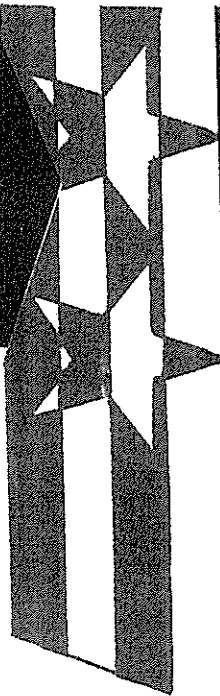


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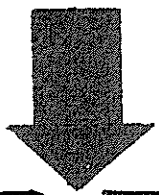
TAKITI



PAPA



SELWYN OAKS



PAPAKURA  
high school

'67

S U M M A P E T E



P A P A K U R A H I G H S C H O O L

MAGAZINE

67

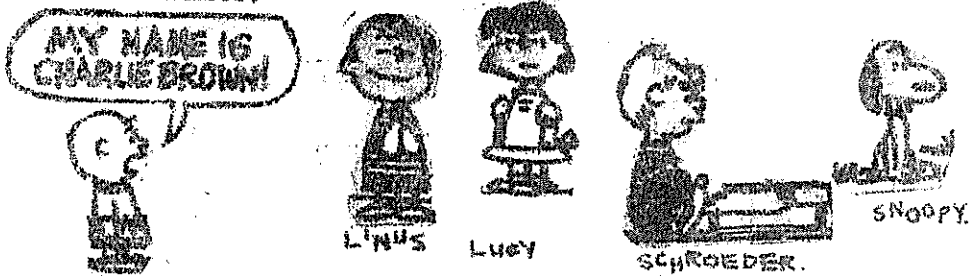
VOLUME FOURTEEN DECEMBER 1967

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1967 - a year of change, of newness - of new ideas, new feelings, and new faces. Ideas and feelings and faces that changed even from one season to the next; from the peeling-nose burn of a hot February to the cheek-flush of a windy July, from the surf talk of the Mount to the ski-talk of the Chateau; from the warm lazy haze of Christmas holiday to the sweat and swot of exams. New ideas . . . new feelings . . . new faces - they blend now and become the blur of life that was 1967. But we remember, we recall, and to help us remember, the Papakura High School Magazine uses some even newer faces, characters yet to besiege the Auckland comic scene, that now make their debut at Papakura High School.

Join them on a journey back through 1967 - join them and remember.



**CHARLIE BROWN** : A LITTLE GUY FULL OF INNOCENCE AND FAITH - IN MODERN TERMINOLOGY, - A CHUMP.

**LUCY** - THAT DOMINEERING, MANIPULATING, I-TOLD-YOU-SO-ISH FEMALE WHO CONTINUALLY DOMINATES, MANIPULATES, AND I-TOLD-YOU-SO'S CHARLIE BROWN!

**SCHROEDER** - AN ARTIST, AN ARDENT FAN OF BEETHOVEN, A NON-BELIEVER IN GIRLS, RUGBY AND BUBBLE-GUM - OUR ANSWER TO LIBERALE.

**SNOOPY** - EVERYONE KNOWS THIS CHARACTER - THE COMBATANT AGAINST THE EVIL BLOODY RED BARON OF GERMANY. HIS BEST FRIEND - AN UNREAL BUT APPEALING REPRESENTATIVE OF CANINE PHILOSOPHY.

**LINUS** - A TYPICAL LITTLE BROTHER - NEED WE SAY MORE!

[WITH APOLOGIES TO CHARLES M. SCHULZ]

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MY NAME IS CHARLIE BROWN!



LINUS



LUCY



SCHROEDER.



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BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING.

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 Mrs. D. Donald  
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Mr. R.L. Littlewood  
 Mr. L. Glass

Groundsman Mr. G.W. Dalziel



### Prefects

Boys G.C. Bickerton (Head), D.E. Thompson (Deputy-Head),  
R.A. Amies, C. Atchison, P.C. Brown, S. Dudding,  
D.S. Fullerton, A.J. Gatland, G.S. Hall, C.S. Holland,  
G.J. Ingram, R.M. Pickard, D.M. Searle, J.E. Watson,  
G.J. Windsor.

Girls J.M. Kelly (Head), A.P. Jagger\* and J.C. Clacher  
(Deputy-Heads), P.C. Buchan, E. Bishop, J.R.  
Campbell, L.A. Donald, V.L. Dockray, E.I. Kurney,  
A. Lammers, J. Lowden, R.D. Mason, I.D. Meikle,  
J.P. North, L.V. Orum, E.M. Quigley, J.M. Searle,  
L.G. Trussell.

\* Left during year

### House Captains

<u>House</u>	<u>Boy</u>	<u>Girl</u>
Bladislou	D. Fullerton	A. Jagger
Cobham	P. Brown	I. McKinnon
Fergusson	R. Pickard	G. Lamb
Freyburg	G. Bickerton	J. Kelly

### Bus Prefects

Boys C. Adams, T. Anderson, C. Atchison, N. Bennett,  
M. Drake, M. Evans, G. Hall, T. Mawhinney,  
B. Oliver, P. Ralph-Smith.

Girls S. Byres, H. Emery, G. Fagan, R. Hopping,  
E. Kurney, J. Leadley, L. Orum, A. Paulger.

### Games Captains

Rugby	G. Windsor	Basketball	M. Soily
Soccer	J. Bower	Athletics	J. Kelly
Cricket	R. Pickard	Cricket	B. McLaren
Tennis	G. Ingram	Tennis	M. Fitzpatrick
Swimming	D. Freeman	Swimming	J. Pilly
Hockey	C. Holland	Hockey	G. Lamb
Fencing	P. Bridson	Fencing	R. Fanson

### Librarians

S. Bayly (Head Librarian), J. Ibbotson (Deputy Head Librarian),  
W. Johnston, G. Wright, S. Fogarty, J. Proctor, C. Atchison,  
P. Paterson, A. Davies, C. Gleason, N. Holmes, J. Bolderston,  
K. Kronast, G. Bruning, P. Appleby, C. Bayly, M. Dawson.

### Laboratory Assistants

Senior Lab. Assistant R. Everett

C.2/C.3 J. Lawson (Head), L. Smith, A. Hazard, E. Hosken,  
S. Kelly, S. Hoogendorp, M. McLaughlin, W. Sprosen,  
L. Pollock, J. Appleby.

C.6/C.7 R. Amies (Head), D. Alderson, G. McInnes, D. Robertson,  
R. Murphy, J. Shaw, J. Vloet, C. Gower, A.  
Carter, P. Davies, J. McAnnally, G. Bassett, K. Smith,  
M. Davies.

S.3/S.4 A. Shirley, D. Willoughby, C. Grum, G. Grum,  
Tremain, M. Williams, G. Evans, E. Collins

### School Orchestra

#### Violins

#### Cello

L. Trussell (Leader)  
H. Emery  
B. Mason  
E. Rasmussen  
T. Jurgeleit  
G. Bruning  
P. Hindmarsh  
P. Jones  
G. McInnes

B. Maxwell

#### Flutes

K. Kronast  
J. Proctor  
G. Ruthe

#### Clarinets

D. Boston  
P. Davies  
J. Harris  
R. Hinton

#### Bassoon

B. Stewart

K. Staff  
G. Cronin  
S. Carter  
S. Bryant

J. Adams  
V. Bowman

L. Francis  
J. Gedge  
M. Graham  
K. Hoffman  
W. Mathews  
D. Meikle  
K. Noble

Trumpets

D. Clapp  
G. Kelly

Horn

G. Green

Percussion

J. Wardrop

Euphonium

D. Seward

Piano

J. Skeet

Tuba

S. Tegg

Gymnasium Monitors

D. Adams, R. Glasgow.

Stationery Room Assistants

M. Chitty, E. Fennie, G. Shirley, A. West, A. Wright.

Free Text Book Assistants

R. Holmes, B. Lewis, H. Parkes, J. Ralph-Smith.

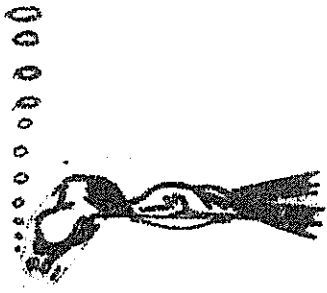
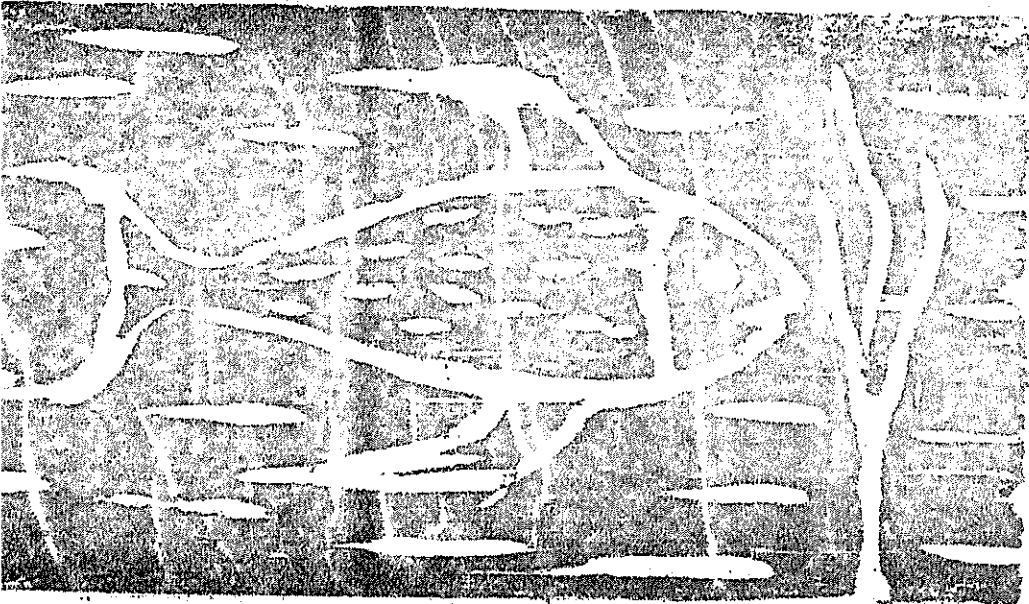
Hall Monitors

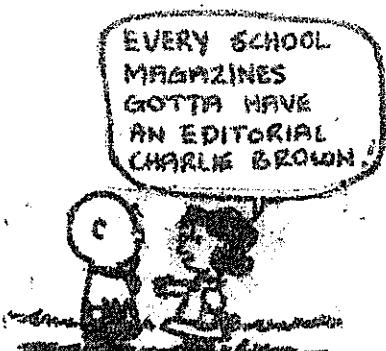
(Including Hall, Furniture, and Film Room Monitors)

D. Carswell, K. Gull, D. Johnson, D. Latham, S. Madigan,  
M. Powell, P. Russell, R. Saunders, W. Smith, J. Wakenshaw,  
P. Yearbury.

Sports Gear Shed Monitors

D. Hockey, S. Cossey.





EVERY SCHOOL  
MAGAZINES  
GOTTA HAVE  
AN EDITORIAL  
CHARLIE BROWN.

EDITORIAL

Much publicity has been given this year to the growing acceptance of drugs by teenagers in New Zealand. Many in the community are concerned about this: police because of the effect on crime, doctors because of the effect on health and parents because they fear for their children's happiness and stability. All responsible citizens, in fact, are perturbed at the possible results of this new trend.

Why do adolescents take drugs? Where do they think this practice will lead them? Some may be seeking an escape from reality, but the world conceived by drugs is transient; no escape is possible in the long run. Some may desire to gain insight into the mystery of the mind, to reach planes of higher perception, to experience heightened emotions. In their search, however, for increased joy and happiness, they are liable to feel terror, revulsion and horror; their hallucinations may lead to suicide or murder.

Some young people take drugs just 'for kicks' or to be 'with it'. To conform is an all-too-prevalent modern aim; status is lost by those who refuse to follow the herd. Unscrupulous drug-peddlers, although fully conscious of the dangers, are quick to take advantage of today's unthinking adolescent.

Those who begin to take drugs have no conception of the dangers of the path they are treading. Taking drugs leads to addiction; addiction leads to crime. Drugs are expensive - more so to the addict than to the beginner - and money, if not available by legal means, will be acquired by illegal ones. Drugs result not only in mental deterioration but in physical collapse. The addict's life-span will be shortened and his children - if he has any - may be physically affected.

The taking of drugs in New Zealand has trebled in the last two years. Authorities predict that it will continue to increase. More people, especially young people, are being introduced to drugs of one sort or another and, having tried them once, they find they must continue. Few deliberately set out to deny themselves a normal life but once they have set their foot on the path there is only one way for them to go - downwards.

Is that first 'kick' worth the consequences?

---

UNOFFICIAL DIARYTERM I

- Feb. 1st School begins. Once upon a time . . . .  
Happiness is knowing that your nose isn't  
peeling as much as everyone else's.
- 17th Swimming Sports. "Fergy, Fergy, the best  
House in the land - Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"
- March 14th Athletic Sports. Freyberg Salamander goes  
up in flames. Fergusson Griffin wins again.
- 24th-26th Easter Holidays. Run Rabbit Run . . .
- 29th Inspectors. "And put himself upon his good  
behaviour" (Byron)
- April 3rd B.C.G. Vaccination "Turn a Whiter Shade of  
Pale"
- 4th School Photos. It's the old Ipana-trick!
- 20th Exams. "See you wear cribnotes next time,  
won't you?"
- 25th Mr. T.'s Speech. "Voiced like a great bell  
swinging in a dome" (Flecker)
- May 5th End of Term. "Lord dismiss us . . . ."

TERM II

- May 22nd Skool again. "Studies serve for delight, for  
ornament, and for ability"(Bacon)
- 30th Traffic Officers. More pedestrians than  
usual.
- June 8th "Happiest Days of Your Life" . . . Well,  
would you believe your schooldays?
- 13th Dancing lessons at Skool. "A source of  
innocent merriment."
- 16th Morning Tea for Prefects. Yeah . . . .!

- 21st South Auckland Speech Contest - Audacious American takes the cup. Two cheers for J.M!
- July 6th School Ball. Hop Art Decorations. Mini ball-gowns turn Maxi.
- 7th Tahitians arrive. Timid types take time to turn New Zealanders.
- 25th 6th Form Speech Contest - Dual Winners -  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each.
- August 3rd 6th Form Exams . . . The path is 4 feet long. The house is yellow. What is the gardener's name and is it divisible by x?
- 16th Concert. The Jolly Farmer!
- 17th Form 6 Speech Contest. "I preach forever, but I preach in vain!" (Cresbbe)
- 18th End of Term. Up and away!
- August Holidays Ski Trip. Many sample the rich mountain life, of skiing and sheing.

TERM III

- Oct 27th Inspectors. Stacks of paper turn into books . . . folders become organised.
- Nov. 7th Junior Drama. Pride is squashed and the prejudice of the producers does not pay off.
- 10th U.E. Accrediting.  
Question: What do you do if you don't get U.E.?  
Answer: Jump in toilet. Pull chain.
- 14th Mufti Day. School ablaze with colour - pseudo hippies, mods, and others try to capture an informal atmosphere.
- 15th Magazine deadline. "Let's think of something."
- 27th Intensive Week. "Let's live for today".
- Dec. 7th And they all lived happily ever after . . . .



STAFF NOTES

Staff arrivals and departures are like processions - processions that grow longer every year. In February, the procession forms up and moves into the staffroom. In December, a different procession forms and moves out of the staffroom!

In February 1967 the incoming procession was headed by three former members of staff who returned to us. They were Miss Smytheman, who came back from a year's leave spent travelling in England and Europe, Mrs. Richardson who has resumed teaching after a short break, and Mr. Fryer who had been at Titoki District High School for three years. Eight new teachers arrived: Mrs. Brown came to teach English and Music, Miss Bridgeman to teach English and Languages, Miss Mitchell to teach English, Social Studies and Physical Education, Miss Young to teach Homecraft and Clothing, Mr. Chalmers to teach Art, Mr. Cole to teach Technical subjects, Mr. King to teach Science and Mr. Usmar to teach Mathematics. At the end of March, Mr. Donald came to teach Biology. His arrival brought the total of newcomers to nine.

We are grateful to Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Hurst, who relieved in Term I, and to Mr. Grant, who has been with us since the start of Term II. These three relieving teachers have helped us ably and willingly. We thank also our three Probationary Assistants - Mrs. Worth, who has been with us for the whole year, Miss Muir, who was here in Term II and Mrs. Chalmers, who has been here for Term III. These three young ladies have worked hard and enthusiastically. We have been pleased to have them among us.

During the year, three staff members have been married. Miss Roberts became Mrs. Mansell, Miss Stansbury became Mrs. Rose. Mr. Chalmers also was married. We offer all three our congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy married life. We offer our congratulations too to Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Mundy,

both of whom have had additions to their families.

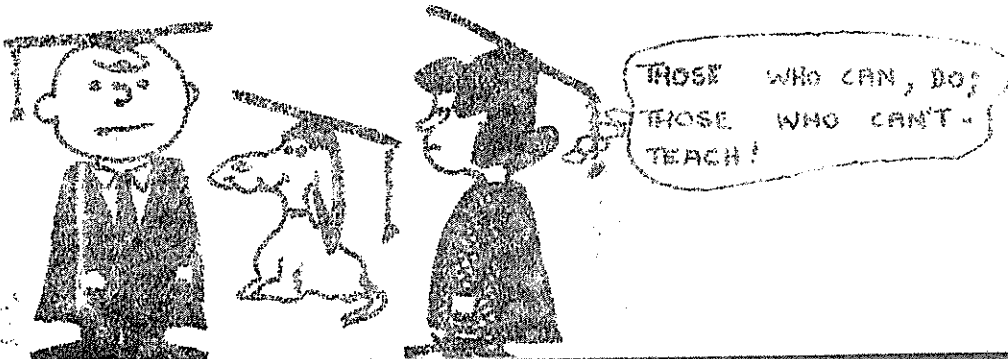
Already we have farewelled two people - Mr. Thomson and Miss Webster. Mr. Thomson left for Canada at the end of April. Miss Webster was absent on sick leave for February and March, then after a few weeks back with us, she left to go to another school. In November Miss McEwen leaves to be married, before she leaves to live in Fiji. At the end of the year, nine more people will be leaving.

Among those who will leave is Mr. Lortey. He has been appointed Principal of Thames High School. Although we wish him well in his new position, we would prefer him to stay! We shall miss him - we shall miss his sense of humour, his fluent speech and occasional excursions into oratory, his sense of fair play, his scholarship, his pleasure in argument, and his endless talk of squash!

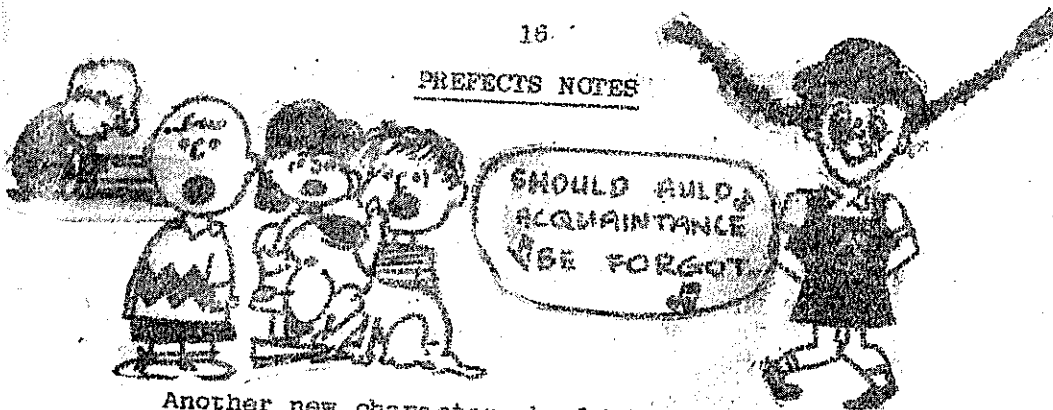
We shall be sad to say farewell to Mr. Conway, a man whom we all respect for his wisdom and his capacity for hard work. May you enjoy a well-earned retirement, Mr. Conway.

Of the other staff members who are leaving, Mr. Hodgson is going to another school in Palmerston North, Mr. Usnar to a position as an Insurance Actuary in Wellington, Mesdames Lawson and Mansell are retiring from teaching, Mrs. Barker is moving to Hamilton and Miss York is going to Whangarei. Miss Young is moving to Taupo.

We wish all of you good fortune and happiness in your new surroundings. To Mr. Sarjeant, who is taking a year's leave of absence, we say "Bon Voyage."



PREFECTS NOTES



Another new character should be introduced at this point - an addition to the ranks previously mentioned. Etiquette columns have their Emily Post, Woman's magazines have their Sheila, and P.H.S. Magazine has its own . . . PRINELLA PREFECT. Under the pen-name of P.P., she here endeavours to answer the questions put to her by the Prefects of Papakura High School.

1. DAN SEARLE Dear P.P., Why do people keep pasting "Puns are the lowest form of humour" notices in the prefects' rooms? Could it be my Griffinitely-better sense of humour?  
Dear Dan, Who nose?
2. JILL CAMPBELL Ever since the School Oax was announced, I've felt terribly light-headed, and people don't seem to notice me any more. Why is this?  
Dear Jill, Stop dieting.
3. CRAIG HOLLAND Dear P.P., Whenever I go to a dance, people always stare at my girlfriend and me dancing together. How can we stop this?  
Dear Craig, It isn't necessary to wear your skirt all the time. We all know that you're in a pipe band.
4. JUDY KELLY Dear P.P., Some of my friends told me that you're not supposed to burst

into fits of giggles on the stage. Is this true?

Dear Judy, Not necessarily. Only during School assemblies and plays.

5. GEOFF BICKERTON Dear P.P., I am indecisive as to my career. Should I become Prime Minister of New Zealand or join the Rep. Basketball team?  
Dear Geoff, Neither. Since you are so good at controlling the masses, why not become a priest?

6. VIVIENNE DOCKRAY Dear P.P., I'm lost in a labyrinth of emotions. How can I find my way out of this warren?

Dear Vivienne, Who Dat?

7. RICKY PICKARD Dear P.P., Why do people always groan when I sing my favourite song, "Plasir D'Amour"? Could it be my singing voice?  
Dear Ricky, No, it's very probably the English translation (The Joy of Love). Ignore them, fella.

8. ELIZABETH QUIGLEY Dear P.P., Ever since the school play, all of Mrs. Hammer's mail has been addressed to me. What can I do?

Dear Bish, You very probably have neglected to take off the black robe you wore in the play. Remove it, sweetie!

9. DAVID FULLERTON Dear P.P., I really like girls who are taller than I am. Do you have any suggestions?

Dear David, Yes, the Amazon tribe in South America is reputed to have several women over 7 feet. Happy hunting!

10. ANJA LAMMERS Dear P.P., Ever since a "friend" of mine gave me a piggy-back ride for the last mile of the Hunger March, people have been calling me a sissy. What can I do?

Dear Anja, Enroll in a Charles Atlas course,

11. ARTHUR GATLAND. Dear P.P., Six times in the last three weeks I have nearly been killed, or seriously maimed, when my glider crashed into the safety fence at the end of the runway. Do you have any suggestions as to improving my technique?  
Dear Arthur, Take up a nice, safe, hobby like fencing, for instance. (By the way, protective face masks, chest pads and leg coverings are essential for this).
12. JANET CLACHER. Dear P.P., Is it true that you need a big voice to control crowds when you're Deputy Head Prefect?  
Dear Janet, No, just carry a big stick.
13. GARRY WINDSOR. Dear P.P., Although I've tried very hard, I haven't been picked for a Rep. Rugby team. Where did I go wrong?  
Dear Garry, You're probably in the wrong field. Why not try hockey?
14. SUNNY BISHOP. Dear P.P., Whenever I go, people ask me to sing folk songs from America and New Zealand. Why is this?  
Dear Sunny, My only comment is: Sunny, thank you for the facts from A to Z.
15. ROBERT AMES. Dear P.P., Whenever people start discussing exam marks, I get the feeling that I'm being glared at behind my back. What should I do?  
Dear Robert, Start counting bottom to all of your exams instead of top.
16. ISOBEL MENKLE. Dear P.P., I just thought you might like a little job to lighten up your reading. Have you heard about the giraffe that drove a jeep?  
Dear Isobel, No, but have you heard about the moose that drove the motorbike?

17. GRAEME INGRAM Dear P.P., Whenever I come near the Head Prefect, he turns quite pale and runs away. What can I do to stop this? It's becoming quite embarrassing.

Dear Ink, He probably suspects you of planning another overthrow of the school. Just whistle an honest tune, and in fifteen years he might forget the date 24th July.

18. RAEWYN MASON Dear P.P., I enjoy singing in the Hall, dressing up in beautiful long dresses and eating Honey Rumbles. What career could I follow that would satisfy all these desires?

Dear Raewyn, Become a Nun.

19. GARTH HALL Dear P.P., For many months now I have been interested in both journalism and masonry, and am perplexed as to which field to enter. Any suggestions?

Dear Garth, Why not continue your career of masonry? (The convent will probably have an opening of this kind.)

20. STEPHEN DUDDING Dear P.P., I find that I am an extremely attractive person and am just a bit worried about the unwelcome advances that might develop. Any advice?

Dear Stephen, Don't worry. "We don't make passes at those who wear glasses."

21. JANIE NORTH Dear P.P., What do you do when you become so attached to a country that you don't want to leave?

Dear Janie, After giving the matter due thought and consideration, and viewing all aspects impartially, I'd advise you as follows . . . DEFECT!

22. DAVID THOMPSON Dear P.P., I have a something for fashion. What could I wear that would compliment both my sense of fashion and my bankbook?

Dear David, Don't be a duffie.

23. JEANETTE LOWDEN Dear P.P., I have a love of mankind that makes me want to feed the hungry, clothe the ragged, and protect the poor. How can I achieve this?

Dear Jeanette, We're not too sure, but there is a wonderful organisation known as the Fijian Foundation for Friendless Fellows, so perhaps you could find a nice homeless waif - they're such marvellous company!

24. JOHN WATSON Dear P.P., If I become a famous teacher, Movak-style, how will I discourage any following frustratingly female fans?

Dear John, Hire a bodyguard - or else take up weightlifting.

25. LENA ORUM Dear P.P., Just recently my hair has been turning unusual colours. (Would you believe purple?) What can I do about this?

Dear Lena, Well, ah - WELLA is the hair colour for you.

26. LOUIS TRUSSELL Dear P.P., Although I tried very hard, my marks weren't quite as good as they should be this year. (I didn't break 1,000) How can I change this next year?

Dear Louis, Perhaps you could start spending more time in the library.

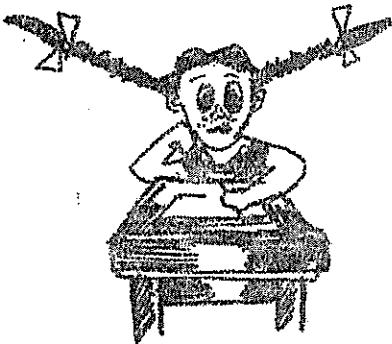
27. CUNNY ATCHISON Dear P.P., When I participate in my favourite indoor sport Debating, should I use the calm self-assured manner, or the scalding, argumentative approach?

Dear Cunny, Yes.

28. LYN DONALD Dear P.P., Hockey is one of my favourite sports, but I do have a problem - all the third form boys call me a bird on the wing when I wear my hockey uniform. How can I stop this?

Dear Lyn, Switch to halfback!

29. PETER BROWN Dear P.P., People are saying that in the school opera, I chased Martha till she caught me. What does this mean?  
Dear Peter, It probably means that your're not as fit as you should be. Perhaps you shouldn't combine singing and running!
30. EVELYN KURNEY Dear P.P., Although I am quite keen on sports, I find that they take up too much of my time. What can be done about this?  
Dear Evelyn, The New Zealand Tiddlywink team has an opening just now - as long as you can distinguish between tiddles and winks, you should make an ace player.
31. PHYLLIS BUCHAN Dear P.P., Ever since the South Island trip in May, people have identified me as a member of a certain harem. This is quite embarrassing - I mean, who's heard of harems in this day and age - so how can I dispel this illusion?  
Dear Phyllis, Don't go out on any more triple dates (Definition: two girls and one boy) and make sure you get home early.
32. JOANNE SEARLE Dear P.P., Having been prompter for the school dramatic club for several years, I would now like to branch out in the acting field. Do you have any suggestions?  
Dear Pee-wee, Now is your big chance - why don't you try a lead role in school activities - Acting Head Prefect, for instance.



IF ANY OTHER  
STUDENTS REQUIRE  
COUNSEL AND ADVICE  
SEND LETTERS  
TO PRUNELLA  
PREFECT,  
535 POTTRAZEBIE  
ROAD,  
PODUNK CITY,  
LITHUANIA.



SENIOR PRIZE LIST1967Form Upper Sixth

Duxes: Jill Campbell, P. Brown

Awards for excellence in subjects named:

Adrienne Paulger: German, French  
 Jill Campbell: German, French, Geography, History  
 D. Searie: Geography  
 Lyn Donald: Mathematics  
 A. Gatland: Additional Mathematics  
 Janie North: English  
 P. Brown: English  
 Gabrielle Fagan: Biology  
 J. Powell: Physics

Chamber of Commerce Awards:

C. Atchison, C. Burnett, R. Thorburn

Higher School Certificates:

Jill Campbell, Janet Clacher, Vivienne Dockray, Evelyn Donald, Gabrielle Fagan, Judith Kelly, Barbara Kerry, Janie North, Lena Crum, Adrienne Paulger, Elizabeth Quigley.

B. Alderson, C. Atchison, G. Bickerton, P. Brown.

C. Burnett, S. Dudding, R. Everett, S. Foote,

D. Fullerton, A. Gatland, C. Holland, W. Jameson,

W. Johnston, R. Oliver, J. Powell, J. Rae, D. Searie,

D. Thompson, R. Thorburn, J. Watson,

Form Lower Sixth

Awards for excellence in subjects named:

Judith Leadley: English  
 Sunny Bishop: English  
 Louis Trussell: French, German, History  
 R. Amies: Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Mechanics  
 Evelyn Kurney: Biology  
 Judith Lawson: Biology  
 Susan Bayly: Geography  
 Isobel Meikle: Chemistry  
 Dianne Richards: Chemistry  
 S. Madigan: Book-Keeping  
 D. Clarke: Art  
 A. White: Music

Form Five

Awards for excellence in subjects named:

R. Murphy: English, Chemistry  
 Merle Nicklin: English, Latin, French  
 Susanne Middleton: English  
 Janet Phare: French  
 R. Donald: Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics  
 M. Furness: Mathematics, Geography  
 Elaine Hosken: Biology  
 A. Tremain: Biology  
 Janice Proctor: History  
 A. Moss: Geography  
 Pamela Jones: Book-Keeping  
 Fay Wright: English  
 Heather Emery: Book-Keeping  
 C. Olesen: Book-Keeping  
 S. Laing: Woodwork  
 C. Orum: Electricity, Engineering  
 R. Brown: Technical Drawing  
 K. Gubb: Technical Drawing

G. Owens: Art  
 Myra Pollock: Human Biology  
 Kay Colman: Shorthand-typewriting  
 Mary Ross: Homecraft  
 J. Harris: Music  
 Sylvia Hoogendorp: German  
 Mary Solly: Typewriting

Oral Proficiency Diplomas in 5th Form French and German

French

Honours Pass: Margaret Sutton  
 Merit Pass: Merle Nicklin, Maureen McLaren, Janet Phare, Suzanne Middleton, Sharyn Babbington, Julie East, R. Donald, Janice Procter, Isabel Orum, Lorraine Harvey  
 Pass: Pippa Hague, Suzanne Hardy, Christine Harding, J. Shaw, Susan Fogarty, Mary Powell, Jacquelin Bongard, G. Insley.

German

Honours Pass: Sylvia Hoogendorp, Katherine Hoffmann  
 Merit Pass: M. Guy, Angela Short, Gail Snowden, M. Haliday, M. Putwain, R. Paterson, D. Adams  
 Pass: Susan Kelly, Adele Semmens, Heather Emery, A. Burnside, A. Moss, Raewyn Waterhouse, R. Murphy, Maureen Wilson.

SPORTS AWARDS

BADMINTON

Girls Champion (Franklin Sub.-Assoc Cup)	M. Waide
Boys Champion " "	R. Thornton

## ATHLETICS

Junior Girls Champion (Noeline Shanks Cup)	R. Wiley
Int. Girls Champion (Barclay Cup)	A. Lever
Senior Girls Champion (Magill Cup)	J. Kelly
Junior Boys Champion (Keith Mason Cup)	E. Bell
Int. Boys Champion (Dalton Cup)	R.D. ...
Senior Boys Champion (Adeline Kealey Cup)	D. Toe
Senior 1 Mile (Don Ross Cup)	P. Brown
Senior Middle Distance (Lovelock Cup)	P. Brown
Senior Hurdles (Gerald Reddell Cup)	D. Toe
Best All-Round Girl Athlete (Boldero Cup)	G. Lamb
Best Performing Harrier (J. Grundy Cup)	M. Chaffe

## CROSS-COUNTRY

Junior Boys (Collie Cup)	D. Smith
Int. Boys (Spragg Cup)	H. Chaffin
Senior Boys (Lang Brae Cup)	D. Toe

## SWIMMING

Junior Girls Champion	M. Van Is
Junior Boys Champion	R. Storer
Junior Girls Breaststroke (Rockel Cup)	R. Mason
Int. Girls Freestyle (Jobes Cup)	E. Gray
Int. Girls Champion (Millins Cup)	R. Flavel
Int. Boys Champion (McArdly Cup)	E. Kurney
Senior Girls Champion (Mueller Cup)	M. Evans
Senior Boys Champion (Ryan Cup)	L. Moore
House Championship (Smpton Shield)	B. Pitt
	L. Hugheson

## FENCING

Girls Champion	L. Gatlan
Boys Champion	A. Gatlan

JUNIOR PRIZE LIST - 1966Scholastic Awards

- 4 Professional A R. Murphy 1st; J. Shaw 2nd;  
R. Donald 3rd
- 4 Professional B M. Stewart 1st; Sharon Babbington  
2nd; B. Stewart 3rd
- 4 Professional C J. Hughes 1st; M. Sharpley 2nd;  
Pamela Jones 3rd
- 4 Professional D Isobel Johnson 1st; Jennifer  
Renall 2nd; I. Wilson 3rd
- 4 Technical 1 P. Sims 1st; K. Gubb 2nd; C. Orum  
3rd
- 4 Technical 2 E. Fox 1st; W. Carr 2nd; A. Adkerley  
3rd
- 4 Technical 3 J. du Faur 1st; J. Millen 2nd;  
E. Price 3rd
- 4 Technical 4 P. Taylor 1st; J. Fenton 2nd;  
N. Whitehead 3rd
- 4 Commercial Judith Baldwin 1st; Fay Wright 2nd;  
Kay Colman 3rd
- 4 Commercial-  
Homecraft 1 June Cussey, Denise Tassun 1st =;  
Michelle Healey 3rd
- 4 Commercial-  
Homecraft 2 Yvonne Williams 1st; Colleen Smith  
2nd; Lynette Sanderson 3rd
- 3 Professional A J. Violet 1st; N. Williams 2nd;  
Ann-Marie Inghoson 3rd
- 3 Professional B Diane Meikle 1st; D. Bridson 2nd;  
Janet Purvis 3rd
- 3 Professional C G. Hosking 1st; Noeline Allington 2nd;  
R. Barnes 3rd
- 3 Professional D Mary Roberts 1st; M. McLoughlin 2nd;  
N. Parker 3rd
- 3 Professional E R. Lyle 1st; R. Nash 2nd; Natini  
Charan 3rd
- 3 Technical 1 R. Peart 1st; D. Warren 2nd;  
D. Leadley 3rd

Technical 2 P. Stewart 1st; K. Noble 2nd; D. Shine 3rd

Technical 3 E. Parker 1st; K. Harper 2nd; R. Clapp 3rd

Technical 4 D. Pyke 1st; D. Spick 2nd; D. Baker 3rd

Commercial Colleen Downard 1st; Vicki Crall 2nd; Heather McKobble 3rd

Commercial- Homecraft 1 Judith Lewis 1st; Jan Hall 2nd; Gail Burnside 3rd

Commercial- Homecraft 2 Colleen Scharvi 1st; Jean McLeod 2nd; Wendy Stobie 3rd

### Special Prizes

Form 4 - Awards for Excellence

Janet Pharo - French and Latin  
 . Harris - Music  
 Sylvia Hagenlopp - German  
 Pamela Jones - Commerce  
 . Burgess - Drawing & Design  
 Sharon Habbington - French

Form 3 - Awards for Excellence

. Violet - French and Commerce  
 Diane Meikle - Latin  
 . Lyte - Commerce  
 . Evans - French  
 . Green - Music  
 . Gower - Music  
 Diane Greig - German  
 Sharon Edwards - German and Art  
 William Kerr - German

### Special Awards

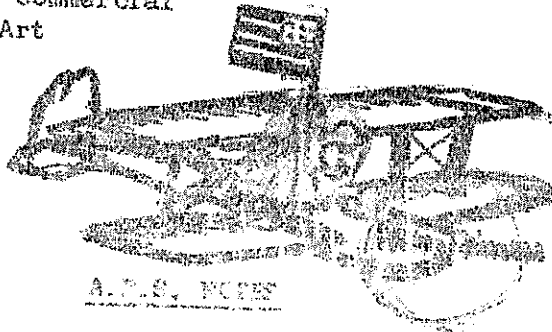
Speech Contest: Margaret Lowell 1st; Sandra Clacher 2nd

Technical Awards: R. Peart; D. Leadley; D. Howell;  
 J. Scharvi; K. Harper; K. Staff

Reading Award: K. Meissaac

Colin Campbell Awards (for excellence in subjects  
named)

Colleen Sharvi - Homecraft  
Judith Lewis - Clothing  
Vicki Craill - Commercial  
L. Whiteman - Art



WITH THE AID  
OF THE AIRLINE  
SNOOPY WILL  
CONQUER THE  
SEA BARON.

"Walk together, talk together and you peoples of  
the earth; then and only then may we have peace."

Sound too idealistic? That's what we thought too,  
twelve months ago; but now after living in Papakura  
for a year it has become a motto that we believe in.

It was a snowy winter's day in January when we  
set out on the first stage of our journey - one that  
would end 11,000 miles away in a place called Papakura,  
New Zealand. All 39 A.P.S.-ers assembled in Los  
Angeles for orientation, designed to give us an idea  
of just what New Zealanders are actually like. Any  
outsiders to the group would undoubtedly have noticed  
our grave and eager look on most of our faces, which,  
on closer examination, revealed a bit of homesickness,  
a bit of loneliness and a lot of uncertainty.  
Nevertheless, when the appointed hour came, all 39  
of us boarded the plane and began our flight to New  
Zealand. It was on this flight, Air New Zealand,  
that we got our first real orientation into the New  
Zealand way of life - the serving of tea, and calling  
sweets 'lollies' instead of candy. We had all received  
letters and pictures of our families-to-be. Phrases

like 'My New Zealand Mum', 'My Family in Auckland' cropped up often in the conversation. Our flight was also characterized by nervous kids thumbing through books like "How to Understand Kiwis in 3 Easy Lessons" and "1,000 Cures for Homesickness".

Getting through Customs in Auckland was the most hectic experience of all. We were forced to stand in an unending queue while we searched the noses pressed against the plate glass trying to determine which of the noses belonged to us.

Much of the uncertainty that we had felt for the last few days was soothed almost at once upon meeting our foster families, the Thoms and the Lowdens. The next few days were spent adjusting to the abrupt change in climate and countryside.

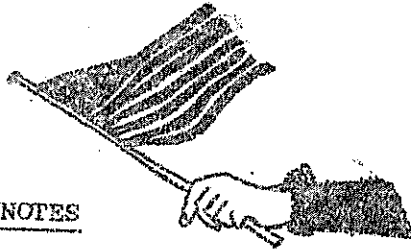
Auckland had really turned out the red carpet treatment for us - complete with an unbelievably sunny day, a city full of bronzed young Kiwis, and an ocean front merely minutes away. Since most of us had stepped off the plane with complexions the colour of white lilies, we immediately set about acquiring a fair dinkum New Zealand tan.

Our first impressions were dominated by admiration of sunny summertime Papakura weather, potential heart attacks due to traffic on the wrong side of the road, and sheer amazement as we watched water swirl down the drain in the wrong direction. As our time in Papakura rolled on we seemed to have more and more difficulty finding differences between Papakurites, Tennesseans and Virginians. We were instead becoming more aware of how basically similar we actually are. One of our biggest obstacles seemed to be dispelling the 'Hollywood' and 'Karen' and 'Midget' image of American adults and teenagers which seems to be furthered by T.V. programmes and movies. We ourselves knew more about New Zealand than many American teenagers, so we avoided that fatal mistake of thinking it is possible to walk from Auckland to Sydney at low tide! However we did have some misconceptions about New Zealand which have been dispelled during our stay here.

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After visiting many different schools in New Zealand, we've found that our loyalty still lies very much with Papakura High School. It's the GREATEST. Because of the way the students and teachers have treated us, we've come to feel a real part of the school and community. Papakura is no longer just a name on a map to us - it will always be our home, a place that we love.



#### HOUSE NOTES

In early 1963, during one of their smoking bouts in the staffroom, the staff decided that the school should be divided into houses. Once this idea was established, they then had to decide on names for these houses. At this time, there was the Profumo Scandal and some of the more adventurous members of the male staff wanted to name the houses in honour of Mandy Rice-Davies and Christine Keeler, but this suggestion was soon squashed. Finally they decided to call them after four of New Zealand's Governor Generals, Cobham, Bledisloe, Fergusson and Freyberg, and their emblems were to be the coats of arms of these men.

#### COBHAM

Lord Cobham was one of the best known and best loved of New Zealand's Governor Generals. His term of office was from 1957 - 1962, when he was the ninth Governor General of New Zealand.

Lord Cobham, to quote his titles, is the tenth Viscount; Sir Charles John Lyttleton; A Knight of the Grand Cross; Baron Cobham; 7th Baron Lyttleton; the Baron of Frankly in Worcester; the Baron Westcote of

Ballymere in Ireland; and a baronet.

He was born Charles John Lyttleton Cobham on 8th August 1909 and was educated at Eton. Later he attended Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained his B.A. in law.

In 1933 he joined the 100th Brigade. He served in France after having been transferred to the 53rd Anti-Tank Regiment a year later; in 1941 he was seconded to the 3rd Maritime Regiment and was later promoted to command the 5th Regiment until the end of the war.

Lord Cobham toured New Zealand as vice-captain of the M.C.C. XI of 1935-36. In 1956 he served as President of the M.C.C. Papakura High School has reason to remember his cricketing abilities for during his term as Governor General Lord Cobham played with our 1st XI during a visit.

Lord Cobham endeared himself to the people of New Zealand by his sincere and keen interest in them. He became famous for his wise and witty speeches, some of which were published in a book called "Lord Cobham's Speeches". "We live today in a world which increasingly believes in things that you may touch and see. And the big joke is that these things hardly matter at all. All the things that really matter are precisely the ones that you cannot touch and see". (An extract from a speech he made at Wellington Girls' College in 1957).

Not only did Lord Cobham write speeches and play cricket, open airports and harbour bridges and write still more speeches, but in his spare time, Cobham would pursue his favourite pastimes of shooting, golf and fishing. Cobham was not only a man of versatility but also of loyalty and honesty, and Cobham House members try to follow him in every way!



BLEDISLOE

Charles Bathurst Bledisloe was born in London on 21st September 1867 and was educated at Sherborne, Eton and Oxford. He graduated with a B.A. in 1890 and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1892. But agriculture was his major interest, and he took a serious view of the obligation of the landowners to the land and its people. In 1910 he was elected to the House of Commons as a Unionist member for the Wilton Division of Dorset and was known as the champion of British agriculture.

In the First World War he served as Captain in the Royal Monmouthshire Engineers, then in 1916 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food. Because of his wide knowledge of farming and his great influence with farmers he was an obvious choice for the post. He was created K.B.E. and a baron in 1918.

In the second Baldwin Government he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture from 1924 to 1928. Then he went to South America and negotiated the Bledisloe Agreement which governs inspection of animals for export as meat to the United Kingdom.

Bledisloe was appointed Governor General of New Zealand at the end of 1929 and assumed office on 19th March 1930. His deep knowledge of agriculture gave him an understanding of New Zealand, and he did everything possible to widen his appreciation of the country and its history. In his period of Governor Generalship, 1930 - 1935, he travelled widely around the community bringing the people into contact with the crown, and entering fully into New Zealand life. He attempted to aid the farming community during the years of the depression and had his salary cut by 30%

when the Public Servants' wages were reduced by this amount, as he did not wish to seem above or apart from the ordinary people.

He gave many gifts to the country for many activities and one such gift was the Bledisloe Cup which is competed for by Australian and New Zealand rugby teams. The gift which Bledisloe will always be remembered for is the Waitangi estate which was an official British Residency. Bledisloe donated the estate as a national monument.

He left New Zealand in March 1935 and was created Viscount Bledisloe of Lydney in June 1935. Bledisloe left behind him many friends, especially among the farming community, to whom he had given his knowledgeable aid. Although he was no longer Governor General, Bledisloe retained interest in New Zealand and was host to many Kiwis during the war years, 1939 - 1945.

In 1947, as President of the Royal Agricultural Society in England, he made a tour of New Zealand and Australia.

Bledisloe died at Lydney on 3rd July 1958. He was a good friend, indefatigable worker and a man who saw clearly his duty. New Zealand sees him as a really great Governor General.



## FERGUSSON

The name Fergusson means of one three things to most people - a yellow flag that always seems to fly above the others on the flag-pole - an almost unbeatable group of fellow students - or the name that binds together the best quarter of the school. To Fergusson House members the name does not only signify a common bond that links their collective talents, but also an inspiration to which we strive - to uphold the very name of Fergusson.

There have been three Governor Generals Fergusson in New Zealand, each one of whom has given his distinctive contribution to our relatively short history.

Sir James was born in 1832. Educated at Rugby and Oxford, he served with distinction in the Crimea. After numerous diplomatic posts, he became Governor of New Zealand in 1873. However, owing to his political principles he resigned, and returned to England to take up opposition against Disraeli. In 1890, he became Governor of Bombay and, after a number of other posts, he was killed in the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica in 1907.

Sir Charles was born in January 1865. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he had a distinguished military career. He was extremely popular during his term in New Zealand, identifying himself with the people's welfare and greatly assisting social and industrial development.

Sir Bernard Fergusson, born in May 1911, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. During the Second World War, he served in the Middle East, India, and Burma, and took command of the 16th Infantry Brigade during its 1944 expedition. After other military positions, he succeeded Lord Cobham as Governor General of New Zealand. In 1962, he was knighted. Other than his diplomatic and military talents, he has written several books about military history, including "Beyond the Chindwin", 1945. He is a keen sportsman, yachting being his forte, and he



Fergusson

Bladislav

Fergusson

has shown much interest in culture, especially that of the Maoris. He married Laura Grenfell in 1950, and has one son, Geordie.

Thus we can see the personal qualities inherent in the Fergusson name - personal courage and integrity, outstanding loyalty and sportsmanship, a personality, and a distinct contribution to the well-being of this country.

Upon the Fergusson family crest, we see these attributes as they can be applied to Fergusson House:

- the star shows the position in which Fergusson House stands in the school.
- the thistle shows the Scottish descent of Fergusson and the fact we look for every point possible.
- the bee shows our devotion and loyalty to our House.

We can but strive for what the name epitomises. Our House shield, with the heraldic figure upon it, is one of the oldest in English history.

In all, it is obvious that Fergusson House is griffinitely better.

#### FREYBERG

Bernard Freyberg, or 'Tiny' as he was called in the desert, led a very illustrious career. He grew up in New Zealand and, when World War I broke out, he joined an amphibious unit of the Royal Navy. In 1916, as a Colonel in France, Freyberg won the V.C. When his battallion suffered heavy losses in an attack at the Somme, he left his H.Q. and raced forward through a barrage which killed both his adjutant and his signals officer. Rallying his own troops and those from other units, Freyberg led a fresh sortie through the German lines

and took 600 prisoners.

In 1939, as World War II drew near, the New Zealand Government asked him to be overall commander of His Majesty's New Zealand Forces. Just after the retreat from Dunkirk, everybody thought Hitler would invade Britain, but Freyberg was confident when he said: "The Nazis won't dare, but if they do, we'll bloody well beat them."

Defeat, just as much as victory, brought out Freyberg's qualities as a leader. When he was driven out of Greece in 1941, he was ordered to Egypt with his staff, but he flatly refused, staying with his troops. The last man in the boats was Tiny Freyberg.

Freyberg was a soldiers' general, a born leader, who won the respect and devotion of his men by the feats of cold courage and acts of warm compassion. Rather than command from the rear, he was always near the front. Winston Churchill dubbed him "The Salamander" because although wounded in action nine times, he seemed to thrive under fire.

When he died in 1963 at the age of 74, he was buried without pomp or ceremony, just the way he lived.

It is because of this man's outstanding career and his worthy characteristics that we of Freyberg House are proud to belong to a House that bears his name. We have tried to show honour and courage in school in the same way that General Freyberg showed honour and courage in the battlefield, and by excelling ourselves in the future, we hope to establish a local reputation for ourselves that will equal General Freyberg's worldwide reputation.

But to have such a reputation, we must remember what General Freyberg said in the desert: "To fight and win is one thing, but to fight with courage is a much more honourable victory."

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### ANNUAL INTER HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year, the Annual Inter-House Athletic Sports were postponed from 10th and 11th March and held on the following Tuesday on account of bad weather. However, after this slight setback, spirits were not dampened and the day was a success in every way. Six school records were broken this year. In the Senior Boys Hop, Step and Jump, Dennis Toe, who broke the record coming second last year, again broke it to come first this year with a jump of 43' 7", breaking the old record by 2".

Fergusson House won the Mellisop Shield as Champion House, being 30 points ahead of Cobham. Bledisloe House, following the previous year's example, did a fine job of cleaning up the grounds.

Trophies were presented to the winners by Mrs. C. Mansell.

#### House Championship Points

1st	Fergusson	431	points
2nd	Cobham	407	points
3rd	Freyberg	342	points
4th	Bledisloe	285	points

#### Boys Track Events

##### Junior

100 yds A	I. Pullen	11.6s
	R. Tumata	
	L. Mitchell	
B	D. Parsons	12.5s
	D. McCaughan	
	C. Burnside	
C	I. Anderson	13.6s
	P. Coombe	
	R. Bust	

##### Intermediate

R. Stewart	11.5s
R. Glasgow	
B. Tugby	
G. McInnes	12.0s
T. Plow	
T. Parker	
N. Whitehead	12.1s
R. Grant	
R. Toothill	

220 yds A	R. Tumata	27.5s
	S. Parson	
	L. Mitchell	

R. Stewart	25.5s
R. Murphy	
R. Glasgow	

	B	P. Lourie	27.9s	G. McInnes	26.6s
		D. McCaughan		N. Whitehead	
		P. Stunnell		T. Plow	
	C	J. Reid	29.0s	R. Grant	27.0s
		G. Roberts		R. Toothill	
		M. Byers		K. Reid	
440 yds	A	C. Judd	61.4s	R. Murphy	55.6s
		S. Parsons		K. Longhurst	
		R. Smith		B. Stewart	
	B	R. Potter	63.6s	I. Pullen	58.2s
		R. Palmer		G. Thorne	
		B. Hazard		F. Plow	
	C	K. Thompson	65.7s	M. Picard	60.7s
		R. Wilson		R. Grant	
		N. Taurus		K. Reid	
880 yds	A	D. Cairns	2m. 28.9s	R. Murphy	2m. 10.6s
		R. Barnes		M. Sowden	
		G. Pyke		K. Longhurst	
	B	R. Potter	2m. 28.7s	M. Picard	2m. 16.0s
		R. Palmer		B. Prisk	
		N. Parker		I. Pullen	
	C	O. Eridson	2m. 33.1s	B. Stewart	2m. 23.9s
		R. Wilson		C. Oleson	
		H. Ly e		R. Toothill	
.1 Mile	A	I. Pullen	5m. 35.0s	M. Chaffey	4m. 58.6s
		G. Pyke		M. Sowden	
		N. Parker		K. Longhurst	
	B	D. Mitchell	5m. 45.0s	G. Thorne	5m. 16.8s
		P. Stunnell		B. Stewart	
		D. Eridson		M. Putman	
120 yds Hurdles				F. Glasgow	19.2s
				B. Tugby	
				G. Insley	
80m. Hurdles		D. Eridson	13.3s		
		L. Mitchell			
		R. Brown			

JuniorIntermediate

4 x 110 yds relay

Fergusson 53.4s  
 Bledisloe  
 Freyberg

Fergusson 50.2s (R)  
 Cobham  
 Freyberg

## Champions

I. Pullen  
 R. Tumata  
 R. Barnes

H. Stewart  
 R. Murphy  
 W. Longhurst  
 & A. Glasgow

Senior

100 yds	A	G. Bickerton	11-
		B. Rasmussen	11.8s
	B	B. Park	11.7s
		F. Taurua J. Wardrop	
220 yds	A	G. Windsor	25.5s
		M. Aitken J. Balcombe	
	B	B. Park	26.0s
		J. Wardrop D. Higgins	
440 yds	A	G. Windsor	55.8s.
		P. Shaw B. Rasmussen	
	B	B. Park	57.4s
		D. Higgins J. Rae	
880 yds	A	P. Brown	2m. 9.5s
		P. Herbert P. Shaw	

880 yds	B	T. Callis J. Shaw D. Thompson	2m.17.4s
1 Mile	A	P. Brown P. Herbert P. Shaw	4m.48.8s
	B	T. Callis G. Siddle R. Saunders	5m.9.0s
120 yds Hurdles		D. Tee D. Freeman B. Rasmussen	17.1s
4 x 120 yds relay		Freyberg Fergusson Cobham	50.0s
Champions		D. Tee G. Windsor D. Freeman	

### Boys Field Events

#### Junior

#### Intermediate

Shot Put	A	I. Pullen 35'8" (R)	R. Ryan	33'9 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
		R. Tumata G. Spicer	P. Bennett B. Findlay	
Discus	A	C. Rodges 85'8" P. Lourie G. Spicer	G. Thorne B. Findlay M. Hudson	103'9"
High Jump	A	I. Pullen 4'9" J. Reid O. Mitchell	M. Evans R. Stewart R. Freeman	5'1"

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Junior

		<u>Intermediate</u>	
Broad Jump	A	R. Barnes 15'6½"	I. Pullen 17'6"
		D. McCaughan	P. Finlay
		P. Samuels	R. Glasgow
	B	O. Burnside 14'9½"	N. Whitehead
		S. Partridge	G. Inaley
		R. Smith	B. Findlay

Hop/Step/

Jump	A	E. Kerr 31'9"	K. Longhurst 35'11½"
		N. Taurua	R. Thornton
		S. Partridge	G. Ruthe

Senior

Shot Put	A	D. Wood 30'3"
		C. Windsor
		J. Tyskin
Discus	A	G. Windsor 124'7" (R)
		J. Tyskin
		C. Rolland
High Jump	A	D. Toe 5'6"
		D. Freeman
		A. Catland
Broad Jump	A	D. Toe 19'6½"
		D. Freeman
		G. Bickerton
	B	D. Wood 16'4½"
		A. Catland
		C. Rolland
Hop/Step/Jump	A	D. Toe 43'7" (R)
		D. Freeman
		G. Bickerton

Girls Track EventsJuniorIntermediate

50 yds	A	C. Hearn	6.6s	K. Turner	6.9s
		J. Purvis		L. Wickenden	
		D. Cussen		P. Stoupe	
	B	J. Mills	7.0s	H. Wardrop	7.0s
		R. Hellyer		L. Park	
		J. Atkin		K. Colman	
	C	L. Bryant	7.0s	F. Wright	7.0s
		J. Finlay		C. Smith	
		J. Barr		A. Down	
75 yds	A	C. Hearn	9.8s	P. Thomas	9.5s
		L. Manuel		I. Wickenden	
		J. Purvis		S. Currie	
	B	L. Bryant	10.4s	P. Stoupe	10.2s
		C. Brown		H. Wardrop	
		D. Davidson		M. Newbray	
	C	E. Roberts	10.6s	E. Kurney	10.3s
		M. Graham		G. Hohala	
		J. Barr		V. Wilson	
100 yds	A	K. Burton	12.2s	A. Lever	12.5s
		C. Hearn		P. Thomas	
		C. Owens		S. Currie	
	B	L. Manuel	13.0s	G. Colsen	13.2s
		L. Bryant		P. Stoupe	
		L. Lammers		H. Wardrop	
	C	R. Hellyer	13.2s	J. Colsen	13.6
		S. Wearne		J. Phare	
		C. Pirie		K. Franks	
150 yds	A	R. Wylie	18.9s	P. Thomas	18.6s
		K. Burton		L. Wickenden	
		J. Mills		L. Clauson	
	B	R. Hellyer	20.0s	G. Colsen	19.5s
		C. Pirie		F. Wright	
		C. Anderson		J. Colsen	
	C	D. Cussen	20.5s	S. Hall	21.0s
		J. Game		G. Hohala	
		J. Barr		V. Wilson	

JuniorIntermediate

220 yds	A	R. Wylie	29.7s	A. Lever	28.2s
		J. Purvis		M. Solly	
		T. Taylor		G. Colsen	
	B	C. Anderson	31.3s	F. Wright	31.5s
		P. Jackson		C. Smith	
		L. Norris		J. Colsen	
	C	D. Davidson	31.6s	J. Colsen	31.5s
		J. Fraser		E. Kurney	
		K. Noble		S. Hall	
80 m. Hurdles					
A	R. Wylie	13.2s (R)	A. Lever	13.1s	
	G. McCullough		M. Solly		
	C. Owens		M. Lowson		
4 x 100 yds Relay	Cobham		56.1s (R)	Bledisloe	56.4s
	Freyberg			Cobham	
	Fergusson			Fergusson	

## Champions

R. Wiley	A. Lever
C. Hearn	P. Tomas
K. Burton	M. Solly

Senior

50 yds	A	C. Borrington	6.7s
		J. North	
		I. McKinnon	
	B	F. Tagg	7.0s
		S. Jones	
		S. Bryant ) =	
	A. Paulger ) =		
75 yds	A	C. Borrington	10.6s
		G. Lamb	
		M. Aitken	
	B	E. Penetito	10.5s
		J. Yearbury	
		S. Bryant	

100 yds	A	C. Borrington M. Aitken J. North	12.7s
	B	B. Kerry V. Broad J. Searle	13.4s
150 yds	A	J. Kelly J. Bongard A. Jagger	20.9s
	B	C. Sievwright G. Pagan N. Woodroffe	22.5s
220 yds	A	J. Kelly B. Lewis E. Bryant	31.4s
	B	J. Yearbury A. Jagger C. Sievwright	32.1s
80 m. Hurdles	A	J. Kelly I. McKinnon M. Aitken	18.3s
4 x 100 yds Relay		Cobham Eledisloe Freyberg	58.0s
Champions		J. Kelly G. Lamb C. Borrington	

### Girls Field Events

#### Junior

Shot Put	A	N. Riley	25'8"
		O. Brown	
		K. Burton	

#### Intermediate

	M. Solly	27'8"
	G. Hohaia	
	N. Hepehi	

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Junior

Discus A L. Gatland 58'9"  
R. Rankin  
S. Wearne

High Jump A R. Wiley 4'6"  
G. McCullough  
C. Owens

Broad Jump A K. Burton 13.11"  
C. Hearn  
L. McInnes  
B G. Beaver 12'6"  
A. Robertson  
P. Ingram

Intermediate

N. Hepehi 72'5"  
M. Solly  
W. Bockman

P. McManemin 4'7½"  
L. Millwood  
L. Wickenden

A. Lever 14'11½"  
P. Thomas  
E. Kurney  
M. Kins 12'6"  
A. Haszard  
C. Gallagher

Senior

Shot Put A G. Lamb 30'7½"  
E. Penitito  
M. Lilley

Discus A G. Lamb 93'11¾"  
J. Yearbury  
G. Cronin

High Jump A J. Kelly 4'5"  
I. Johnston  
B. Lewis

Broad Jump A G. Lamb 14'9½"  
B. Lewis  
C. Borrington  
B A. Paulger 12'6½"  
M. Ross  
G. Cronin

GIRLS ATHLETICS TEAM

A fine day at Manurewa High School helped the Girls' Athletics team to perform well. We were fully represented in all events; Robin Wiley and Pat McManemin did particularly well in coming first in the Junior and Intermediate high jump respectively. The Juniors this year were the best for several years. The relay team of C. Hearn, K. Burton, L. Manuel and R. Wiley was an excellent combination, but unfortunately the baton was dropped on one change and they were placed fourth.

G. Lamb gained first place in the Senior shot put and discus, repeating this at St. Cuthbert's College.

On Saturday 8th April, six schools which were too late to submit their entries for the Auckland Girls' Secondary Schools Championship, held an unofficial meeting at St. Cuthbert's College. C. Hearn took 1.8s off the Junior Girls record

St. Cuthbert's won the meeting with 128½ points and Papakura came second with 84 points. Everyone was thrilled with this effort against the six leading girls' schools. Results were as follows:

Juniors	75 yds	C. Hearn	1st
	50 yds	C. Hearn	2nd
	100 yds	R. Wiley	1st
	75 yds Hurdles	R. Wiley	2nd
	Long jump	C. Hearn	(15'10")
	High jump	R. Wiley	(4'7")
	Relay	2nd	
Intermediate			
	100 yds	A. Lever	2nd
	80 yds Hurdles	A. Lever	1st
	Long jump	A. Lever	2nd=
	High jump	P. McManemin	3rd
Senior	Discus	G. Lamb	1st (100'5")
	Shot put	G. Lamb	1st (32'10½")
	Relay	3rd (J. North, J. Kelly, G. Lamb, B. Lewis)	

Overall Results: Juniors: Papakura 1st  
 Intermediates: Papakura 3rd  
 Seniors: Papakura 4th  
 Total: Papakura 2nd

### TENNIS

The school tennis team went over to Pukekhe to play in the South Auckland Inter-Secondary School Tennis Championships on 10th and 11th March but, as it rained on these days, the team played the following week.

Phyllis Buchan and Maryonne Fitzpatrick were runners-up for the Senior Girls Doubles title, and Lynette Ferrel and Heather Kidd won the Junior Girls Doubles.

1966 School Champions were:

Senior Boys	Singles	:	N. Cobbald
	Doubles	:	N. Cobbald & K. Brown
Intermediate Boys	Singles	:	J. Bower
	Doubles	:	K. Ferrel & B. McIntosh
Junior Boys	Singles	:	D. Gellatly
	Doubles	:	D. Gellatly & M. Guy
Senior Girls	Singles	:	E. Sharplin
	Doubles	:	E. Sharplin & R. Shaw
Intermediate Girls	Singles	:	G. Coppins
	Doubles	:	G. Coppins & P. Buchan
Junior Girls	Singles	:	C. Shaw
	Doubles	:	C. Gallagher & S. Topp

1967 School Tennis Team:

Senior Boys: J. Bower, G. Ingram, B. McIntosh,  
 T. Mawhinney  
 Intermediate Boys: D. Gellatly, W. Sharplin, M. Guy,  
 J. Hughes  
 Junior Boys: C. Cobbald, P. Coombes, C. Bayly, P. Wilson.

Senior Girls: M. Fitzpatrick, P. Buchan, A. Jaggar,  
S. Warner

Intermediate Girls: C. Shaw, M. Pollock, S. Topp, C.  
Gallagher

Junior Girls: H. Kidd, L. Ferrel, L. McDonald, B. Klinac

### CRICKET

1st Eleven The 1966-67 season proved relatively successful for the 1st Eleven. Before Christmas, the team had an excellent combination with some very fine wins over strong Senior Men's teams.

Individual performances included the school batting record of 104 runs, set by Terry McCaughey. Ricky Picard achieved a hat trick in bowling.

After Christmas, the team lost some of the older members but nevertheless it found excellent replacements and soon moulded into a good combination.

Team: R. Pickard (Capt.), C. Holland (Vice-Capt.), K. Longhurst, G. Thorne, M. Picard, G. Hawke, P. Pinkham, R. Palmer, M. Stewart, G. Ruthe, W. Tooley.

Player-Coach: Mr. Jarrett

The team held its own in the competition and had some very fine games against tough opposition.

#### Results (after Christmas 1966)

Papakura High	vs	Wesley College	won
		Pukekohe High	lost
		Papakura Black	won
		Papakura Red	lost
		Pukekohe	won

#### Batting Honours

M. Picard 21.9 average; R. Pickard 21.1 average; K. Longhurst 20.2 average.

#### Bowling Honours

G. Thorne had 14 wickets at 11.00 each;

Mr. Jarrett had 12 wickets at 10.00 each; P. Pinkham had 10 wickets at 10.00 and R. Pickard had 7 wickets at 10.3 each.

Representative honours for Franklin Rep. Teams went to R. Pickard and K. Longhurst.

Overall, the 1st Eleven had a very enjoyable season, proving popular and with a very high team spirit. The assistance of Mr. Jarrett as player-coach was greatly appreciated by all.

2nd Eleven In the first term, this team had a very successful season, with wins over St. Stephens and Pukekohe. In the third term, the team entered the Franklin "C" Grade competition, beating Papakura Club and losing to both St. Stephens and Pukekohe.

Honours go to S. Partridge, 51 not out against St. Stephens, to J. Burnside, 41 in the same game and 67 against Papakura Club (a record for the 2nd Eleven); and to R. Thornton, 41 in the same game.

In bowling, R. Thornton took a hat trick against St. Stephens.

Team: G. Burnside (Capt.), G. Osens, G. Hoeking, S. Partridge, M. Clarke, R. Thornton, G. Green, S. Harford, G. King, C. Lewis, K. Thompson, G. Kelly, B. Adams, K. Thomas, K. Baine, P. Reed, B. West, F. Stewart.

### SOCGER

1st Eleven This has been the most successful season ever. The team was undefeated all season, after playing 20 games, winning 20 and drawing 2. (Goals for - 113; goals against 9). It won the South Auckland interschool championships and the knock-out shield. The highlight of the season was the final

of the knock-out competition against Manurewa H.S., the score being 3-2 to Papakura.

Several players were picked for local representative honours, and Stephen Partridge was selected for the North Island under 14 schoolboy team.

Team: J. Bower (Capt.), K. Longhurst (Vice-Capt.), M. Picard, G. Kelly, G. McInnes, J. Tynkin, J. du Paur, C. Newmarch, P. Smith, S. Partridge, P. Shaw, D. Campbell.  
Coach: Mr. Hodgson.

2nd Eleven The 2nd Eleven entered the Franklin 8th Grade competition. Although all games but one were lost, the team played well and the standard of play improved during the season.

Team: M. Wilson (Capt.), J. Fletcher, T. Ryan, S. Laing, D. Hunt, A. Davies, R. Toothill, A. Callis, C. Oleson, P. Burgess, S. Tugby, T. Thorburn, B. Thorburn, M. Sharpley, J. Harbroken.  
Coach: Mr. Michelson

The teams played against Thames and Lynfield Colleges. The junior team, playing against Thames, won 6-1 and against Lynfield College lost 8-1. The B team defeated Lynfield College 4-2.

### RUGBY

First Fifteen The team had a very disappointing season in results, but not in team spirit. Under the pressure of Mr. Graham, it worked hard and eventually received its desserts - a season of losses culminating in a win against Thames (Windsor scored 2 tries, making the final score 6-5). Often, the team's results were very close, but it never managed really to finish it off!

The team played many outside games, apart from the usual competition ones, and in the main outside game of

the season, Taumarunui beat it 3-0. The Old Boys game was a tough battle, with the Papakura squad keeping the result to a 6 all draw. (The Old Boys team included many of the 1966 1st XV in the backline).

The team had many young and very light players. However, with most of them returning in 1968, the 1st XV could be in for quite a few victories. Whitehead and Fairhurst gave very active support in loose scrums and "Rock" Hudson in the tight. Tooley and Windsor made many fine breaks, not being able to be capitalized on. Cunny Atchison showed himself in the tight and his perseverance won him quite a few tight heads. Windsor was selected for the Counties Secondary School team for the second year in succession.

Team: G. Windsor (Capt.), C. Atchison (Vice-Capt.), G. Hawke, P. Wischnowsky, D. Wood, B. Findlay, J. Wardrop, B. Tooley, T. Middleton, G. Fairhurst, N. Whitehead, M. Aitkin, N. Bennet, P. Pinkham, R. Lowry, R. Brown, F. Taurua, R. Saunders, J. Hudson, R. Maikle.  
Coach: Mr. Graham

Competition Results: 76 Points for; 250 Points against.

Papakura vs	Kings	Lost	30-5
	Manurewa	Lost	14-6
	Pukekohe	Lost	23-0
	Kings	Lost	15-6
	St. Stephens	Lost	11-9
	Manurewa	Lost	23-0
	Pukekohe	Lost	22-9
	Paeroa	Lost	8 -0
	St. Stephens	Lost	8 -6
	Wesley	Lost	14-0
	Taumarunui	Lost	3 -0
	Manurewa	Lost	15-3
	Marcelean	Lost	11-9
	Rutherford	Lost	8 -6
	Te Awamutu	Lost	28-0
	Thames	Won	6- 5
	Old Boys	Drew	6- 6
	Manurewa	Lost	6- 5

**Second Fifteen** This year has not been a particularly successful one as far as results are concerned, but in spite of setbacks and frustrations over occasional shortages of transport and players, we all enjoyed ourselves.

It is also remarkable that after a number of initial defeats by teams that were obviously superior to ours, we were able to keep a team together for the rest of the season. The members are to be commended for their loyalty.

Our only victory was against Waipu High School on the occasion of their visit in July. Our results must therefore be something of a record as all competition games were lost with the exception of two draws against St. Stephens.

The teams we competed against in the competition were from St. Stephens, Wesley, Pukekohe and Waiuku.

**Team:** D. Harries (Capt.), C. Clarkson (Vice-capt.), W. Jameson, J. Shaw, D. Robertson, M. Allington, J. Watson, M. Evans, F. Taurua, K. Surt, T. Caltis, J. Waller, I. Pullen, R. Stewart, R. Grant, S. Leaf, M. Callagher, P. Carter.  
**Coach:** Mr. R.B. McGarvey.

**Competition Results**      Played 14 games  
                                     Won 1, Draw 2, Lost 11  
                                     Points gained: 165;    Points for: 50

**Third Grade Rugby**      The 3rd Grade team had a successful season, even though the team was made up mainly of young players, with light forwards.

There was an excellent team spirit on and off the field, and much credit for this must go to G. Ingram, whose leadership was of considerable value to the younger members of the team.

In the forwards, B. McIntosh and B. Stewart were hard workers, while J. Waterhouse, K. Higgins and B. Priest



showed great improvement during the season. T. Anderson was a brilliant attacker in the backs, ably supported by younger players such as O. Burnside, K. McCaughan, R. Thornton and W. Wilson. K. Balme showed determination and courage at full-back.

Features of the season that will be remembered include the first "practice match" of the season against King's College - a humiliating experience which taught the team many of the finer points about Rugby; the very enjoyable and thrilling match with Titoki; and the desperate second half recoveries in many of the matches.

Team: G. Ingram (Capt.), T. Anderson (Vice-Capt.), A. Duff, K. Balme, O. Burnside, D. Higgins, D. Jenkins, T. Kelly, K. McCaughan, P. McKenzie, B. McIntosh, R. Mason, B. Prisk, G. Ruthe, P. Sims, B. Stewart, R. Thornton, J. Waterhouse.  
Coach: Mr. Fryer.

Competition Results      Played 18 games  
                                    Won 14; lost 3; drew 1  
                                    Points for: 236; Points against: 70

Fourth Grade Rugby      The season's football started off with a win to Papakura against Manurewa and from then on the season went reasonably well.

There was a lack of co-ordination between the backs and forwards at first, but once the team clicked, they played some good games.

Team: N. Anderton (Capt.), L. Thomas (Vice-Capt.), G. Bradbury, C. Manuel, G. Green, C. Cobbald, M. Wischnowsky, S. Harper, P. Findlay, R. Beveridge, P. Clark, M. Gordon, G. Insley, I. Stobie, J. Hughes, T. Reed, R. Balcombe.  
Coach: Mr. Douglas

6A Rugby Loyalty, keenness, and reliability of players, together with personal friendship for one another made the team into one of high morale and excellent team spirit.

The team came second in the competition, with its playing strength in a pack of lively loose forwards, and a very fast backline, which looked very dangerous especially when passing. Not only did the ball reach the wings on numerous occasions, enabling them to score over one quarter of the team's total number of tries between them, but also many other tries resulted from movements started by the wings after they had received the ball from an orthodox passing movement.

During the season, the team played three non-competition games, beating the Intermediate School 1st XV by 31-0, drawing with Lynfield College 11-11, and as a combined team with 6B, beating Pukekohe 8-0.

Team: R. Palmer (Capt.), C. Lewis (Vice-Capt.), C. Bayly, M. Green, R. Goodhue, C. Fremlin, R. Barnett, A. Johnson, J. Goldfinch, L. Pollock, P. Kelly, G. King, T. Jones, R. Lyle, D. Fergusson, M. Rivers, A. Atchison, P. Stewart. (Also, K. Sanderson and W. Burnett played one game each.)  
Coach: Mr. Sarjeant.

Competition Results      Played 13 games  
                                    Won 10; lost 3.  
                                    Points for: 166; Points against: 50

#### ANNUAL INTER HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

The annual swimming sports were held at the Papakura Swimming Pool on Friday 17th February.

The lovely weather encouraged many parents to come and watch the sports and competitors were supported by

both their parents and fellow-pupils.

I am sure everyone thanks the staff for their co-operation and hard work which made the sports a success.

In the competition for House points, the results were:

1st	Fergusson	722 points
2nd	Freyberg	693 points
3rd	Bladisloe	645 points
4th	Cobham	517 points

### Results

#### Girls: Junior

30m Freestyle	D. Greig	23.5 sec
	M. Van Iersel	
	P. Bange	
30m Butterfly	C. Owens	44.6 sec
50m Freestyle	W. Stobie	40.4 sec
	J. Kirkwood	
	M. Van Iersel	
50m Breaststroke	E. Pryor	58.0 sec
	J. Kirkwood	
	M. Van Iersel	
50m Backstroke	D. Rogers	52.0 sec
	K. Burton	
	C. Plow	
100m Freestyle	W. Stobie	1m42 sec
	J. Appleby	
	M. Van Iersel	
Champions	= M. Van Iersel	(14 points)
	W. Stobie	(14 points)

#### Girls: Intermediate

30m Freestyle	M. Solly	20.4 sec
	J. Nicholas	
	M. Holland	

30m Butterfly	E. Kurney	28.8 sec
	R. Flavell	
	L. Trussell	
50m Freestyle	E. Kurney	37.0 sec
	M. Solly	
	J. Ralph-Smith	
50m Breaststroke	E. Kurney	57.9 sec
	R. Flavell	
	L. Trussell =	
	N. Ross	
50m Backstroke	E. Kurney	44.6 sec
	J. Ralph-Smith	
	J. Nicholas	
100m Freestyle	R. Flavell	1m.31 sec
	J. Ralph-Smith	
150m Freestyle	J. Kirkwood	2m.23 sec
	R. Flavell	
	L. Trussell	
Champion	E. Kurney	(28 points)

Girls: Senior

30m Butterfly	M. Fitzpatrick	30.0 sec
	T. Roberts	
	K. Palmer	
50m Freestyle	G. Lamb	36.1 sec
	L. Moore	
50m Breaststroke	M. Fitzpatrick	51.4 sec
	J. Kelly	
	B. Staff	
50m Backstroke	G. Cronin	47.4 sec
	J. Kelly	
	L. Moore	
100m Freestyle	M. Fitzpatrick	1m.24.4 sec
	L. Moore	
	G. Lamb	
	K. Palmer	
150m Freestyle	L. Moore	2m.35.1 sec
	K. Palmer	
Champion	L. Moore	(24 points)

Boys: Junior

30m Freestyle	D. McCaughan	19.6 sec
	O. Burnside	
	N. Taurua	
30m Butterfly	R. Mason	25.1 sec
	M. Wischnowsky	
	P. Glass	
50m Freestyle	R. Mason	34.8 sec
	G. Evans	
50m Breaststroke	O. Burnside	48.6 sec
	T. Reid	
	S. Chapman	
50m Backstroke	M. Wischnowsky	42.0 sec
	T. Reid	
	G. Evans	
100m Freestyle	R. Solly	1m19.5 sec
	G. Evans	
	R. Mason	
200m Freestyle	L. Thomas	2m53.8 sec
	T. Reid	
	R. Mason	
Champion	G. Evans	(24 points)
	R. Mason	

Boys: Intermediate

30m Butterfly	P. Pitts	25.4 sec
	G. McInnes	
	B. Nairn	
50m Freestyle	M. Evans	30.5 sec
	K. Staff	
	B. Stewart	
50m Breaststroke	R. Donald	47.5 sec
	K. Staff	
	D. Campbell	
50m Backstroke	P. Simms	41.5 sec
	B. Roberts	
	K. Denton	
100m Freestyle	M. Evans	1m12 sec
	R. Donald	
	B. Stewart	
200m Freestyle	M. Evans	2m44.5 sec
	R. Donald	
	P. Simms	

400m Freestyle	M. Evans	6m.41.2 sec
	E. Roberts	
	P. Pitts	
Champion	M. Evans	(28 points)

Boys: Senior

50m Freestyle	J. Tymkin	32.9 sec
	D. Alderson	
	J. Wardrop	
50m Breaststroke	D. Freeman	43.0 sec
	D. Alderson	
	R. Smith	
50m Backstroke	G. Hall	42.4 sec
	A. Gatland	
	J. Tymkin	
50m Butterfly	D. Freeman	21.1 sec
	J. Tymkin	
	D. Clark	
100m Freestyle	J. Watson	1m.21.7 sec
	D. Alderson	
	R. Buisson	
100m Breaststroke	D. Freeman	1m.38.8 sec
	D. Alderson	
	P. Wischnowsky	
200m Freestyle	R. Buisson	3m.5.8 sec
	D. Alderson	
	A. Day	
400m Freestyle	R. Buisson	6m.52.8 sec
	J. Watson	
	T. Anderson	
Champion	D. Freeman	(21 points)

It is now only the second time that the sports have been held in the new Papakura pool, and so a system of record times is not yet established, but noted improvements on last year's times were recorded in the Intermediate Girls and Boys events and in the Junior Boys events.



BOYS' HOCKEY

1st XI A most successful season was enjoyed by the team which was promoted from the 2A grade (1966) to the 1B grade (1967) in the Auckland Secondary Schools' Association. They played extremely well and won their zone conclusively, and then advanced to take the final and thus clinch the championship. Nine members of last year's team formed a substantial backbone to this year's winning combination.

In the August holidays, the team travelled to Opunake to compete in a tournament. They were victorious in the Opunake section and met Wellington College, winners of the Hawera section, in the final. After a splendid game, the score was 1 - 1, but unfortunately they lost by a penalty corner in the second period of extra time. C. Holland and Mr. A. Brown received pennants on behalf of the runners-up and R. Pickard, P. Brown and G. Windsor were selected for the representative team. A special tribute must go to G. Windsor who put down his football and picked up a hockey stick to fill in as goalkeeper when the regular member was unable to attend.

The team also wishes to extend a vote of thanks to all parents and supporters who proved invaluable in respect to billeting and transport.

The team was: C. Holland (Capt.), P. Brown (Vice-Capt.), G. Cunningham, R. Donald, R. Pickard, P. Herbert, D. Fullerton, D. Searle, D. Thompson, D. Toe, D. Freeman, G. Whiteman. Coach: Mr. A. Brown.

2nd XI This team played in and won the South Eastern Zone Section of the Grade 3 Competition.

The team expresses thanks to the Umpires' Association for providing umpires, to parents who were generous in providing transport, and to schools who were hosts for games.

The team was: L. Derbyshire (Capt.), E. Kells, L. Kells, D. Kells, B. MacDonnell, G. Milne, M. Moloney, J. Shaw, M. Stewart, E. Stuart, G. Treanor, D. Searle.  
Coach: Mr. Mundy.

The team played 11 games, winning 9, drawing 1 and losing 1. (Points for: 34; Points against: 4)

### GIRLS' HOCKEY

1st XI This team had a successful season in the Auckland Ladies Association Secondary Schools Open B Grade Competition. School trips proved to be equally successful with two day-trips away, and the annual matches against Taumarunui and Waipu, as well as a visit from Lynfield College to finish off the season.

There was a mixture of experienced members and new players, who settled down to play well as a team, with enthusiasm and spirit in both practices and games. Our thanks go to Mrs. Green without whose coaching and enthusiasm we could not account for our successful and enjoyable season.

The team was: G. Lamb (Capt.), A. Jagger (Vice-Capt.), L. Donald, A. Paulger, J. Searle, P. Buchan, G. Wright, S. Kesry, M. Holland, I. Johnston, E. Penetito, M. Van Iersal

Results were:	School trips:	Paeroa	lost	3 - 0
		Taumarunui	won	2 - 0
		Waipu	won	6 - 2
		Lynfield	won	2 - 1
		Thames	won	1 - 0

#### Saturday Games:

Games played:	8 (won 6, drew 1, lost 1)
Points for:	61
Against:	8



2nd XI This team played 11 games this season, winning 9, drawing 1 and losing 1 (the final game).

The team was: K. Kurney (Capt.), B. Lewis (Vice-Capt.), J. North, M. Fitzpatrick, J. Yearbury, H. Stuart, S. Fogarty, P. Jones, M. McInnes, S. Warner, C. Calame, S. Bayly. Coach: Miss Bridgeman.

Junior Team K. Burton (Capt.), W. Mathews, D. Northcott, G. McCullough, G. Bruning, N. Allington, S. Carter, P. Middleton, J. Grinlinton, M. Walde, R. Clifford, W. Stobie, D. Smith, C. McIntyre, H. Tocker.

Games played: 10 (Won 8, drew 1, lost 1)

### FENCING

This year fencing has progressed very well at Papakura. So far as the boys are concerned, we are certainly the top school in the Auckland Province and probably in the whole of New Zealand.

Inter-school matches included one against Selwyn College in which the boys won 7-2 and the girls lost 6-3; a junior girls team lost to Queen Victoria B 9-7.

Schools' Association Tournaments results:

Open Tournament: 1st P. Bridson; 2nd A. Gatland;  
4th K. Denton; 6th P. Branton.

Qualifying Tournament: 3rd D. Bridson

Girls: 1st J. Corney

Provincial Championships: 1st A. Gatland; 3rd P. Bridson; 4th P. Branton.

(These three were selected for the Auckland A team)

K. Denton, D. Bridson and R. Barnes reached the boys' semi-finals and S. Bryant the girls' semi-finals. P. Bridson and K. Denton qualified in sabre.

Schools Teams Tournament The boys' A team beat Auckland Grammar School in the final by 13 - 3. The boys' B team and

Girls' A team both reached the semifinals.  
 N.Z. Secondary Schools National Tournament: 2nd A. Gatland;  
 4th P. Bridson; 7th P. Branton  
 K. Denton was a finalist in sabre.  
 Junior Tournament: 1st D. Bridson  
 Girls: 3rd D. Meikle  
 Novices' Tournament: Girls: V. McMenamin 3rd  
 Boys: P. Samuels, D. Tate, D. Latrobe reached final pool.

Results of the second Papakura High School fencing championships were as follows:

Boys: 1st A. Gatland; 2nd P. Branton; 3rd P. Bridson  
 Girls: 1st L. Gatland; 2nd T. Lawton; 3rd J. Corney

In addition to schools' tournaments, some of our senior fencers have achieved success in the open tournaments run by the Auckland Fencing Council. In an Open Teams tournament in Hamilton in July, Papakura boys came first against teams from as far away as New Plymouth. A. Gatland came 1st in the B grade tournament and 2nd in an Open Men's Electric Foil Tournament. The C grade tournament was won by P. Bridson.

Arthur Gatland finished an outstanding season by coming 5th in the New Zealand Open Men's Foil Championship, held in Christchurch in November, a notable achievement for anyone still at school.

The fencers were coached by Mr. Milne and Miss Mercer.



BASKETBALL

A Team This year the team managed to win their way into the "A" Grade. Although the team got off to a bad start, they soon found a foothold and went on to win 7 of their 13 games.

Against visiting schools, they defeated Taumaranui and went down to both Thames and Te Awamutu.

Team: M. Solly (Capt.), P. Hona (Vice-Capt.), N. Hapehi, W. Nathan, H. Nathan, S. Topp, J. Clacher.

Coach: Mrs. Rose

B Team J. Kelly (Capt.), E. Penetito (Vice-Capt.), H. Jones, D. Taurua, B. Kozanic, L. Manuel, M. Street. Coach: Mrs. Rose

C Team P. Thomas (Capt.), M. Andrews, L. McMeiken, S. Savage, C. Gallagher, B. Thornton, L. Lammers, B. Kerry. Coach: Mrs. Worth.

D Team J. Hill (Capt.), M. Healey, J. Thompson, J. Barr, H. McKinnon, A. Lammers, L. Fairweather  
Coach: Mrs. Worth

E Team S. Pike (Capt.), M. Lavalie, C. Windsor, J. Rhind, M. Mowbray, I. Wickenden, D. Ross  
Coach: Mrs. Ford

F Team S. Clacher (Capt.), V. Kroese, B. Murrington, W. Muirson, C. Shaw, J. Mead, T. Paparoa  
Coach: Mrs. Ford

GIRLS' CRICKET

With the aid of the coach, Mrs Green, the girls' team had some exciting matches this season. The best match was played at Ardmore against a team of student teachers, in which we declared at 8 for 82. With only a few minutes to go, there was still one of the Ardmore team to get out, but as we were unable to do this the result was a draw. Matches were also staged at Manurewa, Pukekohe, and here at school

M Holland showed consistently good batting form

through-out the season, while M. Van Iersal had both a good batting and bowling average.

The team was: E. McLaren (Capt.), P. Jones (Vice-Capt.), M. Holland, M. Van Iersal, B. Lewis, M. King, J. Hill, P. King, M. Waide, C. West, G. Jones.

This season, for the first time, 3 of our girls gained representative honours when they played for the newly-formed South Auckland team. They were M. Holland, P. Jones and B. Lewis.

#### GIRLS' SOFTBALL

This year, interest in softball led to a school team being established. Although the girls did not take part in regular competition, they played similar teams from Papatoetoe High School and Manurewa High School. In both games, the team managed to defeat their opposition.

The team was: G. Hohaia, H. Kelly, J. Cairns, M. Goldfinch, R. Flavell, H. Moke, S. Savage, O. Brown.

#### BADMINTON CLUB

Every Friday, during lunchtime, saw a small nucleus of keen Badminton players practising for the only competition of the year, the school championships and House competition.

The results were as follows:

Doubles, Boys	G. Bickerton, C. Holland	Freyberg	1st
	R. Thornton, G. Greene	Bledisloe	2nd
	S. Dudding, P. Wischnowsky	Cobham	3rd
	D. Toe, D. Freeman	Fergusson	4th
Girls	M. Fitzpatrick, M. Waide	Freyberg	1st
	M. Solly, J. Hill	Fergusson	2nd
	P. Buchan, T. Roberts	Bledisloe	3rd
	C. Borrington, I. McKinnon	Cobham	4th

Mixed Doubles	M. Fitzpatrick, C. Holland	Freyberg	1st
	G. Milne, E. Kurney	Bladisloe	2nd
Girls Singles	M. Waide	Freyberg	1st
	M. Fitzpatrick	Freyberg	2nd
	M. Solly	Fergusson	3rd
Boys Singles	R. Thornton	Bladisloe	1st
	G. Milne	Bladisloe	2nd
	S. Partridge	Freyberg	3rd
	C. Holland	Freyberg	4th

### INDOOR BASKETBALL

Senior A This year the team has been successful and gained invaluable experience. It competed in two competitions: the South Auckland Secondary Schools Competition and the local men's competition, and won its way into the inter-zone finals of the Secondary School Competition. In this, the team emerged as runners-up to the best secondary school team in the Auckland Province.

D. Tee rounded off an outstanding season by being selected as a member of the Auckland Secondary Schools Representative team. There has been a noticeable improvement in all the players and those returning next year will assure that the standard of play will remain high.

Of the games played, the team won 28 and lost 9. Points for: 1,263; Points against: 719.

The team was: G. Bickerton (Capt.), D. Tee (Vice-Capt.), S. Fairhurst, A. Gatland, F. Taurua, R. Glasgow, D. Freeman, D. Fullerton. The team was coached by Mr. Roberts.

Senior B The team competed in the southern zone of the Auckland Inter-Secondary Schools' Competition. Although the majority of players were somewhat inexperienced, they soon overcame initial difficulties and went

on to enjoy a reasonable amount of success. The first round resulted in very few successes etc., as the second round began, the team played much better.

Also, thanks go to Mr. G. Cole (the coach), whose patience and understanding were responsible for the rapid improvement over the season.

The team was: C. Holland (Capt.), W. Johnston, D. Thompson, S. Leaf, D. Wilson, M. Gallagher, G. Windsor.

The team played 13 games, winning 3, drawing 1 and losing 9. (Goals for: 188; Goals against: 344).

#### HARRIERS

Over seventy harriers ran in three packs on Wednesdays over distances covering from five to ten miles. Occasionally a few keener runners extended these runs to as much as fifteen miles.

The annual "round the block" relay was an interesting tussle between Cobham and Bledisloe, with the last of five laps being run before a definite decision was obvious - Cobham were the victors.

Several of the harriers also belonged to the local club and ran on Saturdays, with some good performances being recorded. M. Chaffey achieved 3rd place in the Auckland Road Championships. The two masters concerned with the harriers took an active part and both were successful in attaining places in the Auckland Road Championships.

#### CROSS COUNTRY

This was once again held on the school grounds, with the water jump proving to be a tough obstacle (and, with the numbers competing, a considerable hazard at times).

Results were: Seniors: 1st D. Toe 18m. 10s.

	2nd P. Brown	18m. 16s.
	3rd N. Bennett	18m. 57s.
Intermediate	1st M. Chaffey	18m. (Record)
	2nd K. Longhurst	18m. 21s.
	3rd R. Murphy	20m. 24s.
Junior	1st D. Smith	15m. 51s.
	2nd R. Palmer	16m. 25s.
	3rd D. Mitchell	16m. 30s.

### INTERSECONDARY CROSS COUNTRY

The school was exceptionally successful in the Senior Race and took 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th and 10th places, to overwhelm the opposition.

For the first time since its inception, the school lost the intermediate section after seven years' continuous success, coming second to Manurewa.

The Juniors came third in the teams' race.

Results were:

Senior: Individual	2nd P. Brown
	3rd T. Callis
Teams	1st Papakura (14 points)
	(Bennett 4th; Herbert 5th; Snow 7th; Shaw 10th)
Intermediate: Individual	3rd M. Chaffey
Teams	2nd Papakura (45 points)
	(Longhurst 6th; Picard 11th; Thornton 25th)
Junior: Individual	2nd D. Smith
Teams	3rd Papakura (58 points)
	(Mudford 15th; Partridge 30th; Parker 21st; Cooke 26th; Grinlington 33rd)

Eight schools now compete in this annual event, with the two new schools, Aorere and Otara, making their presence felt. However, it is disappointing that although the senior team performed so well, the other two groups were handicapped by the fact that in the intermediate group, the runners who were placed 4th, 5th and 7th at school did not make themselves available for the school team.

The record of the junior team was even worse in that the school championship place-getters of 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th did not compete for us. It is hoped that future years will not be clouded over by such poor school spirit!

### GIRLS' GYMNASTICS

This year, for the first time, Papakura High School entered in the Auckland Girls' Post-Primary Gymnastic Competition at the Y.M.C.A. Stadium. Two teams were entered.

Senior Team: Heather Jobes (Capt.), Ann Davis, Barbara Klinac, Claire Owens, Irene Wickenden (res.)  
 Junior Team: Kathleen Roberts (Capt.), Julie Wickenden, Coral Plow, Lynda McInnes, Ruth Gamble (res.)

#### Results:

H. Jobes	39.8	K. Roberts	37.7.
A. Davis	35.3	J. Wickenden	33.2.
B. Klinac	35.1	C. Plow	33.4.
C. Owens	32.9	L. McInnes	31.2.

#### Team Results:

Senior	Compulsory Floor	8th
	Voluntary Floor	7th
	Voluntary Beam	4th
	Combined Box	6th
	Overall Place	6th (out of 10 schools)
Junior	Compulsory Floor	9th
	Voluntary Floor	6th
	Voluntary Beam	17th
	Combined Box	8th
	Overall Place	13th (out of 17 schools)



DEBATING CLUB 1967

The winter term's activities for the Debating Club centred around the Inter-House Debating Contest. Under the chairmanship of Margaret Kennedy, the Debating Club did the planning and preparation for three Inter-House Debates. This involved arranging topics and teams, and inviting judges.

The first debate was held on Friday 30th June.

Topic: That Women Should Rule the World

Cobham Team (Negative): Roy Murphy, Mr. Warner,  
Isobel Meikle.

Fergusson Team (Affirmative): Janie North, David  
Thompson, Miss Mercer.

The Judge (Mr. Loney) decided that Fergusson were the winners (Fergusson 263 points, Cobham 199 points).

The second debate was arranged for Friday 6th July.

Topic: That Modern Children are Softer than their  
Parents

Judge: Mr. Kelly, Headmaster of Edmund Hillary School

Freyberg Team (Negative): Cunny Atchison, Mr. Douglas,  
Louis Trussell.

Bledisloe Team (Affirmative): Mr. Opperman, Merle  
Nicklin, Jan Aislabie.

Freyberg (247 points) were judged the winners over Bledisloe (244 points).

The final debate was held on Friday 28th July.

Topic: That Professionalism in Sport is to be Deplored.

Judge: Mr. A.H. Donnell

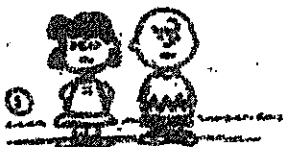
Freyberg Team (Affirmative): Cunny Atchison, Mr.  
McGarvey, Margaret Kennedy.

Fergusson Team (Negative): Janie North, David  
Thompson, Miss Mercer.

This final debate was won by Fergusson (220 points) and the Freyberg team gained 196 points.

We wish to thank the judges and Mr. Mundy, who was master in charge. The round of debates brought a boost to debating in the school, and introduced many newcomers to this activity. We congratulate Fergusson's well-knit and well-managed team on winning the round of debates.

OF COURSE WOMEN  
SHOULD RULE THE  
WORLD, CHARLIE  
BROWN!



#### DRAMA CLUB

1967 saw the Drama Club take another step forward - it increased the number of performances from two to three. The gamble was successful in that the well-known "The Happiest Days of Your Life", a farce by John Dighton, played to full halls on each night. For many it was the first time under stage lamps and, for nine out of the fourteen cast members, the last association with the High School Drama Club. However, just as in the past, great enjoyment was had in getting the play on to the stage. The moments of anxiety were there too, notably our portly "headmaster" lobbing a clanger into the audience (rehearsed?).

The confusion resulting from the compulsory sharing of a boys' school with a girls' school was enjoyed, we hope, by the audiences, many of whom came twice or all three times.

The cast included many old hands as well as welcome recruits. Elizabeth Quigley, as Miss Whitchurch, the St. Swithin's 'battle-axe', once again excelled. Special

mention must be made of Bish's loyalty to the Club, as travel to and from Clevedon for rehearsals must have caused considerable inconvenience at times.

Craig Holland, as Mr. Pond, although a new comer to the Drama side of the school, convinced in his very demanding role as headmaster. Like Bish, Craig aged considerably for the play. (Recipe?)

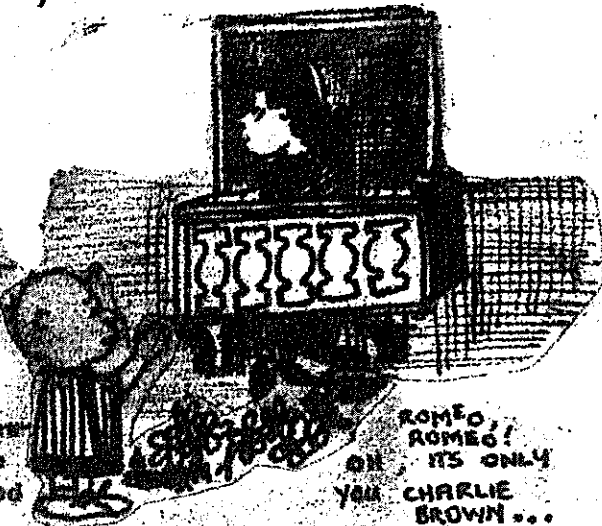
David Thompson, as Rupert Billings, put his long drama experience to good effect and his facial expressions provided much depth to his character, as well as earning much of the laughter and applause.

Jan Aislable, as Miss Gossage, bounced her way through the play as the over-zestful games mistress. Jan, along with David, has helped to produce the 3rd and 4th form drama effort, and they have imparted much of their valuable theatrical knowledge to the talent on whom the Drama Club depends in subsequent years.

Dan Searle, as Dick Tassell, the games master, although not as zestful as his counterpart, concentrated on 'extra-curricular' activities. This year Dan, after a number of secondary roles, had graduated to a leading role.

Merle Nicklin and Mary-Rose Aitken, two newcomers into our Drama Club, performed very creditably as Miss Harper, sharing the performances alternately.

Andrew Tremain played Rainbow, the school porter. Leslie Pollock, as Hopcroft Minor, and Margaret Kennedy, as Barbara Cahoun, represented the pupils



ROMEO,  
ROMEO!  
OH, IT'S ONLY  
YOU CHARLIE  
BROWN...

necessary for a school to exist! The two lots of parents, the Pecks and the Souters, were played by Roy Murphy (Reverend) and Philippa Russell, and Geoff (Edgarr!) Bickerton and Judy Kelly.

Once again the unseen members of the Club enabled the show to go on. Garth Hall and his crew of D. Johnson, K. Balme, P. Pitts, W. Smith, R. Glasgow, R. McConnell, A. Johnson and R. Kearn worked admirably. We owe thanks to Dennis Clark for his masterly sets; Mr. King, A. Shirley, D. Willoughby and M. Picard for properties; Miss York for that very important department - finance; Joanne Searle and Sue Green for the patient and demanding job as prompts; Miss Bridgeman and the ladies from the Papakura Drama Club for make-up; Mr. Jennings for his help with the lights; and, especially, Mrs. Kuskis for the costumes. We also thank Moneyworths for the furniture they lent.

In finishing, a special tribute must be paid to Mr. Sarjeant, our producer. This has been his last association with the Club and we, the Club members, wish to thank him for his patience, guidance and hints and, above all, for being "Sarge". The rise in the success of the Drama Club in recent years can be largely attributed to "Sarge's" dedicated producing, and we acknowledge your help and the many hours and miles that you have willingly given, Mr. Sarjeant, and wish success for your travels overseas.

#### LIBRARY NOTES

This year was our first complete year in the new enlarged library, but already Mrs. Brown is looking around for more expansion. The study room has been constantly in use in spite of periodic purges on Sixth Formers during study periods.

Borrowing has been down this year. During an average week only 620 books were issued, even though more space

and more books are available to the school. This year 611 books were accessioned, bringing the total of books up to 9,000. This year the history and geography books were brought across from the former smaller libraries and placed at the disposal of the entire school. This scheme appears to be more successful in wide distribution, despite handicaps by certain staff members, who try to repossess these books for their own use.



"AND THEY SAID DOGS  
COULDN'T READ"

Funds have been forthcoming this year and we find we have a small surplus instead of a deficit. The P.T.A. has taken pity on us and given us £40, followed up by a pledge of £10 a month during their term of office. 6A have also provided a source of revenue both through donation of their book deposits to the Library and through overdue fines.

Six new Librarians were appointed this year and are now kept busy training 3rd form librarians.

Next year, there will be a slight change in the administration with Mrs. Brown taking on teaching duties. A new assistant Librarian will be appointed to help Mrs. Brown. Both the school and the Librarians will miss her friendly advice and helpful encouragement.

The Library Committee this year has not been very active and has been held together by several stalwart workers who carry out some of the unknown Library chores.

As usual, the workroom has been used as a locker, study room, a general common room and even as a workroom, with Mrs. Brown reading the Riot Act every few

months.

Generally prospects for the Library look promising for next year, with increased help, and we hope an increase in school interest in helping to run the Library.



SPEECHCONTESTSFifth Form

The fifth form speech contest was held on the morning of Thursday, 17th August 1967.

Mrs. Ibbotson very kindly gave up her morning to be the judge of the contest. An able speaker herself, she encouraged all the competitors and congratulated the winners at the end of the contest.



"GOOD AFTERNOON  
FELLOW PUPILS, FUDGES  
AND FRIENDS"

Results were:

1st	Mary-Anne Fitzpatrick	5Pa	"War"	Freyberg
2nd	Geoffrey Snell	5Pe	"The Kon- Tiki Expedition"	Cobham
3rd	Geoffrey Ruthe	5Pc	"Escapism"	Freyberg

Sixth Form

The sixth form speech contest was held on the afternoon of Tuesday 25th July 1967. Eleven representatives of the sixth form classes gave speeches, ranging over a wide variety of appeals, from solemnity to sustained absurdity.

The judge, Mr. R.J. Evans, Principal of Ardmore Teachers' College, concluded the contest with some comments on the untapped powers which could be glimpsed in all the speakers, and suggestions about how to develop them and bring them into use.

The results were:

1st	Jan Aislabie	81 points	"Your Character"	Bledisloe
	Dan Searle	81 points	"Arbor Day - A New Significance"	Fergusson
3rd	Judith Kelly	80 points	"Water"	Freyberg
4th	Richard Merrington	78 points	"Population Control"	Cobham

Jan Aislabie chose brilliantly to ignore the conventional three-point plan of a speech and gave a commentary on "Character" covering twelve points, all very tellingly explained and urged.

Dan Searle attempted a field of oratory which no-one else in the contest touched upon. He spoke up seriously and constructively in favour of developing the forestry industry of New Zealand, reserving his humour for a few justifiable puns in passing.

#### South Auckland Speech Contest

Congratulations to Janie North, one of our A.F.S. students, who won the Bledisloe Cup for a public speaking contest between six secondary schools of the South Auckland area with the following speech.

#### Two Cheers for Democracy

Democracy is a very difficult subject to discuss, for it is not a matter of black and white, a clear cut issue - rather, it is composed of many varying shades of grey, each blending in with the other. Tonight, I want you to think with me about democracy, not on the level of nations, but on the human level, the level of the individual, for it is on this level that democracy was founded 3,000 years ago - it is this basis which merits it two resounding cheers.



My first cheer is for individual freedom - that magical phrase that has burned in men's minds since time began - this is democracy. The freedom to be born the son of an itinerant worker and to die years later as one of America's greatest senators. The freedom to choose your own beliefs about your God, and your government, and your goal in life. To live just as you are guided by your own conscience, and to respect others enough to let them do the same. To show love and kindness, or hatred, or even bland indifference - this is freedom. This, then, is my first cheer - a loud and rowdy yell.

My second cheer for democracy is closely linked with the first, and yet is separate and distinct. Cultural freedom is the second liberty guaranteed by democracy. The freedom to create as your own spirit compels you - to use the God-given talents of art, music, or literary genius as the Creator seems to direct you personally. In a speech given at the University of Moscow in 1955, Nikita Krushchev stated that the aim of all art - musical, literary, artistic - should be to further the interests of the state: "What can bring greater satisfaction to the artist than the knowledge that his talent is entirely dedicated to the peoples' effort in building Communism, and that the people accept and appreciate their work."

How stifling this is to the intellectual and creative genius in gifted people - how suffocating to mould and channel a reservoir of talent into one small grey sphere - and what a slap in the face to the Giver of these talents. Perhaps this fierce desire to live as an individual has been intensified in just the last century - the desire to create, not by the regulations of a rigid society, but by the creative instinct driving you from somewhere in that hazy region of the soul. Schools of art have sprung up in the last 100 years as a rebellion against the rigid confines of previous schools, and writers such as Ayn Rand, Dylan Thomas, have cried out for the preservation of the individual.

These writers, incidentally, enjoy not only freedom of speech, but also freedom after speech. It is not so important that one must accept all of their thoughts - the important thing is that in a free democratic society, they have been allowed to voice themselves with freedom, and that we, the public, have the freedom to accept or reject their thinking, and that we can gain as much from their work as they themselves do in creating it.

Two Cheers for democracy - cheers based on the survival of individual freedom, and individual talent, and on the protest against a melting of all these talents into one common pot, for one common people.

It would be so neat and tidy to continue and tell why democracy deserves a third cheer, so that the magical number of three may be obtained. But no, there are only two cheers, for this system does lack. In theory . . . in principle . . . on paper, Democracy sounds Utopian, but no Utopian society on this earth has ever been found. There is a snag, a stumbling block, and that is human nature. Ironically, because of the human element, the individual element, democracy deserves two cheers - but also because of the human factor, the individual factor, is just misses out that third cheer. Along with the liberty and freedom of democracy is coupled the responsibility, the "debt to society". If there were no qualities of prejudice, greed, sadism, racism, and if we as human beings actually did love each other as much as we love ourselves, democracy would work. If the basic roots of such problems as poverty, ignorance, and mental illness could be stamped out, democracy would steal the show with three loud and lusty yells.

How do you run a world? How do you live as just one of over 3,000 million people, in a warm secure home, knowing that in other nations, people your own age and younger are dying and starving? How do you soothe your conscience as fellow human beings, Jews and Arabs, kill each other on 'Holy' ground?

It's frightening, but it's challenging, and it's something that can be accomplished only with a greater power than just ourselves.

Poetry can often express abstract feelings better than words - if, at the risk of sounding a bit corny in a cynical age, a rather inadequate poet were to try and express her thoughts about this subject, they would sound like this:

We've seen and we've heard through the past century,  
The good and the bad of this system, democracy.  
We've seen two World Wars, and deaths by the score,  
And we've no assurance there soon won't be more.  
For the cries of Vietnamese soldiers are ringing in our  
ears,

'Democratic' hearts and eyes are full of 'democratic'  
tears.

Through the screams and the filth of the battlefield,  
There comes a glimmer of light,

It dazzles the noonday sunshine, it pierces into the  
night;

It's the backbone of many great nations, lasting  
3,000 years;

It's a dream that's never quite realized, and yet it  
deserves our cheers.

It is art, and youth - the longing to be free,  
It is the last stronghold of the individual - it is  
Democracy.

J. North 6A

#### FUND RAISING '67

This year's fund raising effort was a mixture of weird and wonderful inventions. Of course, there were the usual oldies - cake stalls, dances etc., but there were also some new novel ideas, ranging from a Hunger March to kidnapping the Mayor. Another notable effort was the 6B Science Spectacular, with songs and skits, and the hairy fairies!

## Folk Convention

5 Pro a tried a new approach to fund raising, and with success. While the audience sat on mats and cushions on the hall floor, covered with rugs and wrapped up tight in duffle coats and appropriate clothing, they were entertained by the troupe - Rock Hudson, Sunny Bishop, Marion McAnnalley, Tony Mline, Brian Barclay and Howard and Ross Greenwood. The \$200 earned has been given to an extremely deserving organisation, which will use it to help some of the young people who have turned to drugs to face the difficulties of life with a more realistic attitude.



One Sunday, students, teachers and even one parent joined in a 20 mile march to raise funds for the Selwyn Oaks Appeal, and carried off over \$700, each mile being sponsored by varying amounts from one cent to 50 cents.

In many ways, the march was a mixture of light-heartedness, a desire to "do better than my cobbler", bravado, and a genuine determination to carry out a worthwhile project.

It was no easy matter. Shin-soreness, muscle-trouble, blistered feet, headaches, backaches, and general fatigue were counted among the students from 6B Arts, and the aftermath was clearly seen at Monday morning's assembly as the survivors hobbled around.

The marchers left school at 9.45 a.m. and arrived shortly before noon at Clevedon, where they were joined by another pupil, her mother, and a master. Here two boys decided to run the rest of the way and arrived back at 1.30 p.m. Not long afterwards, the walkers had their only drop-out when one of the girls had to give up.

It was a great sight to see the walkers leave the school ground in high spirits, but in the first three miles the party had strung out to about a mile. As the marchers continued their long trek, feet got sore, and shoes, boots,

and even socks were discarded. The pick-up cars started to look like travelling clothes shops.

At the end of the day, exhausted strollers staggered into school after 7 gruelling hours, to wait for Mr. Thornton, Mr. Loney and others as they completed the course.

"But what's wrong with The Rolling Stones?"

### MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

This year there has been even more activity in the musical sphere than in previous years. An extremely high standard has been attained in comparison to the past, and those returning hope for even better things in the future.

Early in the first term, a group attended the final Proms Concert of the Auckland season. As is usual on the last night, there was plenty to amuse all who attended, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

Also in the first term was a visit from the New Zealand Opera Quartet to the school, who gave a very entertaining performance.

Late in the first term, the fifth South Auckland Secondary Schools Music Festival was held both at Pukekohe and Papatoetoe. A group of fifth and sixth formers joined the massed choir, while some members of the School orchestra also took part in the festival orchestra. Both the senior and junior choirs gave items.

The highlight of our musical year came from the school concert which was held for two nights in August. The first half of the concert consisted of items by the sixth form girls' choir, a rhythmical gymnastic group, the three general choir, the junior choir and the Maori Club. The second half was devoted to the opera "Martha" by Flotow. The concert as a whole set a very high standard for the school.

During the year, both the senior and junior choirs have given performances throughout the area. In August, the N.Z.B.C. recorded songs, sung by the choirs, for a radio broadcast. The choirs are grateful to Mrs. Brown who spent many lunch-hours in training them.

In September, Mr. Ronald Woodcock, a well-known Australian violinist visited the school. Accompanied by his wife, he played several items and to end the programme he played with the festival orchestra. Several members of the school were again in the orchestra and owing to practices over the past few months have gained experience by playing with a full orchestra.

The Carol Concert in December promises to be good, perhaps even better than last year's very successful occasion.

All are extremely grateful to Mr. Jarret for his great perseverance throughout the year with all musical activities.

### School Concert

The annual mid-year school concert has gained much popularity over the years and so the hall was filled for both performances.

The first half of the concert was made up of various individual items, catering for the interests of most people. Items were given by the three school choirs, with a wide variation in the mood of the songs, from the boisterous "Old King Cole" to the solemnity of the "Nuns Chorus" from "Casanova", with soloist Raewyn Mason.

Several Maori action songs deserved all the applause they received and were a most popular item. A display of rythmical gymnastics, choreographed by the performers themselves, to the theme of "Dr. Zhivago", "Somewhere my Love", provided a dash of colour to an extremely interesting first half of the concert.



The second part was devoted entirely to the operetta "Martha" by Friedrich von Flotus. This operetta set an extremely high standard for the school, and was a complete success. The leading characters, Raewyn Mason, Peter Brown, Merle Nicklin and Geoffrey Ruthe, played their parts very well indeed. In the fair scene, the stage chorus, backed up by the front-of-house chorus and the complete orchestra, was spurred to real heights, for the singers relaxed and began to enjoy themselves. The beer drinking scene also met with much applause - the down-to-earth farmers sat clutching outside imaginary pewter mugs around a large beer keg and sang with relish two verses of a well-remembered song, followed by a guitar solo.

The show ended with an exuberant finale with audience, chorus and orchestra stirred to a rollicking conclusion, complete with streamers, singing, dancing and much gaiety. All who took part were slightly sad to see their efforts, guided by Mr. Loney, Miss Mercer, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Barker and especially Mr. Jarret, come to an end so soon.

### SCHOOL BALL

For the first time in the school's history, the School Dance became the School Ball - long ball-gowns, smart decorations, floor shows . . . Not only were the decorations different, but also the atmosphere. Boys were aghast at their radiant female partners, while others had awkward moments when they did not recognize the girls in their dazzling frocks, only to find out later that the one in the pink frock sits next to you in Maths! The staff were all agog - the senior school had suddenly been transformed into ladies and gentlemen!

The atmosphere was formal, although not too formal - quite a change from an all-twist affair. The ball was compered by an enthusiastic male prefect and guest

I WONDER... GEE WHIZ... SHOULD I DO IT?  
SHE'LL PROBABLY SAY NO... SHE KNOWS I

artists gave a break - "The College Folk" with their new and different approach made it refreshingly stimulating; the "Americana" dancers showed what real dancing was - excellent, professional and quite a change.

Fortunately the Prefects were able to hire the services of the Silhouettes, who certainly upheld their name as they cast black and white shadows on the huge spiral, illuminated by a revolving coloured disc, quite a weird and wonderful invention of Mr. Jennings.

The bare walls of the hall were transformed into a dizzy and dazzling mass of black and white circles, blobs, squares and hexangular shapes. The foyer was a pleasant change from the drunken atmosphere of the hall. Here, refreshments in the form of fanta and coke were provided amidst pot plants and other decorations.

The sumptuous supper was soon devoured by the mob, (and what was left was quickly eaten up by the Prefects when cleaning up afterwards.) There was choice chicken, fruit salad, potent pickled onions, curry and rice, and many other rare and exotic dishes. (Many thanks to the ladies of the P.T.A. for all their extraneous work preparing the feast!)

Success - from start to finish! (Although the Prefects' bank balance was not altogether successful.) A thoroughly enjoyable evening was had by all.

#### SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

Three o'clock in the morning! It was dark. It was cold. All sensible people were in bed asleep. We were not. We were busy loading ourselves and our gear into a bus, for we were shortly to 'fly south for a change' - though not by plane.

Three thirty came. The final order to mount was given. The last farewells to shivering parents were made.



Russell let in the clutch. We moved. Faster! Faster! Out through the gates. Through the town. Heading south! We were away. We chattered, we dozed . . . we slept.

After travelling through Wairakei and Taupo, we arrived at Wellington College and unloaded our gear into the hall where we stayed the night. Next day it was on to the Aramoana and across the Strait to the South Island. On arrival at Picton, we found the bus waiting and we were soon heading towards Christchurch. Our first stop was for lunch. It was a case of unloading bread, butter, four pint tins of jam and honey, a ten-pound slab of cheese, luncheon sausage, a cooked lamb, a cream can of water and some fruit cordial. Then every man made a dash to feed himself. Passers-by would have been amazed at the sight. Those in Queenstown, a few days later, most certainly have been to see us cooking breakfast over eight burner burners on the pavement next to the bus.

Next day in Christchurch we drove through Lyttelton tunnel, returning over Port Hills. One point of interest was the "Sign of the Takahe" Restaurant built during the depression. The monastic old world aura associated with this building made even the most voluble members of our party talk in hushed tones. That is, until some of them, after waiting for half an hour watching their friends devouring hot sauces and butter, were told that the management had nothing more to eat. That afternoon we were free to do as we pleased, and many climbed the Cathedral Tower, visited the museum or, in spite of the rain, went canoeing on the Avon where there was a vain attempt made to paddle without getting grounded or running over docks.

A noted geographic feature of the trip to Dunedin next day was the crossing of the 45th Parallel, the midway point between the Equator and the South Pole.

After a day of investigating Dunedin, we invaded

Invercargill, and set up camp in Southland Boys' High. The old buildings of this school, covered with photographs of students from the distant past, did not fail to impress everyone with the meaning of the word 'tradition', though the primitive nature of their toilet and other facilities made us realise the advantages of a new school such as Papakura. Several unsuspecting girls took showers in part of the gym where several unsuspecting Southland boys were coming for football training. As soon as we had set up in the School, the bus took us on a trip to the Bluff, where most of us photographed the southernmost end of the South Island and some took the opportunity of knocking a golf ball off the "end of New Zealand".

After we left Invercargill the scenic portion of the tour began, and numerous photographs were taken of snow-covered mountains and bush country. These included Lake Te Anau, the mountains around the Homer Tunnel, Milford Sound, the Bowen Falls, Coronet Peak and the quaint 'Western type town' of Arrowtown.

On Sunday we visited Benmore Power Station and next day we moved on to the Hermitage. Soon after we arrived snow began to fall and it was still falling as we entered Ashburton. Needless to say, snowball fights were a popular pastime over the next few days. Russell hauled Tim and sleeping bag outside on to the quadrangle in retaliation for having a snowball put down his back.

Because of the rail strike, we spent two further days in Christchurch, then boarded the ferry "Maori" and travelled to Wellington. On Thursday night, thirteen and a half days after leaving home, we arrived back in Papakura, tired, happy and sorry to leave the bus, yet glad to be back to a good bath, a home-cooked meal and a warm comfortable bed.

Our thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Jennings and Mr. Sarjeant, who spent many hours organising, reorganising, making plans, changing plans, and who also upheld law and order; to the brave headmasters who so admirably agreed to lend us their schools; and finally to Russell, our bus driver (brave soul) who managed to get us there and back again safely.

### THE RUAPEHU TRIP

On the Sunday before the last week of the holidays, a party of fifth and sixth formers, complete with luggage and five extras, nominally chaperones, pulled out of school and headed for Mount Ruapehu. After a long and exhausting trip, they were dumped at the Chateau, and then loaded on to a mountain 'goat'.

At the "Top of the Bruce" came a long trudge through the snow to the Alpine Sports Club huts. After a good deal of threatening and name-calling, the girls succeeded in getting the new hut, while the boys had to be satisfied with the old. After grabbing a bunk, everyone set off to explore the White Wonderland.

After dinner, the usual rare-roast, came card games, and much later, dancing. Finally D.D. and B.K. managed to get everyone to bed, but not to sleep!

On Monday morning, the instructor and skis arrived. Starting point - Happy Valley. Most found the easiest way to get down to the bottom was on their seats. However, after numerous practices, and even more numerous falls, a few began to get the idea. Once back at the hut, a three hour wait for dinner, and then an invasion - Whakatane High and Scotts College. It was either a "sing-along" with 'Sarge', a card game or a mountain stroll.

Tuesday morning found us snowed in, so pea green soup (?) was the order of the day. When it finally cleared-up, the more enthusiastic and energetic of the party were off to Happy Valley for more lessons and thrills. After dinner that night, a party was held at Taupo Hut. (Wisch being the true ambassador for Papakura High!)

Wednesday came, more skiing, with the party divided into two groups - the retarded and the advanced. 'Sarge', deciding he preferred skis to his camera,

abandoned his candle shots. That night was the (long-awaited for?) 'varsity party and the A frame girls were off. Many bottle and great balls of fire later, homo, with a philosophising D.D. and a raving M.H!

On Thursday, the last day, everyone was feeling the effects of a hard week. Off up the chairlifts to ski in a quiet, but steep little valley, with no rope tow. Then lunch in the A.S.C. mountaineering hut - an excellent chance for a certain member of the party to show off his skill - a cup of coffee, and biscuits. The afternoon was spent practising wipe-outs on a steep slope. Off to Graduates that night to sample the delights of the sauna bath, and then supper in the old hut afterwards - Sarge found that he couldn't get to bed and that his torch-batteries were getting rather flat!

On Friday, a giant clean-up and tearful farewells (?), with the teachers heaving sighs of relief as the 'Goat' pulled off down the mountainside, with an amazing lack of plastercasts and crutches. Back to Papakura, quite exhausted, with brown faces and memories of a wonderful week.

#### GIRL CRUSADERS

1967 has proved to be a very active and interesting year for Girl Crusaders. The Crusader motto, "Witness Unto Me" (Acts 1:8) has been carried out faithfully in the school by our girls, and attendance at Thursday meetings has risen to an average of 45 a week.

We have enjoyed a varied and lively programme throughout the year, which would not have been possible without the aid of our capable leaders, Mrs. Mawson and Mrs. Smith.

Our programme, along with weekly studies, has included Christian plays, discussions and Christian book reviews.

Visiting speakers were Miss Hazel Everett, a nurse and former Junior girls' leader, Miss Barbara Matheson, a former pupil and a missionary to New Guinea, Mr. A.H. Donnell, former First Assistant, and Miss Maureen Laycock, Girls' Crusader Travelling Secretary.

During the May holidays, four of our senior girls attended the National Crusader Conference at Wanganui. In the second term, a senior evening was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Watson. The highlight of the evening was an informal discussion about boy-girl relationships with the guest speaker Rev. Balchin.

We were very proud to be able to present a badge to a senior girl, as badges are not easily won, and they acknowledge a vital step in the Christian life.

We had two 'squashes', or socials, and there was also a bike hike and a barbeque at a farm in Alfriston.

We wish to thank Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Mawson, Senior Girls' Crusader Leaders, for their willing support and leadership.

### BOYS CRUSADERS

Once again, the Boys' Crusader Union has had a varied and interesting year. A group of between 15 and 20 boys has been addressed by local ministers, Revs. Balchin, Gibbs and Smith, and our Crusader leaders. The North Island Travelling Secretary, Dr. Martin, three University students and two traffic officers have also visited us.

Crusaders was not confined to weekly meetings. A combined 'squash' in the school hall opened the year, attended by over 80 pupils. During the May holidays, the Junior Leader, Roger Smith, represented the Boys Union at the National Crusader Conference in Wanganui. A 'lunch-hour with the Hulis' was a feature of the second term, when Mr. Jim Erkillia showed slides, exhibited spears, mats, etc. of this ex-cannibal Highland New Guinea tribe.

A party of Crusaders attended the Scripture Union Centenary celebrations in Auckland where the Bishop of Sydney spoke.

The planning committee of Senior Crusaders has been Roger Smith, Neil Bennett, Colin Gleson and John Watson, who have met once a term to draw up the weekly programme.

Our thanks go to Mr. Mundy and Mr. Irvine for their encouragement to Crusaders this year.

### "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"

A full-scale production of Jane Austen's famous novel, "Pride and Prejudice", which had been dramatised by Helen Jerome, was performed by a cast of third and fourth formers in Term III. Although the first performance of the play was somewhat faulty, the next and final one was considerably better. The play wasn't a howling success from the box-office point of view, but the cast benefited from the experience.

Elizabeth was very ably portrayed by Diane Greig, even with her omitted or fabricated lines. Her long-suffering boy-friend, Darcy, was played by Andrew Hocking, who made use of the play to pursue both his acting and his extra-curricular romances (?) Together, they played the 'Proud and Prejudiced' admirably. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were played by Des Searle and Barbara Mind (a Wellingtonian of all things), and together they ploughed their way through the long script - Des trying to be paternal, and Barbara becoming remarkably hysterical!

Barbara Nagle played the beautiful Jane, and her handsome debonair beau, Mr. Bingley, was played by Graeme Evans. (They certainly taught the cast a thing or two about kissing!) Mr. Bingley's cat-of-a-sister was played by Janet Purvis on the first night and Ann Robertson on the second. Rosslyn Clifford played the flighty Lydia (a part which fitted her like a glove, for some unknown reason!), and her military man, the 'naughty Mr. Wickham',

MAORI CLUB

Tihei maori ora.

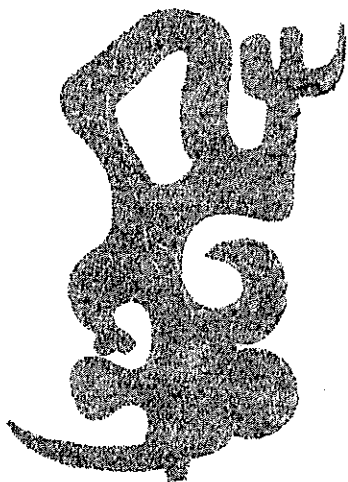
Te reo tenei ote ropu tamariki maori ote kura o Papakura.

The items given by the Maori Club at the School Concert were very successful, all participants being keen to do their best. By performing these Maori songs and dances, we build up our morale, have the enjoyment of working together and giving pleasure to others. Most important of all, we carry on the traditional Maori culture which is rapidly being lost.

Our thanks go to our 'Faithful Commander', Mrs. Barker, who first created our club and gave us the encouragement we needed. Many thanks also go to our coaches, Mrs. Manukau and Mrs. Murphy who have taught us so eagerly.

Kai maia e Hoama Lei aha i mataki ai.

Maggie Murphy (Leader)



# LITERATURE

## MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Senior Prose Winner: Stephen Dudding GA

### Liberty in Literature

How it could be a moral evil to permit indecent publications and an intellectual evil to suppress them.

A government is made up of the representatives of the majority of people of the land. Therefore it owes a responsibility to the citizens, especially the younger citizens, of that land. It would therefore be obviously wrong and irresponsible of that government to allow the opinions of one man, if they are socially dangerous, to sway and warp the judgements of the citizens. If a writer believes passionately in the rights of the homosexual to practise freely and legally, and urges his younger readers to champion, and even participate in, the cause, it would obviously be a moral evil to allow his book to get into the hands of young readers. A young boy might, possibly, be tempted to become a homosexual himself. As one, despite the moral rights and wrongs, he would become a social outcast. He, as a citizen, has every right to expect protection from any situation such as this.

However, by suppressing this hypothetical book, the government may be committing an intellectual evil as great as allowing it to warp young or simple minds.

As J.S. Mill points out in his treatise "On Liberty",



it is never wise to suppress the expression of an opinion as it may destroy the truth, the power of censorship might be abused, and the challenging effect of a wrong opinion might be lost.

Let us consider his first point in relation to the supposed book supporting homosexuality. It is now considered by many people that homosexuality is not morally wrong. There has been a sudden shift in the public opinion. If this book had been suppressed, its moral truth would have been lost, and many homosexuals would still be living in a social hell similar to the predicament of the witches of medieval times.

His third point, that the challenging effect of a wrong opinion may be lost, is equally valid. While it is possible that weak minds might be led astray by the book, which rather glorifies the practice, it is more likely that even an average mind would grasp the arguments of the author, and see their many faults, and see some real foundation to the morals taught to him by either family, church, or school. Thus the book has done some real good.

His second point, that the power of censorship might be abused, is self-explanatory. If the author is a Nazi or communist, and in the course of his book expounds the virtues of his ideology, the book may be banned on moral grounds, while the real desire of the censor was to stop the influx of these "unsuitable" theories. This censor, and his argument, might extend his powers to cover all opposition literature.

Thus we see that the government, superficially, is in a cleft stick. However, Mill shows that unhealthy politics and morality can grow only in a society which refuses to show both sides of the truth. Light and fresh air are as fatal to fanaticism and narrow mindedness as they are to many species of bacteria.

So it seems obvious that the government must restrict, very strictly, its censorship to only obviously extremely dangerous moral points. Even here it is on dangerous

ground, as we can see in our example. Thus it would seem that since censorship must invariably have its faults, the only remedy is complete openness and frankness on all fronts; moral, political and cultural. Thus it is the contention of J.S. Mill, and now myself, that censorship must be completely abandoned.

Stephen Dudding 6A

Senior Prose Winner: Janice Bruning 5 Pro d

### My Secret Life

There was a loud clamouring in the overcrowded hall.

"Encore! Encore!" they were shouting. Again and again I came on to the stage and took a bow. I turned around towards the piano and the calls for encores increased.

Clang! Clang! The assembly bell. The teachers started to pile on to the stage.

"Hymn number thirty eight," announced Mr. Harmony. I started to sing. "Turn back, O man . . . "

"Silence in the court please," I said, banging the mallet down on the top of the bench. "What have you got to say for yourself, young man? What's that? Nothing you say? Well I declare, this is most irregular."

"Please sit down, will you." Amidst the roars of the assembly, I sat down on my chair.

"Gee, what's the matter with you?" giggled my friend. "Were you waiting for a cushion?" I flushed to the very roots of my hair.

Glancing around the hall, my eyes came to rest upon the house emblem of Bledisloe. A fierce red bull imprinted on a black background.

"Ole! Ole!" shouted the crowds. "Chiquita," screamed the male fans, as they threw bright coloured roses into the arena, "Kill the bull!" He came at me, and again I stepped deftly to the side as he thundered past. He turned, pawing the ground, the sweat rolling off him.

"Alison, stand up for prayers." Reluctantly I stood and said the Lord's Prayer.

"Give us this day, our daily bread."

"Order fifty standard size packets of mixed vegetables, and send them to the Auckland Orphanage."

"Right you are, Celia."

"Ah, it's a tough job having to feed all those children, but some-one has to do it. It was only a week ago that some-one collapsed from hunger. It is truly a sad state of affairs. Now let me see? Where was I? That's right. I'll also have six dozen eggs, ten sides of mutton . . ."

"Alison Barry. Is Alison Barry at school today? If so, please raise your hand. You are to go to Mrs. Herrin's office immediately after assembly."

Janice Bruning 5 Pro d

Junior Prose Winner: J. Vloet 4 Pro a

### Revenge!

I gazed in terror as the door slowly opened on rusty hinges. Was it my terrible master or my friend Guff, the farmyard dog?

At the bottom of the door I could see two booted feet walk in and stop. Above the door I could see the cruel lines on that weather-beaten face.

My thoughts raced back to when I was a foal. He had cold-heartedly sent my mother to the knacker when I was weaned so that he would have money to get drunk on. From that time on, an intense hatred began winding up in me.

He fed me as he would a mouse and even that he did grudgingly, for all the animals on the farm were fed just enough to keep alive.

When I became a year old he imprisoned me in the harness for the first time. I was made to pull the harrows round one of the fields all day.

That night there was no bonus food yet I could hardly eat from exhaustion. All I got was a slap on the rump to send me back to my stall where I passed the night. Every day I had to slave, thin and hungry as I was, accompanied by his whip and abuse which flowed as freely as dirty water running from the tap.

When I was nine years old and becoming slower at my work, the whip lashed out like an angry tongue more often, the abuse became thicker. If I fell during the day, he would beat me with a willow stick till I gathered the energy to straighten my four legs again.

He opened the door fully and walked in, cursing as he stubbed his toe on the concrete floor. He threw the harness on me and slapped me extra hard to turn me out of the barn.

The spring of hatred from the past years broke!

I turned round in a flash and let loose with my heels. He uttered a cry then sank into the straw. I began stamping out the curse of my life, giving vent to all the hatred stored up over the past years.

After I got over my moments of insanity I looked

at the distorted corpse with an inward delight

The plague of my life was gone!

J. Violet 5 Pro 1

Senior Verse Winner: Anne Paver 5 Pro 2

Letter from a G.I. in Viet Nam

Dear Ann,

Today I killed a girl of twenty.  
 Dumb as she stood against the wall  
 From her thin left shoulder fell a cloud  
 Of coarse grey cloth in which  
 She held her weeping baby.  
 I shot her point blank, now  
 They call the war Viet Cong  
 So I had to  
 The bullets landed against the wall  
 And here below I heard her call  
 For mercy on the child.  
 The blood rushed free on the dry clay ground  
 And splattered that hard earth wall with red.  
 That red's on me, now, a scar for ever  
 Through life  
 Through death  
 A scar that will never  
 Vanish.  
 I'm sick of this, now,  
 The stink of blood makes me sick to the stomach.  
 I wish I were God  
 For He alone can right this wrong,  
 I wish I could start this world again,  
 I wish I were home.

Love Jon.

Anne Paver 5 Pro 2

Junior Verse Winner: Angela Muir 3 Pro a

When All the School is Drenched

Menacingly the wind whispers round a skirt,  
 Collecting blossoms and papers for fun,  
 Weaving mischievously through the banking clouds,  
 Frightening away the sun.  
 His object is now over,  
 The damage has been done,  
 Angry disturbed clouds,  
 Crash and rumble of thunder.

Intelligence vanishes,  
 Hysteria returns,  
 Clammy fingers grope through the crowd.  
 Gusts of wind do greet thee,  
 Heavy clouds pour over thee,  
 Minor Atlantics below thee,  
 Seas of mud beside.

The inward feeling of a stormy day at Papakura High  
 described.

Angela Muir 3 Pro a

A Third Former at the Canteen

It was all so simple to say, "I've just got to buy my lunch, I'll be back in a moment " My heart gave an ungainly leap as I approached the milling comb of bodies, a large, disorganised mass of green, grey and white, around which one occasionally spotted prefects marching up and down on the outskirts of the throng, not daring to go in beyond their depth in case they got sucked under from the weight of their official habiliments. Hardly daring to breathe, I extended one leg, resisted the inevitable urge to withdraw it and run, and followed it by the

other. Pausing first to offer a fervent prayer and then to gain my bearings, I learned a valuable lesson - when dealing with large numbers of members of higher forms, one must never stop, but remain constantly active in order to stay alive. If one wants to get anywhere, this action must be accompanied by noise, any noise, usually the more the better, except in the cases of first fifteen fullbacks or teachers.

But now comes the most important part - getting in to the right line. Here I learned another valuable lesson: never ask any fourth former or above: 'Is this the end of the line?' or you'll be given one of three answers: 'No, we're just a group of people who, by some extraordinary coincidence, have come to be standing behind each other,' or 'No, you're at the front; we're all facing backwards,' or c e n s o r e d. This last one is particularly common among 6th form rugby players.

At last, with feet both twice their normal size, shredded gym, and my bowtie in my ear, I reach the front of the correct line, only to hear, 'No more pies, filled rolls, buns, potato chips, ice-creams . . .'

Sadly disillusioned, I leave the scene of the crime, having gained only a few cubic inches of bruise and a serious psychological ailment. I sullenly dislodge the iceblock stick from between my collar and my aching skin.

Rosemary Sharp 3 Pro a

#### A Time of Misery

The time draws near - it's almost here,  
 Inmates work with feverish haste,  
 Their faces show a sickening fear.  
 Pencils draw in consuming haste.  
 Time draws near.

For life and joy they have no taste,  
 The thrills of sport have lost their cheer,  
 T.V. summons, but it's all a waste,  
 Work is here, so they're not there.  
 Time draws near.

Nights are spent with thoughts so lonely.  
 Working chores are just undone.  
 Thoughts are filled with failure only.  
 Poor souls, inspiration doesn't come.  
 Time draws near.

The day has come, it's finally here.  
 They all just take a passing glance,  
 It seems that nothing is so clear,  
 But they must all just take their stance.  
 Exams are here.

J. Tymkin 6B Sci.

The End of the Week

'Tis Friday afternoon again,  
 And every child puts down his pen.  
 He packs his books into his case  
 And to a bike or bus doth race.

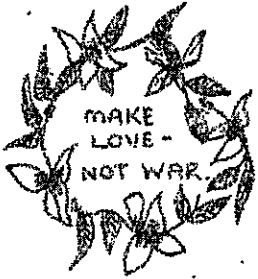
The school is left a hollow shell,  
 There is no need now for the bell,  
 And slowly as the day wears on  
 The school grows quieter; all are gone.

-Ross Hinton 5 Pro a

Frost! The cold bitter ice lay glued to the crushed  
 grass below. Everywhere was the white shield  
 of glass covering the ground.

Wendy Muirson 3 G. 5



1967

Fathers, mothers, going mad,  
 Modern generation is too bad.  
 Hippies, flowers, and love the rage,  
 Mao's thoughts read page by page.  
 Came the latest Israeli war  
 Shorter than the one before,  
 How our wool sold by the bale,  
 Ten o'clock - legally drinking ale.  
 Mini trends have come and stayed,  
 Everybody's getting underpaid.  
 No prison riots or escapes this year,  
 The inmates feel much safer there.

M. Aitken 6B a

The Worst Thing for Youth that Happened in 1967

In a few months a new cult had swept over America, centring itself at San Francisco. This cult was that of the Hippies - believers in free love and peace. Everyone was talking about it, criticizing it or joining it. Songs were written about it, sung about it and youngsters were led to it. This cult was misleading for youth. They thought a newer, better life could come of it. But they were disillusioned by the freedom this new life gave them.

The Hippies endeavoured to improve their lives, make them more exciting by taking drugs and drifting from place to place. They were almost all unemployed. Love was taken lightly, peace seriously. Often, hangers-on to this cult were the cowards, those who didn't want to join the army to fight in Viet Nam, who hid under the pretence of wishing peace. These hangers-on dragged the colony down for they didn't really believe in and belong to the Hippies.

But such cults cannot last. They have a false

conception and in this world phoney worlds are pulled under. The Hippies were really hiding from a cruel world and they nearly succeeded. They are not the only ones who tried to escape and at least they were open about it, but they failed and we can be thankful that they have not led the way for youth in the future. Youth has escaped a near fate and for youth the Hippies are better when disbanded.

Merle Nicklin 5 Pro a

### HIPPIE

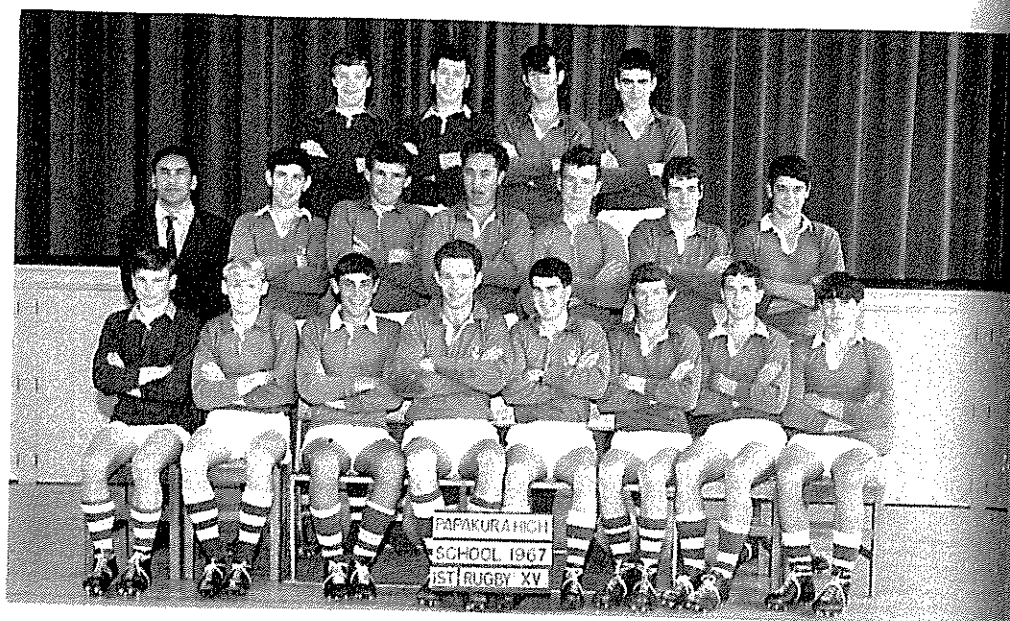
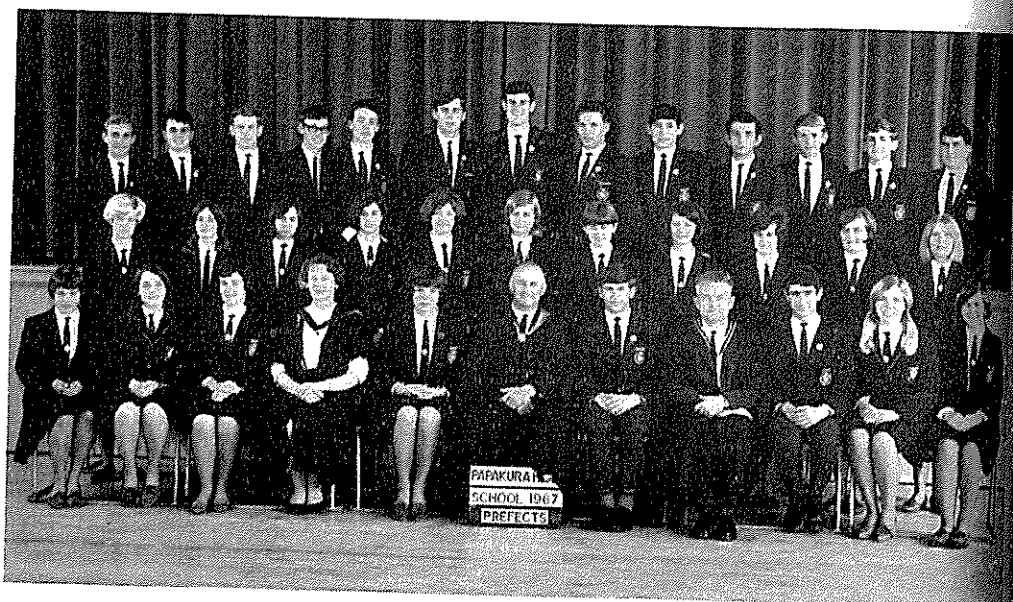
His long glossy hair is garlanded with flowers  
 His clinging robe is pure white cotton,  
 Around his throat a crucifix  
 No troubles of the world forgotten.  
 His feet are covered by jewelled leather sandals,  
 His home is where he finds his soul.  
 His eyes betray the fire within,  
 A blanket keeps him from the cold.  
 His pale insipid face is hazy from his trip,  
 In his hands burn two incense sticks.  
 Philosophy is simple man -  
 You live your life and take your kicks.  
 We do not have to listen to him, so we don't.  
 He says our wars are made by man,  
 It's all for money, all this strife,  
 The pills, the bomb, the screaming fan.  
 He is a modern Christ - come to save the world,  
 But the world knows what is really right.  
 Yes, we know best, we won't be saved,  
 We'd rather shout, and kill, and fight.

STAMP  
 OUT  
 RHYTHM.

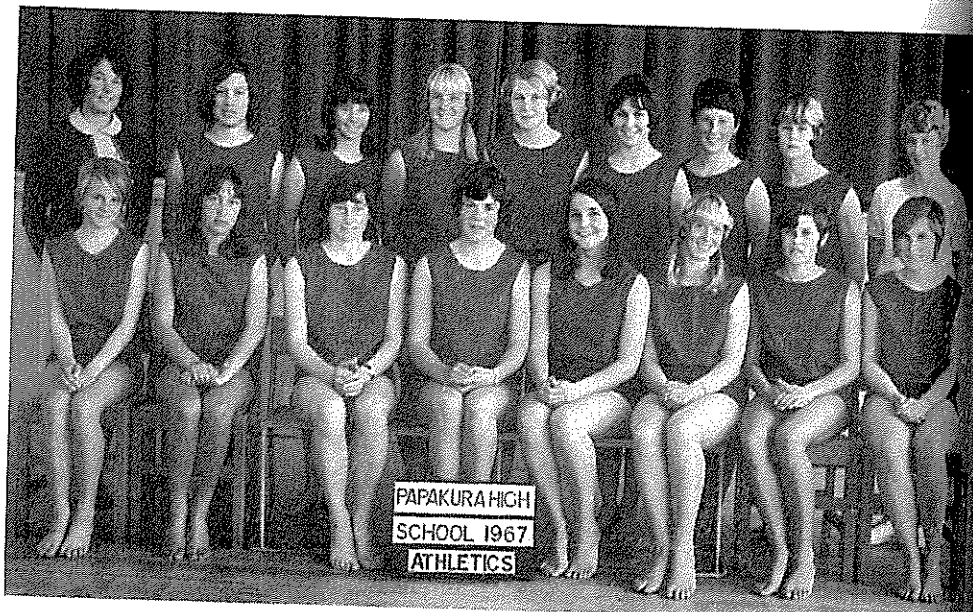
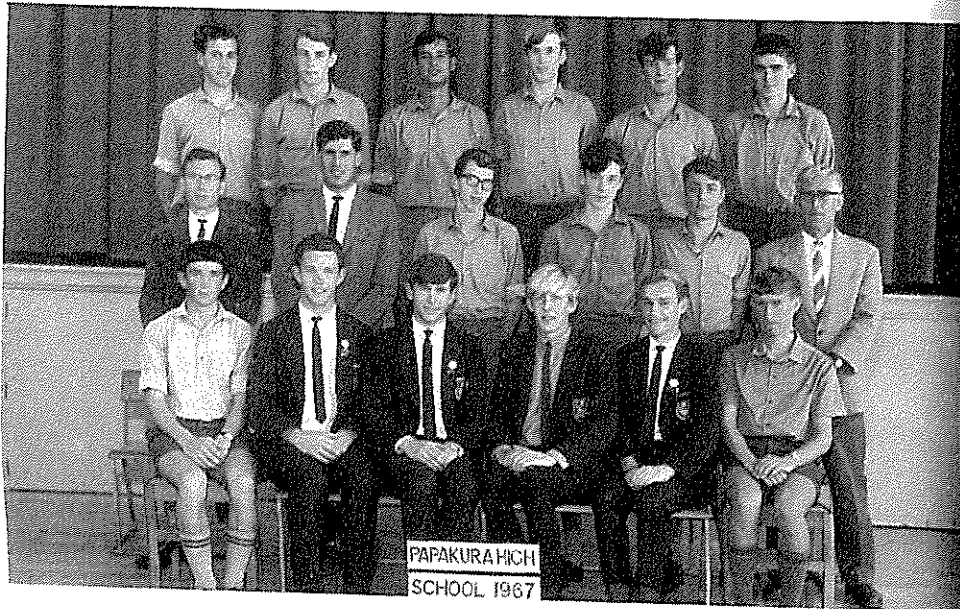


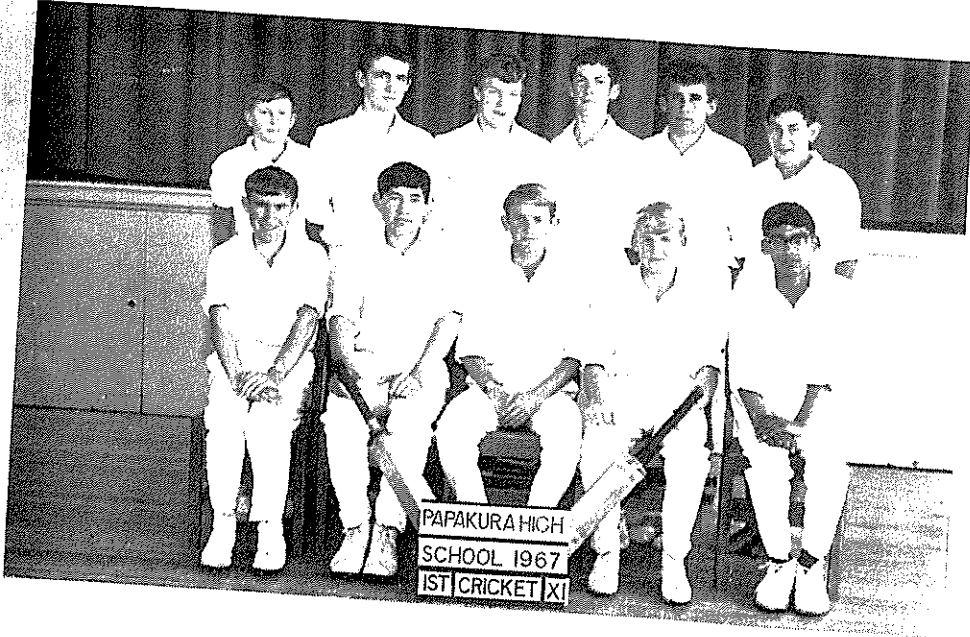
Beverley McLaren 6B Sci.





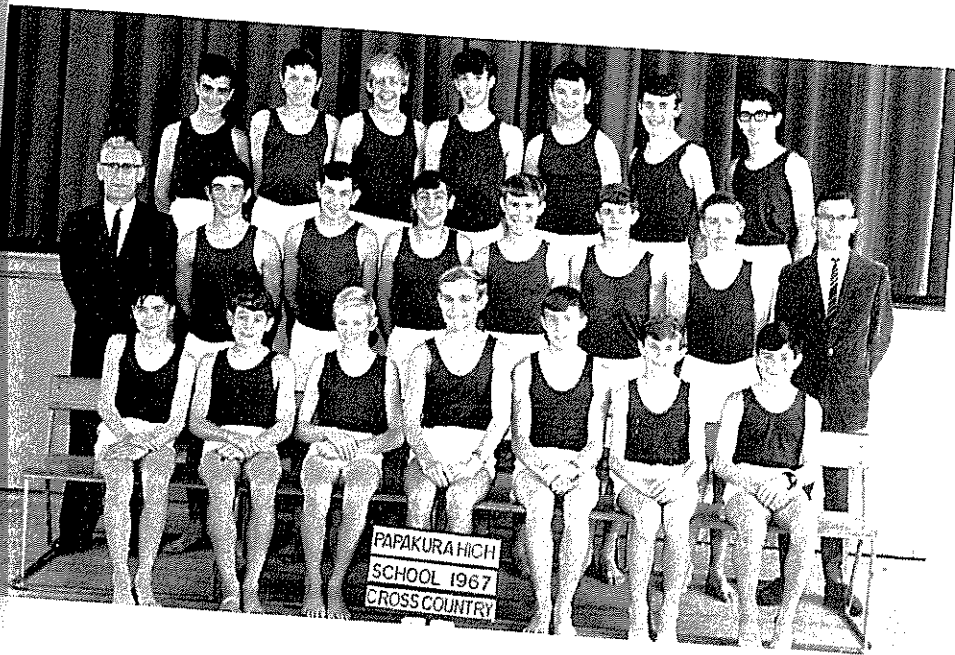


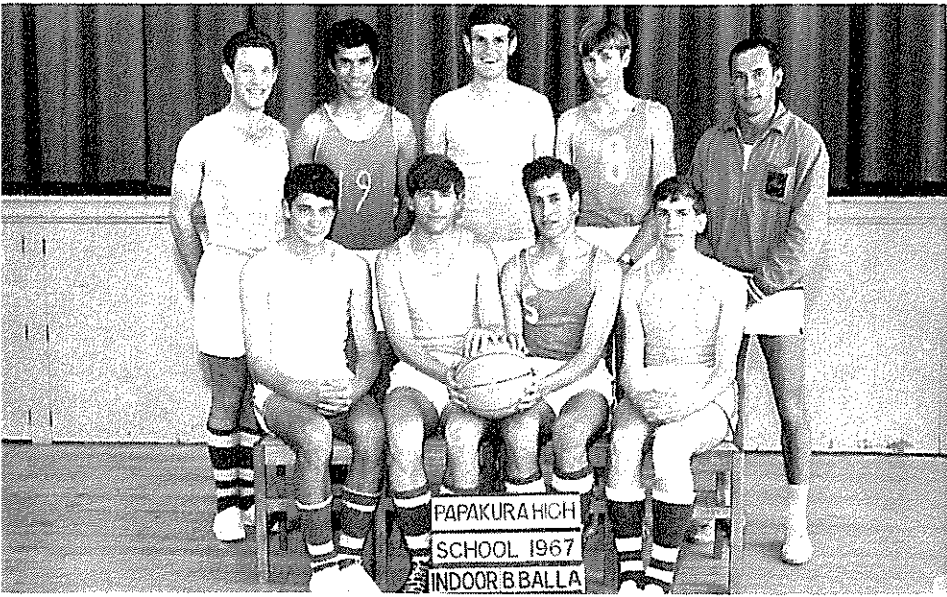




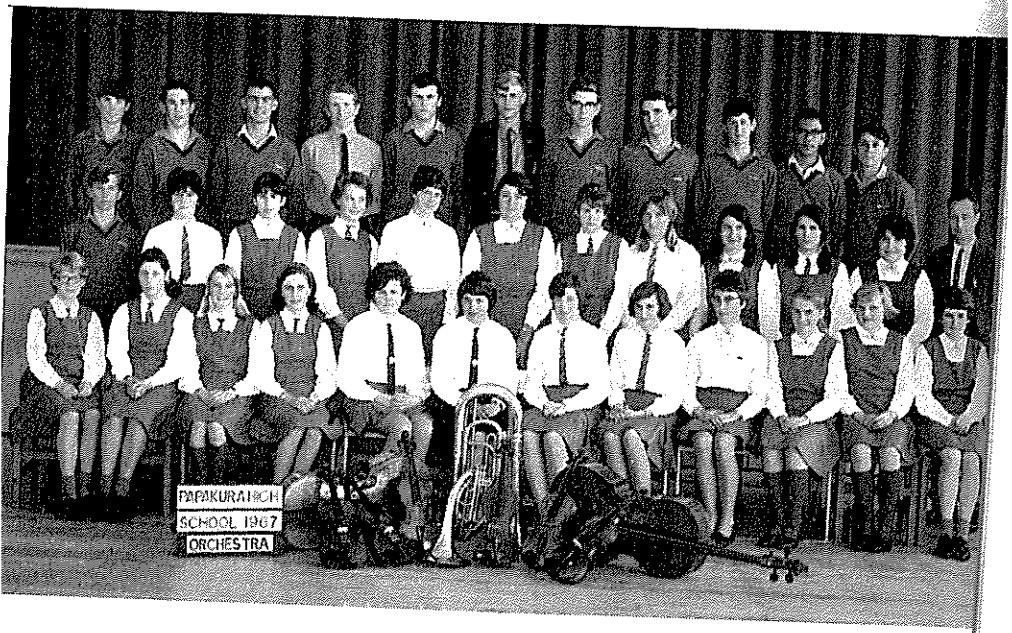
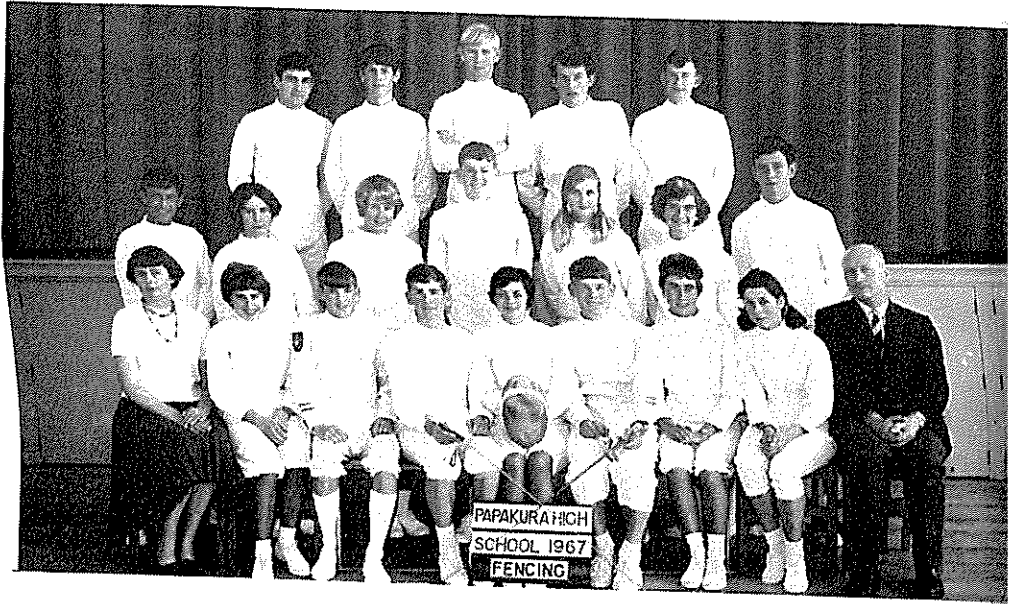










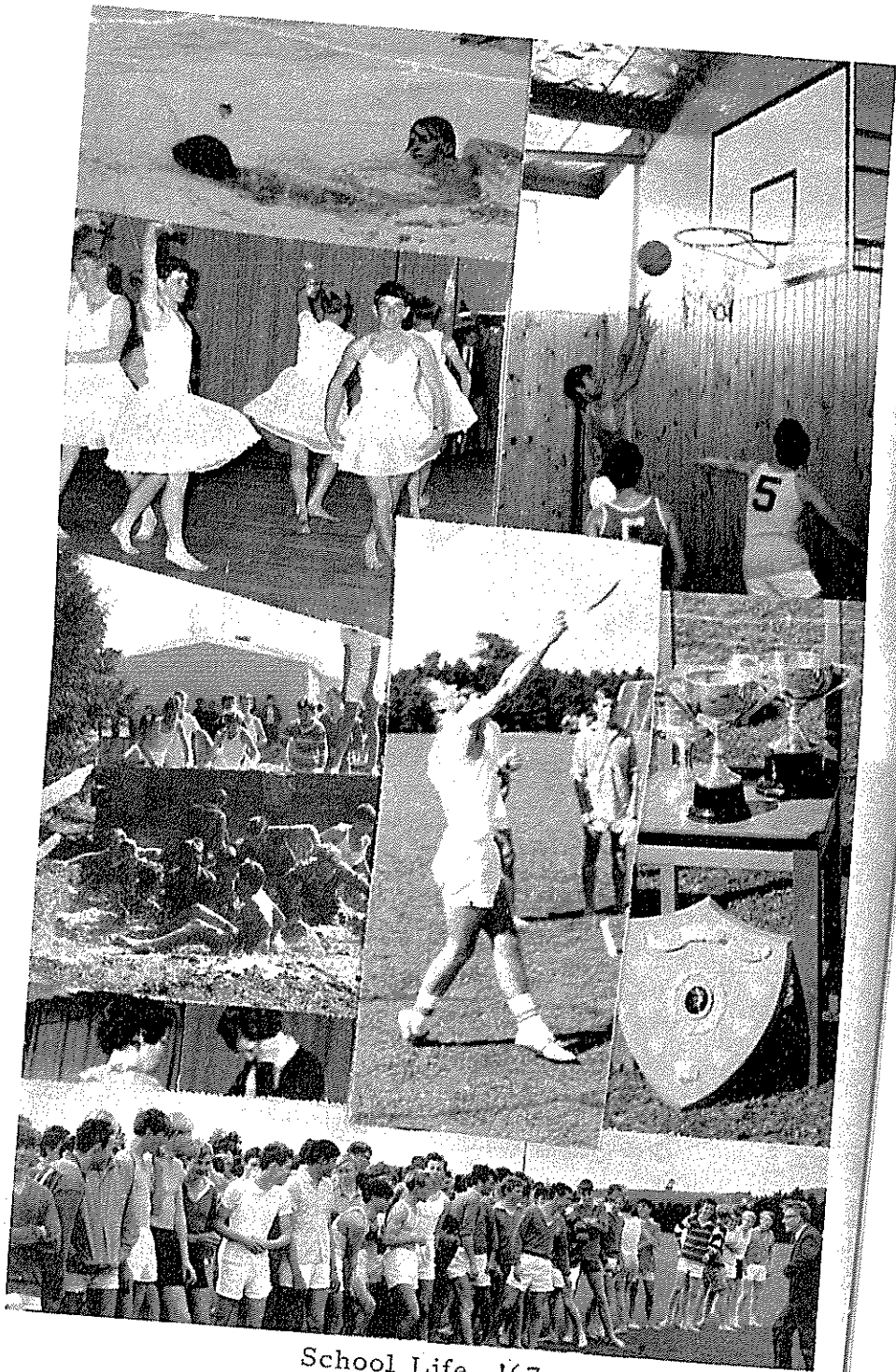




"She's got it - He sees it!"



"Drink, Drink, Drink"



School Life, '67.



"They're a Weird Mob"



"The Mods are out in force"



Great Barrier -  
December '66

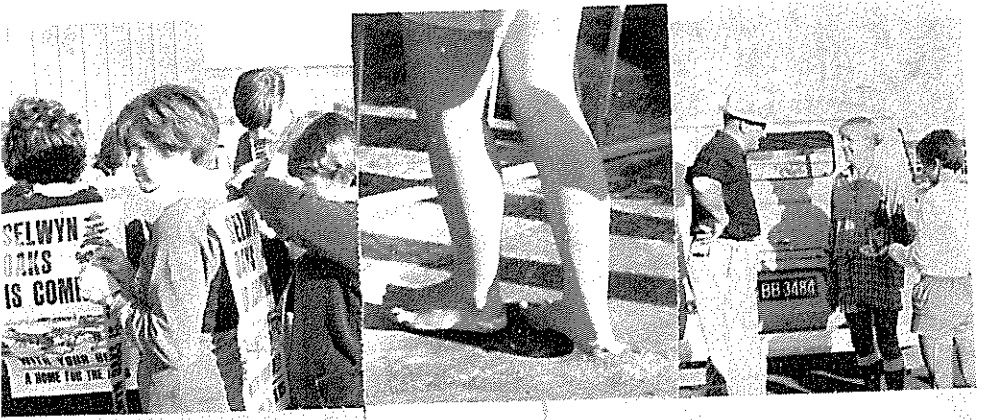


Raupehu -  
August '67



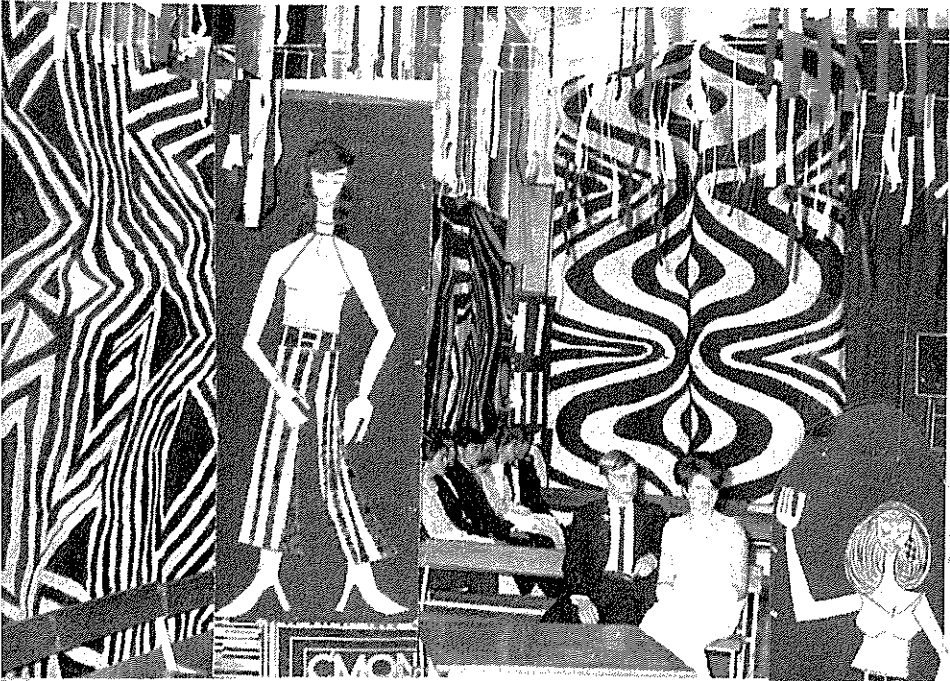
South Island -  
May '67





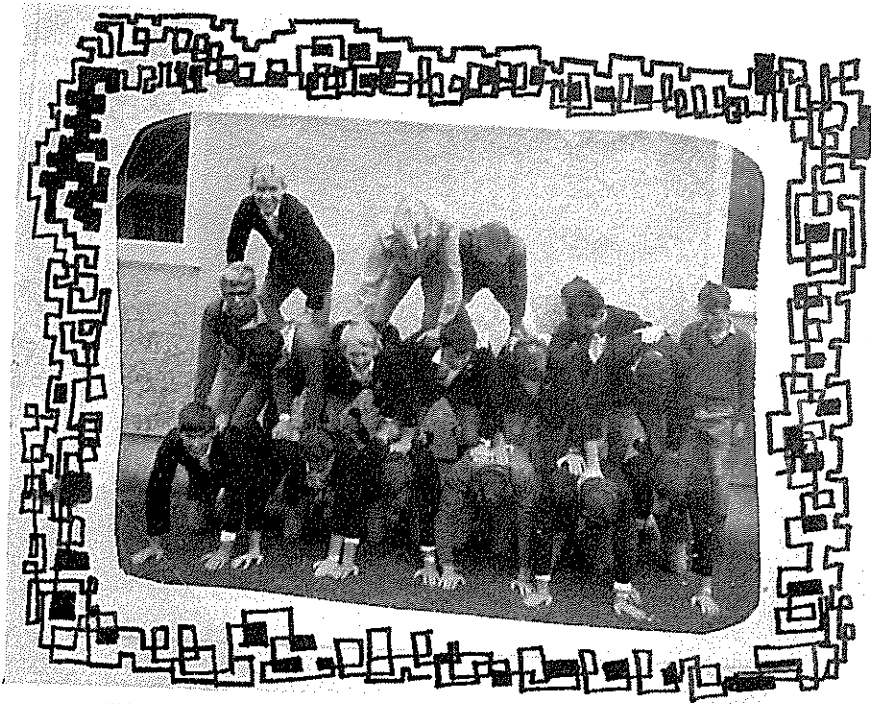
Hunger March - July



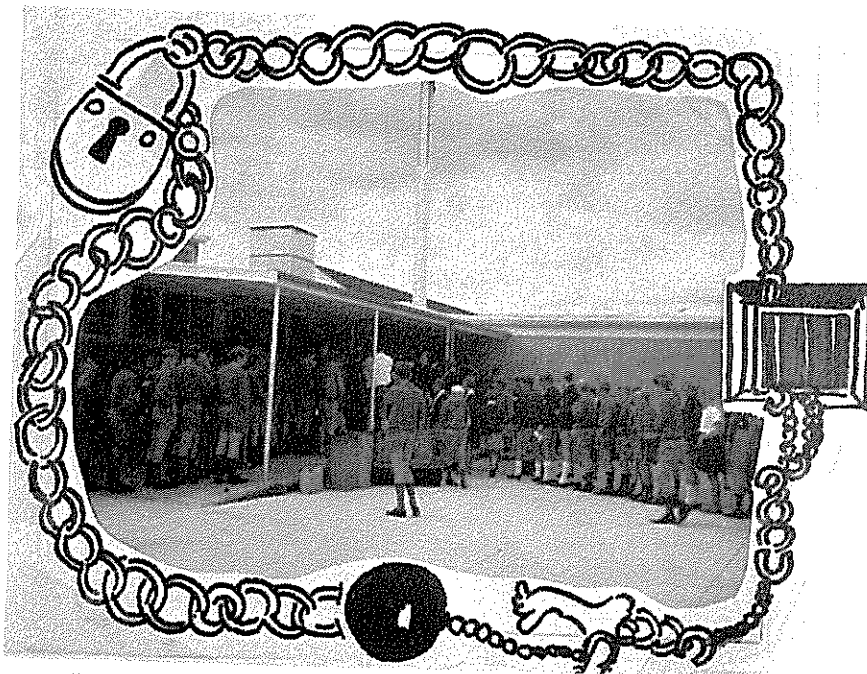


# Dance 196

Prefect's Ball - July



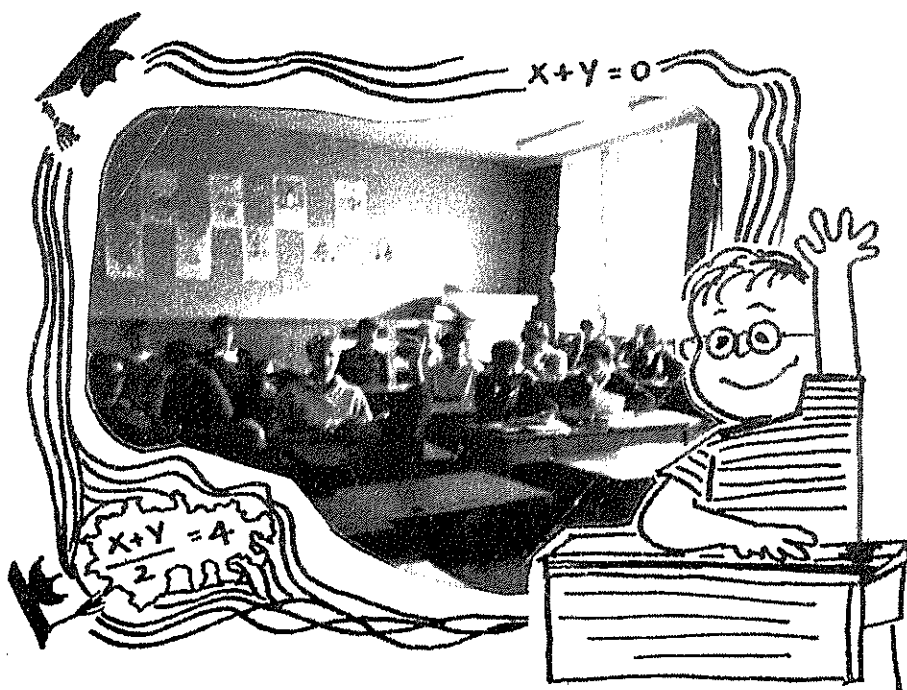
Pain - is practising gymnastics when  
you are on the bottom row.



Security - is waiting in line knowing  
there will be a prize for you at the end



Happiness - is Spring



Happiness - is knowing all the answers.



Excitement - is when someone buys 5 cents of jelly babies from the canteen



loneliness - is when the Teacher separates  
you from your best friend.

---

Discothèque Dancers

Creeping in and creeping out,  
 The gold and silver gliding about,  
 Weaving and weaving in and about,  
 Giving a shiver and giving a shout,  
 A jiggle here and a wiggle there,  
 Discothèque dancers with long golden hair.

Ruth Gamble 3 G. 2.

The Adolescent in the Changing World

The time of adolescence is essentially a period of change, of transition from a child to an adult. This process involves both physical and mental changes: one of the most pronounced of the mental changes is that of accepting responsibility. The childhood days of relying on Mum and Dad for everything are beginning to fade, and as the adolescent grows and matures he becomes more independent. It is now, when he realizes his independence, that he often begins to question the morals, values and attitudes instilled in him by his mother and father; and this is the crux of the whole subject. His mother and father, and other adults, belong to one generation, he belongs to another generation, a newer one, a generation which, finding the values of the 'oldies' too binding, creates for itself a new, different code of behaviour, acceptable to the young, but not so acceptable to the preceding generation.

It is this different way of doing things, different ways of enjoying himself, different styles of dress, that sets the adolescent apart from older people. Consequently he is subjected to criticism and pressure and, as he is young and still maturing, he is often likely to be imprudicious. The very fact that the older generation criticises him makes him do the exact opposite - not because he particularly likes to, but because he feels he must.

There is no simple step from childhood to adulthood; there is a zone of transition called adolescence. It is long and confusing, hard and often bewildering. It is a time of change in a changing world, and the world will have changed again when today's adolescent has adolescent children of his own with their problems to be explained.

Tony Anderson 6B G

### The Most Exhilarating Sport I Know - Surfing

When surfing, a number of positions can be obtained. The most dramatic of these stances are:

- Hanging five: balancing on the nose of the board with the toes of one foot curled over the front.
- Hanging ten: the same with ten toes over the front - very difficult!
- Forward squat: another front of the board position, with both arms stretched out in front.
- Grabbing a rail: hanging on the top of a wave while travelling at a speed across the face of it.
- Head dip: bending down and dipping one's head into or under the curl of a wave.

Needless to say, one of the most common is the wipe out which happens when one of the above manoeuvres fails to come off and the wave dumps its rider.

Winter is regarded by experts as being the best time for surfing, as then the waves are most hollow. Surfers don rubberised wet-suits to keep the cold out, and head for the ocean beaches, boards strapped to the roofs of their cars.

What's a surfer after in surfing? He's after



perfection - perfect timing, perfect movement, and the perfect wave to try them on. He wants to know the waves inside and out, and be able to control them. There are a thousand things he can do, but only one right one. A wave is a challenge to him and after it's all over he always feels relaxed and . . . well, it's a great feeling, man.

Donald Hill 5 E 1

A Surfer

He slices the emerald wall,  
Turns, twists, glides,  
Rides into the welcoming bay.  
Then - abruptly, killing grace,  
He turns and disappears  
Over the next wave.

Vicki McMenamin 5 Pro a

Evil

And he, son of Satan, my evil lad,  
Stained your image deep, you expressed  
With insane impressions of cultured evilness.  
Your dreams relate to past debate  
Upon ideas of love and hate.  
Thoughts and these unnatural dreams are experience;  
Though aren't immortal souls asleep as evil spirits.  
Judged not from pure black on white as best,  
Mind made morals beside organic beast.  
Advanced with lunacy in opinion's sight,  
Do you accept or reject authority's right,  
Distilled before as evil reproached acquent,  
Had even mad spirits turn to repent?  
Souls of evilness created, accepted as breed not bad.

Dennis Clarke 6B Sci.



OUR ANSWER TO  
J.J. MOON, . . .  
THE ONLY DOG  
SURFIE THAT CAN  
HANG TWENTY.

A Thought on Ugliness

Why is there so much ugliness in the world?  
 Did God create it thus?  
 Did He (in all His wisdom) create the  
 Ugly words, the ugly thoughts and deeds  
 Arising from the putrid minds of  
 Ugly people?  
 If so, why?  
 It puzzles me . . . . .

I think God created songs and the laughter of  
 Children and the dew and the sunset  
 And trees and daisies  
 And cows and blades of grass.  
 But I'm not sure.  
 He couldn't do both so which?  
 It puzzles me . . . . .

I think the devil created the  
 Ugly, grotesque and foul.  
 I think he (in all his evil) created the  
 Ugly words and thoughts and deeds.  
 How then, do the devil's thoughts enter the  
 Minds of God's own children?  
 I don't really  
 Know  
 And . . . . .  
 It puzzles me!

A. Paver 5 Pro a

Disaster! The wind began to howl and the waves pounded  
 on the walls of the earth. The whole earth  
 was frightened by this giant disaster. It swallowed  
 houses like cats killing mice, stripped trees, jammed  
 buildings. People on the streets were swallowed up like  
 water going down a plughole.

Lynda Sanford 3 G. 5

War

So this is war.  
 Cold, ruthless war.  
 War, that eats into the very hearts of men  
 And leaves them empty.  
 War that makes men into murderers,  
 Murderers into heroes,  
 Bestows medals on men whose only claim to fame is Death.  
 War, that leaves wives lonely,  
 Lonely still in ten years time.  
 War, that kills the young men, brave men,  
 While leaders sit in padded chairs.  
 War, that corrupts and starves  
 Children, homeless and bewildered,  
 Gazing with unforgiving eyes.  
 But war goes on,  
 Driven by the invisible master, Greed,  
 Which destroys and conquers all.



Diann Richards 6B Sci.

Warm and calm is the summer night. The silver moon  
 is shining. Flying owls cast spells on mice that scuttle  
 through the tall grass. Twittering and cheeping come  
 from birds awakened by the midnight owls. There's a  
 shuffling in the leaves and branches ove so softly as a  
 'possum scrambles in his bouncy way high up into the tree,  
 and peeks back over his shoulder.

The moon slides behind a cloud, and all is dark. The  
 mice hide away from the owls which now settle on low  
 branches. The birds stop twittering, the 'possum stops  
 climbing. The leaves are still. All is quiet.

Sunrise

The mist lies low upon the ground;  
 Trees are still and silent,  
 With the breaking dawn birds start to sing;  
 The mist rises gently over the hills  
 And the sun comes down into the valley,  
 The little valley awakens,  
 And children come out to play in the sun.

Christine Smith 3 G. 8.

Evening

A faint red glow on the horizon,  
 The shadows are long,  
 Grey clouds cover the once-blue sky,  
 Drifting past like a ship on a calm sea.  
 Trees, powerpoles cut the skyline,  
 Reaching high above.  
 A mass of houses lie flat and dull  
 Along the countryside.  
 I look in front of me:  
 The last shimmer of sunlight disappears.  
 The moon slowly rises  
 Until it is like a brilliant golden ball  
 Amidst the glittering stars.  
 Evening is beautiful - calm and peaceful,  
 But all too soon it becomes night.

Anon

The Forest Fire

It all began when a motorist, one of those odious creatures called litterbugs, threw a lemonade bottle from the moving car's window. The bottle bounced on the roadside shingle, rolled down an embankment and shattered



on a smooth, round rock. The jagged pieces lay on a dry bed of small, brown fire-needles and waited. They waited until the hot Californian midday sun rose above the young pine forest of the north coastal ranges. The yellow disc sent dazzling spears to dance about the bottle's lethal remains.

A curious thing about glass is its property to intensify light, thereby building up tremendous heat. The sun, the bottle and the dry crispy needles somehow formed a pattern. The pattern burst forth into the forest's dreaded enemy. Fire!

The needles crackled as the yellow demons danced among them, turning them black, and signifying their death with little wisps of white smoke. The ugly black area tinged with fire began to grow and spread like an invading virus. The yellow tongues licked at the base of a pine, as if sampling it like a piece of food. The solid sap between the bark was indeed good to its taste and flared up as if it were petrol. The flakey bark began to burn and the blackness crept up the pine's dry body. When the hungry flames threw themselves on to the helpless tufts of needles the flared up, disappearing in a crackle and a much larger column of smoke than the ground needles. The crackle grew louder and suddenly seemed to remind one of voices, cackling voices; or the tree, in its death throes, screaming with anguish and fury at its helplessness. The cackle grew to a roar, the roar of the tree's funeral pyre, a living torch, spewing forth wasted heat and light.

So it was with many other fires. In closely packed areas they had set one another alight like the spreading of a contagious disease. Each one gave up life as the first did, with a screaming cackle ending in a roar of destruction. Where the pines had grown more sparse, the creeping tongues of flame spread across the thick bed of needles. Hungry flames waited to feed on the helpless towers of dry wood and leaf.

The fire watcher spotted the billowing white column

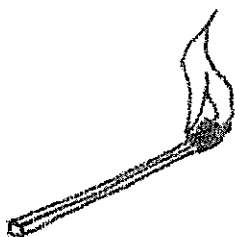
only ten minutes after it had started. With all the speed that man is able to muster, aeroplanes arrived on the scene of destruction carrying loads of precious water. From the air, the fire seemed to be an ugly black wound in the centre of a living green mass of vegetation. The planes swooped down on the fringes of the wound and spread the healing ointment, simple every-day water. The hungry flames died down, belching smoke and steam, and finally were gone. A watcher standing near the scene of the fire would have heard a deep sigh reverberate through the stillness of the remaining forest. It was the wind; or was it? Even if the trees did not have the emotion of relief they have an instinct for survival for the ugly black patch was sowed with fluttering woody seeds a few days later.

R. Murphy 5 Pro a

### Flame

The coke shrank  
 And shot out sharp, bright sparks.  
 A jet-streamed flame  
 Reflected on the watchman's face,  
 His wizened face all fiery red.

The fuel crumbled into brittle pieces;  
 The creeping, fugitive flame,  
 Its life discharged,  
 Faded in the stronger morning light.



3 G. 3

A Fire

A fire is destruction.

Burning, killing, destroying  
flames reaching higher and higher.

A fire is colourful.

Red, orange, yellow, flames that are  
burning, killing, destroying.

Racyn Dalgety 3 Dec 6

Panic!

The thunder groaned, the wind howled, the rain fell in hissing torrents out of the blackening sky, forming rivulets down the old black saskiash and causing tiny pools to appear on the wooden planks at the girl's feet. Below the planks of the bridge, a river tumbled across rocks and around clumps of reeds on the edges of its wooden banks. Beth plodded onwards into the increasing twilight and the grey shadowed woods ahead. She was not in the least bit afraid, for she had in her hand one great comfort, a bright, orange glowing lantern.

The entrance of the wood was friendly and not yet dark. The shadows that the light from the lantern cast were friendly, smiling shadows and as she walked Beth noticed that the rain had stopped and only the occasional dripping of water from the leaves and the noise of her feet upon the forest floor disturbed the silence.

But gradually, as she walked further into the trees, the silence became eerie and the shadows unfriendly. Some of the trees began to take on other forms of grotesque people, maimed and bent.

Her hands began to feel clammy and her neck tingled. She turned suddenly. She had heard a distinct movement, but the shadows, although frightening, were still. But there to the right, surely one had moved? No longer

were they shadows, their whole form had changed; now they were three dimensional, people! Fiendish, barbaric people!

They moved, not walking, but floating movements above the ground and making only the slightest rustling sound.

Her attempts to tell herself they were imaginative were futile. She stumbled forward, trying to face every one of the forms closing in on her. They began to mumble among themselves, they were laughing at her, pointing deformed, crooked fingers at her, their haggard faces wreathed with horrible smiles. The whole forest was a bedlam.

The lantern dropped from her hand and went out as she fell, tripping over an old tree stump, but the people were still there. She managed to stagger to her feet, but only stood there filled with terror of the thing in front of her. It was a person, so greatly deformed that its face was hardly discernible, and its arms and legs were only stumps sticking from its knotted body. Her scream made no sound and her feet were leaden and weighed her down as she stumbled through the woods in search of shelter from the horrible apparition. She ran and ran for what seemed eternity, but the thing was still in pursuit, keeping up at an incredible pace. She came to a forked path and chose at random the one to the left. Had she been in the right state of mind she would have remembered that this path led to the swamp but she was blinded by fear and thought only of freedom from her pursuer.

She ran forward, not noticing the ground softening under her feet, then suddenly it came to her, the horrifying realisation of what was ahead.

An abyss, black as pitch, the inevitable end to panic.



At the Bay

A lone beachcomer idly strolled along the bay. The expanse of white sand, like a milky sea, stretched far away from beneath his bare feet.

Scattering as this enemy advanced, the seagulls squawked and argued in defiance to the tattered intruder. As they rose with the wind ruffling their feathery breasts, doubling back, gaining height, and gliding in the wind, their raucous sound sifted through the salt spray and smells of the beach to every lonely corner of the bay. Scarcely could one hear the silent lapping, as the endless turbulence of the sea seemed to snatch the sand into the tide.

The small figure as if bored turned from the beach into the white sand-dunes. The tussock covered mounds scattered carelessly by the wind and sea appeared to swallow the little soul up. Behind him in the tracks set deep into the soft carpet, the gulls settled. No more were they infuriated by the unwelcomed intrusion.

As if on parade the little white bodies appeared motionless. Their glancing looks from tiny pink eyes set in small black heads noted every movement.

When the breeze grew and the waves splashed more, from the multitude of feathers one by one the gulls rose, turned in the wind and drifted into the distance.

Far across the bay, a little boat bobbed up and down above a rolling sea and the little specks of people happily fished under a blanket of warmth laid down by the sun through a cloudless sky.

A long way out to sea a little vessel, just past a rocky head of land, slowly puffed across the hazy horizon. A stream of brown smoke wound aimlessly into the sky behind as if to symbolize the freedom obtainable.

There is no sign of power and authority, and time is

marked only by passing seasons at the bay. It is truly a peaceful haven for Man, his thoughts, and birds.

R. Donald 5 Fro a

The Swamp

Quiet is the swamp and still  
 With coloured dragonflies and buzzing things,  
 And tall brown reeds  
 Reflected in black water.  
 In their nests pukekos sit,  
 Eels swim, and small things dart  
 Among the greeny-brown rust-covered slime.

Some people see the swamp  
 As just a dirty place,  
 But to the birds it is a feeding place  
 That's safe.

Ivan Reid 3 G. 6

The Warrior

All alone he faces them on the hill,  
 The foeman assembled below.  
 He stands silhouetted against the sun;  
 They charge him, the foemen, the bowmen.  
 He strikes to the right and to the left  
 And all give way.

The cowardly dogs they turn and flee,  
 But lookers-on can only see  
 A small boy brandishing a wooden sword,  
 Chasing tumbleweeds on the sands of Opononi.

H. Barker 4 G. 1.

The bay was silent. From the top of the hill, I could see into the bush and out as far as the mist that met the still-calm grey water. The white-chipped sand was still and looked like a long sleeve of a football jersey, with the driftwood, moist seaweed as stripes, twisting along its cold length. At the bottom, the icy grey water tickled the sandy edge.

The trees in the background, behind the three baches, stood silent - their branches were thrust straight out in the calm air. No dead brown needles skipped around under their huge trunks. Instead, they lay still, unmoving. No scurrying rabbits darted from one bush to another to hide; no insects hummed in the slippery bluebells. Everything was still, silent, waiting.

Out at sea, there were no seagulls whirling above the fish-tainted boats. There were no boats. Occasional fish jumped from the grey foam - their gleaming bodies flashed briefly as they returned to the water.

The baches too were lifeless. No children played on the shell gardens or ran around the houses. No lawnmowers droned.

Everything was still, motionless. Even the sheep on the hills above the baches seemed to be stationary, waiting. What for, I wonder?

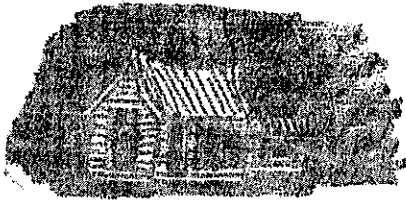
P. Smith 5 Pro 6

The house stood bravely attempting to stand against the sheets of rain that had endlessly fallen and showed no sign of relenting; but most of all it was battling against time - soon it would be demolished.

A light glimmered from within a room on the ground floor. It was barely furnished, a solid oak bed in the

corner, a wooden chair and table with cracks along the  
 grain. In the fireplace a fire feebly flickered, a  
 flame leaped up occasionally, and the shadows shifted.  
 The occupant of the chair was staring vacantly into  
 the fire, thinking of the past. His face was thin  
 and drawn, the skin pale and wrinkled, the high fore-  
 head scarred by puckered brows. Pale blue eyes  
 gazed from beneath the bushy eyebrows. His hair was  
 a cluster of fine grey strands. He looked frail, and  
 his hands were like thin sticks covered by skin. It  
 would be hard to imagine that he had once held an  
 important title and had been a man with expensive  
 tastes. Now he was just a bean rattling in an out-  
 rigger barrel. He would not be there much longer,  
 and the rain just kept on dripping from the old  
 chestnut tree. Far off there was a clap of thunder.

Moira Lawson 4 G 2



The Haunted House

Creaks and moans echoed through the dead silence,  
 Rattling chains and human skulls  
 All dancing, prancing to the dead man's drum.  
 Battered stairs and thick smelly cobwebs  
 Hung from the gloomy, spooky room.  
 Hands crept out and the rats crept in.  
 Nothing but Doom, Doom, Doom!

Wendy Muirson 3 G 5

My Shell

My shell looks like a whirlpool . . . . a ripple starting small, and increasing every time.

My shell has a row of little pinholes around the edge.

My shell is very orange, and like a new-picked sunripe apricot.

My shell, dipped in water, has almost all the colours of the rainbow. It is as though it is in its natural surroundings, shining so bright and clear through the water, with the water swaying to and fro as if it is alive and creeping across the white-grey sand.

3 Pro e

The Pirate

The pirate's eyes were small, green and beady. They glared at everyone like tiny, swivelling searchlights. His hair was long, scraggy, and split at the ends, and curled over it, tilted to one side, was his hat with its plumed hatross feather. One of his arms had been bitten off by a shark and was capped with a large hook. His other hand was black and hairy like an ape's. The ends of his blue, tattered, faded and frayed trousers had been cut so that part of his peg leg showed. He walked with a limp and had been assisted with an ivory walking stick.

He was a pirate of the lowest degree. He drank excessively, and often became intoxicated. He had often been known to poke people in the eyes with his walking stick.



Pamela Ingram 3 Pro c

Hooflebusters, their habits and habitat

Hooflebusters live in holes in banks. They are very religious followers of a newly-found religion called Rappitism. The god is the Rappit. A tip of a Rappit's horn is hung over their door; this is presented by the Rappits for worshipping at the family shrine.

The hooflebusters' diet consists of swishberries that grow wild, and flutterbys. They use flutterby wings for bridal gowns, preserving the wings by soaking them in swishberry oil. They store them in speschnut shells. They also eat pickleberries, and from the yellow flower of this prickly bush they extract honey. They keep herds of animals, too, called horibulls. Trained fleas look after their herds.

The main enemies of the hooflebusters are a blood-thirsty group called squiffles. They creep into hooflebuster holes at the dead of night; the only warning of their presence is the special squiffle snuffle that can put horror into even the most hardened hooflebuster heart. They rush around, skewering the hooflebusters, and take tufts of hooflebuster hair as a trophy for their success. But the horibulls that the hooflebusters keep scare the squiffles stiff, and there's nothing as scared as a stiff squiffle. They cannot bear the horibull's warcry.

So if anybody sees a tip of Rappit's horn hanging over a hole in a bank, or a tuft of hooflebuster hair hanging on a pole outside a squiffle castle, do rush me a message. I'd love to know if they really exist.

Derek Boston 3 Pro a

SCUMFLES  
WILL BE  
SCUMFILLATED  
BEWARE OF  
THE  
HORIBULL

The Rime of the Ancient Spinster

It is an Ancient Spinster  
Who suppeth up her tea,  
With ringless hands, and tabby-cat  
A-sitting on her knee.

Romance once knocked upon her door,  
But she heeded not its song,  
Too late, she flung it open wide:  
Her lover-bold had gone.

In vain she wrung her skinny hands,  
"I am too late," quoth she,  
"Come back, my noble knight, with steed,  
And run away with me!"

So now she sits upon the shelf,  
And dreams of days gone by:  
When many an admiring male  
Gave her the glittering eye!

God save thee Ancient Spinster!  
From loneliness and woe,  
If e'er your chance should come again,  
Grab it, and go! Go! Go!

Kathleen Jenkins 4 Pro a

A Chinaman

As he shuffled in he stopped by me, wrinkled his brow  
and rolled his beady eyes at me. Patched trousers slunk  
down to his dirty, plump toes. A smile twitched across  
his crooked mouth and gold teeth revolved around a lump of  
tobacco he was chewing. His dismal, sallow face moved up  
and down like a rocking chair, as he muttered away words  
not understood by me.

Gail Pratt 3 Pro c

The Fifth Dimension

If a man does not think,  
 Who is he?  
 How can he query what he is,  
 His relationship to the world,  
 His place in society?  
 How can he discover himself?  
 If a man does not think and ask these things,  
 Where is he?  
 He is at the sea level of society,  
 Because he knows not who he is.  
 No questions, no answers,  
 No thoughts, has he dwelt upon,  
 No adjustment has he made.

A man who travels through life  
 Without pausing,  
 Without time to journey to the dimension of the  
 mind,  
 Is not a man, but a machine.  
 So, if your fellow is in a world of his own,  
 Leave him there,  
 For he is in the world of thought,  
 The fifth dimension.

Laura Smith 6B

Alone

The bleakness of the lonely railway station struck  
 him when he alighted from the train. The wind sent the  
 rubbish of the day swirling about his feet. It swept  
 around the whole station in a biting, whistling rush.  
 He hurried across the deserted platform to the draughty  
 waiting room where a few tired people were anxiously  
 looking for friends and relations. But there was no  
 one to meet him. He sat down on one of the benches and  
 thought back to the previous three weeks - weeks of  
 uncertainty, worry, desolation. He slowly pulled out



a cigarette from a battered packet. He automatically noted that this was the last one. He unhurriedly struck a match and put this last cigarette to his lips, deliciously inhaling the smoke and savouring the taste as though he might never have another. He began to look around him.

"Nothing's changed," he thought, "from the last time I was here."

Just one lonely man in a lonely railway station.

"Sorry, mate. You'll have to go." A coarse voice interrupted his train of thought. "We got to clean up sometime, you know."

Unanswering, he blankly picked up his bags and walked. He didn't know where he was going but somehow he ended up by a taxi stand.

"Where ya goin', mate?"

"Three Belgrave Square." Now what had made him say that? Some inner instinct?

He got out, paid the driver and looked up at the dark building in front of him. What times he'd had here. None of the worry, the poverty of later times. Then he had been just a young man going to University, studying, meeting people, having fun. But now there was no-one. All the old pals were gone.

He felt annoyed with himself. Why had he come here? It only brought back memories he wanted to forget. He began walking again. Walking, walking. The steady sound of his footsteps echoed across the narrow street. He didn't think, he just walked.



Lights blazed, people gathered round. What was it? What had happened? The siren of a police car broke in on their thoughts. Two policemen leapt out. One looked

at the body on the ground. He motioned to someone who ran across the road into a house. Not long afterwards, an ambulance arrived. Two white-coated men jumped out and hurried over to the body. One conversed with the policeman who had since found out what had happened from bystanders. The other examined the body. There was no hope. It was all over.

The policemen ordered everyone away. The driver of the car was unhurt, but very shaken. He could be heard, telling the policemen, "It wasn't my fault! He just walked straight out on to the road without looking. I couldn't have stopped in time. Mad, he was. Asking to be killed . . . "

Just one lonely man . . . . .

Merle Nicklin 5 Pro a

### The Kitchen - A Machine for Cooking In

It is said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. And where is the food for this man's stomach prepared? In the kitchen, of course!

Modern kitchens seem to follow a set pattern. Ugly, gleaming stoves and refrigerators guard their own floor space with particular tenacity; and rows and rows of cupboard doors and drawers painted in a myriad of bold colours, glare at you from their "unlofty" heights. Clean, sparkling tile floors reveal none of the often-used kitchen signs, and the pleasant, welcoming odours of something cooking have all been whisked away by a sickeningly sweet perfumed air freshener.

A dominant colour in the kitchen is silver. Aluminium pots, pans, toasters and cookers reflect the scientific, space-age times of their owners, and give today's kitchens a clinical atmosphere like that found in a doctor's or dentist's surgery.

But still something, or rather someone, is missing. Where is the filler of men's stomachs, the 'Queen of the House', the woman who slaves all day over a hot stove preparing the evening meal? Why, she is relaxing on the patio, reading a magazine. Her worries in the kitchen are almost non-existent, having been taken out of her hands by those lazy-habit-forming modern conveniences. Her butter is freezing in the refrigerator, her cake is mixing in the electric beater, and the lunch dishes are being washed in the automatic dishwasher. Dinners have gone space-age too. Now Mrs. X serves her man a quick-frozen T.V. dinner.

The typical woman of kitchens of former years has been replaced by machines and indeed the modern kitchen is merely one big machine!

Rilis Ranson GE Arts

### Short Story

At dawn the reapers were already in the rye field. Already they could feel the advancing heat of the scorching sun on their backs as they bent over, slashing at the ripe rye. The reapers were young, willing, and the pay was good but they were not satisfied. Day after day they reaped (for the field must be cleared by the end of the month) and day after day they tramped wearily back to their bunkhouses. It was not a good life, this dawn till dusk job. After a good meal, one would lie down and immediately sink into oblivion, refreshing one's brain and body for the next day of toil.

Dick was not content. For four weeks life had dragged monotonously on. He was bored; fed up with life. As he reaped he thought about Life. What is the purpose of Man? There must be some specific reason for his being on earth. Of course, his old biology textbooks had told him it was to reproduce his kind. But in Dick's opinion it went deeper than that. The reproduction idea did not

satisfy him. Well, anyway he knew life was not to waste. Ideas of human relationships, morality and existence whirled into his brain. He was a great thinker and this topic was always foremost in his thoughts. What am I doing here? Why am I different? A nervous breakdown was impending.

In this frame of mind life did not seem worth living. He took it easier. Gradually the tension within him subsided. But this question of existence was still there; prodding, silently. If I'm no good, why don't I just die. Life is not worth living . . .

Then he saw Ruth.

Janet McAnnalley 5 Pro a

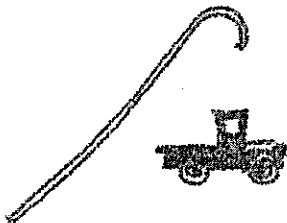
### The Ancient Sheepfarmer

It is an ancient sheepfarmer  
 He stopp'st by a tree,  
 Damn blast thee ancient truck of mine!  
 Why stopp'st thou for me!

He plunges in his balded head  
 And flings back nuts and bolts,  
 And calls the truck such dreadful names  
 It rears, and then revolts.

He drops his tools and stands aghast,  
 Then cursing all he can,  
 He raises back a wrinkled fist -  
 Let forth an oath and ran.

D. Meikle 4 Pro a



Forgotten Credit

Old pal, enjoy these summer days,  
 Beside my side to stately stroll,  
 No cows to herd, no sheep to run.  
 Now there's time to sleep and laze,  
 Life can be quiet without being dull.  
 We're retired, old fellow, our work's been done,  
 We're no longer wanted, the farm's been sold.  
 The bush is silent and the hills are bare,  
 The trees that were green have all turned brown,  
 Grey metals have replaced the emerald and gold.  
 We too are replaced but there's no-one to care,  
 And where once ran the stream, now grows the town.  
 We're just part of the past now, you and I,  
 An old man and a dog, I hear them say.  
 Surely we're not that old, are we?  
 Aye, our limbs are stiffened and no longer spry,  
 And we only have memories of yesterday,  
 An' no-one knows 'cept you and me.

Colleen Norris 3 Pro d

Dog Fight

It was just an ordinary summer day and I was lying on the lawn swotting History. Everyone else was out and I had the whole day to do whatever I liked. I lay on the lawn in my bikini, occasionally taking a bite of my apple and the rest of the time trying to learn about American foreign policy since 1870. Our dachshund-spaniel cross bitch, Trudi, was lying beside me puffing in the heat. Every so often she woke up and looked at me, just making sure that I was still there. Everything was peaceful.

Suddenly Trudi jumped up with a start and sniffed the air. She ran all around the lawn, sniffing and barking and then, growling, she bounded out into the paddock. I leapt to my feet and stumbled after her, calling. There in the paddock was our neighbour's poodle. The two dogs

were deadly enemies, and fearing a fight, I made a dive at Trudi. But I missed and by the time I was on my feet again the dogs were dodging warily around each other, growling and baring their teeth. Then suddenly one made a wrong move and they were on to each other in an instant, snarling and snapping. The poodle dug its sharp little teeth into Trudi's ear and she yelped with pain. With blood dripping from her ear she flew at the other little dog and bowled him over by sheer weight. Now they were even and the battle was on. The poodle leapt at Trudi with its teeth bared and she received a slash on her shoulder. This infuriated her and she dived back at him, throwing him to the ground but missing his throat with her teeth. They flew at each other and howled and yelped and snapped and slashed with their teeth.

I was terrified. I stood there shouting at Trudi and not knowing what to do. By now there was blood all over the ground and both dogs were covered in cuts and scratches. Both were furious and seemed determined to win. But after more growling and biting, the poodle seemed to lose some of its courage and it looked as if Trudi might have the upper hand. Then Trudi flew at the poodle, bowling him over and grabbing his throat with her teeth. She had him, ready to kill. But he struggled and twisted his head and finally freed himself and leapt to his feet. Trudi flew at him again but this time he thought it safer to flee and bolted across the paddock and through the fence with Trudi snapping at his heels. I called to Trudi but she wouldn't come until she had safely removed the enemy from her territory, and five minutes later she came proudly limping back. I washed her cuts and then rang up our neighbours to tell them why their dog had so many cuts and bruises.

We both returned to our positions on the lawn but this time Trudi slept soundly, proud of her victory over another dog trespassing on her territory.

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 Bryant, Colin  
 Burgess, Denis  
 Clifford, Ian  
 Cocks, Jeffrey  
 Cronin, Peter  
 Fenton, Philip  
 Hagan, David  
 Hazzard, Bruce  
 Hill, Roy  
 Howe, Christopher  
 Leather, John  
 Lyle, Raymond  
 McLoughlin, Murray 2  
 Parlane, Wayne  
 Stone, Glenn  
 Taurua, Noel  
 Whitten, Peter

Adams, Judith  
 Armit, Lynette  
 Armstrong, Jill  
 Broad, Beldre  
 Brown, Anne  
 Brown, Olive  
 Burch, Susan  
 Funnell, Julie  
 Gardner, Diana +  
 Hayes, Janet  
 Jakeman, Helen  
 Kelly, Heather  
 Kroese, Vera  
 Roberts, Vivien  
 Symes, Vicki  
 Van Iersel, Maria 1  
 Wiley, Robyn



Form 4 Professional E

Mrs. Brown  
 Allington, Mark  
 Anderson, Ian  
 Balcombe, Richard 1  
 Blundell, Guy  
 Bridge, Andrew  
 Burnett, Kevin  
 Forlong, Chris +  
 Gibbs, Mark  
 Holland, Stephen  
 Mason, Robert  
 Mawhinney, Paul  
 Nash, Robert  
 Pohana, Morgan  
 Pratt, Darryl  
 Stewart, Earl  
 Williams, John  
 Wright, David  
 Smith, Len

Bassett, Christine  
 Bolderston, Gillian  
 Colson, Judith  
 Colson, Gillian  
 Charon, Nalini  
 Franks, Kathleen 2  
 Gedge, Judith  
 Jackson, Pat  
 Nicholas, Judith  
 Ross, Naomi  
 Spence, Gail  
 Tombik, Eva  
 White, Barbara

Form 4 General 1

Mr. Walker  
 Barker, Hugh 1  
 Barry, John  
 Bergeson, Terrance  
 Carter, Paul

Gleeson, Patrick  
 Johnson, Alan  
 Keane, Raymond  
 Lamb, Russel  
 Leadley, Christopher  
 Leaming, Christopher  
 McConnell, Raymond  
 Millen, James  
 Mohr, Robert  
 Peart, Roger  
 Pyke, Ross  
 Schwartzfeger, David  
 Stuart, Bruce  
 Thomas, Keith  
 Warren, Douglas  
 Malone, Terence

Anderson, Cynthia  
 Craill, Victoria  
 Davies, Joy  
 Dixon, Sandra  
 Downard, Colleen  
 Hurter, Kaye  
 Kirkwood, June 2  
 McDonald, Brenda  
 McRobbie, Heather  
 Morbey, Jacqueline  
 Plow, Coral  
 Rogers, Dianne  
 Russell, Gail  
 Scott, Raewyn  
 Street, Marion

Form 4 General 2

Mrs. Rose  
 Adams, Brian  
 Brown, Pauriuri  
 Clarke, Murray  
 Crochane, Brent  
 Collins, Dennis  
 Croad, Greg  
 Davidson, Ian

Finlay, Paul 1  
 Fawke, Lee +  
 Galvin, Dennis  
 Grinlinton, Peter  
 Howell, Dale  
 Milner, Bruce  
 Noble, Ken  
 Pema, Donald  
 Shine, Dennis  
 Stewart, Paul  
 Stobie, Stuart

Beaver, Gail  
 Bust, May  
 Canty, Helen  
 Currey, Susanne  
 Dowr, Annabell  
 Gray, Irene  
 Hall, Jane  
 Hickman, Pamela  
 Kemp, Beverley  
 Lawson, Moira  
 Leslie, Patricia  
 Litter, Dale  
 Middleton, Priscilla  
 Miller, Margaret  
 Mitchell, Laurine  
 Morris, Carolle  
 Paulin Linda +  
 Shaw, Jennifer

Form 4 General 3

Mr. King  
 Chapman, Stephen  
 Clapp, Ray  
 Clarke, Stephen  
 Foote, Alan  
 French, Stephen +  
 Graham, Cris  
 Harper, Kevin

Harries, Stephen  
 McGirr, Bruce  
 Mendoza, Kevin  
 Mudford, Brian  
 Nairn, Brian 1  
 Reid, Peter  
 Robertsons, Peter  
 Ryburn, John  
 Scharvi, Tony  
 Stewart, Rex  
 Stunnell, Peter  
 Tocker, Gary  
 Walter, Grant  
 Wearne, David  
 Wilson, Wayne

Attwood, Valerie  
 Brown, Janice  
 Burnside, Gael  
 Cossey, Jennifer  
 Crofskey, Christine 2  
 Fergusson, Rosslyn  
 French, Patricia  
 Keinzley, Kathleen  
 Kelly, Margaret  
 Lewis, Judith +  
 Lowe, Cheryl  
 Olsen, Judy  
 Penetito, Ethel

Form 4 General 4

Mr. Jarrett  
 Barlow, R +  
 Buitendijk, Hans  
 Byers, Mark  
 Clarke, Phillip  
 Cobbald, Colin  
 Donald, Ian  
 Grent, Ray  
 Groeneveld, Stephen

Heta, Roger +  
 Hona, Joseph  
 Jones, Trevor  
 Lee, Gordon +  
 McIsaac, Kelvin +  
 Parker, Trevor +  
 Pullen, Ian 1  
 Read, Trevor  
 Seward, Paul  
 Stuart, Grant  
 Thorburn, Ian  
 Wybrow, Paul +

Bennet, Selina  
 Cairns, Julia  
 Callis, Suzanne +  
 Douglas, Yvonne  
 Field, Michelle  
 Flavell, Robyn +  
 Hancock, Ann  
 Hepshi, Nellie 2  
 Herbert, Donna  
 Hohaia, Gail  
 Lathanara, Vulavou +  
 Latham, Lorraine  
 Leech, Christine  
 McLeod, Jeanne  
 Manuel Kay  
 Prince, Penelope  
 Scharvi, Colleen  
 Smith, Cheryl  
 Stobie, Wendy  
 Taylor, Jennifer  
 White, Gloria

Form 4 General 5

Mrs. Kuskis  
 Baker, David  
 Butler, Michael  
 Cunningham, Gary  
 Excell, Colin

Fenton, David  
 Haley, Christopher  
 Healey, Raymond  
 Holmes, Stewart  
 Holmewood, Phillip +  
 McLeod, Ross  
 McKenzie, Peter  
 Murphy, George  
 Olsen, William  
 Preston, John  
 Pyke, Douglas  
 Roberts, Gregg 1  
 Spick, David  
 Staff, Christopher  
 Steel, Anthony  
 Turner, Neville +  
 Wallace, Ken  
 Wilson, James  
 Wilson, Michael

Barber, Carol  
 Coley, Dianne  
 Cossey, Beverley  
 Ferrel, Lynette  
 Gibson, Shirley 2  
 Hellyer, Robyn  
 Hona, Della  
 Hynes, Aroha +  
 Lilley, Marian  
 Litchfield, Elaine  
 Pohio, Eileen  
 Sorich, Colleen +  
 Walker, Monica  
 Wilson, Valerie

Form 4 General 6

Mr. Brown  
 Burge, Alan +  
 Byers, Murray  
 Cassidy, Henry  
 Clark, Denis

Lossey, Stanley  
 Lox, Terence +  
 Lenton, Fred  
 Lead, David  
 Lockey, David  
 Ludson, Gavin  
 Johnston, Trevor  
 Knight, Colin  
 Knight, Gary  
 Koch, Lindsay  
 MacGregor, Thomas +  
 Mackintosh, Keith  
 Seales, Kenneth 1  
 Stone, Rex  
 Parawhiti, Michael +  
  
 Bates, Shirley  
 Chitty, Pamela  
 Cox, Carolyn +  
 Dalzell, Lois 2  
 De Lille, Lynnette +  
 Goshore, Isobel +  
 Gregory, Robyn  
 Hatherall, Gail  
 Moore, Louise  
 Murray, Gloria +  
 Pakeho, Ruth  
 Richards, Catherine  
 Sanford, Barbara +  
 Watson, Lorraine +  
 Williams, Lynnette +

Form 3 Professional A

Mr. Coldicutt

Amunsden, Trevor +  
 Bassett, Geoffrey  
 Bongard, John +  
 Boston, Derek  
 Bowman, Derek  
 Davey, Martin  
 Holliday, Philip

Jones, Brian  
 McVeice, Ian  
 Maxwell, Barry  
 Meikle, John 1  
 Payne, David  
 Round, Howell  
 Shaw, James  
 Shove, Brian

Finlay, Judith  
 Graham, Mavis  
 Harrison, Robin  
 Holmes, Karen 2  
 Jones, Gwenda  
 Kells, Bronwyn  
 Milne, Annette  
 Morrison, Lynne  
 Muir, Angela  
 Noble, Kathleen  
 Paglar, Susanne  
 Peterson, Edith  
 Pollock, Lynda  
 Rankine, Rosalind  
 Sharp, Rosemary  
 Taylor, Robyn  
 Williams, Alison  
 Wills, Philippa

Form 3 Professional B

Mrs. Green

Atchison, Alan 1  
 Babbington, Bruce  
 Cronin, Brian  
 Grant, Ian  
 Helm, Ronald  
 Higgins, Colin  
 McDonnell, Bruce  
 Mitchell, David  
 O'Brien, Stephen  
 Searle, Desmond  
 Shaw, Robert

Smith, Gary  
Wischnowsky, Mark

Atkin, Judith  
Allen, Ronwyn  
Appleby, Judith  
Basset, Lesley 2  
Cuthbert, Elizabeth  
Davidson, Raewyn  
Deery, Lynette  
Dicky, Gayle  
Dobbs, Christine  
Hearn, Christine  
Jackson, Diane  
Lewis, Robyn  
Macdonald, Lynnette  
McGavock, Phillipa  
Peterson, Jillianne  
Robertson, Anne  
Shaw, Lynette  
Tagg, Sally  
Taylor, Sandra

Form 3 Professional C

Miss Smytheman  
Cooke, Brian  
Corney, Robert  
Essex, Robert  
Hare, Bruce  
Judd, Christopher  
La Trobe, David  
McMillan, Andrew +  
Marlow, Peter  
Moffatt, Andrew  
Payne, Lyall  
Pointon, Garth  
Pullen, Ivan  
Roberts, Graeme  
Stevenson, Paul  
Tate, Dudley 1

Anderton, Gayle  
Benge, Phillipa  
De Boer, Iris 2  
Brennan, Sue  
Charlton, Emily  
Ferguson, Anne  
Fox, Susan  
Grindly, Toreena +  
Ingram, Pamela  
McCullough, Gail  
Mills, Jacqueline  
Norris, Lynne  
Pratt, Gail  
Ritchie, Denise  
Ryan, Anne  
Somerville, Janice  
Tooley, Jacqueline  
Topham, Jennifer.

Form 3 Professional D

Miss McEwen  
Anderson, Charles  
Biddick, James 1  
Brown, Wayne +  
Bryant, Colin  
Derbyshire, Rex  
Gedge, Raymond  
Green, Murray  
Harford, Shane  
Hollingshead, Scott  
McMannemin, Ken  
Meikle, Barry  
Nash, John  
Osborne, Clinton  
Richardson, Neville +  
Schofield, Ian  
Seward, David  
Warner, Donald  
Dalgety, Raewyn  
Haley, Anne

Henton, Tania  
 Hindmarsh, Anne  
 Hogan, Jennifer +  
 Howell, Helen  
 Johnston, Robynne  
 Littler, Nicki  
 McLoughlan, Marianne  
 Owens, Claire  
 Richards, Lynette  
 Rigby, Suzanne  
 Van Noordt, Adriana 2  
 Waide, Margaret  
 Wearne, Suzanne  
 West, Cherry  
 Wickenden, Julie  
 Wilkie, Victoria

Form 3 Professional E

Miss Mitchell  
 Bridger, Selwyn  
 Brown, Rodney  
 Conner, Ian  
 Coombe, Paul  
 Davis, Stephen 1  
 De Bruyn, Adriaan  
 Eastlake, Paul  
 Jefferies, Raymond  
 Lane, Keith  
 Pike, Gary  
 Reihana, Gordon  
 Ryan, Michael  
 Wilson, Peter  
 Yearbury, Peter

Appleby, Pauline  
 Branton, Patricia  
 Dawson, Daphne  
 Deane, Karen  
 Franks, Annette 2  
 Ioffman, Cecily  
 Kesri, Vali

Lammers, Linda  
 Manssen, Glenis  
 Penitito, Dale  
 Prince, Dianne  
 Pryor, Elizabeth  
 Reilly, Nicola  
 Rogers, Denise  
 Scarlett, Dianna  
 Smith, Sylvia  
 Wybrow, Janet +

Form 3 General I

Mr. Fryer

Andrew, Robert  
 Bates, Brian  
 Byers, Noel  
 Clapp, David  
 Gardner, Anthony  
 Glass, Peter  
 Kelly, Hokei  
 Littlewood, Ross  
 Lourie, Paul  
 McGregor, Grant  
 Mead, Peter 2  
 Potter, Ralph  
 Potts, Warwick +  
 Russell, Ian +  
 Sanderson, Kevin  
 Sim, Wayne  
 Smith, Keith 1  
 Spencer, Geoffrey  
 Escolme, David

Baldwin, Faye  
 Crosby, Carolyn  
 Gane, Judy  
 Horn, Sheila  
 Hughes, Susan  
 King, Phyllis  
 McInnes, Ann  
 Peace, Gillian

Picard, Alison  
 Pirie, Carolyn  
 Roberts, Kathleen  
 Shaw, Robyn  
 Stewart, Gael  
 Thomassen, Susan

Form 3 General 2

Mrs. Worth  
 Anderson, Steven  
 Ball, Grant +  
 Eust, Robert  
 Byrt, Robin  
 Goldfinch, James  
 Keane, Neville  
 Latham, David  
 McGregor, Dennis  
 Pakeho, Clarke  
 Schwartzke, John  
 Sharp, Donald  
 Shirley, Graham  
 Smith, Derek  
 Smith, Ronald  
 Solly, Russell  
 Stanney, Gordon  
 Symes, Geoffrey +  
 Tauranga, Roger 1

Atkinson, Jill  
 Davidson, Diane  
 Davis, Ann  
 Duckworth, Carole +  
 Gamble, Barbara  
 Harvey, Christina  
 Herkt, Paulina  
 Kanavatoa, Fiona  
 McInnes, Lynda 2  
 MacKenzie, Jennifer  
 Manning, Shirley  
 Scott, Pamela  
 Shaw, Karen

Sly, Diane  
 Tossman, Jacqueline  
 Turner, Kathleen

Form 3 General 3

Miss Bridgeman

Box, David  
 Conrad, Joseph  
 Cossey, Bryan  
 Gordon, Nigel  
 Gotty, James +  
 Grant, Mervyn  
 Haynes, Ross  
 Jones, Paul  
 Kennedy, Dale  
 King, Mickie 1  
 Millar, Glen  
 Nixon, Michael +  
 Olsen, Keith  
 Pullin, James  
 Shirley, Andrew  
 Smith, Laurence  
 Storey, Bryan  
 Watkins, George  
 Whitcombe, Wayne  
 Willoughby, Dennis  
 Wood, James

Blackbourne, Rose  
 Franks, Lynda  
 Garland, Carolyn  
 Goldfinch, Marilyn +  
 Hickford, Maureen  
 Hiney, Linda 2  
 Kerr, Fiona  
 Leaming, Linda +  
 Park, Lesley  
 Patterson, Rosemary  
 Savage, Sharon  
 Stone, Shirley

Form 3 General 4

Mrs. Lawson  
 Barlow, Edward  
 Barnett, Raymond  
 Bates, Barry  
 Brown, Gordon  
 Cropp, John  
 Davies, Kenneth  
 Glover, Geoffrey +  
 Hallings, Philip  
 Lund, Phillip  
 Kelly, Philip  
 Mannie, Barry  
 Nicholson, William  
 Pauls, Robert  
 Pilcher, Donald  
 Samuels, Phillip 1  
 Strong, Ronald  
 Tia, William  
 Waterhouse, John  
 Woods, Michael  
 Young, Owen

Bisman, Kathleen  
 Black, Margaret  
 Brown, Te Puawai  
 Bryant, Lynette  
 Crispe, Jennifer 2  
 Haliday, Judith  
 Kelly, Hannah  
 Kirkwood, Janet  
 Mackenzie, Christine  
 Paparon, Teresa  
 Rogers, Beverly  
 Turei, Sandra  
 Takawe, Judith

Form 3 General 5

Mrs. Ford  
 Blank, Max  
 Brown, Brian

Cairns, Daniel  
 Cossey, Grant  
 Crosby, Dennis  
 Emery, Charles  
 Froggatt, Warren  
 Glover, Geoffrey  
 Goldsworthy, Steven 2  
 Grant, Paul  
 Habraken, John  
 Heremaia, Phillip  
 Maynard, Lance  
 Putwain, Roger  
 Seccombe, Murray  
 Thompson, Kingi  
 Wilson, Rex

Brown, Caroline  
 Brown, Gladys  
 Burton, Karin 1  
 Crombach, Anna Maria  
 Kells, Marilyn  
 Klinac, Barbara  
 McKinney, Dorothy  
 Manuel, Lyn  
 Morning, Jacqueline  
 Muirson, Wendy  
 Rowley, Suzanne  
 Sanford, Lynda  
 Wilcox, Glenys  
 Wilson, Avis

Form 3 General 6

Mr. Cole  
 Barber, Grahame  
 Bennett, Alfred  
 Burnett, Peter  
 Clauson, Robin  
 Cossey, Kevin  
 Hetherington, Wayne  
 Hudson, Vernon  
 Lockett, Darrell  
 McIsaac, Brian



Montier, Lane  
 Parsons, Stuart  
 Reid, John  
 Rhind, Robinson  
 Richardson, Stephen  
 Rivers, Michael  
 Sperry, Graeme  
 Tumata, Robert

Bell, Lorna  
 De Thierry, Noeline  
 Gibbs, Vicki  
 Gorman, Shirley  
 Hopkins, Robyn  
 Jacobson, Lorraine 2  
 Kelly, Queenie  
 Kozanic, Bronwyn  
 McDonald, Jo  
 Maynard, Linda  
 Paikau, Jeanne  
 Tocker, Heather  
 Walker, Amelia

Form 3 General 7

Mrs. Mansell  
 Brown, Danny  
 Clarke, Alan  
 Clarke, Raymond  
 Hargreaves, Trevor  
 Hatherell, George  
 Hodges, Charles  
 Hopkins, Wayne  
 Humphries, Barry  
 Hunt, Donald  
 Julian, Ross  
 Katipa, Charles  
 King, Russell  
 Kitto, Raymond  
 Lowe, Graham  
 Mabey, Lenny  
 Martin, Robert

Mulligan, Brian  
 Richards, Eric  
 Mitchell, David  
 Watkins, Colin

Barr, Jeanette 1  
 Bennett, Rosemary  
 Davis, Elizabeth  
 Dolbear, Christine  
 Fenton, Matilda  
 Laing, Kathleen  
 Moke, Harriet  
 Rewha, Susan  
 Rhind, Jacqueline  
 Ross, Deborah  
 Smith, Judith  
 Stephenson, Barbara  
 Turner, Judith

Form 3 General 8


Mr. Chalmers  
 Burrows, John  
 Connelly, Michael  
 Devery, Bruce  
 Epere, John 2  
 Fenton, Ian  
 Harper, Stephen  
 Hona, Pari  
 Lamb, Lindsay +  
 Numans, Peter  
 Paki, David  
 Reid, Clive  
 Shorthouse, Danny +  
 Te Wao, Andrew  
 Williams, Eric  
 Wright St. Clair, Alan  
 Cullen, Shirley  
 Fitsimmons, Milly  
 Goodman, Gaye  
 Hall, Shirley

Lamb, Clarisse  
 Mca, Yvonne  
 Murphy, Christine  
 Norton, Louise  
 Simon, Susan  
 Smith, Christine  
 Tchei, Isabel

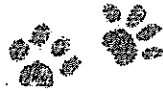
YEAR OF NEW FACES ... NEW FEELINGS ...  
 .. A UNIQUE AND SPECIAL TIME IN OUR  
 LIVES. IT IS TIME TO GO FORWARD,  
 TO GROW! OUR MINDS MUST LOOK TO  
 THE FUTURE, BUT THERE IS LITTLE  
 AHEAD IN LOOKING BACK EVERY SO OFTEN  
 LOOKING BACK AND REMEMBERING 1967

# Autographs

YOURS TROOLY  
CHARLIE BROWN

 Schroeder

Lucy



4/11/42