



FOREST VIEW HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

1974

FOREST VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

OKOROA HIGH SCHOOLS' BOARD

Mr J. B. FORBES, Chairman. ~~X~~
 Mr G. L. WELLINGTON, B.Com., A.C.A., J.P., Deputy Chairman.
 Mrs R. M. McALONAN, B.Sc., Secretary*. ~~MASSON~~ Auckland
 Mr J. HASSALL, M.B.E., J.P.* ~~X~~ ~~RAE~~
 Mr W. KAUA (co-opted).
 Mr H. B. LAWRY, B.Agr. c., J.P.* ~~X~~,
 Mr M. W. McMEIKAN, B.A.
 Mr T. R. MORRIS*.
 Mr B. F. MOYNAHAN.
 Mr J. P. RENNIE, B. Com., A.C.A.*
 Mrs S. J. WEAVERS.

* Forest View High School Committee

TAFF — 1974

Headmaster: Mr J. D. THAIN, M.A. (Hons.), Dip. Tchg.
 Deputy Headmaster: Mr R. H. BARRACK, B.Sc., Dip.Tchg.
 Senior Mistress: Miss M. P. CRITCHLEY, Dip. Tchg., Sup. Cert. P.E.
 Head of Science Department: Mr W. H. STAFFORD, B.Sc. ~~X~~
 Head of English Department: Mr B. J. HAYSON, B.A., Dip. Tchg. ~~X~~
 Head of Social Studies Department: Mr R. F. SOMMERVILLE, M.A. (Hons.),
 Dip.Tchg.
 Head of Technical Studies Department: Mr E. S. WOLFE, C. and G. ^{RIC} Tok
 (London), Full Tech.Cert. (Carp. & Joinery), T.T. Cert.
 Head of Commercial Studies Department: Miss K. J. BRADLEY, Com.T.Cert.,
 T.Dip.P.S.
 Head of Home Science Department: Miss J. M. BEGBIE, H.T. Cert.
 Part-time: Margaret
 Mrs M. M. ANDERSON, Dip.Ed., T.T.Cert. (French, English). ~~Auckland~~.
 Mrs E. V. BARRACK, B.A., Dip.Tchg. (Drama).
 Mrs J. R. HENRY, H.T.Cert.
 Mrs N. M. SADLER, Dip.Tchg. (Music, Reading).
 Mrs B. L. OLSEN (Maori Studies).
 Mrs M. KUTIA, T.T.Cert. (Maori Studies).
 Appointments of more Staff for 1975 pending. These will bring the full-time
 staff to about twenty. ~~TAUAWA~~.
 Office: Mrs K. M. SAMSON, Mrs S. M. THAIN.
 Library Assistant: Mrs R. PITTAMS, N.Z.L.A.Cert. ~~Auckland~~.
 caretakers: Mr M. KEYSERS, Mrs B. KEYSERS. ~~Sub Div. Tokoroa~~.
 Gardener: Mr R. M. NICHOLSON.

SCHOOL ROLL

M3

Miss J. M. Begbie

Stephen Alger
 Stephen Bourke
 Ross Campbell
 John Evening

Michael Fisher
 Christopher Hamilton
 Kawana Kingi
 Gavin McEwen
 Vaughan Morley
 Kimberley Munden
 Clive Parker
 William Sevi

Shaun Thornton
 Dennis Toy
 Toka Tuaiti
 Grant Warner
 Ngametua Apera
 Cathy Ashwood
 Jeanette Breuer
 Rosemary Dixon

SCHOOL ROLL

Denise Dunlevey
Sandra Fenton
Caroline Fisher
Gillian Ford
Caroline Givins
Vicki Grey
Patricia Heatherley
Karen Hussey
Lynda Marshall

3M2

Miss K. J. Bradley

Timothy Armstrong
Robert Benge
Warren Bennett
Brian Best
Derek Bonnar
Gregory Boyce
Campbell Crooks
Darrell Hunter
Desmond Kelly
Steven Lee
Thomas Middlemiss
Allan Nicholson
Michael Pierce
Mark Purchase
August Sefo
Garry Stewart
Maurice Wilson
Avalon Bekkers
Nonie Borthwick
Frances Campbell
Janet Fenton
Marlene Fry
Lucy Kopa
Jacquelyn Lake
Innis MacFarlane
Sandra McGurk
Jane Mills
Teresa Saunders
Susan Slater
Mandy White

3A1

Miss M. P. Critchley

Mohi Brown
Duncan Cumming
Lant Harris
Ota Kirikava
John Miller
Tupuna Nooroa
Brodie Seymour
Nga Ngariki
Tuki Te Hiko
Donald Te Whaiti
Tony Winikerei
Tuakama Arona
Yvonne Bisley
Ida Cooper
Harriet Haika
Stephanie Lamberton

Carolyn Logan
Dianna Manning
Gaylene Peterson
Sheryl Richards
Vaine Vaeau

3X1

Mr B. J. Hayson

David Armstrong
Richard Beesley
Matthew Fuller
Roger Huddleston
Peter Jaspers
Raymond Joe
Peter Lynn
Brett McLean
Anthony Poole
Kelly Sardelich
Stephen Shaw
Paul van Brakel
Grant Walker
Peter Whale
David Wright
Christine Atmore
Wynne Bowers
Susan Cooper
Natalie Ede
Julie Fish
Leanne Forbes
Jeannette Lee
Shuna Lennon
Dorothy Mathyssen
Susan Peters
Sally Read
Esther Smith
Caroline Stokes
Nancy van Toledo
Sandra Warner

3X2

Mr R. F. Sommerville

John Beale
David Bright
Gregory Cameron
Mark Daine
Tack Daniel
Niels Danielson
Noel Edwards
Paul Geraets
Ihaia Harris
Mark Inder
Nigel King
Malcolm Rahiri
Deris Rydon
Wesley Schnurr
Gayle Curtis
Sheryl Holster
Jenny Lee
Madeleine Lindeman
Lynette Lolesi
Wendy Lumsden

Anne McIlroy
Myra Nikora
Helen Overes
Robyn Prime
Wendy Schneller
Carmel Skinner
Sheryll Smith
Kay Towers
Julie Wellington

3A2

Mr W. H. Stafford

Joe Bennion
Craig Carlson
Johnny Duval
Clive Griffin
Anthony Janssen
Douglas Pepperell
Ronnie Pomare
Robert Solomon
Poutu Taute
Tutai Te Kau
Moe Daniels
Eleanor Kaaho
Earlene Rogers
Debra Spence
Robina Thompson
Nina Tipene
Joanne Uerata
Glenys Walker

3M1

Mr E. S. Wolfe

Owen Baldick
Philip Bright
Steve Carnaby
Bruce Clotworthy
Craig Davis
Michael Goodwin
Tuhia Harrison
Christopher Hickey
Mark Kirkeby
Gregory Le Noel
David Moynahan
Anthony Peet
Phillip Wirihana
Susan Baker
Julie Brockway
Angela Ellicott
Patricia Emile
Patricia Flutey
Linda Green
Thelma Hale
Carol Jenkins
Christine Keaney
Joanne McClintock
Karen Olliff
Joanne Pollard
Elaine Rafferty
Christine Simpson
Angeline Tiatoa

HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

Those of us who have been foundation members of Forest View High School—both staff and pupils—have shared a real initiation of trial by endurance. We will remember sharing much: not starting the year until 13 February; having to go through the narrow Staff Resource Area to get to English and Social Studies classes in A12 and A14 at the start of the year; having only one concrete path as the sum total of our playing area; having to change for Physical Education in ordinary classrooms; having to carry buckets of water to and from the temporary Art room; sitting in bitterly cold classrooms until the temporary electric heating was provided; the announcement that pupils would not return to school in Term II unless this heating was provided; the two-acre paddock for Physical Education; the pumice dust everywhere in the First Term—even following us to one Athletic Sports at Strathmore Park; no bunsen burners in the labs; carpenters, plumbers, electricians and other tradesmen everywhere; the temporary safety track up Baird Road; planting shrubs in pouring rain; the First Assembly and the Official Opening.

We have faced the challenge of starting a school which has been, as far as buildings and grounds are concerned, a year behind where it should have been. There have been very many obstacles and I hope that no other high school ever has to open in such an incomplete state.

However, these difficulties have not hurt us as human beings and have perhaps shown that when one faces problems squarely and overcomes them there is a real sense of achievement. The foundation staff and pupils may feel justly proud of the fine way in which they have accepted the challenges of 1974.

A new school, of course, even if all the buildings and grounds are completely finished, represents tremendous challenges which the staff and pupils must take up. We must continue to do our best, as Mr D. H. Thurston, the Regional Superintendent of Education, told us in a telegram message he sent to our First Assembly, to build "a fine school where friendship, courtesy and honest endeavour prevail".

STAFF NOTES

A rather uncertain group of staff met for the first time on the morning of Monday, 4 February, amidst the chaos that was to be A Block. The Headmaster's folly in contracting hepatitis in January did not help to bolster confidence. Mr R. H. Barrack, our Deputy Headmaster, came to us from Waimate High School, where he had been Head of the Mathematics Department, a task he still found himself with here.

Miss M. P. Critchley, our Senior Mistress, from Mangakino High School, was also in charge of the Physical Education Department.

The Head of the Science Department, Mr W. H. Stafford, came from Tokoroa High School where he had been Head of Science.

Mr B. J. Hayson, Head of the English Department, had returned from Fiji where he had headed the English Department of Queen Victoria School. Mr Hayson also had the considerable task of establishing our Library.

Mr R. F. Sommerville, Head of the Social Studies Department, came from Makora College in Masterton.

The Head of the Technical Studies Department was Mr E. S. Wolfe, who had held the same post at Tokoroa High School.

Miss K. J. Bradley, the Head of the Commercial Studies Department,

had returned to the co-educational scene from Rotorua Girls' High School. Miss J. M. Begbie, Head of the Home Science Department, came from Tokoroa High School.

Mrs M. M. Anderson, who was to launch the new audio-lingual French course, came from Tokoroa Intermediate School.

Mrs N. M. Sadler, our Music Teacher, came from Putaruru.

The challenge of setting up the Art Department without an Art Room was accepted by Mrs J. G. Poole from St. Mary's College, Christchurch.

We borrowed Mr B. I. Olsen and Mrs M. Kutia from Tokoroa High School for one morning and one afternoon a week to teach Maori Studies.

Mrs R. J. Pittams, a fully qualified and experienced Librarian, had been working voluntarily for many weeks even in 1973 preparing books and equipment so that as soon as we were allowed to move into the Library it would be ready to provide services immediately.

In the Office was Mrs B. Pudsey, who unfortunately did not stay with us for long. Her replacement was Mrs K. M. Samson who later in the year for family reasons changed to part-time work and shared the office with Mrs S. M. Thain.

Mr and Mrs M. Keyzers enthusiastically began operations as caretakers, having to commute daily from Putaruru until their house was completed. They fought an unending battle against the ubiquitous and pervasive pumice grit and looked after what outside areas we had until our gardener, Mr R. M. Nicholson, came to us from a millionaire's estate in England. Mr Nicholson's activities were strictly limited to footpaths for some time but as soon as he was able to move on to the grounds he had his mark and under his expert and industrious care our grounds began to take on an attractive appearance.

Mrs C. T. Robertson taught an English class for some time and then handed over to Mrs J. R. Henry.

At the end of the Second Term we changed over from Art to Drama and Mrs E. V. Barrack joined us.

From a small beachhead in eight classrooms and then the temporary staff room the staff led the slow invasion of the rest of A Block and eventually, near the end of the Second Term, of three rooms in B Block.

There are many staff memories of this Foundation Year: noise pollution; the barn-like emptiness of the temporary staff room; seemingly ever-receding completion dates for rooms, buildings and grounds; the cold wet weather—especially evident to those who had come from gentler climes; never knowing quite when workers would re-appear in rooms that were apparently complete; and the London-after-the-Blitz appearance of the School in the last week of the August holidays.

We look forward to next year when we will welcome new members who will more than double this year's numbers and are sure that the good fellowship will continue.

THE SCHOOL THAT OPENED TOO LATE AND YET TOO SOON

The whole credit for local pressure for a second high school in Tokoroa belongs to the Tokoroa High School Board.

About twelve years ago the Board asked the Department of Education to consider a site near the Church of St. Pius X but the Department at that time would not acknowledge the possibility of Tokoroa's ever needing two high schools.

Four years later the Department's Northern Regional Architect and Planning Officer spent three days in Tokoroa. They believed the site by the Catholic Church was unsuitable because it was across the main highway and they investigated the feasibility of taking over the Intermediate School site and using it for a junior high school with the Tokoroa High School site being kept for forms four to six. The Departmental Officers decided that this scheme was not satisfactory and asked the Board to find a site to the north of the town.

The Board set up a sub-committee of Messrs D. C. Lane, H. B. Lawry, G. W. I. Wilson and the Board Secretary, Mr T. W. Ryan, to select a site. This sub-committee inspected an area on Rolletts Road but decided it was not as suitable as one on the property of Mr A. Marshall-Inman. The purchasing authority delayed over buying the Marshall-Inman site because it considered the price too high and the land was sold to a building firm which then offered the Department an alternative site which the Department declined because of the need to build a bridge over the Whakauru Stream.

The Department, after looking at the present site in Baird Road and deciding against it, then considered land near where Tainui Intermediate School now stands but realised that this would put the second high school in the wrong place as far as pupil population was concerned. The Board was not kept well informed from this point on and the next communication it received was that the Department was again considering a site near the Catholic Church. The Regional Architect had the idea of bridging Number One Highway with a laminated wooden bridge to provide access to the school.

The Board advised the Department that this site would be on the flight path to New Zealand Forest Products' proposed airfield and after official confirmation of this the Department gave up the idea of this site.

In 1970 the Board learnt from a newspaper statement that the Department had bought land for a second high school in Baird Road from Mr D. H. Laker. The selection of this site was made without any consultation with the Board and it also embarrassed the Tokoroa County Borough Committee which had not been kept informed of the Department's thinking either. The siting of the school in Baird Road meant that the County Borough had to rethink its whole town plan and extend sewerage and other services in a direction it had not been prepared for.

The contract for the school was let to Hawkins Construction Limited. Site works were started in 1972 and building began at the start of 1973 when the roll at Tokoroa High School had risen to over 1300. The cost of the buildings in Stage One alone will be over \$900,000 with the total cost of land, site-works and buildings running out to over \$1 million.

It is to the credit of the Ministry of Works, its Supervising Architect, Mr D. Knowling, and Resident Engineer, Tauranga, Mr H. D. Aiken, and the contractors and sub-contractors that work was as far advanced as it was in February 1974.

Forest View High School is one of the last Mark I S68 schools. Future plans include a Senior Studies Block which we should be able to start using at the start of the 1976 School Year, the Administration Block, a second Classroom Block and an Auditorium and Music Suite Block.

Although as we go to press not even A Block has been handed over by the contractors to the Ministry of Works the school is emerging from chaos as a most attractive set of buildings and grounds and Tokoroa may be proud of what is being achieved after the long struggle.

OPENINGS — OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL

The first day of Forest View High School took place about a year after the building contractors had moved on to the site.

Tuesday, 5 February, was originally set as the Opening Day but the staff decided that until a bare minimum of teaching and administration and other accommodation was completed there could be no possibility of starting the School and the Board supported the staff in this decision. The opening was postponed to Thursday, 7 February, but even that date proved to be too early. At a meeting with the Board, Architect and Contractors it was agreed that the staff could start moving furniture and equipment into the school on 11 February from K. G. Parkes Limited's store where it had been kept since mid-January. Throughout the year we have had to call on Parkes to house furniture and equipment pending the actual moment of being able to shift it into its proper place and we are extremely grateful to Mr K. G. Parkes, Mr J. Ross and their staff for all the patient help they have given us.

So after two days of hectic activity the staff had the school ready to operate by 9.00 a.m. on Wednesday, 13 February.

It was moving to see the first pupils arrive wearing their brand new uniforms, rather self-conscious and apprehensive.

His Worship the Mayor of Tokoroa, Mr J. F. Higgins, the Chairman of the Matamata County Council, Mr A. W. Temm, members of the Board of Governors and the Chairman and Secretary of the Forest View High School Home and School Association were all present and at 9.00 a.m. everyone moved into the Library for the First Assembly. The Chairman of the Board, Mr H. B. Lawry, welcomed everyone to the school, the Rev. M. McMeikan said a prayer, Mr W. Kaua delivered a short opening speech in Maori and English and His Worship the Mayor, the County Chairman and the Headmaster spoke.

Then everyone moved outside for photographs. After this the School went to form rooms for the first time and returned to the Library after morning interval for a brief talk by the Headmaster about the School and arrangements for the day and rest of the week.

At that stage we had the use of only eight classrooms in A Block and the only access to A Block from Baird Road was across the Car Park which also had to serve as a play area, the only other outside space that pupils had to use being the concrete area on the east of A Block. This cramped and restricted life was to last for a long time.

OFFICIAL OPENING

Although still far from complete and with only three rooms in B Block available for our use the School was officially opened on the morning of 18 September, 1974. We were greatly honoured to have His Excellency the Governor-General, Sir Denis Blundell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.B.E., perform the opening.

The shrubbery alongside the main footpath leading in from Baird Road which had been planted at the end of Term II and in the last week of the August holidays added a pleasant touch to the appearance of the School and the freshly painted flagpole was another addition which gave a hint of what the School will look like when it is completed.

Pupils acted as parking attendants, as guides who escorted guests to the Library where the Opening Ceremony was held, and as ushers who showed guests to their seats. By careful spacing of chairs and by having

the pupils sit on the floor of the Library a surprising number of people was assembled in the Library.

Their Excellencies were delayed at schools they had visited earlier in the morning and in his address, Sir Denis issued the instruction that "nobody hereafter is allowed to be late without a good excuse".

Peter Whale opened the door of Their Excellencies' car when it drew into the bus bay and on its departure.

The official guests included the Mayor of Tokoroa, Mr J. F. Higgins, the Chairman of the Matamata County Council, Mr A. W. Temm, the Member of Parliament for Taupo, Mr J. Ridley, the Regional Superintendent of Education, Mr D. H. Thurston, the District Senior Inspector, Mr J. Bedbrook, the Construction Manager of Hawkins Construction Limited, Mr M. Griffin, the Site Foreman, Mr D. Pye, the Supervising Architect, Mr D. Knowling, the Engineer, Mr H. D. Aiken, the Clerk of Works, Mr R. Cleal, Presidents of the Tokoroa Rotary and Lions Clubs and the Tokoroa Club and representatives of other organisations which had supported the School.

The ceremony was brief and dignified. After Innes MacFarlane presented a bouquet to Lady Blundell, Mr J. B. Forbes, Chairman of the Board, welcomed all present and introduced the occasion. He was followed by Mr J. Ridley who spoke on behalf of the Government. Then His Worship the Mayor spoke on behalf of Tokoroa. The Headmaster, Mr J. D. Thain, then spoke on behalf of the School, thanking those who had helped in the new enterprise. He said he hoped that no other high school would ever have to start in such an incomplete state. Mark Daine presented a small gift from the School to Sir Denis.

In the main address, His Excellency Sir Denis Blundell said that he regretted contributing to what might be called a tradition of late starts but hoped that lateness would not become recognised as a tradition. Sir Denis said that whether or not the School gets off to a good start or achieves fine traditions depends on its foundation staff and pupils. He said that the Headmaster gives the impetus and by learning in the broadest sense the pupils will get the School properly off the mark.

His Excellency then unveiled the commemorative plaque and declared Forest View High School officially open.

Following the ceremony in the Library, Sir Denis moved out to plant a linden or European lime tree in front of A Block.

Before they left the School Their Excellencies spoke to a number of pupils.

J. D. THAIN.

SCHOOL DIARY

FEBRUARY

- 4—First staff meeting.
- 13—First assembly.
- 18—First mail delivered.

MARCH

- 13—Athletic sports at Strathmore Park.
- 14—General meeting of Home and School Committee.
- 18-19—Reading Tests. We show our reading skills by Pat.
- 20—Mid-Island Athletic Sports at Tokoroa High.

APRIL

- 25—Anzac Day. Lynette Lolesi and Peter Whale lay wreath.
- 27—Rugby season opens.

MAY

- 9—Bank of Education Officer came to our School.
- 10—May holidays.
- 26—Electric heaters installed.
- 27—School resumes for second term.

JUNE

- 1—Music group wins section 20 of talent quest.
- 24-26—Mid-year examinations.

JULY

- 8—Mid-year break.
- 17—Report evening.

AUGUST

- 7—Rugby, soccer and hockey teams compete at Hamilton Boys High School and Hillcrest.
- 5—School's first baby. Mr and Mrs Wolfe produce a son, David John.
- 8—School cross-country. Pupils sleep well that night.
- 12—Bank of Education visit.
- 20-22—Inspectors visit School.
- 23—August holidays.

SEPTEMBER

- 12—Pupils come to School in the holidays to plant shrubs.
- 16—School resumes for the third term.
- 18—The Governor-General Sir Denis Blundell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. K.B.E., officially opens Forest View High School.
- 28—Mid-Island Secondary Cross-country Championships held at Taupo. Innis MacFarlane is third for the girls, Peter Whale second for the boys.

OCTOBER

- 1—School photographs.
- 3—Art festival for the music group.
- 5—Team takes part in Waikato Cross-country at Hamilton.
- 9—Staff's turn to break cameras.
- Book evening for the Library—highly successful.
- 18-20—Okui camp in the Ureweras.
- 24—Mufti day.
- 25—Governor-General's holiday.
- 28—Labour Day.

NOVEMBER

- 8—Vocational Guidance Officer comes to School.
- 16-17—School Curricular meeting.
- 25-27—End of year exams.

DECEMBER

- 6—Public Speaking Contest.
- 10—School swimming sports.
- 12—Prizegiving.
- School ends. YAA!

K.H. (3M3)

FOREST VIEW HIGH SCHOOL RUGBY XV



Back row (from left): Mr B. J. Hayson (Coach), Brett McLean, Stephen Shaw, Chris Hickey, Clive Parker, Toka Tuaiti, Deris Rydon, Grant Walker, Warren Bennett, Greg Cameron.

Front row: Tom Middlemiss, Michael Fisher, Steven Bourke, Malcolm Rahiri (Capt.), August Sefo (Vice-capt.), Clive Griffin, "Gumby" Hunter.

Absent: Brian Best, Owen Wheeler, Craig Carlson, Tuhia Harrison, Donald Te Whaiti.

FOREST VIEW 1st XV

Over the whole of the season, the Forest View High School played with outstanding courage and determination, thanks to the help of coach, Mr B. Hayson.

I feel we deserved our final position of third in the local club competition from fine rucking, passing and lineout jumping from the forwards and running and passing from the backs.

Many of our faults were solved without much difficulty through our practices and pep talks, which proved to be very handy.

For the future I hope that Forest View High School will be represented by many more teams both in Rugby and other sports and have as much success and fun in the competition and against other schools. Good luck.

CAPTAIN.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

Games played 11, Won 7, Drawn 2, Lost 2. Points for 265. Against 63.

As Malcolm says, Forest View High School's first First XV can look back on a very successful and happy season. Keenness and a good team spirit contributed towards improvement shown in every game. August Sefo at 10. 8 scored 62 points from 15 tries and a conversion. Clive Griffin kicked 5 points and scored two tries. Malcolm was a clever captain as well as scoring six tries, combining well from first five-eighths with halfback Greg

Cameron who scored five. Donald Te Whaiti at centre and Toka Tuaiti showed pace and swerve. The two Steves, Stephen Shaw and Steven Bourke, showed determination and try-scoring ability, with Stephen Shaw showing an intelligent cover defence not often seen in a player of his age. Grant Walker and Michael Fisher were good links at second five-eighths and both could see gaps when they opened. Chris Hickey from breakaway was another key man on cover defence. Anyone tackled by Chris looked as if he had run into a brick wall. Chris also picked up five tries. Deris Rydon ran forcefully whether in the backs or forwards. If you wanted to find Warren Bennett you simply looked for the ball; Warren was always only a foot or two from it. Clive Parker was our main lineout man with hooker Tom Middlemiss taking up the role of throwing in to him. "Gumby" Hunter and Brian Best locked the scrum, Brian joining us late but showing a willingness to learn and to tackle. Brett McLean was an excellent example of the spirit shown by the team and was always willing to shift positions to fit in with the situation. Craig Carlson and Owen Wheeler showed promise in the front row, especially with Craig's pace.

I hope, boys, you will continue to play the game with the skill and enjoyment you have shown in your first season with the school.

COACH.

WAR

To see all the men getting shot
And seeing them being shot.
Why? Why can't men be peaceful
And not be like animals?

To see all the bloody people lying all mangled, some with their heads over the field, with guns going off and you think, was that one more and you think to yourself why? Why is there War?
With the children lying on the ground with bullets through their heads and bones. As the people see them they cry Why? Why is there War?

Yvonne Bisley (3A1)

PLEASE SOMEONE

She was just a young girl
Who led a lonely life.
No one cared too much to ask what she
Wanted from life.
No man cared enough to ask her
To become his wife.
No one bothered themselves.
She could not talk for when she was a child
Her parents' death quietened her voice.
She could hear others
But no one could hear her.
Her life was wasted on people who could not care less,
She would sit in the fields and smell
The smell of beauty and yet
She was beautiful herself.

Still

No one cares.

Please.

N.A. (3M3)

FOREST VIEW HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' HOCKEY XI



Back row (from left): Innis MacFarlane, Glenys Walker, Patricia Heatherly, Patricia Flutey, Miss K. J. Bradley, Helen Overes, Carol Jenkins, Jackie Lake, Earlene Rogers.

Front Row: Carmel Skinner, Caroline Givins, Wendy Schneller, Teresa Saunders (Capt.), Gaylene Peterson, Leanne Forbes, Sue Peters.

Absent: Nancy van Toledo, Carolyn Logan.

At the beginning of the season we were all pretty green. Hardly any of us knew a thing but we all pitched in and tried our best, not winning any games until the end of the season. Our first goal was scored by our captain, Teresa Saunders, our last goal was scored by Gaylene Peterson in the first few minutes of the game. Promising players are Leanne Forbes, Teresa Saunders, Jackie Lake, Carmel Skinner, Gaylene Peterson, Innis Macfarlane, Wendy Schneller, Carol Jenkins and Glenys Walker.

Owing to health reasons Carol was unable to play in the tournament and Lynda Marshall came to our rescue. We all enjoyed ourselves very much and hope that most of us play again in 1975. Miss Bradley was the one who gave us all our willpower.

T. S. and J. L. (3M2)

BLIND

I live in Darkness.
My eye cannot see
but hear and touch here and there.
Loneliness. I live in my own world,
Reaching out to the lightness,
Smelling the sweet world outside of me,
Wanting to see but cannot see,
For the sake of God who has
punished me.

V.V.T. (3A1)

FOREST VIEW 1st SOCCER XI



From left: Mr Barrack, Peter Whale, Peter Lynn, Tupuna Nooroa, David Armstrong, Mrs Keyzers.

Front row: Wesley Schnurr, Paul Geraets, Raymond Joe, Roger Huddleston, Ronnie Pomare, Paul Van Brakel, Richard Beesley.

SOCCER ROUNDUP

For a first-season attempt, the team played very well against some very strong opposition.

The team worked together at practices and in games to achieve a final goal of being an established Soccer team.

Near the end of the season, because the team had been playing together all the season, it had formed a very high standard of play.

Congratulations to two boys in our team who made it into the Under 14 Representative Soccer Team for Tokoroa. They are Roger Huddleston, who played goalkeeper, and David Armstrong, who played fullback. David Armstrong was also the most successful player of our team, scoring 23 goals in eleven games.

The goal scorers were: David Armstrong, 23; Peter Lynn, 9; Roger Huddleston, 1; Paul Van Brakel, 2; Peter Whale, 5; Ronnie Pomare, 4.

Games played: Versus Astronauts, 1-3; Put. Blue, 0-1; Boxers, 3-1; Asteroids, 10-0; Cosmonauts, 11-0; Crescents, 5-0; Rovers, 3-0; Rangers, 4-1; Sputniks, 3-1; Rockets, 2-2.

The only non-club game we played was against Hamilton Boys' High School and the outcome of the game was a victory to H.B.H.S. by 11-2. Our goal scorers were D. Armstrong and P. Whale.

R.H. (3X1)

THE CROSS COUNTRY

The cross country team travelled to Taupo on the bus with the Tokoroa High School teams, thus making the bus pretty crowded. However, most

people found a seat and we talked and laughed all the way to Taupo. When we arrived we went to a primary school to get changed.

When we were changed and all accounted for we drove a further 50 metres to a field where the course was.

As we stepped off the bus we were nearly knocked backwards by the cold powerful winds and soon we were all freezing. As we were so cold we decided to walk and jog over the course. After we got back to the bus it was time for our junior boys' event.

We steadied ourselves for the start then as the command to "go" went, we started at a fantastic pace for the 3100-metre race. As we came to the first jump we were all puffing and panting in lesser degrees, and as the fence was near the start a few of the runners were elbowed and pushed as they were boxed in and couldn't get over the fence. We then ran on over another jump round a dead bull, past a tree and along a steep ridge. We then rounded a cluster of tall pine trees and headed down the hill which we had just come up; we ran over cow manure, through bushes, over gumice, and leapt over logs and holes. As we neared the finish, the race quickened even more as the sprint for major placings began and as we crossed the line we fell to ground and gasped for air.

We, the junior boys, did very well in this section and took first place with P. Whale coming a very close second and also G. Cameron and J. Bright, both of X2, followed close behind at 11th and 12th. The girls' junior team also did well to get second in their section. This was a very commendable feat as it was the first time the cross country team had competed in an outside race.

The following week we travelled to Hamilton and here the weather conditions were exactly the opposite that prevailing in Taupo. Here the heat was stifling and we were perspiring even before the race.

As we lined up I nearly fainted because of the number of competitors in the race. There were about 107 of them, so our team started with our morale not very high. As the command to go went we started up a small—but very steep—hill and as the field of runners was very big many runners tripped and fell. We reached the top and turned into a field. We cut across this and went out on to the side of the road for about 400 metres. We then ran into another field and this field was patched with places of thick, linking mud and people sank up to their shins in the evil-smelling slime. We then crossed into another field and out on to a hill which led along the side of the road. This hill turned into the field outside Porritt Stadium but that wasn't the end. Down an embankment we went, round the starting line and around for another lap.

So by the end of the race, while P. Whale came in first for Forest View 39th, we were all very tired after the long exhausting run.

D.B. (3X2)

OKUI CAMP

This camp was one of the best camps that I think any of the children had been to. It's not far from Rotorua. The Instructors who organise this are fantastic and they don't get paid for this, it is purely voluntary. Thirty-five pupils were split up into five groups of six to seven, and different lectures were given—sportsmanship, firearms, equipment, map and compass and river crossing. All these lectures were very interesting. I think Miss McGhie and Mr Barrack took photographs of just about everyone in the



camp. Mr Stevens and his helper organised the camp and they were really great. Lynda Marshall's back kept on hurting and she was in bed most of the time. A few groups went to tents and when we woke up we were drenched to the skin and all of our clothes were too. Our group had some spare time before the rest of the lectures were finished so Mr Stevens and Mrs Dempsey took us for a walk up a hill which was exactly 1500 feet above the camp and it was straight up. The food was great—mince, eggs, curry, peaches and coffee. We went for a swim as soon as we arrived on Friday and was it cold! This was really fantastic and I feel that everyone of us enjoyed it very much and whoever goes next year will find much pleasure in going

K. Hussey (3M3)

3M3 FORM NOTES

Miss Begbie has been our form teacher all year and she is still alive!

Five people decided they couldn't stand our hospitality any longer and they left or went up to another class.

We have gained three people, Patricia H., Cathy A., and Steven B.

We are pretty sporty, you know, not just ducking the teachers' canes, but we came first in the Athletic sports at Strathmore Park. We were also represented at the old High School against other high schools, by Toka, Kawana, Gillian, Lynda, and Melodee.

The Rugby boys in our class carried all the other boys to victory many a time. They were Toka, Clive, Steven B., and Michael. We had a couple of hockey girls in our form. I warn you, they are pretty dangerous with their sticks.

We also had music people in our class, whose voices cheered us up (but mostly gave us bad head-aches). They were and still are Sandra, Caroline F and Caroline G., Karen, Denise and Ngametua.

G.F. (3M3)

M2 HIT PARADE

| | |
|--------------|---------------------------------------|
| Miss Bradley | — Daddy don't you walk so fast |
| Tim | — Killing me softly with his song |
| Mark | — Big Norm |
| Robert | — Hell on wheels |
| Gary | — Photograph |
| Susan | — I'll never fall in love again |
| Avalon | — You're so vain |
| Jackie | — Smiley |
| Marlene | — Blue, Spanish eyes |
| Greg | — Take me high |
| Nonie | — A horse with no name |
| Lucy | — Lucy in the sky with diamonds |
| Campbell | — You won't find another fool like me |
| Derek | — Daddy Cool |
| August | — King of the road |
| Stephen | — Hell raiser |
| Thomas | — Laughing Gnome |
| Brian | — Fool on the hill |
| Teresa | — Crazy horses |
| Innis | — I'm a tiger |
| Alan | — I believe in music |
| Sandra | — Kissin' in the back row |
| Janet | — Can't buy me love |
| Francis | — Solitaire |
| Darrel | — Old McDonald had a farm |
| Michael | — Down by the riverside |
| Mandy | — High noon |
| Warren | — Young blood |
| Jane | — You won't see me |
| Desmond | — My friend, the wind |

T.A. (3M2)

3A1 CLASS NOTES

In our form class we have ten girls and ten boys. We have some runners, sprinters, and some crawlers.

Our form teacher, Miss Critchley, helps and encourages us as much as she can, our class interests are:—

Soccer: Nga Tamariki, Tupuna Nooroa

Wrestling: Tuki Te Hiko

Rugby: Donald Te Whaiti

Volleyball: Carolyn Logan, Ida Cooper, Tuakama Aroha, Gaylene Peterson

Cross Country: Sheryl Richards, Gaylene Peterson, Carolyn Logan

Hockey: Gaylene Peterson

Squash: Carolyn Logan, Sheryl Richards

Athletics: Sheryl Richards, Gaylene Peterson.

Since the beginning of the year our class has improved, where work is concerned, a great deal.

Carolyn Logan and Sheryl Richards (3A1)

QUOTES FROM OUR CLASSMATES 3X1

| | |
|---------------|--|
| Mr Hayson | — Suspend your mad career. |
| Peter J. | — Let my obedience then, excuse my disobedience no |
| David A. | — Just like the ivy, I'll cling to you. |
| Peter W. | — Guilty splendour. |
| Peter L. | — A noisy man is always in the right. |
| Anthony | — I'm sorry, I haven't learnt to play cards. |
| David W. | — Women are the most troublesome cattle to deal wit |
| Stephen | — Pelting each other for the public good. |
| Raymond | — A child's plaything for an hour. |
| Julie | — Time for a little something. |
| Dorothy | — I do desire we may be better strangers. |
| Caroline | — The Call of the Wild. |
| Brett | — Beauty is altogether in the eye of the beholder. |
| Roger | — Unhand me, gentlemen. |
| Wynne | — We shall die alone. |
| Sandra | — He does it better but I do it more natural. |
| Kelly | — Dr Livingstone, I presume. |
| Esther | — I'm going a long way. |
| Leanne | — Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo? (In X2). |
| Susan | — Meet me by the moonlight alone. |
| Jeanette | — Face flatterer and back-biter are one. |
| Natalie | — Mad, bad and dangerous to know. |
| Richard | — Spheres of action. |
| Shuna | — Mischief, thou art afoot. |
| Nancy | — The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. |
| Grant | — Nay, let me alone forswear. |
| Paul | — This will never do. |
| Sue | — Pink for flowers. |
| Matthew | — Why, this is very Midsummer madness. |
| Sally | — I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts. |
| Christine | — Thou art mighty, yet thou hast fallen. Quote (H.S.). |
| X1 in general | — The War between Men and Women (James Thurber) |

L. F. and S.C. (3X1)

3X1 FORM NOTES

3X1, the most hard working class in the school, has achieved many admirable results throughout the year.

The star pupil in the class, C. Atmore, nicknamed "The Brain", has had detention twice for reasons beyond her power. She, having all her exam results in the nineties, Mr Thain has high hopes she will do better and be in the hundreds these coming exams (hope hard, Mr Thain).

Two boys, G. Walker and D. Wright, are still starry eyed over their trip to Australia at the end of the First Term with the Tokoroa Rugby Team.

Two girls from the Hockey team, L. Forbes and S. Peters, had their thrills as they were privileged to travel to Hamilton with seven handsome boys from the Soccer team and three charming boys from the Rugby team from our class (no hanky panky, you girls, I hope). We regret to inform you all teams lost their games.

Our school has been made more beautiful by the appearance of trees in our midst. From our form, J. Lee, D. Wright, W. Bowers, and P. Whale, assisted in this dramatic performance.

During the August holidays three girls from 3X1 took part in a self-

management course held at the school. They smothered themselves in make-up, walked around with books on their heads, and painted each nail a different colour with wide ranges of nail polish available. On coming back to school in the third term they didn't seem much improved.

All in all, I think you will agree with me that 3X1 is a most joyful and exciting class.

3A2 CLASS NOTES

Form Teacher: Mr Stafford

Pupils in class: 17

All subjects are interesting and the teachers are helpful to us in understanding the subjects.

Secondary school work we have found quite different from Intermediate work.

Our education has been hindered by the lack of school books and equipment and the conditions during the first terms of cold rooms, muddy corridors and general discomfort from wet winter weather.

We were fortunate to have a number of sports in which class members participated.

Hockey: Glenys and Earlene. We were not one of the tops, for conditions were not up to standard. They lost and won games. They were sporting and keen.

Rugby: Clive, Craig and Robert played Rugby and won most of their games. It was tough but they pulled through.

Ronnie was playing Soccer and Joanne Volleyball.

Three pupils planted trees: Glenys, Clive and Earlene. It was wet, but they managed.

Ronnie attended the Bushcraft Training Camp at Okui.

Form Representatives are Nina and Douglas.

3X2 CLASS NOTES

Room 12

Teacher: Mr R. Sommerville

Kay Towers entered a conservation project in poster form. She was in the Tokoroa section and went through to win. She now has her entry going to the nationals.

Mark Dain was chosen by our Head to present His Excellency Sir Denis Blundell, "a token of our appreciation", these words being expressed by our Headmaster, Mr J. D. Thain, for officially opening our school. He received a cigarette case of paua shell design, with a Forest View High School insignia on it on 10 September.

Lynette Lolesi represented the school on Anzac Day with Peter Whale of 3X1. They presented a wreath at the ceremony.

Sports

Athletics: These sports were a success for our form as we gained second place in a form competition behind 3M3. Three members of our class were selected for the Mid-Island competition. These were David Bright, 1500m, Jenny Lee, 400m, Tack Daniel, 100m and 4 × 100m relay member.

Cross Country: Again our class gained a success to win the class competition with David Bright coming in 7th and Nigel King, Ihaia Harris coming in 10th.

To all other forms we issue a threat as we intend to become top sports form of the year as our successes include Athletics, Cross Country, Rugby, and maybe Softball and Swimming.

ABOUT OUR FORM

The form captains of the year so far have been:—

First Term: Tack Daniel and Sheryl Smith.

Second Term: Malcolm Rahiri and Madeleine Lindeman.

Our form teacher is Mr R. Sommerville who played for the Tokoroa Rugby Football Club in the Senior 'A' team which trounced the Hamilton Old Boys' team and won the Waikato Competition.

Mathematics, although a dreaded subject, has found light in our hearts during games period, the period set aside once a week to indulge in games Mr Barrack and other people have supplied.

Mr Barrack has presented four games which have been contested through each of the forms to bring their champions out and put strength and skill against each other. The four games are Four in a Line, Check Lines, Foxes and Goose, and Ho's game. 3X2 has won the form championships in Four in a Line and Check Lines. These were won by—Four in a Line, Gregory Cameron; Check Lines, Sheryl Smith.

Mark Inder let Foxes and Goose pass through our fingers for Shuna Lennon to win who now has won through to the semi-finals.

A loss from our form was Michael Loomans who has now gone and settled in Australia. He was an Athletic team representative although he was not in our form during that time. He was a half-year member of our form but left during his period with our class. Sorry to see him go.

Paul Geraets spent two months overseas visiting Holland and Canada. He has returned to find school the same as usual but with a few minor additions and alterations to our form.

Deris Rydon is an up-and-coming sportsman in racquet games, especially Tennis and Squash. Deris plays in the Tokoroa Squash Tournaments and went on to win the Tokoroa men's 'C' Grade Division. Good on you, Deris.

TACK DANIEL (3X2)

THE SCIENCE CLUB

Members: C. Atmore, S. Lennon, R. Joe, V. Morley, D. Moynahan, K. Sardelich, G. Stewart.

Some of the fields worked in are: Electronics—David and Vaughan have been mainly concerned with radio chassis, repairing and modifying them; Light Physics—Vaughan is endeavouring to split the spectrum to obtain infra-red radiation; Chemistry—Kelly and Raymond have experimented in several branches of chemistry, growing crystal gardens, cultivating moulds and distilling alcohol; Physics—Garry has been working with motors, finding the power output at different gear levels.

The Science Club would like to thank Mr Stafford for the time and effort he has put into organising the club and also for the advice and help with the experiments.

THE CORRIDOR

Every time I walk along an empty street on a peaceful afternoon or hurry, late from the classroom after everyone else has left, I'm reminded of another place, just as empty and seemingly forsaken. I can see it now, the cold, clinical walls looming up on either side of me and smell the impersonal, unfriendly smell of floor polish, which has transformed the cold linoleum into an unflattering mirror. The old bewilderment and fear rises from within me as I fight to control it and I can remember everything as clearly as if it were happening right now, though I seem to see it all through the eyes of another person.

It is a beautiful moonlit night and the black silk of the sea shimmers, the faintest ripples just transforming the perfect reflection of the moon into a gently wavering, unbroken circle. A boat is beached on the shore of a small, sheltered bay. There are long grooves in the wet shingle and little heaps of coarse sand and pebbles are piled against the blistered hull of the boat, left by the boat's passage from the water. An old worn fishing net trails over the boat's side, and a small girl is breathlessly pulling the last folds over onto the shingle.

There is an old man in the boat, smoking a battered pipe and loading fish into an old wicker basket. Now the job is finished, and, surprisingly nimble, after passing the basket down to the little girl, he jumps down on to the shingle. I can suddenly recall a nut-brown, whiskered face, as weather-beaten and wrinkled as old leather, and a pair of piercing blue eyes which have never lost their keen sight.

"A fine catch, eh, Rosie?" he whispers to the little girl.

The girl turns her eager young face towards him.

"Oh, yes, Grandpa!" she breathes.

The fisherman chuckles, and, putting an arm around the girl's shoulders, starts the walk home.

I get a strange feeling when I come to this part, and I want to stop remembering all this, but I can't.

For the old man, beautiful to me in his age and simple piety, is my grandfather.

Nowadays, I suppose, he would be described as "a rugged individual", and in a way, I suppose, this was true.

I'm sure that if he were here today he would be regarded as an outcast, there would simply be no place in society for him. For Grandpa loved the simple life, and would never fit in with the world of commercialism and status symbols that we live in today. Yes, in a way, perhaps it's best that he's gone. . . .

In his whole life style he would be regarded as eccentric; from his little cottage only a few yards from the beach, down to the beautiful old-fashioned china that he ate from, and the yellowed photographs of Grandma providing virtually the only ornaments to the walls.

I never knew Grandma, but she has become and will remain a sweet memory, enhanced by stories and descriptions from Grandpa. Many, many happy hours of my childhood were spent in Grandpa's cottage; listening to stories on his knee with the scent of tobacco wafting round us, which somehow always reminded me of the salty tang of sea air, perhaps because the sea and Grandpa seemed so closely linked.

I say many hours were spent at Grandpa's cottage, but I did not live there. My parents and I lived some three miles away, but I often walked over to Grandpa's for the day. Mum was not at all happy about Grandpa living on his own after Grandma died, but he could be stubborn when he liked, and he stayed on by himself. So Mum was glad of my going over often and providing company for a lonely old man.

Yet Grandpa was far from lonely; he took enjoyment and interest from everything around him and so made my childhood days some of the happiest ones of my life. Occasionally I would stay a few days at a time at the cottage, and "staying with Grandpa" always conjured up visions of long walks along the beach looking for seashells, feeding the gulls, looking for shellfish and, most of all, fishing in Grandpa's boat. Mum was not too happy

about this last arrangement but Grandpa insisted that he was perfectly capable and she had to admit that he was remarkably agile for one of his years.

As for me, I worshipped Grandpa. There was nothing that he could not do, from the little wooden figures that he carved for me from driftwood, to the hot sweet tea that he brewed at least three times a day. Grandpa was infallible, I thought.

But he was not infallible. Everything passes, leaving behind perhaps bitterness and misery. Yet most wounds heal themselves eventually. However, I didn't think I would ever get over the bitter sense of loss I felt then, when it happened. It was so sudden—one moment everything was perfect and I was revelling in the delights of a beautiful spring morning—then next moment my whole world seemed to come crashing down around my ears, and it was never the same again.

I took my customary walk to the cottage, and, as I usually did, walked straight in without knocking. The passage led past the tiny kitchen with its motley collection of pots and pans to the little sitting room, where I now entered.

The moment I was inside the room, young as I was, I knew something was terribly wrong. Grandpa lay back in his armchair, eyes closed, with a dead-white face and breathing unevenly. I think I shouted his name, but he didn't stir.

All that springs to mind now is a series of events: the inhuman wail of an ambulance siren, Mum's crying, Dad's gruff words of comfort. And then we were all in the waiting room of the hospital. A doctor came hurrying in and all of a sudden it dawned on me. Grandpa was ill, terribly, gravely ill.

The doctor whispered a few words to Mum and Dad. I suppose they had known all along that the result of all this was inevitable.

Then Mum was saying, "But she's so young, Dick! Think of the shock for her, and poor Father!" and she burst into tears again.

Dad spoke in a soothing tone, "I think the decision should be left up to her." Turning to me, "Rosie, Grandpa wants to see you. Would you like to see him?"

So here I am, walking along the corridor. As I round the corner and enter the ward where Grandpa waits to see me I can hear birds singing, and I remember that it is spring, the season he so loves, when the green buds and the new-born lambs are about to start their life in the world.

A new life for an old . . . and I suddenly realise that he will never really be gone. There will always be a part of me that, but for him, would never have existed.

* * *

Suddenly I feel like crying with happiness. It is twelve years since Grandpa died, and I feel so grateful to him for all the things he did for me that I know I can never repay; the best I can do is to behave and act the way I know he would have wanted me to. He gave me something precious; the pure, untainted years of happiness of just being young, with the whole world at your feet.

I know he wouldn't want me to be so sad at his going, so whenever I walk down a corridor or an empty street I'll think of spring, and seagulls, and remember.

That's the way I know he would have liked it to be.

CHRISTINE ATMORE (3X1)

**A TRIBUTE
HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY**

NORMAN KIRK

But is he dead or could he die?
He who gave to his life his best.
His thoughts are as the mountains high,
His dreams are things that never die,
The thinker is at rest.

But he will come again
To haunt us with his thoughts.
We will not forget this man,
He who ruled with an iron fist.
He will live with us forever.

S.A. (3M3)

SOME POETICAL THOUGHTS: KAWANA KINGI

AHAU

Beyond the dark lies a dream.
A dream that will soon become real;
What, I wonder; what does this door have in store for me?
A door with a golden key
That not only unlocks the door
But unlocks the dream.
Gracefully reaching out to feel
The handful of smooth sparkle it retains.
To turn
And gently step back with the key still embedded within grasp.

Then. Soft sweet sounds.
The door swings open; I step through.
As this happens I suddenly feel soft, silk gowns brushing my body.
A soft breeze brushes my face
Sending my hair back with an even flow of waves.
The sparkle of white gowns and a row of angels drowning in silk;
One with her hand flowing softly and gently
Against thin, even-spaced strings.
The key, barred in chains, creeps up to my neck;
Cold feeling, as the white chain circles my neck
And locks with not a sound.
Suddenly. I realise eternity.
Has found my lost
Path.

DREAM

Burning heat, blistering my path.
Sizzling my skin, like roast burning
With the ever-presence of heat.
The feeling of heated water dripping
From my shaded pale-face;
The feel of soft silk clinging
To my back, with an uncomfortable feel.
A moment of dizziness
Daring to drag forward
With the disappointment of more and more.
Never to look up to find my disappointment a reality.
As a reality, my half-closed eyes
Smudge with blur.
But behold the sound of rushing thumps.
Cannot. Cannot go on.
Dropping with a thud!
Only to wake with the feeling —
Crowded voices — safe at last.

THE VOICES OF FATHER AND SON

- F. Everybody sins, my son. Even those who are now pure.
- S. Leave me alone, dad or father. Let me go back to **my** world.
- F. My son. Wouldn't you like to be pure, saved for all eternity?
Look back on your life. Regret and confess your sins.
- S. I have nothing to regret and I will not confess them. Now get out of my way.
You've stopped my life. Taken me away from Earth.
- F. I will, my son. But before you go, hear this.
It is easier to turn your back on me
Than it is to turn your back on satan;
And yet I have more to give, more to enjoy.
Willingly, I pour out my love for you to grasp hold of and cherish.
I open my hands and reach out and still you spit, tramp all over them;
And yet, when you turn,
They are still there for you.
Your choice, to stamp and spit on them again.
But, before you do, think.
They will not go away.
They'll be there each time you happen to turn.
So why not give it a try?
If you fail, you can always turn on them.
Can you not?
If you regret this, they'll still be there.
So, what do you think?
- S. You are right, "Father".
I will give it a go. Thank you.
- F. My son. My son, do not cry.
Go now and tell your friend of the happiness you have found.
- S. Yes, father. Thank you.
Goodbye.

Kawana Kingi (3M3)

A SECOND CHANCE

The grey tenements where the junkies cluster in the dingy corners. Some look desperate enough to kill for a fix. New York, the city that supported such slums, where only the addicts who could survive were the ones who had the money or could get it; for their joints and for the police graft. You meet an honest cop and you've had it. How old are they? You can't tell; they all look years older than they are.

Huddled on a step, shaking uncontrollably in a cold sweat, his teeth chattering and cold clammy hands trembling, Freddie needed some acid to release him from the blinding, cramping pains that pulsed through his body. Freddie brushed the beads of cold sweat that had gathered on his forehead. Wait till he got his hands on the pusher; he hadn't been round for days. Probably holding out as long as he could waiting till Freddie crawled to him willing to pay twice his normal price for a shot of acid. Freddie got up on his unstable legs, his body shook in spasms. The convulsions were becoming worse. He was going to get that creep pusher, the lead piping weighed heavily in his hand and on his mind as he started off on his rubber-like knees.

Freddie had a fair idea where he'd be. The floor above the Italian Dely. They paid one grand a month for the cops to turn the other way. He knew the pusher would come out the side door so he hid in the muddy alley. Waves of sickness rose and receded over Freddie. If he didn't get some acid soon it would be too late. Half an hour had passed. When he heard the footsteps coming closer he pressed his back against the wall so as to hide from view in its shadows. His whole body throbbed rhythmically. Little rivulets of cooling sweat trickled from his brow. He fought hard to keep from gulping. The pusher was almost level with him. He hadn't seen Freddie yet. Freddie clutched the steel roll in his hand tighter, his whole body tensed ready to attack. In a second he was on top of the man but in a split second the pusher had pulled a gun. They struggled, each trying to gain control of the gun. The shot rang in the alley. Freddie lay motionless on the ground.

II

It was like being on a bad trip. The ceaseless sirens, screams, red flashing lights and the painful numbness.

III

His eyes rolled and closed again; he caught a glimpse of the whiteness around him and sniffed the pungent odour of disinfectant. His breath became laboured as he found his body was tightly bound in suffocating bandages. Freddie slowly lifted his eyelids to see the racetrack of tubes curving over the white sheeted bed. His eyes throbbed with the effort. A cold hand took his wrist to measure his pulse rate. Another felt Freddie's forehead and brushed back his damp hair. Sweat sprang to his neck. A cool cloth was brushed over his face to remove the perspiration. He strained to again open his eyes; the brightness stung, the white was unreal. Freddie relapsed into a coma.

IV

Four days he lay fitfully sleeping and moaning. On the fifth day he awoke, feeling as if he was floating on a cloud too distant for pain. He was aware of the movement around his bed. Opening his eyes he saw the blurred figure of a nurse hovering over him. He moved his lips but no sound came from them. His mouth felt incredibly dry, his body stretched out and stiff. With a

concentrated effort he lifted his hand. It flopped limply back on to the bed. The doctors nodded in agreement. He had a chance even though he had a deep bullet wound in his chest.

V

Freddie had been in hospital three months when the first Social Worker came to see him. He'd been through the agonizing days of drug withdrawal and now had to face the days of readjusting that every converted junkie has to face. He could now think with a clear mind after the tormenting eternity of uncertainty he'd been through. Freddie was 18. Whether he would again succumb to the temptation of drugs was completely up to him. From here on in he was on his own.

Sandra Warner (3X1)

AT NIGHT

Lying in the back room,
The darkness splintered with light,
Cold air cramming the window, cooling the night.
Johnny lay in silence,
Guilt filling his gut.
Pain racked his body, he was all cut up.
Memories of the past flashed through his brain;
Never again, man, he thought, never again.

Lynette Lolesi (3X2)

THAT'S LIFE

"Jim, Jim, where are ya? Jimmy me boy, hurry up an' bring the water, ya grandma cain't live long without water! Jimmy, did ya hear me, boy?" beckoned the harsh voice of Mrs Wilberry. They were living in very poor conditions. Their five-roomed flat was what they had as comfort. The wallpaper was dimly coloured, large boxes were piled among the newspapers in the hall. The paint upon the walls was blistered and peeling, and much of the wallpaper had been removed. "Jimmy, if ya ain't here in two sec's my hand will be round ya ear lugs."

"I'm coming, Ma, jist that Susie was down t'ere." Quick pants broke up his sentence. From the hall came a shabby boy around 10 or 11. His clothes were a musty brown, small holes had peeped through. Upon his light skin a few long ribbon lengths were smudged in mud and grass juice. His knees were scratched and peeling, his bruises standing out alone. His eyes had swelled with dark scars from a previous fight. His nose was flat and small. A few freckles licked his face and his hair curled down his eyes. "Mrs Mary said no milk today till ya pay the bill." Obviously his education was minimal. Around his waist he hefted a large wrinkled paper, it was ordinary brown paper, but compared with the colour of his hand it was cleaner. "Ya took ya time about it, where did ya go to, London?" His mother now arrived. She came out of the room they called the mess hall, and looking in it you could see why. When she came out you noticed her clothes, her apron held up by a string. The upturned curlers revealed her proudness in her hair. Her legs were hardly revealed from the long length of material. Her shoes were lost without laces and cracked from age. Her face bore worry and tiredness. The rings around her smiles brought sympathy not fun. She hardly smiled, anyway. Their life was too harsh and miserable, too hard to bear fun and games.

Gayle Curtis (3X2)

EUTHANASIA

The white room was dead silent but many people were present. A doctor stroked his short grey beard. His two nurses watched the patient lying motionless in the hospital bed.

"Your father has been suffering from cancer for a couple of years, I gather. I'm afraid I have to inform you that your father is very, very ill." The doctor was now in the warmth of the waiting room but what he had to say wasn't warm at all. But what he was saying didn't seem to make any effect on the son and daughter.

"For sometime I have had the feeling that dad wasn't going to live very long. You see our doctor in California said that dad was living on borrowed time," her voice became shaky, "I wonder if you could consider dad's case as being a case where euthanasia could possibly be used."

"Do you know what you are saying?"

"Yes, yes! He is lying there, he is dying a terrible death. He will live no longer than three days. If you put him to sleep now you will give him happiness and set him free."

"Yes, I have thought this over and I suppose it would be all right."

The doctor had decided that in this old man's case it would only be fair. Two hours after that conversation and going through a lot of details the time had come. If all of this had happened two months before euthanasia would not have been possible. But now it was legal and already three people in that hospital had been put out of their misery. This man would be the fourth.

A small needle was injected into the man's arm and in a second he had closed his eyes. Painlessly.

Gillian Ford (3M3)

JET-BOAT

The boat careers down the river at great speed.

The wind screams in your face.

The violent force of the water pushes the boat, narrowly missing the jagged rocks.

The boat takes a sudden leap into the air!

You're flying high, then crash—you hit the water with a great jerk, the white spray hissing in your face.

G.P. (3A1)

DEFENCE

In the bowels of a dead planet, tired old machinery stirred.

Pale tubes flickered with uneven life, and slowly a switch was pushed into its positive position. Then with a lurch, the switch dissolved in flames and settled with a thud on to an unswept floor.

But before it died it succeeded in starting a wheel turning.

The wheel spun three times and then its support crumbled to the floor. The shapeless mass that had been a wheel ended up against a wall, half powder and all useless.

Before it died, the wheel spun a shaft that opened a tiny hole at the bottom of a uranium pile. In the passageway below the hole, other uranium gleamed a dull silvery brightness.

Life flowed between the two piles. What had solid metal liquefied? The flaming mass cascaded along a tunnel into a special chamber. It warmed cold, insulated walls and set off an electric current. The fateful current pulsed silently through the caves of a dead world.

In all the chambers of an interlocking system of underground forts,

voices spoke. The messages were whispered in a long forgotten language that even the echo mocked the meaning.

In a thousand rooms switches plunged home, wheels spun. There was a pause while a final process ran its course. Electronic machines asked each other wordless questions. A pointer, pointed.

"There," said a tube insistently. "From there."

The pointer held steady.

The questioning tube having waited its specified time closed a relay. All the machines, having performed the tasks set for them, asked: "Ready?"

The reply was an ultimate command. "Fire!"

As a spaceship swung on its last orbit of the moon before returning to earth, Grayson turned to his crew members: "What the hell was that?" he asked. "I'll swear I saw flashes of fire leap up from down there."

"Nuts," said Peters pityingly.

More than 238,000 miles behind them the earth rocked and shook, as a thousand super atomic bombs exploded in one continuous barrage of mushrooming thunder. Instantly the mist spread throughout the stratosphere, blotting out the details from the watching stars.

Anthony Poole (3X1)

ENJOY BOATING WITH SAFETY

OVERLOADED BOAT SINKS — TWO DEAD

BODY WASHED UP — NO LIFEJACKET

BOAT FOUND DRIFTING — HUSBAND AND WIFE RESCUED

These are common Monday morning headlines. Could these sorts of accidents be stopped?

The answer is yes with a capital Y.

They only wanted to go for one ride so they found room for everyone. Could the owner help it if the boat sank? Could the other man help it if there was no lifejacket or was it the husband's fault if he ran out of petrol?

Yes.

If there are four seats in a boat then it is built for four, not five. If there is no lifejackets then just act as if there is no boat. In other words, don't go.

The weather is fine when you untie your boat but it could change and become stormy. Always have a set of oars as your motor mightn't be as good as the man in the shop said. Always carry something for an emergency even if it is only a torch or matches. Always underestimate yourself, never overestimate. Always remember you are not the only one who uses the lake and it's not just the other person's job to watch out.

Then you may enjoy boating in safety.

Kim Munden (3M3)

MOUNTAIN SAFETY

When planning your trip make sure it is within the capabilities of every member of the party. Learn all about the area from maps, photographs and people who have been there before. Let Rangers and other reliable people know what your plans are.

FOOD AND EQUIPMENT

Make sure your food is appetising, varied and high in energy value. Lightness is essential, take a minimum of canned goods. Take warm clothing to protect against rain, wind and snow in all seasons, wool is best.

Hunters and trappers should carry a small "First Aid" kit on their knife belt or packs at all times. Keep all gear in tip top condition.

CAMPS AND FIRES

Choose your camp site carefully, on well-drained land sheltered from all winds and a place not likely to flood in rains. If you do not have a tent you may find shelter under an overhanging rock, a fallen tree or constructed saplings, branches or fern fronds. Keep your matches in a waterproof container and take a small candle to help with fire lighting in wet weather. Learn how to light a fire under all conditions. Keep all your personal gear and food in light plastic bags.

RIVER CROSSING

Never take a river crossing half-heartedly. Choose the easiest ford. If the river is in flood and inclined to be dangerous make a camp and wait. A rope should always be carried as a safeguard in river work.

CLOTHING

Do not remove your boots for a river crossing for they will protect the feet from injury and stop the possibility of slipping and stumbling. Socks may be removed. Ankle puttees will prevent shingle from getting into the boots.

Shorts should be worn. Trousers increase resistance against the current and slow movements. Don't wear unnecessary clothing, especially parkas, heavy jerseys, etc.

Packs should be kept on but with any waist straps undone so that the pack can be removed quickly if necessary. Rifles or ice axes should be tied to the pack to keep them from knocking against the legs and to allow both arms complete freedom of movement.

FIREARMS

Treat every firearm as though it were loaded. This is a "Golden Rule" and must be taken notice of at all times. Never take loaded firearms into a camp, car or boat, and don't store guns and ammunition where children have access to them. Firearms must remain unloaded and uncocked until ready to shoot. IDENTIFY YOUR TARGET FIRST.

EXPOSURE

Exposure is caused by the drop in body temperature. Inadequate clothing in wet weather, cold and windy conditions, exhaustion and hunger are the causes of exposure.

Exposure is not easy to recognise. The victim becomes exhausted, starts stumbling and lags behind. After a while he may be difficult to reason with. TREATMENT (Hypothermia)

Find shelter immediately either in tussocks, scrub, bush, or behind rocks. Put on extra clothing and have something to eat and drink. If recovery has not occurred within 15 minutes or if the victim has collapsed he will be past warming himself; you must do it for him. You must treat him on the spot for he may collapse and die before you reach the shelter of a hut. Change the victim into dry, warm, woollen clothing. Put him in a sleeping bag and have a member of the party get in with him or have two people, both in their sleeping bags, lie close alongside him.

Gaylene Peterson (3A1)

HUNTING

John had just bought a brand new .22 calibre rifle. As soon as he got home he walked up the road for about two miles and then went into the

bush. "I hope I see some rabbits," he said to himself as he flicked the safety-catch off and pushed the bolt forward pushing a bullet into the chamber.

Walking slowly towards the creek where he had seen some rabbits the week before—stop: what's that by that tree? Kneel down low. Bring up rifle. Check the safety-catch. Level the gun. Rabbit in sight. Slowly pull the trigger back. BANG! Rabbit jumps for its last time and flops dead. Walking home the victory tastes sour with the little rabbit lying there with half its head shot off. As he thinks about it he sees a blackbird on a powerline. Remembering the rabbit he empties the magazine into the blackbird knowing that he is a hunter and a hunter for ever.

P.L. (3X1)

TONIGHT

Tim had reached the first flight of stairs. He knew that Rust's gang would be waiting for him tonight. He took a deep breath and raced up the stairs two at a time. As he came to the corner he braced himself, expecting to get a kick or one of Fletcher's mighty punches. Nothing happened!

Tim walked on, in and out of the corridors, but keeping well to the shadows. How he longed to be safe in his own flat watching telly.

The second flight came into view. Tim muttered a prayer and then raced, once more, up the stairs. Tim's heart missed a beat! Had he heard footsteps behind him? Yes, there were and they were coming too near for his liking. Terrified, he ran faster, up and up. Any moment now a hand would reach out and pull him to his knees. Tim hid in an adjoining corridor. The footsteps came closer and closer and then the pursuer came into view. It was the caretaker. Tim let out a sigh of relief.

Cautiously, he tip-toed to the third flight of stairs. These were the worst of all because the light had blown. He stopped to think. If it was anywhere Rusty's gang would hide, it would be here. He ran top speed up to the stairs. A foot flung out. Tim went flying. He got to his feet and galloped all the way to his flat. He banged on the door.

"Open up, Mum, quick . . . oh hurry up Mum."

"All right, all right, I'm coming, what's the rush?"

Tim rushed inside. He was safe at least for tonight.

Nancy van Toledo (3X1)

Year 2001 — Month July 26th

A thing much worse than death,

As I look across the barren land, if you could call it that.

I see nothing but dry grass and sand dunes

Two tons of pulpy paper, three miles of broken glass

Yet the only thing that was empty was

The plastic rubbish bins.

And the ghostly cry of Mother Nature,

BECAUSE NOBODY CARED.

Gregory LeNoel (3M1)

FEELING OF FREEDOM

As the spray blew up in my face, I enjoyed the riding, bumping and swaying, just missing the rocks, full spin, half turns, the wind in my face, as the boat nearly capsized. I clung on, only to find it had regained its balance. This felt good. It was freedom, I thought, as the boat pulled up near the rocks. My boat ride was over. I would be back for more of this.

Carolyn Logan (3A1)

IN THE BACK BLOCKS

Standing here on a dry, hard stump, I see a small run-down shack with boarded-up windows, damp looking boards and a rickety iron roof. A forlorn, scraggy, saddled horse stands in front of the isolated hut. Its scruffy coat is unkempt and it looks old and worn out.

Twisted, bare, useless kauri trees standing still and most of them are dead, dry or burnt stumps. Behind the trees I see unattractive, barren, rugged hills which look like brown dust from where I stand.

The hills make the shack look even smaller.

The trees give the desolate hut an eerie look and as I turn to go I feel glad that I don't have to live here.

Earlene Rogers (3A2)

COLOURS

Spike-like flowers, burnished brass,
Shining copper in the sun,
Resting the gloaming,
Creeping under ivy,
Silver dew-drops glisten in the sun's gold,
Grasping the wind's sweet caresses with the gentlest of clutches,
Sighing, going, gone.

W.B. (3X1)

BOAR

Cold driving rain lashed the Rover as we slithered and churned down the busted trail. The Rover lurched down out of the hollow, then skidded sideways as I plunged hard on the brakes. Dimly seen through the mucked perspect was a great boar two hundred yards up the bank. I grabbed my 30.08 carefully but cautiously out from the gun rack. I pushed through waist-high snow grass. Then there it was, standing big and juicy. I fired. Mortally hit, the animal staggered sideways. I inspected the kill. It was enormous with great white fangs curved to fit its jaw formation.

Happily surprised, I went home.

Brian Best (3M2)

THE CAMERA CLUB

The members of the Camera Club would like to thank Mr Barrack for his time and effort spent in establishing the club, and for all the help and advice given to them.

THE VICTIM

I was swimming around in a pool, one of the rocky pools of the creek, when I heard a splash about two feet away. I watched it curiously, wondering what on earth it was. It was bright red with silver stripes. It spun round as it went to the shore. It went out of sight then splash: it was in again so I swam directly at it, thinking it was food.

I felt pain as the hook dug deeper into my mouth. I tossed and twirled as I was dragged towards the shore. I was swung out on to the bank. I tried to wiggle my way into the water. He caught me but I slipped out of his hands. He grabbed me, his hands were burning hot. He tossed me at a rock. I could still see a bit then I saw a boot coming straight for me. . . .

P. Whale (3X1)

HAIKU

To the mountain stream
A man's contribution is
A cold can of beer.

C.C. (3M2)

OLD MAN

Wearily, drearily,
Half the day long,
He sits in a corner,
In a world of his own,
With grim stone walls at every side
He flips through pages in his mind,
Thinking of friends who now are dead,
His thin frail body is alone and sad.

Madeleine Lindeman (3X2)

WILD HORSES

They roam the plains wild and free,
They bolt and gallop when they flee.
When man is close,
When man is near,
They stand and tremble in startled fear.
When the leader comes, away they go
Leaving the enemy who are very slow
They run and run with pounding hooves,
Racing the wind they have nothing to lose.

Gaylene Peterson (3A1)

US

Who and why are we people?
No one knows.
Why are some coloured and some white?
Why are some shy and some skite?
Why are we different from one another?
Why not the same, even in colour?
But we all know, you and I,
Every single one of us has to die.

M.D. (3M3)

THE BUSH

The bush is quiet and sometimes damp,
But it's still a wonderful place to camp.
The trees are tall and the foliage is green,
It's almost the prettiest place I've seen.
There are many birds whose notes so clear
Come floating gently on the air.
A sparkling stream winds in and out,
A very likely place for trout.
Nature provides these for us to see,
So please don't destroy it thoughtlessly.

Gaylene Peterson (3A1)

BLACK

He is muscle from the bottom of his powerful legs
To the tiny black tips of his ears.
He is black, strong, supple.
Suddenly he whips around,
His whole rippling, shining body is set quivering;
The whites of his eyes flashing,
Nothing escaping his watchfulness.

Jenny Lee (3X2)

SOUND

I parted my lids to watch that sound.

Into view came a noise, black, soft, enveloping, low noise. It spoke. "My friend," it rustled; I gaped at it. "My friend," it flowed again, "come closer, I mean you no harm." I did as it said. "Come with me," it rippled. I went. "I am from the under-world," it purred silently.

"What do you do here, creature? One such as you must have reasons for speaking with one like me, oh under-world being." Even my speaking was different, everything was quiet, not a sound when either of us spoke. I saw sound and felt noises. The creature spoke again. "Ask none and you will receive none. I am sent to summon you, not to answer your queries, speak no more. We near the estuary of Gartyre." I saw that the entrance to the under-world was indeed the mouth of an estuary. It stepped inside the mouth of the gaping cavern.

"What place is this?" I said. It turned to look at me, and for the first time I saw it had no head. I gulped and stepped back a space. "This," it hissed. "This is the gate of Hades." Its once kind, sound shadow, seemed evil and menacing. I cried out in fear, in a language unknown to me, "Kastenaras Maintarea alo myatarumas caareens," I cried out again in bewilderment, turned and fled. My foot was trapped for an instant by a movement but I wrenched it free. Even that one small moment, however, was enough to set me off my balance. I was flung headlong into a deep abyss that had suddenly appeared, yawning in front of me. I was falling, falling down, down—landing softly on my own bed.

The sound . . . the blessed sound of springs creaking. Now, when I tell anyone about my dream, they say—"You can't see sound or movement." But I just keep quiet because I know better than they.

W.B. (3X1)

THE SEANCE

In a small dark room they all sat projecting their thoughts into one glass. No one moved. Suddenly someone jerked the glass. But everyone except Tania started laughing. Tania was paralysed, her fingers still, her eyes still, something had happened that no one knew except Tania. She was in a different world. Once more everyone joined the seance, the glass started moving, screeching as it slid across the table, then out of nowhere came a noise which sounded like a scream. Everyone jumped, scared. Then the glass moved spelling out the word "DEATH", then again and again each time repeating the same word. Everyone lifted their fingers off the glass, all except Tania. Was she really in a different world or was someone trying to communicate through her? Everyone was scared, so hurriedly they left the room dragging Tania from the glass, Tania screaming and yelling "No, no, don't!" But it was too late, the seance had been stopped. The room was once more silenced, silence surging over the room while the glass was left shaking from side to side.

Sheryl Holster (3X2)

DRAGSTER RACE

The two dragsters lined up for the race. The big V8's roared as they came, the fat Goodyear tyres, the tread biting the road. Then suddenly the lights flashed and they were off. The tyres smoked and chewed up the road, the engines roared with power and then it was all over. The race had been won.

L.H. (3A1)

THE STALLION

The air was filled with a thunderous sound,
The horses' hooves had started to pound.
It was a picture of beauty and grace
And even the wind the stallion would race.
Its heart was a furnace of fire and fight
And its coat was black, as black as night.
A beautiful beast, a magnificent steed
That runs with swiftiness, grace and speed.

Kelly Sardelich (3X1)

A stallion's a skite
As he prances with his mares
Showing who is boss.

He stands on the hill
With his head and tail held high
He sees with bold eyes.

Nonie Borthwick (3M2)

A SHAKESPEAREAN SUMMARY OF THE STAFF

| | |
|----------------|---|
| Mr Thain | — I do perceive here a divided duty. |
| Miss Critchley | — Young in limbs, in judgment old. |
| Mr Barrack | — What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl? |
| Mr Sommerville | — A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience. |
| Mr Stafford | — And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. |
| Mr Hayson | — Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. |
| Mr Wolfe | — This is the chace: I am gone for ever! (Exit, pursued by a bear). |
| Mrs Anderson | — You taught me language; And my profit on't Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you, for learning me your language. |
| Miss Bradley | — A moth of peace. |
| Miss Begbie | — She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman. |
| Mrs Sadler | — Faith, thou has some crotchets in thy head now; Harp not on that string. |

SUM OF THE PARTS:

— Done to death by slanderous tongues.

S.L. & C.A.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Thank you to all the pupils of the school who wrote something for our first magazine. The high standard of your contributions has made it difficult to decide what has to be left out in our first, modest school record.

Thank you, too, to the staff who have been so patient while contributions came in and any disruptions were made.

The production of this magazine was made so much easier by Miss K. J. Bradley and the commercial classes who typed the copy to make our job a simpler one.

B.J.H. and the extra English group.



