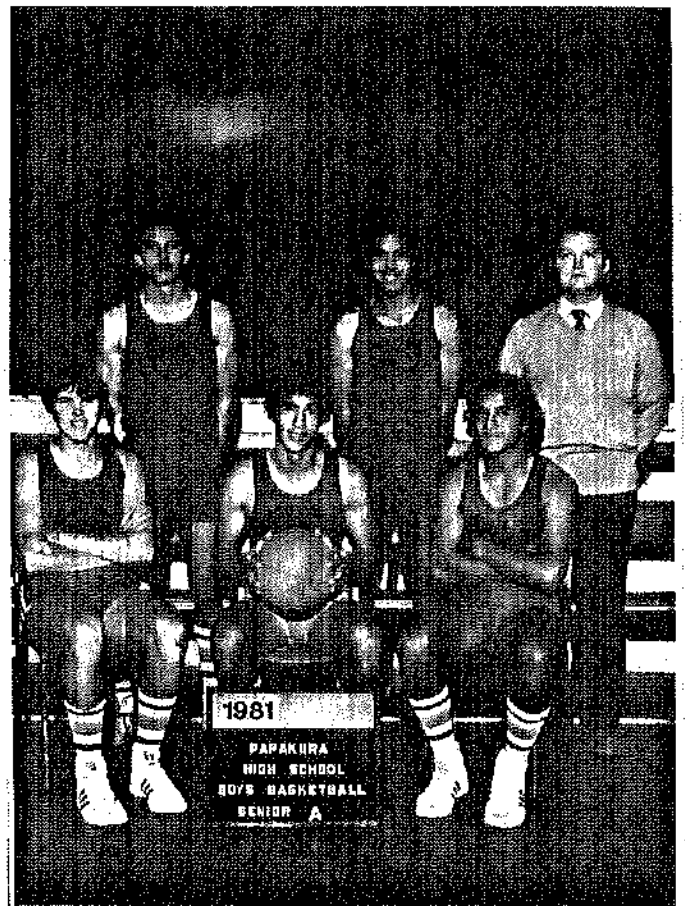
Back Row: Lynn Nixey, Sharon Scott,
Diane Caldwell
Middle Row: Michael Mans, Paul
Blagrove, Mrs Godfrey
Front Row: Ross Ritchie, Daidre
Reynolds, Craig Brown



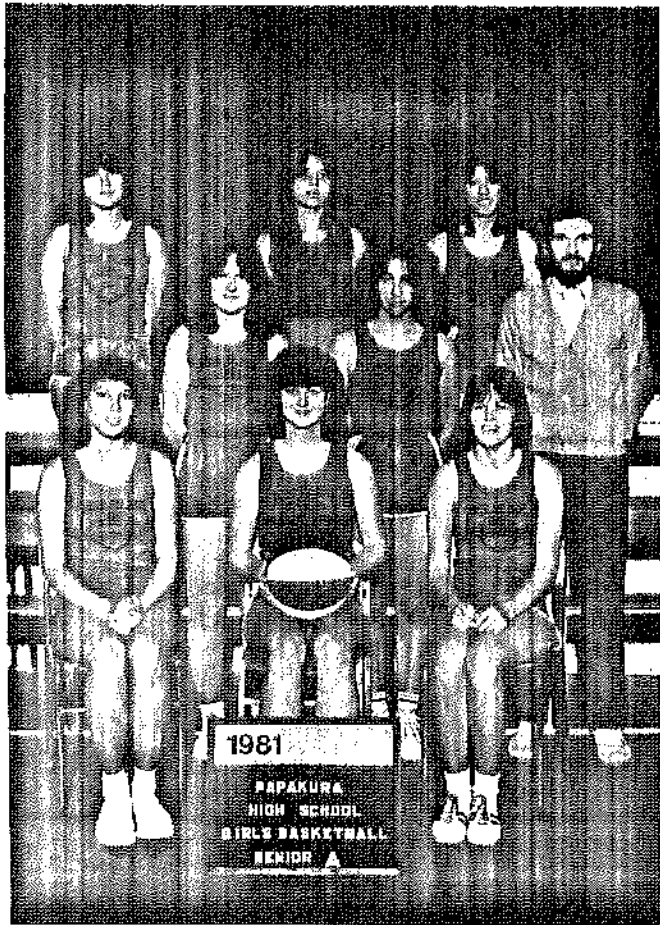
Left to Right Back Row: A tender, A Morris, S Tau, P Metheson,
D Lockwood, J Lake, R Jude
Middle Row: Mr P G Fox (Manager, Coach) I Davis, R Hosking,
S Paton, D Hurinui, Mr J B Sadler (Coach)
Front Row: A. Asten, J Smith, S Burnsidge, C Lever (Captain)
R Tibbet, M Williams, J Dwin
Agent: R August, R Hunt, M Williams, I Pryor



Back Row: Tabatha Lees, Nolette Andrews, Beverley Joyce
Middle Row: Claudia Mann, Mr Boston
Front Row: Sharon Bucknor, Dorcas Lees (Capt) Trudie Mooseman



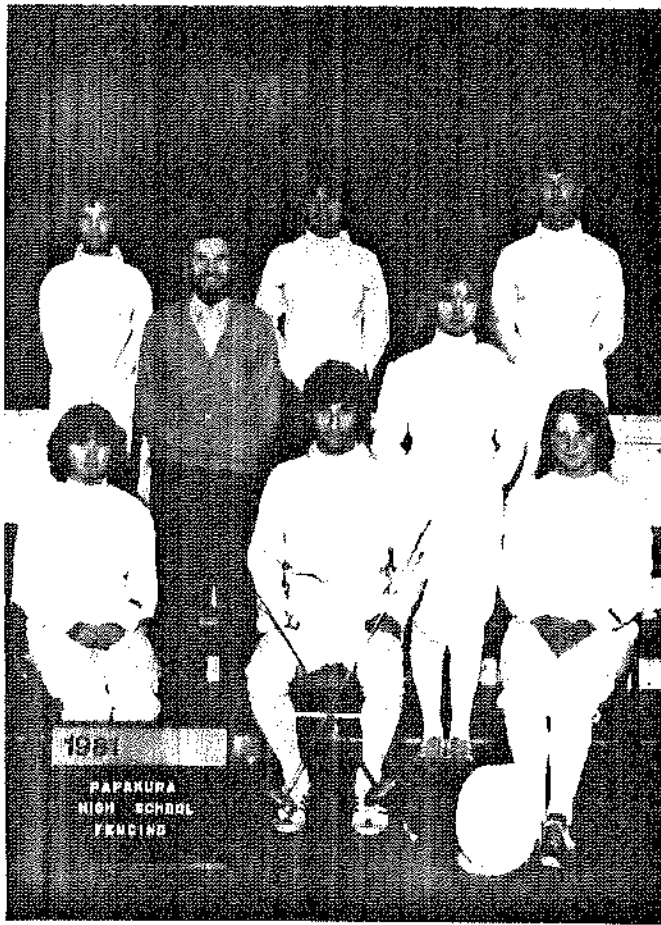
Back Row: N Wiki, D Hurinui, Mr LaTrobe
Front Row: M Bell, I Davis, T TeUira
Absent: R Ruha



Back Row: Lisa Sabbage, Maria Street, Taima Hudson
Middle Row: Jodee Pender, Susan Bucknor Mr Boston
Front Row: Louise Bell, Sandra Junge (Capt) Trudie Duin
 Winners of local Senior Girls Basketball Competition



Back Row: D. de Buisson, R. Leonard, G. Donaldson
Middle Row: J. Glass, R. Shadbolt
Front Row: D. Tooley, J. Lawson, J. Inwood.

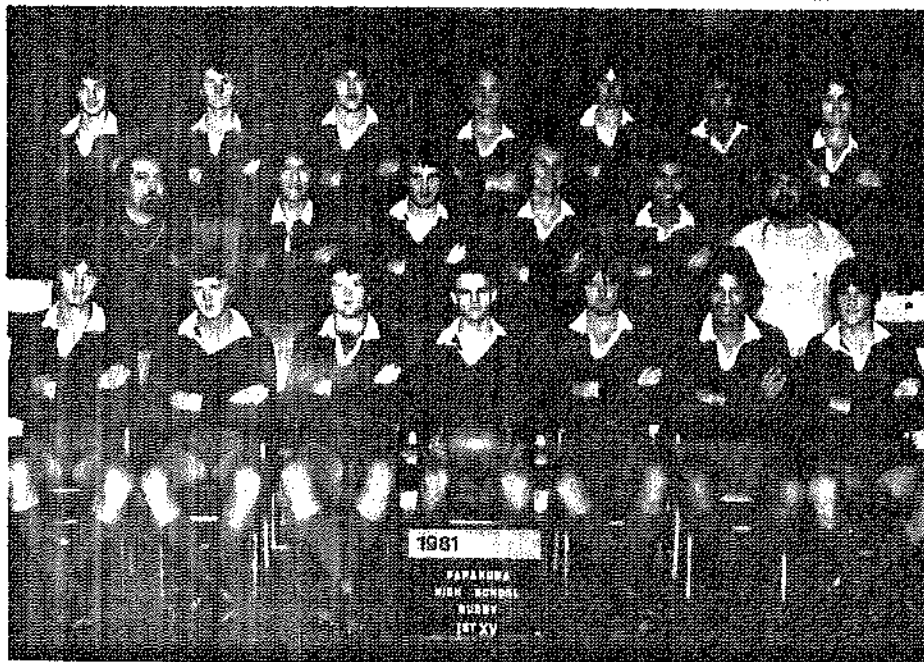


Back Row: Mark Decki, Deborah Tooley, Stephen McDonald
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Papakura High School Fencing Team winners of the Flesher Shield - awarded to the Auckland Province School with the best tournament record throughout the year.



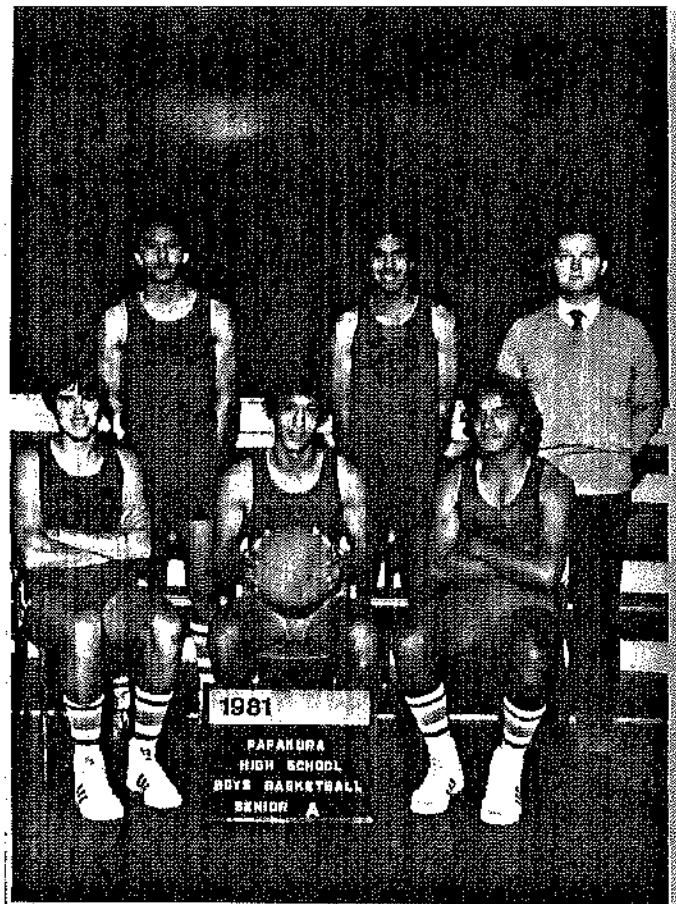
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Middle Row: Michael Mans, Paul Blagrove; Mrs Godfrey
Front Row: Ross Ritchie, Deidre Reynolds, Craig Brown



Left to Right Back Row: H Fender, A Norrice, S Teu, F Matheson, D Lockwood, J Kake, B Jude
Middle Row: Mr P G Fox (Manager, Coach) I Devis, R Hosking, S Paton, D Marinui, Mr J B Sadler (Coach)
Front Row: S Esten, J Smith, S Burnside, C Lever (Captain) W Tilbot, M Williams, J Dakin
Agent: S August, S Hunt, F Williams, I Fryor



Back Row: Tabatha Lees, Nolette Andrews, Beverley Joyce
Middle Row: Claudia Mann, Mr Boston
Front Row: Sharon Bucknor, Dorcas Lees (Capt) Trudie Mooseman



Back Row: N Wiki, D Hurinui, Mr LaTrobe
Front Row: M Bell, I Davis, T TeUira
Absent: R Ruha



Back Row: Lisa Sabbage, Maria Street, Taima Hudson
Middle Row: Jodee Pender, Susan Bucknor Mr Boston
Front Row: Louise Bell, Sandra Junge (Capt) Trudie Duin
 Winners of local Senior Girls Basketball Competition



Back Row: D. de Euisson, R. Leonard, G. Donaldson
Middle Row: J. Glass, R. Shadbolt
Front Row: D. Tooley, J. Lawson, J. Inwood

GIRLS SOFTBALL.

Although they participated in only one tournament (playing two games - lost to McAuley 18 - 12 and losing also to Rosehill 17 - 13) the girls displayed good sportsmanship, tidy appearance and generally played exciting softball. They showed an excellent team spirit and overall enjoyed their games immensely.

Mention must also be made of their preparation and practice. They were prompt and keen to get on with the job. Thanks to Mrs. Inwood for her help and expertise but most of all to the girls themselves. Better luck next season. The girls were Alamein Tahitahi (Captain), Sharon Tairakena, Shona Thompson, Hirani Walker, Jody Inwood, Leah Hura, Betty Mana, Rana Davis, Tabitha Lees, Neisha Hura, Kitty Nathan and Margaret Steel.

BOYS SOFTBALL.

This year we had an excellent all round team which was unfortunate not to progress to the national finals televised live on the 28th March. Incidentally the team which won the National Final by 2 - 1 knocked us out of the inter-zone finals beating us 5 - 3 in a game which some people considered better than the national final.

However, though good enough, we didn't make the nationals and we look forward to another attempt next year. Because we played so well against Mt. Albert in the inter-zone final we are to be invited to compete in the Auckland Champs at the end of the year. (Another shot at Mt. Albert!)

Congratulations to the team - Paul Hunt, Duncan Rua, Niki Wiki, Chris Kelly, Haki Davis, Darren Eomene, Eugene Rawiri, Kevin Walker, John Heremaia, Scott Patton, Bunny Murphy, Nicholas Pender, Tepau Teuira.

Mr. Foster was very pleased with the general effort and hopes a core of the players will be available at least at the end of the year.

Results:

Zone Tournament: (Prince Edward Park, Papakura) 3rd March 1981.

<u>Section Playoff</u>	- vs Hillary	won	15 - 0
	vs Rosehill	won	6 - 1
<u>Semi Final</u>	- vs De la Salle	won	4 - 3
<u>Final</u>	- Rosehill	won	11 - 2

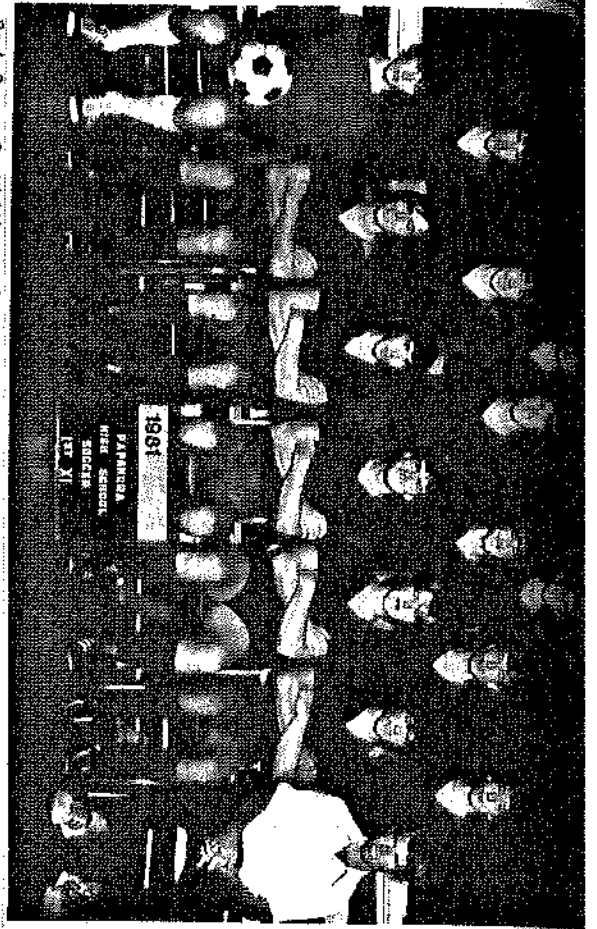
Interzone Tournament: (Mt. Albert Grammar, Auckland) 15th March, 1981.

<u>Section Playoff</u>	- vs Waikato (Frazer Tech)	won	7 - 2
	vs Bay of Plenty (Tauranga Boys)	lost	5 - 2
<u>Inter-Section Final</u>	- vs Mt. Albert Grammar	lost	5 - 3

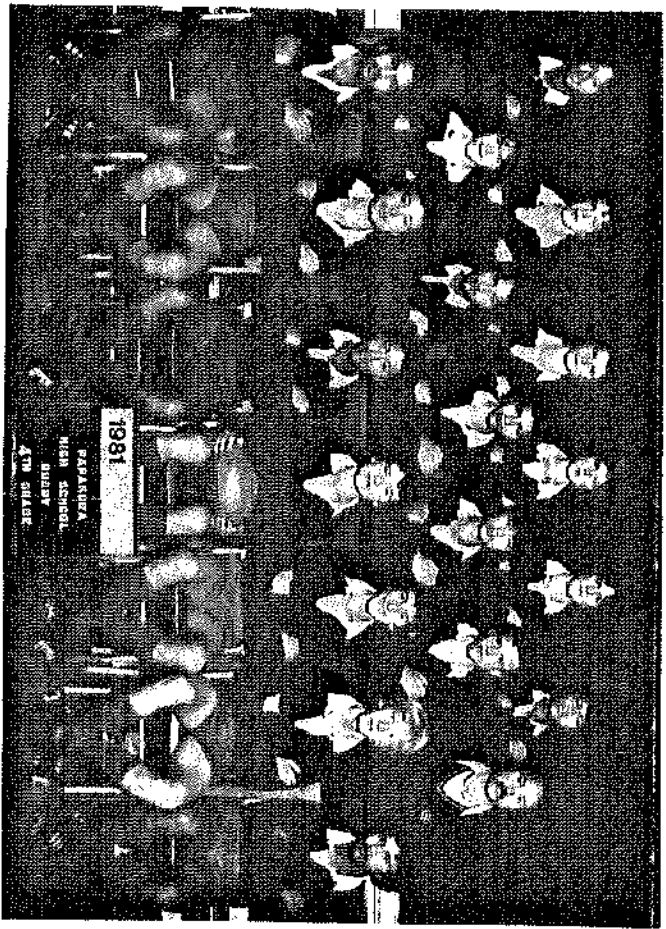
Teachers:

Mr. Foster : Boys

Mr. Taewa : Girls



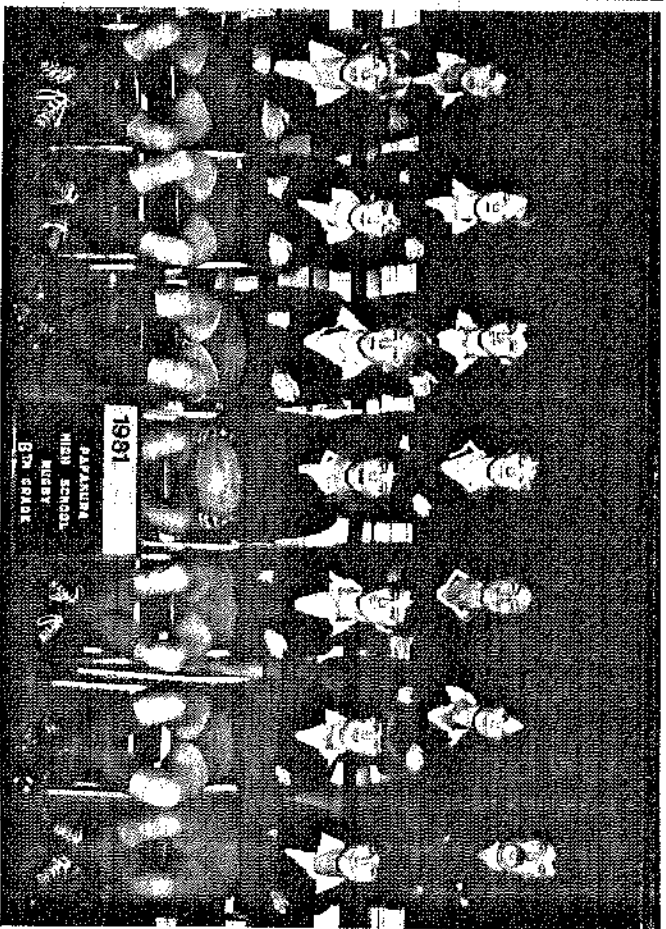
Back Row: D. Whittaker, G. Fenton R. Ushave M. Bell, M. Mans R. Wilson, S. McDonald
 A. Cooper.
 Front Row: S. Bilton, L. King, S. Brown, P. Banks, S. Milledge, S. Sawyerby (Captain)
 Mr. McCoskie (Coach)



Back Row: F. Te Waihi, J. Andrews, G. Parkinson, G. Webster, M. Jacobson, I. Marino
 Middle Row: R. Rouse, E. Tai, J. Matarama, T. Smith, S. Mitchell MR. FOSTER (Coach)
 Front Row: W. Horowaka, C. Wilson, T. Kabe, W. Caparangi S. Mitchell (Captain)
 S. Hauer, I. Pinger, (Tight to 1st XI) R. Parher.
 Absent: W. Robertson, D. Kahutahi (From 5th Grade), J. Redshaw Mrs Williams (Manager)



Back Row: G. Jones, A. Tetekahi, P. Healdman, S. Johnson (Keeper) C. Varnog Mr. Dechi
 Front Row: P. Hodges S. Whittfield, W. Evans W. Capt M. Sawyerby (Captain) W. McCoskie
 R. Pilbeam, W. Brown.
 Absent: S. Egre, C. Hardaker, J. Anderson, P. Milne, S. Prantice.



Back Row: R. Ma, P. Hogan, T. Churches, D. Katta, D. Ma, S. Morgan, Mr. Parfick
 Front Row: A. King, P. Robson, G. Matheson, S. Maheara (Captain) S. Churches
 A. Taylor, B. Collocutt.

1ST XI SOCCER REPORT

This season produced mixed results. At times the team worked as an efficient unit producing creditable results such as those against Papatoetoe, Thames and Ukekohe. On other occasions a lack of team work and spirit brought results that are best forgotten. Several players deserve special mention. Paul Banks matured as a captain, displaying high standards of skill and sportsmanship. Some players discovered to their amazement that they possessed a voice which could be used to great effect, including Shane Sowerby, Roger Rowe and Galie Simon Bilton who won election for a representative team to play Australian schoolboys. Harley Gibson gained confidence as back and found he had a left foot. Spike Milligen tried his hardest and improved noticeably through the season. Michael Mans developed dislike of scoring open goals

and Murray Williams found he scored most when he removed his glasses and couldn't see. David Whitburn proved to be a tower of strength in the defence, using his experience to great effect. Every team member is to be commended for displaying a high standard of sportsmanship during the season.

NETBALL NOTES 4th FORM A

The calibre of this fourth form team is so high that they competed as the school's second team ahead of older pupils. The team, which has been together for two years, possess a lot of talent and if still together in the senior school should prove to be an unbeatable combination. A good season's record - beating most of the South Auckland schools and with a comfortable win over Ngaruawahia.

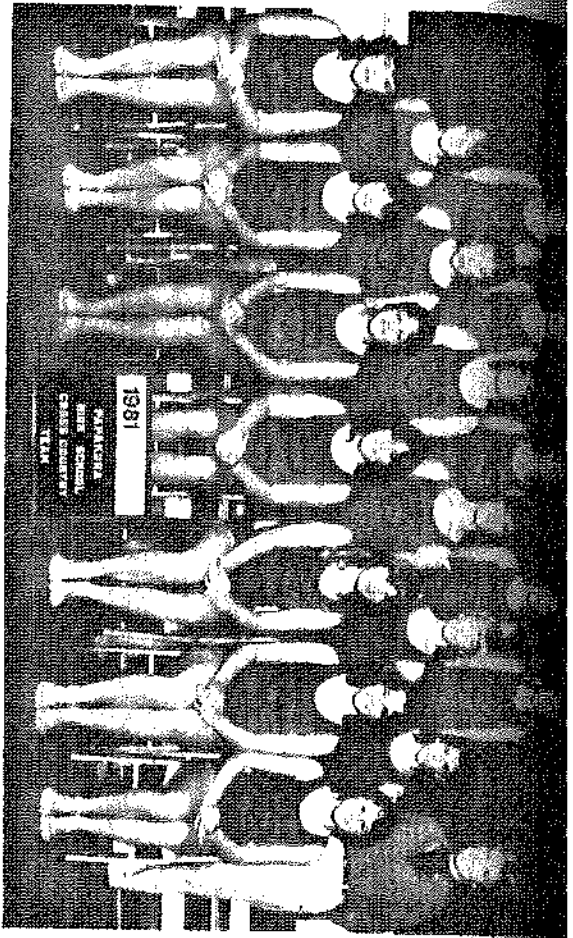
O R I E N T E E R I N G

Once again the fearless P.M.S. Orienteers braved the mud, rain and cold in the name of Sport - and this year with excellent results.

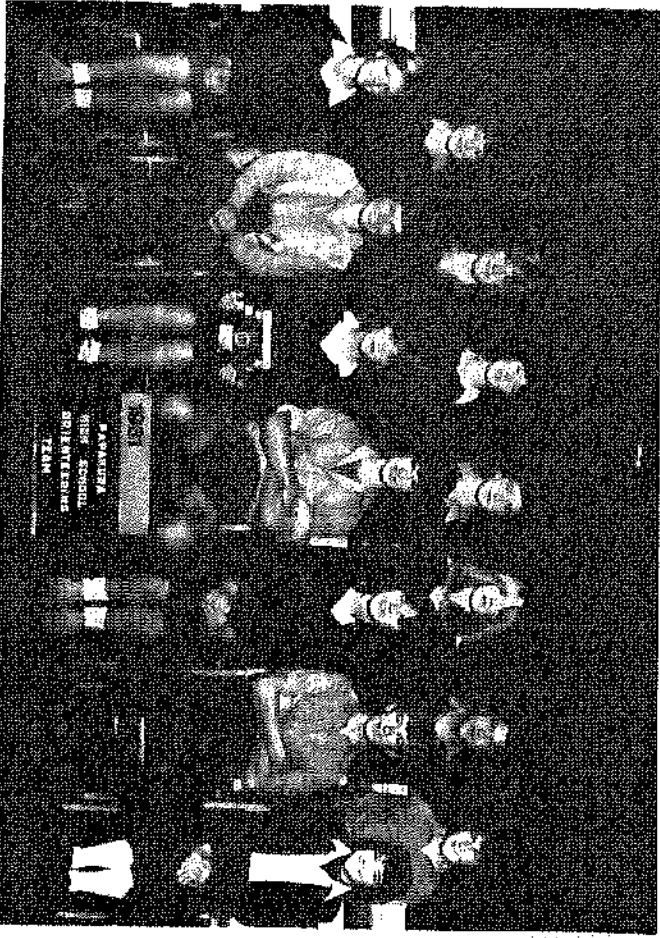
As always the challenge is the Auckland Schools Championships. This year it was held in April on the Rangitoto College map. The courses were over open farmland, rather steep, with intersecting areas of marsh. The senior girls' team of Janine Browne, Joanne Cunningham, Fiona Ross, Trisha Perry, Louise Montford and Melissa Johnstone all had very good runs and managed to edge out long-standing rivals - Manurewa High School - to take first place. The boys' team of Brian Gasson, Philip Bell, Peter Smith, John Ross, Barry Collicutt and Dean McDonald were fourth - a good effort considering most of the team were newcomers to the sport, and third-formers at that; and first place getters, Kings College, consisted of mostly 6th and 7th formers.

Some pupils competed in the New Zealand/Australia Challenge at Taupo in the May Holidays. Stephen McDonald was 1st, and Philip Bell 4th in their respective non-international grades, and Jeanine Browne was 1st in the Girls 15-16 year old grade (surprisingly Jeanine was not in the New Zealand team). Staff member Mrs Jill Bell, a team reserve, was second in her grade.

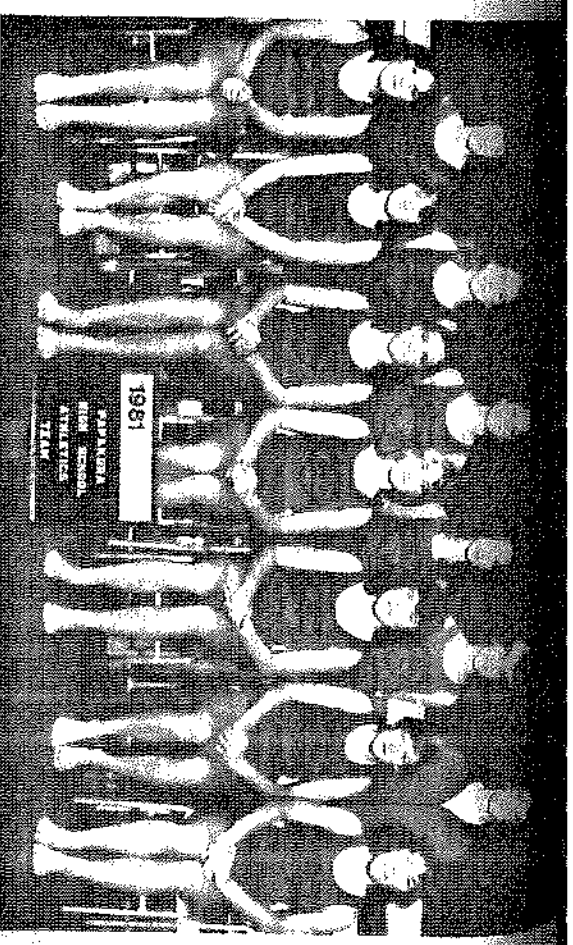
Pupils are able to compete most Sundays, at different venues around the Auckland area and on some occasions the Minibus is used to help with transport. Pupils help with the running of a tuck shop at the events to help subsidise the cost. Newcomers are always welcome and it is hoped to see more pupils trying the sport over the coming year.



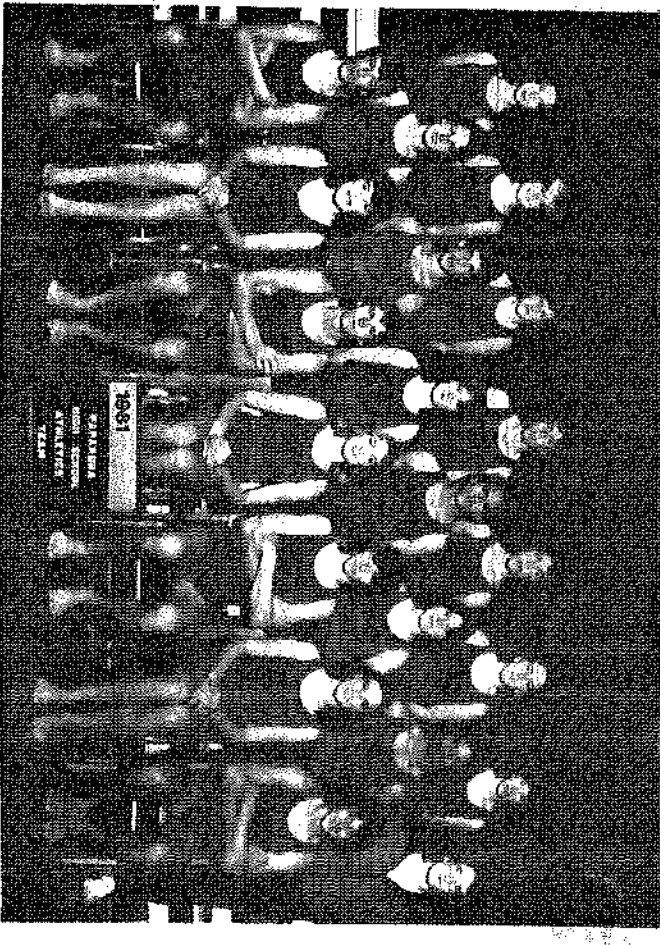
Back Row: T. Peterson, L. Stammen, C. Shaw, V. Hill, J. Gaudson
 Middle Row: J. O'Neil, F. Ryle, S. Payne, F. Smith, G. Sweeney, P. Hanson, M. J. Smith
 Front Row: E. Nelson, L. McDonald, C. Jensen, C. Gasker, F. Jackson, S. Ruff, E. Peltz



Back Row: R. Gasson, D. McDonald, L. Montford, J. Reas, T. Puckey, P. Bell, E. Coffey
 Front Row: J. Cunningham, M. Bell, McCracken, J. Barrow, P. Smith, M. Johnston, S. McDonald, F. Reas



Back Row: S. Reimling, L. Smith, E. O'Neil, E. Matteson, A. Gaudson
 Front Row: P. Taylor, T. Ellison, L. Moran, T. Jones, E. Nelson, J. Elliott, J. Gaudson



Back Row: H. Hamilton, A. Clauson, K. Elliott, A. Nelson, J. Cooper, V. Smith, S. Reimling
 Middle Row: E. O'Neil, K. August, T. Ellison, K. Kelly, E. Taylor, R. Murphy
 Front Row: S. McDonald, E. Nelson, A. McCracken, T. Jones, S. Reimling, L. Moran, K. Ponder

FRISBEE CHAMPIONSHIPS

ANOTHER FIRST FOR PAPAKURA HIGH.

Splendid organisation by Mr. Shirley yeilded yet another first for Papakura High, by way of the all new frisbee championships. Participation and interest was tremendous by both teachers and pupils. Competent throwing, naturally aroused interest among spectators.

There were three events and the results are as follows:-

Distance Throw:

Boys

1st Murray Williams
2nd Paul Dunbar
3rd Luke Karakia

Girls

1st Gaylene Allport
2nd Sharon Tirakine
3rd Allysa Cole

The Target Throw:

1st Craig Brown
2nd Walter Hill
3rd Gideon Wharerau

1st Michelle Muansell
2nd Jennifer Cooper
3rd Jakie Daley

The Pairs Competition:

Boys

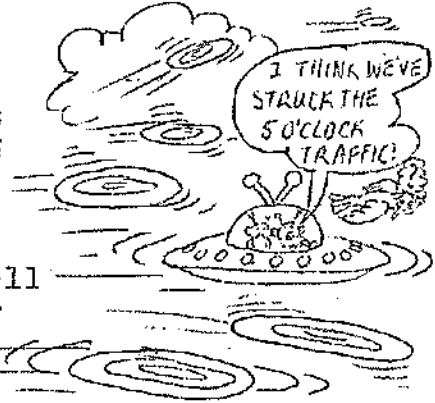
1st Luke Karakia, Gideon Wharerau
2nd Stephen Prentice, Tony Hindmarsh
3rd Murray Bartells, John Jacobson
David La Trobe, John McCroskrie

Girls

1st Jakie Daley,
Patricia Piggot

Newly Established Records

Distance - Murray Williams - 68m (Boys competition).
- Gaylene Allport - 55m (Girls competition).



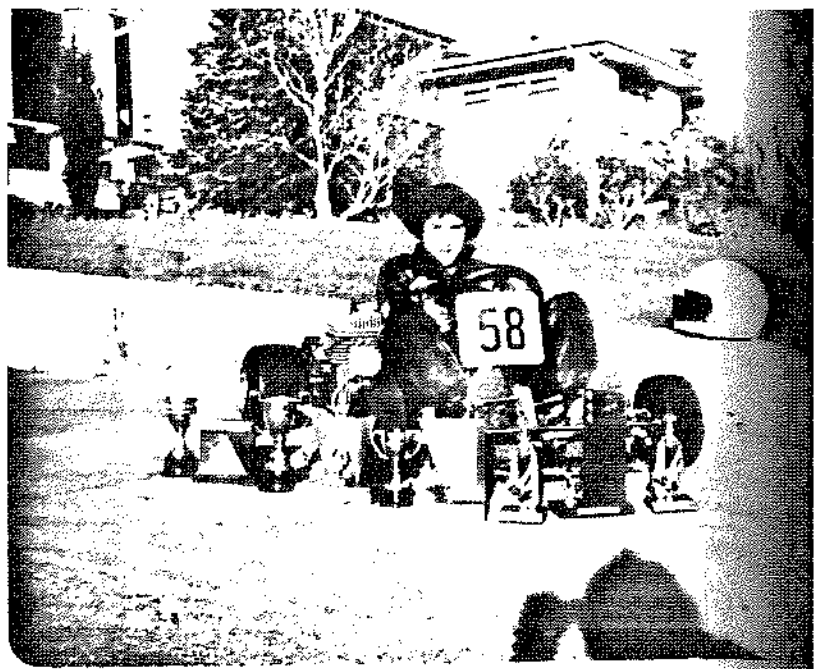
Girls Hockey.

1981 proved to be a very successful year for all 4 Papakura High School Girl Hockey teams. For the 1st time our teams were graded on ability not on the past way of age, thus we achieved more in the competitions. The 1st XI came runners up in the Saturday Morning Interschool competitions, runners up in the closing-day tournament held at Ardmore and runner up in the North-Island secondary School's Hockey tournament held during the August Holidays. The 1st XI also had an enjoyable exchange with Ngaruawahia winning 2-0 despite terrible weather conditions; though not quite so successful against Thames. Next year we will start to gain 1st place in the interschool competitions. Lyn Dudson and Jenny Cooper were chosen to play for counties in the secondary schools Rep. team, which played the curtain opener before the N.Z. verses Auckland game.

-Rosalind Spratt (vice captain)



Colleen Hellyer was New Zealand Badminton Under 17 and Under 19 Champion 1981



Mark Leki 4A

- 2nd, NZ Championships Junior Stock motors
- 2nd, NZ Championships Junior Open
- 1st, Hamilton 20 lap Grand Prix
- 1st, Bridgestone Trophy
- 1st, Auckland Championships
- 1st, Half-hour Enduro Trophy for the most points for Two day Christmas meeting for the Auckland Club
- 1st, Mt Wellington 20 lap Grand Prix

Mark's Go-Kart came from Switzerland last year. It cost \$2,000.

The make of the kart is a Swiss Hutless Kart.

The top award goes to John Williams for his constant lack of attendance...



and his desire to do something original rather than conform in this dull old school.



Thelma Taylor, who was 1st in women's foil Secondary School Nationals and was also in the Auckland A team which came 1st in the N.Z. National Women's teams.



SEAN MIDGELEY
Reached the semi-finals of the Under 19 National N.Z. Tournament.
Runner-up in the Combines Finals N.Z. Under 19 Tournament.
Counties Under 19 Champion.

CONGRATULATIONS



Back Row: B. Bennett, M. Faihey, L. Orsen
 Front Row: K. Marshall, N. Hua,
 Coach Miss Webb.



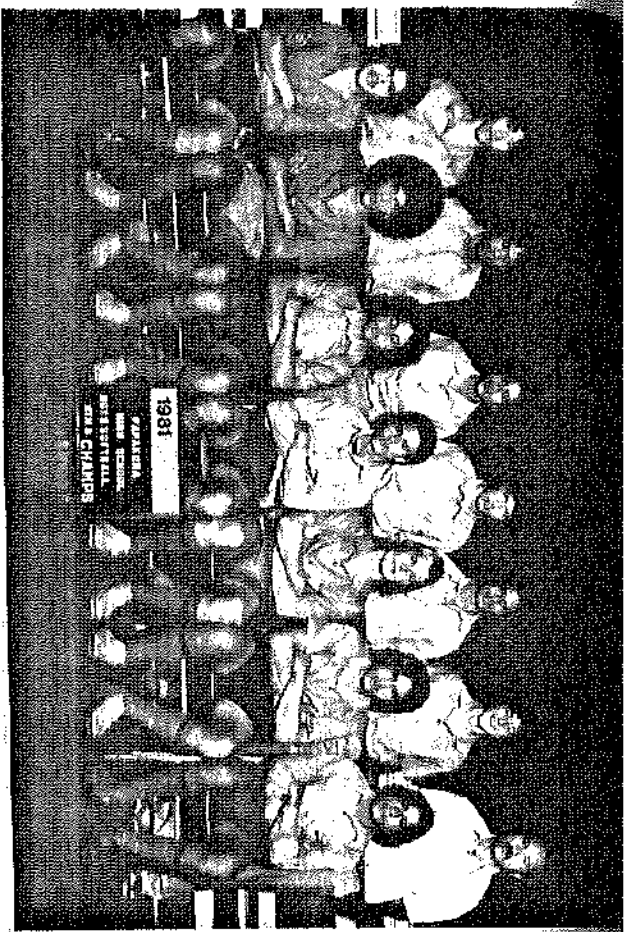
Back Row: K. Nathan, A. Smith, A. Thompson.
 Middle Row: R. Smith, Mrs Bell (Coach)
 Front Row: D. Hages, A. Tahitahi (Captain) B. Mana.



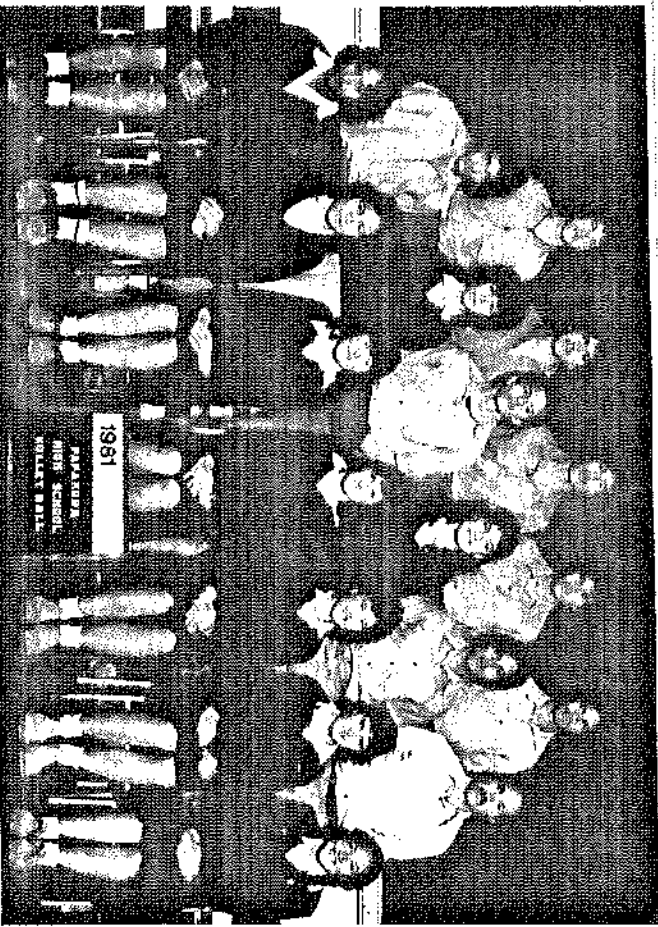
Back Row: J. Hare, D. Lees, Mrs Ushahouh (Coach)
 Front Row: T. Trour, T. Lees, M. Street,
 A. and T. Abiga, P. Mototolu.



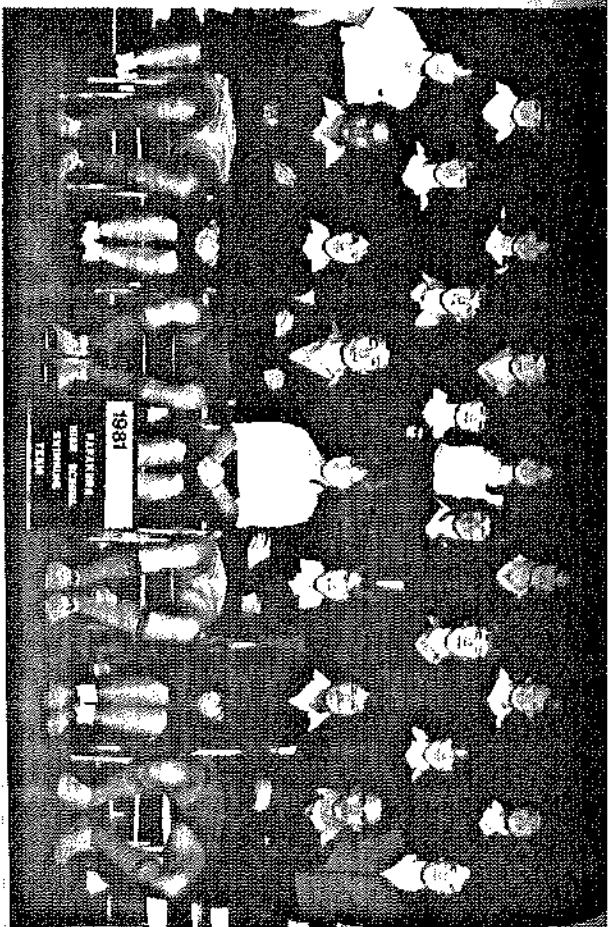
Back Row: T. Harding, H. Savage, P. Comen
 Middle Row: Miss Jones and Miss Minoque (Coaches)
 Front Row: P. Simon, C. Homape, C. James.



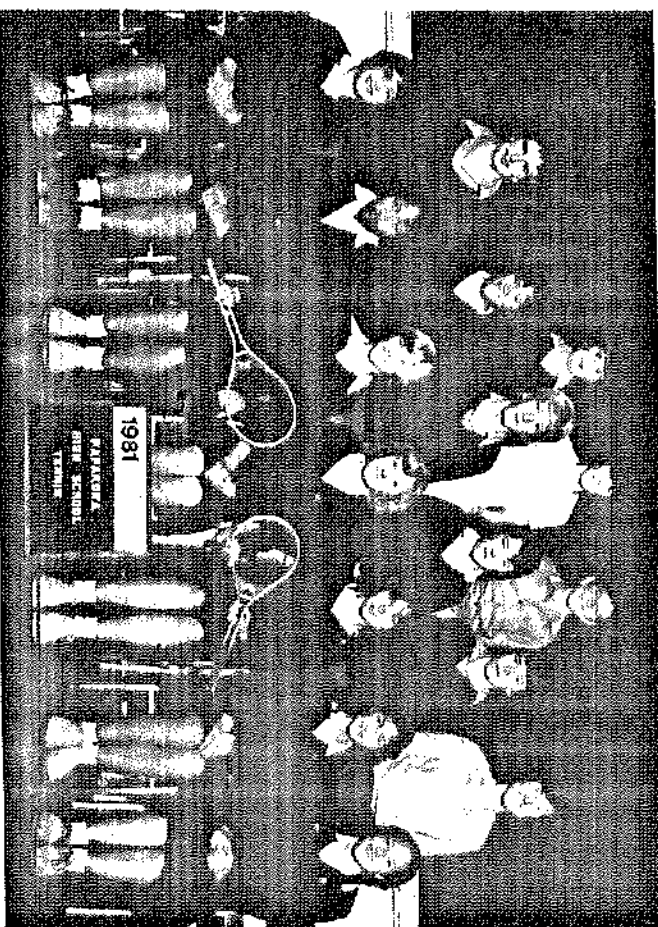
Back Row: H. Davis, E. Rawicki, K. Muehler, D. Raa, B. Murphy, H. Bender MR. FOSTER (Coach)
 Middle Row: D. Komore, H. Helomada, P. Hunt, M. Wicki(Captain) S. Patton C. Keller
 Front Row: T. Te Ueda



Back Row: C. Mann, D. Komore, A. Turak, R. Parker, B. Murphy
 Middle Row: C. Glahne, T. Moosman, M. Nick, L. Kabe, Mr. Foster
 Front Row: D. Simon, M. Rebeck, S. Lynn, W. Vlaut, M. Steele, J. Imwood, E. Troup.



Back Row: K. Parkinson, P. Wilson, R. Reif, M. Street, R. Jude, D. Healey, A. Thompson
 Middle Row: L. Haughey, J. Ross,



Front Row: A. Thompson, D. Simon, P. McPhee, A. Whitteke, P. Wilson, S. Rehrich, E. Troup.
 Middle Row: S. Middles, P. Lees, T. Pugh, M. Carter, T. Lockwood, Miss Goodwin.
 Back Row: A. Taylor, W. Evans, R. Ridgdon.

SWIMMING:

SCHOOL SWIMMING CHAMPIONS.

Junior Girls.

		Pts.
1st T.A. Herewini	(Cob)	24
2nd M. Briggs	(Cob)	19
3rd D. Pearson	(Fer)	12

Intermediate Girls.

1st Leanne Haughey	(Fry)	28
2nd M. Street	(Fer)	22
3rd Louise Haughey	(Ble)	16

Senior Girls.

1st C. Graham	(Ble)	30
2nd P. Wilson	(Fry)	15
2nd S. Junge	(Cob)	15

House Points.

Bledisloe	603
Cobham	697
Ferguson	763
Fryberg	580

Junior Boys.

		Pts.
1st L. Thompson	(Cob)	14
2nd B. Riley	(Fry)	12
3rd ---		

Intermediate Boys.

1st B. Rouse	(Fry)	28
2nd R. Bell	(Ble)	18
2nd C. Wilson	(Fry)	18

Senior Boys.

1st R. Rua	(Fer)	28
2nd C. Leaver	(Fer)	24
3rd D. Griffiths	(Cob)	13

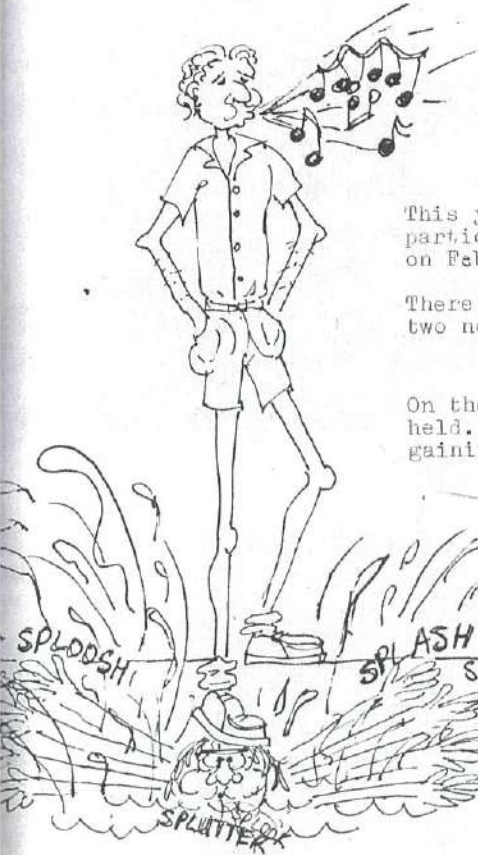
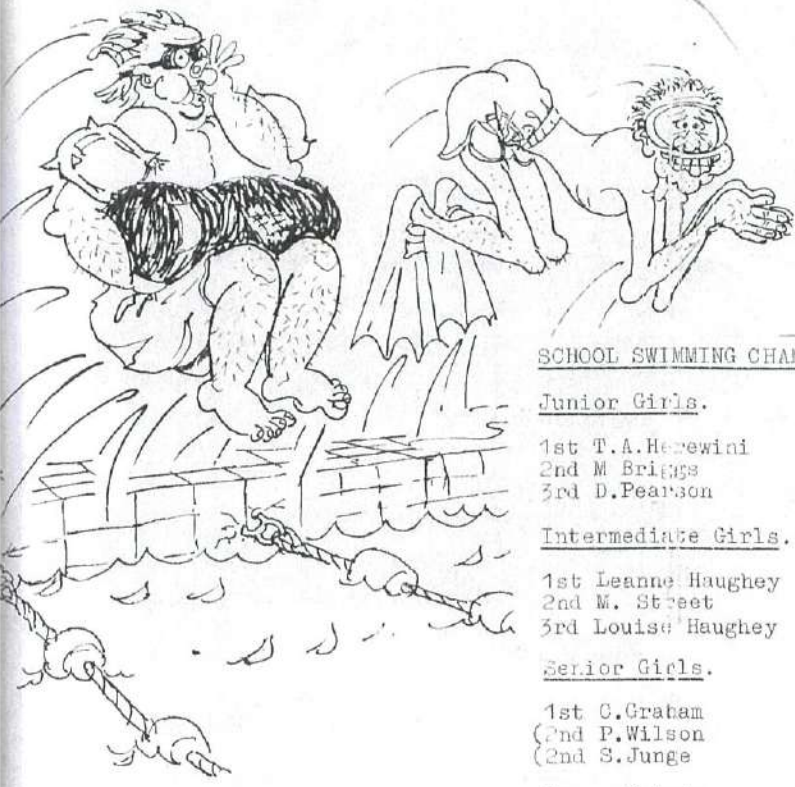
Records.

Christene Graham (Ble)
50m Backstroke
Old Rec: 42.2 sec.
New Rec: 38.8 sec.

This years swimming sports were once again a success, due to good participation and fine weather. They were held at Massey Park Pool on February 18th and 20th.

There were races of all strokes and lengths including relays and two novelty events.

On the 25th February at Pukekohe the Manukau Swimming Sports were held. We had 31 representatives from our school enter, the following gaining places:- Christene Graham and Roland Rua.





THE WINNERS

Jacqui Fountain who won the "NZ National Wills Three Day Event Horse Trials" in June. This event is considered one of the most gruelling tests in the sporting world.

There are three phases in the event:

1. Dressage - A test of training and obedience of the horse to do about 8 minutes of disciplined movements controlled by the rider.
2. Endurance - The very exciting phase - needs stamina, courage, and fitness. A course of roads and tracks, 4 000 metres of steeplechase, and then a very gruelling cross country. A course of 28 km and 66 difficult jumps. On top of this every rider must weigh in at 75 kg minimum.
3. Showjumping - If the horse is still fit and has passed the vet. inspection. The showjumping is a test to see if the horse is still agile and capable of accuracy and concentration after the endurance.

Jacqui was the youngest rider and on the youngest horse and was competing against riders that had competed at the last World Championships held in Kentucky, U.S.A.



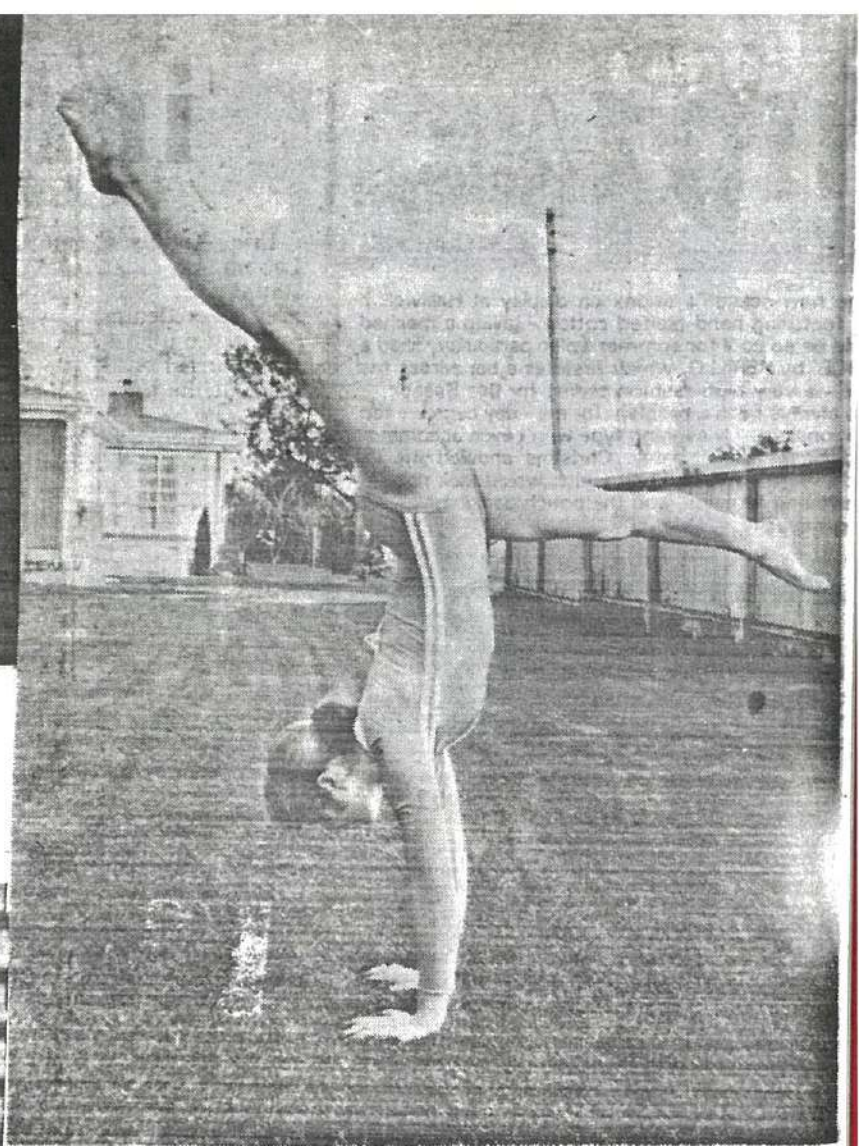
winners of the Auckland Secondary School Orienteering Championships



Marion and Sylvia - winners of the Auckland Secondary School Orienteering Championships



John Andrew - New Zealand
Junior Wrestling Champion
(Most Scientific Wrestler)

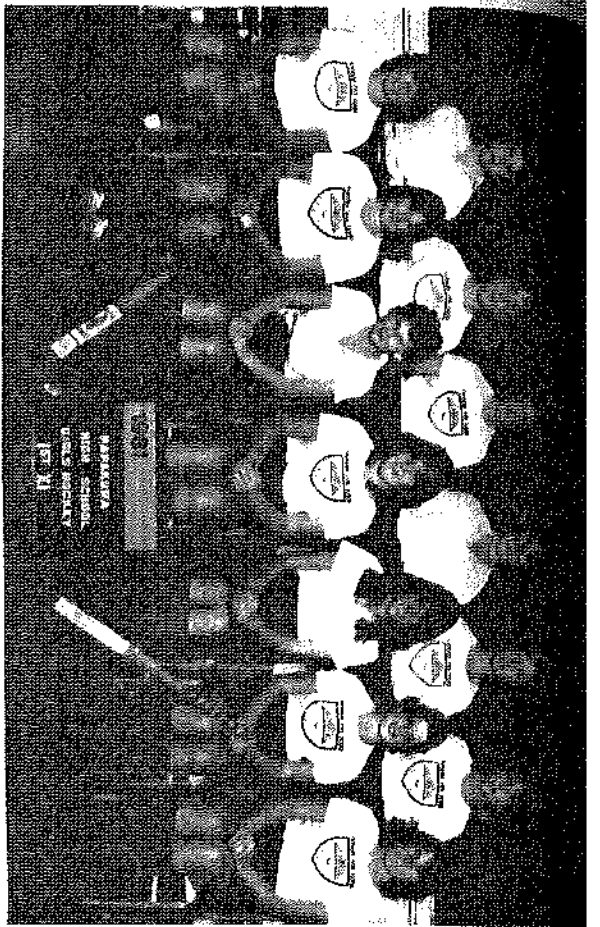


Karen Parkinson who won
selection in the New Zealand
gymnastic team to contest
the World Championships in
Moscow.

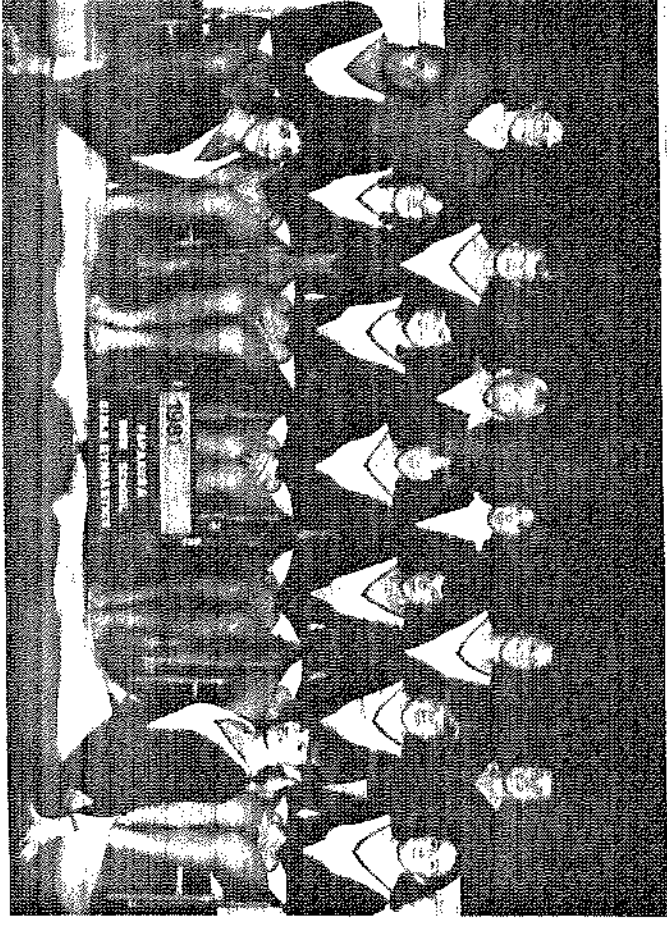


WE
ARE
THE
CHAMPIONS

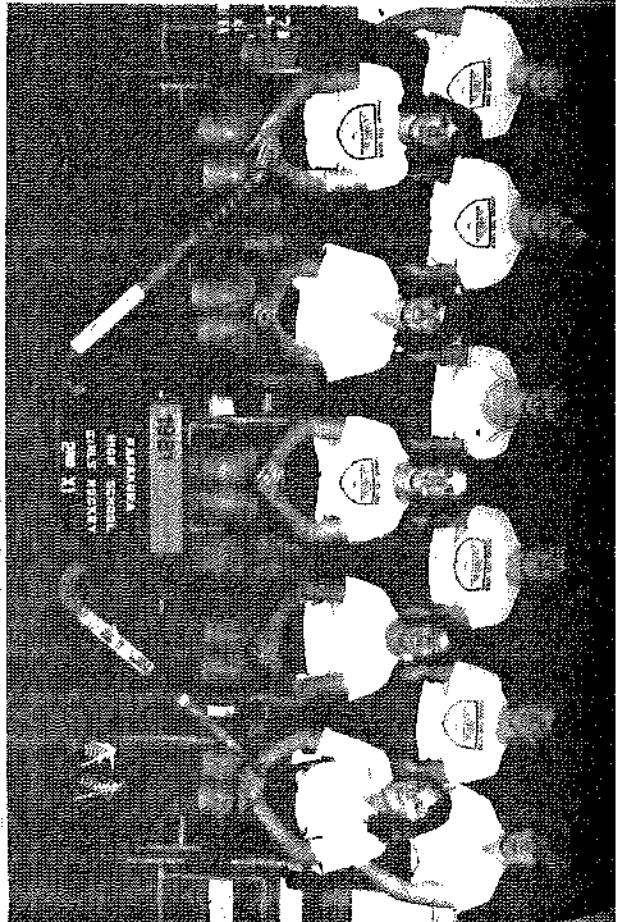
Megan Ludolph was selected to represent New Zealand in the Australian Bronze Championships at Canberra. She was also one of only 12 gymnasts selected from the whole of New Zealand to attend the national gymnastic school. Last year she won the Grade Two Auckland Championships, came first in the New Zealand Grade Two vault and fourth overall.



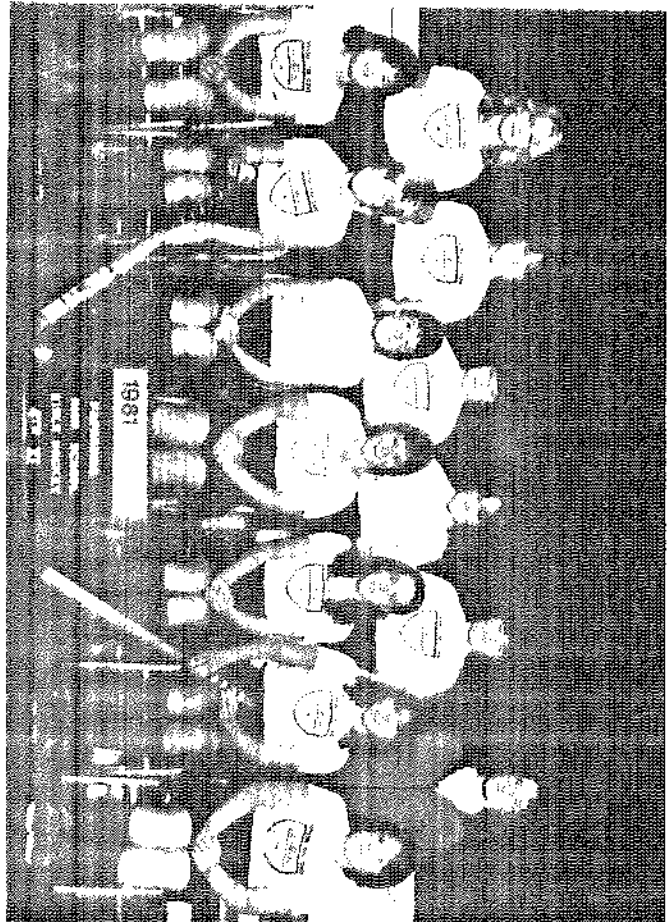
1st XI BOYS (GIRLS)
 Back Row: Thompson, J., Cooper, S., Cusack A., MacGillivray, J., Stewart
 Front Row: R. Leonard, R. Peckham, R. Smith, C. Graham, (Capt) L. Dudson
 A. Cole, H. Taylor.



1st XI BOYS
 Back Row: Thompson, J., Cooper, S., Cusack A., MacGillivray, J., Stewart
 Front Row: R. Leonard, R. Peckham, R. Smith, C. Graham, (Capt) L. Dudson
 A. Cole, H. Taylor.



Back Row: J. Pison, S. Fildes, L. MacGillivray, J. MacGillivray, R. Young
 Front Row: P. Jackson, J. Anderson, J. Stewart, F. Ann H. Lewis, (Capt) H. Dixon



Back Row: J. Pison, S. Fildes, L. MacGillivray, J. MacGillivray, R. Young
 Front Row: P. Jackson, J. Anderson, J. Stewart, F. Ann H. Lewis, (Capt) H. Dixon

1980

AWARDS

ACADEMIC AWARDS

FORM SEVEN

FORM SIX

Awards for Excellence in Subjects named:

Jarvis	English, Chemistry
Smith	Physics, Applied Mathematics
Clegg	Pure Mathematics
Fleming	French
Christine Beaumont	Accounting
Neva Breen	Biology
Cindy Baker	Japanese
Vivian Fang	Economics
Geombach	Geography
Barbara Waters	Art History

FORM FIVE

Awards for Excellence in Subjects named:

Andrea Brannagan	English, Japanese, Biology, History
Paula Fagan	English
Derrick	Geography
Maureen Davis	Science
Lynne Caldwell	French
Dunn	Mathematics, Book-keeping
Markwick	Mathematics
Janis McQueen	Typewriting, Economic Studies
Christine Lowrie	Shorthand Typewriting
Delwyn Christian	Clothing
Carol Fleming	Human Biology
Rumble	Engineering
Gibson	Technical Drawing
Edwards	Woodwork
Ma Nu'u	Home Economics
Davis	Maori
Merion Wharerau	Art
Cindy Eves	German (and German Embassy Award)
Foster	Manukau Mathematics

SPECIAL AWARDS

Leadership In Maori Club
(Rangitahi-Toa Cup)

Madlin Prizes:

Music
Art

J Rabbidge Memorial Prizes:

Woodwork
Engineering

Whitecliffs Sawmilling Company Award
Best Improved In Form Five Woodwork

C Thornton Awards:

Commercial
Clothing

J Edmunds Award

Top Accountancy Student In School

Manukau Technical Bursary

Maori Purposes Fund Board Award
For Maori Language

SC Award

Top SC Candidate in 1979 in Five subjects

SC Award

Top SC Candidate in 1979 in Four subjects

Awards for Excellence in Subjects named:

Ruth Buckby	English, Chemistry, Physics, Biology
B. McCalman	Mathematics
Jan Donald	Biology
P. Hunt	History
Lynette Ashby	Geography
M. Wooster	Accounting, Economics
Melanie Barton	Practical Art, Art History
Cathryn Walker	French
Vikki Brannagan	Japanese, German (and German Embassy Award)
Judith Flavell	Maori
Leila Andrews	Shorthand Typewriting
Tracey Insley	Typewriting
Christine Downs	Design For Living
G. Rooks	Technical Drawing
M. Garvan	Towards Tomorrow's Homes

Award For General Excellence In Form Five English.
(Trophy donated by 1979 Prefects for excellence
in Speech, Drama, Literary Ability and Academic
English)

Lisa Saffage

Award For General Excellence In Form Six English
(Trophy donated by 1979 Prefects)

Ruth Buckby

NZ Steel Senior Physical Science Award

G. Jarvis

NZ Steel Senior Commerce Award

Vivian Fang

1973 Prefects Award
For Service To The School

Girl
Boy

Cindy Baker
R. Iala

Award To Deputy Head Prefect

Girl

Fiona Dalziel

Award To Head Prefects

Girl
Boy

Kiwi Marshall
M. Kimberley

Awards To Dux And Proxime Accessit:

Proxime Accessit

Dux

Nicole Taylor

G. Jarvis

Leah Hura
Lisa King

Sarah Oarney
Melanie Barton

R. Kay
B. Rumble

D. Campbell

M. Wooster
Delwyn Christian

Christine Beaumont

Lynette Ashby

Judith Flavell

Ruth Buckby

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP (P.T.A. CUP)

1st	Bledisloe	1418
2nd	Ferguson	1296
3rd	Freyberg	1243
4th	Cobham	951

Form 4 Class Awards

	<u>First</u>	<u>Second</u>	<u>Third</u>
4 g	Deirdre Reynolds	G Wharerau	S Axtens
y	Sharon Balemi	S Peel	Lynley Brewster

SPECIAL AWARDS

Library Award (Allison Jopson
(Fiona Ross

Sladdin Prize for Art Nicola Smith

J.W. Lane Award for Maori Pupils Susan Bucknor

Dymond Award for Perseverance (in C Stream) I Marino

Special Award for Outstanding Progress
(McIntyre Award) R Cullen

C R Chadwick Award (to the form in the
C Stream of thirds and fourths which
contributes most, individually and
collectively, to the well-being of the
school and the community) 4 p
(R Tautari
to collect)

1979 Prefects Award for General Excellence Jennifer Cooper

1979 Prefects Award for Service to the School I Marino

ACADEMIC AWARDS

Form 3 Subject Certificates

Michelle Beaumont	Clothing
Elizabeth Troup	Shorthand/Typing
Carla Verryt	Home Economics
A Humphrey	Metalwork
R Baker	French, Maori,
R Hart	Japanese, Typewriting
R Ritchie	Woodwork
D King	Technical Drawing
D White	Vocational Mathematics
Rana Davis	Practical Vocational Subjects

SPORTS AWARDS

Athletics

Junior Girls' Champion (Noeline Shanks Cup)	Deborah Taylor
Intermediate Girls' Champion (Barclay Cup)	Jennifer Cooper
Junior Boys' Champion (Keith Mason Cup)	G Robinson
Intermediate Boys' Champion (Dalton Cup)	M Hudson

Cross Country

Junior Boys Champion (Collie Cup)	G Robinson
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Tennis

Junior Girls' Champion (Douglas Cup)	Elizabeth Troup
Junior Boys' Champion (Harris Cup)	I Lockwood

Swimming

Junior Girls' Champion & Breaststroke Champion (Herbert Smith Trust Cup - presented by Rockel family)	Fiona Ata
Junior boys' Champion (B Morrice Cup)	B Rouse
Intermediate Boys Champion (McAnulty Cup)	(S Slade (N Wiki (Senior Prize- giving)

Badminton

Girls' Champion	Colleen Hellyer
Boys' Junior Girls' Champion	Raelyn Trebilcock

You cannot teach a man anything. You can only help him discover it within himself.

Galileo

SENIOR SPORTS AWARDS

Athletics

Senior Girls Champion (Finlay-Magill Cup)
 Senior Boys Champion (Adeline-Healey Cup)
 Best All Round Girl Athlete (Boldero Cup)

Christine Beaumont
 S. Howe (left school)
 Christine Beaumont

Cross Country

Intermediate Boys Champion (Spragg Cup)
 Senior Boys Champion (Lang Brae Cup)
 Girls Champion (Scott Cup)

A. Matta
 C. Lowe
 Clare Gasson

Swimming

Intermediate Girls Champion (Mullins Cup)
 Intermediate Boys Champion (McAnulty Cup)
 Senior Girls Champion (Mueller Cup)
 Senior Boys Champion (Ryan Cup)

Christine Graham
 N. Wiki (S. Slade 4/7)
 Pania Hudson
 U. Brown

Tennis

Intermediate Girls Champion (Harris Cup)
 Intermediate Boys Champion (Harris Cup)
 Senior Girls Champion (Rosscrete Cup)
 Senior Boys Champion (Cargill Cup)

Leanne Kite
 S. Midgley
 Margaret Cotter
 M. Webb

Badminton

Boys Champion

S. Midgley

Fencing

Boys Champion
 Girls Champion

M. Dilton
 Thelma Taylor

Form 3 Class Awards

	<u>First</u>	<u>Second</u>	<u>Award for Effort</u>
3q	Keri Hetaraka	D. White	S Mohi
	h Rana Davis	Joanne Summers	Te Aroha Savage
	e Lesa Betham	C Palmer	R Cullen
	p Brenda Nathan	B Jones	J Vitolio
	<u>First</u>	<u>Second</u>	<u>Third</u>
3j	R Baker	Patrina McPhee	B Sharp
	g I Lockwood	Tania Frost	C Clendon
	a K Heatt	M McConnell	Rosalyn Tomkins
	k Cherie Flay	Katrina Belcher	Anna Hearn
	s Kim Dornan	Rosemary Francis	A Pryde
	d S Frew	C Harford	A Tetziaff
	u Robyn Shadbolt	Bernadette Sands	Jodi Inwood
	o P Karl	Tanis Brown	Cherie Posa
	l Fiona Ross	Karen Philipotts	Elizabeth Clegg
	y G Milligan	M Lark	Leianne Gallart
	z Sharlene Hays	A Grant	L Cameron

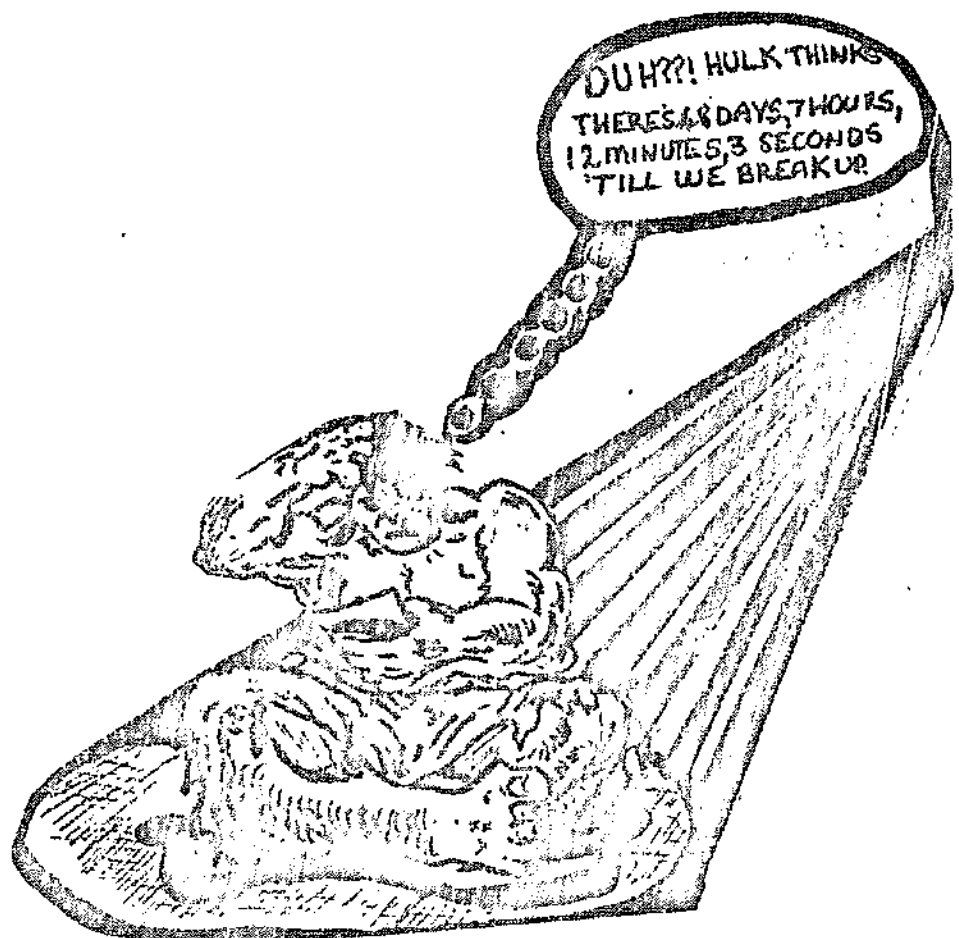
Form 4 Subject Certificates

Leanne Haughey	Clotting
C Renall	Metalwork
Deborah Tooley	Japanese, Shorthand/Typing
Nicola Smith	Drawing & Design
J Dakin	Economic Studies
Pamela Wright	Bookkeeping, Typing
Louise Montford	Typing
S Broome	Home Economics
K Masters	French
M Webster	Technical Drawing
T Rolston	Woodwork
La Verne King	Maori
A Dixon	Vocational Mathematics
Mareta Fonoti	Practical Vocational Subjects

Form 4 Class Awards

	<u>First</u>	<u>Second</u>	<u>Award for Effort</u>
4q	A. Dixon	D Newberry	Vania Siteica
	h S Morgan	Christine Anderson	M Frew
	e Michelle Moorhouse	T Hodgins	Rubina Tautari
	p D Deverill	J Vitolio	E Milligan
	<u>First</u>	<u>Second</u>	<u>Third</u>
4k	E Taia	Sandra Fergusson	Paula Jensen
	u G Wright	C Wilson	Leanne Lush
	o Suzanne McMillan	Donna Healy	E Hughes
	a Linda Redshaw	Rachel Tugaga	Joan Neville
	z Harmory Robinson	Colleen Hellyer	G Wooster
	s Susan Bucknor	Kim Chapman	C Batistich
	d Sandra Curley	Pamela Wright	Heather Crawford
	j Carol Judkins	Jennifer Cooper	M Hill
	l Karen Matheson	Deborah Tooley	Brenda Routley

autographs



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- Fiona Ross

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