

**F
V
H
M
76**

orest

iew

igh

agazine

LIST OF STAFF — 1976

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Mr M.D. Worth, M.P.S., Ph.C., Chairman representing Parents)
 Mrs M.G. Wright, Deputy Chairman (Parents)
 Mr A.H. Armstrong (Parents)
 Mr J. Edwards (Parents)
 Mr J.B. Forbes (Parents)
 Mr J. Hassall, M.B.E., J.P. (South Auckland Education Board)
 Mr W.T. Kaula (Parents)
 Mr J.P. Rennie, B.Com., A.C.A. (Parents)
 Mr W.H. Stafford, B.Sc (Teaching Staff)
 Mr J.D. Thain, M.A. (Hons), Dip. Tchg., Secretary

STAFF

HEADMASTER: Mr J.D. Thain, M.A. (Hons) Dip Tchg
 DEPUTY HEADMASTER: Mr R.H. Barrack, B.Sc., Dip Tchg. 5th form co-ordinator
 SENIOR MISTRESS : Miss M.P. Critchley, Dip Tchg., Supp.Cert. Phys. Ed (Chelsea). 3rd Form Co-ordinator

— Mrs J.A. O'Brien, M.Sc. (Hons), Dip Tchg.
 — Mr C.M. Preston, B.Sc.
 Mrs D.E. Rollerson, B.A.
 — Mr I.S. Rollerson, M.Sc. Dip. Tchg.
 Mrs M.E. Shaw, Dip. Home Sci.
 — Mr P.J. Stacey, C & G (London), N.Z. Trade Cert.
 Mrs R.T. Taitoko, Maori Language T. Cert.
 — Mrs H.M. Williamson, +
 Mrs S.V. Young, M.A. (Hons) Dip. Tchg.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS:

English, Mr B.J. Hayson, B.A., Dip Tchg.
 Social Studies: Mr R.F. Sommerville, M.A. (Hons), Dip Tchg.

Science: Mr W.H. Stafford, B.Sc. 4th form co-ordinator
 Home Economics: Miss J.M. Begbie, H.T. Cert.
 Girls' Careers Advisor.

Physical Education: *Mr M.J.M. Jones, Dip Phys. Ed., Dip Tchg.

Mathematics: Mr K.H. Khoo, B.Sc.

Technical Studies: Mr E.S. Wolfe, C & G (London), Full Tech. Cert. (Carp. and Joinery), Tech. T. Cert.

Commercial Studies: *Miss K.J. Bradley, Com. T. Cert.

Music: Mr J.M. Brown, B.Mus., L.R.S.M., F.T.C.L., A.R.C.M., (London), Dip Tchg.

Mrs C.M. Andrew, T.T. Cert.

Miss T.A. Connors, B. Sc., Dip Tchg.

Miss L.F. Holmes, T.T. Cert., B. Sci. Soc.

Mr P.W. Kither, Tech. T Cert., Trade Cert.

Mr C.R. McAlpine, T.T. Cert., Boys' Career Advisor

Mrs J.M. McKittrick, T.T. Cert., N.Z.A.H.P.E.R.

Mrs J.A. McLean, B.A.

Mrs C.A.R. MacLeod, B.Sc.

PART-TIME

— Mrs V.F. Crocker
 Mrs M.A. Denton, M.A. (Hons)
 Mrs J.L. Gee, B.A., Dip. Tchg.
 — Mrs J.B. Slade, T.T. Cert.
 Mrs R.P. Sommerville, T.T. Cert.
 Mrs B. Stafford
 — Mrs D.V. TeWani, T.T. Cert.
 Mrs S.D. Yardley, B.A., Dip. Tchg.
 — *Mrs P.A. Bevin, T.T. Cert.
 *Mrs R. MacKay, T. T. Cert.
 *Mrs M. Rennie, B.A., Dip. Tchg.
 *Mrs A.M. Stewart, M.A. (Hons), Dip. Tchg.
 Library Assistant — Mrs L. Brighting, A.L.A.
 Laboratory Technician — Mrs A. Waring, Lab. Tech. (Hanover)
 Headmaster's Secretary and Accounts — Mrs S.M. Thain
 Office — Mrs C.M. Harris
 Workshop Technician — *Mr H.H. Harrison
 Mr H. New
 Caretakers — Mr and Mrs M. Keyzers
 Groundsman — Mr R.M. Nicholson
 *Left during year
 + Relieving

Handwritten notes on the left margin:
 a 79
 Hodge
 Sh Island
 Margaret
 Phil
 Raena
 in
 is
 ber
 is
 in

Handwritten notes on the right margin:
 3
 Vanya - Mosops Rel(?)
 main w/way Nth
 Ave.
 Shirley
 T.H.S.
 Peggy
 Mary
 Shirley
 Coleer
 Harold - died(?)

EDITORIAL

Another year has passed since the second edition of the Forest View magazine, and what has happened in this time, from the pupils' point of view?

Perhaps the most momentous event of the year, for the Fifth Formers at least, was the School Certificate examinations, sat by Forest View members for the first time. Enough said.

On the sports field, Forest View has become a force to be reckoned with, and various groups such as the Maori Club have expanded their activities.

Although the school is in its third year, uncompleted buildings are still a familiar sight, and are likely to continue to be so for many years.

We no longer have a small roll, but are experiencing constant increases in membership of both classes and staff. Now no one knows everyone else in the school, but hopefully there is still the same atmosphere of co-operation which existed in the foundation year.

Most of us would like to think that this year we have used our time reasonably well. For some, 1976 has been the last year within the confines of a school building, and every pupil would envy the apparent freedom of those who will be getting a job in the outside world.

Yet when people have left Forest View, what will they remember? Will they have made any contribution to the school and surrounding community, even in a small way? It might be simply participating in a work day or charity

collection, helping a bewildered Third Former on the first day at high school, planting a tree or writing an article for the magazine.

At times school will have seemed boring and frustrating, but if each pupil can say that he or she did something worthwhile with their time, then their stay has not been wasted.

To the magazine side, there has been a high standard of material received from all forms, considering the pressures of exams — and all the other obstacles encountered by the magazine committee. The committee, consisting of, Christine Atmore, Melva Crouch, Kawana Kingi, Jeannette Lee, Wendy Lumsden, Brett MacLean, Helen Overes and Sandra Warner, has worked frantically to prepare the new-look magazine, with the usual last-minute rush typical of any publication.

We would like to thank all those who contributed in any way to the presentation of this year's Forest View magazine, in particular Mrs Williamson and the typing classes for their invaluable help, also Mr Hayson, for giving expert advice and ensuring that we make the publication deadline.

The Camera Club deserves a special mention for the photographic material, most of which was taken, developed and printed by the members themselves.

We would like to wish the best to those leaving the school, and hope that the enthusiastic response to the magazine will be even greater next year.

C. ATMORE

FOREST VIEW HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

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

Forest View has continued to grow in very many ways in this our third year. We have seen our first flight of pupils become our first fifth form, our roll rose to 583; our full-time teaching staff increased to 27; we have had the use of Stage One of the Senior Studies Block; at the time of writing this message the long-awaited Administration Block nears completion; we have seen a greater range of activities of many kinds.

We are, however, still not a complete high school — we still need to have a Sixth Form and then a Seventh Form to reach this status.

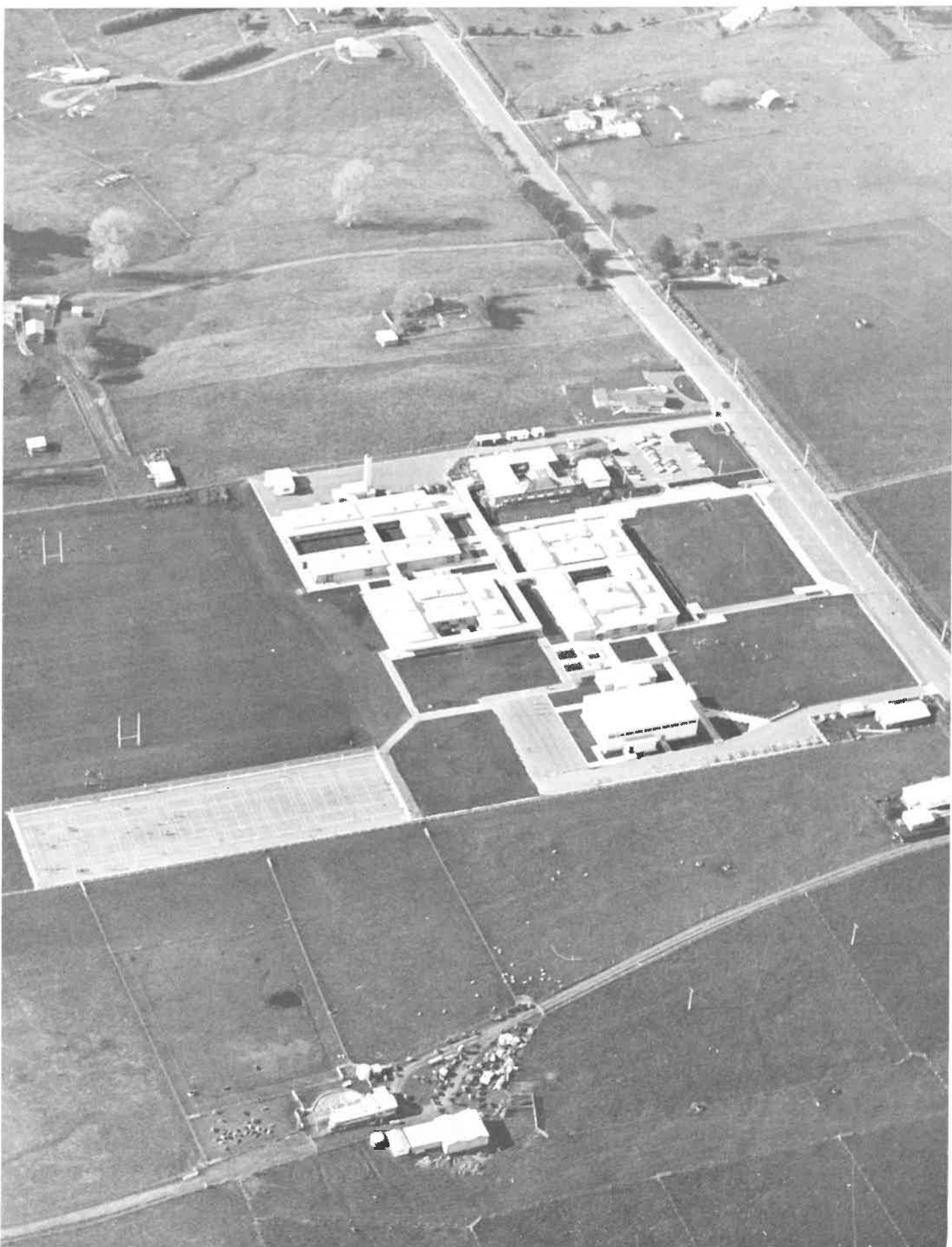
I look forward to seeing a large number of our 1976 fifth formers doing well in the School Certificate Examination and returning to make up our first Sixth Form — the beginning of our senior

school. To all fifth formers, my very best wishes for success.

Forest View is still, as high schools go today, a small school. But size does not necessarily mean quality. There is an old story of a Ngati Porou chief, Hikitai, whose opponent, Tamahoe taunted him in battle because he was small. Hikitai retorted, 'He iti ra, he iti mapihi pounamu!' Loosely translated, this means: 'I may be small but I am an ornament of greenstone.'

It should be our aim both as a school and as individuals to show that this proverb applies to us. We may be small, or few or young or inexperienced but by making sure that we are aiming at the very best in everything we do we can attain and keep the respect and regard not only of others but far more important, our own self-respect.

Kia ora!



AN HOUR OF AGONY

In the dilapidated old house we lay,
Waiting for the enemy to strike.
It was dark but the moonlight flooded into the
room.
I could hear my heart beating
like the tick-tock of a bomb ready to go off.
Our weapons were ready
We were scared but determined.

Then it happened —
Through the silence of the night
The shrill sound of the whizz of bullets
zoomed over our heads.
It was soon followed by the reply
It had started.

WAR!

I saw a figure approaching
I tried to shoot him,
Missed! blast him!
He had disappeared into the dark
Concentration was needed.
I focused on the scene
Men flying into the air
to come back down
dead as hammers
Bodies strewn on the ground
What a sight
It was terrible and we both knew
death was a few steps away.
I turned and saw
a dark figure in the door.
The moonlight shone on his face.

EDUCATION

Since August 1972, working parties have been studying the aims and objectives of education, methods of improving learning and teaching and the organisation and administration of education at all levels.

The irrelevance of courses in a world where "knowledge does not keep any better than fish" is a continuous issue, and another is what Dr Rangi Walker describes as "the efficient rejection system", whereby 60 percent of New Zealand children leave school without School Certificate and with a massive sense of failure to overcome at the start of their adult lives.

Whether a pupil is keen or reluctant, from a stimulating or depressing home background, it is stipulated that that child must take a certain set of subjects.

Well equipped pupils tend to do well, while poorly equipped pupils often fail to keep up and become further convinced of their supposed dullness. This approach is carried to its

HATRED

My companion
Lay there still slightly breathing
I knelt at his side.
He had been shot in the chest
"I'm sorry", he whispered
and with that he died
Oh no!
What have I done?
I could have saved him.
A tear was streaming down my cheek.
The shooting stopped
Silence fell over us
The wounded, the sick, the dead
What was life all about?
"Oh God!" I cried
It was an hour of agony.

CAROLYN FRETHEY 4Mn

THE SHADOW OF A MAN

You can see him in the playground
Offering candy to the kiddies
He smiles and pushes swings
And mothers move their children away
But they can't see what he sees.

He sees yesterday and tomorrow
But he lives in today
He sees his son...
Who died — he died too
But he lives
In the hope of a new-born day.

GLYNNIS MORRIS 4Co

conclusion in the School Certificate examination which is specifically 'failure orientated' — 50 percent who sit either fail or are scaled out while a further 10 percent drop out before the School Certificate year, or they just don't sit the paper.

What right does the education system have to write off 60 percent of pupils to satisfy some peculiar abstract 'standard' which is supposedly accepted by the community? For no good reason it brands these people as failures. This is arrogant and inhuman. School Certificate should be abolished and replaced with a variety of internal assessments along positive aptitude lines.

We offer courses in history, why not courses in 'the Future?' These could be courses in which the possibilities and probabilities of the future are explored.

When millions share a passion about the future, we shall have a society better equipped to meet the impact of change. To achieve this is a task for education.

Education is not just academic achievement, but learning to live with others.

J. M. 5Mc

A BEACH SCENE

Small dot-like figures could be seen as far as the eye could reach, sunning their lazy bodies in the scorching heat of the sun. Young children were throwing their colourful beachballs back and forth. Dogs could be seen shaking their wet fur over everybody, kicking sand in faces. Mums and Dads were lying quite comfortably on their deck-chairs; old people were enjoying the whole beautiful scene, remembering how they used to run along the beach just like these young 'uns. And of course we couldn't forget the young lovers walking hand in hand along the beach, a very romantic picture.

Not to mention the ice-cream. Every now and then most of the bathers would pop across to the shop to buy a big fat snow-freeze for everyone.

Now the end of the day is nearing and everyone is exhausted and sore. The sun has done its darndest to its victims and now they start to pack up their umbrellas and picnic lunch and drag their weary bodies homeward.

The beach is now deserted and the only sound which can be heard as night closes in, is the waves rolling onto the beach.

W. SMITH 4Co

SOUND

Silently I watched the sound
Gently resounding off the walls
Flowing over the table-tops as velvet
Its tongue-like rays radiating out to envelope me
Drenching me in its soft, warm brown
Suddenly, that noise became harsh
Piercing, moulding to a single green beam
Maliciously screaming to my ears
Snapping nerves like taut rubber bands
Throbbing my head and searing the back of my eyeballs
Then the beam was snapped
And black swam in
Cool, relaxing and caressing like satin sheets
Relinquishing the pain, the most beautiful sound
that of silence.

JULIE FISH 5Ha

SINS

We pay for all our sins
For sinners never die
They just burn
Burn in destined hell
Their life is like a fireball.

It burns those who touch it,
and the pain that is inflicted
Burns no more than the skin,
But deep down the sinner
Burns within.

W.L. 5Ha

COLOUR

For the first time in my life there was colour. It happened one morning when I opened my eyes. The room to me was always black and white, but now it was red, yellow and hundreds of other colours. I quickly got out of bed, and got my clothes on that were not just the dull black and white, but other beautiful colours which I couldn't describe.

I was so excited, I ran through the house and out of the back door. It was true, I really wasn't dreaming. The trees were green, some brown from the cold of the winter, but that didn't matter as long as I could see colour.

I never expected the colours to be so wonderful; it was as if I was like the bionic man, not with eyes that could see great distances, but with eyes that could see colour.

I didn't tell anyone about my colour vision, but I would explore the colours. The whole world was colour. Birds, people, trees, everything.

Suddenly, within seconds, colour had escaped my vision. So it really was a dream.

Andrew Farrar 3 Md

HOW IS IT?

- How is it that everytime I decide to do homework there is a good programme on T.V.?
- How is it that when I got up this morning I suddenly remembered the homework that didn't get done?
- How is it that on the way to school my books — containing what little homework I did do — got wet?
- How is it that I forgot to put my name on it when I handed it in?
- How is it that I only got 10/30 for it for some dumb grammatical error?
- How is it that the error was writing "How is it" instead of "Why is it"?
- How is it that the teacher still takes marks off for the same dumb error?
I always try to correct my mistakes!

MATTHEW FULLER 5So

OPOSSUM

A fast and little thing
Sprang out in front,
Ran across the road
And into the forest.
As I watch I see him
Climb up, up in a tree,
He stares with his bright red eyes,
Then disappears into the darkness
And is never seen again.

BY G.D. MUNDAY 4Ta



MR SOMMERVILLE



MODESTY BLAISE



SHERYL RICHARDS



THE OLD MAN

There he stood, all alone, yet surrounded by many. The wind blew strongly, the sky darkened and he pulled his tattered coat more tightly around his frail body.

His weatherbeaten face, covered with stubble from yesterday crinkled into a smile as he gazed over to the playground and watched the children play.

Slowly he hobbled over to a cracked seat and lowered himself with a sigh. He remembered the days, such happy days when he had taken his children to this very park and told them stories of long ago. They had sat upon his knees and played with his whiskers . . . oh yes! those were the days.

Suddenly he snapped back to reality and his happiness disappeared. His children were grown up and married now, they had their own problems; he was alone!

He suddenly realised it was late and growing cold. The tattered coat that used to hold sweets, the roughened hands that used to hold those of his children, the worn baggy trousers that touched his cracked worn out shoes and his fingerless gloves offered little comfort in the biting cold.

Shrugging sadly he turned away from the deserted playground and walked slowly back to the back street hovel — he grimaced — he learned to call it home! He quickened his pace and remembered with a sigh that if he did not hurry he would be locked out.

When he finally returned, the door was locked and the landlady was stone-drunk singing bawdy songs to herself . . . Sadly, he turned away and walked along the path, so familiar, where once again he would have to seek out the grim comforts of a wooden park bench. . .

GLYNNIS MORRIS 4Co

LOVE

To commit myself again would be an act against nature

The nature of humanity
but people are throwing themselves — leaving no tale that would soften the blow after realising what a launching in the wrong direction feels like.

This, with personal everlasting memories is the shattered remains of one man's experience of love.

K.K. 5Ro

VACUUM CLEANERS

Eight little vacuum cleaners all in a row
Tall ones, short ones, long ones, fat ones
Sucking strong, mouth wide gobbling
Eating anything in their way
Hungry, ferocious
Life-line dangling behind.

C. NUTTALL 3Sy

HUMAN RIGHTS

Every human being has the right to be heard, regardless of his colour.

Today our society is classed in two categories — Black People and White.

Black people are automatically classified in the lower class — white men being their superiors.

In most countries the black people take only second best of everything. Some Governments go to the extreme in making them have separate toilet facilities, eating places, living quarters and even places of worship.

Generally they are confined to slum areas, down-graded and made fun of.

I said earlier every man has the right to be heard — but this is not true, or if it is, then it is never obeyed.

The only way a black man is heard is through street demonstrations and riots, thus causing brutal arrests and as a result they are worse off then when they just accepted that they were only second in the line of living.

The right to speak out is much theirs as mine. If they have to obey rules and laws made by their Government, then I feel they should be heard in the making of those laws.

Many countries like this run on the basis of propaganda, those which don't are most certain to be prejudiced.

I feel the Governments know they are doing wrong and are ashamed of it, or should be — but they won't admit it.

They are going into deeper water and this is the cause of hatred between us all.

DENISE DUNLEAVY 5Yo

SMILE

Why do you smile at me
When you know that smiles are not meant for me
I can see it
I'm not blind
You care for me no more.

Why do you smile at me
Why must you go on pretending
It hurts me
But only for a while.

Please stop smiling
No more pretending
I can see it in your smile
In your eyes
Hear it in your voice
I'll understand
Please no more pretending.

CHRISTINE KEANEY 5Ro

Imagination

I turned when I heard the noise, and standing before me was an ape the size of a four-storey apartment building! Unafraid I began my karate attack. It knew instantly that it was no match for me; the brute turned and fled towards the deepest part of Darkest Africa, breaking and snapping four rata trees off at their bases as he went. As he strode away a thought struck me from above. Why not capture him? All it needed was any zoo with a good price, and then the world of science could study him.

The trail of the great ape was hard to follow but my super-efficient powers of observaiton helped me through the swamps and bogs.

I knew I was closing in on him so I decided to have a rest to conserve my energy for the final battle. I selected a hairy tree with five roots above ground and parallel with each other. From here I could work out my plan of action. I would set myself up in a tree and give the ape's mating call. This, I was sure, would bring him to me.

I had great vines with which to swing up to his head and knock him out with a single blow between the eyes. Yes, I had worked out my plan, so I climbed up the tree I was resting underneath and looked around for the ape. It seemed to me at the time that I did not have to look very far. It was drafty up there but that did the ape no good. I grabbed him by the eyelashes and threw him over my shoulder.

I had subdued him.

I then threw him over my other shoulder and jogged back to Capetown only 300 miles away. I later found out after I had sold him that he had fallen off the Empire State Building.

R. JOYCE 4Co

HOUSEWIFE ROUTINE

Been together for almost 27 years
All that time I've tried
washing nappies,
scrubbing floors,
slaving over hot stoves,
cooking.
Now all I ever seem to do is cry
(over onions)
Six o'clock every night
I cook a meal for two,
I do the dishes,
women's work,
I pour you a beer,
too tired to move.
I get your pills,
The ones the doctor prescribed for your
indigestion,
Then at ten every night,
we silently go to our separate beds.

BY PAULETTE REID 4Sh

SHOULD US PUPALS HAVE TO LEARN ENGLISH?

i reckon us school pupals should not of ever had two take english at scool.

It is very boaring and most of us have been speaking it for yairs anyhow.

Everyday we have too litsen to a boaring teacher in a boaring classroom give us alot of boaring lesons on boaring praycees and other boaring thing's like that.

In hour class my techer keaps getting my gote by saying that i need extra tuishun.

I think that this is totetalley untrou.

What's rong with my english?

M. FULLER 5So

WHY?

As the cannon roared, the guns cracked,

A Tommy spat

I sat and thought

Why?

Is this happening to the world?

Look at those men, all dead!

What about their children and their wives?

I thought of all the strife, the bloodshed

the slaughter and the butchery

which all led to

Death, Death, Death

It echoed through my head

Then suddenly I was fired upon

It hit me in the arm

This was it

I loaded my tommy gun and fired like billy o

Brought down fifteen men, nine died

I thought again

Why? Why? Why?

S. FOSTER 3Sy

6th GRADE 1976 REPORT — RUGBY

A very memorable season with all but one game won. That game being one which should remain in our minds, not for the game itself, but for the gamesmanship of the referee. Not to worry, there will be another time. It would be hard to say who stood out the most in our games this year, because we all played as a team and not as individuals. I would like to mention though, Jimmy Pitoko, our solution to Gerrie Ghermisuys, who, with his speed and power, had a great season and scored 28 tries. Malcolm Rahiri, brother Gene, Kiwa Tongahau, Warren Bennett, Greg Cameron, and David Armstrong to name just a few who carried the team to success with their hard running and fast play. My thanks go to Mr McAlpine once again for coaching us for the past season, and the the Managers — Madelaine Lindeman and Sheryl Holster.

SPORTS NOTES

FOREST VIEW 5ths A NETBALL TEAM

THE TEAM members were, Susan Baker (capt.) Mandy White (vice-capt), Melode Dixon, Sheryl Richards, Moe Daniels, Anne McIlroy and Nina Tipene.

CLUB COMPETITION On the opening day of the season we won all our games except one; unfortunately we did not maintain this high standard. However, during the season we did manage to defeat Tokoroa High School.

On the closing day our team finally combined well and we won all our games, to win the B grade section. We have a cup for our efforts.

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS There were four players of our team who qualified for the Tokoroa Secondary School girls trials, and Susan Baker made it to the South Waikato junior trials, but just missed out on selection! Three girls were named in the Tokoroa School girls' team; they were: Mandy White, Nina Tipene, Susan Baker and Moe Daniels. Moe Daniels was selected but was not available.

INTER-SCHOOL FIXTURES As a school team we played two schools, Rotorua Lakes and Hillcrest. We lost against Hillcrest by one point. This made it a very tight game.

At half-time in the second game, against Rotorua Lakes, we were down by 5-1, but by the end of the game, due to a tremendous team effort, we won by one point, 14-13.

Over all it was a good season and as a team we played extremely well. The whole of the Forest Views 5ths A would like to thank Mrs McKittrick for putting up with us. We would also like to thank the people who filled in while some of our members were away.

SUSAN BAKER (CAPTAIN)

SPEED

There was a screech of high powered acceleration as the Capri took off. Smoke poured from the back tyres, causing a screen as thick as your arm. The exhaust tone was changing from a low-toned whine to a throaty roar. The smoke screen subsided slowly as the car reached greater speed. The brake lights lit up the bumper as they flashed on then off. Like a red flash it cornered, snaking, squealing, slithering, sliding all over the road. The power was poured on and the car once more gained speed. The tyres were a mass of white, as the car dealer had said, white-walled tyres were the "in thing". He dropped down a cog and took a hard left-hander. He cornered madly, sliding round, his tyres on the verge of flames. Spinning the wheel from one side to the other, he just missed a dog. He stamped on the accelerator and that was all it needed to send the car pitching through the air and scraping along the road on its roof. Sparks showered everywhere and the glass in a window shattered, then spewed onto the road to lie glittering alongside the body of the driver, who was wriggling and squirming in pain. Faintly in the distance came the sound of a siren.

KIM MUNDEN 5Mc

A ONE DAY EVENT

As I entered the farm road I began to feel queer. This was my first one day event. Dad found space and parked the float. I stepped out of the car and lowered the ramp. Looking around I saw the faces of kids who had ridden all their lives and I felt lower. But I wanted my horse to reach the next grade; he wasn't a novice anymore. I was the novice, but this was all my own idea. Here I was, so...

I led my horse down the ramp and pulled off his flashy rug, rammed my riding hat on and put his bridle on, pulled my stirrup irons down, checked his girth and loosened him up. Dad handed me my number; I put it on, feeling as though my stomach was on fire. It was our turn for the dressage stage, so in I went to the middle and saluted. Then my sick feeling disappeared — I knew we could do it.

JENNY McPHAIL 4Mn

Native Bush

Sitting under a Rimu tree in beautiful native brush, I could see and smell the perfume from the tall rimu trees. On the left of me there stood a very tall, thick Kauri tree. I decided to go for a walk and as I walked on the dead leaves they gave me a beautiful tingly feeling as the dew from the early morning was still lying on the brown-golden coloured leaves.

In the distance I could hear the small bellbirds and fantails singing. As I walked along, in and out of the many beautiful trees, I made the sound of a fantail and a bird came closer and closer to me as I whistled. The trees made a rustling sound and the leaves slowly trickled down to the ground in front of me. Through the trees I could see a small deserted-looking hut, which had funny, small windows and a rickety old roof on it. Outside of the hut was a scraggy old horse which just stood and looked very sad and neglected. Its mane was very long and it looked as though it hadn't been groomed for a very long time. I ran up to the door and knocked on the door. A small, old, bony man came to the door and asked me to come in. Inside the house was just a table, a bed and bench and a basin to wash his face and dishes in. He looked to be a very poor old man as he had jeans on which had holes in and a shirt with half-ripped sleeves. He offered me a cup of tea but I said "No thank you"; and went on my way back through the bush.

E. ROGERS 5Yo

Winter fire

Fire burns brighter,
Room grows lighter,
Ringing laughter,
Singing after,
Happy sounds,
Know no bounds.

STEPHANIE 3Br

THE EVENING THE TIDE WAS OUT

The tide was out
The wet sand was featureless
— not quite.
Here and there was the occasional set
of footprints of some purposeless wanderer.
A hissing roar could be heard in the distance.
Occasionally a fleck of foam was seen caught in
the moonlight.
Suddenly a small wave washed up the beach
at high speed,
it obliterated the footprints,
it hurried over tufts of brown grass,
destroyed a child's sandcastle
and retreated.
The tide was out.
The wet sand was featureless.

GARY CLOVER 3Br

FULFILMENT

Weary and worn, the old man lay
In his easy chair at the close of day,
With gnarled hands clasping his bony knees,
His dreaming eyes on the old oak trees.

"I wonder," he mused, as the shadows fell,
"My span of life — have I used it well?
I have passed my three score years and ten
And soon must go from the haunts of men.

"Will someone remember the path I trod,
or will I be known alone, to God?
I made no fortune, I sought no fame,
So why should any recall my name?"

He gazed at the sturdy trees and smiled,
"I planted those acorns as a child,
Through summer and winter, rain and snow,
Over the years I have watched them grow.

"I need no graveyard stone," he said,
"These oaks will be living when I'm dead,
And men will pause, and say with a smile,
"He who planted these trees made life
worthwhile!"

LYNNE VAN DER PLUYM 5Ro

THE SEA

Dark and bewildering
Deep and hiding
A world of its own, until explored by man
The ruler of all the fish
The graves of wrecks
Sometimes calm and blue
Sometimes rough and black
Ready to claim the life of the careless
Ready to look after the thoughtful.

JACKIE LAKE 5Wo

Sport and Politics

My personal point of view is that politics should never be associated with sport. Sport is the freedom of the individual, and should be left as such.

An instance which we will remember was the boycott of the Olympic Games against our New Zealand competitors by the black nations, based on New Zealand's sporting contacts with South Africa. Surely when all races and creeds are gathered together in the name of sport no government shall dictate. We eagerly awaited the Filbert Bayi/John Walker race but this did not eventuate, as the Tanzanian Government recalled all its Olympic competitors as part of the boycott. What would have happened if Bayi had personally chosen to compete against John Walker? Would he have been barred from further international sport by his own country? Politics are repressing any individual of his rights to compete in sport with complete freedom.

We witnessed the All Blacks return from South Africa this year, a team picked on merit not on colour, and with the blessing of the New Zealand Government. What a controversial tour that was. They arrived in the midst of political upheaval indirectly involving them in the racial discrimination, therefore the All Blacks did not meet a mixed team. They did encounter, however, the problems of politically controlled sporting codes. We have since heard that the All Black's tour has partly bridged the gap for mixed-team participation in that country but that will be some time before we see this.

If Government policy is non-interference in sport, then surely the freedom of choice is the individual's. If this could be upheld the sporting ties between countries all over the world would be made a lot simpler.

CHRIS HICKEY 5Yo

A SUMMER'S DAY

I just knew it was going to be a good day for lazing around because of the sunset the evening before. Now here I was, lying in my boat in the middle of the bay during the middle of the day. Beside me were my oars and on the other side my cooling container, filled with enough drinks to last me all afternoon.

I could smell the salt air, the gentle breezes would brush by. The sky was a beautiful blue with hardly any clouds around for miles. The sun shone down and soaked into everything in its path and made the waves glisten and sparkle as they gently fluttered by, lapping and slapping quietly against the side of the boat.

The only sounds to be heard were the children playing on the beach, birds flying by, fishing reels unwinding and waves lapping gently against the sandy beach line.

BY DOUGLAS PEPPERELL 5Wo

FOR LEADERSHIP

The mist cleared, bringing into full view a slender bay stallion, high on a rock protecting his valley. His mane tossed in the wind and his tail swished at the persistent flies. His muscles rippled and his nose quivered at the fresh sweet scent in the air; spring grass, time to move on.

Most of the mares moved quickly, pushing along their young foals, while those still in foal plodded reluctantly until a few nipped heels hurried them along. The sun was high now and the band grew thirsty; hopefully the sweet grass and water was not far off. The bush thinned out and a wide green meadow came into sight; a spring trickled across the way. The bush grass and lazy mood made life luxurious.

The oldest of the foals, a beautiful roan colt, dashed playfully, yet curiously, around his sire. The stallion warned with his ears, but there was pride in his eyes; he had sired a superb colt, one of the best. Already the colt was developing strong firm muscles, his coat shone brightly and his eyes were deep in curious thought. He moved swiftly and easily, unlike any foal his age, and the stallion knew this colt would be magnificent.

His thoughts were aroused... there was a strange scent in the air; one of challenge, for the scent belonged to a great black stallion, who had been making his way toward the contented group. Before the great black demon was in sight of the group, their leader, in preparation, gathered them together. Majestically he faced the huge horse as he came through the brush; there was anger in his eyes and destruction in those of his opponent.

A vicious taunting cry from the evil black stallion sent hooves flying. They lunged at each other, and pawed at the ground. The black challenger was of enormous size and towered over the bay stallion; his teeth lashed fiercely at the fiery neck, attempting to rip the throat.

Their forelegs pawed at each other's back. The red stallion expertly escaped the worst from the mighty challenger but caught a blow on his hindquarters. The sharp pain that pierced his rump brought a painful cry from his lips.

The roan colt rushed about, unaware of the reality of the vicious light. His curiosity about the weird cry of his father had brought him within range of the light. The hatred and death-filled eyes of the black stallion had no mercy for males of any age and with the blood pounding in his head and the rage in his limbs he lashed a deathly kick that sent the colt hurtling through the air. The red's mare was frozen with fear and anxiety for her colt, but the damage was done; the limp body was lifeless.

Her weird and hysterical neigh distracted the huge black stallion's deadly concentration. His eyes swerved from his opponent's threatening advances for a split second. But that was enough; the blood-red stallion was quiet and the rippling black neck was torn open. Weakness overcame the mighty black demon and he crumpled to his knees, with a piercing cry of pain.

He knew this was to be his last fight and these his last moments, so he accepted them. His eyes did not leave the other stallion; he watched, it seemed, with approval, the towering blazing body, trampling and pounding him to the ground.

KIM CLARKIN 4Co

CHILDHOOD

The child with the wide eyes stood,
poised against the sun.

She smiled.

Her podgy hand reached out,
and grasped the flower.

Her eyes sparkled
and her cry was of delight,
for she held the sun.

Violence was only a word to her,
and death only a game.

No-one has yet taken the innocence
to which every child has the right.

PAULETTE REID 4Sh

GOLD SOCCER TEAM

Goalie — Ian Magill

Right Fullback — Robert Cummings

Left Fullback — Tony Ireland

Right Half — Ronnie Pomare

Centre Half — Steven Lee

Left Half — Gavin Clarkin

Centre Forward — Gordon Savitt

Inside Left — David Bright

Left Wing — Michael Pierce (Capt)

Inside Right — Kerry Smith

Right Wing — Andrew Waterson (Vice Capt)

also played — Grant Smith, Kevin Purchase,
Tom Bennett, Cornelius Gerates

BY M.P.

LIKE THE TIME WHEN:

- ... Hippie meant big around the hips.
- ... Lights were turned on and off, not people.
- ... Birds had wings.
- ... Square meant a 90° angle.
- ... Fuzz was a fluffy substance.
- ... Grass was a ground cover.
- ... Dope was an idiot.
- ... A trip involved travel by cars, trains, planes and ships.
- ... The pill was a cure, not a protection.
- ... Bitch was a female dog.
- ... A queen was female.
- ... The unmentionables were unmentioned.

JEANETTE LEE 5Ha

REFLECTION

Looking down at me,
over a pond of clear shiny water,
Looking up at me
That's not me, couldn't be,
I've got freckles,
and there's a wart on the end of my nose
No, it's not really me,
It's the image I hide behind.

P.R. 4Sh



ONE FOR YOU, TWO FOR ME.



OUR TAHITIAN STUDENT AND FRIEND



ONCE A MAN OF NATURE

He,
Who travels before the night
In the mist of uncivilization
Has a mind of corruption
A mind thinned out by
civilization

The
Impurity of street corners
Desperation to collect and
be released to suffer
once again

The
Knowledge of organized
destruction
Desperation to collect that which
is needed to fulfill satisfaction
and comfort

The
Mind closed to the natural
Comfort of solid ground beneath
and blue skies above

But;
He must keep a standard of
Living
Worthy of the next
Regardless.

KAWANA KINGI 5Rn

SENTENCE FINISHED

Surrounded by four walls I sit,
Cold, unhappy and alone.
Waiting for the bell to ring,
For I am going home.
Though I do not want to go,
The time has finally come.
The guards have come to get me,
With a message from my son.
'Papa,' it said,
"We are so glad that you are coming out.
For you have no idea,
How Mum and I both felt."
I stood up and smiled with glee
And made my way to the prison gate,
Knowing they still cared for me.

LYNDA WOOD 4Mn

What is loneliness?

Having no one there to question
To break your meditation
To disturb your silence
To trouble your existence
The feeling of isolation

When people look through you
As glass in a window
And your thoughts are confined
To your own little mind
You suffer the fate of solitude.

KIM CLARKIN 4Co

A WALK IN THE BUSH

Large humming bees,
Soft scented bushes.
A merrily flowering brook,
Slippery wet tracks.
Stinging nettles,
Fluffy flower buds.
Breeze blown trees,
Mouldy dead branches.
It's all a part,
Of a walk in the bush

VANESSA LARSEN 3Br

TO THE ONE I LOVE:

If the stars fell out of the sky,
And the birds stopped singing,
The wind stopped blowing,
And the bees stopped stinging,
My love for you would still
be flowing.

ANNE McILROY 5So

MY THOUGHTS ON COLOUR

When I close my eyes and press them tightly
with my fingers, I can see a burnt red, a
chocolate-black and a golden brown. But when I
open them, things change. Everything seems to
turn into bright, pretty colours, like the crimson
and the apple blossom on the tanned tree.
Colours bring me happiness and joy. If it wasn't
for colours the earth would have nothing but
gloom and sorrow.

SANDRA KING, 3Pr

SADNESS

Sadness is when your thoughts
of the present and future
turn into glass fragments
before you've formed them.
Sadness is your friends
turning into sharply etched shadows.
Sadness is maybe
running away to other places before
you find your answer.
Sadness is why you thought you had
every star there was
and now you haven't one.

NATALIE EDE 5Yo

SPACE

Space,
Man's final frontier
We seek to explore,
That world beyond ours.
Our technology is modern;
Will it take the strain
of the worlds
to come?

LANT HARRIS 5RI

GOD

Who is God?
asked a boy.
Is he a king
or is he a toy?

Don't be silly
He's a silent guest
He's a man of honour
at our request
He feels with his thoughts
He gives with his heart
He's with us always
so we'll never part
that's who God is:

Now you know my boy.

DONNA TE PAKI 4Ta

JUNIOR TRAMPING CLUB

GROUP

C. Barnett (4), A. Stafford (4), A.M. McCulloch (4), N. Groot (3), M. Paddy (3), D. Titjen (3), D. Bennett (2), D. Munro (2), R. Ashworth (2), G. Powell (2), S. Van Toledo (1), C. Thain (1), M. Hancock (1), R. Bruer (1), S. Munden (1), D. Adams (1), S. McEwen (1), Miss Connors (4), Miss Begbie (4), Mr B. Williamson (3).

TRIPS

TERM 1

Waipakihi Tramp; a very enjoyable tramp; fine weather and lots of river crossings.

TERM 2

Mount Tarawera Tramp; lots of fun but nearly froze in the snow.

Rotomahana-Tarawera Tramp; long walk — but nice swim at end. Thoroughly enjoyed by all. (Except those who had to eat rock biscuits!)

TERM 3

Kauaeranga Trip; very muddy and wet but enjoyed getting lost! Many thanks to Miss Begbie, Miss Connors, Mr B. Williamson and Mr Barrack for giving up their time to take us tramping.

A.S. 4Mn

(Note: Numbers beside group members refer to number of tramps attended during the year).

THE STARVING CHILD

Standing alone
His belly expanding with hunger
His eyes sunken in
With a rag wrapped around his back
His nails rotting, his teeth black
Standing so still, holding his belly
as if it were full
Surrounding him is a sky full of flies
He has no worry for soon he will die.

HEATHER STEED 4Ta

THE SEA

The sea
it rules
in mysterious ways
from the smooth
to a violent wake
from a storm
to a calm
from the blood red
of the China sea
when the Japs
kill dolphins

to the black dead
water from New York
But it can be
good too, from
the crystal blue
water of the
South seas
to the emerald
green of the
Mediterranean
— the sea.

REX CUMMINGS 5Yo

THE SUN

As it rises, and
sets, it leaves a pleasant warmth
and glow all around.

ANGELA KITHER 4Co

SHARKS

The shark has been one of man's most feared enemies for years and man is quite right in being afraid of it.

Sharks range in size from three to 25 feet. They are streamlined from the nose to tail and are very fast in the water. The body of a shark is usually silvery gray and the hide has the appearance of a pane of glass but is coarser than the roughest sandpaper. Its mouth is under the nose and usually contains up to six rows of teeth that are positioned so that the points slope back. If a tooth is broken a new one quickly grows and replaces the old one. The eyes of a shark are small and pig-like. They aren't very efficient so the shark doesn't rely on them much. Covering them is a thin transparent piece of skin so that water does not infiltrate them. Just behind and below the eyes there is a set of gills which are thin, slate-shaped and usually range in number from four to seven. Water always has to be running over the gills or else the shark will die through lack of oxygen. To prevent this the shark is always moving or it rests in a current. Further back there are fins, which are used for stabilising, and on the top there is a triangular-shaped dorsal fin which is easily identified when the shark is swimming just below the surface of the water.

The tail is strong and muscular and is positioned so that it is upright and has to be moved from side to side to propel the shark. It is usually flat and long at the top and short just below where the body meets the tail.

The shark can detect prey from about seven miles off because of vibrations given off, or the smell of any substance in the water. This is why you should never urinate in the sea, take horses and dogs in there, or have any cuts or sores on you.

TONY PYE 4Co

VOLLEYBALL CLUB REPORT 1976

The club started early in the year, meeting on Thursday evenings.

Not many of us knew that this sport was played at the Olympic Games and that so many skills had to be mastered before a team started to play well.

We have been lucky to have Mr & Mrs D. Jones and Mr Wolfe to coach us. Mr & Mrs Jones are both top class players and Mr Jones is one of only three international referees in N.Z.

We have learnt the skills required in spiking, bumping, blocking and setting and are now learning to use a system of play called six —o.

Future hopes for the club are to enter in the 1977 Bay of Plenty Secondary School Championships.

JUNIOR GIRLS

At the start of the year we formed our team. At that stage not many of us had even seen volleyball played. From there we have learned some of the basic skills and have been trying hard to beat the Junior boys. We had a trip to Sacred Heart College in Hamilton. We lost our game but all their players were fourth formers and only played for two years. We managed to take one set from them and feel we could have won the game with a bit more practice.

Our team is Debbie Lucus, Maree Myers, Sandra Morris, Catherine Hamilton, Lisa Smith and Wendy Jones. Our teams wish to thank our coaches Mr & Mrs Jones and Mr Wolfe for giving up their time to teach us.

W. J.

SENIOR GIRLS.

This year the school had a senior girls' team consisting of Joanne Appleton, Christine Atmore, Wynne Bowers, Melva Crouch, Bronwyn Joyce and Karen Pierce. Michelle Hoquard joined us as a member later in the year.

Although there are not many of us we try hard to beat the Senior boys at least once on club nights. Bronwyn Joyce our skipper, gives us the encouragement we need for this.

On a trip to Rotorua earlier in the year we played against Western Heights High School, a team that had been in many competitions. Although we didn't win any games we learnt a lot and improved for the last game. We came back to school beaten but much wiser.

J.A.

JUNIOR BOYS

Although we only started volleyball this year we feel that we have learnt a lot and as a team have done well, with a high standard of play. We have played the Junior Girls and the Senior Boys. We have come very close to beating the Senior Boys on several occasions.

Our team is Roydon Beach, Gordon Bowers, Michael Carrucan Ilmars Kerbers, Lawrence Parker, David Pease, Robert Dargaville, Paul Edwards and Paul Moulder.

M.C.

SENIOR BOYS

This was the first year for many of the boys but what we lacked in experience we made up for by being enthusiastic.

We got on with the job of fitting ourselves into a pattern and now at last we are able to use the Six-o-system. Our practice night is on Thursdays and during the year have played in the local Y.M.C.A. competition against fairly tough opposition from men's teams.

Our team this year consisted of Michael Pierce, Chris Hamilton, Tack Daniels, Ronnie Pomare, Noel Edwards, Ihaia Harris, Niels Danielson, Mathew Fuller and Peter Lynn.

Mr Wolfe and Mr Jones played for us on occasions in the competition games on Monday nights to give us more confidence.

However, one thing there is for sure, there is plenty of room for improvement.

M.P.

RESULTS OF VOLLEYBALL TRIP TO OTUMOETAI COLLEGE

JUNIOR BOYS 'A' team played two matches. The first was against a 'C' team, both games were won.

The second was against an 'A' team of mainly fourth form boys. This match was lost by two games.

JUNIOR BOYS 'B' team played one match against an aggressive 'B' team. The match was lost by two games.

SENIOR BOYS played an experienced 'B' team and lost the match by two games to one.

All the boys agreed that they learned a lot from the visit. One thing they must learn to do is relax more during the game instead of being tense. Being tense means that more mistakes are made and the game is then not enjoyed.

Sunrise

The sun creeps sleepily over the mountains
Spreading her magnificent rays of golden yellow
Dawning yet another day
Awakening those who sleep and drawing them
out to gaze into her entrancing beams of light

DIANNE JOHNSON 3Pr



IS WIFE-BASHING ON THE INCREASE
IN OUR SOCIETY?



CAPTIONS by Sandra Warner

THE FUNERAL

He woke in the dark, and remembered. Staring into the darkness of the morning, his thoughts strange, he remembered what they had told him, just yesterday. His silver-haired grandfather, so old, so kind, so understanding, wouldn't come back, they said, not anymore.

They thought he didn't understand death; they were partly right. He knew it was complete separation; from friends, enemies and the world. Slowly his eye lids drooped, and soon he slept.

It was noon when he awoke. Silently he rose and dressed. He brushed his hair neatly into place.

"Grandfather would have liked that", he thought, and sat on the edge of his bed and waited. His mother came to check that he was ready.

They all went straight out to the car, and within five minutes arrived at the church. The waiting mourners stood aside to let them pass, and they entered the chapel. As he went in, the boy's eyes were riveted on the coffin at the foot of the worn altar. They moved to the front pew, and he followed, kneeling as they had done, his eyes still on the coffin, seeing in his mind's eye the aged cheerful face of his grandfather.

He listened without understanding, to the curate's solemn drone, and the tearful sobs of the congregation, bleakly unaware of the sympathetic glances and thoughts his small white face was attracting.

"Grandfather is dead," he thought, "Oh Grandpa, what's it like to die?" The curate droned on, and then the congregation stood up to sing. He stayed on his knees, staring at the coffin, and they didn't try to make him stand.

He was roused from his semi-hypnotic state by the pallbearers coming forward to lift the coffin into the hearse that awaited.

He got into the car after them and the car followed the slow-moving hearse. He did not speak and they did not disturb him.

Time crawled by, and the hearse crawled on. He could not recollect having reached the cemetery, or having got out of the car, but he found himself by the deep grave.

Death. It had a certain finality about it that did not brook denial. He did not try to deny it.

The first few shovels full of earth were thrown onto the box. He gazed uncomprehendingly at it as its hollowness changed the final knell.

At the other end of the grave yard an earth mover was at work. He looked up for an instant, and onlookers saw his face transfigured with joy. He suddenly rushed towards it, to where the well remembered figure stood smiling, waiting for him.

He had nearly reached him when he felt a numbing blow to his head as if he had walked into a wall, then he was free, and he rushed to his Grandfather's arms.

"You came back," he crowed. "You came back!"

His Grandfather smiled and they rose through the air. He looked back for a moment to where his crushed body lay under the fangs of a great metal monster.

"I didn't really need it anyway," he said, grinning into the sweet face above the warm strong arms that held him firmly as they soared towards the heights.

WYNNE BOWERS 5So

THE PEOPLE DRESSED IN BLACK

The people in black
Dawdled vacantly through the streets,
They read hymns from a book,
I cried out to them
But no-one listened,
Still they wandered,
Still they read,
Then the people dressed in black knelt,
and sang songs to a statue,
Again I cried,
"Hey people, wait!"
They threw stones at me and told me to go away,
Then the one
with the white band around his neck turned,
"God have mercy on this sinner,"
he mumbled.
I said,
"Hey man, you got it all wrong".
his face turned red,
he glared at me.
and struck.
I didn't know what I'd done wrong,
But quickly he turned,
walked into a building —
and prayed.

PAULETTE REID 4Sh

THE HUNT

Hot steaming breath
Running and slipping feet
The yelp of the hounds
The panting of the fox
The hunt is on...

Trees whizzing by
Mud splashing underfoot
Excitement ahead
Excitement behind too
The hunt is on...

A sense of fear
All tranquility gone
The horses whinny
The tired fox stops — dead.
Another pelt.

A. COOPER 3Br

ILLEGITIMATE

With the evil of the darkest night,
Their tongues shall not cease.
Their eyes say all their lips can't,
They speak of pity,
But think of shame.

I ask for no forgiveness,
To pride I've said goodbye.
This small price I must pay,
For a life inside me is growing.

CHRISTINE KEANY 5Ro

KATHY

I stood in the darkened room, waiting. I looked about me. The dark mahogany shelves on the far wall were heavy with hand-painted bone China teasetts and tiny, delicate porcelain statuettes. The wallpaper was a creamy-white, and lavishly sprinkled with clusters of small pink roses. Now and again the sunlight was caught by the elaborate chandelier, and reflected onto the wall in a myriad of colours. It was the kind of room you don't often find. I was standing by the window, and absent-mindedly ran my fingers down the thick velvet drapes.

I glanced at my watch. It was nearly one-thirty, and I had to be back at work by two. I wouldn't be able to stay long.

The door opened, and a woman — the woman — walked in. She was followed by the man who let me in-presumably her husband.

She shook my hand, and smiled uneasily. It was a kind of smile that hid anxiety — I had seen it many times before.

We exchanged a few words, but they were unimportant. We both knew what we wanted; I wanted to hurry, and she wanted to delay. I declined her offer of tea, and I could see that my refusal made her even more uneasy.

Her husband cleared his throat.

"I suppose we'd better get down to business," he said.

"Yes, I suppose so," the woman answered. Her deep brown eyes had clouded over, and she looked strangely older, more distant.

I followed the man out of the back door and into the yard. The woman stood in the doorway, silent, watching. Her face was drawn, and she looked anxious, almost frightened.

While I was thinking about the woman, the man had gone up to a little girl and had begun talking to her.

She was a pretty little thing, in a funny kind of way. She had curly blonde hair, and bright blue eyes that had a rather serious look about them. She was dressed in a pink frock, with a white pinafore edged in pink lace. Dressed especially for the great occasion, I thought wryly.

I glanced at my watch and frowned impatiently. I remember thinking I wish they'd hurry it up — I don't have all the time in the world.

And then they were walking toward me, hand-in-hand, and suddenly I wanted to run. Anywhere, just away from this place, this little girl. Yes, I was scared of her. Scared of what she was, of what she might think of me if I told her who I was.

But it was too late to run now. I had committed myself. I had waited for this moment for seven long years. Now, at last, that moment had come. And I was scared.

The man spoke, softly, in a wheedling tone.

"Say hello, Kathy".

Kathy didn't say a word. She just stared at me with those big, serious eyes, and the words that I had carefully planned for the past week just stuck in my throat.

I couldn't tell her.

I looked at the man. His eyes seemed to be reaching out, begging. I thought he was going to cry, I looked behind me at the woman in the doorway. I couldn't see her eyes, but I knew she

was praying, too.

I lowered myself to the child's height, and muttered huskily, "Hello, Kathy".

"Hello", she replied, and continued staring at me. I could feel her eyes tearing into my soul. What was I doing here?

"It's nice to have met you," I said, shaking her hand.

I stood up.

"Thank you very much," I said to the man. He just looked at me. I suppose he didn't know what to say.

I went back to the doorway and said goodbye to the woman.

"Will you be back?" she said.

"No", I replied, "I don't think so. She's not my little girl any more."

I turned then and walked down the drive, leaving that blue-eyed mistake of seven years ago to lead a happy life with the people she loved.

I began to cry, because I knew I had lost something that could never be replaced.

BY MELVA CROUCH, 5Ha

THE MATING SEASON IS OPEN

The mating season is open,
Fighting, squabbling,
Not sure of whom to have,
Then satisfied.

The penguins retreat,
tired, fulfilled,
Four months later,
little ones.

The parents, hungry, famished,
Worrying about the little ones,
Then the killer bird attacks,
Little ones died because they have strayed too far.

Then they are older,
They are ready to mate,
Waiting, wondering and then,
Mating season is open.

DEANNA FLEET 3Md

LIFE

Sunrise, sunset
Day follows day
Year follows year
We are born, we grow old,
We die
The sons of our grandsons
Will not remember us
For we are like the leaves on a tree —
We blossom, we grow
We fall in the wind
And are trampled into
The dusts of time.

MELVA CROUCH 5Ha

PAUL McCARTNEY

"Yesterday

All my troubles seemed so far away
Now it looks as though they're here to stay
Oh I believe in yesterday"

This song was last sung by the Beatles at their final concert ten years ago.

The Beatles split up in 1969 and Paul McCartney started off on his own with a new image and a new band called Wings. 1974's "Band On the Run", won Paul the first platinum record he didn't have to split four ways.

Paul met the girl who was to become his wife, Linda Eastman, in London in 1967. A year later they married. Lennon met up with Allen Klein. John, George and Ringo joined up with Klein. To extricate himself Paul would not only have to sue Klein but the rest of the Beatles as well. In 1971 Paul sued them. The legal fee cost the Beatles seven million pounds in royalties and John Lennon and Paul both retreated to live their own lives. Paul wrote about the undemanding pleasures of farm life and domestic bliss, going so far as to record a version of "Mary had a Little Lamb" in 1972.

Paul has three daughters: Heather, 13 — Linda's daughter from a previous marriage — Mary, six and Stella, four. Despite all the money Paul lost, he is still worth ten million pounds.

The McCartneys live on a farm in the Scottish Highlands. Their lives are much the same as ours; simple, apart from the fact that they have two stars among them.

Five of the Beatles' songs are in the British Top 20 today. A West Coast promoter, Bill Sargent, has offered \$50 million to the Beatles for a reunion. A 17 year-old McCartney fan said, "Wings is doing well on its own, even though it will never be the same as the Beatles. But I don't want them to get back together again. It would be a super-let-down. They could never produce the music they once did. It's a different era, and they have changed in different ways."

CAROLYN THAIN — 4Co

DEATH AND OLD AGE

Cold white walls enclose me in my world
of pain while the flowers in a vase,
withered and old, remain a reminder of
what I am now. Gone is the sweet smell
from their scented petals instead the sterilizing
smell of disinfectant has claimed them too.
Tapping heels echo in my mind while
hushed voices persist in their demand that
I shall not die. Yet I would gladly welcome
death for I am tired, oh so tired, that
every breath of life is drawn with effort.
Yes, I wait for death to claim my aching
body but life persists with unfair demands.
Figures of my past remain submerged in
my mist enclosed mind while my thoughts
form but are gone before they can be spoken.

FIONA STUART
5Ro

Final Stage

The rain would have made the steeply-sloping driveway slippery, except for the fact that the concrete had been left to set without the aid of a trowel. Hardly appropriate for an old folks' home... suddenly the path flattened out to present a view of sodden underclothing on a sagging clothesline. I stopped at a door at the side of the building, where a young woman greeted me in the voice of one used to covering emotion with a layer of bright conversation. Who saw her with the layer peeled back, revealing her disgust as she coped with a vomiting old woman or changed a soiled bed?

Ushered into the appropriate room — "We'll leave you two to have a nice long chat together, shall we?" — I stood at the foot of the bed. An odd memory floated to the surface of my mind... the Emperor and the Nightingale... Death stood at the foot of the Emperor's bed... I tiptoed towards the bedhead.

The old man lay there, so still I thought he was asleep, eyelids gummed to the pouches under his eyes by sheer exhaustion. The whole room was dark and choked with warmth, the effect more concentrated around the old man's head, and with it was the smell. A strange, uncanny smell — dry and musty and yet also sweet and sickly. I felt revolted at the thought that I was breathing this air — it was so dense I had surely torn holes in it when I walked into the room.

I stood beside him... the blanket on his bed was shaded in orange and black, with yellow squares spread symmetrically over the pattern. At least, they had been squares, but time had curved the lines as it had frayed the edges of the wool. How many people have used that blanket, I wondered. It seemed so typical of the place — a light-hearted facade over disease and inevitable death.

Suddenly he opened his eyes... did he recognise me through the thin film of water produced involuntarily from weakened tear ducts?

"Hello." His voice was unusually strong, as if the sapped strength from his limbs had been absorbed by his mind.

"How are you?" He stared at me uncomprehendingly, and cupped a hand to his ear.

"HOW ARE YOU?"

"Ohhh... very tired, very tired."

I looked at his face for the first time. Basically the same features, but distorted over the years. The skin was brown and stretched tight, fitting into the crevices of his skull in some places and wrinkled around the cheeks and eyes in great folds. It was as though the skin had been unevenly distributed.

He was trying to sit up, arms and hands shaking uncontrollably. Between us we managed to manoeuvre him so that he had his back to the wall. He clasped my hand with a child's strength, and simply sat there, looking at me with an odd expression. I had the strange feeling that I had been talking to a face only — produced by the fact that the bedclothes were pulled up to his armpits, no doubt. His gaze had become disconcerting — he knew exactly how I felt, I was sure... how I pitied him and was thankful that I had an uncertain future while he knew there was nothing left to look forward to. I tried frantically to think of something to say.

"Are you —" The bright assistant from the entrance bustled in with a cup of tea. I felt resentful at the intrusion — it was she who the old man would remember, not me, the visitor, who stood awkwardly still holding his hand. I took the cup of tea from the girl as she continued on to the next room.

"I'll take it. It's all right." Doubtfully, I let him touch the cup and saucer but still kept my grip on them. Annoyance sparked in his eyes... to be treated like an infant is so humiliating — let me lash out and use up the remnants of my strength in a sudden blow — not just drip it out slowly... I let go.

The cup wobbled precariously and brown liquid gathered in the saucer. I thought of how his hand had felt when I had held it... I could have crushed the bones, they were so brittle under their thin mottled casing of skin. Still no mishap. Now for the difficult step... Veins stood out on the back of his hand now, as, his lips trembling with the effort, he endeavoured to lift the cup without spilling its contents. Somehow he managed, and, the cup to his lips, he gulped and swallowed. The muscles around his jaw and neck worked vigorously and noisily. He let me take the cup and saucer and I studied his face again.

White stubble on his chin and cheeks and below a long nose, made even more prominent as time had gradually worn away the flesh from the bone, until the skin covering was no thicker than tissue paper. I was almost surprised that I could not pick out the entire skeletal structure of his face — the skin seemed so transparent.

How must it feel to be the only one left of your age?

"I'm going, aren't I?" Shocked out of my thoughts, I muttered feeble protests.

"No, no, you can't fool me." That strong voice again...

"Well, I don't mind. I've had a good life..."

"You must have seen a lot of things in your time," I tried to remark brightly, finding it harder than I had expected. He hadn't heard me, and was staring into space, dribbling slightly from one corner of his mouth.

I ignored it, and noticed his way of breathing for the first time. It was a sort of series of gasps, then a grunt from the back of the throat, and then more gasps and so on. In any other situation it would have been funny — he sounded exactly like you would expect a stranded fish to sound — and no wonder. Both struggle for air.

I found myself regulating my breathing to suit his and wondered what he was thinking about. What would he have been like at my age? He had probably been in the same situation as I, and most likely felt intense relief at the thought that his old age was a long way off. Probably never thought it would come — it doesn't seem possible that one day the baby of years ago will lie in a bed, surrounded by pitying and secretly revolted relations, helpless again after eighty years... I can never think of him as being young — I can see his photograph as a young man and look at him now, but they aren't the same people.

I waited for him to come out of his reverie. I had to tell him that he still held my respect, that it wasn't his fault that his body let him down and imprisoned an almost always lucid mind.

He focusses his gaze once more. His eyes had faded — only occasionally did they light up with some semblance of life.

"Do you remember... no, you wouldn't — before your time... I was a pilot you know, in the war — I don't hold any grudges against them..."

I listened to his ramblings, glad that he was showing enough interest to talk.

"...they all went...even Joe — you know Joe — I was the oldest there and you could see who they thought was going to fall down dead on the spot..." he choked, gulped some air. "They've done some funny things these last few years — I have to take all these." He gestured vaguely in the direction of the small table laden with bottles and packets of various sizes.

Tears gathered in his eyes as he tried to set his jaw in a determined line. "I'm not going on like this — they make you feel a child..." his voice took on a whining note, "a helpless child... they wash you, feed you, shave you — don't let you do a thing for yourself...no, I'm not going to stay around like this."

For the first time I wanted to cry, or better still, to shout at the top of my voice, do anything to disrupt the atmosphere with its phony happiness and good cheer and its dear old gentleman in number twelve — He never gives any trouble" — quietly choking his life away while a part of him raged against the inevitable.

He had closed his eyes and slid halfway down the wall, head lolling. I lifted his shoulders and lowered them onto the mattress, and, rearranged the blankets. He lay still, his gasps barely audible.

On some impulse, I bent and kissed the stubbly cheek, the sweet, sickly smell stronger than ever. He showed no sign that he had noticed I was going.

I squeezed past the slightly open door and out into the corridor.

CHRISTINE ATMORE 5So

CYBER-GOD

It is the year 3050 AD. Cameras zoomed in as one scientist welded a final circuit into place with gold. This would connect all the knowledge of all the galaxy into one truly massive computer. The welding was done and the scientist threw the switch. The computer hummed as billions of operations a second raced through the memory bank.

"You, Dr Richards may have the honour of asking the first question."

"Thankyou, I am honoured. Now computer — is there a GOD?"

The computer hummed. "Yes now there is." An expression of fear swept the galaxy but it was too late, the switch was fused shut.

M.P. 5Mc

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE



CAMERA SHY



DAYLIGHT ROBBERY



"A SUMMER'S DAY"

The wind was softly breathing through the trees. The warm sun's rays made patterns in the water of a bubbling brook which wound itself around the roots. Small fish darted to and fro among the rocks. Suddenly, two shadows were cast across the water, the fish darted frantically into the shadows. It was a girl, tall and dark, with long black hair. By her side stood a dog. Its fur was shaggy, hanging over its face and almost touching the ground under its belly. They both stared at the creek bed, searching. Then the dog's paw shot out into the water. Mud swirled everywhere, and the underwater city was gone.

The girl sighed, then they slowly made their way across the stream and up the hill beyond. It was several minutes before they finally reached the top, and lay panting in the sun. Then the girl rose, beckoning the dog to do the same. Together they walked along the hill's crest, the wind gently blowing back the girl's hair to flow behind her. The grass was long and lush, shimmering in little waves.

She gazed at the horizon, but nothing moved. All around was a picture of peacefulness and contentment. Slowly they disappeared into the valley below. A girl and a dog — shadows against the setting sun.

GILLIAN WORTH 4Co

DAY BY DAY

Pressure and pain much too much to mention
And pressure-packed days filled with turmoil and tensions
We seldom have time to be friendly and kind
For we are harrassed and hurried and always behind
And while we have got more gadgets and buttons to press
Making leisure hours greater
and labour hours less
When time is important and cannot be lost
And when we remember a word we could post
But isn't it true our life's only ruled
By a clock, a job and a God who's a fool.

LYNNE VAN DER PLUYM 5Ro

IN YEARS GONE BY

Years ago
When we were just tots
we used to sit on the
mats with our legs folded tightly
We had crew-cuts, for they were the fashion.
Now we sit on comfortable chairs
with fine desks in front of us
and long hair down to our shoulders.

WARREN BENNETT 5Ro

REMEMBER

Remember when you were a kid how you loved eating fish 'n' chips. How you'd run up to the shop in the rain, sloshing great puddles of water, hoping it'd still be open. How you'd breathe a sigh of exhausted relief when you just managed to get there. Then you'd pant out your order to the man behind the counter and sink down in the rickety chair provided, flicking through the magazines. Remember how you used to count the minutes, eagerly awaiting their arrival; how every time the man came out, you'd look up hopefully while the other orders were given out. Finally, after an eternity he'd come out and call your name, then he'd hand over the newspaper package, that was so inviting, not so much in presentation but in the hot, fatty smell that drifted out and teased you. Eagerly you'd hand over a fistful of hot coins, tuck the package under your arm; feel a 'shrink' as everyone stared at you, and calmly walk out.

Then you'd run like the wind until you got to your secret place. In the dull light provided by the moon you'd begin. Your fingers would release the package that you had clutched so tightly and with almost animal-like movements you'd rip it open. The smell, that glorious smell, the best smell in the world! Hungrily you'd lick your lips, and plunge your hand in greedily. Quickly you'd withdraw it and blow on a burning hot hand! Then, moving carefully, you'd extract a hot chip, blow on it and bite on it. Beautiful! Faster and faster, wolfing down hot, salty chips, burning your throat, wishing you had vinegar and sauce.

The oil would run down off the chips, down your chin, onto your new cardy. Skilfully you'd watch and catch it with your fingers, then lick it off. More and more chips, more oil, lovely stuff... this was heaven.

Then slowly you'd come to the end... remember how you'd turn it inside out in the hope that the package would contain more... but alas, they're all gone! Wait, one more starchy chip to go... oh, no! It's fallen on the drt. Who cares! A good wipe, and voila!

Licking your greasy fingers you'd sadly roll up the newspaper and shove it in someone's garden fence. Then with a sigh you'd get up and go home, waiting for tomorrow and dreaming about fish 'n' chips.

BY GLYNNIS MORRIS 4Co

WATER

Water
Our life
Our love
So cool
So clear
So peaceful
and quiet
Yet so rough
and so strong
Water

DEBRA RUSH 4Co

THE RIGHT TO DIE

Who am I,
And why am I
A withered old person
Whose life has been and gone
With drugs doing my living for me.

I can't laugh when I'm happy
Or cry when I'm sad
I have no power over my body
I am nobody.

What use to me is being alive
Why won't they let me die?
Please, I want to die with some pride left
Please someone hear me
Let me die.

CHRISTINE KEANY 5Ro

BADMINTON CLUB NOTES

The Badminton Club saw its first night in April and continued through until Labour weekend.

During the season we had two defeats, one from the Y.M.C.A. Badminton Club on a Monday night in the Gymnasium. The other defeat was, horrors of horrors, at the hand of the Tainui Intermediate. This was a good experience for the Badminton players.

We greatly appreciate the time given up by Mr Rollerson, Miss Critchley and Mrs Kirkman, who helped, encouraged and coached us.

CLUB CAPTAIN 4Mn

WAR

War is a day of sorrow
Hate, which is unloving,
Seeing land,
Full of Death.
Rivers tumbling like running
Blood, this is what war MEANS

PETER TEAUKURA 3Pr

SQUASH CLUB

During the term that our club played together, we had a lot of fun. There was good sportsmanship and friendliness all round. Although the club was small, we played against each other and got better and better. The club consisted of 8 or 9 permanent members and 2 or 3 that came on and off.

Mrs McLeod was a big help with coaching, and occasionally she played the odd game. Without her, I doubt whether there would have been a club at all. The members were: Mark Fenton, David Carnaby, Pamela Givins, Michelle Jonson, Ian Wotherspoon, Lant Harris, Toni Jonson, Neil Gray, Duncan Titjen.

CLUB MEMBERS

THE WAIKATO SECONDARY SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

On Saturday, the 16th of October, a group of four girls went to Taupo to represent our school at the Annual Waikato Secondary School Cross-Country Championships. Kathryn Clotworthy ran in the Intermediate Girls' age group while Dawn Young, Moana Griffith and Vanessa Larsen made up a team for the Junior Girls' age group.

Both of the age groups had to run 3000m (3km) over quite a demanding course. Our competitors found the competition very hard, but nevertheless did their best to bring honour to Forest View.

Kathryn Clotworthy ran very successfully, coming in 5th in a time of 13.5 minutes. The three girls in the Junior race also ran races to be proud of.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable day and a worthwhile experience for them all.

CAMERA CLUB '76

This year's members of the Camera Club were: C. Atmore, M. Crouch, D. Davy, I. Forbes, A. Hansen, N. Hanney, M. van Toledo, S. van Toledo.

The Camera Club started off to shock the photographic world, unfortunately it ended in a small quake. The Ilford Shield was to be our first break-through, but sorry to say, no one broke through. I don't remember seeing any masterpieces either... but with exams and other minor upsets it can be hard to be artistic with a camera (poor excuse, I know).

However, this year we have been very adventurous and have recently started experimenting with a high-powered microscope, magnifying mixed chemical substances to get attractive and pleasing pictures. Lectures on lenses, colour prints and their taking, inside and outside photography, flashes, and types of cameras, have all been given. But with all the excellent equipment we are lucky enough to have it's a pity we don't get more use out of it. Of course that has to do with us, but I don't think Mr Barrack would mind a few more members!

Of course, not all this year has been wasted and at one time there we almost got well and truly off the ground with the help of Mr Barrack. Portraits were the topic, and we all congregated at the Barrack household. We took portraits of the two Barrack children, using special lighting, etc. to get special effects.

We were also able to get hold of some interesting Kodak travel slides (to inspire us). These were chosen by a retired club member, J. Appleton. We all sat and wished we had taken them and passed the pop-corn.

Finally the Camera Club thanked Mr Barrack, for all his time and effort to teach us the basic and not so basic elements of photography. And you never know, one of these days we may shock all and come up with some really exciting photography.

Footnote: The Camera Club at least managed to produce some photography for the magazine.

APRIL HANSEN 4Ta

THE STALLION

A proud stallion walks out to the side of a cliff,
mane and tail flowing in the wind,
his coat shining like a torch.
He rears up to challenge life,
the valley remains still,
he stands king for another day.

JULIE BROCKWAY 5Wo

THE BACK STREET

A cat scampered behind an old battered rubbish bin. A scrawny seagull screeched threateningly at a stray dog who had happened to walk too close to his stored food. The dog, taking no notice of the seagull, sniffed on, determined to get some food inside his aching belly. Screeching even more savagely, the seagull circled over the dog's head, and not liking this at all, the dog made a quick swipe at the annoyed gull.

Pandemonium broke out! The gull, totally unprepared for the sudden backfire, drew back but immediately attacked with renewed vengeance. The cat behind the battered rubbish bin looked at the battle without much interest, and soon went back to its scavenging; uttering piercing shrieks, the gull defeated its opponent who went away sulking, tail between his legs.

Silence descended. A steady dripping from a broken drain pipe was the only sound. The air smelt slightly of salt from the nearby sea, but it was stale. No breeze found its way along the maze of backstreets, and the grey clouds that boomed overhead chilled everything. A row of rubbish bins stood forlornly, surrounded by bits of paper and food wastes. Over a tin of half-filled baked beans, flies swarmed. The back street was musty and dingy, as were many of the city's poorer areas.

Heavy footsteps sounded hollow on the grimy pavement. They echoed in the empty street. A tall, heavily built man sat on a rubbish tin and took out a newspaper. The bin creaked under his weight, and a rat fled to the safety of his hole. The whole street seemed to crouch and hold its breath, waiting. Even the busy seagull stopped tearing up its all-important food.

The steady breathing of the man and the impatient tattoo he tapped on the road, added to the feeling of 'stranger'. As if the seemingly hostile atmosphere was too much for the man, he got up and walked hurriedly out of the street.

The silence was restored once more.

NANCY VAN TOLEDO 5So

BUTTERFLY

The Butterfly
Green, Blue,
Black, Yellow, Red
He floats endlessly ahead
The Butterfly.

R.M. 3Pr

EUTHANASIA

My daughter Cheryl had a car crash six months ago and has been in hospital ever since. She had been in a coma since the night they brought her in. Cheryl is at the moment being drip fed and is on breathing apparatus. If they turned off this she would die. The doctors predicted that if she ever did come out of this alive she would most probably become a vegetable for the rest of her life.

Sid my husband, and I have been trying to get a lawyer to help us to turn off the apparatus so our daughter Cheryl will die in peace.

The lawyer decided to take the case and he started to investigate the subject. He talked to all the doctors and some of the nurses concerning Cheryl's condition. After getting all the evidence he filled out an application form for the Supreme Court.

About three months later our case came up and Sid and I had reporters swarming all over us at the time. Most people must have thought we had no heart for our only daughter. We were on television about three times saying why we thought it was the best thing to do, even though we knew in our hearts that we wanted her home, and well.

The first day in the Supreme Court it was all the routine thing, how the lawyer brings up the doctors and friends of ours. Sid went up there too. I think he was very upset over the whole episode. They were saying things about our relationship and his relationship with his daughter. When I went up I remember that I was terribly upset over the whole thing. The people asked me why I wanted to pull the plug, I said that it would be better for her in the long run.

This went on for weeks, they just couldn't come to a decision. They recalled doctors three times.

Then that day I remembered so well it was 14 May, 1975 the Supreme Court gave way to our request.

Two weeks later our daughter Cheryl died. In some way we all were relieved that she died without knowing what she would have become.

VICKI GREY 5Mc

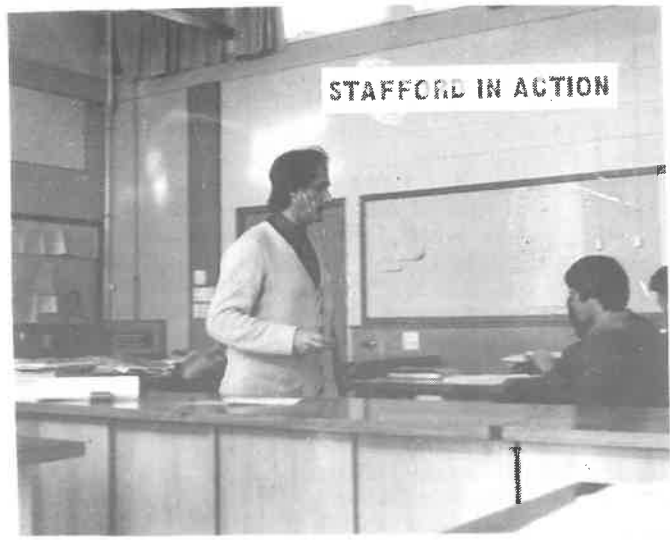
Alone

Alone!
I walk the streets
Pushing, shoving
People!
Not one of them here
Cares!

Only one person cares
He sits in heaven
Guiding all
Not lonely
While I down here
Suffer!

CAROLYN THAIN 4Co

**QUOTE FROM A PROMINENT PARLIMENTARIAN:
"Nit-Picking"**



STAFFORD IN ACTION



**MRS TE WANI AND THE MAORI CLUB:
"POISED UNDRESSED PERFORMANCE"**

MAORI CLUB ACTIVITIES 1976

Teachers: Mrs D. Te Wani and Mrs R. Taitoko.
 Assistance: Mr W. Kaua and Mrs K. Jones.
 Staunch supporters: Cecil Haycock (busdriver),
 Parpa Taitoko, Mr S. Te Wani, Mrs M. Edwards,
 Nana Maniapoto, Mr C. McAlpine and Mr and Mrs
 G.S. Wright.

Senior Group:

Tack Daniel (Leader), Noel Edwards, Eddie Lyttle, Clement Sefo, Gene Rahiri, David Te Miha, Samuel Marsden, Robert Housely, Kiwa Tongahau (guitarist), Leo Te Whiu, Thomas Butler, John Nikora, Amo Edwards (leader), Lucy Kopa, Sheryll Smith, Susan Kaua, Evelyn Smith, Christine Melligan, Christine Cavanagh, Frances Wright, Ellen Harrison, Polly Ngere, Sophie Kopa, Lorraine Tonga, Patricia Morgan, Myra Nikora, Gillian Ford.

We opened our Maori Club with approximately 86 members, which is one sixth of the school. We were then split up into two groups, the Seniors and Juniors.

We got off to a good start, when we had ideas of raising money for our uniforms. 'Frenzy', a great pop band, raised \$20 for us one lunchtime and eight days later on the 5th of March, they raised \$200 at a school social. We are most grateful to 'Frenzy' for starting off our money-raising efforts.

On the 11th of March, Rotorua was lucky enough to see us at their Polynesian Festival or were we lucky enough? One or the other.

From the 20th of July, and the three or four weeks that followed, we were the closest group in the school. Practice, practice, and more practice. This work was for a Secondary School Festival held in Turangi on the 5th of August. We didn't come back with a trophy, but that which was in our hearts was bigger than any prize.

We left on the Friday and were welcomed at Waihi by the fantastic locals. It was an official welcome and we received a kai afterwards! You could have as many helpings as you wanted.



Tack Daniels, John Nikora, Eddie Little,
 Clement Sefo, Gene Rahiri



We stayed at the Korohe Marae. We would like to thank the tangatawhenua of that marae for their most welcomed hospitality. The competition was actually held in the Tongariro High School gymnasium. Before the performance there were knees knocking, arms shaking and butterflies galore. We seemed to get through it all right though. We left the Sunday after meeting Whakatane High School on Friday night, and Melville High School on the Saturday. They were our marae mates and great mates they were too. Five o'clock on Sunday, a dusty bus turned up with forty-five sound asleep people on it (including the busdriver).

On the 11th August 1976, we gave a Powhiri to thirty students from Massey University at Tokoroa High School. This was arranged by Mr W. Kaua.

On the 11th September 1976 we joined the fourth form art class on a trip to Hamilton. When we arrived, it was straight to Hui Te Rangiora Marae. We met up with Melville High School again, I'm sure it was arranged but if it was, we were glad of it. After a much appreciated picnic, we took a quick look at Founders Theatre. I'm positive the Manager gave Mrs Taitoko some money, whether it was to get us out of there or maybe we were so good he wanted to keep us there, I'll never know.

Recently on the 18th of October, we welcomed Matiu Rata to the Pulp and Paper Club, where he gave an interesting talk on Maori land.

At the moment we are practising for a concert to be held at the Tainui Intermediate School on Friday, November 12, 1976.

By the time this is printed our concert will be over and I can only hope that it will have been a success. If past activities are any indication we will certainly enjoy it.

So on this note may I wish you all a very happy holiday and lots of success in the new year.

HE MIHI — Na nga Kai Whakaako.

He mihi tenei ki a maua tamariki, o te roopu Haka o te Kura nei. It te wa haere ai matou i waenganui i a tauwi, i nga marae tauhou, i nga wahi tawhiti, tino whaka miharo maua ki a ratou mo te pai o ta ratou haere. He mihi atu hoki ki nga matua mo te awhina mai i a matou i tenei tau.

Tena koutou katoa — Ma te matua nui i te rangi tatou katoa e manaaki.

Na Te Kawenata Taitoko
 raua Ko Doreen Te Wani

SENIOR TRAMPING CLUB

The Tramping Club's membership has varied from 5 to 14 pupils. We always take our cook (Miss Begbie), our First Aid Nurse (Miss Connors) and our Walkie-Talkie Compass (Mr Barrack).

This year we have had six trips. All have been fun, some more than others.

Four of our six trips have been in the snow, two up Mt Ngaruahoe, two in the Waipakihi area, one on Table Top Mountain (Kauranga) and one at Blyth Hut, Ruapehu.

We have had mountain safety and climbing included this year and are all looking forward to the first tramp next year.

We would like to thank Mr Barrack, Miss Connors, Miss Begbie and all the people who have participated in our tramps.



MOUNT NGAURUHOE Photo taken by W. Lumsden

SNOW

Crisp, cold, soft — snow
Falling endlessly
Forming white carpets upon green grass.

TINA HOWARTH
4Co

BEAUTY IN THE HERON

The white heron moves gracefully through
the sky.
Casting a shadow on the earth below
As it stands as a beautiful white picture
against the blue sky.
The sun rolls on as the heron flies
When it glides through the wide sky
And moves to a halt as the night casts a
Shadow over the heron.

HOWARD BRIGHT 3Md.

JUNIOR HOCKEY REPORT

Playing for their first season, our team went off to a roaring start, travelling over to Rotorua to play Rotorua Lakes. We won 4-1. We stayed at home the next weekend coming up against McKillop College, where we also won 6-2. But the next weekend was a disaster . . . we travelled to Rotorua, to play Rotorua Girls' High School. We played a mixed grades side and went down 3-19. The following weekend R.G.H.S. visited us with just the junior team and we went down again 2-4. During the next week Hillcrest, from Hamilton, visited F.V.G.S. and with a mixed grades side, once again we went down 2-3. Finally things came right and for the third and last time we played R.G.H.S. and beat them 5-2. The Sunday after this we attended a seven-a-side hockey tournament at the Tokoroa Memorial Sportsground. That day we played three games and lost every one. The next Saturday McKillop defaulted to us. The next week Rotorua Lakes came to visit and beat us 3-5. The next week we had a visit from Western Heights and drew nil all. The next week we travelled to Western Heights and drew 2-2, then we decided to have a friendly game in the third term and drew once again 2-2, so we decided to play into extra time and after seven minutes F.V. scored a goal, making it 3-2.

Altogether we played ten games with four wins, three losses, two draws and one default.

SUSAN HALL 4Co

FIRE

Dancing to imaginary music,
Through the forests full of trees,
Burning all that is before him,
Leaping, bounding, with the breeze.

G. BOWERS 3Br

SWIMMING TEAM

The team that represented Forest View High School at the Waikato Secondary Swimming Sports in Hamilton did extremely well, considering that only about one third of the team consisted of Swimming Club members. Some members won their heats, but unfortunately did not get any placings in the actual finals.

Three members qualified to go to Palmerston North for the North Island Championships. They were: Edward Baker, Michelle Hocquard and Neil Gray. Unfortunately Edward Baker did not go because he was unavailable. Michelle entered the Freestyle races and Neil entered the Breast-stroke. They did not get any placings, but they were up against top swimmers.

SUSAN BAKER

DESCRIPTION OF A FACTORY

Monstrous tall buildings; huge steel machines working non-stop all day, pounding out an object every second.

Irritating noises are heard throughout the factory. Workers working ceaselessly keeping the factory going, making sure these manmade machines keep production rolling.

A costly business and a profitable living for the man who started the factory and went into business.

There's also the bad part of the factory. Pollution coming out of the factory chimneys, pollution coming from the trucks and the many machines which have to keep the operation going.

Tall sheds are made for storage and there are rooms for stacking and preparing goods ready for export. Garages are set up to cope with the company's many tractors, vehicles like huge trucks, that can carry a huge mass of weight. There are trainee buildings for school leavers who want a trade, and who might become part of that company as an employer. There are business offices, amongst the many buildings in the factory layout.

Workers all over town have a great responsibility in running the factory, and keeping production booming. They depend on the factory and the other countries buying their products. Factories can cost a lot of money, especially machinery, which can cost over fifty thousand dollars.

TONY WINIKEREI 5Wo

FIRE

Flickering wildley
Dancing orange and red
Leaping, moving as if alive.

TINA HOWARTH
4Co

LONELINESS

What is loneliness?
Who knows,
Who cares?
Does anyone?
What does a lonely old woman think?
Alone she sits,
Knitting small socks,
That no one will wear.
She's just a dreamer
What's the young man thinking?
Standing on the highway
Thumbing a ride to no-where,
Alone!
He lives in a world of his own.
What about the woman?
Sitting by the phone every night.
He doesn't ring,
He won't even write,
She is all alone.
That is what it's all about
Loneliness.

MICHELLE JONSON 4Co

PRESENT — DAY ICARUS

The sun's heat was now at its peak. The lonely figure of a boy, not much older than five years was standing high up on the cliff edge.

He was not lost, nor lonely, but puzzled. Puzzled at the beauty of the sea-side scavengers, which cut the air with what seemed like razor-sharp wings.

Using either wing as a form of rudder, they pivoted themselves about, slicing enormous circles in the air, then plummeted to the jagged rocks five hundred feet below.

Bewildered by the feats of flying without the aid of any man-made contraptions, the young boy's imagination began to run wild. He saw himself as the first mortal to achieve the art of flying without artificial means of support.

Oh what a beautiful sight, he thought. To actually witness himself soaring through the air, to be a part of nature, to experience flying, with no strings attached.

No parachute, no — no mattress to land on, should anything go wrong while he was experimenting.

The thought of his experimenting going wrong brought his daydreaming to an abrupt end.

The thought of falling to his doom shocked him back to reality so fast that it just about knocked him into the future. He thought he'd better leave flying to the birds, and that he'd stroll home and just dream about his adventure.

When the time to go home came, he discovered that he was in a new danger. His young but stout, stubby legs would not budge an inch. It was if they had willed themselves not to move.

How ironic, he thought. Maybe this was a sign from — from heaven knows where. But supposing I'm the one who's meant to make history by flying, he thought.

Then he found that his legs were back in working condition again and that they had not seized up on him after all.

Funny, he thought. Why did they start to function when he started to think about flying? This thought was just too much for the young fellow. He prepared to join his finely-feathered friends in the sky.

He had finally made up his mind to commit himself.

In a split second he was standing on the very edge of the cliff-face all ready and rearing to go.

He moved his arms out, so that they were at a ninety degree angle to his chest and parallel to the ground. Then, he started to beat his arms furiously in an up and down motion. He remembered that this was what the birds did before they were in the sky, taming the winds, and flowing with the sea current.

Then, with an almighty leap, he took off.

To his amazement, he found he was going down instead of up. He was thinking of evasive action to take, to save himself from those jagged rocks below.

AUGUST SEFO 5Mc

EXPERIENCING A TRIP

Slowly travelling through the body,
Around the veins — to the brain.
Suddenly!
The world is full of bright colours
And pictures are so unrealistically and
grotesquely distorted.
Colours are vivid and sending shivers through the
body,
right to the bone.
Slowly the colours melt away
The body lies limp and clammy,
The thrill is gone
Barely living...
but just hanging on
Enough for one more trip
One more day...
of suffering

ANGELA KITHER 4Co

A SHOOTER'S BEST FRIEND

The stubby tail stilled in tense anticipation of
the game that lay in the thick blackberry growth.

Not a muscle twitched or gave an inch from the
expectant point. From the white whiskered muzzle
to the wispy length of fur sprouting from the
quivering tail. Nothing revealed the excitement
the young pointer bitch experienced.

The safety catch of the twelve gauge clicked
forward, quietly assuring the shooter that his gun
was ready for use, and he lifted it to his shoulder,
prepared for the game which would surely reveal
itself in the moments to come.

"Go on then," he urged his dog.

The bitch's excitement was released like a
tightly coiled spring and she leapt forward, her
short tail widely cutting through the air.

With a violent flapping of wings, a startled cock
pheasant, interrupted in the middle of preening
himself, took flight.

The thrilled pointer stood fixedly watching the
bird, transfixed by the sight and still savouring the
exhilarating scent as her master, forgotten for the
time being, lined up his weapon on the crowing
cock, and emptied a charge at the fleeing bird.
The pheasant began to fall to the ground, flapping
in the air. The shooter, realising the bird was only
wounded, mercifully put the bird out of its misery
with a second shot, so that the bird was dead
before it hit the ground.

"Fetch girl," prompted the dog's master,
pleased with his shooting but he was a little late,
for his keen dog was already in pursuit of the
dropped game, directed by her nose.

The eager bitch quickly located the bird,
emerging from the blackberries with the warm
pheasant firmly in her mouth.

Victoriously, the pointer presented the splendid
bird, its feathers shining in the sun, to her master.
Then, once satisfied her game was safe in the
hand of her capable master, she settled down
snuffling, to rid herself of the feathers which were
annoyingly tickling her nose.

MARK ARMSTRONG 4Co

HATE!!!

The screams flooded the sky
The bombs polluted the Earth
The smells of slaughter and sounds
Of hatred mingled
Hatred spread like a wild forest
Fire
Consuming what it could.

CHERYL NIKORA 3Sy

COLOURS

Daddy did you know grass was blue,
No son, grass is green, just like your eyes,
What is blue?
Blue is like the sky on a hot summer's day.

Daddy, is the sun red,
No son, the sun is a blazing yellow,
like your mother's new dress,
Then what colour is red?
Red is the colour of blood.

K. PIERCE 3Md

OUTCAST

Social Punishment
For a misfit and loner
Discarded, then forgotten.

KIM CLARKIN 4Co

FOURTEEN

You lie there stiffening in the dust,
Blood seeping from your wounds and mingling
with clay red
Of sun scorched ground.
A trooper kneeling at your head,
Tears spilling on your face and running down your
cheek.
You never notice them and never will again.

The mourner cries, a silent sound
From lips parched by the sun and shock.
His bullet lies embedded there
In human form, in ugly tear
The ending of a life.

Tragic thought that such a lad
Could make a mistake so fatal.
What made you do it, change your life
By marching into battle?
Was it shame, the chance for glory?
To clear dishonoured names?
Did you think war was so innocent
Like you — a boyish game?

The man rising from your side, so bitter
Knows the truth, and almost envies you.
For you thought that you could see the answers
But you never really knew.

CHRISTINE ATMORE 5So

ATHLETICS RESULTS

WAIKATO CROSS COUNTRY (Taupo)
Intermediate Girls — K. Clotworthy 5th

MID-ISLAND CROSS COUNTRY (Mangakino)
Junior Girls — Teams Event 4th
Intermediate Girls — K. Clotworthy 4th
V. Larsen 10th
Teams event 3rd
Senior Girls — T. McClintock 9th
W. Bowers 12th
Junior Boys — P. Jenkins 8th
Teams event 5th
Intermediate Boys — D. Bright 9th
Teams event 4th

WAIKATO ATHLETICS
Junior Girls Long Jump — L. Peet 1st 4.62m
Junior Boys Long Jump — G. Clarkin 3rd 4.91m

MID-ISLAND ATHLETICS

Girls Junior Long Jump — L. Peet 1st 4.45m
Girls Junior High Jump — V. Larsen 2nd
Girls Junior 100m — V. Larsen 3rd

to WAIKATO COMPETITION

Boys Junior 400m — G. Rahiri 2nd
Boys Junior 1500m — G. Matheson 2nd
Boys Junior Long Jump — G. Clarkin 2nd
Boys Junior High Jump — E. Little 1st 1.54m
Boys Junior Triple Jump — L. Parker 1st
10.14m

MAIN INTERSECONDARY SWIMMING SPORTS (Putaruru)

Michele Hocquard, Neil Grey, Eddie Baker

INTERSECONDARY SWIMMING CHAMPION- SHIPS (Palmerston North)

Neil Grey, Michele Hocquard

IDENTITY

The skies grow gray
Dark and furious as the winds blow
The God of the people has come,
to claim another life from
This land called Aotearoa
To cast up from this land
To take in his hands
To carry to his lands of happiness

God above who created
This land and us
We who have used and wasted it
We who have killed it slowly
We who die with the land
We — who are we?
We think we know
But do we?

LYNDA MARSHALL 5Y0

7th GRADE RUGBY

1976 proved to be another successful season for the Forest View 7th Grade. We entered the 1976 local competition. Under Mr B. Hayson's coaching, we quickly developed a winning combination and we proved this by winning by a large margin in many of our games in the local competition.

Sam Marsden was a fast loose forward ably supported by the hard core of the pack. Laurie Parker was the pick of the backs; he proved this by scoring ten tries for the season. The team would particularly like to thank our coach, Mr B. Hayson for all the time and patience he gave us to make the season an enjoyable one. Especially his effort in making sure we had transport to our games away. We know now why Mr Hayson lost a lot of hair during the season, through worrying about transport. Also thanks to the parents who rallied to assist with cars. Special thanks to Mr J. Edwards with the "Golden Holden".

BY CHRIS KAUA

Successful points scorers for Forest View

Sevenths were:	
Samuel Marsden	59
Laurance Parker	40
Chris Kaua	36
Andrew Crooks	24
Des Harris	17
Robert Wilson	12
Tony Pye	8
Joe Cook	8
Alan Smith	4
Mark Martin	4
Paul Edwards	2

In club competition the team scored 201 points and had 87 points scored against it.

B. J. HAYSON

INTERMEDIATE GIRLS HOCKEY TEAM

Gaylene Kirkman, centre forward, Carolyn Thain, left inner, Susan Peters, left winger, Maree Hancock, right inner, Nicolette Prangley (captain), centre half, Tina Howarth, left half, Gillian Worth, right half, Helen Overes, left back, Sherrie Thompson, right back, Gillian Ford, goaly, Julie Fish, reserve, Mr Kither Coach.

We started the season off pretty well, with a few upsets later on in the season we won six games and lost two and drew two. We had our full share of wet weather games this season. We improved our standards and this year managed to squeeze into second place in the intermediate competition. Over all we think our team did rather well.

C. THAIN & M. HANCOCK



BROWNE OFF



LOST: ONE HOCKEY GAME BY STUDENTS



BILLY SEVI

SCHOOL DIARY

FEBRUARY

- 2 — The staff held their first meeting of the year.
- 3 — The "experienced" members of the school, i.e. the Fourth and Fifth Formers, returned to their old haunts.
- 4 — The patter of tiny feet gave the Third Formers away — their evident excitement caused several sniggers on the part of our Senior Citizens.
- 6 — Waitangi Day. Freedom after two whole days of gruelling work.
- 19 — Some of the braver pupils stuck toes in the water at the Swimming Sports held at the Memorial Swimming Pool. Theories that the staff really are fools were proved at last in a special event. Weather perfect.

MARCH

- 3 — Visit from the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Waikato, Doctor D. R. Llewellyn and Assistant Registrar, Mr J. Day, to talk to Fifth Former. No doubt they were rather disappointed to find that there were no budding geniuses in our midst.
- 5 — First social at Forest View — a great day in the short history of the school. Arranged by Mr McAlpine — group Frenzy". Proceeds went to the Maori Club.
- 6 — Intersecondary swimming sports. Creditable performances given by M. Hocquard, N. Grey, E. Baker.
- 17 — Mid-Island Athletic Sports at Putaruru. Forest View proved a formidable competitor — placings in three events.
- 22 — Peter Cooper piano recital. 'Chaos' seems the most adequate word for this event.
- 27 — Waikato Secondary School Athletic Championships at Hamilton. F.V. can be proud of its sportsmen and women.
North Island Secondary School Swimming Championship's at Palmerston North. F.V. represented by two swimmers.

APRIL

- 2 — Ray Price Jazz Quintet performance at Tainui Intermediate — a good excuse to get out of some school-work.
End of first Third Form quarter.
- 24 — First game for F.V.'s Boy's Hockey team.
- 26 — Fifth Form exams started. Need we say more?
- 30 — Mrs MacLeod took the plunge — wedded bliss?

MAY

- 7 — End of Term 1.
- 24 — Beginning of Term II. Moans and groans accompanied the first few days before everyone settled down to — work?

JUNE

- 1 — Fifth Form Report Evening. It is suspected that several parents didn't find out about it until too late.
- 10 — Fifth Form History class and Fourth Form Social Studies class went to Rongomaipapa Marae.
- 14 — Department of Education inspectors at F.V. for a week. Unfortunately, this meant a whole week of work and good behaviour — difficult for some, but we all pulled through, nevertheless.
- 16 — Dr. Mitchell, the Warden of the Outward Bound School and Mr Ron Giles, Tokoroa's Outward Bound representative, came to tell our Fifth Formers how to kill themselves with fitness in a few easy steps.
- 18 — Airforce Recruiting Officer interviewed several prospective students. End of Second Third Form quarter and end of first semester.
- 21 — Beginning of a week of exams for Third and Fourth Formers — Fifth Formers weren't very sympathetic. In fact, they were rather pleased.
- 22 — Careers Evening for Fifth Formers at Tokoroa High School. They're trying to get rid of us already
- 30 — Fred Truman, National Soccer Coach was here — no soccer stars in our lot, I'm afraid.

JULY

- 6 — Jacqueline Teto arrived from Tahiti. During her stay several Fifth Form French students made fools of themselves trying to communicate.
- 9 — Mufti Day. Proceeds went to the TV 2 Telethon.
- 20 — Third and Fourth Form Report Evening. Several glum faces around the next day.
- 21 — Boys' teams went to Hamilton Boy's High School.
- 27 — Mr Churchill from the Cancer Society showed a film and gave a talk about cancer. With any luck he may have put a few of our chain-smokers off for a while.
- 29 — Fifth Formers from Tokoroa High School invited to our social. Not as much of a success as our first.

AUGUST

- 2 — Second term exams for Fifth Formers. However, the time off before and after exams ALMOST made it worth while.
- 7 — F.V. Maori Club went to compete in the South Auckland Secondary Schools Maori Festival Competitions at Turangi. They suffered a little from stage fright, but a good effort from all.
- 10 — Visit from Hillcrest High sports teams. The rain and wind didn't help enthusiasm but nevertheless all teams played well.
- 11 — "Operation Tree-Plant": Tree-planting around the school got off to a good start.
- 12 — Maori Club went to Tokoroa High to give an official Maori welcome to a party from Massey University.
- 20 — End of Term II — the gruelling middle term is over at last.

SEPTEMBER

- 13 — Beginning of Term III.
- 14 — Mr W. Kaua spoke to Maori and Island pupils about Maori pre-employment and trade training.

OCTOBER

- 1 — Third social of the year.
- 5 — Fourth Form Art and Maori Studies pupils journeyed to Hamilton to view Maori Art. Also went to Founder's Theatre and Marae.
- 9 — Mid-Island cross-country races at Mangakino — great effort by all.

- 13 — A highly successful workday raised upwards of \$2000 . . . smug satisfaction all round.

- 16 — Waikato cross-country championships at Taupo. A fifth placing for K. Clotworthy.
- 21 — Sports Teams photos — much combing of hair and straightening of uniforms.
- 27 — Talk by Graeme Dingle, mountaineer.

NOVEMBER

- 10 — Public Speaking Contest Finals.
- 18 — Third and Fourth Form end of year exams.
- 22 — School Certificate exams begin.

DECEMBER

- 8 — Break-up and Prizegiving.

QUOTES FOR TEACHERS

- MR THAIN — The people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.
- MR BARRACK — Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.
- MR STAFFORD — Mad, bad, and dangerous to know.
- MR SOMMERVILLE — Gentlemen prefer blondes.
- MR HAYSON — If die I must, let me die drinking in an inn.
- MR KHOO — The half is greater than the whole.
- MR BROWN — You made me love you, but I didn't want to do it.
- MR PRESTON — The Call of the Wild.
- MR McALPINE — The human knee is a joint and not an entertainment.
- MR WOLFE — The life is so short the craft so long to learn.
- MR STACEY — Horny handed sons of toil?
- MR KITHER — Business first, pleasure after.
- MR JONES — Deliberate speed, majestic instancy
- MISS CRITCHLEY — I shall return.
- MISS CONNORS — Here I am and here I stay.
- MRS SLADE — The embarrassing young.
- MISS HOLMES — The world is a fine place and worth fighting for.
- MRS O'BRIEN — Come up and see me some time.
- MRS McLEOD — I feel a feeling I feel you all feel.
- MISS BEGBIE — Tell me, pretty maiden, are there anymore at home like you?
- MRS WILLIAMSON — I rage, I melt, I burn.
- MRS McKITTRICK — Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay-
- MRS McLEAN — Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.
- MRS YOUNG — What is not clear is not German.
- MRS DENTON — This lass so neat, with smile so sweet.
- MRS HARRIS — I am the very pink of courtesy.
- MRS SHAW — I knew a gentle maid, flower of the hazel glade.
- MRS TAITOKO — The violet of her native land.
- MRS TE WANI — Floodgate of the deeper heart.
- MRS CROCKER — What an artist dies with me.
- MR NICHOLSON (gardener) — Who in his person acts on his own creations.
- MRS BRIGHTING (librarian) — All quiet on the western front.
- MRS THAIN (secretary) — The statements were interesting but tough.
- MR AND MRS ROLLERSON — How to be happy though married.
- MR AND MRS KEYSERS (caretakers) — A mushroom of bailing dust up to 20,000 feet.
- QUOTE FOR AUTHORS — Satire being levelled at all is never resented for an offence by any.

S.B., R.B., M.P., 5Mc

EMU

Emu
Big, fast
Long-necked, feathery
He runs like the wind
Emu.

3Ad: MISS C. ANDREW

ARBUCKLE, Dorothy C.
 CATT, Kara L.
 CHASE, Esther
 *COOK, Christine E.
 de THIERRY, Debbie
 FULLER, Joanne M.
 GRIFFIN, Moana
 HEAVENER, Joanne C.
 HILL, Nicola A.
 KING, Brenda C.
 LAMBERTON, Dianne M.
 OKEROA, Toni
 SHANNON, Robyn J.

BEARD, William
 van der BEEK, Jeroen G.M.
 CRICKETT, Kelvin N.
 DANIELS, Willa
 HILL, Ross G.
 MARSHALL, Grant S.
 PINKERTON, Leslie R.
 POMARE, Denis
 SIKKING, Michael
 SLOOT, Mario F.
 SWINDLEHURST, Kevin L.
 THEUNISSEN, Enrico C.G.
 THOMPSON, Selwyn
 WALLACE, Joseph (Joey) A.G.

**3Br: MISS K.J. BRADLEY/
MR J.M. BROWN**

COOPER, Anne
 FOSTER, Carrie-Anne
 HAWKINS, Kyra
 JOYCE, Bronwyn
 JULIAN, Stephanie
 LARSEN, Vanessa
 LEE, Robyn
 LUCAS, Debra-Ann (Debbie)
 McEWEN, Sheryl
 McLEOD, Shirley
 MORRIS, Sandra L.
 MYERS, Marie-Therese
 PAHURU, Susan
 SMYTH, Sonya
 TAYLOR, Sheryl L.

ADAMS, David L.
 BEACH, Roydon
 BLAND, Michael H.
 BOWERS, Gordon A.
 BUTLER, Thomas T.
 CARRUCAN, Michael J.
 CAWOOD, Shaun
 CLOTHWORTHY, Kevin
 CLOVER, Gary L.
 KERBERS, Ilmars
 MARTIN-SMITH, Vincent J.
 PARKER, Lawrence J.
 PEASE, David
 SOLOMON, Harry

3Ki: MR P.W. KITHER

BALFOUR, Wendy A.
 DRAGOVICH, Sandra G.
 FENTON, Shona
 FRANK, Mary-Anne
 JONSON, Lynne M.
 DALLEY, Sharon
 MARWOOD, Debbie A.
 PEPPERELL, Janine
 RAHIRI, Hayley M.
 STEWART, Julie A.
 TONGA, Raewyn T.
 WAIREPO, Huia E.
 MINHINNICK, Anita

ALLEN, Henry A.
 BURK, Graeme C.
 COOK, Joseph
 CROCKER, Austin
 DANIELS, Wayne A.
 DUVAL, Bobby K.
 FRY, Christopher
 HARTMAN, John M.
 IVES, Stephen M.
 JOHNSTON, Dean
 KELLY, Shane J.
 MEREDITH, Robert R.
 MURRAY, Tuhaka F.
 RICHARDS, Damon B.
 SAFE, Gary K.

3Kh: MR K.H. KOO

ALGER, Susan F.
 FISK, Georgina D.
 GIVINS, Pamela R.
 KAAHO, Gail M.
 MEAR, Glenis F.M.
 PETHERICK, Joy E.
 PYE, Sandra F.
 TAUTE, Norma
 WEST, Lauri L.
 YOUNG, Dawn M.S.

BERNERS, Gregory M.
 COOPER, Richard S.
 DALE, Phillip J.
 DUNLEVEY, David R.
 FERGUSON, Rex T.
 McILROY, Geoffrey (Geoff) M.
 McLEAN, Robert M.
 MAHIA, Thomas Te P
 MOHI, Nuka (Butchie)
 MUNDAY, Geoffrey
 PRIME, Kevin R.
 RATA, Morgan
 RUSH, Graeme
 RUSSELL, Patrick (Ricky)
 STAVERT, Gordon G.
 TAYLOR, David
 WILSON, Cedric

3Md: MRS R. McLEOD

CRIPPS, Margaret
 FENTON, Cheryl A.
 FLEET, Deanna
 HOCQUARD, Michelle J.
 JENKINS, Debbie M.
 McLEAN, Kim A.
 MOTU, Heather L.
 OLDING, Denise W.
 PIERCE, Karen M.
 POWELL, Jillian K.
 STUART, Tracy M.

BREUER, Robbie
 BRIGHT, Howard
 CARLSON, Barry R.
 CORBETT, Dean A.
 FARRAR, Andrew J.
 *GERAETS, Cornelius W.
 HOWARTH, Robert
 KAUA, Christopher A.
 KENNEDY, Keith S.
 MARSDEN, Clayton J.
 MATSON, Lesley B.N.
 NIKORA, John H.
 PAPA, Joseph P.
 PONGA, John L.
 PUTERANGI, Mannie T.
 SMITH, Barry
 van de VEN, Franciscus (Frank) D.J.

3Ob: MRS J.A. O'BRIEN

ALLEY, Christine A.
 ARMSTRONG, Hailey
 BILLING, Denise
 BRYANT, Debbie
 DAVIDSON, Kay M.
 DUNN, Jennifer (Jenny) A.
 GORDON, Sheryl
 HALSEY, Catherine (Cathy) M.
 HARRIS, Debra-Anne
 JONSON, Toni
 KIRKMAN, Gaylene T.
 MUNDEN, Susan
 PAPICH, Mandy
 TOWERS, Jan
 VERSTAPPEN, Monique J.

BEALE, Colin G.
 CLARKIN, Gavin P.
 CLOTWORTHY, Stuart C.
 *CORCORAN, T. John
 DARGAVILLE, Robert P.
 EDWARDS, Paul J.
 ELLIS, Adrian
 HARRIS, Robert
 JENKINS, Peter
 *JENKINSON, Mathew
 NUTTALL, Craig A.
 PUDSEY, Richard J.
 RAFFERTY, John

3Pr-MR C.N. PRESTON

ANNETT, Linda
 *GREEN, Karen
 HEMARA, Kiri
 IORANGI, M. Vena
 JOHNSON, Dianne
 KING, Sandra C.
 KOPA, T. Sophie
 SARDELICH, Jill L.
 SEYMOUR, S. Ruth
 SHORTLAND, Joanne M.
 TURNWALD, Jan M.
 WHEELER, Janine
 BEKKERS, Rodney D.

ELLIS, Andrew
 MARSTON, Robert J.
 MORGAN, Clive W.
 MUNRO, Donald A.
 NICHOLSON, Richard T.
 PADDY, Michael
 PARSONS, Alexander (Alex)
 *PEMBERTON, Allan
 PUMPHRY, Warren J.
 QUIRKE, Peter T.
 SMITH, Alan T.
 *SMITH, Rexie
 TE AUKURA, Peter J.
 WAEREA, Aaron
 MORRISON, Christopher J.A.

3Sy: MR P.J. STACEY**4Co MISS T.A. CONNORS****4Ho: MISS L. HOLMES**

ALOIAI, Mataleua
 EDE, Deidre C.
 DITTMER, Sandra
 HAMILTON, Catherine A.
 JONES, Wendy M.
 LANG, Dennise E.
 NIKORA, Cheryl A.T.
 PLESTED, Robyn A.
 PUDNEY, Dianne T.
 SAUNDERS, Karen J.
 SMITH, Lisa K.
 TE AO, Kura
 THOMPSON, Patricia A.

BURR, Dianne L.
 CLARKIN, Kim P.
 HALL, Susan M.
 HANCOCK, Maree D.
 HOWARTH, Tina W.
 JONSON, Michelle L.
 KITHER, Angela J.
 MORRIS, Glynnis M.
 *PEET, Lynda
 RUSH, Debra
 SMITH, Wendy M.
 THAIN, Carolyn F.
 TURNWALD, Patricia M.
 VAN TOLEDO, Sharon
 WITHEY, Maree D.
 WORTH, Gillian H.

BOURKE, Joanne
 BOYCE, Kim
 FARRAR, Joanne
 *KEANEY, Marie
 LE FORT, Wendy A.
 LITTLE, Charlene
 MARSH, Robyn M.
 MORGAN, Sheryl
 PORTER, Lee
 RUDELL, Anne
 SHANNON, Bronwyn J.
 TUAKEU, Paeru
 WALKER, Robyn C.
 WAUGH, Janet
 WHARERAU, Cheryl A.

EMILE, Albert P.
 FOSTER, Steven A.J.
 HILL, Garry W.
 HOOD, Garry C.
 IORANGI, Puni
 *LARGE, Anthony P.
 *LOGAN, Peter
 MOULDER, Paul J.
 NOOROA, Leokotai
 PELLEW, Steven
 POPPE, Herbert D.
 SAYWELL, Kenneth G.
 SCOUSE, Reginald V.
 TE HIKO, Alan
 *TIPENE, Arapeta

ARMSTRONG, Mark I.
 *BLAIR, Alan W.
 CARNABY, David A.
 CUMMING, Robert E.
 GOLDSMITH, Ramon W.
 HARRIS, Desmond
 JOYCE, Rodney
 PYE, Tony R.
 RENOWDEN, Alan
 SIMPSON, David
 STEVENS, Roberto A.M.
 WAIREPO, Ivan K.H.
 WATERSON, Andrew D.

DAVIS, Neil
 DICKINSON, Dennis
 *GERAETS, Louis
 GRIFFIN, Ian
 GROOT, Neil
 HIGGINS, Michael
 JAMES, Colin
 MATHESON, Grant
 RICHARDS, Brett
 SIKKING, Ronald
 TITJEN, Duncan
 WOTHERSPOON, Neville

4Mn: MRS McLEAN**4R1: MRS D. ROLLERSON****4Sh: MRS M. SHAW**

AUSTIN-CAMPBELL, Terry A.
 BURNS, Andrew L.
 DAVY, David L.
 DEBBENHAM, Timothy
 FORBES, Ian J.
 HANNAY, Nigel V.
 HILL, Rex
 HOUSLEY, Robert
 JONES, Mark L.
 MEYRICK, Alan
 MOULDER, Geoffrey J.
 SHANNON, Richard
 TANGOHAU, Kiwa
 WALKER, Craig J.

ANQUETIL, Heidi
 APPLETON, Joanna
 CLOTWORTHY, Kathryn
 KLINAC, Lorna
 LEAU, Doreen
 McCLINTOCK, Tracey
 MANNING, May
 MARSH, Robyn
 MAREITI, Ina
 PLESTED, Kay
 PRANGLEY, Nicolette
 RANGER, Jan
 RUSSELL, Connie
 *SIMPSON, Robina
 TE PAKI, Leeanne
 *UNDERWOOD, Audrey

ARBUCKLE, Debbie
 CAVANAGH, Christine
 COOMBS, Glenda
 COOPER, Kura
 GREEN, Brenda
 GUYTON, Jeanine
 HENRY, Jackie
 JOE, Sandra
 KING, Vicki
 QUIRKE, Theresa
 REID, Paulette
 SINTON, Veronica
 YEOMAN, Julie-Anne

ASHWORTH, Robyn M.
 BENNETT, Denise N.
 *BLAIR, Glenys A.
 *BOMFORD, Natalie
 CODLIN, Dawn
 FRETHEY, Caroline
 HARRISON, Ellen
 JONES, Tracey L.
 KIRKMAN, Raewyn
 McCULLOCH, Anne Marie
 McDONALD, Christine A.
 McPHAIL, Jennifer
 STAFFORD, Allyson J.
 WOOD, Lynda
 WRIGHT, Frances E.

BLOOMFIELD, Dennis
 CARRUTHERS, Bill
 CAMERON, Mark
 COOK, Luke
 CROOKS, Andrews
 DEAN, David
 DUMPHY, Richard
 FENTON, Mark
 MARTIN, Mark
 PURCHASE, Kevin
 PUTOKO, Jimmy
 SMYTH, Paul
 SOLOMON, Russell
 TERA, John
 *THOMAS, Anthony
 TE HIKO, Paul
 WOTHERSPOON, Ian

BARNETT, Chris
 CLARKIN, Phillip
 HANCOCK, Earle
 MAGILL, Ian
 MATHYSSEN, John
 *MEAR, Robbie
 NEWELL, Trevor
 SUTHERLAND, Grant M.
 WEST, Alan
 WHINNEY, Ian
 WILSON, Robert

4S1: MR W.H. STAFFORD

ATKINS, Sandra
 DANIELS, Debbie
 EDWARDS, Amo
 *HART, Sandra A.
 IRELAND, Glenda
 *HOHAIA, Sarah
 KAUA, Susan
 KELLY, Joy
 McLEAN, Karen
 MELLIGAN, Christine
 MORGAN, Catherine
 NGERE, Polly L.
 SMITH, Evelyn
 POIHIPI, Sandra L.
 SPENCE, Sandra
 *TE AO, Tumataara
 TONGA, Lorraine

TUNUPOPO, Fellisite
 VAN DEN BROEK, Wendy

BAKER, Edward
 *CARLSON, Don
 EVERSON, Colin
 GRAY, Neil
 *GRIFFIN, Raymond
 HENRY, John
 HIGGINS, Patrick
 IRELAND, Tony
 IORANGI, Lance
 JOHNSON, Kenneth
 PIERCY, Ian
 TE WHIU, Leo
 TUAFEU, Pilato
 MOHI, Moses
 WINIKERI, Andrew

4Ta: MRS TAITOKO

BENGE, Sharlene
 BLYTHE, Maia
 BRYANT, Karen
 FAUCHELLE, Lee Anne
 HAIKA, Daphne
 HANSEN, April
 MORGAN, Patricia
 ORMSBY, Juliette
 *SEVI, Phyllis
 STEAD, Heather
 TUARAE, Joanne Marie
 TE PAKI, Donna
 WITUTE, Annette
 THOMSON, Sherrie
 ABBOT, Peter
 DALLEY, Shane
 DANIEL, Tuakama
 DUFF, Michael
 DUXFIELD, John
 KING, Lynn
 LYTTLE, Edward
 MARSDEN, Samuel
 MUNDAY, Gary
 PINKERTON, Trevor
 RAHIRI, Gene
 REE, Richard
 SEFO, Clement
 TE MIHA, David
 VA HOUTUM, Anton
 WHEELER, Stephen
 WIRIHANA, Jimmy

5Mk: MRS McKITTRICK

DIXON, R. Melody
 HAIKA, Harriett C.
 NIKORA, Myra
 SPENCE, Debra J.
 THOMPSON, Robina
 TIPENE, K. Nina
 WHITE, Maudy C.
 ARMSTRONG, Timothy P.
 *BENNETT, Tom
 BONNAR, Derek W.
 CARNABY, Stephen
 DAVIS, Craig J.
 EVENING, John R.
 GOODWIN, Michael J.
 *PEET, Tony
 TAUTE, Poutu
 TE WHAITI, Donald G.
 WHEELER, Owen

5Wo: MR WOLFE

APER, Ngametua
 BEKKERS, Avalon
 BROCKWAY, Julie
 *EMILE, Patricia
 FENTON, Sandra L.
 FLUTEY, Patricia E.
 FRY, Marlene
 LAKE, Jaquelyn A.
 HEATHERLEY, Patricia
 McFARLANE, Innis M.
 MEACHEM, Kerry A.M.
 POLLARD, Joanne P.
 RICHARDS, Sheryl M.
 SIMPSON, Christine
 WALKER, Glenys E.
 BENNIONI, Joe
 CHASE, Nelson E.
 PARKER, Clive
 PEPPERELL, Douglas J.
 POMARE, Ronnie S.
 STEWART, Garry J.
 WINIKEREI, Tony
 *WITHERS, Johnny

5Ha: MR HAYSON

CROUCH, Melva
 CURTIS, Gayle C.
 FISH, Julie E.
 FORBES, Leanne K.
 LEE, Jeannette A.
 LINDEMAN, Madeleine V.B.
 LUMSDEN, Wendy J.
 MATHYSSÉN, Dorothy
 OVERES, Helen C.
 PETERS, Susan J.
 READ, Sally K.
 SKINNER, Carmel M.
 *TAITOKO, Maria
 ARMSTRONG, David C.H.
 BEALE, John R.
 BEESLEY, Richard A.
 BRIGHT, David J.
 CAMERON, Gregory C.
 INDER, Mark L.
 JASPERS, Peter M.
 JOE, Raymond B.
 KING, Nigel
 McLEAN, Brett A.
 RAHIRI, Malcolm
 SHAW, Stephen J.
 VAN BRAKEL, Paul
 WHALE, Peter E.E.

5Ro: MR ROLLERSON

BISLEY, Yvonne
 BORTHWICK, Nonie P.
 DANIELS, Moe
 FORD, Gillian P.
 JENKINS, Carol A.
 KEANEY, Christine L.
 STUART, Fiona
 VAN DER PLUYM, Lynette J.
 BALDICK, Owen
 BARNETT, Peter D.
 BENNETT, Warren P.
 *BERNERS, Stephen
 BRIGHT, Philip J.
 CLOTWORTHY, Bruce R.
 HAITANA, Frank
 HAMILTON, Christopher W.
 HARRIS, Lant
 KINGI, Kawana G.
 McEWEN, Gavin H.
 *PURCHASE, S. Mark J.
 SOLOMON, Robert

5Yo: MRS YOUNG

*ASHWOOD, Catherine M.
 BAKER, Susan C.
 DUNLEVY, Denise M.
 EDE, Natalie D.
 GIVINS, Caroline N.
 KOPA, Lucy T.
 MARSHALL, Lynda M.
 MILLS, Jane A.
 RAFFERTY, Elaine
 ROGERS, Earlene P.
 SCARLETT, Linda
 SLATER, Susan B.
 *TIATOA, Angeline P.
 UERATA, Joanne
 *WELLINGTON, Julie I.

5Jo: MR JONES/MR McALPINE

BREUER, Jeanette
 CAMPBELL, Frances L.
 GREY, Vicki H.
 LAMBERTON, Stephanie A.
 *LOGAN, Carolyn M.
 McCLINTOCK, Joanne
 McGURK, Sandra E.
 *SAUNDERS, Sarah
 SAUNDERS, Teresa M.

ALGER, Stephen M.
 BENGE, Robert
 BOURKE, Stephen
 BOYCE, Gregory D.
 CAMPBELL, Ross J.
 JANSSEN, Anthony
 KELLY, Desmond J.
 LEE, Steven J.
 LYNN, Peter
 MUNDEN, Kimberley G.
 *NGARIKI, Ngatamariki
 NICHOLSON, Alan J.
 PIERCE, Michael L.
 SEFO, August R.F.
 SEVI, William

5So: MR SOMMERVILLE

ATMORE, Christine L.
 BOWERS, Wynne C.
 COOPER, Susan P.
 HOLSTER, Sheryl K.
 LEE, Jenny R.
 McILROY, Anne M.L.
 PRIME, Robyn Y.
 SCHNELLER, Wendy M.
 SMITH, Esther M.
 SMITH, Sheryl A.
 STOKES, Caroline
 TOWERS, Kay E.
 VAN TOLEDO, Nancy R.
 WARNER, Sandra T.
 BILLING, Glen
 DAINE, Mark R.
 DANIELS, Tack
 DANIELSON, Niels E.
 EDWARDS, Noel J.
 FULLER, Matthew J.
 HARRIS, Ihaia
 HUDDLESTON, Roger J.
 PIERCY, David A.
 POOLE, Anthony
 RYDON, Deris J.
 SARDELICH, Kelly R.
 SCHNURR, F. Wesley
 WALKER, Grant

*BEST, Brian J.
 CROOKES, Campbell J.
 CLARKIN, Paul F.
 CUMMING, Duncan R.
 *FRASER, David
 HICKEY, Christopher W.
 HUNTER, Darrell A.
 KIRKEBY, Mark P.
 *LE NOEL, Gregory A.
 MOYNAHAN, David B.
 SMITH, Grant P.
 SMITH, Kerry D.
 *TOY, Dennis M.
 THORNTON, Shaun G.
 *WARNER, J. Grant
 *WIRIHANA, Phillip

Owing to the pleasingly large volume of contributions and the limitations in length brought about by cost, it is impossible to fit in all the contributions received.

We thank all contributors and apologise to those whose efforts could not be fitted in. Being left out is due to cost - not lack of standard.

