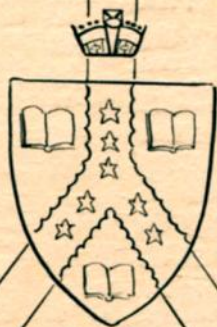
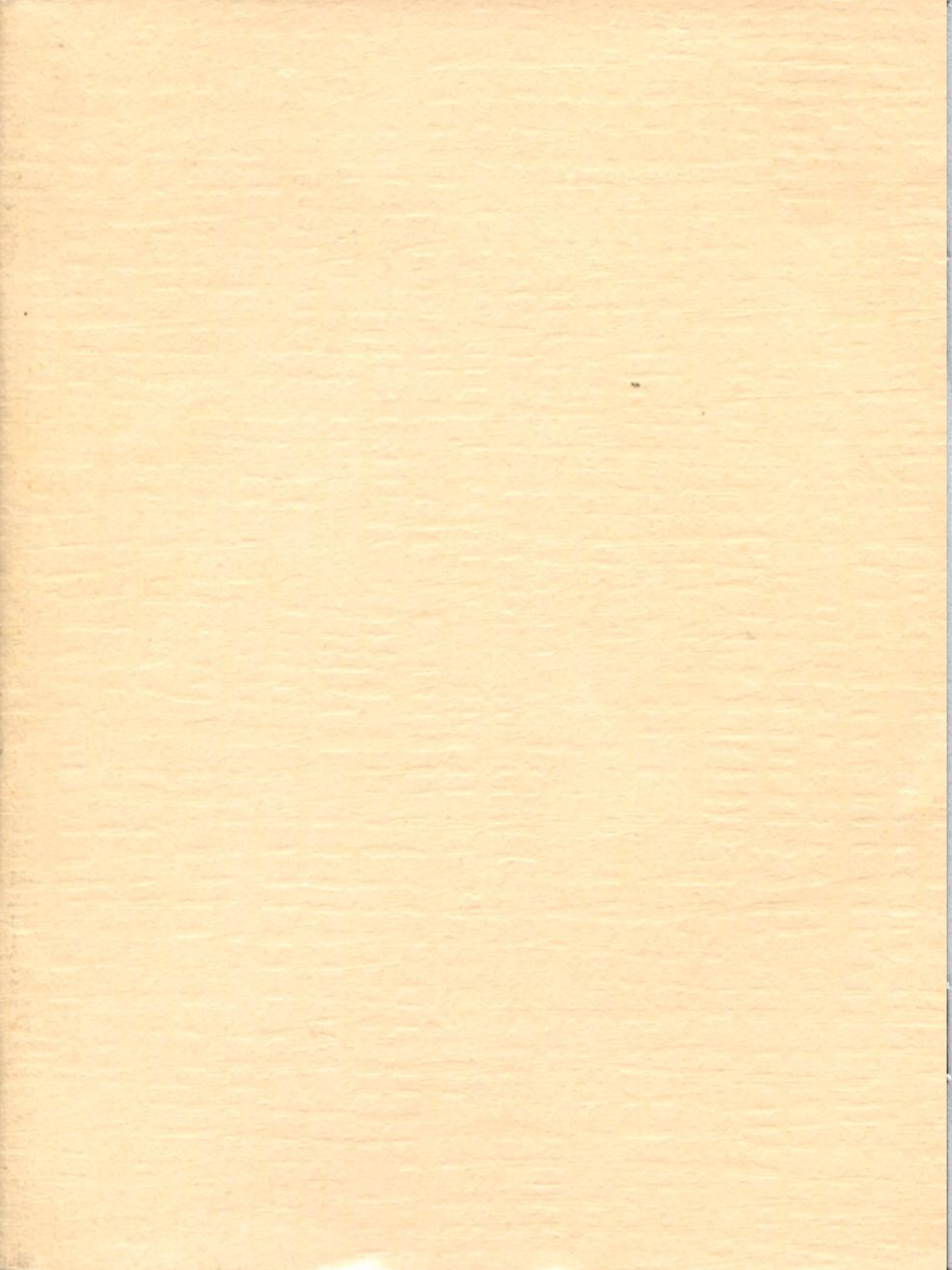
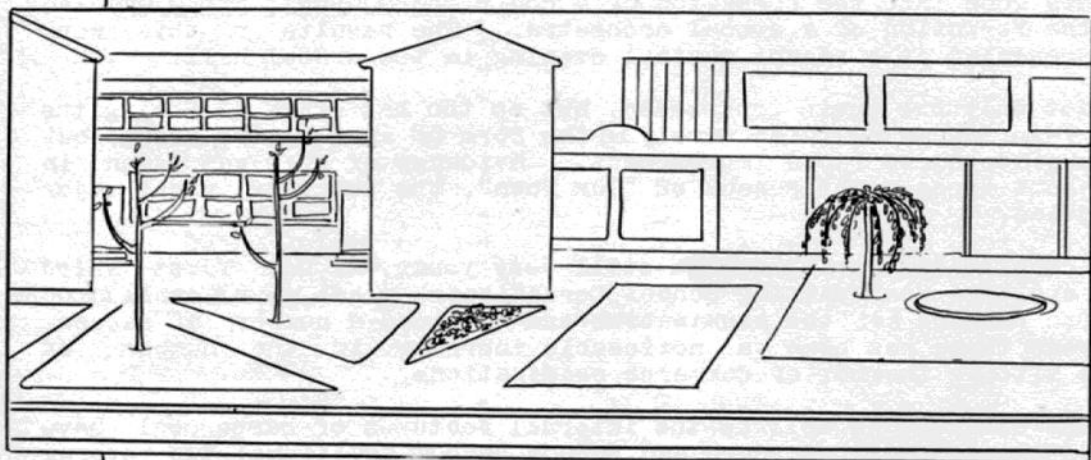


NGARUAWAHIA
ANNUAL
1965





NGARUAWAHIA ANNUAL



The Annual Magazine
of the
Ngaruawahia High School

December 1965
Volume I

Growth of a New School

Ngaruawahia High School opened for the first time on February 3rd 1963. In three years the school has achieved a great deal.

It has built up a good record in the field of sport, with successful rugby and basketball teams and promising soccer and hockey teams. The sporting years have been highlighted with return visits to Okaihau in the north, and Waitara in the south. These trips have not only provided enjoyment for present team members, but have also set objectives for future players.

The cultural side of the school has also progressed. Enthusiastic work has gone into the formation of a choir and a choral group, and also into the formation of a school orchestra. The results of this work were presented at a recent musical evening in the school hall.

Not only has music progressed, but so too has drama. During the first year, drama was taken merely in the form of an elective group, but it has since shown rapid improvement. Evidence of this was seen in the recent three-night season of "Our Town", the school's first major production.

Academically our school is still very young. Our first Third forms are this year sitting School Certificate. Last year a small group of fifth formers sat the examination and obtained a number of passes. This year there has been a noticeable increase in the number of pupils sitting Chamber of Commerce examinations.

The external as well as the internal features of our school have changed since the first year, and we now have an additional two-storey block. The grounds have been improved, sports fields have been levelled and drained, and trees and shrubs have been planted.

We, as a school, have matured socially during this last year. There has been an increased number of sports trips, class visits and school dances. We have even had a school party make a three-week tour of Australia.

Yes, the Ngaruawahia High School has indeed progressed, and established a short but already impressive history since February 3rd, 1963.

Anne Bremridge 5A

Board of Governors

Chairman	-	Mr S. R. Rutherford.
Hon. Secretary	-	Mr R. G. Brownlee.
		Messrs G. J. Bull, H. K. Daines, W. H. Gibson, J. A. Grinter, V. W. Keeys, R. Kellow, E. H. Pharo, W. Poutapu.

Staff

Principal	Mr E. B. Allison	M.A.
First Assistant	Mr N. O. Vickridge	M.A., Dip. Ed.
Senior Assistant Mistress	Miss V. Jolly	Dip. Fine Arts.
Head of English and Social Studies Dept.	Mr W. A. Snelling	M.A.
Head of Mathematics Department	Mr A. O. McHardy	
Head of Science Department	Mr A. E. Rendle	B.Sc.
Assistant Masters	Mr J. Ang	M.Ed., Dip. Phys. Ed.
	Mr J. R. Templeton	A.M.N.Z.I.E.E., B.O.T. Cert.
	Mr B. Esselbrugge	Advanced Trade Cert., Cert. Arcr. Eng. (Holland)
	Mr G. J. Norris	Dip. Tchg.
	Mr D. R. Chapman	M.A.
	Mr M. Burt	(Relieving 1965)
	Mr I. W. Ready	M.A. (Relieving Terms II III)
	Mr C. J. Harris	B.A. (Left Term I).
Assistant Mistresses	Miss A. Bradfield	P.C.T., M.I.P.S.
	Miss S. MacDonald	Homecraft Cert.
	Miss J. Manley	Maths - Science Cert.
	Miss D. Ingram	Dip. Tchg.
	Miss M. Wallace	"C" Cert.
	Mrs L. McNamara	M.A., A.T.C.L. (Part-time)
	Mrs M. Thomson	F.T.C.L., L.R.S.M. " "
	Mrs N. O. Vickridge	(Part-time).
School Secretary	Mrs I. M. Sampson	
Caretakers	Mr and Mrs I. M. Loveridge	
Groundsman	Mr N. V. Hoyle	

Principal's Foreword

It would be only too easy for me to fill this page with thoughtless platitudes. I prefer, however, to try to do some stock-taking, and even a little soul searching.

It would be easy to claim that the three years of the school's existence have brought only profit. We have, indeed, had our signal successes, but we have failed in some respects too. Already we have a student body of good repute, a responsible yet healthily independent upper school and a responsive yet venturesome middle and junior section. But already over a hundred of our pupils have left inadequately equipped to cope with the difficulties of modern living. We have failed to convince them of the worth of schooling as a basis for education, and tragically the slow learner has been quickest to quit, when in fact he should have been the last to leave us, needing as he does, more time to cover the same distance.

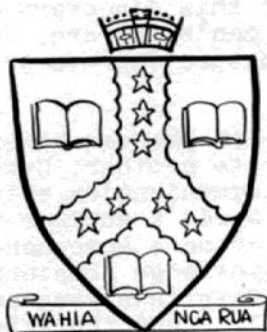
We have succeeded in establishing a co-operative spirit in the school; a community of interest, with pride in belonging, an admirable warmth of fellowship and a sense of purpose. This has been achieved with the willing help of the parents of the place, the less obvious but vital work of the Committee of Management and Board of Governors, and the goodwill of the people of the region as a whole. At the same time we have been a little hampered in our development by the current frantic and almost hysterical urge for material possessions, leading parents to yield to the pressure brought to bear by their children to allow them to earn money, to the detriment or even curtailment of their formal education. Modern advertising plays a sinister role in this, and we must continually resist the emotive blandishments of radio, television and newspapers aiming to lead us to spend for the sake of spending, change for novelty's sake, and sheep-like follow the mob.

Throughout the three exciting years which we have shared in building this new school, we have been unusually well off for teachers, imbued with a sense of dedication and obligation, and such triumphs as we have enjoyed in field and classroom and concert-hall have been primarily theirs. I offer them my respectful thanks for a difficult task faithfully done.

I wish all members of the school a happy and restful holiday, and all the joy and gladness of a Christmastide well spent. I commend to you the words of King Solomon the Wise, when he said,

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

E. B. Allison.



The School Crest

The Crown on top of the crest signifies the allegiance of this school to the Queen, as Head of the British Commonwealth, while the two rivers joining into one, symbolise the integration of Maori and Pakeha.

Seven districts, Glen Massey, Orini, Horotiu, Taupiri, Te Kowhai, Waipa and Ngaruawahia contribute students to the school and each star represents a contributing district.

The three books represent:

the Bible as the foundation of our faith;

the knowledge we are learning;

the history we are helping to make.

Translated literally, the Motto - Wahia Nga Rua means - 'Open the Food Pits'.

This goes back to the Seventeenth Century when Ngarere, the son of a Waikato Chief married Heke i te Rangi against the wishes of her father, a Chief of the Ngati Maniapoto. When a son was born to them it was decided to hold a feast and invite the Ngati Maniapoto. The invitation was accepted, and following the welcome, Ngaere's father held up the baby saying that he named it Te Mana o te Rangi in honour of the reconciliation with Ngati Maniapoto. Ngaere then arose and called out 'Wahia Nga Rua'. From these words "Ngaruawahia" was coined.

Science and Human Welfare

Man's present superiority over other animals is traceable back to the caveman. When a primitive man little better than a monkey was sitting in a rainstorm, and suddenly realized he was wet and cold, what did he do? After much thought he realized that if he went into a nearby cave he would be sheltered. To us this sounds elementary, but this discovery was one of the many advances which improved man's welfare. In fact nearly all discoveries of a scientific nature improve or decrease man's welfare.

Many scientific discoveries produce beneficial effects to one group and adverse effects to another. However, because of the extensive international communication, scientific discoveries are soon spread over the world's surface today. In ancient times a discovery may have been made somewhere, but because of the isolation of races this knowledge remained where it was discovered. For example, the Egyptians were one of the many races who discovered the wheel, but the Aztecs, right up until the time of the Spaniards, had no knowledge of it at all. As an example of the conditions today, take the nuclear bomb. To the discoverers and first users of this weapon it gave the advantage of increasing their welfare by increasing their security. To the enemy it had the reverse effect, but it also caused them to produce a similar means of defence. Once this has happened the bomb becomes a menace to all human welfare. This procedure can be traced even to the caveman with a club in his hand.

However, not all scientific discoveries have these effects. The science of medicine reveals its discoveries to the world without any reluctance, as its aim is to increase all human welfare, and not just that of an individual group. Scientific advances have also been made for the sake of security, power and personal comfort. All the discoveries the caveman made were for one or all of these.

Man is a frail creature. If it had not been for his extra alertness and power to observe and learn he would have undoubtedly been wiped out by the bigger and more physically powerful animals. This concern over welfare has enabled man to survive until our present day. Now mankind has no fear of wild animals. Indeed man's only menace to his welfare is man himself who has at his finger tips the power to destroy the earth. In spite of advances made in medicine and similar sciences man now lives in fear of destroying himself with the results of his scientific achievements. His scientific knowledge is, in some ways, a threat to his continued existence.

Mark Rutherford 5A



STAFF

Back Row: Mr Norris, Mrs Sampson, Mr Harris(left)
Mrs Vickridge, Mr Loveridge, Miss Wallace,
Mr Chapman, Miss Manley.

Middle Row: Miss Ingram, Mr Hoyle, Mrs McNamara
Mr Ang, Mrs Thomson, Mr Esselbrugge,
Miss MacDonald, Mr Burt, Miss Bradfield.

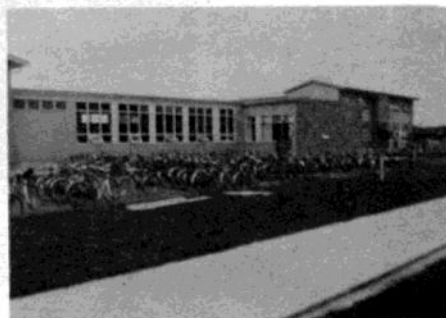
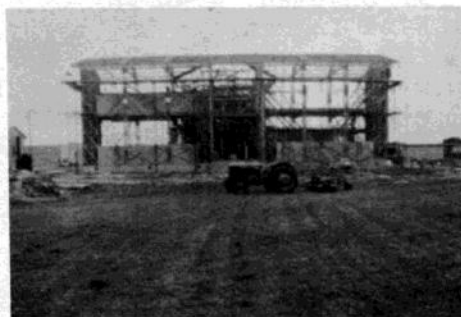
Front Row: Mr Templeton, Mr Snelling, Mr Vickridge,
Mr Allison, Miss Jolly, Mr McHardy,
Mr Rendle.



PREFECTS:

Standing: I. Bell, Nehu Paki, D. Bell, Tini Muru,
W. Salt, Gillian Taylor (left)

Sitting: C. Jones, Barbara Burt, G. Latta(head)
Mr Allison, Barbara McMahon, L.Mounsey,
D. Pilcher (left)



Feeding the World's Hungry

Today, while the leading countries of the world spend millions of pounds on space flights and atomic bombs, their next-door neighbours are starving. Every year thousands of men, women and children in overcrowded countries across the seas die the slow painful death of starvation. This is due mainly to poor methods of agriculture, and to overpopulation.

What is the world doing to combat this problem? Many years ago it was realised that something would have to be done, so relief organizations were set up. Today we have international organizations, such as CORSO and branches of the United Nations, which devote their whole time to raising money and collecting clothes for the undernourished, the underprivileged and the refugees of various lands. Radio and television are used widely to ensure a good response by the public to special appeals.

The money received in these collections is used in many ways. Wholesome, preserved foodstuffs are sent away to such countries as India and Pakistan; machinery is acquired and sent away to cultivate some far-off field perhaps in Africa or Asia. Often the money is used to sponsor missionaries, doctors or social workers on their errands of mercy. So it is that people in New Guinea or HongKong receive long-awaited food and rejoice over their meagre rations.

And what is New Zealand doing to help this cause? Here in our small, comfortably populated country we do not know what it is like to starve or to scrape our food from the gutters. Naturally we like to feel that because of this we are one of the foremost countries to help those less fortunate than ourselves. And indeed we are. We have special organized appeals several times a year and private collections from schools and business enterprises from which hundreds of pounds are collected and used to provide food. Besides this large amount of money, the government provides dairy products such as dried milk and butter, for which New Zealand is renowned, sometimes livestock to start and augment herds, and even agricultural machinery.

With help from our country and others, many lives are saved annually, but this isn't enough to save everyone. This should be the eventual aim of all countries who are able to assist. More time and effort should be spent providing food for those here on earth and less in trying to conquer space. If this was achieved the world would be a far happier, and more peaceful place, in which to live.

Jeanne Gilbert 5A

P R I Z E L I S T 1963

Class Prizes: (First in Class)

3 Professional	-	Jeanne Gilbert
3 General	-	P. Shaw
3 Commercial	-	Patricia McKibbin
3 Homecraft	-	Rosaleen Hart
3 Technical 1	-	J. Nelson
3 Technical 2	-	B. Gregory
4B	-	J. Pilcher
4A Homecraft	-	Cheryl Adams
General	-	Barbara McMahon
Professional	-	Valerie Collins
Technical	-	C. Jones

Special Prizes:

Cavanagh Prize for Mathematics	-	Sandra Templeton
Jane Saubrey Memorial Prize for History	-	C. Jones
Progress in Music	-	N. Wade
Contribution to School Music	-	Diane Harper

Principal's Prizes for Public Speaking:

Intermediate	-	Sandra Surgenor
Junior	-	Margot Standring
Best Maori Scholar	-	Tini Muru
Woodwork	-	D. Roper
Kidd Garrett Prize for Metalwork	-	J. Nelson
Collins Cup for Citizenship	-	Graeme Latta
Chairman's Prize for Leadership	-	Barbara McMahon
Violet Jolly Cup for best Girl House Captain	-	Valerie Collins
Grinter Cup for Inter House Athletics	-	Tainui

Swimming:

School Champion:	Boy	-	I. Brownlee
	Girl	-	Suzanne White

Athletics:

Davison Cups:

Best All-round Athlete:

Boy	-	J. Pilcher
Girl	-	Diane Pilcher

P R I Z E L I S T 1964

Class Prizes: (First in Class)

3 Professional	-	P. Bartlett
3 Commercial	-	Wendy Robson
3 Homecraft	-	Merlyn Smith
3 Technical 1	-	R. Scelly
3 Technical 2	-	G. Surgenor
4 Professional	-	Jeanne Gilbert
4 General	-	D. Campbell
4 Commercial	-	Marjorie Keeys
4 Technical 1	-	A. Carter
4 Technical 2	-	B. Tressider
5A		
Science & English-		Pauline Clark
Geography	-	I. Bell
English & Art	-	W. Salt
Commerce	-	Yvonne Loveridge
Building Trades	-	C. Jones
5B		
First in Class	-	J. Pilcher
Engineering	-	R. Brown
6B		
Endorsed		
School Certificate		Paulette Stubbing

Special Awards:

Cavannagh Prize for Mathematics-		D. Bell
Jane Saubrey Memorial Prize		
for History	-	Gillian Taylor
Progress in Music	-	K. Keast
Contribution to School Music	-	Diane Harper

Principal's Prizes for Public Speaking:

Intermediate	-	A. Carter
Junior	-	W. Johnson

Special Awards 1964 (continued)

Head Librarians	-	Gaye Ridling D. Geake
Best Maori Scholar	-	Tini Muru
Rachel Walker Trophy for Homecraft	-	Cheryl Adams
Woodwork	-	C. Jones
Kidd Garrett Prize for Metalwork	-	R. Brown
Violet Jolly Cup for Best Girl House Captain	-	Heather Coe
Collins Cup for Citizenship	-	Barbara Burt
Chairman's Prize for Leadership	-	L. Mounsey
Grinter Cup for Inter House Athletics	-	Maniapoto
Founders' Shield for Inter House Competition	-	Maniapoto
Davison Cups:		
Best All-round Athlete:		
Boy	-	J. Pilcher
Girl	-	Toni Gregory
Ang-Templeton-Harris Cup for Most Improved Soccer player	-	K. Pendergrast
Head Prefects Awards	-	Barbara McMahon, G. Latta
Dux:		
The D. J. Carter Cup	-	W. Salt
School Certificate Passes	-	Cheryl Adams Ivan Bell, Pauline Clark, Colin Jones, Barbara McMahon, Lloyd Mounsey, Wayne Salt, Gillian Taylor, Juanita Vercoe.

School in New Caledonia

At 6.15 a.m. sharp I was gulping down my first French breakfast of lukewarm black tea and a slice of scantily buttered toast, and at precisely 6.30 a.m. we were on our way to school with me feeling like a new pupil.

The gates didn't open until 7 a.m. and I soon found myself shaking hands and making friends with more French pupils. Shaking hands is a way of saying hello and if this is not done you are not regarded as a friend.

As the bell rang at 7.15 a.m. the pupils lined up outside their respective classrooms. In every room there was a platform at the front; it was from here that the teacher lectured, and the blackboard was scarcely used.

Pupils start secondary school at about the age of eleven, and stay until high exams are passed. Age is of no importance, for there were people still attending who were in their early twenties.

Each pupil in my class had to take ten subjects; the ones I attended were, English, French, Latin, German, Geography, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Physical Education. Instead of taking Latin and German, some took Greek and Spanish. Physical Education is taken just as seriously as any other subject and exams must be passed in this too.

My first experience of French schooling started with an English lesson. It was quite surprising to find our male teacher dressed in an open-necked summer shirt, shorts and jandals. Half-way through this lesson, he lit and smoked a cigarette, which apparently was a natural occurrence. A few minutes later I was handed some biscuits and a bottle of drink by a pupil. During a short interval between the hour-long lessons most pupils had a cigarette. I asked a pupil what the interval was for. She looked quite shocked and said, "You know the teachers can't rush from block to block." There was no playground to cross, only a courtyard, so I never found out if this was the real explanation or not.

As no uniforms were worn I looked closely for competition in dress, and I'm pleased to say that nobody worried about what others wore. I asked several pupils about this, and I was told that they didn't go to school to compete in dress but to learn.

Lessons continued through to 11.30 a.m. when school closed down (the shops too) for lunch and siesta. Then it was back to work at 1.15 p.m. until 4.30 p.m. (except on Fridays when an extra lesson on politics was held.) There was no school on Thursday afternoons, but lessons on Saturday mornings instead.

Children were sorted into the professional and technical schools by the marks gained in their primary school exams. If a pupil is unable to keep up with the work then another pupil takes his place. There is just no place in the professional school for children who neglect their work.

Prefects were another familiar aspect of New Zealand school life that was missing. I inquired about this and was told "What do we want prefects for? There isn't time to misbehave, we have too much work to do." Prefects are elected in boarding-schools and are paid the small sum of £12 to £15 a month.

Most French pupils did from three to five hours of homework every night. This applied also to the natives of New Caledonia, who were very conscientious workers. There was definitely no racial discrimination in this school.

School is a teenager's whole life, and passing exams determines whether he is going to be a failure or a success in life since there is a shortage of possible employment.

I soon came to realise how important education is and how fortunate we are in New Zealand where we don't have to fight to keep a place at school.

Valerie Collins 5R

From an English Boarding School

to

Ngaruawahia High School

In England, I went to a boarding school. Here we ate, slept and learned. During the summer we had a choice of 3 sports: cricket, swimming and tennis. I took part in cricket and swimming. During the winter we had little choice, there being only soccer. Cross-country running was compulsory and we often ran late at night. In each house (our school, like Ngaruawahia School was divided into houses) there were table-tennis tables, and these were used frequently during the cold months.

Our forms, from the 2nd Form to the 5th Form, were divided into two, an A and B section. The school became co-educational recently, and when I left there were approximately 220 pupils. Now the school is taking in day pupils and the school community is no doubt increasing rapidly. This may create a problem owing to the lack of teaching staff.

The teaching-rate was very fast, and hard to keep up with. Here we go at a comparatively slow rate.

Prefects were allowed to inflict 'corporal punishment.' Some prefects used their authority sensibly, while many became obsessed with their authority and inflicted corporal punishment at will.

Michael Wilson 4A



Form 3A



Form 3B



Form 3C



Form 3D



Form 3E



Form 4A



Form 5B



Form 5R



Form 5C



Form 4B



Form 4C



Form 4D



Form 5A



Form V1 B.



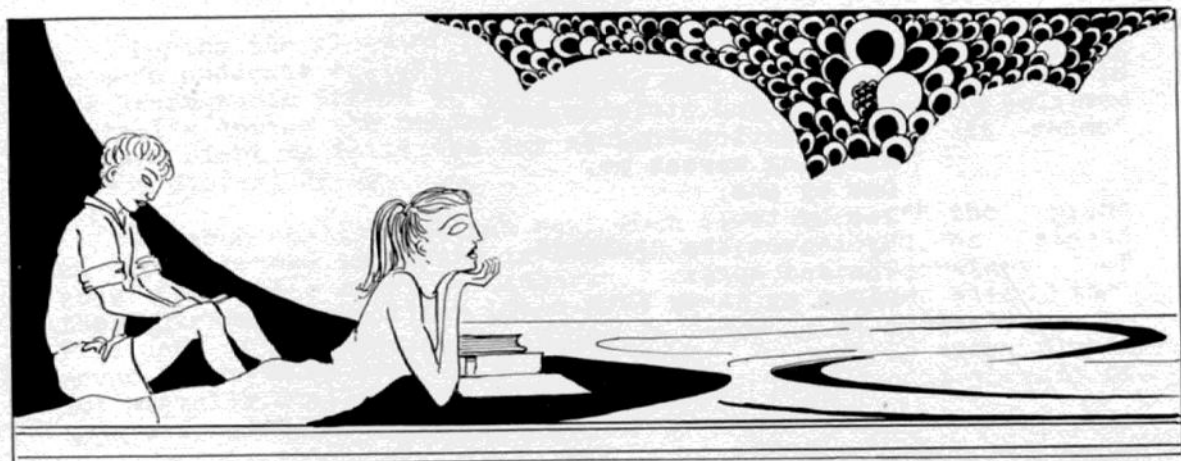
" The Lonely Shepherd"

Barry Barclay 3B



" Flight"

Sandra Templeton 5R



The Machines

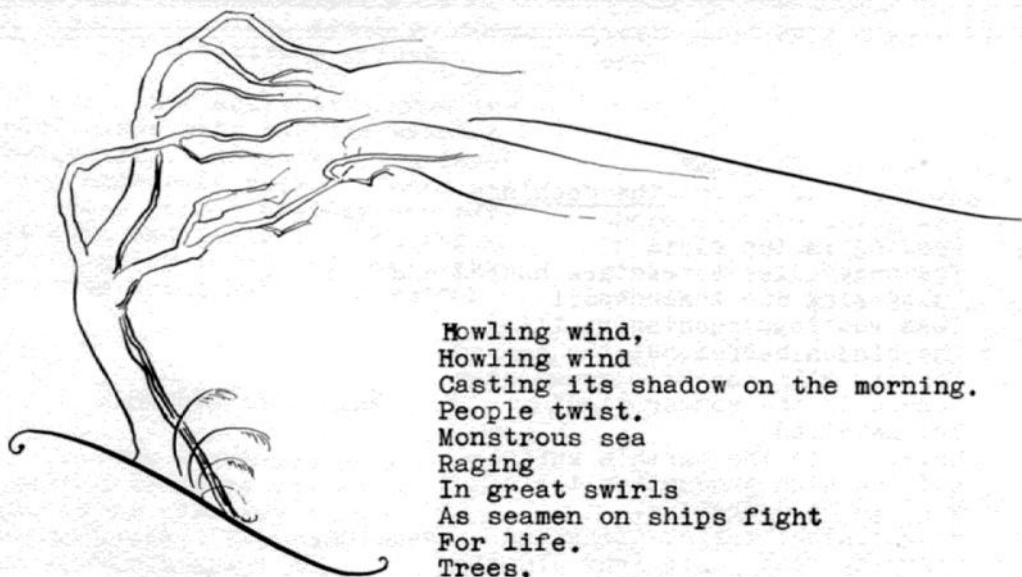
Leading in the field
The heavy diesel tractors hauled and loaded,
Bulldozing out their spoil
Then rooting, pushing, pulling
The blades buffet out the borrow.
No more will the huge mound stay
Serene in the summer light
But levelled -
Levelled to the earth's surface.
And the high production tools
Will go on operating,
Functioning, traxcavating and compacting,
Scraping with their land clearing
Hydraulic bowls.
Again the chugging motors
Climb up the tortuous tracks
Power and machinery depending on their operators,
To keep production up.

Eleanor Porter 4A

Trees in the Wind

I can feel the breath of the wind
Gushing and striking hard
With its icy tongue
Whipping across me.
One by one,
Two by two,
My leaves are stripped,
The sea spray
Blown up in my face.

Frances Hutt 3C



Howling wind,
Howling wind
Casting its shadow on the morning.
People twist.
Monstrous sea
Raging
In great swirls
As seamen on ships fight
For life.
Trees,
Swaying,
Leaves and sweet fragrance
Twisted off.

Suddenly
It stops
As if the world has just begun
A new life.
The sea is calm,
People safe.
Peace and
Rest.

Ata Kirkwood 3C

Wind

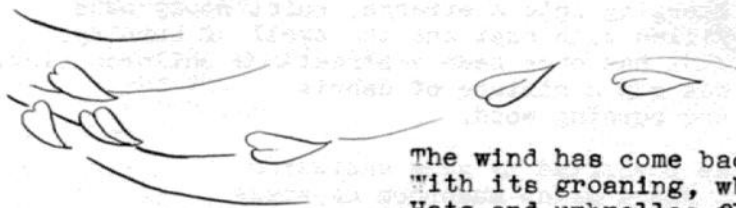
The bang at the door,
At the shutters of the window
The wind is crying like a poor lost
Soul, begging
For entry.

Paula Paikoa 3C

Wind


I am a tree,
The wind blows through me,
Lightly, quickly,
Heavily, noisily.
Oh, I would love to be the wind and not a tree.

Carol Watkinson 3C



The wind has come back once more
With its groaning, whistling music.
Hats and umbrellas fly with me!
The shuffling and creaking
It makes you scared!
Shivering in your boots
You wonder if it will crawl up your back
And down
Again.
The leaves are now wild,
Twirling
Here and there
They are stripped from side to side.
The sun peeps through
Clouds.
Calm
Leaves are still.
Warmth again.

Pat Keepa 3C



A roaming, unintelligent fungus
A greying, mushrooming mass
Edged with infra-red.
Its destination - earth
Its plan - death.
It oozes its inquisitive, destructive body over the living,
Disinte grating,
Destroying
Geysering roads to rubble in hell.

Nuclear Explosion

Heather Coe 5R

As I was standing there
Underneath the solid roof of my basement,
I heard a roar like a thousand lions
Combined with the screams of tortured bodies
As buildings collapsed, trapping and killing
Torturing and burning
Mortal bodies.

I forced my way through
The debris that had once been my home,
Emerging into a strange, quiet smoky haze
Filled with dust and the smell of burning.
What had once been a street with children playing
Was now a mixture of debris
And burning wood.

As I shifted my gaze eastwards
I saw a giant mushroom of smoke
Strangely still, standing high in the air.
Looking down,
Mocking.

T. Forrest 5R

Many people did not make it to the shelter.
They died where they stood.
Cut down like hay
Their blackened bodies lay sprawled over the road
In many different shapes and forms,
Their hands and arms like branches reaching to the
sky.

Barbara Burt 5R

Unusual Umbrellas

There's some punga in the valley
All amongst the bush.
Nature uses it for umbrellas
So the ground won't turn to slush.

Shading all the smaller trees
From the rain and storm.
They stand majestically in the shade
Such a handsome form.

These umbrellas' dark grey handles
Are as patterned as they're straight,
And if you ever chop them down
They may make a useful gate.

But it's a pity to spoil this tree
A native of New Zealand.
('A tree fern is its English name')
Growing in our free land.

Christine Cleland 4A

Memories

One twisted post.
A relic of the past.
 Lonely,
 Stately,
Amidst the ruins of what once
Was a shining, lovingly-made
 fence -
Once.

No longer will it hear
The stories passed from
 mouth to mouth,
From farmer to farmer;
Passed from ear to ear,
Sighed and pined over.

Carol Robson 3A



Breakfast at Our Place

Breakfast. A word with a simple meaning, you think. But at our home this word means so much that it is almost beyond imagination.

The mornings begin with the same familiar cry every day. Oh I wish she would "belt up" is the usual thought at this awakening. But I suppose she is right. I have to get up sometime. Then I stumble half-washed, half-dressed, half-asleep and yawning to the table. Now the fun begins.

"Hey you're on my chair."

"Who me?" I reply, the image of innocence.

"Did you wash thoroughly?" That voice again.

"Can't remember. So long ago." The nonsensical reply.

"Don't strain yourself, will you."

Finally we settle. I am eating my own food, sitting on my own chair, and thinking how nice it would be if it was not a week day. Then I would have no fears. There would be no teacher to moan about homework not being completed.

Oh well, we can't have everything.

Suddenly, "I cut that slice of bread, get your own. Can't have that either."

All of a sudden it happens, with a ring. Everyone dives for the phone and I am left amidst a shower of plates, knives, forks and spoons.

"Just where do you think you are all going?" The one male voice of authority. "One of you answer it, and the rest of you finish what you started."

"Yes," I nod in agreement, and be snappy about it. "Black looks from all who have to return. This is the first time this morning that I can force a smug smile, but it doesn't last.

"And what time did you get in last night?" That authoritative voice again.

"Er, well you see Dad, I um ..."

"Phone for you Dad," yells my benefactor.

I have just enough time to ready myself for school, even though it may be 'Out of the frying pan'. Oh well, breakfast, if you can call it that, is over, and I am none the worse for it. All I have left now is to face the ordeal of tomorrow's.

School Dance

The car stops and we climb out, carefully straightening our frocks and hairdos. We clatter across the concrete, up into the entrance. There we pause, pay our money, and pause again. Neither of us want to go first. So we take a deep breath and squeeze through the door together, nearly capsizing the contents of our plates. Inside, girls and boys are sitting nervously around the hall waiting for the start. We hurry up the hall, the heels of our shoes clattering loudly. We finally reach the other end, and sighing with relief pass in our plates.

"Gee, you look nice."

"Oh, I like your hair."

"Did you make your dress yourself?"

Now we stand in the doorway admiring and criticising as people pass. Finally the first dance is announced.

"Take your partners for a snowball waltz." We bolt back into the cloakroom and emerge minutes later as the music stops and everyone sits down again. Then a foxtrot is announced. We watch. There are very few people who know how to do a foxtrot. The younger ones muddle around regardless, while the older ones look terribly embarrassed and sit down at the first opportunity.

Then, to everyone's relief, a twist is announced. Boys and girls erupt out of their seats and spill on to the dance floor. Soon the scene is a writhing mass of arms and legs and bright dresses.

"Hi!"

"Isn't it great?"

So the atmosphere changes. It becomes pleasant and fun to dance. Nobody minds our muddling now.

Then it's time for supper. The crowd swarm into the next room and in a twinkling the food and drinks are devoured. Hungry boys look around for more. Girls laugh. Slowly they trickle back into the hall and gather in rowdy groups which disperse when the dancing recommences.

The evening passes quickly and then it's time to go. We are no longer part of the crowd but individuals once again. We get our coats and drift out of the hall into the night. The rest flock out after us and stream down the road. The school dance is over. The fun is over. Now we must weave our own ways through the throng, home.

Stage Fright

Standing in the wings just before the first night's performance I felt sick with fright.

What would it be like with all those dazzling lights when you first went on stage? Maybe the glare might be too much on me and I might forget my lines. Oh, Good Lord!

My nose felt itchy. I lifted a finger to scratch it - but restrained myself just in time. How awful it would be if, just five minutes before the opening curtain my make-up got smudged.

Suddenly, before I realised the fact, we were starting. The hall lights were dimmed. The chatter ceased.

Then it was my turn to go on. My legs felt like a ton of lead and I'm sure the audience couldn't have missed my shaking knees.

I stepped out.

My lines just seemed to tumble out of my mouth. I just let them go.

Then it was all over.

I went back into the wings.

There stood another player tensed up, and scared.

I nodded in wordless encouragement and sympathy.

Douglas Stone 3A

Fear is fright, afraid and queer.
It makes you scared, shake and really shiver
Up and down. Your spine is cold.
Every minute in a gloomy house makes you old
For all the odd noises and sounds about
Make your heart sort of melt
With sweat that pours down your head like
a stream.

Drummond Huirama 3C

Fear

Carolyn Alphors 3B



" Abstract"

Ngahui Holland 5R





Water Front

Kristine
Newcombe

3A



Seascape

Margaret
Edmonds

4C

Lost!

As he ran through the forest
he saw the darkness closing in.
He heard the wind growling
at him for running away.
He saw the trees with their
hands outstretched.
He saw the ghost - like mist
beckoning him to turn round
But it was too late! The darkness
had surrounded him.
There was no escape, for now
he was lost.

Danny Tukere 3C

Fright

When walking at night
You have the feeling you're being followed.
You walk.
You run.
When you get home you find it's the
Milkman.

Ray Hooker 3C

Ghost

You imagine a ghost
It's shapeless body that stops sun's rays
That are yellow
Makes long and wide shapeless things -
That is his shadow.

Drummond Huirama 3C

Ghosts

One night as I stood in the
kitchen washing the dishes,
I could hear a murmuring sound
coming from below the window
sill outside. I began to get
really scared. My parents had
gone out, and left me at home
to do the dishes. The noise
started to get louder and louder,
and I started to get more scared.

All of a sudden the power
went off. I screamed with
fright, and made for the bedroom
door. I grabbed hold of the
handle and tried opening the
door, but to my surprise the
door was bolted.....

Janet Ormsby

Ghosts

Ghosts are nothing.
In the night
The dark, dark night,
You hear a creak -
And you jump out of your skin.
Find your wits,
Pick up your skin.
Hear another creak
So you stand still -
A shadow appears.
You really get a fright.
Start to run
It's only a car light on the wall

Murry Phillips 3c

Slaughter

A stream runs trinkling down
the hillside where the goats go
To eat the green pasture
and to drink the clear water.
They are unaware of their present
danger.
A form lurks behind a nearby tree
and then,
It strikes.
Cracks
Echo through the bush.
The youth has finished his senseless
slaughter.
Then the hawks start hovering overhead
Diving swiftly to the ground to
feed on the stricken animals.

Moreton Osborne 4A

Eeling

I see an eel under torch light
Swimming like a snake
Through the weeds.
I feel the eel
grinding on the end of the fork
And how slippery it is.
I hear him
sucking the grass
for its sweet taste.
I smell the odour
of stagnant water
and the odour of freshly bled eel.

Donald Walker 3A

Scout Camp

The crackling wood, and the
dancing flames
sizzling of sausages and
the playing of games,
The boiling of the billy, and
the chopping of wood,
The wind flapping the tent,
then night like a hood.

The campfire smoking and the
sausages we eat
The familiar taste that you
just can't beat.

Dean Hastie 4A

The Tree

Outside there is a tree -
it is a small tree
which is still growing,
feeding on the tender drops of rain
and the warmth of the sun.
After using all its energy in growth
it will stand tall and handsome,
it will be carved upon and climbed upon,
but it will stand until its end.

Stephen Thackray 3A

Bush Fire

A wisp of smoke, a glow, a tiny flickering flame, and a fire is born.

The flame nibbles at the dry bracken, strengthens and multiplies. Snatching savagely at the dry scrub the towering, evil flames begin their gleeful slaughter. Twisting, burning, tumbling, the fiery fingers dance through the bush hungrily consuming the undergrowth. The tall pillars of destruction lash the proud trees, stripping them of their glory, leaving them blackened and humble.

Defenceless creatures flee, panic-stricken, before the ever-widening wall of flame. Birds, scorched by a fiery breath, fall as ashes into the beckoning flames below. Stifled with the thick fog of smoke, black and menacing hedgehogs waddle pathetically to safety only to be mercilessly devoured by the cruel flames. Heart-wrenching screams of animal terror rend the heavy, smoke-filled air.

Unchecked by these cries, the fire races on, gathering strength. Effortlessly the blankets of flame spread over the scrub, destroying all. The majestic fiery towers retain their place of honour, lashing and humbling previous kings of the bush, extinguishing all life with ease.

But suddenly, as if tired of their game, the flames cease their roaring and the fiery fingers shorten their reach.

The once-greedy flames clutch weakly at the sparse bush, and the twisting tongues of fire nibble meekly at the undergrowth. The fire has lost its spirit.

Anne Bremridge 5A

Hen

Why must I feed those stinking, filthy hens? All they do is eat and eat! Why, Hilda could feed them. All she does is eat and eat like them. She could be at home in the chicken-coup instead of occupying a room with pictures of people, with their mouths open like hungry birds. Mom could even do it, she's always sitting down doing some sewing. She could put that time to good use by feeding the hens. She could even do all the other chores, while I go and do something useful like helping Tommy with our hut. Boy, all the time I've spent doing chores I could have built three beaut huts. Let's see; I started feeding them when I was six. Now I'm eleven. Boy, what a waste of a lifetime!

"You'd better feed those hens," said his mother. Ah, well I suppose I had better do it. Simon Marsters 3A

River Reflections

The river glides along its banks
Like a smooth silvery mirror
Reflecting back inverted shadows.
A tall tree becomes
A greenish cone
While a stretch of trees
A mountain range.
There's a boomerang made
By a slanting tree
Whereas a flood water measurer
Seems to go straight through the
Earth, forming a tall white pole.
All these reflections appear
As the river wends and winds
Along its bed.

Christine Cleland 4A

Fantail

The fantail flutters restlessly, cheeping and twittering without ceasing, never pausing for breath but always nimbly hopping and jumping from twig to twig. One minute gracefully floating through the air, the next darting with lightning speed after an unfortunate fly. You can hardly expect to find a more friendly bird than the fantail with its bright cheery song that always reminds me of a damp cork being rubbed up and down on a bottle.

Shona Earl 3A

Maori Wars

Along the dark reflecting river silently
moved two Maori canoes.
Then out of the green willows a huge fleet
moved swiftly up the river.
Our lookout gave a cry of warning, then
slowing, creeping, crawling up the
narrow winding track they came.
We waited.
Then with a war cry the men descended upon
the brown wriggling mass of bodies.
With sound of spears and guns echoing in
their ears,
The men fought for their lives.

Beach Scene

The sky was grey. The sea was cold and angry-looking, as it humped itself up against the cold southerly wind.

As I stood on the sandhill I could feel the little grains of sand stinging the back of my neck and legs as the wind pushed the sand down to meet the oncoming sea. The sea was getting angrier as the southerly grew stronger and blew disdainfully in the face of the waves.

Then it came - the storm burst in all its force and fury. The sea battered the cliff face time and again, only to be thrown back in a sheet of spray. The breakers roared angrily as they thundered up the beach to try and pluck the squealing seagulls into the heaving mass of water.

The rain came. It lashed the sea and sand with the force of an express train thundering across a plain. It tamed the sea's angry tossing, flattening the surface.

As suddenly as the rain came it stopped, and a watery sun peeped through the grey clouds to shine wanly on the ravaged beach. Right along the base of the sandhills lay thick piles of glistening seaweed, and here and there lay some tiny fish which had been cast up on the shore in one of the sea's wilder tantrums. The sea too was discoloured from its turmoil, sticks and logs and great clumps of seaweed floated on its surface.

In a few days however the winds and the tides will have removed all the rubbish from the shore and the sea will be calm and clear again. All traces of the storm will have disappeared.

Margaret Lee 5A

Untouched

Out comes the steaming dish
covered in a cloth
Off comes the cover -
moans and groans -
A stodgy rice pudding
with a burnt black skin.
Milkless, heavy, distasteful,
indigestible.
People who like it
I just don't understand.
They gulp it down greedily
and ask for more
While my share of it -
Remains untouched.

Douglas Stone 3A

A New School

I was determined I would hate it. Nothing in this school would ever be half as good as my old school. Everything in Ngaruawahia High would be a "drag" - a positive "drag" after all the terrific times I'd had at Gore, way down in the so-called deep, dark south. The girls would all be most unfriendly and the teachers, well, they would be undesirable. The sheer agony of making new friends while my old pals were still fresh in my memory.

But as it turned out I did come to like this new High School. Nothing was even remotely as I had pictured it. This school was a new one, having been in operation for only a year, and so consequently it had new, go-ahead ideas instead of having to keep up fifty-year-old traditions. There was the fun of seeing the school grow up and seeing its sports teams improving all the time and even beating schools which prided themselves in tradition. There was the fun of meeting new staff members and seeing whether they were good sports or slave-drivers. I'm afraid most of them are the latter, but who cares as long as they can share a joke with the class, and not be petty over silly little things.

Yes, this new school did have its advantages over the older type of school I was used to. But I still don't think I shall ever have of Ngaruawahia High the fond memories I have of Gore High School - of course this is a natural way of thinking, I'm sure, because people are inclined to think first experience is the best experience - especially when it comes to loyalty to old schools.

So my loyalty really lies in Gore, but I do congratulate Ngaruawahia High on its magnificent achievements that it has attained in three short years. I most certainly have changed my views of this school since that first day which is already growing faint in my memory.

Gail Hill 5A

The Jug

Standing alone
Quietly guarding all around it
Tinting the formica on which it stands
Colours
Blended together
Serene
Standing as if guarding the world
The white jug stands on the table.

Kristine Newcombe 3A

Learning German

When I first joined the German form
My head just reeled -
I could not tell the meaning of
The Teacher's "Sie setzen sich!"

The lesson went steadily on
My hanky I just could not find
I raised my hand but straight away
A voice said, "Sie setzen sich!"

I felt a breeze blow down my neck
I thought I might catch cold
I rose to clip the window shut
A voice called, "Sie setzen sich!"

My brain at last began to tick
If every time I tried to rise
The answer to the problem was
"You sit down!"

Eleanor Porter 4A

Locker Block Scramble

Battle to the corridor,
into the locker block,
Dart between the swarms of boys,
open your locker,
and be hit by the door.
Read your timetable,
and impatiently remove the necessary
books for the periods -
By pulling the bottom ones, the rest
clatter into the corridor.
Finally restoring the books sufficiently
to shut the locker,
You race to period classrooms,
finding you've arrived in sufficient time
to wait for the teacher.
It's wonderful to be seated after such
an ordeal.
Let's be thankful it's only three times
a day!

Rex Holmes 3A

New Shoes

Squeak, squeak, squeak
Across the concrete, into the
lockers.
Oh! that noise
Then over to the hall;
The head mentions the new
uniform,
Emphasises shoes,
Heads go down,
Yours are shinier than mine,
Yours are neat.
Out they go
Squeak. squeak.
Mid-day comes,
Groans and moans,
Heels have blisters,
Ah! these shoes, they make the
day blue,
But that's the joy of new shoes.

Sandra Coe 4A

Coming to School by Bus

Every morning it's the same old story in our house-hold.

"Hurry up! You'll be late for the bus. It won't wait, you know."

But every morning the three bus-pupils in our family manage to catch the bus. True, there have been a few mishaps but not many, and certainly not enough to worry about.

I sometimes think when I am waiting for the bus, that all people who are forced to travel to school by bus should be given the Victoria Cross or something distinguished like that. It's rather like some story of heroism you know, waiting for the bus through sunshine, rain or hail with nothing for shelter but a leaky old shed full of cobwebs and people's names.

We really do need a new bus you know. The way you hear people complaining of high taxation you'd think that the Education Board could spend some money on a new school bus. But really I've grown quite attached to our old bus, despite the shouts and screams of so many school-kids in such a confined space.

"Hi-ya Mate - seen that new programme on TV last night - was neat eh!"

"And have you seen her hair - she's rinsed it again - black this time - Ugh!"

"Say have you got your German Book here-I haven't learnt that flippin' test yet."

That's how it is every day. Trying to talk to the person you're sitting with is sheer murder, as you have to shout over everybody else's noise. Now, we don't even realize we're shouting except when the bus stops to pick up more kids. Then the crescendo of noise goes crashing down - and everybody stops talking and stares.

As the bus stops outside the school gates there is a wild scramble to get off. Honestly, you'd think they were all glad to be coming to school, the way everyone pushes.

Gail Hill 5A

Das Frog und das Oxen

Ein Oxen, grazing in ein swampischen meadow, happen his footen to puten on ein family of youngischen frogen und crushen mosten to deathen.

Now, ein dat escapen offrannen to his mutter mit die dreadfullischen news.

"Oh, mutter!" he saiden. "whilest we playen were, such ein grossen four-footen beasten getrodden us on."

"Grossen?" asken die olden frog; "How grossen? Was it as grossen" - und she outpuffen herself a lotten - "as grossen as das?"

"Oh!" saiden die little ein, "ein greaten deal grosserer dan das."

"Well, was it so grossen?" und she ben outswellen herselfen moren.

"Ja, mutter, it was, und if you wasen to outswellen till you gebursten yourselfen you woulden never ben halb its sizen."

Annoyischen mit her little ein fur doubten her poweren, die olden frog treien again, und dis time gebursten herselfen in die vainisch attempten.

Moralen Men may be ruin bei attempten appearen das das Nature has not intenden dem to ben.

David McCowan 4A



Mit Apologien to Anon

Mary hat ein littlen sheepischen
Ihr Vater shotputten das Lead in its Headen,
Und now das Sheepischen goen to Schulen,
Betweenen two piecen das Breden.

D. Hastie, V. Saunders, C. Waters 4A

The Guard

So proudly he stands,
Powerful and mighty,
This wonderful stallion,
With mares and foals before
Watching the valley with fiery eye
For any intruders.

Who dares to cross his path?
This handsome form,
Ready with teeth, hooves and
powerful body,
To nip, and kick and charge
and paw,
To kill!
In victory once more.

Margaret Webster 3A

The Curtains

Flapping.
Silently the curtains are
fluttering,
Little gusts of wind catch
them, only to fall back.
They billow out
Lifeless.
The window shuts.
Now the curtains rest
Fluttering downward as if
tired,
They move no more.
The curtains die.

Kristine Newcombe 3A

The Tree

The gnarled old bark of the pine
is breaking away from the tree, after
constant seasons of wear and tear from
the sun, and the wind, and rain. Of
course the children always scampering
up and down have helped too.

After these many years it has
finally given way to the hand of Nature
and as a great gust of wind blows at
it, it gives one last, hopeful creak
and topples over.

No more will it hear or feel the
children clambering into its thick
boughs, instead, only the termites,
and ants, and other woodland insects
biting deep into its tough wood as it
gradually decays with age.

Erin Scelly 3A

Walking in the Fog

When you are walking in the fog
it feels as though you have been
dragged out of bed. It is heavy
and the fog sticks to your clothes.
The trees look as though they are
big animals moving from side to
side. They look so ghostly.

Rosanne Herbert 3C

Walking in the fog gives you
a lost feeling, as if you are in
a world of your own.

The fog drifting around like a
monster clings to the branches
of the trees, and to buildings.
It makes you want to feel ahead
of you for your friend who looks
like a skeleton in the far dis-
tance.

Frances Hutt 3C

The Lost City

For thousands of years the soil has not been touched
The sand has not been removed.

The wind

The rain

The stars

The sun

Have all known the secret that lies under
this heap of dirt.

They have seen this city being built.

They have seen it destroyed.

Danny Tukere 3C



The World

The world is a funny place to live in
Where the sea comes in and goes out.
It's magic the way we can move our fingers and toes.
The wind twists itself around trees, and blows us
over but we can't see it.
Weeds, growing where they are not supposed to be,
Plants, trees, and animals grow all over the place.
Where human-beings spend years building a town.
And an earthquake rumbles, and knocks it down.

Evelyn Farmer 3C

Spring

"Here it comes" someone shouts from half-way up the railway line. We usually go and balance on the tracks, and wander up and down the track waiting for the bus to rattle up to our stop. This morning it's caught us off guard and we are spread out along the lines like a colony of ants on the move.

"Here it comes", the same voice shouts again in a funny nasal way as if he has got asthma. At first we thought he was joking, but we can all see the bus now and there is a dash down the line to get our bags. The bus rolls to a stop just as we arrive, we grab our bags, and stream out across the road oblivious of any traffic.

The last person piles in, the driver pulls shut the door and turns to us.

"Any more skylarking on the railway lines tomorrow and I'll go right past".

We manipulate ourselves through a maze of bags and bodies until we find a seat. I see one, I make a leap for it, but in the process get my foot caught between some bags and fall in a heap on the floor. I get up and more carefully this time I get my seat.

There's nothing unusual today I think. Same faces, same ominous clouds, same landscape. "Oh well," I say to myself, "another dreary day". I see two boys busy learning some work. "Damn", I say softly to myself when I realize that I have forgotten to do some homework.

"There's nothing unusual today". I say again for no apparent reason.

The old bus rolls along the road and the scenery passes by. But I begin to notice it. I wonder why?

Just then someone says something funny.

There is a loud uproar, which is immediately subdued by the driver. Again I wonder why! Why is this normal day unusual. I look at the landscape. The trees are green, there are blossoms on them. Is that unusual? The flowers are out, but I've seen flowers out before.

I wind down the window for it's getting stuffy in here. The air rushes in and seems to be singing. I sit up with a start. "Singing", I say. I look out. Blossoms. Green grass. Flowers out. That's why the wind is singing. It's Spring.

I relax, for I know it will be a good day.

David Campbell 5A



The Typical Teenager

The typical teenager of today is diligent in following fashions, modes and crazes. Therefore, he is quick to learn new ways of dress, new words and new dances.

He proudly cultivates his hair in the current style of the times trying not to heed the horrified or pitying looks of his elders. He buys new, smarter shoes, but finds when he gets home that he isn't allowed to wear them because they might poke or scratch mother's new lino! When he dons new clothes he sees how his parents turn away to hide their eyes from the brightness and tightness of them. He buys new records only to find that he can't play them at home because either mother has a headache or father is listening to cricket.

In spite of all these setbacks the teenager still likes to "get with it"; to do with his friends all the new things that are variations from his every-day existence of school, family and homework! He likes to feel secure within the bonds of his many friendships, to hide his individual existence behind the gay noisy front of the gang. Even so, a teenager must do all things or else he is branded by his fellowmates as a "square", a "sissy" or just a machine; a misfit among the misfits between childhood and adulthood.

Jeanne Gilbert 5A

A Typical Teenager

The typical teenager is not what people immediately conjure up in their minds at the mention of this vital word. I think that a typical teenager is a young person who is already starting to assume a little responsibility and is getting all he can out of life while he is young and full of vitality. He likes to play hard, and often works hard, too. Most of them like to forget about the rigours of their everyday life, so at the weekend they play sport and go to dances or pictures, where they let off all the bottled-up energy. Then they come back to school or work for a new week, fresh in body and mind, and full of enthusiasm for what is in store.

The typical teenager is not the bodgie or the hooligan who delights in wrecking the community, and who in so doing receives all the publicity. He is the average, sensible person who goes about the daily business of living and working, sometimes quietly, but always enthusiastically.

Margaret Lee 5A

The Herd Instinct in Adolescents

I think the herd instinct is stronger in the adolescent than in either the adult or the child.

The adolescent or teenager has left behind the child's world of fantasy, and yet is not quite ready to accept the responsibility of the adult world. Adolescence is a stepping stone between both worlds, a time in which the teenager can "live it up" before settling down to the more sober pace of an adult.

The continual nagging of parents and teachers to "grow up", and "act your age", serves only to push the teenager into a world that he is not quite mature enough to enter, and to give him a feeling of being "out of place", or "a misfit." This feeling is counteracted by the herding together of teenagers in youth clubs, coffee-bars and other centres, where they can talk and argue with others of their own kind, thus getting rid of some of the resentment they have built up against misunderstanding parents and teachers.

Why can't teenagers be left alone to herd and sort out their own problems before accepting the responsibilities of adult life!

Anne Bremridge 5A

My He

From the dance-hall to the
milk-bar,
With your greasy locks all
lah-de-da,
I've never dug a bodgie like
thee,
The way you twist and limbo
with me.

You are the boy for me I fear,
With your big leather jacket Oh
Dear!
Remember we have been engaged a
year
My bodgie boy, I fear.

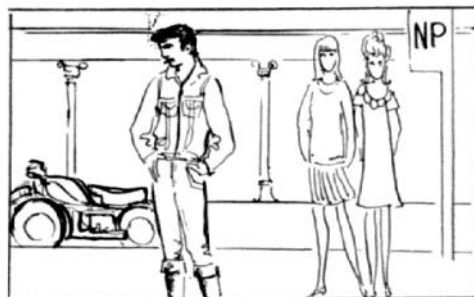
Your shape is masses of muscle
and fat,
Which makes them turn and say,
"Who's that?"
And when you wear your slim-tapered
pants
The girls come around you like a
group of ants.



Your dirty old hot-rod fumes the
air,
And makes them turn around and stare,
With your greasy hands and ringed
fingers.
But the smoke from your fag
still lingers.

Probably brainless - but stupid - No!
But whether Bodgie. Square or
Round,
I love you so.

Lynette Robson 4A



My He

He's like a streak of pump water,
With oily greasy jet black hair,
He wears the tightest jeans you've ever
seen,
With a dark shirt and a sparkling tie,
And a reefer jacket that would fit
Sonny Liston.
And when I see him coming,
I almost feel like running.
But funny thing
That's what I like about him.
He's kind of small - yet very tall,
With horn rimmed glasses,
And black suede tractor shoes.
He looks a drip
And very unfit - but -
That's what I like about him.

Sandra Coe 4A

Boy

Sitting there with his comic book
Forgetting the world is there,
Homework piled all around,
Told dozens of times to finish,
But he's so involved in his comic book
He doesn't know it's there.

Dirty knees and ruffled hair,
Clothes all creased and patched,
Plasters on elbows, and legs
Forever getting scratched.

Sitting all day on the river bank
With a fishing line in one hand
- a book in the other -
Planes and boats and soldiers of war-
That's all he ever thinks about.

His shoes are never polished
And his tie is left undone.
He plays in the mud,
And messes up his room,
And I doubt if
He's ever seen a face cloth.

Erin Scelly 3A

Homecoming

Every day it's the same, the
usual, "I'll see you tomorrow",
and I head off down the metal
driveway between the two tin
sheds, through the orchard, and
into our backyard.

There, the same as always is
my dog, waiting for me to come
through the orchard, up the path
and along the side of our car-
port.

Wagging his tail, and curling
his top lip up as if he was grin-
ning at me, he comes towards me.
I bend down a little and he jumps
up, taking my school cap off.
He goes inside. He drops the
cap on the floor. I give him
a pat, and he goes outside.

Bryce Kelly 3A

My Hero

Tough as old leather
Strong as an ox
Kick like a carthorse
Wily as a fox.

One of five brothers
Born on a cow farm
When he's on the paddock
N.Z. comes to no harm.

When he plays for Waikato
In red, yellow and black,
His opponents get headaches
When he kicks the ball back.

His favourite field
Is Carisbrook Park.
This 17 stone giant -
His name is Don Clarke.

David McCowan 4A

Prison Reform

As can be seen from recent riots and upheavals, things are not as they should be in our New Zealand prisons.

What is the reason behind this chaos? Are the prisoners dissatisfied with treatment given them, or do they simply have nothing better to do?

Are the prisoners justified in taking such dramatic action?

In light of recent newspaper reports describing the facilities available to prisoners, I would say that such action is not in the least justified. But is the picture presented by these reports a true one, or is it a version, specially coloured for the benefit of the public? If the latter is so, our prisoners may be rebelling for a worthy cause.

But whatever the reason for these upheavals, the fact still remains that something must be done to put an end to this state of affairs.

Perhaps additional staff would help matters. For obviously, if the prisoners can keep a still in which they make their own alcohol, the wardens must be either overworked or inadequate.

Indeed it may be that the problem is one of integrity, rather than shortage of staff. If corruption does exist, it is time steps were taken to eradicate it. A regular changing of staff on a nation-wide basis would help.

Besides lessening the risk of bribery amongst prison staff and inmates, this would also add interest to an otherwise monotonous job. A higher salary would be fit compensation for inconvenience caused to the family man, by the continual travelling involved.

A more effective, but perhaps more expensive alternative, would be a compulsory training course for prison staff. For what sense is there in building new maximum security blocks if they are only to become riddled with the rot of dishonest wardens.

Anne Bremridge 5A

Modern Living

In today's modern world a supermarket is a new idea, almost taken for granted, with its large car parks and automatic doors. But what is the difference, except for enlargement and modernization, between the supermarket and the General Store with its hitching post of 50-70 years ago. Both sold or sell many different goods.

The things that probably ruined the General Store were the town planners, who set aside special sections of the communities for shops. From this grew up clusters of shops, each specialising in a different type of goods. Next came the gigantic step to Department Stores. They began enlarging on the variety of products to be sold, until there would be quite a large range of departments in one store.

Again another change took place, and the apparently brand-new American idea of the Supermarket came into existence. It was praised repeatedly; some people were against them, but very few.

But is this idea really new? Were the praised designers really up to date in their thinking? It does not appear to me that they were. What really is the difference between a Supermarket of today and the General Store and hitching post of yesterday?

Marilyn Waring 3A

Caught

"We'll try this mug," I said and we all turned and looked out the back window of the bus. Approaching us was the newest looking utility truck you ever saw, and in it sat a right-looking mug with a face like the back of his truck. We waited until he was right up behind us, and then, with a start, began to point at his wheel, and laugh and indicate that it was wobbling. He slowed down and we pulled away from him feeling slightly disillusioned. Soon we came to our next stop, and again he drew up behind.

We turned and again pointed to his wheel. This time he passed us, but as he got down the road a bit he slowed, and eventually stopped. We watched him get out, walk round the front, and kick the tyre to test it. My pulse raced as he stepped out onto the road and began to wave the bus down.

"Gosh," I thought, "now I've done it". By now I sat alone in the back seat. I began to feel smaller and smaller as the bus ground to a halt and the door hissed open. He climbed up and stood in the door-way. His eye immediately fell upon me.

"Thanks", he said, "another minute and that wheel would 'ave been off."

Kevin Davison 5A

Shorthand

What is this language that's supposed
to be quick?
A dot here, a dash there,
A stroke and a curve.
I'm still trying to think how to
write "serve".
I know you sound the word
which cuts it in half -
Some of you may think it is all quite daft.
Now let's see.
I know that the "S" is a curve -
but is it light or black? This way?
Or that?
Now let me think.
The "er" part is a dash in the middle of the stroke
(Oh blow my pencil broke),
The "v" is a curve from the left to the right -
Or is it the right to the left?
Wait! - it's straight up and down -
I think.
It's written black, and I think
there's a kink
Somewhere along the end.

Gillian Davison 3A

The Dead of Night

It was the dead of night, occult, eerie -
And he walked.
As he passed the old tumble-down shack
With cobwebs strewn thickly across the windows
The thought of death flashed across his mind,
And he walked.
He approached the small town.
As he clicked along the sidewalk
The rippling red-brick streets were silent.
Dark emptiness filled him,
But he walked.
He crossed the street
Then along the railroad track
Blinding with the night.
His mind was plunged in thought.
Thoughts burnt like wildfire within him.
And he walked,
Further and further into the night,
Deeper and deeper into the forgotten land.

Paul Harris 4A

The Space Age

Through the ages man has wanted to conquer the unknown. Now he has started on a never-ending task of conquering space. The crossing of space is not just a matter of years. It is a question of eternity.

The first real start to conquer space started when Goddard launched a fuel-propelled rocket. His development of a rocket engine was on an amateur basis.

The Germans found that Goddard's research could be used to produce a horrifying machine of destruction. From reckless experiments with huge rockets the Germans emerged with the V.2 bomb and others which bombed London during World War II.

After the war had ended the world knew what a rocket was, particularly the Americans and Russians. These two nations have developed the rocket engine far beyond Goddard's humble research. They have put countless astronauts in space, including a woman. Other historical flights were made when Russia put three men in one capsule in an orbit around the earth. After that a Russian swam in space while attached to a lifeline.

Now these two nations are racing to the moon. After the moon the universe will be their next quest.

No-one knows where our grandchildren will be. Whether on Venus, Mars or Saturn, we cannot be sure. The space age has started. Man's greatest achievement of conquering space has begun, thanks to Goddard, the greatest pioneer of our time.

Simon Marsters 3A

The Beach

Like a half moon dug out of the land with a blunt knife, the beach lies asleep. The waves, sprinkled with detergent, beat down endlessly on the finely grated sand. They come again and again from the inky sea that stretches far into the horizon to meet the sky.

M. Waring 3A

Nothing

What is nothing?
Nothing is nothing.
Nothing is what you hear
With your finger in your ear.
Nothing is what you speak
With your hand across your beak.
Nothing is what you see
When your eyes are closed.
Nothing is what you do
When there is nothing else to do.

Robert Russo 3C

Rugby and Racial Prejudice

If a Maori is good enough to be selected to play football in a New Zealand team, then he is good enough to compete against South Africa. We are asked to send a New Zealand team, and we call Maoris New Zealanders.

Because South Africa has racial problems between black and white people, and sends only white players, doesn't mean that we, like them, should regard black people as inferior.

South Africa has the right to invite whom they want, but they have no right to dictate to us that we should send a white team.

Therefore, if Maoris are banned from opposing South Africa in further Rugby matches, the New Zealand team should stay at home.

Shona Earl 3A

Could the South Africans for once forget their racial prejudice? Are they not good sports? Most of our good players, or a lot of our players, are Maoris. I think the Maoris should be included in the All Black team. They would set an example to the South Africans. We consider Maoris and Europeans living in New Zealand all as one. It seems a pity that the International Rugby series between New Zealand and South Africa might not continue because of this.

John Bull 3A

If the South Africans do not want the Maoris included in the next All Black team we should comply with their request. When the South Africans toured New Zealand they respected our customs so we should at least try to respect theirs. If the Maoris were let go to South Africa they would be humiliated by the customs in that country. It appears then, that there is good reason for banning Maoris from an All - Black tour of South Africa.

Graeme Campbell 3A

Should Negroes Fight for the U.S.A?

There has been a lot of speculation about the American Negroes' rights. People say that the Negroes shouldn't be fighting for America when, as people, they don't receive rights equal to the whites.

In law, they do have the same rights, so in law they should be subject to being called into the Army, the Navy or the Airforce.

I am not in favour of the way the Negroes are being treated in America, but I think that if they refused to serve in the armed forces, the Negroes and whites would be further apart than they are already. The whites would think that the Negroes would be shirking responsibility and therefore look down on them even more.

David McCowan 4A

Pop Music

Why do so many parents have such a grudge about modern pop music? If a radio is turned up the slightest fraction so that you can pick out the words more easily or hear the song in your bedroom, an irate parent rushes to the radio, turns it off and a lecture is given about how the loud sound affects your ears, how unnecessary it all is, or how full of junk the song really is. Parents even refuse to listen to your view of how the song topped the hit parade. For in the middle of your explanation comes a cutting remark like "It is still junk though isn't it?"

Carol Robson 3A

Modern Dancing

I am not altogether opposed to modern dancing, but some of these dances look rather ridiculous. Many of them have no movement with the feet; you just stand and shake or wriggle as if someone has poured a basin of cold water over you. Some teenagers would most certainly laugh if they saw themselves.

Janet Gibson 3A

Voting Age

Surely if a person under 21 is earning his living and paying taxes, he should be able to have a choice of which government he would prefer to spend his money for him.

Howard Pharo 3A

The Herd Instinct In Teenagers

Teenagers are animals, and like most animals they tend to gather together with their own kind. The reason for this herding is the fact that teenagers have the same interest, opinions and hobbies as each other. For example it is true that teenagers are the only group of human beings that see anything in the "Beatles." Therefore, only teenagers gather together to dance and listen to the Beatle music.

The herd instinct is also demonstrated in Fashions. Once someone has developed a mode of dress others seem to follow because it is the fashion, and being a teenager you have "got to keep with it."

Teenagers are always looking for something different and as soon as someone has something different it becomes a craze until something else different is introduced. This herd instinct is not peculiar to teenagers. Adults have their fashions and not many people like to be the odd sheep in the flock.

Another example of this herd instinct is to be seen on Friday nights when large groups of teenagers gather to talk about the "latest" in fashion and other items of teenage interest. The herd instinct is an animal instinct which even human beings are unable to break away from, and teenagers will continue to herd together as they have done for so long.

Mark Rutherford 5A

Hair Colouring

In today's modern world, I think far too many young girls dye their hair.

God made them to look exactly as he wanted - no different.

Despite what they say, boys prefer sincere girls, and dyed hair is not allied to sincerity.

If girls think hair colouring makes them look prettier, they are quite definitely wrong. White hair makes girls look like grandmothers. The belief that boys like a blonde better is a whole lot of bally-hoo. Blonde hair (especially bottled-blonde) does not claim as many admirers as quiet femininity and natural good looks. Douglas Stone 3A

Sex Instruction in Secondary Schools

The question of whether sex instruction should be taught in schools is a difficult one. One can never tell how certain individuals will react. Most secondary school students are usually immature and would be embarrassed by sex instruction. I think that parents should fill in a form when they think their children are mature enough to receive sex instruction. If the teachers agree with the parents, the pupil could then receive sex instructions.

Mark Bremridge 3A

Punishment

Why don't teachers realize lines are a waste of time? I think it is more practical to have extra work in whatever subject you misbehaved. Then both teacher and pupil would benefit. Lines are boring, a waste of paper and time, and when finished are consigned to the waste-paper bin, with no satisfaction for either party. Work could be just as time consuming, but at least it would show results.

Carol Robson 3A

Punishment

I think that it is no use to cane most pupils as they make a joke of it and some try to get caned, just to get some notice taken of them. Caning should be kept as a last resort before expulsion. Lines are much more effective a punishment as they waste so much time.



S.E. TEMPLETON.

Should New Zealand Send Troops
to Vietnam?

New Zealand is really obliged to send troops to Vietnam to maintain her standing in the world today. But really the few troops that we can send will never have any bearing on a major battle. The only real object of having our troops there is to show the Communists that this country is prepared to fight, even on foreign ground.

Of course it is the belief of many, that the Communists do not really have to fight us to win. All they have to do when they are ready is to say to the Western Powers, "Okay we will have disarmament on any terms you like!"

Our financial systems would then collapse, as we prosper only during the threat of war or in actual war time. Having no armaments to produce, no forces to maintain, we would have terrific numbers of unemployed which would be the greatest breeding ground for Communism. So therefore, our only real way of fighting Communism is to put our own house in order first, for if what we have is better than Communism we would then have no need to fight.

Lynette Gilberd 3A



S.E. TEMPLETON.

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Cooking for Boys

Cooking is not solely for girls. One of my favourite pastimes is trying out new recipes, usually with success.

I keep my own recipe book which includes clipped-out recipes from newspapers, magazines etc., pictures and my own recipes, along with some of Mum's.

My interest in cooking started at school competition level. From there I graduated to biscuits and sweets and finally on to the more complicated cakes.

Mum helped me a good deal in my early stages, and first introduced me to this wonderful creative activity.

I have never regretted learning to cook and bake. Many times I have found my knowledge invaluable. So if you are thinking of taking cooking, boys, don't hesitate.

Remember, just about all top chefs in the world are men.

Douglas Stone 3A

New Zealand Support for Vietnam?

New Zealand should send more combat troops to South Vietnam.

An artillery battery does not represent the true New Zealand spirit. We are a country which believes in freedom, both democratically and socially. We have freedom, so why not help other less privileged countries get theirs.

I say stamp out aggression! Help the South Vietnamese people get rid of their tormentors. Give them the opportunity to live a normal happy life.

Peter Bartlett 4A

Decimal

It is a pity that the Commonwealth did not change over to the metric system when it became an international means of measure for weight, capacity, coinage and linear measure. In those days very little was mechanically operated and very few alterations would have been needed with little cost.

But now in this age of missiles and rockets everything is mechanically operated and it will be a tremendous and costly business to change to metric measure. A lesson we can learn from this is that we always should look into the future when we make decisions which might not mean much to us now, but may have great importance in the future.

Hubert Poot 3A

Imprisonment

Any person who commits a crime must be punished. If he is taken away from his home and friends, deprived of his rights and responsibilities, told when to eat, when to sleep, made to work, and restricted in his movements, he learns his lesson. This punishment hurts - no rights, can't do this, can't do that, locked up for the night. All this makes a person think. Some people learn their lesson.

Freedom is man's greatest asset and a necessity valued above all others. Thus imprisonment is one of the most fitting consequences for any crime, as it hits where it hurts most. The only doubt I have about this form of punishment which I cannot decide upon is, are we tough enough? Should we introduce beatings or capital punishment as well?

Kevin Skewes 5A

Is the Taking of Animal Life Justified?

Taking animal life depends on the circumstances. I think killing hares, rabbits, deer and opossums is justified. After all they are extreme pests.

One sort of killing is very unjustified, viz. keeping a pet lamb or calf and making it almost one of the family, then killing it for Christmas dinner. That is very cruel.

Killing an animal to put it out of its misery depends on the nature of the injury. If it isn't going to be handicapped I would let it live but otherwise it would be best to destroy it. If an animal has to be destroyed it should be done quickly and painlessly. If traps are set they should be checked often so that the animal caught is not in pain for too long.

As I said before, taking animal life depends on the circumstances, so if you are going to kill an animal, think first.

Paul Watson 3A

Then and Now

My first impression of Secondary School was not a good one. I was told of a hard, disciplined school life. On top of it all was a cane ready to beat anyone into submission for his seemingly petty crime. To add insult to injury there was homework to keep one occupied all evening.

But this impression was changed as the weeks went by. No longer was the cane a monstrous thing lashing here and there like a cornered animal, but just a stick which was expected to be used when needed. If homework was properly organized there was still time to watch "telly". The teachers who at first seemed like horrible monsters have become quite likeable.

These changes have taken place as the year rolled by and they have proved most of my first impressions wrong.

Almost a Fourth Former

A Visit to See Jimmy Palmer

In the first term 3E. went to Hamilton. At one o'clock we arrived at Jimmy Palmer's garage. We interviewed him about the car. First he took us down to where he had stripped the car down. We started to interview him. This lasted for about two hours. Mr Palmer's car was bought from Jack Brabham. Jimmy Palmer started racing at the age of fifteen and is still going at the age of twenty-three. The longest race he has been in was a six hour race which was held at Pukekohe. His car has a five speed gear-box. The tyres he buys cost fifteen pounds and it costs about fifteen pounds for them to be brought from England by plane. Altogether they cost thirty pounds each. His car does nine miles to the gallon and he does not have to pay for his petrol. He uses Firestone tyres this season.

Grant MacDonald 3E

Our Town

The high school's first major production. "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder, was a complete success and received with enthusiasm.

"Our Town" depicts the daily life of a small town, called "Grover's Corners", in New Hampshire. Grover's Corners could be any small town in America. The story revolves around George Gibbs, young son of a town physician, and Emily Webb, daughter of the editor of the local newspaper.

Rehearsals began in May and were held during lunch-hours and after school.

Many of the players were outstanding in their acting. David Kennard and Erin Hill proved to be a successful leading couple. Pauline and Chris Foote portrayed their parts extremely well. Jill Wasson and David Campbell, who acted as Mr and Mrs Gibb played their roles with confidence. Chris Grinter was very popular with the audience as the drunken choir-master. He raised quite a few laughs when he made his wobbly exit.

Yes, we all agree the play was Ngaruawahia's top entertainment for 1965.

4A



Acting in a Play

At last the big day arrives. For the last week the days have dragged slowly by, and each night I tried to imagine what it would be like if that night was the big night.

There is still an hour to go and as I watch the people being made up I sense how near it is to starting time. My heart beats faster. I wonder

if there will be any slips. I console myself by realizing that my part is such a small part, that if there are any slips they can't be blamed on me. Then my peace of mind is shattered when I realize that I have got to operate the sound effects. Suddenly I feel an inward panic and rush off to check everything. Yes, the gramophone is warm. Let me see, where is the third record? Ah, there it is. I say to myself after a moment's panic,

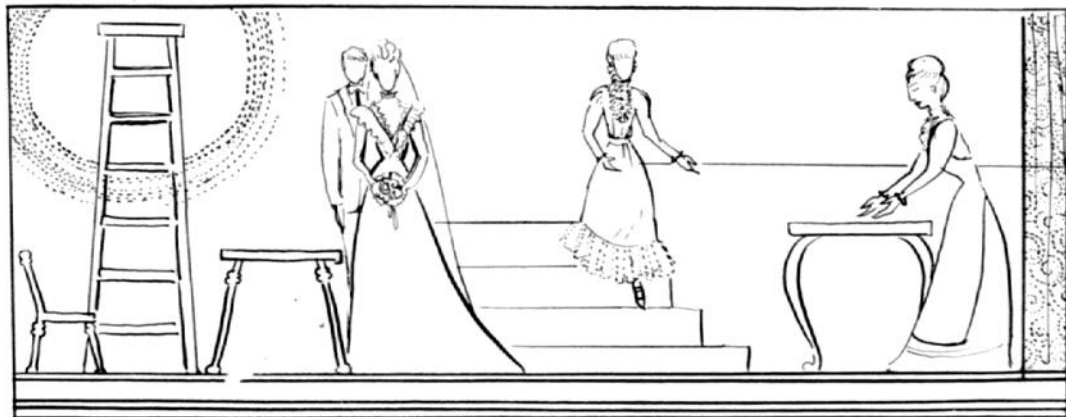
The bell - the whistle, - the milk crate. Yes it's all here. I pick up the book and thumb through the pages looking at all the sound cues.

There is still half an hour to go and I leave the sound effects table and go and get made up. At first I don't mind the different colours and shades that are being put on my face but then the lady picks up a bottle of glue. She paints my upper lip with it. It itches. I take a breath. It catches my breath. She puts some onto my eyebrows. It makes my eyes smart. She then sticks the hair on my face. The hair gets up my nose and is very irritating. At the moment I am annoyed and I have forgotten my fears about the coming performance. Then someone opens the door and says "Five minutes to go!" Immediately my heart beats and I feel as though I want to go and check on the sound effects again.

At last I am finished and tip-toe past all the excited whispering shadows. The stage manager has just started his speech. I tiptoe cautiously across the stage. Every sound of creaking boards seems magnified a hundred times. I sit down cautiously at the little table, faintly illuminated. Yes there's the boy with the whistle. I hope he doesn't miss his cue, I think to myself. There's the milk crate. Yes the records are still in order and the gramophone is warm.

For the first time I relax. At last I am doing something and I have no time to worry about all the little slips. One by one the sound effects are carried out. An occasional frantic thought that something might go wrong, but nothing does. At last the play is over and I feel a sense of pride. At least I have not let the team down.

"Professor Willard"



Yes, it was really true. At last I knew I was to act as Emily in the School's first production, Thornton Wilder's "Our Town". But this boy David Kennard who is to be George, my childhood sweetheart, whom I eventually marry - I'm not too keen on him!

That George! He never seems to get his lines right. At least I know mine (they weren't really hard to learn.) Golly, it's the last rehearsal tonight. It seems only last week rehearsals began, and now it's lights, costumes, make-up, the works.

Thank goodness, the final night is over but gosh how tired we all are with hair full of lacquer and faces covered with make-up.

I'm sure I've gained in many ways, and made many new friends through being in the play, and I would certainly do it again. I will always remember those few months of 1965.

"Emily"



My cue came. I had to walk across the stage and climb a few steps. I felt myself hesitate as I entered, and was aware of dark, motionless heads sitting in a dead quiet hall. I then swallowed, and walked forward, walking jerkily and irregularly.

I reached the steps, clambered up. I picked up the imaginary baton with fidgeting hands sticky with sweat - I was really grateful it was only an imaginary baton as more than likely I would have dropped it. I started conducting the choir and acting drunk as well - which is not easy.

The choir stopped. I cleared my throat and started my speech with a croaky, dry voice. My legs were shaking. Lucky I had long pants on. I rumbled off my speech, getting more confident and more at ease. I finished and walked off, more like a duck than a drunk. Yes, it was quite an experience.

"Simon Stimson"

This page sponsored by Russell McFarlane Ltd., Men's Outfitters.

Orchestra

The Orchestra began as an "Instrument Group" in 1963. We had two descant recorders, two treble recorders, two tenor recorders and chime bars. More recorders were added, and parents bought melodicas. The group grew to 22 members.

In July, 1964, we started string classes, Mr Snelling taking violins, and Mrs Thomson violas and 'cellos. Miss Lancaster and Miss Manley, two staff members, also joined, and led the violins when the Orchestra played for the first time as a complete unit for Break-up in December, 1964. Unfortunately for us, Miss Lancaster left to be married, but we are pleased Miss Manley is still with us. She is also helping new players with their music.

The school orchestra worked on special music for the music students' concert held on October 2nd. The works included, Largetto from "Alcina" by Handel, and Purcell's "Trumpet" "Voluntary", with Peter Noonan and Tom Forrest as soloists. The programme consisted of soloists, recorder group, string group and choir. This was a most successful concert to raise funds for the double bass.

The music department acknowledges with thanks the practical assistance of the Parent - Teacher Association, and of all who willingly gave assistance to make the presentation possible.

It is necessary for the pupils to serve a studentship before earning an Orchestra Badge. Forty playing members have theirs now.

We all enjoy and appreciate the music by the School Orchestra under the capable baton of Mrs Thomson.

Eleanor Porter 4A

Choir

Our choir was formed at the beginning of 1965, with fifty-five members - all girls.

In addition to the main choir there is also a small choir which meets every Tuesday at lunchtime, under the leadership of Barbara Foote. There are seventeen members in this selected group of girls.

This page sponsored by Charles Begg & Co Ltd.

Musical and Electrical Centre.

In October both these groups combined with the School Orchestra to present a concert for parents and friends. Everyone voted the concert a tremendous success, but probably the performers enjoyed it most of all.

The programme included Handel's "Now on Land and Sea Descending," and a round, "Donna Nobis Pacem," sung in three parts. The small choir sang two folk songs from Europe.

We think every one who is even the tiniest bit interested in music will agree that Mrs. Thomson has done a great job in supervising and conducting the choir through-out the year. The blending of the girls voices is all due to her, and it will be even better when these girls' voices are joined by some male voices at the next concert presented by our school. This is because since the concert twenty-seven boys, many of them 5th formers, and three more girls, have joined the choir.

Now that the concert is over, the choir is not going to sit back on its laurels and let all the praise go to its head. It is going to learn new songs so that it can take part in competitions next year.

Velma Roche Gail Hill 5A

The Concert

The night at last arrived, and before long I was climbing the steps to the stage. I climbed up onto the platform. There was the audience. Suddenly I felt all alone.

"Hurry up," I whispered to myself, hoping that I could hurry them up to fill the platforms in front of me.

There was a flash, and there was the hall, black, but not empty.

"Whew!" I'm glad that's over, was in everyone's thoughts.

The second time we went up I didn't feel as frightened, but my heart was thumping mighty hard.

Janet Gibson 3A

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AUSTRALIA

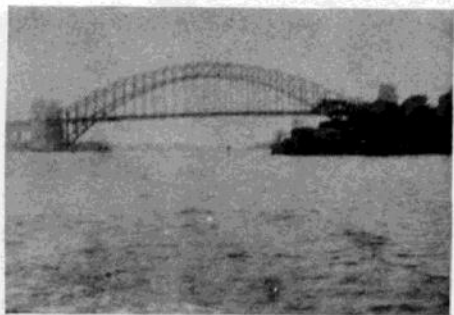
1965

During the August-September vacation 1965, a party of 34 staff and pupils undertook a 20-day tour of the East Coast of Australia. The trip came as the climax to five months organizing and effort by the group, under the guidance of Mr & Mrs Chapman, and Mr & Mrs Vickridge. Below is a summary of the itinerary.

- 1 Sydney: A gigantic and almost frighteningly large city hung together by a large coat-hanger
- 2 Port Kembla: One felt rather small and insignificant in the midst of such industry.
- 3 Nowra: Our first real chance to spend some of this funny-looking Aussie money.
- 4 Bega: Bore some comparison to our Waikato but cattle certainly needed fattening up.
- 5 Lakes Entrance: Fishing town, tourist area, and cold swimming pool the highlights here.
- 6 Melbourne: A beautiful city of parks, gardens and sky-scrapers; and .. who could forget the People's Palace?
- 7 Albury: Depopulated but friendly and pretty on the Murray banks.
- 8 Tumut: Roll on your mighty way Snowy River, roll on.
- 9 Gundagai: Saw the Dog on his tucker box and visited Dave and Mabel of Snake Gully.
- 10 Canberra: Perfectly laid out and planned. but oh, so cold!!
- 11 Blue Mountains: Who could forget the Three Sisters and a memorable ride on the scenic railway.
- 12 Brisbane: Tropical and beautiful. Warm climate and reception. Memories of warm Parliamentary reception by Mr 'Speaker' Nicholson.
- 13 Surfers' Paradise: We long to return to the sun, sand, and T-bone steaks.
- 14 Nambour: A wonderful sight standing among the pineapples, bananas and the sugar cane.

In retrospect we can only sum up the trip as, "a great success". The gains in knowledge and experience, by both the staff and pupils, are immeasurable, though often evident. We feel that to see outside New Zealand is a "must". We New Zealanders tend to be very insular in our outlook, and self-satisfied with our assets. Our country is indeed a wonderful place, but we must travel, even to Australia, to see our land in its true perspective.





Pencil Sketch
Ngahui Holland
5R



Linocut
Wayne Salt 5A



Linocut
Kevin Keast 4D

Overheard in Australia

"So you're from Na-whya areya?
That's somewhere along the Murray
River isn't it?"

oooo0000oooo

"Please, Driver, could you tell
us when we get near the Great
Dividing Range?"

"Whatya mean get near them,
we're just approaching the high-
est point now."

oooo0000oooo

"We ask all the visitors to
maintain one minute's silence as
we cross this railway track ...
we don't want to wake the sleepers!"

oooo0000oooo

"You Kiwis think you know all
about sheep why do little
lambs walk softly? They can't
walk hardly."

oooo0000oooo

"Aren't there any other cars on
the road except Holdens?"

oooo0000oooo

Impressions at Random

What a beautiful city Melbourne
was. The parks and gardens
formed such a marked and pleasant
change from the sky-scrappers and
the hustle of the big city.

oooo0000oooo

It's surprising how hard it is
to hit ten, or for that matter one,
at the pin bowling alley. Some
members of the party were observed
to be in need of much practice.

oooo0000oooo

This page sponsored by Kelly's Foodmarket.

Noise! Noise! Noise! and the
Go Go Girls are a feature of our
visit to Surf City at King's
Cross.

oooo0000oooo

One often gained the impres-
sion, in some areas of the major
cities that one could be some-
where on the Continent, judging
by the language.

oooo0000oooo

Tropical fruit growing in the
plantations is a wonderful sight.
We found difficulty in under-
standing why bananas should be
dearer in parts of Australia
than in New Zealand.

oooo0000oooo

Thought New Zealand could
take a few pointers from Australia
on the question of providing tou-
rist facilities. They certainly
realise the value of this tourist
traffic, and are capitalising on
it.

oooo0000oooo

A bit of a come-down to get
back to the school-buses after
travelling round Australia in
£33,000 worth of air-conditioned
coach.

oooo0000oooo

Fancy having a swim at Surfers'
and basking in the 76°F. heat,
and then coming back to frosts
and the low 50°F.

oooo0000oooo

Library

After almost three years the School Library is now functioning efficiently. There are now over 2,200 books accessioned and a regular supply of new books keeps appearing on the display shelves.

Last year Mr Snelling began the training of librarians, who were presented with library badges only after three months practical work and passing a written examination where the pass-mark was 85%. In 1964 Gaye Ridling and Dennis Geake were Head Librarians. This year there were many more students who applied for library training. Carolynn Hancock was appointed Head Librarian for 1965, with Annette Raethel as Deputy. There are now sufficient trained librarians for Mr Snelling to allow them to take over the issue - return duties in the library.

We are pleased to record that the school library is well used, especially during lunch-hours when it is often difficult to find a seat at the tables. It is also open after school until 4 p.m., but so far, hardly anyone uses it then.

All the processing of new books and cataloguing is done by Mrs Vickridge, the library-assistant. The school is fortunate to have built up such a well-stocked library in such a short time.

Annette Raethel
Reg Sweeney 4B

Library Badge Exam

Two days away. Oh no, not something else to learn. I'll never get my library badge. This shelf list is so complicated, how many did she say we had to have to pass? 85% wasn't it? Yes that's it. Gosh, I'll never do it. Thank goodness there are no questions on the reserves. That's one thing I don't have to worry about. The shelf names. I'm all right there. The cards. Better check. Yes that's all right. Taking a book out. Yes. Finding a book. Oh gosh no. Where's Carolyn, I'll have to get her to explain again. I'm sure I'll fail.

Gillian Davison 3A

This page sponsored by Paul's Book Arcade, Hamilton.

Maori Club

With the permission of the Principal a Maori Club was formed under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Ingram in the year 1963. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram had certain business for which they left half-way through the year. A well known man around these parts, Canon Wi Huata, agreed to stand in for them and the group functioned well under his control until he too went away on his important occasions. When he left, the group didn't learn much until Mr. Vickridge came upon Mrs. Turner and asked her to supervise the Club. Mrs. Turner, who is very knowledgeable on Maori culture, takes action songs and hymns while her father, Mr. Poutapu, takes the boys for their special parts such as fierce haka and taiaha work. Mr. Burt, who is a new staff member, helps the Club with their problems such as committee meetings, concerts, and practices.

The club's first outing for 1965 was on Friday, 15th October, when a concert and Dance was held in the Glen Massey Hall. This turned out to be a wonderful experience with music provided by the Junior T.P.M. Band (whose members are all in the Club). After supper, Club members gave action songs and choral items. The takings for this evening were £33 and, in addition, we received £6 in donations.

The Club is at present raising money in aid of a possible trip to Fiji, in the August holidays of 1966. Next year we would like more pupils to join the Club, especially pakehas, as we have only one pakeha member singing alongside fifty-six Maoris.

The committee for 1965 is:

George Tahapeehi	(President)
John Tukere	(Vice President)
Miriama Henare	(Secretary)
Gordon Paikea	(Club Captain)

Kauri Mahara, Margaret Turner, Donald Ranga, Ata Kirkwood, Toni Gregory, Brown Tahapeehi, Nehu Paki, Amaru Morgan, Gene Gregory.

Gordon Paikea, Kauri Mahara, Donald Ranga 5C

There was a young man named Paul
Who was forever smoking PallMall
He got cancer one day
And soon passed away
So no more did poor Paul smoke PallMall.

D.Hastie

This page sponsored by Fred Bradley Ltd., Carrier, Waipa Esplanade.

ART

The Art department has entered into the life of the community by helping local functions with art displays. In 1963 the art pupils entered work in the Centennial painting competition. These paintings were displayed in the local shops. Jeanne Gilbert gained first prize and Ngahuia Holland was placed second.

In 1964 pupils designed and painted "FIESTA" poster on behalf of the local Civic Choir. Margaret Wade gained first prize, and Lorraine Walker was placed second, with Sandra Templeton being highly commended.

This year we prepared paintings and posters for Civic Pride Week, which were displayed in the War Memorial Hall. Paintings were also displayed in the School Hall Foyer.

Each year pupils have entered, and we have had prize winners in, the Waikato Saving's Bank Poster Competition. The successful pupils have attended the Waikato Saving's Bank functions held in Hamilton, where the exhibits have been on display, prizes presented and afternoon tea provided. This year's prize winners were:

- 5R Sandra Templeton and Ngahuia Holland
- 4A Eleanor Porter, Lynette Robson and Shirley Blair
- 4B Dorothy Williamson
- 4C Charles Gorman
- 4TW Graham Tresidder and Graeme Daines
- 4TE Amaru Morgan
- 4H Kathryn Scott
- 3A Sharon Rose, Kristine Newcombe and Christine Graham

Each year we have held an Art display on Open day consisting of paintings, lino cuts, floral art and clay models. Our ambition is to slowly build up a collection of books and reproductions of Old Masters and Contemporary paintings.

French Dining Club

On 19th August, the 3P French Dining Club held its Inaugural Feast. The food was tres bon - i.e. Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious. The affair was a gastronomical success.

Menu - told me 'n' you what to eat

Les Bateaux (Boats)

"Chris ate all ours" - said accusingly.

Les Herrisons (Hedgehogs)

A prickly problem to eat.

Les Souricières (Mousetraps)

Ouch!

Celeri et Fromage

Robert and Barry filled three and ate two.

Chou

"That was good! What was it?"

"Raw Cabbage."

"Ugh!"

Le Cocktail

"It had tea leaves in it."

"And grass too!" (Mint)

Les Petits Fours de Madame Wallace

A pity for to eat.

Pommes de Terre en Jacquettes

Spuds dressed for the occasion.

French Bread

supplied by the yard by Madame Collins.

Finale:

"Passez-moi le Hardy's!"

This page sponsored by Harper's Delicatessen.



Sports Teams Visit Okaihau D.H.S.

We started off early on a bleak, unpromising morning. Everybody was excited and chattering gaily.

The entire school filed out to cheer us on our way.

Singing, laughter and talking continued throughout the journey. This overcame the boredom of a long trip. We stopped many times, enjoying the scenery and the occasional historical sight. As we came nearer to Okaihau the excitement grew.

"Okaihau!" somebody shrieked. Green and grey clad students scrambled out of the bus and were introduced to their billets. Everybody stared curiously. After a sustaining meal and endless chatter I tumbled into my bed.

The next day was spoiled by a strong wind and light rain. We played an exhausting but thrilling game of hockey, losing 6-1. Our 1st XVI won 12-11, and the girls lost their basketball match 15 - 8.

The last day of our visit was enjoyable, with a cool breeze and warm sun. We toured the historic Bay of Islands - Russell, Paihia and Waitangi. This made the trip educational as well as entertaining. We returned to the school for a traditional hangi, and an evening of our own choice - television, table-tennis, dancing or four square. We retired to bed late that evening.

We left next morning at approximately 10 a.m., and arrived in Ngaruawahia late that evening after a thrilling experience that will be remembered by all for a long time.

Shona Earl 3A

Sports Teams Visit Waitara High School

Last minute inspection, another briefing of the rules, and we were ready to go. Bags were opened, the chatter started, and the sweets started circulating. We settled down for the long journey ahead.

Hours later, sleepy, tired, but definitely not hungry, the Ngaruawahia sports representatives arrived at Waitara. We met our billetors and their parents, and were taken to their homes.

On Saturday we played the Waitara High School in basketball and football. Waitara clinched all the games. They had several Taranaki reps in their team and at times the speed and accuracy with the basketball left us completely dazed. After a lunch together we went to the Springbok - Taranaki match.

On Saturday night we went to the social put on for us. The Waitara people were excellent hosts, and the band, supper and dances were really super.

It was with much regret that we said goodbye on Sunday morning.

This page sponsored by Wald's Bakery, Hamilton. Marilyn Waring 3A

Lions Club Sponsors A Visit To Australia

During the gloom of School Certificate examination last year we were suddenly delighted to learn that we had been selected by the Ngaruawahia Branch of the Lion's Club to represent them in Australia during the coming January. Neither of us really believed it, and right up until the day we landed in Australia it seemed like a distant dream.

We soon realised it was real when we stepped off the plane on to the tarmac in Sydney in a temperature of 104°C. We stayed about four miles apart in Canberra, one with the Secretary of the Canberra Metropolitan Lions Club and the other with the President of the same club. While in Canberra we were shown around the city by members of Lions Club. We went to many places not normally available to tourists because of the wide variety of occupations of the club members.

The highlights of our stay in Canberra were: being 'hounded' by reporters; meeting the International President of the club (an American); visiting the magnificent War Memorial; and visiting the Snowy Mountain Scheme, of which we had heard so much. It is said that when finished it may be the eighth wonder of the world.

Our stay in Sydney was short and unplanned, but we saw all we could possibly see in the time available. In Sydney we had one of our most enjoyable evenings - a visit to Luna Park, the night before we were to fly home to New Zealand.

After visiting a country like Australia which is so like New Zealand and yet so different, we appreciated New Zealand all the more on our return. We were not only able to learn at first hand a little about their vast country, but also able to experience a little of the Australian way of life. We would like to record our gratitude to the Ngaruawahia Lions Club for this wonderful opportunity.

Barbara McMahon, Lloyd Mounsey 6B

There was a young boy called Clive
Who took his girl-friend for a drive
They kept going straight
Went right through a gate
And now there is neither alive.

Anon 4A

This page sponsored by Variety Butchery Ltd., Jesmond Street.

The Crusader Unions

In March 1964 two branches of the Crusader Movement, one for boys and one for girls, were formed in the school. Our Unions are part of an interdenominational organisation with sister organisations in many countries. There are about 193 Unions in New Zealand Secondary Schools.

We meet regularly on Thursdays at lunchtime, the boys under Mr. Esselbrugge's leadership and the girls under Miss Manley's, to learn more about the Christian Faith by studying the Bible. We have also had several combined meetings when we have had a visiting speaker.

Our other activities have included hikes with sausage sizzles, a beach trip, and cooking our lunch in the homecraft room. Camps are held every school holiday and several boys and girls are looking forward to going to one of the eighteen camps being held this summer.

Book-binding Group

In 1964 a group of girls from 3P helped to start the school scrap-book. From this group four girls, Lynette Robson, Vivienne Bull, Jane MacFarlane and Robin Little continued the work this year and have also learnt, during the lunch-hour, how to put hard covers on paper-backed books for the school library. Early this year another group of girls began to look after the school scrap book during electives.

Softball

In our School, softball is the most popular summer sport of 1965 for other sports are limited to small numbers. Softball is so popular as many non-players take part in the game because they are not good enough to take part in other sports.

Softball is played each Wednesday, and over 100 boys take part. There are two teams playing on one diamond. The teams play a different team each week until they play each other again.

Softball can be fast and exciting if the equipment is there and the rules are played in a proper way. Many boys and girls who play softball in the school don't know much about the game for there are few coaches or trainers in the School to teach them.

Softball can be lazy at times, after you have had your bat. The best way to avoid laziness is to sit or stand and cheer your team on.

Phillip Mahara,

Bill Ketu 3E



The Choir



The Orchestra



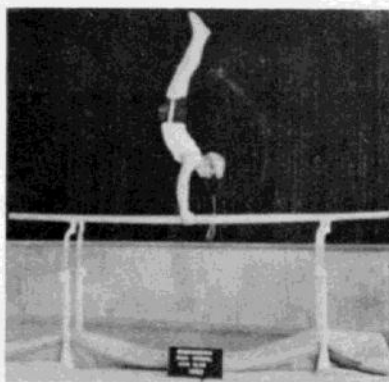
Third Form Team 1963



Versus Tokoroa High School 1963



Staff V. School Hockey Match



Lloyd Mounsey.



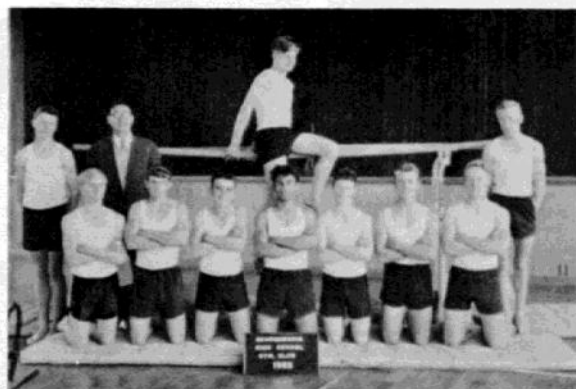
Cross - Country 1964





BRASS BAND

Back Row: P. Noonan, L. Larson,
C. McCowan.
Front Row: S. Moerua, J. Bull,
T. Forrest (leader)
J. Anderson, B. Paddy.



GYM CLUB

Back Row: D. McCowan, Mr Ang,
D. Campbell, G. Montford.
Kneeling: L. Mounsey, K. Davison,
O. Scott, R. Joyce,
W. Heslop, B. Walker,
K. Pendergrast.



TENNIS CLUB

Back Row: K. Smith, K. Scott,
C. Hancock, G. Ellis,
G. Davison, M. Kestle,
A. Raethel, J. Steele,
T. Gregory.
Middle Row: Mr Rendle, E. Porter,
C. Grinter, J. Kelly,
A. Sutton, L. Greig,
L. Drinkwater,
M. Standring, R. Smith.
Front Row: C. Cleland, J. Munns,
R. Little, R. Crockett,
M. Lee, C. Taylor,
S. Rose, R. Sweeney,
L. Weir.



HOCKEY 'A' TEAM

Standing :
Miss Ingram, J. Weir,
S. Templeton, S. McBurney,
E. Hill, Miss MacDonald.
Sitting :
P. Graham, Y. Johnson,
L. Weir, A. Bremridge,
L. McLaughlin, P. McLean,
H. Coe.



HOCKEY 'B' TEAM

Standing :
A. McCowan, B. Burt,
S. Ellis, L. Stubbing,
Sitting :
S. Earl, C. Cleland,
G. Singh, G. Hunt,
A. MacFarland, S. Coe,
H. Landon.



1st XI

Standing,
Mr. Chapman, A. Shankland
K. Pendergrast, G. Osborne
L. Drinkwater, C. Gorman
Mr. Templeton
Sitting :
M. Burt, R. Smith,
J. Parrish, D. Currie,
I. Gibson, D. Coup,
Wilson.

1st XV



Back Row - O. Scott, T. Forrest, B. Walker, R. Joyce.
 Middle Row - C. Jones, C. Taylor, K. Davison, I. Brownlee, R. Dent,
 R. Bradley, Mr. A. O. McHardy.
 Front Row - A. Lewer, G. Latta, F. Landen, L. Mounsey (Capt.),
 A. Carter, D. McCowan, K. Knauf.



BASKETBALL 'A' TEAM

Back Row: Tini Muru, Pauline Foote,
 Middle Row: Maureen Walker, Miss Manley,
 Lorraine Walker.
 Front Row: Nehu Paki, Toni Gregory,
 Noleen Abbott.



INDOOR BASKETBALL

Standing: Mr Ang, B. Barclay,
 G. Barclay.
 Sitting: W. Bell, D. Campbell,
 G. Campbell.

Girls' Hockey

The first two years displayed a consistent performance - every game was lost. However, this year we cannot boast of the same record. We have furthered our experience because we have played more games against other schools.

At the moment there are two hockey teams, the 1st and 2nd XI, coached by Miss Ingram and Miss McDonald, with Mr Hill giving extra coaching on Saturday mornings.

The major event in the hockey season at school was the return trip we paid to Okaihau District High School in Northland. The hockey match was played on Friday, and we lost.

Waitara High School visited us to play Hockey and Soccer, and after the matches everyone went to see the Springbox play Waikato. Next year we will visit them.

When we played Raglan this year we turned the tables on them and beat them. However, it was only a moral victory because the score was 0-0 and we had the most penalty corners. This year for the first time we played Te Kauwhata and beat them.

The 4th form team played Melville twice - once at Ngaruawahia and once at Melville - and were beaten both times by one point. When the 3rd form played Cambridge they beat them easily.

On the first Saturday in the August holidays we enjoyed a game against Kati Kati D.H.S. amid rain and mud. After losing, we entertained them to lunch.

4A

Rugby

1st XV: This year was the first full season of competition with other schools and colleges in the Waikato and beyond. The team's record is as follows:

Paeroa College	1st XV	6	11	lost
Fairfield College	2nd XV	24	0	won
Ngaruawahia Army		12	6	won
Katikati D.H.S.	1st XV	5	3	won
C.C.N.Z.	2nd XV	6	3	won
St. Paul's	2nd XV	13	3	won
Putaruru	1st XV	11	0	won
Te Kauwhata	1st XV	9	11	lost
Te Awamutu	2nd XV	9	12	lost
Tokoroa	2nd XV	3	3	drawn
Huntly College	1st XV	9	6	won
Waitara High School	1st XV	3	26	lost

This page sponsored by Ngaruawahia Plumbing Co.

Pukekohe High School	2nd XV	3	3	drawn
St. John's College	1st XV	6	12	lost
Melville High School	1st XV	35	3	won
Okaihau D.H.S.	1st XV	12	11	won
Hamilton Boys' High School	2nd XV	8	24	lost
Katikati D.H.S.	1st XV	11	8	lost
St. Paul's	3rd XV	11	0	won

Total	191	147
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The record of 12 wins, 6 losses and 2 draws is impressive, and in only two games were large defeats suffered. On each occasion the heavier and more experienced teams of Waitara (1st XV) and Hamilton Boys' High (2nd XV) were able to dominate possession, and control the game.

In general, the team was drawn from the largest and strongest students offering and although there were few real specialists, many teams were unable to discover our weaknesses. Great spirit and determination were displayed against bigger teams, and, but for the misfortune of losing a competent first five-eight, many losses could have been converted to wins.

The highlights of the season were undoubtedly the trips to Waitara and Okaihau. Inexperience and lack of weight up front led to a rather crushing defeat against Waitara, but against Okaihau there was no repetition of the 1964 rout, and we finally emerged the victors, 12-11.

Lloyd Mounsey is to be congratulated on his selection as half back for the Junior Harlequins. This was a fitting finale to an outstanding season's football.

With Mr McHardy giving a new enthusiasm to Rugby, a solid nucleus of players was formed during the season, and with many of these players returning next year, the prospects of breaking into top flight 1st XV Rugby next season appear bright.

2nd XV: Two Fifth grade teams were entered in the Hamilton schoolboy competition but halfway through the season one team had to be withdrawn. Transport into Hamilton was a problem and numbers were insufficient to maintain two full teams in the competition.

The remaining team, composed mainly of Third and Fourth Formers became the 2nd XV, and by the end of the season was showing a big improvement on early season form. Litt, Johnson, Rongo and George in the backs, with Holmes, Kestle and Wallace in the forwards, were the most promising players.

This page sponsored by Harrop & Son, Electricians.

Staff vs. Girls Hockey

Allison vs. Allison and the ball was set rolling. The staff by fair means and foul retained possession of the ball throughout the match. Numerous staff members showed surprising form.

Mr Ready displayed his dancing ability with his graceful slips and slides in gallant attempts to keep control of the ball. With his bright woollen tea-cosy on his head, Mr Norris looked quite the part, displaying shapely legs beneath his school gym. Miss Ingram, being mistaken for a schoolgirl, was hardly ever in possession of the ball. Mr Chapman, a typical golfer, drove the ball home with a flourish that Bob Charles would have been proud of. We mustn't forget the girls at this stage, who were putting up a fine fight. Mr McHardy, siding with the girls, stepped into the goal where he remained throughout the performance. Mr Templeton provided a Gypsy Rose Lee act complete with pantaloons and tunic which he discarded at half-time. Mrs Vickridge decided to take a neutral part by changing from side to side every now and again. Mr Ang, a little disgusted at his colleagues' efforts, did all he could to keep his team intact.

The game seemed a little too strenuous for Miss McDonald as she was away from school the next day. The staff must have been a little hard up for players as they had to call in Miss McAra, a student, to help them. In his enthusiasm to get to the ball Mr Snelling bashed more shins than the ball. Pam Graham, the real ref, had keen competition from players and spectators alike.



The Cross Country

The third annual cross-country was held on the afternoon of Friday 8th October, 1965. Intermediate and Junior records were established. The three winners were all from Havelock House and the team's race was won by Tainui.

Winners were: Junior	- Kevin Knauf
Intermediate	- Trevor Barton
Senior	- Lloyd Mounsey

The Battle

Five minutes to go till the start. The runners walk anxiously around limbering up their muscles. Others just sit thinking. The starter stands up. The runners line up. The atmosphere is tense. There is a bang, and the runners are off.

Suddenly all the tension is gone and the runners are like clocks slowly unwinding after being wound up tight. The runners settle into an easy steady pace. By the first corner they are less bunched up and the faster ones are already striding ahead of the others. Then the next corner approaches and the first ten turn simultaneously. By now the others are some distance back. Then comes the test. One by one the first ten vault over the gate into the field. The steady pace now ceases and the runners have to think of the uneven surface. They are constantly checking themselves from stumbling. Now only six remain in the leading pack as they approach the second fence.

The next field has clumps of rushes from an old drained swamp. The runners pick the easiest path, but still it is exhausting as they are constantly striding high and stumbling over rushes. By now the runners are breathing hard and their faces appear strained. The runners vault over the next fence into the swamp. Only four remain now. They have to drag their feet out of the mud and lift them high before the next step. Again the runners stumble as they plough through bog. At the hill only three remain.

At this stage of the run the runners have not only to propel themselves but also lift themselves. The top at last. Only two remain now. The two strong ones stride easily down the other side. They vault over another fence and across another paddock. The worst is over. Now, side by side once more in their easy loping stride, the point of half a mile to the finish is passed and they begin to speed up, trying to out-pace each other. Their faces are strained. Quarter of a mile to go. They are still side by side drawing on all their energy. The finishing post comes in sight. A hundred yards to go - they sprint for the post.

It is over. Only one remains.

Mark Rutherford 5A

This page sponsored by Delta Dry Cleaners.

"Go!", a voice shouted. The wall of boys jumped into life. They jostled and shouted down the hardmetalled road.

"Wait for me, Dave," came a cry. So I did. "What's the hurry?"

"Don't worry, the pace was only temporary," I replied.

"A gate, a fence, and a drain later, I looked round to see him stop for his first rest. Two paddocks later I passed a runner - but I still lay about mid-field.

Thank goodness it only comes once a year. The first training session was agony. They gave us a week to mend all cuts and bruises, and then round we went again.

"Senior, Intermediate or Junior?" drawled a hazy figure in front of me.

"Senior" I gasped, and grabbed a coloured ticket as I drunkenly struggled on.

The ground is so uneven your feet buckle under you.

The hill looks like Mt. Everest so you climb it.

There's something moving around in the pit of my stomach. I've heard of it before. Butterflies! All the boys have them.

We decided to go slowly and reap the benefit of the sun, but the sun beat mercilessly down.

The school was in the distance - the fardistance. No cars. Couldn't thumb a ride so I jogged on with a jabbing pain in my side. At last I was nearly there so I decided I would try to run as if I was still fit. Had to put on the Hollywood you know!

"Maniapoto!" I gasped as I flopped down on the grass. I felt like a furnace, and my feet were like lead. I got shakily to my feet.



Association Football

This year Association Football attracted some 60 players. The game has been played since the School opened 3 years ago, and has gone from strength to strength. Two teams participated in the Saturday competitions this year, coached by Mr Templeton, Mr Chapman and Mr Rendle. School games were played against Huntly, Melville, Waitara, Te Aroha and Raglan.

The one field at School did not stand up to the weather very well, and was wet and muddy for almost every game.

Successes this year indicate that, with increased numbers next year, the teams could build into powerful units.

4C

Outdoor Basketball 1965

This year 3rd, 4th and 5th form teams were selected, and from these an A and B.

The coaches, Miss Bradfield, Miss Manley and Mrs Vickridge showed their enthusiasm by patiently selecting, refereeing and tagging along on trips with the teams.

The A and B team travelled to Waitara and Okaihau and were unsuccessful in both meetings.

The 3rd form team won the Intersecondary tournament in Hamilton. The centre, Rangi Tini proved to be the outstanding player of the team. The rest of the team were Huia Tamati, Ata Kirkwood, Marilyn Waring, Paula Paikea, Mary Morgan.

Toni Gregory 5R

Basketball

During the three years of the Ngaruawahia High School's existence, one of its most prominent features has been the standard of the Basketball teams, both Indoor and Outdoor.

The Outdoor teams have proved their strength over the years by bringing home a Handicap Cup in 1963 and 1964, a Knockout Cup in 1965, a Cup for the most improved team in 1963.

The Indoor team has also had its taste of limelight when in the whole of the 1964 season it lost only one game, and this game was lost by one point.

We can, by these trophies, see that the school is becoming known for its basketball, and we can imagine the pride of the team-members when they walk on the court in the school colours to represent their school Ngaruawahia High.

Noleen Abbott 5R

Indoor Basketball 1964

Miss R. Walker selected a team to play on Wednesdays from 4 - 6 o'clock in the Inter secondary Tournament in Hamilton. The team Rhonda Nikora, Noleen Abbott, Toni Gregory, Sue White, Diane Bennett, Heather Coe, were runners-up to C.C.N.Z. The final score was 25-26.

Two teams played in Te Awamutu and this time they gained a victory over their previous opponents. They met in the finals - and Ngaruawahia, through their positional set play, won the game without effort.

Toni Gregory 5R

Tennis

Some 40 players, both boys and girls, play tennis each Wednesday afternoon during the summer terms on the School's 4 courts. Mr Rendle continued as coach of tennis, a post he has occupied since tennis began being played at School 3 years ago.

In October this year a visiting coach gave useful tips to our players, and it is hoped that this will be of benefit to them during the coming season.

4C

Action

The crowd was tense. Who would win? The receiver stood on the baseline ready for the serve. He bounced on his toes, his face grim, his eyes fixed on the serve.

The server steadied himself. A determined look was on his face as he bounced the ball - once, twice. Then he raised his racquet, threw the ball high, and came down on it with all his might.

The ball flashed down the court, heading straight for the corner. A beautiful serve. But the receiver was ready for it. His eyes never left the ball. His hair flopped around on top of his head but he paid no attention to it. He swung at the ball and hit it a sizzling shot. A champion could not have returned it. The game was his.

He smiled.

Marilyn Waring 3A

There was a young man of Borneo
Who found in his finger a "thorneo"
He got out a pin
But it was too far in
So his finger just ached till the
"morneo".

E. Porter 4A

This page sponsored by Wiseman's Sports Store

Victoria Street. Hamilton.

Swimming

In the three years the school has been in operation it has held swimming sports annually, and through this some good swimmers have been able to show their abilities. The top three place-getters are nominated to go to the Inter-secondary school sports which are held at the Hamilton Technical School's baths.

Swimming can be taken as a regular summer sport on Wednesdays but the only disadvantage is that we have no pool, and have to walk down to the Ngaruawahia Swimming Pool. At the pool we are taught Lifesaving and swimming in general by Mr J. Templeton and Miss D. Ingram.

Sue White, Noleen Abbott, Owen Scott, Graeme Osborne and Ian Brownlee have all represented Waikato in the Barry Shield and the Caro Cup, as well as being placed in the Waikato Championships. Sue and Noleen have also represented Waikato at the National Championships in Dunedin.

4A

What a Day

The bright colours at first made my
eyes sore and dazzled.
Then I saw people swimming, cheering
and watching excitedly.
The fresh air was good but it
was very hot.
I sat there, my throat dry, my head
heavy and excited.
Then the relays began and all at
once I felt relieved.
I watched with interest as the
swimmers flew over the water.
At first one house would be in front
and then it would drop back.
Eventually the relays finished.
But there was still one thing
everyone waited for.
The loud speaker announced, "And
now we come to the house points".
The crowd sat tense until he
announced the places of the houses.
Then cheers came from all directions.
After this everyone went home
probably with sore throats.

Lorraine Weir 4A

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS 1965

<u>Junior Boys:</u>	1st	-	O. Scott
	2nd	-	C. McCowan
<u>Intermediate Boys:</u>	1st	-	I. Brownlee
	2nd	-	G. Osborne
<u>Senior Boys:</u>	1st	-	C. Jones/J. Tukere
	2nd	-	L. Mounsey/P. McShane
<u>Junior Girls:</u>	1st	-	J. Hunt
	2nd	-	C. Graham
<u>Intermediate Girls:</u>	1st	-	S. White
	2nd	-	V. Saunders
<u>Senior Girls:</u>	1st	-	R. Nikora
	2nd	-	P. Kukutai

1 9 6 4

<u>Junior Boys:</u>	1st	-	R. Pointon
	2nd	-	K. Emery/T. Munro
<u>Intermediate Boys:</u>	1st	-	I. Brownlee
	2nd	-	G. Osborne
<u>Senior Boys:</u>	1st	-	J. Dresden
	2nd	-	C. Jones
<u>Junior Girls:</u>	1st	-	A. Bremridge
	2nd	-	J. Hewson
<u>Senior Girls:</u>	1st	-	R. Nikora
<u>Intermediate Girls:</u>	1st	-	B. McMahon

There was a young man named McNeil
 Who caught a gigantic old eel
 It made a great din
 And pulled the man in
 And that was the end of McNeil.

P. Harris 4A

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Athletics

Athletics began at Ngaruawahia High School in 1963. Under the leadership of Mr. McHardy, the pupils have since then shown interest and enthusiasm, and train regularly on the school course of seven hurdles.

Representatives from the school have competed in the Zone Championships of the Waikato Inter-secondary School Athletic Association, and each year a few have qualified for the finals held at Seddon Park, Hamilton. This year our representatives included K. Davison, R. Joyce, I. Bell, T. Weti, T. Barton, B. Walker, G. Longdill, D. Campbell, K. Skewes, E. Mark, D. Coup, Lorraine Walker, Marilyn Waring, Toni Gregory, Wendy Allison, Helen Hayward, and Christina Anderson.

The boys entered in the L. V. Bryant Memorial Meeting at Pukekohe, and, since many of the top Auckland Schools competed, competition was of a high standard. Three boys from our school, Ivan Bell, Robyn Joyce, and Kevin Davison have attended a training school in Auckland.

In conclusion, thanks must go to Mr. McHardy and his supporters for the help they have given, and the time they put into School Athletics. Let us look forward to a more successful season next year.

Trevor Barton
Andrew Shankland 4B

Sports Day

The announcer blared out the next event. "Junior girls' seventy-five yards. Everything inside me jumped, for that was my race. I immediately sprinted for the starting line. There, I waited for my name to be called. While waiting I tried to give myself confidence by telling myself that I was better than everybody else, but this didn't work because I knew I wasn't. Luckily I didn't have any more time to worry about it because my name was called out then. As I lined up in front of my lane I hoped it was a lucky one. Every muscle in my body was tense as the started said, "Take your marks, get set".... and then somebody broke. All over again. Again somebody broke. Finally we were away.

At first we were all in a bunch until the faster ones moved away. Out of the corner of my eye I could see two other girls in neighbouring lanes, but I couldn't see anybody on the sideline. The white tape was coming closer and closer. With one last burst of energy I threw myself across the tape. For my effort I gained a point for my team.

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Shona Earl 3A

ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS 1965

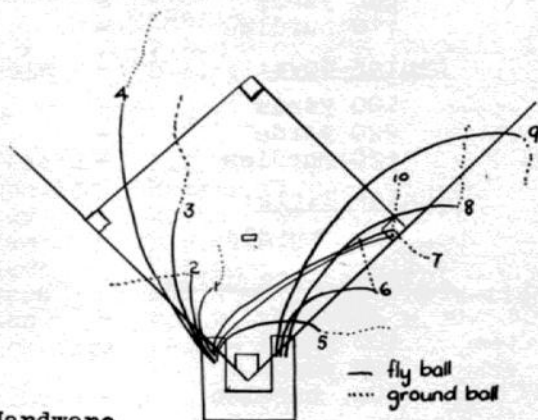
<u>Junior Boys:</u>	1st	-	E. Mark
	2nd	-	G. Longdill
<u>Intermediate Boys:</u>	1st	-	F. Landon
	2nd	-	D. Campbell
<u>Senior Boys:</u>	1st	-	I. Bell
	2nd	-	K. Davison
	3rd	-	R. Joyce
<u>Junior Girls:</u>	1st	-	M. Waring/H. Hayward
<u>Intermediate Girls:</u>	1st	-	L. Walker
	2nd	-	C. Anderson
<u>Senior Girls:</u>	1st	-	D. Pilcher
	2nd	-	J. Weir

1 9 6 4

<u>Junior Boys:</u>	1st	-	D. Clark
	2nd	-	D. Campbell
<u>Intermediate Boys:</u>	1st	-	K. Davison
	2nd	-	I. Bell
<u>Senior Boys:</u>	1st	-	J. Pilcher
<u>Junior Girls:</u>	1st	-	L. Weir
	2nd	-	L. Greig
<u>Intermediate Girls:</u>	1st	-	D. Pilcher
	2nd	-	J. Gilbert
<u>Senior Girls:</u>	1st	-	W. Allison
	2nd	-	B. Tupaea

Do You Know the Rules of Softball ?

Ten shots are illustrated in the diagram below. Decide whether each is a 'strike' or a 'foul'. Turn to the back for the answers. If you get less than 8, you had better learn the rules again.



This page sponsored by Latta's Hardware.

1 9 6 3

Junior Boys:

100 yards	-	K. Davison	12.0 secs.
220 yards	-	K. Davison	28.6 secs.
1 mile	-	S. Rohrlach	5 min.37.5 s.

Intermediate Boys:

100 yards	-	G. Latta	11.8 secs.
220 yards	-	R. Joyce	27.8 secs.
1 mile	-	R. Brown	5 min.17.0 s.
440 yards	-	G. Latta	

Junior Girls:

75 yards	-	D. Pilcher	10.0 secs.
100 yards	-	D. Pilcher	12.2 secs.

1 9 6 4

Junior Boys:

440 yards	-	R. Bradley	10.0 secs.
880 yards	-	D. Clark	2 min.27.0 s.
80m. hurdles	-	K. Ryan	16.5 secs.

Intermediate Boys:

220 yards	-	I. Bell	27.4 secs.
440 yards	-	G. Latta	57.5 secs.
880 yards	-	G. Latta	2 min.11.7 s.
110 hurdles	-	R. Joyce	16.8 secs.

Senior Boys:

100 yards	-	J. Pilcher	11.8 secs.
220 yards	-	J. Pilcher	27.0 secs.
120 hurdles	-	J. Pilcher	21.4 secs.

Junior Girls:

80m. hurdles	-	L. Weir	16.4 secs.
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Intermediate Girls:

75 yards	-	D. Pilcher	10.1 secs.
100 yards	-	D. Pilcher	13.5 secs.
220 yards	-	D. Pilcher	31.0 secs.
80m. hurdles	-	R. Nikora	18.1 secs.

Senior Girls:

75 yards	-	W. Allison	10.2 secs.
100 yards	-	W. Allison	13.8 secs.
220 yards	-	W. Allison	32.1 secs.
80m. hurdles	-	R. Nikora	18.1 secs.

1 9 6 5

Junior Boys:

220 yards	-	A. Longdill	27.9 secs.
440 yards	-	A. Longdill	1 min.1.9 s.
880 yards	-	E. Mark	2 min.26.5 s.
1 mile	-	E. Mark	5 min.11.5 s.

Intermediate Boys:

100 yards	-	B. Walker	10.9 secs.
220 yards	-	D. Campbell	26.2 secs.

Senior Boys:

100 yards	-	R. Joyce	10.0 secs.
220 yards	-	I. Bell	24.9 secs.

Intermediate Girls:

100 yards	-	L. Walker	13.1 secs.
220 yards	-	C. Anderson	30.7 secs.
80m. hurdles	-	G. Hunt	15.3 secs.

Senior Girls:

100 yards	-	D. Pilcher	13.5 secs.
220 yards	-	D. Pilcher	30.0 secs.
80m. hurdles	-	D. Pilcher	13.5 secs.

FIELD RECORDS

Junior Boys:

1 9 6 3

High Jump	-	G. Hopa	4' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Long Jump	-	I. Bell	18' 1"
Discus	-	K. Davison	114' 3"
Shotput	-	K. Davison	31' 11"

Intermediate Boys:

High Jump	-	R. Joyce	4' 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
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Junior Girls:

High Jump	-	D. Pilcher	4' 6"
Long Jump	-	N. Abbott	13' 5"
Hop step & jump	-	N. Abbott	28' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Discus	-	N. Abbott	83' 8"
Shotput	-	J. Gilbert	20' 9"

Intermediate Girls:

Hop step & jump	-	F. Bidois	23' 9"
Discus	-	B. Tupaea	81' 7"
Shot put	-	F. Bidois	22' 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

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1 9 6 4Junior Boys:

Hop step & jump	-	D. Clark	34' 4"
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Intermediate Boys:

Long jump	-	I. Bell	18' 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Hop step & jump	-	G. Hopa	36' 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Discus	-	K. Davison	109' 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Shotput	-	K. Davison	35' 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

Senior Boys:

High jump	-	J. Pilcher	5' 0"
Long jump	-	J. Dresden	15' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Hop step & jump	-	J. Pilcher	32' 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Discus	-	J. Dresden	69' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Shotput	-	B. Rongo	24' 2"

Intermediate Girls:

High jump	-	D. Pilcher	4' 5"
Long jump	-	N. Abbott	13' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

Senior Girls:

High jump	-	W. Allison	4' 11"
Long jump	-	B. Tupaea	12' 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Discus	-	T. Muru	63'
Shotput	-	R. Nikora	24' 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

1 9 6 5Junior Boys:

High jump	-	P. Taylor	4' 7"
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Senior Boys:

Long jump	-	I. Bell	18' 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Hop step & jump	-	I. Bell	38' 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Discus	-	K. Davison	95' 3"
Shotput	-	K. Davison	37' 7"

Intermediate Girls:

Long jump	-	W. Robson	13' 9 1/5"
Shotput	-	T. Cresswell	23' 9"

Senior Girls:

Long jump	-	R. Nikora	13' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
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Softball Rules: 2, 5, 8, 9 are "Foul".

