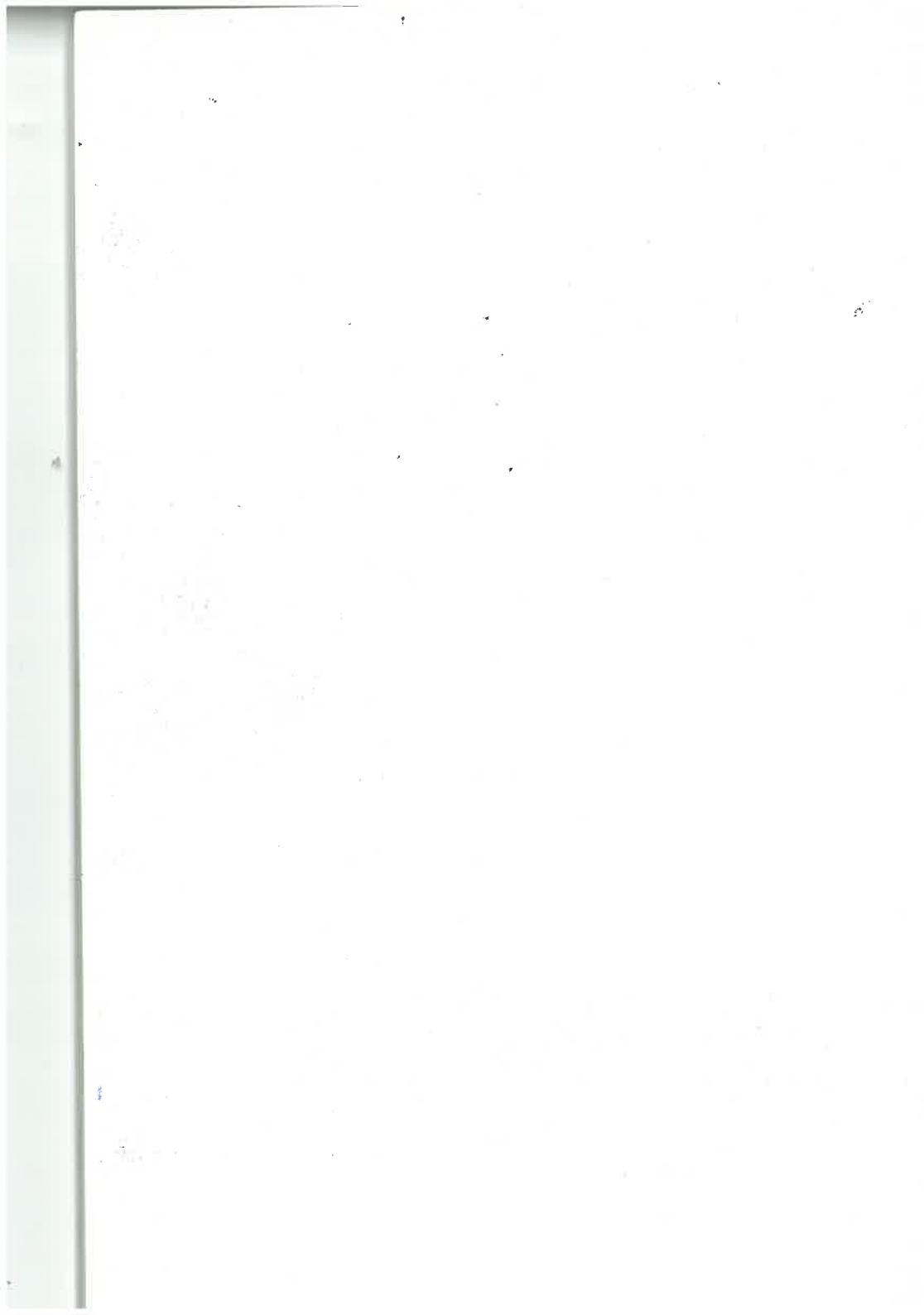


FOREST VIEW HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE

1975



# FOREST VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

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## STAFF — OCTOBER 1975

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., Supp.Cert. Phys.Ed. (Chelsea).

### Heads of Departments:

Science — Mr W. H. STAFFORD, B.Sc.  
English — Mr B. J. HAYSON, B.A., Dip.Tchg.  
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Mrs S. YOUNG, M.A. (Hons.).

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Mrs P. A. BEVIN  
Mrs V. CROCKER  
Mrs J. R. HENRY, H.T.Cert.  
Mrs N. M. SADLER, Dip.Ed., T.T.Cert.  
Mrs J. SLADE, T.T.Cert.  
Mrs D. V. Te WANI, T.T.Cert.  
Mrs L. K. WHEATON, T.T.Cert.  
Mrs H. WILLIAMSON

**Library Assistant:** Mr L. BRIGHTING, A.L.A.

**Laboratory Technician:** Mrs A. WARING, Lab.Tech. (Hanover).

**Office:** Mrs J. M. IRVIN, Mrs L. McGOVERN, Mrs S. M. THAIN.

**Caretaker:** Mr M. KEYSERS.

**Gardener:** Mr R. M. NICHOLSON.

## SCHOOL ROLL

### 3MB — Miss Begbie

Barnett, Gavin R.  
 \*Carlson, Don  
 Carruthers, Bill  
 Davis, Neil B.  
 Dickinson, Dennis K.  
 Groot, Neil  
 James, Colin M.  
 Mear, Robbie  
 Perry, Craig  
 \*Solomon, Russell  
 Sutherland, Grant M.  
 Te Hiko, Paul  
 Titjen, Duncan P.  
 \*Wirihana, Jimmy  
 Arbuckle, Debbie  
 Benge, Sharlene  
 Edwards, Amo  
 Clotworthy, Kathryn  
 Green, Brenda J.  
 Guyton, Jeanine M.  
 Joe, Sandra F.  
 \*Kaio, Barbara  
 Kelly, Joy G.  
 King, Victoria  
 Smith, Evelyn M.  
 Steed, Heather L.  
 Thomson, Sherrie L.  
 Yeoman, Julie-Ann

### 3MC — Miss Connors

Barnett, Chris  
 Cameron, Mark  
 \*Cook, Luke  
 Crooks, Andrew  
 Dunphy, Richard  
 Fenton, Marc  
 Handcock, Earle  
 Magill, Ian  
 Mathysen, John  
 Purchase, Kevin  
 Tera, John  
 Thomas, Anthony  
 Appleton, Joanne  
 Klinac, Lorna  
 McClintock, Tracey  
 Marsh, Robyn  
 Plested, Kay  
 Porter, Lee  
 Ruddell, Anne  
 Russell, Connie  
 \*Tautari, Kim  
 Tuakeu, Paeru  
 Walker, Robyn  
 Wharerau, Cheryl

### 3MR — Miss Bradley

Alsop, Wayne A.  
 Dean, David  
 Granger, Donal  
 Griffin, C. Raymond  
 Johnson, Kenneth A.

\*Martin, Mark  
 Putoko, Jimmy A.  
 Rahiri, Gene T.  
 Ree, Richard J.  
 Wheeler, Stephen W.  
 Bomford, Natalie S.  
 Cavanagh, Christine J.  
 Haika, Daphne D.  
 Henry, Jacky  
 Kaua, Susan M. A.  
 \*Le Fort, Wendy A.  
 McLean, Karen M.  
 Melligan, Christine E.  
 \*Natua, Mii  
 Sevi, Phyllis  
 Shannon, Bronwyn J.  
 Te Paki, Donna M.  
 Van Toledo, Sharon J.  
 Waugh, Janet A.  
 Wood, Lynda L.

### 3MS — Mr Sommerville

Abbot, Peter K.  
 \*Daniel, Tuakana  
 Duff, Michael G.  
 Duval, Kim  
 Duxfield, John F.  
 Higgins, Michael J.  
 King, Lynn R.  
 Marsden, Samuel  
 Meyrick, G. Alan  
 Quinn, Martin  
 Sefo, Clement E.  
 Te Miha, David  
 Te Whiu, Leo H.  
 \*Te Whaiti, Pai  
 Van Houtum, Anton B.  
 Wotherspoon, Nevil J.  
 Blyth, Maia A.  
 Bourke, Joanne R.  
 Boyce, Kim  
 Coombs, Glenda  
 Farrar, Joanne M.  
 Hansen, April  
 Keaney, Marie A.  
 Leau, Doreen P.  
 Maaka, Matekino  
 Morgan, Patricia C.  
 \*Ormsby, Juliette  
 Peet, Linda  
 Quirke, Theresa  
 Te Ao, Tumataara  
 Tuarae, Joanna Marie

### 3MW — Mr Wolfe

Abbot, Terry  
 Baker, Edward  
 Everson, Colin C.  
 \*Eynon-Richards, Nicholas  
 Gray, Neil  
 Harris, Desmond E.

Henry, John B.  
 Higgins, Patrick F.  
 Ireland, Tony G.  
 Peterson, Derek S.  
 Pinkerton, Trevor A.  
 Tuakeu, Pilato J.  
 West, Allan B.  
 Whinney, Ian R.  
 \*Winikerei, Andrew  
 Atkins, Sandra M.  
 Carson, Carole  
 Daniels, Debbie  
 \*Dickinson, Vickie M.  
 Ireland, Glenda M.  
 \*Laaiva, Tina M.  
 Manning, May  
 \*Morgan, Catherine L.  
 Spence, Sandra G.  
 \*Tapurau, Ruth  
 Tonga, Lorraine A. W.  
 \*Tuapou, Nga  
 Van den Broek, Wendy

### 3MY — Mr Stacey

\*Na, Taiu  
 Clarkin, Phillip,  
 Geraets, Louis  
 Griffin, Ian  
 \*Iorangi, Lance  
 Lyttle, Edward  
 Mohi, Moses  
 Piercy, Ian  
 Richards, Brett  
 Sikking, Ronald  
 Smyth, Paul  
 Tangohau, Kiwa  
 Wilson, Robert  
 Bryant, Karen  
 \*Cooper, Kura  
 Fauchelle, Lee-Anne  
 \*Julian, Joanne  
 Little, Charlene  
 Morgan, Sheryl  
 Prangley, Nicolette  
 \*Rakei, Kaiti  
 Sinton, Veronica  
 Te Paki, Leeanne  
 \*Tupu, Ina  
 Underwood, Audrey  
 Witute, Annette

### 3XS — Mr Stafford

Armstrong, Mark I.  
 Blair, Alan W.  
 Carnaby, David A.  
 Cumming, Robert E.  
 Debbenham, Timothy  
 \*Goldsmith, Ramon W.  
 Joyce, Rodney W.  
 Pye, Tony R.  
 Renowden, Alan P.  
 Simpson, David A.

\* Left the school since the beginning of the year

## SCHOOL ROLL

Stevens, Roberto A. M.  
 Wairepo, Ivan K. H.  
 Waterson, Andrew D.  
 Burr, Dianne L.  
 Clarkin, Kim P.  
 Hall, Susan M.  
 Hancock, Maree D.  
 Howarth, Tina W.  
 Jonson, Michelle L.  
 Kither, Angela J.  
 Morris, Glynnis M.  
 Smith, Wendy M.  
 Thain, Carolyn F.  
 Withey, Maree D.  
 Worth, Gillian H.

### 3XY — Mrs Young

Austin-Campbell, Terry  
 Bloomfield, Dennis J.  
 Burns, Andrew L.  
 Davy, David L.  
 Forbes, Ian J.  
 Hannay, Nigel V.  
 Housley, Robert J.  
 Jones, Mark L.  
 Matheson, Grant  
 Nelson, Christopher W.  
 Newell, Trevor W.  
 Walker, Craig J.  
 Ashworth, Robyn M.  
 Bennett, Denise N.  
 Blair, Glenys A.  
 Codlin, Dawn  
 Frethey, Caroline J.  
 Harrison, Ellen J.  
 Jones, Tracy L.  
 Kirkman, Raewyn D.  
 McCullough,  
     Anne Marie  
 McDonald, Christine A.  
 Ranger, Jan L.  
 Stafford, Alison J.  
 Wright, Frances E.

### 4MH — Mr Hayson

Baldick, Owen  
 Bennett, Warren P.  
 Berners, Stephen  
 Bright, Philip J.  
 Clotworthy, Bruce R.  
 Hamilton,  
     Christopher W.  
 Harris, Lant  
 Kingi, Kawana G.  
 McEwen, Gavin H.  
 Purchase, S. Mark J.  
 Solomon, Robert  
 Taute, Poutu  
 \*Tuaiti, Toka  
 Toy, Dennis M.  
 Winikerei, Tony  
 Cooper, Ida T.

Daniels, Moe  
 Fisher, Caroline A.  
 Ford, Gillian P.  
 Givins, Caroline N.  
 \*Hussey, Karen M.  
 Jenkins, Carol A.  
 Keaney, Christine L.  
 \*Manning, Dianne G.  
 Marshall, Lynda M.  
 \*Olliff, Karen N.  
 Rafferty, Elaine  
 \*Vaeau, Vaine V.

### 4MJ — Mr Jones

Alger, Stephen  
 Bengé, Robert  
 Carnaby, Stephen  
 Clarkin, Paul  
 Cumming, Duncan  
 Davis, Craig  
 Evening, John  
 Janssen, Anthony  
 Kelly, Desmond  
 Le Noel, Gregory  
 Sefo, August  
 Smith, Grant  
 Smith, Kerry  
 Warner, Grant  
 \*Wilson, Maurice  
 Aiaraisa, Pania  
 Baker, Susan  
 Breuer, Jeanette  
 Campbell, Frances  
 Ede, Natalie  
 Fry, Marlene  
 Grey, Vicki  
 McClintock, Joanne  
 Peterson, Gaylene  
 Saunders, Sarah  
 Stuart, Fiona  
 Van der Pluym,  
     Lynette

### 4MM — Mr McAlpine

Boyce, Gregory D.  
 Campbell, Ross J.  
 Kirikava, Ota  
 Lee, Steven J.  
 Lynn, Peter L.  
 \*Morley, Vaughan W.  
 Munden, Kimberley G.  
 Nicholson, Alan J.  
 Parker, Clive B.  
 Pierce, Michael L.  
 Sevi, William  
 Ngariki, Tamariki  
 \*Te Keu, Tutai  
 Thornton, Shaun G.  
 Bisley, Yvonne G.  
 Borthwick, Nonie P.  
 Dunlevey, Denise M.  
 Emile, Patricia

Fenton, Sandra L.  
 Flutey, Patricia E.  
 Lake, Jacquelyn A.  
 Lamberton,  
     Stephanie A.  
 Logan, Carolyn M.  
 McGurk, Sandra E.  
 Mills, Jane A.  
 Saunders, Teresa M.  
 Scarlett, Linda  
 Slater, Susan B.

### 4MO — Mrs O'Brien

Bennioni, Joe  
 Best, Brian J.  
 \*Carlson, Craig F.  
 Duval, Johnny  
 Fraser, David  
 \*Griffin, R. Clive  
 Harrison,  
     Tuhia-Kite-Rangi  
 Kirkeby, Mark P.  
 \*Lenton, Christopher  
 Miller, John K. L.  
 Moynahan, David B.  
 Pepperell, Douglas J.  
 Pomare, Ronnie S.  
 Stewart, Garry J.  
 Wirihana, Phillip P.  
 Apera, Ngametua  
 \*Arona, Tuakawa  
 Bekkers, Avalon  
 Green, Linda H.  
 Kopa, Lucy T.  
 McFarlane, Innis M.  
 Pollard, Joanne P.  
 Richards, Sheryl M.  
 Rogers, Earlene P.  
 Simpson, Christine  
 Tiatoa, Angeline P.  
 Walker, Glenys E.

### 4MP — Mr Preston

Armstrong, Timothy P.  
 Bennett, Tom  
 Bonnar, Derek W.  
 Brown, Mohi  
 Crooks, Campbell J.  
 Goodwin, Michael J.  
 Hickey,  
     Christopher W.  
 Hunter, Darrell A.  
 Middlemiss,  
     Thomas W.  
 \*Nooroa, Tupuna  
 Peet, Anthony  
 Te Hiko, Tuki  
 Te Whaiti, Donald G.  
 Wheeler, Owen  
 Ashwood, Cathy  
 Brockway, Julie M.  
 Dixon, Melodee

\* Left the school since the beginning of the year

## SCHOOL ROLL

\*Ellicott, Angela C.  
Fenton, Janet M.  
Haika, Harriet C.  
Heatherly, Patricia S.  
Kaaho, Eleanor M.  
\*Lolesi, Lynette  
Nikora, Myra  
Spence, Debra J.  
Thompson, Robina  
Tipene, K. Nina  
Uerata, Joanne  
White, Mandy C.

### 4XK — Mr Khoo

Armstrong,  
David C. H.  
Bright, David J.  
Billing Glen  
Fuller, Matthew J.  
Daine, Mark R.  
Danielson, Niels E.  
Geraets, Paul J.  
Inder, Mark L.  
Joe, Raymond B.  
King, Nigel G.  
\*Ponga, Duke

Rahiri, Malcolm  
Sardeich, Kelly R.  
Schnurr, F. Wesley  
Van Brakel, Paul  
Whale, Peter E. E.  
Cooper, Susan P.  
Fish, Julie E.  
Holster, Sheryl K.  
Lee, Jeannette A.  
Lennon, Shuna F.  
Lindeman,  
Madeleine V. B.  
McIlroy, Anne M. L.  
Mathysen, Dorothy  
Prime, Robyn Y.  
Read, Sally K.  
Skinner, Carmel M.  
Stokes, Caroline J.  
Towers, Kay E.

### 4XP — Mrs Priscott

Beale, John R.  
Beesley, Richard A.  
Cameron, Gregory C.  
Daniel, Tack

Edwards, Noel J.  
Harris, Ihaia  
Huddleston, Roger J.  
Jaspers, Peter M.  
McLean, Brett A.  
Piercy, David A.  
Poole, Anthony  
Rydon, Deris J.  
Shaw, Stephen J.  
Walker, Grant L.  
Wright, David S.  
Atmore, Christine  
Bowers, Wynne  
Crouch, Melva  
Curtis, Gayle  
Forbes, Leanne  
Lee, Jenny  
Lumsden, Wendy  
Overes, Helen  
Peters, Susan  
Schneller, Wendy  
Smith, Esther  
Smith, Sheryll  
Van Toledo, Nancy  
Warner, Sandra

\* Left the school since the beginning of the year

## EDITORIAL

1975 sees the Forest View High School magazine in its 2nd year, and for the first time, with an editorial staff composed almost entirely of pupils. With the guidance and tremendous amount of encouragement from Mr. Hayson, we have attempted to produce a magazine appealing to all members of the school, but with the emphasis placed on the pupils themselves as a source of material. It seems that after much cajoling and frustration, we have been successful, in that almost all the contributions, including this editorial, have been written by our 3rd and 4th formers.

Looking back over the school year, which will be drawing to a close when this magazine is in print, the events which have taken place seem no less colourful than those which occurred in the foundation year, and many elements remain the same.

The workmen now busily engaged on the Senior Studies block have become as much a part of the scenery as the now-completed gymnasium, while building materials still surround the way to the playing-fields which are much in demand.

There is no doubt that the school that "opened too late and yet too soon" has been built upon, both with new equipment and activities not available or practical last year. The pupils have contributed to the appearance of the school grounds by planting trees, while funds for sports equipment and other items have been raised by mufti days. A highly successful work day also ensures us of new equipment.

However, it is not these that we regard as the major step in the school's

development this year, it is the experience of having both 3rd and 4th formers on the roll for the first time. Certainly a lot of competition and rivalry has sprung up, mostly friendly, we hope, and with the effects ranging from the deathly hush of a maths competition to the more boisterous sounds of wrist-wrestling.

On the whole, the two forms have united both in work and sport, and while 3rd-formers may be beaten more often than not in rugby, volleyball and other form sports, they have made major contributions to the success of Forest View teams, and have certainly kept 4th-formers stretched to their peak while often springing surprises.

We hope that next year the mixture of competition and friendship will continue and its effect spread to the magazine as we receive contributions from 3rd, 4th and 5th-formers.

## HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

Greetings, Tena koutou, Hoe gaat het, met jullie? Talofa lava, Kia orana!

Forest View's second year is drawing to a close and we can look back on a great deal of progress in many areas.

Instead of the eight classrooms and few adjoining spaces with which the School opened in 1974 we now have the Classroom Block, the Arts and Crafts Block, the Physical Education Block, the Gymnasium, the Boiler House sending very welcome hot water around the School, and the Tractor Shed. Work on the Senior Science Block is nearing completion.

Outside, the tennis and netball courts have seen plenty of use and we have played inter-school matches on our own playing fields.

The stock of teaching equipment and plant has increased and we now have, for instance, our own 16mm movie projector and a supply of overhead projectors.

The most important advance in our curriculum has probably been the new subject pattern in the Third Form. Together with many Fourth-Formers I look with envy at the Third Form boys who have been initiated into the mysteries of cooking and sewing and so should be far better equipped for life than I was at high school.

On the sporting fields we have built on the solid foundations laid last year and doubled the number of soccer, hockey and rugby teams playing in regular competitions as well as embarking on a very successful career in netball with four teams and sending our first teams to the Waikato Secondary Schools' Track and Field Championships and Waikato Secondary Schools' Swimming Championships.

The major change in administration came when the School, thanks to the tremendous support of parents and guardians, gained approval to set up its own Board of Governors.

Much has been done this year of which we can be justly proud—the great effort of the Work Day, for example—and all can truly feel proud to belong to Forest View.

There is much still to be done, however, and much more progress to be made and I am sure that complacency is not a trap we will fall into. Our surroundings alone are such a visible and constant reminder of incompleteness.

As I have said to you many times, we all, pupils, staff, parents, all belong to Forest View and the School belongs to all of us. We should feel

that we belong to a large family with all members respecting and caring for all others.

The great poet, W. H. Auden, said a few years ago that there is no generation gap because all of us are travelling together on this same planet at the same time. We at Forest View should all see ourselves in the same way and regardless of our age or the time we have been at school or whether we are pupils or teachers we should show warmth, concern, helpfulness and friendliness to all other members of our large family.

Kia ora.

## SCHOOL DIARY

### FEBRUARY

3—First Staff Meeting.

4—Start of first term. Mixture of trepidation and well-concealed excitement evident on faces of Third Formers; Fourth Formers obviously enjoying their role of "old hands".

New full-time staff appointments: Miss Connors, Mesdames O'Brien (née Farréll), Priscott, Young; Messrs Jones, Khoo, McAlpine, Preston, Stacey.

19—School swimming sports held at the Memorial Swimming Pool. After poor weather forestalled any attempts at organised practices, the big day dawned, sunny and cloudless. Highlight of the morning was the staff v. pupils race, which the staff won, according to the general consensus of opinion, more by good luck than good management.

22—Pupils help with IHC collection.

24—The decision of the parents' meeting: for F.V. to have its own Board of Governors.

28—The day of the Third-Formers' B.C.G. tests; remembered mostly for the grins on the faces of the Fourth-Formers.

### MARCH

5—Athletic sports finally held for the first time on F.V. soil after poor weather caused postponement. Later, the trophy, carved by Mr. Wolfe, is presented to last year's winners, 3M3, then the champions this year, 4XP, by the Home and School Association.

7—Third Form results of B.C.G. tests; more entertainment for the Fourth-Formers.

8—1st F.V. swimming team competes in Waikato secondary schools' swimming sports; no placings, but the experience gained made it worth it.

13—Individual photos wreaked havoc with the day's lessons; much blushing and self-consciousness.

14—Tramping group left for Te Aroha and arrived back two days later, more or less in one piece in spite of lack of sleep, rain, and countless other hardships.

15—Pupils collect for Salvation Army.

20—Our athletic team competes in the mid-Island championships in Putaruru. Placings: 6 thirds, 1 second and 1 first.

26—It is announced at assembly that Peter Whale has been chosen to represent the Tokoroa Scouts at the World Jamboree in Norway.

27—A Mufti Day is held to raise money to help Peter Whale in Norway; successful—\$61.15 raised.



## APRIL

- 4—End of first Third Form option quarter.
- 5—Boys' athletic team competes in Waikato Athletic Championships in Hamilton—several sportsmen got into the finals which was far from disgrace.
- 12—F.V. netball teams play their first competitive games.
- 15—Visit by Bank Education Officer gives many a break from school routine.
- 16—Vocational Guidance Officers join Bank Education Officers' tour around classes.
- 18—Tongariro trip for tramping group; much enjoyed by all.
- 25—Jackie Lake and Clive Parker lay ANZAC Day wreath on the School's behalf.

## MAY

- 6—The heating system is finally installed after being postponed since the 21 April. However, things do not run smoothly . . . by the end of the day the word "heat" seems doomed to become a distant memory but workmen persevere and are finally rewarded.
- 9—End of Term I. Miss Farrell leaves and returns in Term II—as Mrs. O'Brien—the school's first marriage.
- 26—Start of Term II. Need anything else be said?

## JUNE

- 7—Okui Camp, enjoyed by all in spite of bus breakdown.
- 12—Most of the School goes to see the Tokoroa High School production of "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew," whether for the enjoyment of the play or a break from school, who can tell?
- 13—Mufti Day raises money for Trampoline Fund.
- 14—The F.V. playing fields are "christened" by the girls' hockey teams.
- 20—End of 2nd Third Form option quarter.
- 23-25—Mid-year examinations.
- 27—The cross-country finally gets under way. Rising young athletes get their chance while those less able congratulate themselves on having made it round the course. The weather is not very cooperative—wind and biting cold cause discomfort to staff and pupils alike.
- 30—First meeting of F.V.'s Board of Governors.

## JULY

- 2—Mr. D. H. Robinson speaks to Fourth-Formers about the Waikato Technical Institute.
- 5-6—Tramping Club climbs Tarawera. At least one exhausted member, but the trip enjoyed by all.
- 7—Peter Whale is presented with the cheque from the Mufti Day proceeds.
- 8—Ambassadors from Hamilton Boys' High School arrive—two rugby and two soccer teams. We win the rugby.
- 14—Mid-term break is much appreciated by all.
- 17—Apprehensive pupils await their parents' return from Report Evening.
- 18—Mr G. S. Wright and Mrs Jones present piupius from Te Rangi

Maria to the School. We also receive the generous donation of the Evonne Manuel Cup, presented to the most cooperative Maori Studies pupil.

- 21—Mr. Fellingham and Mr. Lambert visit the School to talk about Braille Week.
- 22—Arrival of inspectors changes the usual organised chaos into chaotic organisation.
- 26—Braille Week collection has volunteers from Forest View.
- 29—Hillcrest High School hockey and netball teams come to do battle and return with the score even—1 hockey win and 2 netball wins to each school.
- 31—Bank of Education revisits us.

#### AUGUST

- 2-3—Kauranga trip for tramping group.
- 6—Arbor Day: 15 pupils plant trees in Matarawa Park.
- 8—Salvation Army singers sing for the pupils in the courtyard at lunchtime.
- 9—Volunteers collect for Plunket Day.
- 11—Mrs. Brighting proceeds to do the impossible by beginning to organise the library. 4MJ presents some basketballs to the School, bought with money raised by Basketball Association raffle tickets.
- 12-14—Classes plant trees for the School Arbor Day. Many misguided instructions, much dirt and general enjoyment.
- 14—A meeting is held at night for the parents of F.V. Fourth-Formers on the subject of Fifth Form options. Looking at it in an optimistic light: all problems are now straightened out.
- 22—End of year's longest term. Ecstasy all round.
- 23—Start of the holidays; School rugby teams play Buller High School and win both games.

#### SEPTEMBER

- 15—Term III begins, hopefully with the spring weather and more outdoor activities.
- 17—Peter Whale presents the school with a badge from the Norway Jamboree.
- 19—End of third Third Form option quarter.
- 20—On behalf of the Tokoroa Netball Association Mrs. Reeves presents the School with three trophies.
- 23—The School's hockey, netball and rugby teams journey to Mangakino. A good time is had by all.
- 25—Our cross-country team competes in the mid-Island championships in Putaruru; no top placings are gained but the performances are a credit to the team.

#### OCTOBER

- 3-5—Bad weather curtails the Tramping Club's activities on Ngaruahoe, but everyone enjoyed the trip.
- 8—A highly successful workday—\$1407.67—and ensures all of us of jobs next year. Part of the funds should substantially increase the amount of F.V.'s sports equipment; the use of the remainder is not yet decided.
- 13—Mr. Kaua speaks to Maori and Island pupils on pre-employment training.

- 15—Team photos in the library; much hilarity and frustration.  
28—Transport officer comes to talk to us on the subject of traffic.

#### NOVEMBER

- 21—School party goes to see Auckland Symphonia in Putaruru.  
24-26—End of year Exams.

#### DECEMBER

- 11—Prizegiving and break-up.

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### FOREST VIEW NETBALL

Forest View High School entered four teams in the Tokoroa Netball Association's competition for the first time this year. All teams performed well, and by the end of the season players were adapting themselves well to constructive tactics, changing defence to attack quickly, and experiencing playing in finals.

As there were so many players unknown to the coaches—Mrs L. Wheaton and Mrs H. Williamson — the players were evenly divided into four teams:—

**Aotea:** A. Witute (Capt.), J. Uerata, D. Leau, D. TePaki, G. Walker, R. Walker, G. Coombs, S. Spence, T. Arona and J. Farrar.

Although this team had many inexperienced players and also lacked height, each player is to be commended on her attitude towards her games and unfailing attendance each Saturday. This team did not win many games during the competition due to lack of accurate shooters, but G. Walker, R. Walker and S. Spence worked hard on defence.

**Tainui:** N. Tipene (Capt.), M. Manning, S. Richards, A. Edwards, C. Cavanagh, T. Laiava, F. Wright, C. Fisher and L. Tonga.

This team combined well at times, but unfortunately could not play the same players each week and consequently any tactical play was hindered. Strength in the team lay with the defence work by T. Laiava and shooting of N. Tipene and May Manning. This team, with Mandy White, won a most handsome trophy for the Handicap Tournament held by the Association for 45 club teams.

**Arawa:** P. Emile, M. Daniels, A. Tiatua (Capt.), A. McIlroy, G. Curtis, S. Kaua, D. Spence, L. TePaki and C. Wharerau.

This team had a wealth of talent. Cheryl Wharerau, Patricia Emile, Susan Kaua and Debbie Spence, although capable of dictating play, rebounding well and using their height to advantage, did not fully extend themselves all season. Maybe with competition for gaining a place for the top team next year these players, along with some others, will fully extend themselves. This team finished equal-first with Mataatua for the Championship cup.

**Mataatua:** M. White (Capt.), M. Johnson, J. Tuarae, C. Melligan, S. Baker, F. Stewart, M. Dixon, A. Ruddell, C. Logan and S. McGurk.

This team was the most successful for the season. Under the capable guidance of Mandy White the team (although it did not have accurate shooters) played with determination. A. Baker linked well with the shooters and defence players. A surprise for the team was their ability to win the



#### **GIRLS' CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM**

**Back row (left to right): Mr M. Jones (Coach), S. Richards, G. Walker, K. Clotworthy, T. McClintock, K. Boyce, J. Brockway.**  
**Front row: C. Logan, J. Ranger, M. Hancock, T. Howarth, W. Bowers.**



#### **BOYS' CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM**

**Back row (left to right): Mr M. Jones (Coach), B. Richards, P. Lynn, G. Boyce, P. White.**  
**Second row: G. Cameroh, G. Matheson, P. Bright, C. Davis, D. Bright**  
**Front row: C. Barnett, T. Middlemiss, K. Smith.**



#### **7th GRADE RUGBY TEAM**

Back row: Mr C. McAloine (Coach). R. Hcusley, K. Tangohau, M. Mohi, S. Shaw, W. Bennett, D. Simpson, S. Wheeler, Sheryl Smith (Manager).  
 Middle row: E. Lytt'o. I. Griffin. T. Daniel, I. Wairepo (Capt.), L. Te Whiu, P. Clarkin, A. van Houtum.  
 Front row: T. Middlemiss, G. Rahiri, G. Matheson, R. Joyce.



#### **UNDER 14 SOCCER TEAM**

Back row (left to right): C. Barnett, I. Whinney, T. Ireland, R. Stevens, I. Magill, A. Waterson, R. Cumminas, Mr P. Stacey (Coach).  
 Second row: R. Goldsmith, D. Carnaby, L. Geraets (Capt.), M. Fenton, J. Duxfield.  
 Front row: K. Smith, K. Purchase.

Tokoroa Netball Association Defence Cup. This cup is awarded for the lowest goals scored against the winning team and Mandy White and Melodee Dixon allowed only an average of 9.1 goals per game.

**Forest View "A" Team:** M. White (Capt.), N. Tipene, S. McGurk, M. Daniels, A. Tiatoa, M. Manning, S. Baker and C. Wharerau.

This team won the "C" Grade Closing Day Tournament at the local competition. This team combined well and played constructive netball. The defence players intercepted any lobbed passes and the centre court players soon cleared the ball away for the shooters to score. Each player played steady netball during the tournament and capitalised on the opposition's mistakes.

## **SOCCER REPORT**

The under-16 soccer team got second in the Saturday morning competition games. They got second because they had a smaller goal average than the team that got first, Tokoroa High School Red, whom the team had beaten three times before. They had only lost once against this team; their only loss during the Saturday morning games. When they played Tokoroa High School Red they had only 10 men, while the opposing team had a full team of 11 players.

Earlier this year in the first term the team went to play Tokoroa High School; this team was a lot stronger, but the Forest View soccer team held their own and managed to have a one-all draw at full time. In the second term the Hamilton High School Boys' team came to play soccer against our team but the Forest View team went down heavily to this much stronger team. This was their second and last loss of the year. In the third term the boys went to Mangakino to play against the High School side; here the team got off to a flying start and managed to get 2 goals in the first five minutes. The Forest View team went on to win with a good score of 5 to 3.

The main goal-scorer has been Tom Bennett, the team's centre forward, who sometimes plays as goalie. The next best goal scorer was Nigel King, the team's right wing and captain. The goal keeper, John Beale, has let only 15 goals past him during the year. The team has three strong players: forwards who start off the game, the centre forward, inside right and inside left. The team has two very good wings who make up the rest of the forward line, they are very good at crossing the ball into the goal and also enabling the three forwards to scoop up the ball and score. Sometimes the three forwards or three halfbacks go far upfield and one is caught off-side, this is where there is only one person between you and the goal, usually the goalie. There are some situations where you can't get off-side; this is in a corner kick, a throw-in, a free kick, a penalty or a drop ball.

PHILIP BRIGHT (4MH)

## **UNDER 14 SOCCER TEAM**

The under 14 soccer team lost only about 4 or 5 games during the season. I think we could have won a few more games, but as we had young players who did not have much experience we did well to hold other teams in raising our tally of defeats. The players who improved during the year were K. Smith, R. Cummings and K. Purchase.

L. GERAETS (Captain).

## **6th GRADE RUGBY**

This year I think the Rugby XV did very well in the local 6th Grade competition, although we finished well behind the leaders. This year our team showed a lot of courage against the bigger teams. We put up a good show, especially since we had added strength and speed with the addition of Paul Clarkin, David Wright, Campbell Crooks, David Armstrong and Peter Jaspers, Kawana Kingi and Jimmy Putoko in our team. This year the Hamilton Boys' High School returned our trip from last year and played well but were defeated 18-6, so too were the Buller team when we had the honour of playing them. The score was 28-6. The game against Mangakino's 6th Grade was scrappy and we went down 22-6. I hope further Forest View teams will play as strongly in their games as we have tried to do.

M.R. (Captain).

## **7th GRADE RUGBY**

The 1975 rugby season was a good one for the Forest View 7th Grade Rugby Team with a total of about 420 points for, 20 against, and only one loss for the season. We have had our outstanding players but what I found to be most valuable was the team spirit and friendship. We were well coached by Mr McAlpine and had a good manager in Sheryl Smith. A newcomer to rugby, David Simpson did well in his first season, and I'm sure he will do even better in the future. To finish off I would like to say I enjoyed playing with the team and being with them both on and off the field.

IVAN WAIREPO (Captain).

## **COMPETITION SCORES — 7th GRADE "A" DIVISION**

- v. Putaruru Marist, won 54-0
- v. Tokoroa High Green, won 38-0
- v. Tokoroa Pirates, won 57-0
- v. Tokoroa High Yellow, won 15-0.

### **Inter-school Games**

- v. Hamilton Boys' High, won 24-4
- v. Buller High School, won 24-11
- v. Mangakino High School, won 34-0.

## **INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' HOCKEY (WHITE)**

The intermediate girls' hockey team had a very successful year coming third-equal in their competition in Rotorua. Although their standard of play was fairly poor to begin with, they improved in the course of the season and emerged a more "polished" and expert team. Both defending and attacking players seemed to overcome their fear of the ball and stick-wielding opponents.

Team: Innis MacFarlane (Capt.), Jenny Lee (Vice-Capt.), Jackie Lake, Theresa Saunders, Linda Scarlett, Jan Ranger, Wendy Schneller, Carolyn Frethey, Raewyn Kirkman, Nancy Van Toledo, Carol Jenkins, Lynda Marshall.

COACH.

## **1st HOCKEY XI**

We started off the year with a tournament at Rotorua, we came third and also came third-equal overall.

The team had a good spirit and we all enjoyed playing together. Our thanks goes out to Mrs Priscott for giving us a little push when we needed it, also thanks to Mrs O'Brien who helped us when Mrs Priscott was sick. I hope we have the same team next year and a few more wins for the '76 season.

CAPTAIN.





#### **JUNIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM**

**Back row (left to right): H. Overes, J. Fish, M. Hanceck, G. Worth, G. Ford, D. Burr, C. Thain, T. Howarth, C. Givins.**

**Front row: A. Kithers, S. Thompson, L. Forbes (Capt.), S. Peters (V.-Capt.), N. Prangley.**

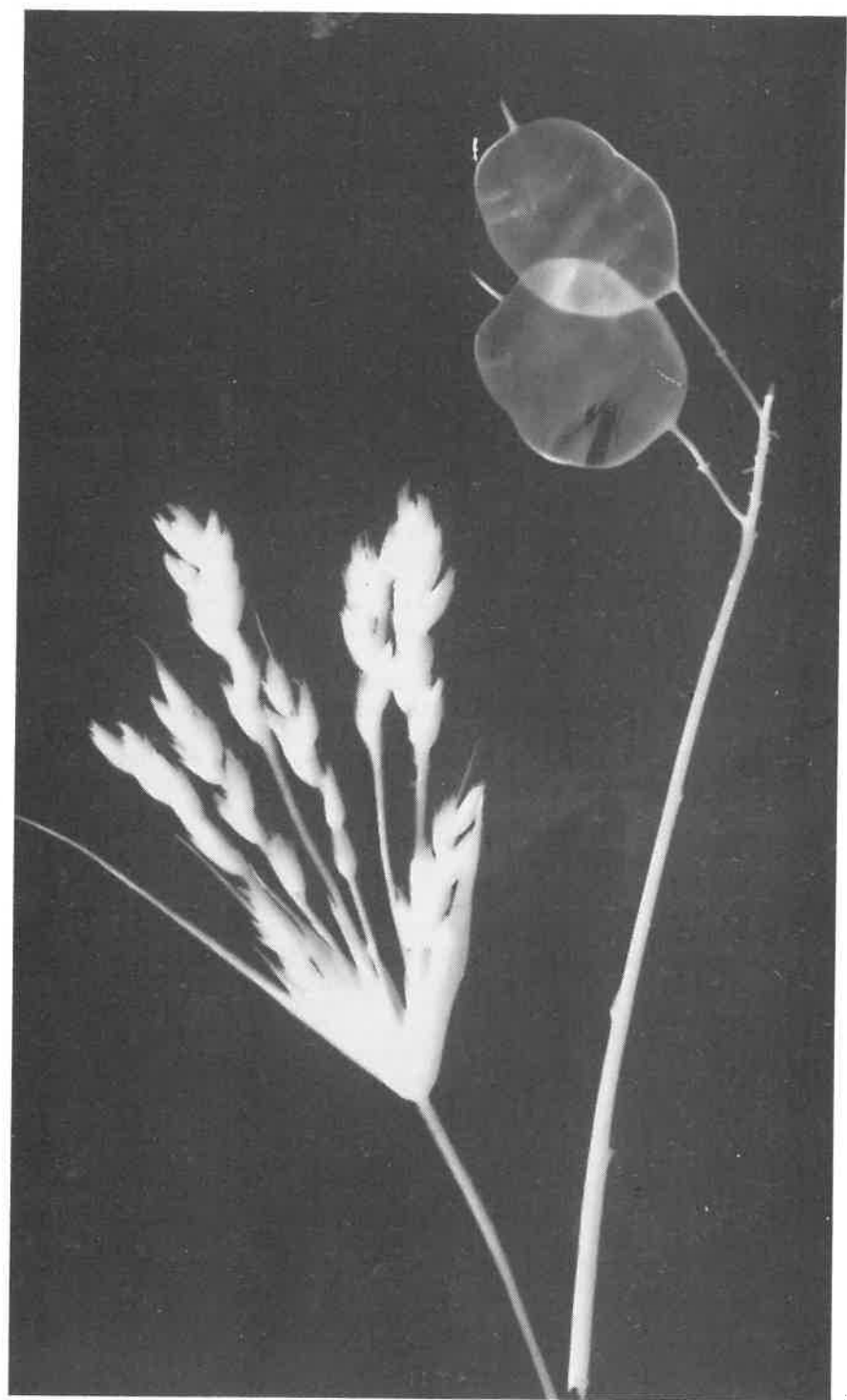


#### **INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM**

**Back row (left to right): T. Saunders, L. Marshall, L. Scarlett, C. Frethey, J. Lake, N. van Toledo.**

**Front row: W. Schneller, R. Kirkman, I. McFarlane (Capt.), J. Lee (V.-Capt.), J. Ranger.**





## JUNIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY (BLUE)

Team members: Leanne Forbes (Capt.), Sue Peters (Vice-Capt.), Angela Kithers, Maree Hancock, Caroline Thain, Julie Fish, Nicolette Prangley, Helen Overes, Tina Howarth, Caroline Givins, Sheree Thompson, Gillian Ford, Gillian Worth, Mr Kithers (Coach).

A frustrating term of hockey. We came first at the wrong end. We showed top hockey playing at the end of the term, but that was too late. Miss Bradley, our former coach, gave up on us half way through the year (mental breakdown was the rumour). Actually we won about 5 games and drew 3.

The most eventful happening in the season was the big feed at McKillop High (Rotorua) even though they beat us.

BLUE TEAM.

## FOREST VIEW CROSS COUNTRY

Junior girls started off for one lap of the cross-country. Very surprisingly Kathryn Clotworthy had a great lead and she went on to win by a good distance.

Junior Boys started off for two laps of the cross country. After the first lap David Bright was leading with Greg Cameron and Grant Mathysen hot on his tail. Towards the end of the second lap Greg Cameron had taken up the lead with Grant Mathysen second and David Bright coming third.

Intermediate girls left next for two laps of the cross country. Sheryll Richards raced into the tape with a great run.

Intermediate boys took off for three laps of the cross country with Peter Whale leading the first lap and with Billy Sevi and Greg Boyce not far behind. At the end of the second lap Billy had taken the lead, and at the end of the third lap Peter Whale had taken the tape, coming first, with a good run, from Billy, who came second, and Greg Boyce with a good third.

PETER WHALE (4XK).

## ATHLETICS

A very successful athletics day was held on 5th March, a fine, windy Wednesday. Many scorching times were established as well as fantastic distances. After this athletic meet winners and place-getters united to form a F.V. team which travelled to Putaruru on 20th March. Many of our team reached the finals and were successful. Also all of our relay teams reached the finals. On 5th April, the successful competitors at Putaruru travelled to compete in the Waikato Inter-secondary School Championships at Hamilton's Porrit Stadium. Although none of our athletes was placed in the finals, in the heats T. Daniel came fourth in the 100m, J. Putoko attained third place in the 200m, D. Armstrong came fourth in the 400m, and unfortunately R. Mear, competing in the shot-put, was disqualified after a fantastic performance. All in all, I think that the second Forest View athletic team put in a great performance and showed the way for up-and-coming Forest View athletes.

In conclusion to that blustery Wednesday, a teachers versus pupils 4 x 100m relay was held. The school started magnificently with Lynette Lolesi evenly matched against the teachers' power-packed dynamo, Mrs Priscott. The first baton change for the school was disastrous but the flying fury Gaylene Peterson caught the blazing blonde Mrs O'Brien (née Farrell) in the changing zone to bring the school to a one-metre lead.

Mr Preston gripped the baton and surged ahead of Craig Carlson who again fought back to be down by one metre. Lunging into the changeover zone Mr Preston grabbed a three-metre lead which Mr Jones took to fifteen. All seemed gloomy for the school but Tack Daniel slowly pulled back Mr Jones and on the finish line the school only just lost as Mr Jones ploughed into the tape. All in all, an exciting occasion, with records galore being set and some broken.

D.A. (4XK) T.D. (4XP) H.O. (4XP).

### ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS 1975

**Junior Girls:** A. Ellicott (4MP), A. Tiatoa (4MH), K. Clarkin (3XS), 20 points.

**Junior Boys:** J. Putoko (3MR), 36 points.

**Intermediate Girls:** G. Peterson (4MJ), 30 points.

**Intermediate Boys:** T. Peet (4MP), 40 points.

### ATHLETIC SPORTS RESULTS

**Classes.**—1st: 4XP, 209 points; 2nd: 4MP, 181 points; 3rd: 4MO, 171 points.  
Top Third Form: 3MR, 115 points.

### MID-ISLAND ATHLETIC SPORTS — THURSDAY, 20th MARCH, 1975 AT PUTARURU

The following gained place certificates in the finals:—

1, David Bright, 800m Junior, 3rd; 2, Jimmy Putoko, 200m Junior, 3rd; 3, Tack Daniel, 100m Junior, 3rd; 4, Junior Boys 4 × 100m Relay—Tack Daniel, Jimmy Putoko, Kiwa Tongahau and Stephen Bourke, 3rd; 5, David Armstrong, 400m Junior, 2nd; 6, Robbie Mear, Junior High Jump, 3rd, Junior Shot Put, 1st; 7, T. Arona, Intermediate Shot Put, 3rd.

### THE CAMERA CLUB

After the school year had progressed about six months, the club membership finally stabilised at ten. The members are: J. Appleton, C. Atmore, A. Hansen, S. Lennon, D. Moynahan, G. Stewart, N. van Toledo, S. van Toledo, L. Wood.

The club's mind and motivation, Mr Barrack, has been endeavouring to teach us the basic elements of photography by giving practical demonstrations in such fields as: developing, enlarging, and printing of black-and-white films. More advanced work has also been introduced, including the finer points of picture composition and special effects to be obtained using different lenses, and the gentle art of making photograms, which are pictures made by throwing white light onto photographic paper while obstructing it with objects such as grass or flowers, the effect being a light silhouette on a black background.

Most of the club now think they grasp the rudiments of photography. Despite the rather low number of achievements in the dark-room, at least some of the members (well, three, if you must know) feel that all the time spent listening to lectures, watching demonstrations, and sitting waiting for undevelopable developments to develop has not been wasted.

In the future we intend to make even greater use of the equipment we possess; equipment not often possessed by clubs so small and relatively new.

We have made use of funds allocated and donated to buy an enlarger,

chemicals, photographic paper, developing tanks, trays, and other minor items.

It is hoped that, as the members grow in confidence, more of the fruits of our labour will appear around the school — and hopes are that next year more of the photos taken, developed, enlarged and printed by THE CAMERA CLUB will be in the school magazine.

3 "PHOTOGRAPHERS".

## TRAMPING GROUP

Group: Mr Barrack 5 trips (Tarantula), Miss Connors 5, Miss Begbie 4, David Mathews (student teacher, former pupil of Mr B.) 3, Roger Davies (surveyor, former pupil of Mr B) 2, Mr Jones 1, Miss Fountain (friend of Miss C) 1, W. Lumsden (sausage) 5, J. Lee 5, K. Towers (granny) 1, C. Stokes 2, J. Lake 2, I. MacFarlane 1, S. Holster 2, C. Atmore 2, S. Lennon 3, A. Bekkers 2, J. Lee 4, P. Whale (fish) 1, P. Lynn 1, N. Edwards 1, R. Pomare 1, K. Munden 2, D. Bright 2, B. MacLean 2, N. Danielson 1, G. Boyce 2, M. Pierce 1.

**Te Aroha, 14-16 March.**—Slept in bivouacs in rain—great experience. Bush-crashed, tramped through stream. Plenty of blisters and bee stings.

**Tongariro Trip, 18-20 April.**—Climbed Tongariro, saw Emerald Lakes, red crater. Four of party—W.L., W.D., R.D., D.M.—climbed Ngaruahoe, saw terrific sights. Twenty-four Green Bay High School people disrupted our weekend.

**Tarawera.**—Easy trip, strong winds, hard falls (for some) on scoria, and kidney-crushers. Neat 4-wheel drive up to the mountain.

**Kauranga.**—Very easy trip on Saturday, very muddy on Sunday. Spoiled by vandals who let down three Landrover tyres.

**Ngaruahoe.**—Fabulous fun in the snow. Hut-time spoiled by three men who upset the fire. Did not fulfil goal of climbing Ngaruahoe because of weather. Enjoyed rock climbing.

All our tramps have been a lot of fun and we appreciate the help from all who have taken part, especially the organisers.

WENDY LUMSDEN (4XP), JEANETTE LEE (4XK).

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## 3XS CLASS NOTES

3XS have not allowed their first year at Forest View High School to pass without significance. Mr Stacey's temper has been technically drawn to its limit, while the grey hairs on a certain English teacher's head have multiplied well before his 30th birthday.

Confucius say hockey and maths don't mix. The walls and ceiling of the art room were successfully redecorated with clay and paint.

Scientifically speaking we have had a thrilling year with a sneak preview of the X-rated Fourth Form syllabus on the submerging of huhu bugs. We were an unruly pack for Mr Wolfe, needless to say. Miss Begbie is still in a dishwater stew while Mr Sommerville has resorted to marking our folders in negative quantities. We had the effect of an economic slump on Miss Bradley. The P.E. Department looked forward to our departure.

We have unsaddled many new releases; all qualify for the French Foreign Legion.

Our motto is: "Divided we stand. United they fall!"

### 3MB CLASS NOTES

The boys' relay team came first on Sports Day, the seven-a-side rugby team won the competition and we are in the semi-finals of the volleyball competition.

Other class members had individual success. Robbie Mear won the school high jump, Kathryn Clotworthy the junior girls' cross country and Gavin Barnett the under-7-stone champion wrist wrestling.

### 3MR CLASS NOTES

In our form class we have 13 girls and 8 boys, and it is the most hard-working class in the school (we think!). Our form teacher is Miss Bradley who has helped us all through the year. Our class interests are—Rugby: Gene, Steven, Jimmy; Netball: Christine C, Christine M, Susan, Donna; Volleyball: David, Mark, Steven, Sharon, Lynda, Bronwyn, Janet; Athletics: Susan, Gene, Jimmy; Gymnastics: Sharon; Camera Club: Lynda, Sharon; Maori Club: Susan, Christine M, Christine C; Librarians: Sharon, Lynda.

Our softball team won the school champs in the beginning of 1975. The team was: Jacki, Susan, Christine C, Christine M, Donna, Jimmy, Mark, Steven, Raymond, Richard.

As is obvious, 3MR has had a very successful year overall, even though it is the smallest class in the school and is the best at driving teachers mad.

S.V.T. and L.W.

Name	Ambition	Destination
David Dean	Carpenter	Bush worker
Raymond Griffin	Engineer	Furnace stoker
Ken Johnson	Professional Hunter	Killing sparrows with pop gun
Mark Martin	Carpenter	Wood borer
Jimmy Putoko	Rabbitier	Rabbit
Gene Rahiri	Join the Army	Salvation Army
Richard Ree	Mechanic in Navy	Grease monkeys in zoo
Steven Wheeler	Mechanic	Car wrecker
Natalie Bomford	Stable hand	Horse
Christine Cavanagh	Nurse	Bed-pan attendant
Daphne Haika	Housewife	Child's welfare home
Jacky Henry	Nun	Devil's apprentice
Susan Kaua	Sea Diver	Sea eggs (kina)
Karen McLean	Riding instructor	Mucking out stables
Christine Melligan	Nurse	Packaging sticking plasters
Phyllis Sevi	Detective	Crook
Bronwyn Shannon	Teller in Bank	Robbing banks
Donna Tepaki	Bird specialist	Air hostess
Sharon van Toledo	School teacher	The blackboard
Janet Waugh	Kindy teacher	Romper room
Lynda Wood	Pharmacist	Drug addict

### 4MO CLASS NOTES

Mrs O'Brien (née Farrell) has been our form teacher and constant companion for most of the year—kids, you'd better hope she stays that way. Since the beginning of the year we have gained two people; one of them decided to stay, to our displeasure, and the other couldn't quite cope with our hospitality so he left. Craig, who left before him, must have left a note hidden somewhere so that Chris could find it, then Clive and, just about, Johnny. The person we couldn't quite forget was Tuakama who somehow must have found the note too. Let's forget about that for now.

During the year, everyone in some way or other has contributed to our

class name of "Nga Tamariki tino Mahio". Joe, Clive, Craig, Brian, Sheryl, Ngametua, Lucy and Angeline were the "guns" who first represented our class in the first of many inter-form competitions.

Linda, Gary, Ngametua, and also Glenys and Brian were the ones who decided to take a little dip at the swimming competitions on behalf of our class.

When we had our second Athletic Day our form should have bought the day with people like Sheryl, Innis, Glenys, Angeline, Tuakama, Craig, and Clive and one other who decided he was too good.

### 3MC CINEMASCOPE

Miss Connors	In the Nature of Things
Joanne Appleton	Plain Speaking
Lorna Klinac	Saddle Up
Tracey McClintock	Vision On
Robyn Marsh	My Favourite Martian
Kay Plested	Dirty Sally
Lee Porter	Grunt Machine
Anne Ruddell	Maude
Pairu Tuakeu	Tonight at Nine
Robyn Walker	That's My Mama
Cheryl Wharerau	Harlem Globetrotters
Chris Barnett	The Top Secret Life of Edgar Briggs
Mark Cameron	Some Mothers Do 'ave 'em
Luke Cook	Bon Appetit
Andrew Crooks	It Takes a Thief
Richard Dumphy	Elephant Boy
Mark Fenton	Ready To Roll
Earl Hancock	Handy Hints
Ian Magill	Mr Magoo
Johnny Mathysen	Gilligan's Island
Kevin Purchase	The Entertainers
John Tera	Elvis Presley
Anthony Thomas	The Villains

### 3XY SPORTS REPORT

#### Inter-form Class Sports Teams

Softball: Carolyn, Chris, Dennis, Robert, Grant, Frances, Jan, Dawn, Mark.

Relay: Robyn, Denise, Frances, Dawn, Robert, Grant, Dennis, Chris.

Soccer: Robert, Grant, Dennis, Nigel, Mark, Trevor, Ian, Craig.

Netball: Dawn, Carolyn, Raewyn, Jan, Ellen, Ann Marie, Denise.

Volleyball: Carolyn, Raewyn, Jan, Ian, Nigel, Trevor, Dawn, Ann Marie.

#### School Reps from 3XY

Cross country: Jan, Grant. Athletics: Frances, Grant.

#### School Sports Players

Hockey: Jan, Raewyn, Carolyn. Rugby: Robert, Grant. Netball: Frances. Badminton: Jan, Raewyn, Carolyn. Squash: Robyn, Denise, Ann Marie.

#### Out of School

Skating: Tracey and Dawn. Gymnastics: Dawn. Pony Club: Glenys and Robyn. Karate: Craig, Frances and Ellen. Surfing, Boxing and Diving: Grant. Cricket, Rugby: Dennis. Swimming: Jan. Tennis: Raewyn.

## 4XK CLASS NOTES

**Teacher: Mr Khoo**

**Class Number: 29**

Being a school pupil isn't easy and having the head of the maths department as a form teacher isn't easy either. Though apart from the odd sine and cosine thrown at you it's all right.

4XK is one of a kind, you might even say unique. We have in our midst Peter Whale, the one and only 4XK tourist to visit Germany, Norway and Britain, among other places. Then we have our rugby greats, David Armstrong and Malcolm Rahiri who, you never know, may make the All Blacks yet.

Of course we've **tried** to raise money for different things, e.g., our Milo and cordial sales. Apart from poisoning half the school with our Milo, five members of our class managed to make it to the Putaruru Athletics. They were David Armstrong, David Bright, Nigel King, Peter Whale and Anne McIlroy.

Last but not least we must mention our great soccer, snooker and table tennis player, Mr Khoo. We've got to hand it to you, Sir, how you put up with us only one person knows, and we think even He's puzzled.

## 4MJ CLASS NOTES

First of all, the people in our class who are in sports teams or clubs:—

**Netball:** F. Stuart, S. Baker. **Swimming:** S. Baker, Greg LeNoel. **Rugby:** A. Sefo, P. Clarkin, S. Bourke. **Soccer:** S. Alger, K. Smith. **Cross Country:** C. Davis, K. Smith. **Athletics:** S. Bourke, D. Kelly, S. Alger. **Badminton:** L. Van der Pluym, S. Alger, F. Stuart, N. Ede, S. Baker, V. Grey, P. Clarkin, and sometimes an odd stranger would appear for a little bit of loving and that's August Sefo. **Indoor Basketball:** S. Baker, M. Fry, F. Stuart, J. Brewer.

### CLASS TEAMS

**Volleyball:** S. Baker, D. Kelly, A. Sefo, P. Clarkin, F. Campbell, F. Stuart, J. Evening. **Swimming:** A. Sefo, S. Baker, G. LeNoel, G. Peterson. **Netball:** S. Baker, F. Stuart, M. Fry, L. Van der Pluym, A. Sefo, P. Clarkin, G. Warner, G. LeNoel, C. Davis, J. Brewer. **Wrist Wrestling:** D. Kelly (open champ), G. Smith (under 8 stone champ), K. Smith, J. Brewer, S. Carnaby, D. Cummings. **Softball:** S. Baker, G. Peterson, A. Sefo, D. Kelly, M. Fry, J. Brewer, P. Clarkin, G. LeNoel.

## 4MM CLASS NOTES

4MM aren't noted for their academic ability but for their sporting ability. Starting off we won the cross country, which was a great shock to our class. The people who managed to get placings were Billy (2nd), Greg (3rd), Peter (6th) and Clive (7th). Sandra and Carolyn managed to come in the first ten. The rest of the class scraped into the last twenty.

Jackie, Linda and Teresa bullied their way into the girls' hockey team while Clive was our only rugby representative. We were very fortunate to have Carolyn and Sandra as members of the very successful netball team Mataatua, and Steven and Michael as our soccer players. At the beginning of the year Denise, Terry, Peter and Greg managed to make it to Putaruru for the athletics.

Our full-time mechanic, Sue Slater, had a busy year repairing broken chains, handle bars, blow-outs, and wheels falling off, because a few of our fragile members didn't want to get their hands dirty.

We also managed to roll in second equal in the work day, and we would

like to thank Ota who made an invaluable contribution by testing Jack's billiard cues. Sandra McGurk pulled a sneaky one on us and went tripping overseas for two months. Kim was very proud of himself for managing to win a bike.

We never did manage to leave the school on trips, I wonder why. Could it have been our behaviour or was Mr McAlpine scared of losing his favourite class?

#### 4XP CLASS NOTES

A normal day begins for 4XP, quickly becoming an abnormal one.

First comes Christine Atmore, first not only because we are going alphabetically. John Beale just heads off Richard Beesley on his Mustang bike because B-E-A comes before B-E-E. Wynne Bowers looks tired after her record-breaking number of events in the Athletic Champs. Here comes Greg Cameron who has shown he can run just as fast as he can talk and crack jokes. Melva Crouch came second in the class additions race (not the only expected additions mind you). Gayle Curtis comes first in the flyweight, a great effort also in the wrist wrestling. Tack Daniel, the organiser and form guidance counsellor. Noel Edwards, who won't tell anyone where he got his cute track shoes from. Leanne Forbes, the nearest our class has to a star captain of a hockey team. Ihaia Harris, made his dancing début last term, and shows promise as a wrist wrestler. He will be famous yet. Roger Huddleston has won the class competition for the longest surname in the class. Calculated on a computer of course. Peter Jaspers, we can report that he was definitely in the running for the largest number of smokes puffed at the same time. Jenny Lee, comes off best even after dealing with Arabs (of the four-footed kind). Wendy Lumsden, a late leg injury has put her out of the competition for the most rolls made. Brett Maclean, we all wish he would explain his explanations. He's got his oar in the rowing team also. Helen Overes, the flying Dutchwoman, unplaced in the matchstick quest as she was struck-out at the last moment. David Piercy, first in the new additions who joined our flock in the first term. Susan Peters, one of our prettier members. There will be an enquiry into the placings of the last two contestants as P-E comes before P-I. Anthony Poole, he's way out and out of this world. Maybe one of these days he will actually meet Isaac Asimov. Deris Rydon, sole competitor in the award for male secretaries. Keep on squashing. Wendy Schneller, knee-high to a horse's fetlock. Maybe next year you'll be able to look in the top lockers. Steven Shaw, our scugby star who cannot decide between the two. Esther Smith and Sheryll Smith, we're a little unsure of the placings here. Esther can type just as fast as Sheryl can run up points in the athletics competition. Nancy van Toledo, as tall as two hockey sticks. A good worker and sexy with it. Grant Walker, let down your curling locks. A man's best friend is his comb. Sandra Warner, I'm trying to write class notes I'll be made to regret. David Wright, one of our faster sportsmen on land and sea. We don't know how far he can fly yet.

Our class has really pulled its efforts together this year to win the athletics shield, soccer competition and we came second in the work day points total. Of course, we've had expert guidance from our leader, Mrs Priscott.

A quotable Quote: Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter. Sermons and aspirins the day after.—Byron (amended).

S.W. & H.O.



### 3MW CLASS NOTES

Colin	Wagger	Sandra A	Dracula's Daughter
Neil	Superman	Debbi	Boy Crazy
Desmond	Funny Face	Glenda	Ginger Fringe
John	Snow White	Tina	Nicotina
Patrick	Gipcho	Catherine	Up in a Puff of Smoke
Tony	Jubes	Sandra S	Spencer
Trevor	Streak	Wendy	Morning Side of the
Pilato	Tarzan		Mountain
Allan	Humpty-Dumpty	May	Zebra
Ian	Winnie the Pooh	Lorraine	I'm my own boss
Andrew	Newcastle Song		
Edward	Back to Front		

### 4MP — TELEVISION REVIEW

Tim — Grunt Machine  
 Darrell — 'Gumby  
 Janet — Spot On  
 Pat — Softly Softly  
 Cathy — Scribbles  
 Michael — Cannon  
 Campbell — Big Time Wrestling  
 Lynette — Shoulder to Shoulder  
 Robina — Wild, Wild World of Animals  
 Tony — The Harlem Globetrotters  
 Derek — The Man Who Never Was  
 Julie — Saddle Up  
 Owen — Owen Marshall: Counsellor of Law  
 Tom M — Basil Brush  
 Tom B — Some Mothers Do Have 'Em  
 Joanne — It's in the Bag  
 Melodee — Friends and Lovers  
 Harriet — Harriet's Back in Town  
 Mandy — Black Beauty  
 Nina — Speakeasy  
 Myra — Happy Days  
 Donald — War and Peace  
 Debbie — You Asked For It  
 Chris — Smokey  
 Eleanor — Dig This  
 Tuki — Kung Fu  
 Mohi — Tarzan

TIMOTHY ARMSTRONG (4MP)

### 4MH CLASS NOTES

Our two class reps. were Chris Hamilton and Lynda Marshall.

During the year we have had lots of fun as Fourth-Formers and as being part of our Form. Our Form Teacher is Mr B. Hayson who has had to put up with us through many informal Form meetings and Thursday afternoons. We have many sporting people in our class who helped us to win the swimming competition. We give many thanks to Owen Baldick who won many points for us.

We felt proud of ourselves, winning the Fourth Form softball competition, but when playing a mere Third Form we lost.

Our sporting interests are — Rugby: Kawana, Warren; Athletics: Philip,

Dennis, Toka, Kawana, Gillian and Caroline G.; Hockey: Caroline G., Lynda, Gillian, Elaine, Carol; Basketball: Caroline F.; Indoor Basketball: Lynda; Soccer: Philip; Cross Country: Elaine, Dennis, Philip; Squash: Caroline G., Caroline F, Lynda, Gillian.

Through the year we lost five people. They were Dianne, Vaine, Karen Olliff and Fay (Charlie). We also gained Karen Hussey and then somehow we lost her again. This also happened with Fay. Karen Hussey, Stephen Berners, and Fay joined us through the year. I would like to wish everybody in our form good luck for next year.

G. FORD.

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## SWEET SORROW

What sweet that winter left behind is loneliness.  
Come, sing swallow, sleeping on a white breast,  
And wing away the eerie winter's chill.  
For long I waited for a sun to peep behind the prison bars  
Of icy cold, and whisper to the snow-bound buds below,  
Wake up and sing, and sheath the spring,  
Holding the earth within its fiery glow,  
Sweet sorrow sing,  
And go.

Wynne Bowers (4XP)

## COMMON CAUSE

The woman stood at the wooden counter, her eyes roving over the conservative articles scattered on shelves around the store, seemingly unconscious of the stares of the other customers.

Nor did it seem to affect her that although she had been in the store longer than anyone else, she was still waiting to be served. With an air of elaborate unconcern, the woman picked up a tomato from the rack, testing its firmness.

Immediately she felt the hostility in the room rising as the bleary-eyed owner of the shop moved towards her from the other end of the counter.

The owner's voice was harsh with suspicion: "Are you being served?"

The other woman thought wryly that it was hardly likely, considering that the speaker was the only person behind the counter.

"Ah . . . no, I'd like a pint of milk, please."

"We're out," came the terse reply. The rest of the customers looked on with pursed, disapproving lips, their eyes drawn to the scene. They reminded the woman of the way magpies were attracted to the glint of silver.

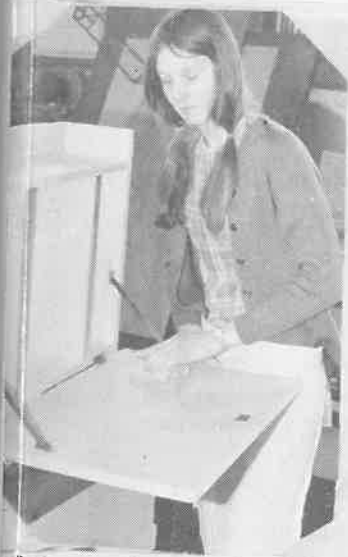
"Well, when's the next delivery?" she persisted.

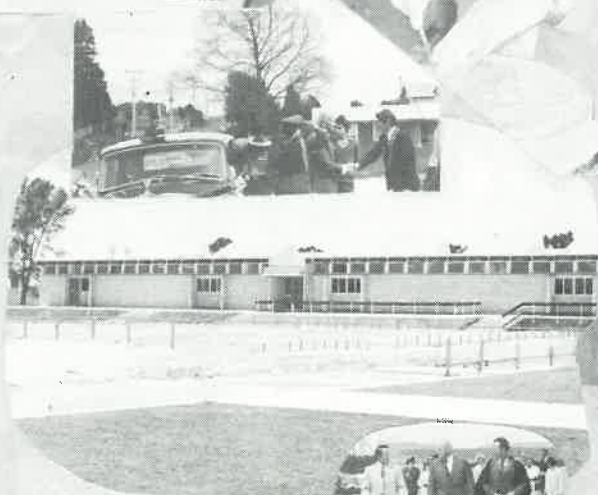
"Could be any time," the owner barked, and turned abruptly away to another customer.

The woman could hear the sudden buzz of voices as she left the store. She couldn't hear the words, but she didn't need to. In the past few weeks it had been the same situation over and over again; the cold looks, the suspicion, but most of all the way any buzz of conversation was stilled at









her approach, only to increase tenfold at her departure. Yes, she knew what they were saying, too. . . .

"The nerve of that woman, coming here after such a disgrace," or "I'd watch her in the shop if I were you—they say shoplifters can't help it after a while—becomes a habit."

It was only now that weeks of concealed resentment rose up in the woman—God knows she had tried to adapt to this close-knit community, hoping that it would come to accept what was long past and realise that her debt was paid, but it seemed to make no difference.

The problem was that the community was so small, so sheltered from the outside world that any event out of the ordinary was welcomed by the village inhabitants, and in the space of a few hours would be blown out of all proportion to its original significance. Not that anyone would leave the village if given the chance, but they enjoyed the gossip as a chance to vary their lives.

A common cause, that's what she was, the woman reflected; added spice to the usual mundane routine of the dozen families who lived here—a chance of excitement in the lives of women normally starved for gossip.

In spite of herself—for she had tried to endear herself to her neighbours—the woman was starting to hate the town and its inhabitants. She resolved to keep trying, however, because she felt strangely attracted to the loneliness of the village and the simple life that the villagers led. Perhaps her sudden emergence from the bustle of the city had shown life without its artificial coating. Perhaps it was just the result of a yearning to leave the temptations which caused her to steal. . . . Anyway, she felt that if there was any place where she could settle down, this was it—once she got past the ostracism and unfriendliness.

\* \* \*

The next morning proved to be a warning of the winter months to come, and as usual several shoppers were clustered around the counter of the store, grateful for a chance to rest from the household routine.

There was a difference this morning, however.

"I just can't believe it—who would have robbed me? A woman of my age!" the speaker sobbed while others tried to comfort her or looked shocked at the news.

"Don't ask me what happened because I don't know!" the aggrieved woman continued. "I went to bed as usual last night, and when I was dusting this morning, my whole savings were gone—just gone!" She broke into sobs once more, as another agitated middle-aged woman burst through the door.

"It's gone! Everything I ever saved!"

The two women commiserated with each other, while the rest began to chatter in excited whispers.

A large raw-boned woman muttered grimly to her neighbour: "We'll be next—mark my words! I'm off home—the thief'll not find anything worth stealing when I've finished!"

However, she was soon back at the store.

"My teaspoons are gone! Purest silver, and they're missing!"

It seemed every house had lost something of value—all except one, that is, and the rumours began to circulate.

It was the raw-boned woman who voiced the feelings of them all.

"Something must be done! We all know that woman hasn't had a thing



taken—that young constable has been to all the houses except hers!”

“But what can we do?”

Nobody was sure as to what course of action to take, but the next few days everyone went out of their way to avoid the woman, while the children, forewarned, hurried off whenever she approached.

The woman's resentment at the treatment grew, but still she said nothing.

\* \* \*

As the cottage, set apart from the others on a rocky outcrop, was touched by the sun's rays, the light split into a thousand slivers as it encountered the jagged glass of the living-room window. The woman stood gazing down at the shards on the floor, and then left the house, walking slowly towards the store.

At her entrance the chattering of the women stopped, as with mild agitation the woman hurried up to the counter.

“Where is Constable Morris? My house was broken into last night—a vase is gone—and ‘I . . . ,’” the room was perfectly still, as the listeners' faces registered first shock, and then sympathy.

They looked at the woman, shame apparent in their faces, and suddenly one of them said awkwardly, “I'm sorry—is there anything I can do?”

Another broke in, and soon the woman found herself in the middle of the conversation, united by this new common cause.

\* \* \*

Several days later the culprit was found—a salesman who had visited the town months before, and who had been forgotten in the excitement of the woman's arrival. He admitted to all the thefts except one—that of the vase which the woman had said was taken.

There was slight puzzlement on the part of the villagers, but this detail was soon forgotten in the excitement of the recovery of their valuables and an article on the village printed in a leading city newspaper.

**Christine Atmore (4XP)**

**The above short story won second place in the annual PEN competition run each year for young writers under 20 throughout New Zealand.**



## Life in a World of Violence

For some say water is life  
For it is known by personal experience  
that water flows with feeling.

I feel that water is a conductor  
In comparison water is life to all that studies.

Burst out with full force to break the surfaces  
but it does not show pain.  
Instead the water just trickles gently  
with urged vibrations.

This I must feel, absorb pain  
flow with the movement of my seeker,  
Counter as is the water that sends  
of wares which gradually disappear.

Looking through the water  
I see a reflection  
Everything I do the reflection does  
almost seems that it's another me.

This I must see—his movements are my  
reflections, the result of my success or  
failure is reflected to him.  
So kill or be killed  
emerge into a second dimension  
live.

Kawana Kingi (4MH)

## A Second Chance

I parted the overgrowth in front of me  
hoping there was something  
there to see.  
I look around here and there  
but it all contributed to my despair.  
Where am I? is what they all say  
'Cause that's what's here day after day.  
Climb this mountain,  
Climb the next  
It all seems like a long, long text.  
Where is the world that was before  
It all seems best at the closing of the door.  
Rubble and dust  
Rubbish and fire  
Here and there grow forlorn-looking trees  
Amazing I can count them  
as there're only three  
One for you  
One for me  
and the other for another to be set free

Ngamatua Apera (4MO)

## Teaser

Teaser, everything I ever wanted in you  
my life fire dances in you, your laughing eyes  
and my whole being is lost in your flashing grin.  
But, how you hurt me when you torment me so,  
how you make my heart thud  
only to sting it to emptiness with your thoughtless games;  
how you prickle my eyes with biting tears  
with your hurtful jests and jokes  
Am I nothing to you but a toy  
with which you amuse yourself?  
Don't you think before you play  
That I have feelings too?  
So please Teaser don't tease me  
Love me,

Julie Fish (4XK)



John Beale (4XP)

## **The Accident**

A long day, too many beers and a long, weary drive home were the ingredients for losing concentration.

An innocent game of ball where a little lad had missed it and chased it across the road.

Was it just coincidence that both happened at once? Ten seconds, that's all it took to kill a life. A screech of brakes, a cry, a thud, and it was all over.

The man at least stopped to see the boy lying there dead.

"What have I done?" he thought. Slowly he bent down to pick up the limp, lifeless boy and cradle him. "I'm a murderer."

The screaming, hysterical young mother runs towards him.

**Robyn Ashworth (3XY)**

## **The Tree**

On a hill it stands  
All alone;  
Twisted and bent,  
Marked and clawed,  
White with age, shrivelled with loneliness.

No more boys to climb it.  
No more cats to seek its protection.  
With no strength to try and live  
It dies.  
On a hill it stands  
Dead.

**Michelle Jonson (3XS)**

## **Young Quinn**

At Alexandra Park  
He flew around the course like a lark.  
At Harold Park  
He overcame the dark.  
A star was born  
On the New Zealand back lawn.  
The Interdominion he did win  
That was the mighty Quinn.  
People came from afar  
To see him run like a car.  
Off to America he goes to pace  
For everyone to see him race.  
His trainer/driver Charlie Hunter  
Is not much of a punter,  
People tried to buy the Mighty Quinn  
But Charlie threw their money in the bin.

**Stephen Alger (4MJ)**

## The Tangi

The atmosphere in and around the marae was that of sympathy mixed with emotion as the whanau of this departed elder gathered to pay their last respects.

The old kuia was welcoming this crowd with the traditional high-pitched wail which was followed by the hongi between locals and visitors.

This warm greeting was then completed with movements of reminiscence between old acquaintances, moments to forget some of the sorrow and to share aroha of Maori life.

For three days the tangi would go on, speeches would be made about how this kaumatua lived his life and what good he was to his community. Memories concerning his whānau, his loves in life and his nature until amidst ancient Maori chants and choruses his tupapaku of body would be laid to rest.

As the relatives and friends came so would they leave:

Haere ra te Manuhiri.

Haere ra. . . .

M.N. (4MP)



## Beach

Our class noticed  
driftwood like twisted hands,  
seagulls like greedy children,  
seaweed like knitting  
lying on the beach

Lynn King (3MS)

## Deer

The deer, unsheltered  
Uneasy, nervous, fearing  
Bang! the hunter has returned

Joanne Appleton (3MC)

## Drowned

The ocean waves rolled in, lapping gently on the sand. There were only a few people on the beach this morning; but he knew that, as the day moved on, more sun-lovers would arrive to soak in the warming rays. He stood on the water's edge and let the soft breeze ruffle his hair. On the horizon he could see a fishing boat, which looked as if it were about to fall off the edge of the sea, never to return.

He had been out of bed early this morning and gone to a friend's place, but he was bored, so he decided to travel alone, on his motorbike to the beach.

The wavelets lapped around his ankles, urging him into the water for a swim, so he inhaled a long, even breath and jogged into the sea until the water was about waist-high, then dived into the waves. He swam very forcefully at first, but relaxed as the water around him became steady and calm. He dived down into the water, pushing with arms and legs to sink to the bottom. He opened his eyes, revealing a foggy view of the underseas world. His lungs had been releasing air for the past thirty seconds, and he knew he must surface for more. He looked around, feeling his lungs straining for air, and began rising to the surface. . . . He could not hold out, his mouth opened, water gushed into his lungs, nausea and dizziness overcame him. He fought for the surface, felt his head touch the cold air—just as unconsciousness hit him. His body floated, face down, on the water.

As the fishermen, whom he had noticed on the horizon that morning, were going home, their day done, they found his corpse and tried all means of resuscitation, but his heart had stopped, and his body was cold and lifeless.

Jeanette Lee (4XK)

## Grey

Grey is depression,  
cold and alone.  
Mysterious and creepy,  
dull as a stone.  
Grey is the fog on winter days,  
sending out its gloomy rays.

Denise Dunlevey (4MM)

## **Minds of Men**

The great minds of men and scientists.  
Supernatural things lie hidden behind barriers,  
blocked from view.  
Man has yet to explore these dark and mysterious corners  
of the mind.

**Carolyn Logan (4MM)**

## **War**

The booming and heavy banging of guns,  
sets off a warning, the war is here, all around us.  
We are engulfed in hatred and anger,  
greeted by men alone,  
we are petrified victims.

**Carolyn Logan (4MM)**

## **Why?**

A soldier dies,  
his body lies,  
in a far distant land.  
  
What is it for?  
this thing called war,  
that plagues the race of man.

**Sarah Saunders (4MJ)**

## **The Price of War**

The price of war is great  
they influence our minds greater  
Realisation of war can only be sought by the tormenting experience  
of war that ends up locked only in the minds of those above our  
knowledge but below the soil beneath our feet.  
In the eyes of oblivion was a period of grief and sorrow  
and depression that ran in their lives.  
The knowledge of war is found in the horror fought on  
the battlefield leaving behind its remnant of scars.  
For citizens their scar is hardship  
for soldiers the lingering and vivid memories.

**S. Lamberton (4MM)**

Fight for your country,  
Fight for your family and friends,  
Come back in a box.

**K. Sardelich (4XK)**

## **Politicians**

Fighting countries, fighting wars  
With lives not their own

**K. Sardelich (4XK)**

## **Grandad**

Grandad sits rocking moodily in his old chair. His face is a study. The grime-filled wrinkles in his face deepen as he changes his position. His withered hand hangs down over the arm-rest. His yellow-stained fingers twitch and the short, stubby fingernails are filthy. His sparse white hair waves in the slight breeze his endless rocking is causing. The tiny comical moustache on his top lip moves rhythmically, in time with the gusts of breath. As I look at him now, I see him as an old, partly forgotten man, gruff in manner, but as quiet and innocent as a child in mind. He has lived his life fully as many before him have done and many after him will do, not without regret or misgiving. He is my Grandad and I will love him until he dies and long after until I, too, am in my grave.

**Caroline Stokes (4XK)**

## **Old Woman**

Old woman your life is through  
Age stains your haggard face,  
Wrinkles scar your wary bones.  
Your talk has no more meaning,  
Your eyes shine no more light,  
Your heart is failing old woman,  
Lie down and slip away.

**Lynette Lolesi (4MP)**

## **Finding a Banana**

There was lil ol' me jes' wanderin' through the ol' garden of Edith and I spies with ma lil eyes this THING!! I didn't know what wuz it sos I jes' looked at it real careful like and this what I reckon I seed. It wuz long like two fingers end to each other and it wuz sort-a bent like a bull's horn. But on the other end wuz no big cow's head, no sirree! There wuz this little thing like a lump o' furry tar. And so I pulls this bit o' tar and the strangest thing happened. I brokeed it.

**David Wright (4XP)**

## **A Champion**

He is Cassius Clay  
He is Muhammad Ali  
He says he's a prophet  
He says he's handsome  
He says he's a champion —  
Yes I'd say — the champion of the loudmouths —  
Muhammed Ali

**Susan B (4MJ)**

## **THE MONUMENT THAT BECAME A SHIP**

More than three thousand years ago Thotmes M, Pharaoh of Egypt, had two red granite columns erected at Heliopolis, City of the Sun. Centuries later the two columns were named Cleopatra's Needles, after the Egyptian Queen of that name. When she died, Egypt became a Roman province under Octavius Augustus. The obelisks were dedicated to the god of the setting sun. In 23 BC Augustus ordered them to be moved, and erected in the eastern



#### **UNDER 16 SOCCER TEAM**

**Back row (left to right): P. Bright, S. Alger, D. Bright, J. Beale, T. Bennet, R. Pomare, Mr J. Khoo (Coach).**

**Front row: S. Lee, R. Huddleston, N. King (Capt.), M. Pierce, L. Geraets.**



#### **ATHLETICS TEAM**

**Back row (left to right): D. Bright, D. Kelly, P. Lynn, R. Mear, D. Ryden, P. Whale, D. Armstrong, A. Sefo, T. Daniel, N. King, G. Cameron.**

**Second row: A. Tiatoa, N. Tipene, A. Ruddell, K. Clarkin, G. Ford, C. Givins, A. McIlroy, A. Witute, L. Klinac, J. Brockway, Mr M. Jones (Coach).**

**Third row: S. Richards, I. McFarlane, S. Smith, K. Clotworthy, G. Curtis, S. Kava, W. Smith.**

**Front row: P. Bright, G. Rahiri, S. Bourke, S. Shaw, S. Alger, K. Tangohau.**





#### **AOTEA NETBALL TEAM**

**Mrs L. Wheaton (Coach), J. Uerata, S. Spence, D. Te Paki, R. Walker,  
Mrs H. Williamson (Coach), G. Walker, A. Witute (Capt.), G. Coombs.**



#### **COMPOSITE TAINUI NETBALL TEAM**

**Winner Tokoroa Netball Association Handicap Tournament  
Mrs L. Wheaton (Coach). M. White, M. Manning, C. Cavanagh, T. Laiava,  
A. Edwards, Mrs H. Williamson (Coach), F. Wright, N. Tipene (Capt.),  
S. Richards,**

part of the city of Alexandria. Round about the middle of the sixteenth century, one of the columns fell as a result of the sea washing against it. The French were driven out of Egypt following the Battle of the Nile in 1798, by the British. The English soldiers and sailors wanted to send the needles to England but the cost was too high, so the needle stayed. In 1877, after one of the obelisks was offered to England and refused, Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., had the column removed and encased in an iron cylinder. It was then rolled down to the sea and set afloat. A superstructure was built onto the cylinder and the submarine-like craft was named Cleopatra. It was towed by a tug as far as the Bay of Biscay. Here the weather changed and a hurricane blew up. The Cleopatra had to be abandoned. When the storm had eased, the Cleopatra was sighted by a British ship, and towed to Spain. London's largest tug was sent and the Cleopatra was towed up the Thames. The 92ft. long Cleopatra's Needle was set up on the Thames Embankment where it still stands today. At the foot of the obelisk crouch two legendary Egyptian figures—sphinxes—both are bronze and half lion, half man.

M. Kirkeby (4MO)

### **The Nightmare**

It was cold  
The air was icy.  
The feeling was so damp.  
Figures floated through the air.  
My mind was like a tormented skull.  
Whispering words that left damage as my ears listened.  
My mouth felt dry and cold.  
Then my eyes opened.  
It was over.

Marlene Fry (4MJ)

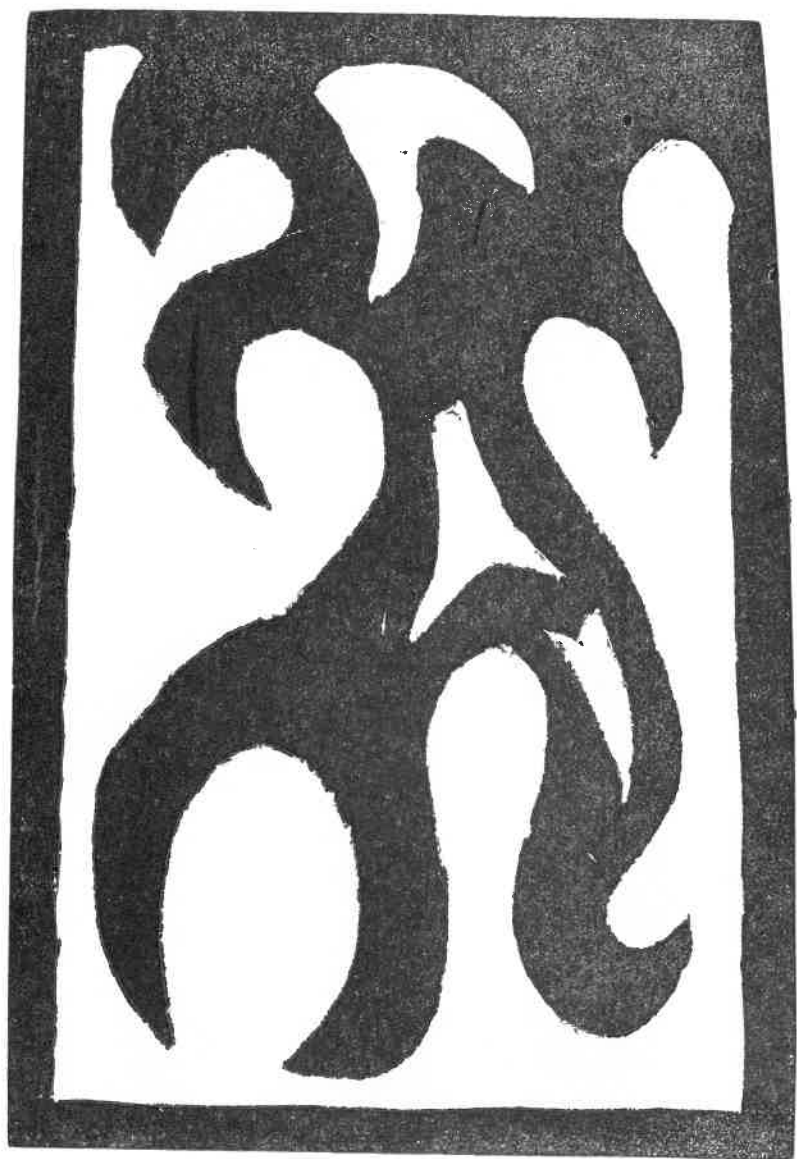
### **Maori Story of a Kehua**

Do you hear them?  
Creak of the loose boards  
Movement of a ghostly figure  
Moving in darkness  
Like a camel.  
Alone in the desert, with sweat  
Running continuously down its  
Frightened forehead.  
Gradually the figure becomes distinct,  
Sinister  
It stands, motionless  
In the graveyard.

### **Translated into Maori**

Kei te rongo koe?  
Kei te kori kori nga papaa  
E rere ana te kenua  
I te po  
E rite ana ki te kamara  
Koia ano i runga te oneone, e heke ana te wai i tona kanohi.  
Kare roa ka ngaro,  
e tu ana i te urupa.

Harriet Haika (4MP)





#### **TAINUI NETBALL TEAM**

**(Left to right): Mrs L. Wheaton (Coach), C. Fisher, M. Manning, C. Cavanagh, T. Laiava, A. Edwards, Mrs H. Williamson (Coach), F. Wright, N. Tipene (Capt.), S. Richards.**



#### **MATAATUA NETBALL TEAM**

**Mrs H. Williamson (Coach), F. Stewart, A. Ruddell, S. Baker, M. Dixon, S. McGurk, C. Melligan, Mrs L. Wheaton (Coach), M. Jonson, M. White (Capt.), C. Logan.**

**Winners of Tokoroa Netball Association Defence Cup;  
Equal-first "C" Grade Championship**



**FOREST VIEW "A" NETBALL TEAM**  
 Winners Tokoroa Netball Association "C" Grade Closing Day Tournament  
 Mrs L. Wheaton (Coach), M. Daniels, S. Baker, S. McGurk, N. Tipene,  
 A. Tiatoa, Mrs H. Williamson (Coach), M. Manning, M. White (Capt.),  
 C. Wharerau.



**ARAWA NETBALL TEAM**  
 Mrs L. Wheaton (Coach), S. Kaua, D. Spence, P. Emile, A. McIlroy,  
 Mrs H. Williamson (Coach), M. Daniels, A. Tiatoa (Capt.), C. Wharerau.  
 Equal-first with Mataatua in T.N.A. "C" Grade Championship

### **The Life Standard**

Oh God help us to understand,  
Our own faults to see.  
Since we are not yet perfect,  
Why expect others to be,  
Help us to realise our needs,  
How they are supplied  
And on whom we are dependent,  
With whom we are satisfied.

Since we can see that others,  
Depend on what we give,  
It's very plain to see,  
We need each other to live,  
Those things we give to life,  
To us must return,  
Until we have deeds to show,  
A home that we have earned.

Life is not meant to live alone,  
We need to have a mate,  
And to serve each other's need,  
Patiently we wait,  
Those who are wise will understand  
Cry of a lost youth,  
The voice in the wilderness,  
Calling for the truth.

**Melodee Dixon (4MP)**

### **Taku Wairua Takutino Nai — My Soul My Very Own**

Do as you feel  
When you feel it  
Feel as you want  
When you need to  
Take what you need  
Enough to satisfy  
Satisfy yourself  
Be what you are.

**D. Wright (4XP)**

### **The Sun**

Ah, the sun  
Life-giving sun  
Cleanse my soul, sun,  
For I have sinned.  
I have killed my fellow man, sun,  
Trapped in his own desire,  
As like I was trapped.  
A fly in a spider's web, sun;  
Help me free myself as I freed him  
Despatch my soul to eternity, sun,  
If it will bring back my brother.

**David Piercy (4XP)**

## The Drifter

Slowly and wearily he trudged onwards,  
Not knowing where he was or where he was going,  
All he knew was that he must move on.

He was an old man,  
Proud and happy with his way of life.  
His tattered head was sunk low on his shoulders,  
With a face that was scarred and wrinkled,  
And eyes that were set back in their sockets.

Who was this man who begged for food during the day,  
And slept in dark alleyways at night?  
He was a Drifter, who drifted endlessly.

Joanne McClintock (4MJ)

## FISHING . TRIP

They made an odd pair as they made their way down the cliff track leading to the bay. The path was awkward and strewn with splintered shells and slivers of rock which had worn away from the tall outcrops flanking the bay; it was along here that the two figures made their way, slightly weighed down with rods and canvas bags. The surf pounded over the jagged surface of the rocks and, some of its energy spent, continued to rush into the inlet to sweep over the slime-covered ledge at the far end.

It was to this ledge that the men were heading; one of medium build and rather awkward in his obviously borrowed clothes, and the other tall, confidently maintaining a fast pace and yet avoiding the treacherous patches of shingle on the narrow path. As the fishermen reached the point where the path levelled off, the taller figure put out a hand to steady the other's sudden slide as his feet, encased in boots too big for him, threatened to go in opposite directions.

"Thank you, I could have fallen there." It was the smaller man who spoke, his reedy voice killing the natural atmosphere of the bay.

"You'd better go on ahead," grunted the other and slowed his pace to let Mason pass on the narrow track. If Mason could have seen the look of contempt and hate on the other's face, perhaps he would not have turned his back. However, Baxter merely rested his hand for a brief moment on something in his deep trouser pocket, and continued on.

Mason, meanwhile, was beginning to have second thoughts on the merits of this fishing trip; after all, he did know the man from business affairs and it had seemed a good idea at the time . . . but it was rather different from how he had imagined it, and Baxter was being decidedly surly. Rather ungrateful of the man, really, Mason mused. After all, he had spent all that time and trouble mixing Baxter into the right social circles, getting him acquainted with the right people and showing him whose conversation he ought to enjoy if he wanted to get on in life. Yes, decidedly ungrateful of the man—Lord knows, it was hard enough getting a place on the social ladder for a man who was obviously a misfit. . . .

"Well, here we are!" announced Baxter, and led the other man over slime-covered rocks to the narrow outcrop. "I've caught some beauties

round here, I can tell you. But you've got to watch the waves or you'll be knocked off—actually they aren't too bad today."

Mason, although glad that his companion had become more friendly, looked rather pensive and gazed at the seething water, drawing back as white froth lapped at the edge of the rock.

"Just stand with your feet slightly apart; it'll give you a better grip—and here—hang on to this bit of rock if it gets too tricky," Baxter reassured him.

Actually Baxter was amazed at himself—perhaps he had adapted slightly to the clawing, shoving business world and had learned to conceal his feelings; Mason seemed to have no idea of the hate the other had for him. It was the way every humiliating incident was burned onto Baxter's memory, the way every snub and comment with its undertone of sneering contempt was engraved upon his mind. . . . Oh yes, Baxter had introduced him to his fine jet-setting friends—nothing but upper-crust hypocrites, the lot of them. The fishing trip had been a desperate attempt to break the pattern of life that Baxter had found himself tied to; he liked to think of it as a journey back into a sane world. When this was over he was going back to the country even if he starved trying to make his old job pay. . . .

None of this showed on his face, however, as he cast his line and it whistled through the air out beyond the surf, while the reel spun wildly as if willing bait and rod to increase as fast as possible. Mason did the same and for a while each manoeuvred his rod into a rock cavity to give better resistance to sudden strain. Neither spoke; both were aware of the returned tension between them, stretched tighter than the nylon lines whose ends were somewhere beyond the waves. In spite of this the fishing put Baxter almost at peace, and he was debating whether or not the spray would put out his pipe when the wave struck.

It was THE wave, and it rolled in almost silently, which was in itself odd, only really beginning to rise a few yards away from them on the ledge. It did so with agonising slowness, as Baxter and Mason, alerted to the danger, could do nothing except stay where they were in horrified fascination. Then it landed, and gasping, the two men took the blow of the solid block of water which smashed down threatening to splinter the ledge and grind the fishermen into the rock. Baxter tried to form the words telling Mason to hold onto the rock behind him, but his lungs threatened to explode from their weight of water and, choking, he felt himself slipping off the rock. He clawed desperately at the green slime as it slid past him, scraping his knuckles raw and ripping fingernails in his frantic attempt to scabble to safety, struggling to break away from the boiling surf.

Suddenly, just as quickly as it had come, the wave receded, as Baxter fought the treacherous undertow with threshing feet and painfully hauled himself up onto the ledge. For a moment he lay there, retching, and gradually the worst effects of the wave left him, and he started to shiver violently and look round for Mason.

Mason was nowhere to be seen. The sea carried on in its momentum, green waves rising, perched on high, and then crashing deafeningly to a lower level, to recede and start again. The scene was exactly as it had been only a few moments before, except that Mason was gone.

Baxter stared at the ledge, devoid of rods and bags. They were probably tossed up somewhere now, or on the shingle bed, left for the fish and other inquisitive forms of marine life to find. And Mason? Baxter looked



out over the sea, the sun catching droplets of spray and turning them to spears-of light. He smiled a quiet, twisted sort of a smile to himself, and trudged empty-handed back over the growth-covered rocks to the winding path. His boots, now encrusted with salt and other residue left by the sea, made deep tracks in the small patch of white sand between rocks and cliff.

Suddenly he laughed. It was a strangely triumphant laugh, yet fear-filled, a laugh to hide uneasiness and doubt which he would not even admit to himself. His hand groped for the object in his pocket, and seemingly unsurprised at finding it still there, he hurled it deep into the sand. It hardly left a mark as it bit deep, and the lone figure made its painfully slow way up the track.

If there had been anyone else there to look back, they might have seen the handle and the beginning of a polished blade protruding from the sand, drops of spray already leaving a pattern of salt in the warmth of the sun.

**Christine Atmore (4XP)**

## **Mankind**

Mankind came, he saw, he conquered.  
He harnessed animals as  
He harnessed the sun, the wind, the sea.  
The land objected,  
Throwing its anger over man.  
Slowly strangling him into silence,  
Man has awakened.

**David Piercy (4XP)**

## **Man**

To Create  
To Imagine  
To Destroy  
To be what we are  
To do as we feel  
To be . . .  
Man.

**D. Wright (4XP)**

## **Masks**

The Masks we wear  
Are not easily shed  
But why do we stare  
When we should've fled?  
Why do you sit  
And stare as the world careers  
On its crazy axis, about you?  
You who are so wise  
You who have seen the light  
you . . .  
WHO are You?

**D. Wright (4XP)**

## NOWHERE TO TURN

The young girl crawled from under a park bench. It had been raining the night before and there were puddles in the park. The girl looked into one to see her reflection, but all she saw was a hazy blur. She stood up and looked around. Everything around her seemed to be spinning around, so she sat back down on the ground. Her head ached, she felt lousy. She needed something to make her feel good again.

She reached under the park bench and pulled out a brown paper bag. The girl emptied its contents onto the ground. There was a syringe, some cotton wool, and a bottle full of a clear liquid. The girl filled the syringe with the clear liquid, then injected it into a vein in her arm. The drug was not long in taking effect. The girl stood up, leaving her things on the ground and walked off. She wasn't going anywhere in particular, for she had nowhere to go. As she walked through the park, she could see blurred figures of children and their parents. She couldn't remember ever having had parents of her own. Maybe she did have a family and a home once—she couldn't remember. She was alone and afraid. The drug would soon wear off. Where could she get more? How could she live without it?

Natalie Ede (4MJ)

## Releasing Pressure

She was once a lonely girl  
a child without receiving the love of a mother and father  
a forbidding life without attention  
until a group of people who fascinated the mind  
gave her a cure of new life,  
a narcotic effect swept her mind  
colours combined with colours  
the mind exploded with new reality  
a force controlled and held the mind;  
her body danced wildly in the enveloped atmosphere,  
beads of sweat sat boldly on her forehead  
hysteria was in her scream, gasping for breath,  
death ran through the veins of her body and engulfed the brain  
with a loud scream of pressure, life was released  
leaving behind a tormenting silence that  
absorbed the calmed room of distraught minds  
of youth's pace and thrills.

S. Lamberton (4MM)

## The Lonely One

Why am I here? I'd like to know  
What is my name? That I do not know  
What do I feel? I feel rotten.  
Ha, You're a soldier.  
Are you my father?  
No answer, just a face.  
Why is everything destroyed?  
Why all the guns?  
Where is my mother, brother, sister?  
What is that noise?  
The walls are falling,  
Mother, father, where are you?  
Why aren't you here when I need you?  
Why?

Gregory LeNoel (4MJ)

## **WE NEED A MARAE**

Nowadays, we need more maraes as there are hardly any left.

We use them because the Maoris never had any place to go, but the marae itself. These days you can go to any marae anywhere.

Ongaroto Pa uses its marae for nearly everything except for drinking. We have tangis, socials, hakas, pois and songs. We even have church services in it, too.

People use it as a house and a sleeping place for the people who come there for a night or two. If you live near or on a marae it's good fun because you get to know the people that come there. Most maraes have got a story behind them, and a meaning too.

Most maraes are nice to look at but you could get frightened of the carvings.

**Harriet Haika (4MP)**

## **POLLUTION**

Pollution is a big problem all round the world for the people and the country they live in.

Pollution is mostly found in cities where there are a lot of people who drive cars causing traffic jams and fumes which pollute the air around the streets. Another cause of pollution is smoke from mills and rubbish dumps. People from and in overseas countries, especially America, are well aware of the danger pollution is doing to their country and to the world. An American, Barry Commoner, has been trying to slow down this dangerous and widespread problem. He has tried many experiments to control pollution. He has stopped a model of car from being sold because it doesn't comply with the clean air regulations, which would cause further air pollution. They are also trying to cut down on the size of tankers because of the fear of the oil leaking out if they should sink.

I think they aren't doing enough to control this world-wide problem. I think they should cut down more on the sale of cars and use more bikes and introduce better ideas for travel.

In some countries pollution of land, water and air has reached a stage where fish and bird life has died out. Many people have also died from smog, and in Japan from eating poisoned fish from polluted rivers and seas.

In New Zealand pollution is mainly from sewerage and rubbish tips, but many rivers and lakes have changed from clear water to a dirty brown colour, mainly from heavily-used waters.

If greater use was made of recycling waste materials, such as the establishment of a factory for rubbish, and stricter control of sewage outfalls, it would help to bring this problem under control.

**Earlene Rogers (4MO)**

## **Progress**

We have polluted the air, sea and land,

Even the space above hasn't been left untouched,

Not only have we polluted our own planet we have started on the moon,

Where will it end?

Or how will it end?

**Chris Hamilton (4MH)**

## NO CONTACT

Quickstep tensed at the approaching stretch. I had often lightened my touch on her reins to inform her of the oncoming gallop.

It was a glorious scene, rich clover stretching to the lake's edge and tall poplars on either side. If I could have a perfect dream the setting would be here.

Quickstep pranced in anxiety. I steadied her, and although I knew she was ready to go, I held her firm and treasured the minutes before the gallop.

I was dreaming again and was unaware of Quickstep's bouncy movements, growing faster and longer. She was pulling and I lurched forward and grew panicky. I had no contact with her mouth.

I had fought for months to cure her of this habit and had partially defeated her.

Quickstep's large body was already beginning to foam with sweat, and my own was growing hot and sticky. The constant pull caused my arms to ache.

Quickstep was now at the height of her gallop. This was faster than she'd ever been before, and if I had not known her previous will to gallop I would have thought that she was extremely frightened of something. This unknown force urged her on, although I knew she must be tired.

I was standing at full height in my stirrups so as to have all my weight against her. . . .

Inevitably I fell against the hard earth, owing to the break in the stirrup leather unable to hold my weight any longer.

Dazed by the fall I lay still for a short while. On recovery I rose to find Quickstep with heaving sides a few yards beyond. As I approached her, she turned to give a greeting nicker then rubbed her head against me as if to say, "I'm sorry."

**Horseriders (4XK)**

## HOW TO TREAT YOUR HORSE

### **So that He will Learn to Respect You**

To win your horse's respect, you must first learn to respect him. Do not think of him as a dumb animal which does not understand a word you say to him, but think of him as an intelligent being, whom you can teach to recognise certain words such as: walk, trot, steady, bolt, or any other words that you may use during the course of the day. Remember that he needs sufficient food and water. If you are giving your horse hard feed and bran pellets, corn, oats, etc., give him enough to suit his appetite. If you want to stop feeding him, don't just all of a sudden stop, but do it gradually, cut his feed down bit by bit.

A horse, just like any human, has feelings. He too experiences fear, pain—even hate for other horses. If your horse shies at a tin can lying on the roadside, don't beat him and make him more scared, but talk to him and push him on. To you it might be just an ordinary tin can, but, to your horse—he's probably never seen one before.

Animals of such fine coats need covers in winter. The cover must be cleaned daily for health. To do this, brush both sides thoroughly with a dandy brush, then ask a friend to help you shake it. Finally hang it on a fence

inside-out to air. Do this every day, after you have groomed your horse, or while he is having his feed.

Keep his feet healthy also; call the blacksmith every 4-6 weeks to trim his feet, and if he has worn shoes ask the blacksmith to replace them with new ones. Pick his feet twice a day to make sure your horse hasn't picked up any stones which could lame him. Don't forget the old saying "no foot—no horse."

So look after your mount and you will be able to enjoy a healthy, reliable horse.

**Cathy Ashwood, Julie Brockway, Janet Fenton (4MP)**

## **GONE**

The girl stood gazing out to sea,  
A grey mist was engulfing her in its folds,  
The breeze tossed her hair playfully,  
In the still, dark water,  
She saw his face,  
Her eyes filled with tears as she relived the past,  
In her mind,  
The cold brings her back to reality,  
The image of his face in the water fades,  
The memories disappear,  
He is gone,  
Forever.

**Natalie Ede (4MJ)**

## **YOU**

Friend, you have helped me feel something which I have never felt before.  
Something which has to be felt to know that you're human.  
Let me explain what I feel, well at least try to.  
I was lonely and rejected from life really, by that I mean I wasn't wanted.  
I just picked up any love that came by, to hide my sorrow.  
In the back of my heart, it pierced so deep, I knew it would leave a scar,  
that I could feel and know to myself it was there.  
As lonely as I was I never rejected anybody, only those who rejected me,  
only those who thought low of me.  
So one day, feeling really depressed, to hide my rejected feelings,  
I reached out and found you.  
I think deep down, God heard me cry out with pain and anguish.  
Then he came to my aid and gave me—you.  
Thank you God! for something so genuine and priceless.

**Susan Baker (4MJ)**

## SUNDRY STAFF SAYINGS

- |                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| Mr Barrack      | — I am the very pink of courtesy.  |
| Miss Begbie     | — Fly Little Sparrow.  |
| Miss Bradley    | — Persuasion is better than force.   |
| Miss Connors    | — A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.                  |
| Miss Critchley  | — Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.  |
| Mr Hayson       | — Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.  |
| Mr Jones        | — O! So light a foot. . . .  |
| Mr Khoo         | — What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors?                    |
| Mr McAlpine     | — Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry.                                       |
| Mrs O'Brien     | — No act of kindness no matter how small is ever wasted.                           |
| Mr Preston      | — A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.  |
| Mrs Priscott    | — More lines than in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.              |
| Mr Sommerville  | — Talk him out of patience.  |
| Mr Stacey       | — For I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. |
| Mr Stafford     | — Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof.   |
| Mr Thain        | — The noblest motive is the public good.   |
| Mrs Williamson  | — He that dies pays all debts.   |
| Mr Wolfe        | — Thou art a tall fellow of thy hands.   |
| Mrs Young       | — So wise so young, they say, do never live long.                                  |
| Mrs Brighting   | — A place for everything, and everything in its place.                             |
| Mr & Mrs Keyser | — Only the actions of the just smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.             |

Quote for authors: Satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any.

VARIOUS SOURCES.

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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

