

NGARUAWAHIA HIGH SCHOOL



Magazine

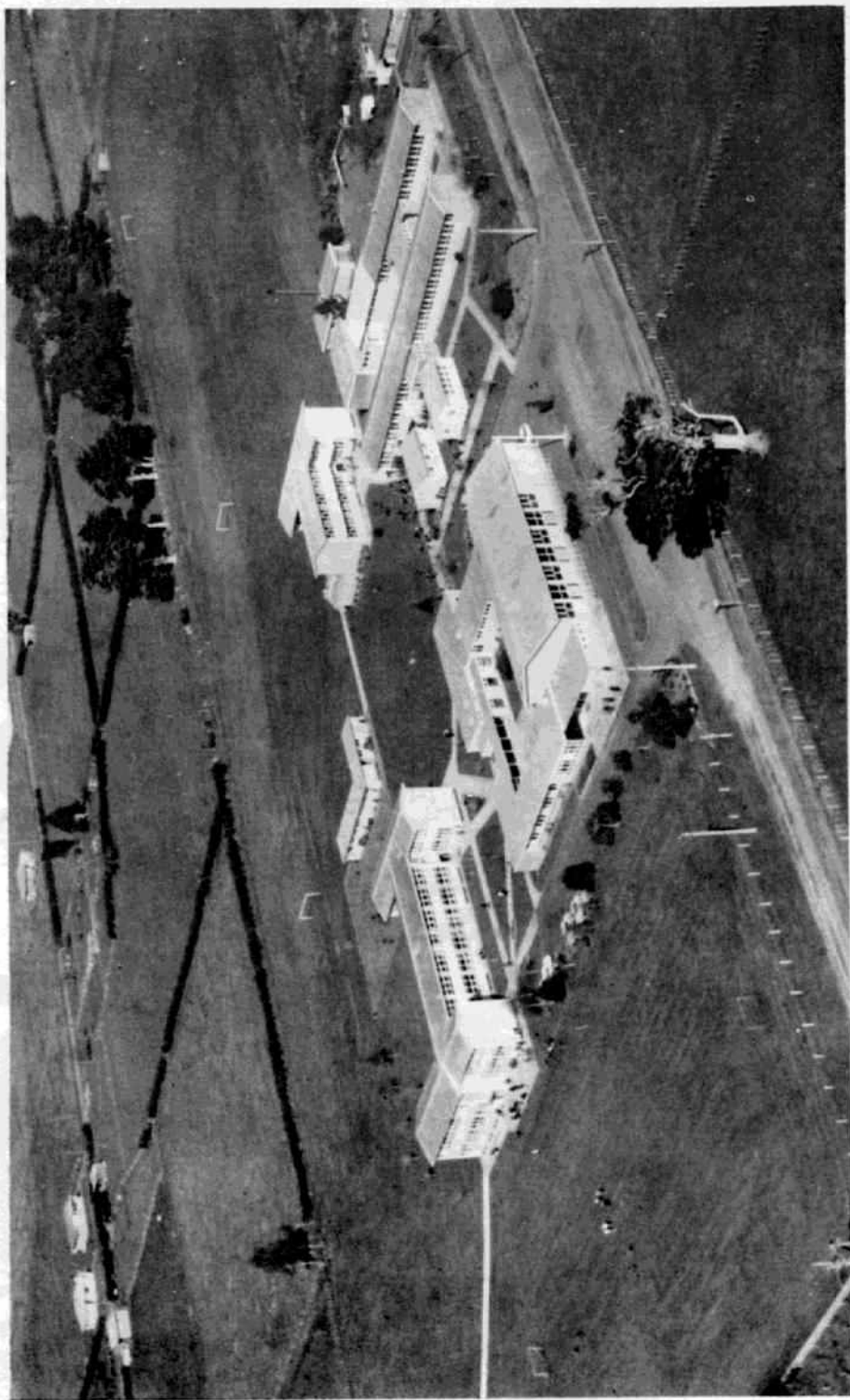
1970...

NGARUAWAHIA HIGH SCHOOL



1970

MAGAZINE



AERIAL VIEW OF NGARUAWAHIA HIGH SCHOOL

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NGARUAWAHIA HIGH SCHOOL

Board of Governors 1970-71

Chairman:

R. G. BROWNLEE

S. R. RUTHERFORD

— South Auckland Education Board Representative

W. H. GIBSON

— Parents' Representative

V. W. KEEYS

— School Committees' Representative

V. J. MILDON

— Parents' Representative

R. L. SMITH

— Parents' Representative

A. SURGENOR

— Parents' Representative

C. D. SUTHERLAND

— School Committees' Representative

T. S. WATSON

— School Committees' Representative

Secretary:

M. COLE

NGARUAWAHIA HIGH SCHOOL

Staff 1970

PRINCIPAL:

Mr E. B. Allison, M.A., Dip.T.

First Assistant:

N. J. Murphy, B.A., Dip.T.

Senior Mistress:

Miss B. V. Jolly, Dip.F.A.

POSITIONS OF RESPONSIBILITY

F. J. Ives, B.Sc.	H.O.D. Mathematics
D. Law, B.A., Dip.T.	H.O.D. English
J. R. Templeton, A.M.I.N.Z.E.E.	H.O.D. Technical
Mrs M. Z. Thomson, F.T.C.L., L.R.S.M.	H.O.D. Commerce and Music
Miss G. Urquhart, M.A., Dip.T.	H.O.D. History and Social Studies
T. D. West, M.Sc (Hons)	H.O.D. Science
Mrs J. M. Ammundsen, T.T.C.	Junior Mathematics
B. Esselbrugge, Adv. T.C., Tech. T.C.	Junior School, Careers
Mrs S. Koolen, H.T.C.	Careers

ASSISTANT TEACHERS

L. Blomfield, Dip.T.	Mathematics, Science
Mrs W. Esselbrugge, P.C.T.T.	Typing, Core Maths., Com. Prac.
A. J. Fuguel, B.Sc.	English, Geography
Mrs J. Fuguel, Dip.T.	English, Social Studies
Mrs J. Hart	Phys. Ed., Sport
Mrs P. Hedges	English, Social Studies
Mrs B. Ives	French, German
Miss D. Lindsey, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.L.	Music
A. MacDonald, T.T.C.	Phys. Ed., Science, Maths.
Mrs V. McNally, P.C.T., C.T.C.	Commerce
Miss C. Macaulay, Adv. Govt.	Shorthand, Typing, Music
Mrs L. McNamara, M.A. (Hons), A.T.C.L.	French, German
J. C. Petherick, Dip.T.	Biology, Science
Mrs L. Schneider, Dip. Lang. (Paris)	German
Mrs V. Scott, T.T.C.	English, Social Studies
W. A. Snelling, M.A.	French, English, Social Studies
A. E. Wallis	Economics, Accountancy

AUXILIARY STAFF

Miss A. G. Templeton	Principal's Secretary
Mrs K. Vallett	Ancillary Assistant
Mrs R. L. Moore	Librarian
Mr I. M. Loveridge	Caretaker
Mrs E. Loveridge	Assistant Caretaker
Mr M. McLean	Groundsman
Mr W. Braithwaite	Visiting Music Teachers
Mrs G. Pratt	Part-time Assistants
Mrs G. Lang	
Mrs L. MacDonald, T.T.C.	



THE PRINCIPAL

EDITORIAL

As I see it, the proper aim of living is development towards physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual perfection. It follows that the best sort of education is that which wholly encompassed the above aim, and it is indeed by education alone that this aim may be reached. Education is discipline, and to establish and maintain a code of discipline fit to meet the needs of the day, we must have teachers of the best physical, moral, mental and spiritual calibre.

It is immoral and mischievous to expose the minds of our children to the influences of second-raters — people for whom teaching is merely a job and not a chosen way of life. It is, I believe, illegal for an unqualified plumber to wipe a joint in lead. How much more closely and carefully circumscribed should the requirements for entry into a profession such as ours which works, not with lead nor yet with silver or gold, but with the most precious raw resource the country possesses, its children.

What, then, are the proper guide-lines by which teachers should direct their professional efforts? I think that teachers ought to be guided by absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. The rest will follow. The devoted and sacrificial efforts of real teachers in educating our children will be rewarded in the infinitely precious finished product, real men and women.

Let us ensure that greatly increased numbers of highly qualified, well trained and properly fitted young people be attracted into this, the most vital of all the professions. Otherwise those of us who meanwhile hold the fort in the face of great odds, may have to give up.

E. B. Allison.



STAFF 1970

Back Row: Mrs Moore, Mrs Fuguel, M. Jordan, A. MacDonald, A. Fuguel, F. Ives, L. Blamfield, Mrs Esselbrugge, Mrs Schneider.
Middle Row: Mrs Hart, Mrs McNally, Miss Macaulay, Mrs McNamara, Mrs Vallett, Mrs Koolen, Mrs Ives, Mrs Hedges, Mrs Scott, Miss Templeton.
Front Row: D. Law, B. Esselbrugge, Mrs Thomson, T. West, Miss Jolly, Mr E. B. Allison, N. Murphy, Miss Urquhart, J. Templeton, Mrs Ammundsen.
Absent: J. Petherick, A. Wallis.

STAFF NOTES

VALEDICTORY

Mr J. Sandifer

At the end of the second term this year we farewelled Mr and Mrs Sandifer. The Sandifers arrived from England in September 1966, and for them the voyage was in the nature of a honeymoon. Although at first Mr Sandifer would have preferred to teach only Physical Education he did, in fact, agree to taking Mathematics and had considerable success in this subject. He coached the 1st XV and the athletics team and continued the well-established tradition of gymnastic instruction in the school.

Mr and Mrs Sandifer were very popular school personalities as also was their little daughter Rachel who was born this January.

Mr Sandifer took up his new appointment at Rongotai College in Wellington at the beginning of the third term. We wish them every success and happiness in the future.

Mrs J. Law

Mrs Law began at the beginning of this year and quickly made her professional skill evident in all she undertook. An exceptionally gifted teacher, she brought to the education of slow-learners a great measure of verve and authority, as indeed she did also to the teaching of examination classes in Geography.

It was with regret we received Mrs Law's resignation in favour of domestic life.

Miss Macaulay

Miss Macaulay abandoned the role of Principal's Secretary for that of teacher of Shorthand and Typing this year. She established a sound rapport with her classes and her efforts have been much appreciated. Unfortunately, Miss Macaulay is leaving us at the end of the year for the winterless Northland.

Mr Petherick

At the end of the year Mr Petherick left us to take up a position at Newlands College, Wellington. A very effective, unorthodox teacher, Mr Petherick's energy and humour will be missed by staff and students alike. We wish him well in his new position.

Mr Wallis

In December an unexpected resignation came from Mr Wallis, who left the staff to take up an Accounting position in Huntly. During his two years of teaching at this school, Mr Wallis has taught Bookkeeping, Mathematics and Accounting, in the thoroughly efficient manner befitting a man of his background. He was much respected by his pupils and will be a great loss to the school. We hope that he finds his new position interesting and rewarding.

During 1969 we lost Mrs McKenzie and Dr

Lenk at the crucial end-of-term-two stage of the year, with resultant difficulties for examination pupils. Dr Lenk took up a position of responsibility at New Plymouth, while Mrs McKenzie moved to join her husband in Wellington.

Then at the end of the year Mr Moorfield left to take up a position for 1970 at Wesley College, and Mr Van Ameringen and Mrs Shirley both took positions in Hamilton. Miss Sneddon left to be married and moved with her husband to Auckland.

We owe a debt of gratitude to a number of stalwart substitute teachers who came to our rescue at different times during the year. Our grateful thanks go to Mrs Sherwood, Mrs Dymock, Miss Lang, Mrs MacDonald and Mr Vela.

"New" Teachers in 1970

Mr and Mrs Law joined the staff in February, Mr Law as our new head of English in Mr Murphy's place, Mr Murphy having been appointed First Assistant. The Laws came from Takaka District High School and Takaka's loss has been very much our gain.

Mrs Hart, bringing a New Zealand-wide reputation in gymnastics and sports, joined in February as girls' Physical Education specialist, greatly to the delight of all here.

Mr Ammundsen, ex Ardmore Teachers' College and Fairfield Intermediate, joined us for the third term as head of the department of Junior Mathematics. Already she has made an important contribution to the school by re-organising the third and fourth form Mathematics programmes and especially by greatly upgrading the teaching of Mathematics in the school.

—E.B.A.

PREFECT CRITIQUES

John Greig

"Liberty is the right of doing whatever the laws permit".

Characteristic Expression: You're on detention!
Pet Hate: Good kids.

Ambition: Air Force.

Probable Destination: Officer in charge of R.N.Z.A.F. Detention Barracks.

Brian Harrop

"Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by mankind".

Characteristic Expression: Shut-up Greig.

Pet Hate: Very short girls.

Ambition: Teacher.

Probable Destination: Instructor of stunted female pupils.

David Jacobs

"Fine sense and exalted sense are not so useful as common sense".

Characteristic Expression: I'm not a billy goat.

Pet Hate: Scrapping in the scrum.

Ambition: Truck Driver.

Probable Destination: All Black Referee.

John MacPherson

"There is nothing evil but what is within us; the rest is either natural or accidental".

Characteristic Expression: (never says the same thing twice).

Pet Hate: Scrapping in the Prefects' Room.

Ambition: Big Time Farmer.

Probable Destination: Typical National Party M.P.

James Hale

"By seeking and blundering we learn".

Characteristic Expression: Noleen, come with me to see Mr Allison.

Pet Hate: Noleen.

Ambition: Forest Ranger.

Probable Destination: Stealing eggs from birds' nests.

John Ormsby

"Too much rest is rust".

Characteristic Expression: Cheesy grin.

Pet Hate: Alcohol.

Ambition: To be a He Man.

Probable Destination: ? ? ?

David Paul

"Some men go through a forest and see no fire-wood".

Characteristic Expression: ? ? ?

Pet Hate: Short back and sides.

Ambition: Bank Manager.

Probable Destination: Counting out one cent pieces for pay-packets.

Richard Roe

"Laws are like cobwebs which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through".

Characteristic Expression: Well it's *your* job.

Pet Hate: Rough Rugby scrums.

Ambition: Policeman.

Probable Destination: Patient at Waikato.

Kirk Spragg

"To spend much and gain little is the sure road to ruin".

Characteristic Expression: Sit down, Greig.

Pet Hate: Being out-witted by a female.

Ambition: To leave Ngaruawahia.

Probable Destination: Ngaruawahia.

Graham Taylor

"Out of debt, out of danger".

Characteristic Expression: "I've got to have a rise".

Pet Hate: Tight trou'.
Ambition: Prime Minister.

Probable Destination: Council chamber cleaner.

Keran Unka

"Common sense is calculation applied to life".

Characteristic Expression: ? ? ?

Pet Hate: Hale.

Ambition: Doctor.

Probable Destination: Butcher.

Douglas Weir

"Every man is the architect of his own future".

Characteristic Expression: . . . (censored).

Pet Hate: Maths and Physics.

Ambition: Architect.

Probable Destination: Designing Dog Kennels.

Maria Brymer

"How to live I know, how to know myself I know not".

Characteristic Expression: You know, it's sort of . . .

Pet Hate: Short, fat men.

Ambition: Accountant.

Probable Destination: Adding machine to a little fat man.

Lesley Burt

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers".

Characteristic Expression: I don't know what you're talking about Noleen.
 Pet Hate: Big sister's remarks.
 Ambition: B.A.
 Probable Destination: Big sister's reporter.

Noleen Coe

"Labour is the beginning, the middle and the end of art".
 Characteristic Expression: Preserve wildlife, throw a party.
 Pet Hate: Men in ballet tights.
 Ambition: Policewoman.
 Probable Destination: Ballerina behind bars.

Christine Lewis

"The secret of education lies in respecting the pupil".
 Characteristic Expression: I eat more than you do!
 Pet Hate: Being asked if I eat enough.
 Ambition: Teacher.
 Probable Destination: School Caretaker.

Carolyn Mildon

"Money is a good servant, but a bad master".
 Characteristic Expression: What are my books doing in the rubbish bin?
 Pet Hate: Things floating in the bath.
 Ambition: Physiotherapist.
 Probable Destination: Wrestler in the bath.

Irene Montgomery

"My soul has a secret of its own, my life is its mystery".
 Characteristic Expression: I bags the toaster first.
 Pet Hate: Milking cows.
 Ambition: Bank Teller.
 Probable Destination: trying in vain to invent self-milking cows.

Colleen Munns

"Cold hands, warm heart".
 Characteristic Expression: Thursday, Yuk!!!
 Pet Hate: Chemistry periods.
 Ambition: Accountant.
 Probable Destination: Counting drops of HCl in the Lab.

Julie Tangney

"Talking is one of the fine arts".
 Characteristic Expression: "You're in my way again, Carolyn."
 Pet Hate: Bad breaths.
 Ambition: Dental Nurse.
 Probable Destination: Hydraulic Drill Operator.

Heather Taylor

"Learning is a sceptre to some, a bauble to others".
 Characteristic Expression: Coming on duty with me Lesley?
 Pet Hate: Strong tea.
 Ambition: Teacher.
 Probable Destination: Tea-girl for school staff.

Rosemary Surgenor

"Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it".
 Characteristic Expression: I am not a dark horse!
 Pet Hate: Wetas and spiders.
 Ambition: Teacher.
 Probable Destination: Mr West's research assistant.

SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Adviser: Mr Law

Joanne Dunn	Maria Brymer
Linda Stone	Christine Lewis
Colleen Munns	Keran Unka

PRIZE LIST — 1970

THIRD FORMS

First in Core —

3A: Kerry Tunzelmann.
 3B: Ngaire Roberts .
 3C: Neville Heslop.
 3D: Barbara Williams.
 3E: Margret Harris.
 3F: Jennifer Missen.

First in Course —

Academic: Janet Wade.
 Professional: Julie Fitzgerald.
 Commercial: Desiree Steele.
 Homecraft: Ramona Parrish.
 Technical Woodwork: R. McLean.
 Technical Metalwork: E. Finlay.

FOURTH FORMS

First in Core —

4A: Julie Sampson.
 4B: S. Mark.
 4C: M. Simeon.
 4D: Rena Matthews.

First in Course —

Academic: Anne Collins.
 Professional: Julie Sampson.
 Commercial: Lynda Taylor.
 Homecraft: Lois White.
 Technical Woodwork: Roger Fowlie.
 Technical Metalwork: G. Jacobs.

FIFTH FORMS

Excellence in —

English: Patricia Henry.
 French: Bronwyn Smith.
 German: Bronwyn Smith.
 History: Jane Licence.
 Science: Stephen Barr.
 Biology: Morva Laycock.
 Mathematics: Stephen Barr.
 Art: Lynne Turner.
 Bookkeeping: Mary Poot.
 Geography: Stephen Barr.
 Woodwork & T/Drawing: M. Tubbs.
 Commercial Practice: Joan Steele.
 Typewriting: Gaylene Gray.
 Clothing: Lynne Turner.
 Physics: Stephen Barr.
 Homecraft: Dorothy Clarke.
 Shorthand: Anne-Marie Fitness.

SIXTH FORMS

Physics: Brian Harrop.
 Chemistry: Murray Gibb.
 Mathematics: Murray Gibb.
 English: Colleen Munns.
 Geography: Rosemary Surgenor.
 Biology: Colleen Munns.
 French: Penelope Pharo.
 German: Penelope Pharo.
 Art: Donald Jacobs.
 Bookkeeping: Colleen Munns & Maria Brymer.
 History: Julie Tangney.
 Technical Drawing: B. Harrop.

SPORTS AWARDS

Swimming Champions

Junior Girl: Janis Mark & Anne Ryan.
Junior Boy: P. Gyde.
Intermediate Girl: Carol Gilberd.
Intermediate Boy: G. Jacobs.
Senior Girl: Lynette Mark.
Senior Boy: Graham Taylor.

Athletics Champions

Junior Girl: C. Hogan.
Junior Boy: K. McIntosh.
Intermediate Girl: Maria Coenan.
Intermediate Boy: Donald Jacobs.
Senior Girl: Elizabeth Woolford.
Senior Boy: D. Weir.

Cross Country

Junior: P. Rogers.
Intermediate: B. Callaghan.
Senior: Donald Jacobs.

Robin Bell Memorial Cup

Int. Boy Sprint Champion: M. Rogers.

Davison Cups

(In athletics; games; swimming;
on basis of sportsmanship.)
Best All-round Girl: Elizabeth Woolford.
Best All-round Boy: Donald Jacobs.

Ang-Templeton-Harris Cup

Most Improved Soccer Player: K. Haggie.

Prendergast Shield

Most Outstanding Soccer Player: S. Barr.

Waring Trophy

Most Improved Girl Hockey Player: Frances
Hayward.

Grinter Cup

Inter-house Athletics: Newcastle.

Founders Shield

Inter-house Sports: Maniapoto.

Daines Cup

Most Improved Rugby Player: D. Weir.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Goethe Society Awards.—Junior "A" Diploma:
Jeanette Smith.

Pharo Prize for best Shorthand-Typist: Anne-
Marie Fitness.

Rachel Walker Trophy for Homecraft: Dorothy
Clark.

Kidd Garrett Prize for Technical: J. McFarlane.
Head Librarian's Prize: David Jacobs.

Senior Magazine Award: Maria Brymer.

Progress in Music: K. Watson.

Contribution to School Music: P. Smith.

Diane Harper Cup for Music: Julie Fitzgerald.

Special Endeavour in Music (the A. M. Latta
Cup): Leona Dooley.

Jane Saubrey Memorial Prize for History: W.
Bradshaw.

Ian Brownlee Cup for Geography: Rosemary
Surgenor.

Best Maori Scholar: Georgina Koti.

Violet Jolly Cup for Best Girl House Captain:
Lynette Mark.

Collins Cup for Citizenship: David Jacobs.

Chairman's Prize for Leadership: Noleen Coe.

Head Prefects' Awards: Noleen Coe, J. Hale.

Jean Gilbert Cup for Languages: Penelope
Pharo.

Cavanagh Prize for Mathematics: M. Gibb.

McNamara Cup for Science: K. Unka.

Masters Cup for Science: K. Unka.

Proxime Accessit: R. Roe.

The D. J. Carter Dux Medal and Cup: Summa
cum Laude: K. Unka.

EXTERNAL EXAMINATIONS 1969

BURSARIES

D. Stone (A), S. Marsters (B), H. J. Pharo (B),
L. E. Sampson (B), P. A. Watson (B).

HIGHER S.C.

J. F. Bull, G. J. Daines, R. Hill, K. Kahui, B.
Kelly, C. McCowan, S. Marsters, H. Pharo, H.
Poot, C. Robson, D. Stone, P. Watson.

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE

J. F. Bull, G. J. Daines, F. J. Hunter, K. N.
Kahui, L. E. McBeth, J. M. Ormsby, H. M. Poot,
L. E. Sampson, C. M. Swale, J. V. Taylor, K. K.
Unka.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE PASSES

Five Subjects

M. D. Brymer, D. C. Ives, C. E. Lewis, C. E.
Munns, D. W. Paul.

Four Subjects

N. R. Barr, L. J. Burt, P. L. Davis, M. G. B.
Gibb, C. D. Jacobs, I. K. Montgomery, P. A.
Pharo, G. S. Taylor, H. D. Taylor, B. E. Tunzel-
mann, B. J. Watson, A. E. Williams.

Three Subjects

J. L. Barakat, S. J. Barnes, W. R. Barnes, R.
Black, W. N. Bradshaw, J. M. Dunn, K. E.
Gerrand, M. G. Greig, M. D. Houghton, S. A.
Knauf, K. L. McAulay, C. M. Mildon, M. B.
Rogers, R. I. Surgenor.

Two Subjects

G. J. Byrne, L. A. Fowlie, T. J. Greig, L. B.
Haggart, J. A. Hale, K. R. Heslop, A. J. Hough-
ton, M. M. Hunapo, T. Janssen, B. A. Laycock,
B. T. McGrath, D. A. McKenzie, C. E. Osborne,
R. C. Pulman, K. R. Renouf, D. M. Runciman,
H. H. Stewart, P. L. Weake, D. H. Williamson,
D. J. Wright.

One Subject

R. A. Bell, M. A. Bright, W. A. Bull, K. R. Camp-
bell, N. D. Coe, H. M. Crackett, P. A. Fitzsimons,
B. N. Harrop, C. A. Hart, P. C. Houghton, S. E.
Kiddle, C. J. MacDonald, L. J. Mark, P. Mont-
ford, J. P. Morse, P. M. Stokes, J. A. Stone, E.
A. Sunnex, A. H. Thorne, K. E. Waters, D. W.
Weir, B. White, E. A. Woolford, J. T. Young.

EXTERNAL EXAMINATIONS 1970

HIGHER S.C.

R. Coe, K. Unka.



p.m. 5.15.12

TREES

—Donna Slee, 5E2

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE

M. Brymer, L. Burt, M. Gibb, J. Hale, B. Harrop, C. Lewis, C. Munns, P. Pharo, R. Roe, M. Rogers, J. Tangney.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE PASSES

Six Subjects

L. L. Stone.

Five Subjects

S. C. Barr, P. M. Henry, M. Z. Laycock, J. A. Licence, M. B. Liddington, P. L. Macpherson, M. A. Poot, A. P. Rose, B. M. Smith, D. G. Smith, J. C. Smith, J. J. Steele, S. J. Weir, K. A. Young.

Four Subjects

A. Glatt, J. M. Grinter, A. J. Harrop, M. D. Landon, J. L. McPherson, D. M. Slee, J. H. Stewart, G. J. Weake, T. M. Wisman.

Three Subjects

P. R. Dooley, B. G. Drinkwater, N. R. Fox, D. J. Hanna, M. A. Jackson, D. A. Jefferies, G. E. Match, E. J. Sutton, M. C. Tubbs.

Two Subjects

M. P. Barakat, L. M. Cain, L. L. Cooper, J. A. Crawford, J. Dryden, A. M. Fitness, G. K. Gray, F. Hayward, B. A. Hibble, G. Koti, S. J. McCowan, R. D. McLean, R. F. Nightingale, J. A. Pungatara, U. Renata, C. J. Sampson, V. A. Scott, G. S. Taylor, P. W. Vincent, K. E. Waters, E. A. Woolford.

One Subject

G. B. Evitts, B. F. Fowlie, R. J. Franklyn, R. Gibson, D. L. Gyde, M. F. Hanes, David C. Jacobs, Donald C. Jacobs, P. M. Janssen, J. H. MacFarlane, C. M. Mildon, P. M. Montford, C. E. Munns, C. J. Pharo, P. R. Smith, R. I. Surgenor, K. L. Thickpenney, L. J. Turner, G. A. Watts.

LANGUAGE STUDENTS' SUCCESS IN OUTSIDE EXAMINATIONS 1970

Hamilton Alliance Francaise Oral Competitions for 5th and 6th formers.

Certificate of Oral Competency in French:
Julie Tangney, 6B; Penelope Pharo, 6B;
Jeanette Smith, 5A; Bronwyn Smith, 5A.

Waikato Goethe Society Competition in German (Waikato, Bay of Plenty and Poverty Bay districts).

Intermediate —

Commended: Lyndsay Barakat, 6A; Lesley Burt, 6A; Christine Lewis, 6A; Penelope Pharo, 6A.

Junior A —

Diploma: Jeanette Smith, 5A.
Highly Commended: Morva Laycock, 5A; Bronwyn Smith, 5A.
Commended: Patricia Henry, 5A; Kay Young, 5A.

Junior B —

Highly Commended: Anne Collins, 4A; Kerry Whare, 4A.
Commended: Linda Caplin, 4A; Alison Eagle, 4A; Jill Thomas, 4A.

ART NOTES

Ngaruawahia High School pupils have been honoured by being represented in the Auckland Star Secondary Schools' Art Exhibition this year. Works by Christine Graham, Lesley Cockcroft and Julie Sampson were displayed.

On several occasions parents have been able to view pupils' art in the school foyer and on Open Night special enjoyment was given by the pupils taking part in practical demonstrations of art procedure.

Again this year, a large number of pupils contributed interesting posters to advertise our annual Gala Day. The posters were displayed in the township and surrounding areas.

University Entrance which was introduced as a new subject in 1969 has been included in the schools' timetable. Pupils have worked with interest and enthusiasm and have successfully completed the new course. The course covers a wide field and provides scope for both the artist and the connoisseur.

—V.J.

COMMERCE

In 1969 the English International Phonographic Society (I.P.S.) examinations were introduced to the school. Fifty-six students entered in the Elementary Intermediate and Advanced Grades and forty-eight received their attractive 'Pass' certificates. We had our first students in Accountancy subjects this year and also introduced a Secretarial Course for sixth form girls. There were good results in Chamber of Commerce and School Certificate examinations and success for some students in U.E. Bookkeeping. Now we are rather anxiously awaiting our results from the August (1970) I.P.S. exams. Those who are successful hope to attempt the next grade before the end of the year. Examinations in Shorthand (Pitman's, Australia), Chamber of Commerce, School Certificate and U.E. are getting very close.

Banks, Insurance Offices and Accountants appear to have claimed the greater proportion of our senior commerce students. We have had very pleasing reports from employers.

—M.Z.T.

CRUSADERS

Every Thursday lunch-hour a group of girls and boys meet with their respective leader for a time of Bible study and fellowship. This goes on while they munch their lunch.

On occasions there is a combined meeting when there is a guest speaker, or when Crusaders prepare their own special lunch in the Homecraft room.

The National Executive of the Scripture Union, of which Crusaders and the Children's Special Service Missions (C.S.S.M.) are also a part, organises many camps for boys and girls in the most beautiful spots of this land. To name only some of these places: Mount Ruapehu, Lake Waikaremoana, Puhinui Island.

Crusaders is an interdenominational, Christ-centred Union, where boys and girls have



MRS THOMSON, ORCHESTRA AND CHOIR ENTERTAINING SENIOR CITIZENS.

fellowship and fun, while they learn what life is really all about.

—Mrs C. Kay
B. Esselbrugge

MUSIC

1969 was a busy year for our Orchestra and Junior Choir and Senior Choir. The Secondary Schools Music Festival, usually held in August, had to be cancelled but we played a full part in the Combined Schools' Music Festival. This was most successful. The massed choir of nearly 400 voices provided a stirring sight as well as sound. This was followed by a visit from the Frankton Senior Citizens Club — always an appreciative audience — the Carol Service and Break-up. We also fitted in a 'Music Evening', a trio participation in the Chamber Music Contest and a visit for almost the whole school to the Founders' Theatre for the N.Z.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Schools' Concert.

Early in 1970 we enjoyed a programme given in our own Hall by the New Zealand Opera Quartet. This was followed by a visit from the Waikato Youth Orchestra which played impressively under the direction of Mr Warwick Braithwaite. During the year

Lesley Burt and Carolyn Mildon (Violas)
Heather Taylor ('Cello) and
Theodora Wismans (Double Bass)

were accepted for membership of the Waikato Youth Orchestra. Peter Smith (Trumpet) still

represents the school in the Brass Section.

On 26th September the Combined Schools' Music Festival was held. This was its fourth year. The Junior Choir participated and the Orchestra provided accompaniment for some of the massed songs. The following week, it was our pleasure to entertain the Senior Citizens.

We have good news of some of our past-pupils-musicians. Dianne Harper has gained L.T.C.L. (Piano); Howard Pharo plays his violin in an orchestra at Massey; Christine Butler plays viola in the Wellington Youth Orchestra and Christine Houghton ('Cello) and Paul Taylor (Violin) have gone on to join the orchestra which Mr Juan Matteucci is training. They have all been members of the Waikato Youth Orchestra as well.

During the year, a number of pupils were successful in music examinations, piano and theory. Peter Smith passed Grade 4 in trumpet playing, while Leona Dooley passed Grade 3 for Violin. Congratulations to all these pupils, may you add to your successes.

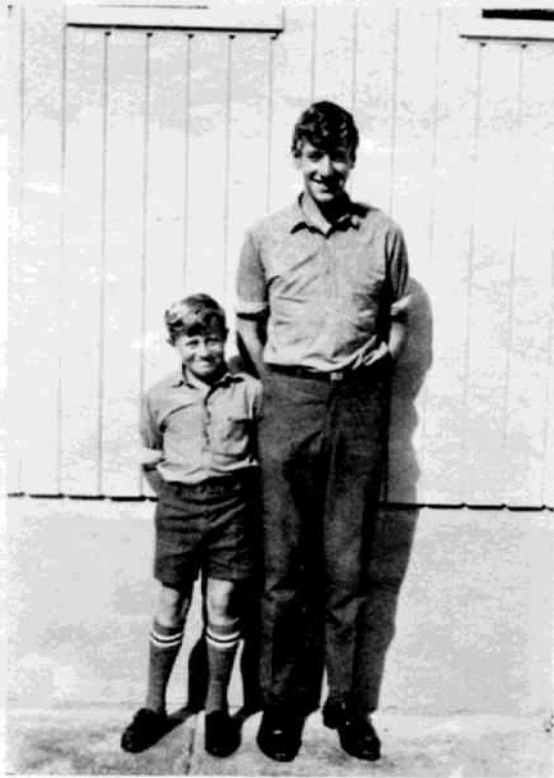
It was mainly owing to the efforts of Mr McShane, Mr Braithwaite and Mrs Pratt that all of our achievements have been made possible. But early in the year Mr McShane departed for Europe. His position was ably filled by Mrs Pratt, who was already teaching here. Here work hours and effort had to be extended. Mr Braithwaite has worked very hard with the Brass and Woodwind Sections of the school too, and we appreciate his efforts.

SCHOOL AND AROUND

A Pictorial Record



4 COM. REVOLUTION AGAINST THE COMPUTER AGE.



THE TALL AND THE SHORT OF IT.



THE MAXI OR THE MINI?



IAN GREIG AWAITS CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP.



OUR WELL-DRESSED PREFECTS.



PATHS TO KNOWLEDGE.



MR IVES DEMONSTRATING AN ENQUIRING MIND AND A STEADY HAND.



RAINDROPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD.



POETRY IN MOTION ON NETBALL COURTS AGAINST SACRED HEART.



COMEDY RELIEF: STAFF v. PREFECTS
HOCKEY MATCH.

CHORUS LINE: P.2 DISCOTHEQUE.



BELOW.—
3 GRANNIES ARRIVE TO INSPECT
THE SCHOOL ON MUFTI DAY.



STEADY HANDS NEEDED HERE.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS



"THE SURFER"

—Julie Sampson, 4A

MISSION H

"I could've told you that would happen! Anyway, here's what we'll do". And he whispered the instructions into Peter's ear. Peter's face shaded with concern as he listened but when Tom had finished speaking Peter stood still and then said, stretching the syllables, "It just might work, it just might".

That night as the shadow of darkness crept over the hills, two silhouetted objects moved stealthily across the dew-covered grass, only to disappear behind an old oak tree twenty yards from a heavily guarded scientific base. From behind the oak tree a pair of field-glasses appeared, searching the tops of the buildings until they came to a flag-pole. Here they stopped, as the eyes behind the glasses confirmed the flag with the Nazi Swastika on it, then moved on to search out the look-out posts and guards on duty. After the field-glasses had searched the perimeter of the base, they gradually melted into the shadows of the trees.

As the moon took cover behind the clouds a figure darted from behind the oak to the neighbouring fence. On reaching the fence, two rubber-gloved hands worked nimbly, as they attached a piece of wire to the fence, then attached the other end a couple of feet further on. As soon as this task was completed, a large pair of scissors appeared in the hands. Two minutes later a nine square-foot square of mesh lay innocently among a nearby bush.

Two owl hoots broke the silence, and the second figure darted from behind the oak and ran towards the fence. Reaching the fence, the figure darted through the hole, accompanied by another, only to be swallowed up by the shadows of the nearby buildings. As the moon moved quickly across the sky seeking cover behind another cloud, the only sign of entry was a hole in the fence and two rubber gloves lying carelessly on the ground.

Crouching down beside a barrack, Tom pulled from his pocket a map and, with the light from the moon, consulted the map as his eyes fixed on to a building with two guards leaning carelessly against either side of the door.

"That's the building with Guy Fawkes in", Tom said as he buried the map in his hip pocket.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" asked Peter. "Let's get weaving".

And that's what they did as they darted and dodged their way between the buildings. As they took refuge behind a truck, Peter caught the flicker of a torch out of the corner of his eye. Tapping Tom on the shoulder and pointing towards the torch, the two crawled under the truck out of sight. Peter's eyes stayed glued to the torch's beam, and the pounding of foot steps behind it sounded like thunder in the misty silence. The torch was coming towards them and was only a few feet away when it turned towards the two guards, standing now, by the shed. As the torch's beam moved towards the shed, Peter glanced at his watch. It was 1.30 a.m.

They had one and a half hours to get the job finished and meet their contact. Switching his mind back to the problem in hand, Peter

noticed the officers conversing with the guards. "Had they found the hole in the fence and were they asking the guards if they had seen anyone?"—the thought shot through his mind. These and many other questions made beads of sweat stream down his face in anxiety. Peter lifted his arm up and wiped his face on his sleeve. When he had finished he noticed that the officers had disappeared and that Tom was kneeling in front of the truck waiting for him. Crawling out from underneath the truck Peter noticed an empty tyre carrier. Putting this in the back of his mind he ran after Peter who was now at the back of the building.

As soon as he got there he carefully placed all his equipment on the ground with Tom's, who was looking to see if the window, at the back of the building, was hinged. Seeing that it wasn't he said to Peter, "Pass the first-aid kit!"

"First-aid kit?" queried Peter.

"That's what I said and hurry up man, we haven't got all day you know", snapped back Tom.

Blindly Peter found the first aid kit and gave it to Tom who opened it, took out a roll of sticking plaster, and gave the kit back to him. Placing the kit on the ground, Peter watched Tom plaster the tape across the window in a criss-cross fashion. When he had satisfied himself, Tom threw the rest of the roll on the ground, drew back his fist and with a swift blow, he put his fist through the window. Expecting a crash Peter ripped out his pistol and said in an angered tone, "You raving idiot! Do you want to wake bloody Hitler up or something?"

But Peter's actions were uncalled for as there was no crash but only the sound of a muffled crack. Turning around with surprise, Peter's gaping eyes clung to the picture which he saw, for there in front of him he saw the broken glass tied together with tape.

"Where on earth did you get that idea from?" asked Peter.

"Well I didn't spend five years as a warden in the State Prison and not learn a thing or two", replied Tom, who had already started to remove the glass from the tape and was putting it carefully on the ground.

"Better cover the glass with dirt Tom", said Peter, "we don't want the reflection from it to give us away".

When Tom had removed all the glass from the tape he saw a piece of glass which was still in the frame. Reaching out to break it off, he was stopped by Peter's words, "Never mind that Tom, it won't hurt and besides it might give us away".

Duly warned by Peter, Tom began to cover up the glass on the ground as Peter picked up his necessary equipment and walked towards the window. Carefully placing his bag inside the hut, Peter turned to face Tom.

"Here, you might need this", he said as he tossed his pistol towards Tom, before scrambling through the window.

Once inside, and with his eyes accustomed to the dark, Peter moved towards what appeared to be a cigar, only it was twenty feet longer and five feet thicker. Reaching this object

Peter ran his hands over it and reassured himself that this was the hydrogen bomb that Head Office was worried about. He walked back to his bag, and was beginning to take out his equipment when the door of the hut opened. With no time to pack his tools, he frantically looked for cover. Fortunately there was an old engine box by the window beside Peter. Eying the guard as he moved towards the box, Peter saw that his back was to him and that he was talking to the other guard as he walked in. From what Peter could make out, from the German he had learned at High School, he heard the guard tell the other one that he would stay inside.

Following the German's every footstep, Peter watched intensely as the guard placed himself with his back to him. Somehow this guard had to be disposed of, quickly and surely. Realising a gun would be useless, Peter remembered the piece of glass in the window. With both eyes still on the German his instinct guided his hand up the wall to the window and the piece of glass. Grasping the glass, he said a quick prayer, closed his eyes and gave a quick jerk. The glass silently parted from the window. Thinking he had succeeded, he loosened his grip a fraction too much, and felt the glass leave his hand. This was confirmed as out the corner of his eye he saw it falling to the ground. Preparing himself for the worst he waited for a crash that wasn't to come. Astonished, Peter glanced down at the piece of glass which had buried itself in his bag which was lying beneath the window.

Picking up the piece of glass he said to himself, "You lovely thing", and kissed it. Placing the glass in his hand in dagger fashion he moved towards the now seated guard with the agility of a cat and the quietness of a mouse. Just as he was about to stab the soldier in the back of the neck, a floor-board creaked beneath Peter, but too late to warn the guard, for as he turned around he only saw the reflection of the moon in the glass as it disappeared into his left side between his ribs. A slight groan came from the startled face as the earth's new rubbish fell clumsily to the ground. Rolling the guard back, Peter pulled the piece of glass out of the blood-soaked jacket, wiped it, and then put it into his breast pocket thinking it might come in handy later. Turning back to his mission, he worked quickly and quietly as he attached a small limpet mine with a half-hour fuse underneath the bomb.

Two minutes later he had packed his tools and was out of the window. He renewed his acquaintance with Tom with a grin and covered glance and the words, "Happy Guy Fawkes, Boss".

Smiling as they worked their way back to the fence, Tom's face suddenly turned white in terror. Wondering why Tom had stopped, Peter glanced in the direction Tom was looking, to see a guard inspecting the giant mouse-hole in the fence. Tapping Tom on the arm he pointed towards the truck which they had hid under before. Without asking questions Tom followed Peter to the truck which was only a few yards away. Scrambling underneath the truck Peter whispered something to Tom, then they both climbed into the empty tyre carrier. No sooner had they positioned themselves

when the alarm went. Within minutes the camp was lit up with searchlights and soldiers with torches. Like bees, the soldiers swarmed the camp searching the shadows. In their hiding place Peter and Tom lay, not daring to move a muscle in case it gave them away.

Luck was with them tonight! The soldiers and officers thought they had left so a search party was sent out. With the thumping of boots on the metal tray Peter and Tom didn't know the truck had started until it was moving. When they saw the gates they both gave a sigh of relief and quick smile as they thought of what was happening.

A couple of miles down the road the truck stopped and legs went everywhere. When the stumpless legs had disappeared amongst the shadows Peter and Tom moved out of their hiding place and towards the cab. Peering inside Tom noticed that the driver was still there. Telling Peter this, he took an empty syringe out of the first-aid kit and pulled the plunger back as he slid under the truck towards the driver's side. Crawling up the side of the truck he dived towards the driver and planted the syringe in the driver's heart and pushed the plunger down. The driver fell out the same time as Peter jumped in. Wasting no time, Tom jumped over the corpse and into the truck, started it, and roared off down the road.

"How long have we got?" asked Tom.

"Nineteen minutes before they start serving barbecued Germans", replied Peter. "By the way, how do we know our contact?"

"His car's only got one headlight", replied Tom. Just as he said that, a light appeared at the far end of the straight.

"Well speak of the devil, here comes the blighter now", said Peter.

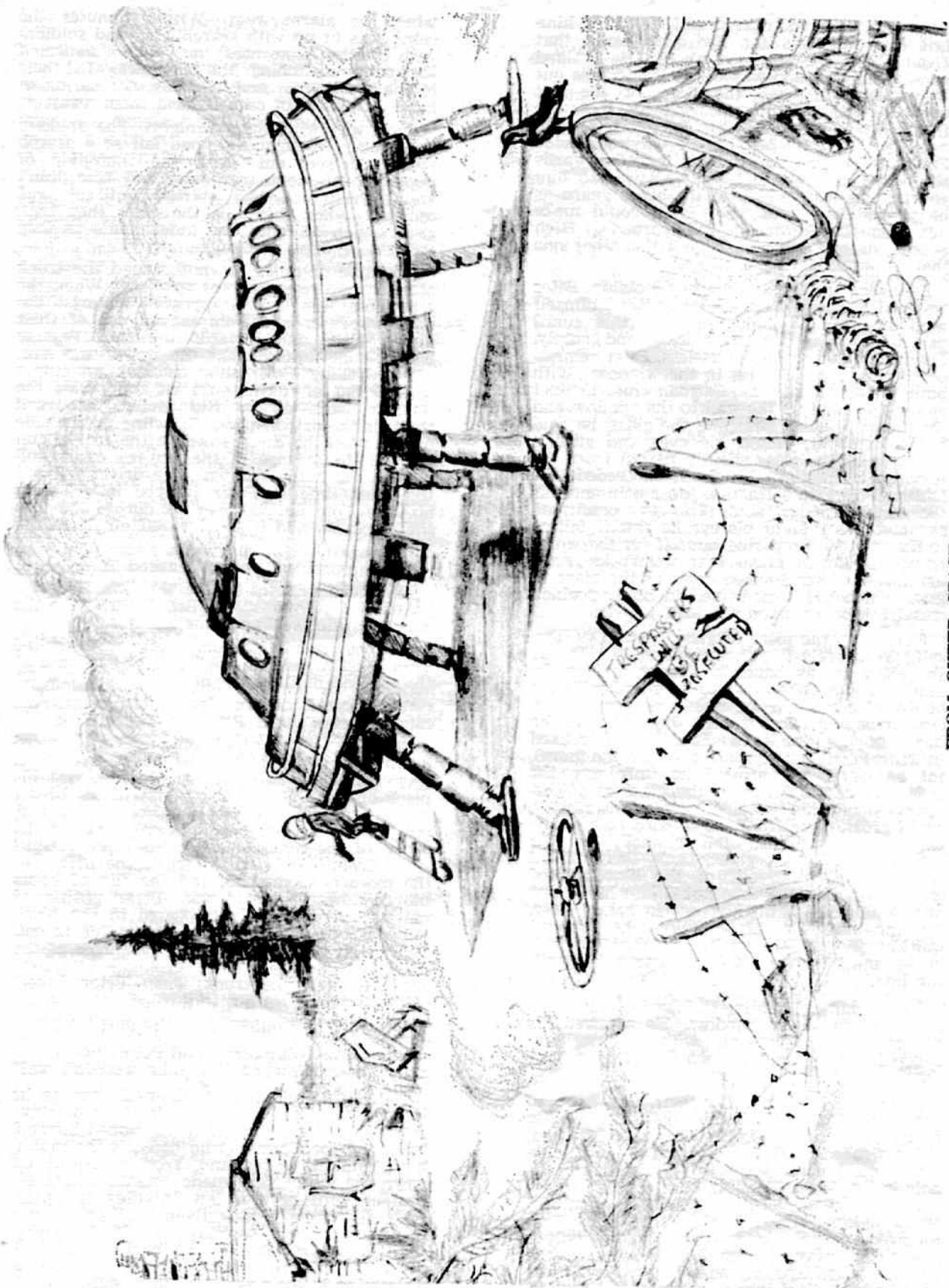
Thinking it was the contact, Tom slowed down and stopped. But to their surprise it wasn't as Peter had noticed. Reaching for his piece of glass, Peter took it out of his breast pocket and felt the tip to make sure it was still sharp. As the headlight came closer the groan of the motorbike became quite distinctive. Seeing the stopped truck the driver of the motorbike stopped, and the clip of boots moved towards the truck. Peter positioned himself. As the German peered in the truck the piece of glass ripped away at his throat. Two hands came up to grasp the throat as the body fell heavily to the ground. Tom was about to start the truck when Peter asked, "How far have we got to go?"

"About thirty miles, why?" replied Tom.

"Well I was thinking", said Peter, "we would make better time on that bike wouldn't we?"

"Good thinking lad", exclaimed Tom as he jumped out of the truck on to the motorbike on which Peter had already positioned himself. Thanking the German who had left the motorbike running, Peter and Tom screamed off down the road. They made contact with their contact with only a few minutes to spare. Fred, the contact, took them to their waiting plane and within seconds the plane carrying the trio was making its way back to England.

Fred broke the monotony of the engine drumming in their ears by asking, "How did it go? Is it going off soon?" Peter turned to face



FROM OUTER SPACE

—Duncan Crawford, 4A

Fred and said, "Firstly it went perfectly, and secondly . . ."

But Peter could not answer that as he was interrupted by an ear-shattering explosion. As the three turned around they saw through the tiny perspex windows a red and yellow smoke mushroom rise towards the heavens.

"Well", said Fred, "I guess that answers my second question". Turning back to the controls Fred made a slight alteration and soon the flickering tail-light had disappeared amongst the clouded sky.

—Alan Rose, 5E1

TOM JONES

Tom Jones—a guy you all like
With voice so loud, he needs no mike;
He opens his mouth, boy can he sing!
Gimme dat, gimme dat, gimme dat ding.

Adored by almost every girl,
Every song he'll give a whirl.
Some boys get mad about this guy
They would like to get so high.

Married at the age of sixteen,
He had no loves the years between.
He loves himself I must admit,
But do you blame him?—not one bit.

Round the world his name is known,
He's earned his money; boy has it grown!
The guy's no goat, he'll never be beat,
'Long as he stands on his own two feet.

—Eunice Moon, 3C

Slowly, he made his way across the grass.
His movements were painful and slow as great
pangs of hunger drove him on. He had not
eaten since the previous day.

Night had fallen but the moon was bright
enough to illuminate a pathway for him to
follow. Sounds were all around him and fear
of unseen things made him quiver.

Now he felt the roadway beneath his feet.
It was rough and uneven on the surface but
he forced himself to cross as quickly as
possible. Speeding cars were a real danger to
one as slow as he. Bright lights dazzled him
as a car approached.

Thud! He hadn't been quick enough.

Next morning, two boys found him on their
way to school. They bent over the small
battered body.

"Poor little hedgehog", one said sadly.

—E. Pompey, 3C

NIGHT

It is night.
Creeping slyly, stealthily, the fog descends,
A soft white blanket covers the sleeping earth
All is still.

A morepork cries. The deafening silence is
shattered.

The dull thrum of an engine fills the sharp air,
And the headlight pierces the murky gloom.
Then all is still and cold.
The world sleeps.

—K. Young, 5E1

HAIKUS

Green waves, golden sand;
people swim in cool waters;
happy and noisy.

As it gets colder
the snow flakes fall in drops;
to coldly suffocate the grass.

—K. Herangi, 3E

ALONE

No-one to disturb me in my own little world,
No-one to come and chide me for day-dreaming,
All alone, away from all violence and hatred.
In my own little world, I can do as I please,
No friends to comfort me,
No enemies to hate me,
For I'm far from the evils of this world.

—J. Smith, 5E1

AUGUST SUNDAY CHILD

He sits
In his mud nest
Twined with
Rushes and reeds : clothed
In green, he smokes his pipe.

The brown water
Reflects his shadow and
His shadow is his reflection.

Moss lines his bed
And carpets his nest which
Bobs up
And down the surface of
The rippling water
Like a boat on the brutal high seas.

He looks over his domain
With an eye of yellow
Which
Twitches here
And there like a sparrow flutters
About on
A front lawn.

—Stephen McCowan, 5E1

HUMANITY

A little more loving
A little more caring
A little more feeling and gentleness and peace,
Some surface softness
But much inner strength,
Nobly protecting the young and the weak.

—Anon, 3A

STORM AT SEA

Suddenly the skies darkened, and jagged
lightning darted from one place to another,
leaving a trail of light as it streaked. The sea
suddenly leapt up and the towering waves
came dashing toward the lighthouse with a
thunderous roar. Cold spray flooded over me
until I shivered. The boats out in the harbour
bobbed about like corks in the twirling whirl-
pools as the sky grew darker. Suddenly the
storm ended as quickly as it had begun.

—Lea Meijborg, 3B

BEACH SCENE

Pohutukawa branches with their red flowers standing out against the dark, green leaves, hang over the hillside and the rocks below. The gentle sound of the calm harbour waters against the rocks is soft and melodious to the ear. Golden sands are caressed by a gentle breeze whispering around a headland covered with the blue flowers of wild iris. The gulls' squawkings echo in the caves towering above the sands like the Himalayas above Sherpa villages. No baches or caravans are standing on the gently rolling hillside leading down to the beach, nor is there any other sign of human involvement with the landscape. The waves, sands, trees, flowers, birds and breeze have the beach to themselves.

Rising above the blue waters of the harbour, the skyscrapers of the city tower over the squalid docks and warehouses, and on the surrounding hills can be seen houses of all descriptions, nestling in their steep gardens. But the beach is nature's realm, free from the fear of human desecration.

No people walk along the beach: there are no children searching for crabs and starfish among the rock-pools under the cliffs. There isn't even a path leading into the bay, only sheep tracks criss-crossing the hillside.

But wait, there is someone in the bay! Unknown to the sea, sand and gulls a human stranger has wandered into the noisy silence of the bay and, as if taken aback by the sheer beauty and splendour of the whole scene and silence, the stranger has sunk amongst the iris to listen and wonder. Not even the breeze has noticed him yet.

But the gulls have, and soon their screechings of curiosity and fear seem to arouse the

stranger from a deep dream, but he does not rise from his bed of iris. Instead, he sighs and starts to sketch something on a notebook which he has taken with care from his breast pocket, for to make violent movements would spoil the splendour of the moment.

The gulls fly high overhead and their frenzied calls are carried on by the breeze to the trees who rustle their leaves as if laughing at the gulls' message of fear, curiosity and wonder. No-one has ever entered the bay before! What is this stranger? What is he doing here?

The lonely figure is trying to draw the bay, struggling to depict on canvas the tranquillity and noisy harmonious silence that surrounds him. The trees rustle their leaves more, laughing at him now, for they know something the artist doesn't: that the silence of the bay is so rare and delicate that it cannot be defined by man. They know that the silence is so wonderful, beautiful, yet noisy and gentle that it cannot be thought of in human terms. For to know silence when it is heard is to know the sound of the past and the future.

—S. McCowan, 5E1

ASSEMBLY

Rush
Doors open, crowds
pushing, seating, talking.
Hush!
Notices read, talking again.
Staff on, prayers said, songs sung.
Staff off.
Assistants speak,
Dismiss!
push out
Doors shut.

—S. Evans, 4B

4TE CARVERS AND PRODUCTS





ANIMAL STUDY

—Julie Sampson, 4A

HIROSHIMA

Thousands of aircraft fill the skies,
Thousands of aircraft buzzing like flies,
Thousands of dollars fall from the planes,
Thousands dying in atomic pain,
Thousands crying, just waiting to die.

The shattering blast dies away,
The acrid smoke covers dismay,
Screams and screeches fill the air,
Nothing can be heard above the blare:
Sixty-six thousand will never again see day.

Everywhere was death,
Terrible, painful, agonising death.
Thousands would forget,
Thousands would hold a grudge,
Thousands would never forget.

—Donald Derecourt, 3A

THE CASE FOR TELEVISION

It has become fashionable to own a television set. Every home that I have been in has had a television set. As with most things, it has its advantages and disadvantages, but the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

Many people say that television rules the household, that it becomes an obsession and that people can become fanatics. However, I suggest that anyone who lets a television set rule his household or who allows himself to become a fanatic, is a fool!

Television is an asset to a pre-school family. The children can watch television while Mum prepares the tea, whereas, if there was no television, the children would be getting under Mum's feet, not improving the meal or Mum's "sunny" nature.

The cartoons are screened during the children's hour, even though older children and adults also enjoy them as a form of relaxation where they don't have to think. Programmes such as "Play School" are informative and educational.

Teenagers have more difficulty in finding time to watch television if they are conscientious over homework. Parents may complain that John or Mary "never does his (or her) homework". It is possible to choose particular programmes for education and entertainment during the week and to fit them in with homework.

Television greatly influences people in matters of fashion and music. Documentaries are useful for information as well as compelling people to think harder.

Adults tend to watch television as a means of unwinding after a hard day's work. Most adults watch the News and Weather, particularly farmers. Educational programmes are of immense value to adults who did not receive an adequate formal education, but who still want to learn.

Elderly folk enjoy television more than other people, because it is a source of comfort to them. It is these people who are more likely to become fanatics more easily, but this would depend on their temperament, how active they are, and where they live. These people have lived longer and have had time to do the things which many teenagers are just beginning to

think about. If these people become bored, lonely, or inactive they are more inclined to sit and watch any programme. This can relieve boredom and they must learn something from the programmes which they watch. If these people have hobbies, friends and can get around, they are not so inclined to become obsessed.

Television has not yet reached its full potential. With a shortage of teachers, particularly in Secondary Schools, closed-circuit television could be introduced, thus enabling one teacher to teach several classes. Closed-circuit television would be ideal for large factories where there are so many departments needing supervision. Closed-circuit television is used on race-courses and in this way the public can watch races while having lunch. Television is useful in industry, training schools and research stations. Larger, more developed countries than New Zealand, are beginning to use television for more important things than entertainment, but even these countries have only scratched the surface of this valuable invention known as television.

—B. Smith, 5E1

THE CHATEAU

It was a frosty morn late in May,
And if so early you did wake,
To see the first signs of winter.
The fog lies round the valleys deep,
And the snow-tipped mountains.

These jagged rocks still did show,
On mountains ever ending.
As the sun breaks through the clouds,
The fog lifts and quietly sending.

When the sun is at full height,
The snow begins to melt.
Streams of ice-cold water flow,
To form a stream with snow-packed sides.
Over the snow and rocks it rides,
Soon to merge with the tide.

The shouts and screams and cries of joy,
Ring through the mountains deep and wide.
As the day moves on and the sun dies down
The fog and mist again begins to fall.
You find the next morn creeping on,
To end the day with a night of darkness.

—V. Landon, 3A

BARRIERS TO FREEDOM

Two deep amber eyes gaze longingly at two
deep amber eyes;

Two expectant lips quiver at two quivering
eager lips;

Two bodies, one brown, one black, shiver:
A deep, strong sense of love and maturity creep
like cold wandering fingers along the spine.
They're all a-tremble, all afire, all impassioned
with love.

Love like gentle rain.

Love like birds singing on a bright new
morning.

Love like the gay smoke curls.

Love like arms entwined.

Two deep amber eyes gaze at two more eyes
over a five-bar fence,

True love can not be theirs! Poor horses.

—M. Laycock, 5E1

WINTER

Night is so cold
But by the fire it is warm.
By ten o'clock at night
Into bed it is for me,
So warm is my bed
Until half past eight —

When my eyes are awakened
By the light of another morning,
It is a grey, cold morning
Which gives me the shivers.
This morning is not so pleasant,
The birds are not out
Because summer has gone
And winter is here.
Oh! So cold, grey and damp.

—T Morgan, 3E

Dedicated to: Mr West our Science Teacher OUR TEACHER

Our Teacher he is clever,
Our Teacher he is mad,
He likes good little children,
But! Most of them are bad —
There is one thing about him,
That I would like to say
He wonders off the subject in the
Most disturbing way.

—S. Bright, 3A

YESTERDAY

The night was cold,
The day hot,
For through the sleeping clouds
Came the sun so hot;
Awakening the lifeless earth upon which God
gave life;
"Awaken my ones", the sun's rays called out,
For another day to see,
And live like yesterday, to more days of glee.

—B. Gornall, 4B

MAN AND MACHINE

Morning wakens,
Streets are clear
Of city buses,
Nothing's there.

The sun is climbing,
To its peak,
Soon the city
Starts off the week.

Cars start coming,
Buses roar,
Streets are noisy,
Peace no more.

Offices open,
To the day;
Modern science
Clears the way.

Industry smoke
Fills the air,
Car exhaust
Then the sun will disappear.

Man and motor
Made the smear
Of the smog and smoke,
To pollute the air.

—C. McAulay, 4B

DAYTIME IN THE SNOW

Over the bidge walks an old lady
Bundled up in furs and thick clothes,
With a stack of wood upon her back,
For a fire to warm a kitchen or maybe a shack.

From the bridge she can see
People ice-skating and jumping with glee,
Some are watching, some are falling,
Some are skating with graceful ease.

Next to the skaters stands the village church,
With a steeple that can be seen miles around.
On Sunday morning, when all is peaceful
Joyous songs rise from the church's steeple.

But night is drawing nigh,
Most people are home, some are still saying
goodbye.

The old lady has gone home,
Gone from the bridge, gone with her wood.

Maybe tomorrow all will be the same.
Or will the sun come out and spoil their game?
It's dark and quiet now, not a soul to be seen,
Not even a bird in the highest tree.

—S. Evans, 4B

NIGHT

Night: silently it falls
Giving little warning of its arrival,
But the sinking of the sun below the horizon
Covering everything in its wake.
Few creatures dare to break its silence,
Fearing it will swallow them in its pitch;
Only the wind dare defy it,
But the sun will soon rise
To open the door to another day of light.

—Anon.

SEARCHING

Where the sea meets the sky,
Where the rainbow ends,
As far as can be seen with the naked eye,
That's where my heartache mends.

As high as the heavens above,
As tall as the tallest tree,
That's where I'll find my love,
That's where I'm sure she'll be.

As deep as the deepest ocean,
As hard as the hardest diamond,
To set the wheels in motion,
To let me seal the bond.
As cold as the coldest day,

As countless as leaves on a tree.
Oh wind, Oh rain I pray to thee,
Please bring my love to me.

—B. Dunn, 3A

MY CONTRIBUTION?

Our English Mistress said today
"I want a composition or a play,
For a magazine for the school".
But with these subjects I show no talent at all,
I have tried to write for many hours,
But thought of nothing up to now.
So please Miss, accept these few words
As I really did try,
And that I swear is no lie!

—D. Vercoe, 3C

LAWYERS' LAW

The law the lawyers know about
Is property and land—
But why the leaves are on the trees,
And why the wind disturbs the seas,
Why honey is the food of bees,
Why horses have such tender knees,
Why winters come and rivers freeze,
Why faith is more than what one sees,
And hope survives the worst disease,
And charity is more than these
They do not understand.

—R. Crackett, 3A

THE SNARE

Walking through the bush I listened to the curious sounds of the creatures concealed in the vegetation. Then I heard a distant sound, a cry of pain. It rang out through the bush, alarming all the animals around. I advanced in the direction of the cry, hoping to find it, but no, not here nor there. The ever-frightening call increased my determination to look more thoroughly to find the poor animal. But where did the desperate cry come from?

Then I heard the noise of a rattling trap. Looking behind a thick dense bush I found the poor bloody creature caught in a trap. It was hopeless to try to recover it from the deep gash that would eventually kill him. He was suffering so much. I did what I knew I had to do. The screaming animal looked up the barrel of my .22 and his eyes seemed to beseech.

The shot rang out.

—T. Dean, 3B

QUEST OF THE SOUL

Slowly, slowly moves the stream,
As someone who's just finding
Just finding the Way, the Truth, the Light,
The Way, the Truth, the Light of God.

Slowly, slowly moves the stream,
Just as someone breaking away,
Breaking away from the Devil,
Slowly moving away from sin.

Fast, fast moves the stream,
Rushing toward the great ocean,
The great ocean of Christendom,
Fast moving toward God.

Fast, fast moves the stream,
Moving toward everlasting life,
Moving toward peace forever,
Fall into the hands of the Lord.

—S. Milton, 4A

THE OAK TREE

The Oak Tree stands like an aged and deformed man. Its great trunk and once mighty limbs are now old and decayed. They hang limp, leaves are withered, to slowly die. The tree is lost in an age of thought. Once a mighty sight, it is now only an eyesore given up the will to live.

—M. Henry, 3A

THE CHANGING TIDE

The tide laps softly up the golden shore to the driftwood and up the grotesque, barnacle-covered post. The seagull sitting on the post

is chased away by a crowd of noisy youngsters. Crowding, scrambling, splashing, shouting, they are out to enjoy themselves.

Umbrellas go up, rugs go down, and grown-ups have their lunch. A bottle of beer, a watermelon, plenty of cakes and pies will satisfy the appetites that the salt air seems to emphasise. Then lying in the sun, or drowsily talking in the shade of the big pohutakawas, they suddenly seem to realise what the time is!

Children wail and parents pack up, then, with a final roar they're off to the hustle and bustle of the big city.

The beach is deserted. There is not a soul in sight to watch the changing tide, as it slowly wanes, uncovering the desolation of the unending expanse of stinking mud. The post is uncovered, but where is the gull?

Among the smashed beer bottles and watermelon skins, screeching and fighting, a host of flapping wings and snapping beaks are scavenging for that tiny morsel of food the tourists may have left. A piece of rancid fat, a slice of sandy bread—there's almost as much for the gulls as for their predecessors.

The sewerage pipe's water trickles over a rotten fish-head and the slimy rocks to a pool in the mud. A gull pounces and gorges, then wheels away. What does he feel? Can he see the filth and horror of it all? With a lonely cry he settles on the post, with the wind fluffing up his feathers.

The wind becomes stronger, the clouds roll and darken. There is a strange silence in the air, broken only by the steady lapping of the water as the tide rolls in. The wind whips foaming white-caps on the grey, choppy sea. The waves rise higher and crash on the shore, to be drowned by the rumble of thunder. Lightning flashes and rain beats down on the angry sea.

Then suddenly it stops. The rain has gone, the wind has lessened and the clouds roll away. The moon looks down on the beautiful bay, and glows coldly on the rippling waves. The stars come out, slowly. But they do not twinkle on broken glass, for the tide has washed it clean away. The dirt, the debris and destructiveness of man has been overcome. Nature, as always, has triumphed.

—K. Young, 5E1

BAD NEWS

The news is broken. Silence forces its way in, then remains,

I feel as though the heavy pounding of my heart

Will explode into the dense silence, and
Break the frozen gloom.

Climbing to my feet, eyes blurred and filled with red hot tears,

I walk with sombre steps out of the dense silence,

Into the clean biting air.

Walking, thinking, questioning.

Walking, thinking, questioning.

Why? Why did it happen to her?

Searching frantically through a wheat field full of my thoughts,

But there is no answer.

Only a void.

—B. Hibble, 5E1

1970 SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

On Friday, 21st August, a group of thirty excited adults and teenagers left Ngaruawahia at 6.15 in the morning for a sixteen-day tour of the South Island. The trip to Wellington was great fun, and the following day we were all up bright and early to board the 'Aranui' for the miniature sea voyage across Cook Strait. The sea was a little rough but that didn't keep us off the decks. In the afternoon in Picton, some climbed the hills and on arriving back at camp to discover what was on the menu for tea, Mr Law's words rang out loud and clear, "Oh no, not sausages!"

From Picton we went to Nelson, and then on to Greymouth. The Buller Gorge wouldn't have been bad if it wasn't for the roadworks. What a nightmare! The following day we travelled to Franz Josef where we stayed two days. On the second day we went on a guided tour part of the way up Franz Josef Glacier. There was plenty of 'fool's gold' there, but in the afternoon the boys panned for real gold in the Waiho River and managed to find a little.

Haast was the next stop and it rained all that day and most of the next, while en route to Queenstown. There were slips most of the way and we even had to stop to clear the way. That night we went ice-skating and the one thing we forgot was a large supply of cushions! During

our second day there, we went up Coronet Peak for ski-ing. Once again cushions as well as the addition of a good set of brakes would have been welcome in most cases.

Highlights of our next stop, Dunedin, were the dancing fountain, the Otago University, the Medical School, the Moana Swimming Pool where we saw 'Hog Snort Rupert's Band' in person, and a delicious meal in a Chinese Restaurant. We went on to another big city — Christchurch. The first night we went to the A. & P. Show in Addington and the following morning went shopping, although by this time the money situation was in a bad state. In the afternoon we went to Lyttleton via the tunnel. Our third to last day was spent at Kaikoura where we climbed out on the rocks to see the seals. That night was literally the hardest of all as we slept on classroom floors.

The following day made us realise that our trip was almost at an end as we arrived back in Picton and once again boarded the 'Aranui' — this time for Wellington. That night in Wellington we had another of our luscious meals in a restaurant and afterwards rode on the cable-car and in the electric train before flopping into bed, only to wake up a few hours later for the last stretch of the journey. We arrived back in Ngaruawahia tired but happy about 6 p.m., and I'm sure not one of us would have missed the trip for anything.

SMILING SOUTH ISLAND TOURISTS AT PICTON.





COLLECTIVE SECURITY ON FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER

TURANGAWAEWAE VISIT

The third formers were privileged to visit Turangawaewae this year. Mr McKay was Queen Te Atairangikahu's able delegate for this occasion and started the tour by giving the history of the Waikato tribes with particular emphasis on the Tainui families. He then described the panels that decorate the front of the Mahinarangi and told us the significance of the repeated use of the Taniwha: it was in the old days, the boast that Waikato was the "Tribe of the hundred Taniwhas" and now it is the emblem of the tribe.

Inside Mahinarangi, there is the hush-that-one-is-used-to-feeling inside buildings that have an atmosphere of their own. On this occasion it was soon disturbed by one hundred and forty third formers asking questions. Mr McKay went on to describe items of historical interest and answer the barrage of questions about them and then he let the children ask about anything that interested them. The boys were particularly interested in the fine collection of taiahas and the various types of patu. The girls felt that the rather explicit instructions on their use was a trifle gory and changed the subject to the other more peaceful things. After giving the children some of the background details of the Maori wars, Mr McKay described some of the action that the tribes had seen and the way that peace eventually came to the Waikato.

When we left Mahinarangi and Turongo, we walked down to the canoe shed to look at the

canoes that still remain and almost to pay homage to a canoe that has seen over two hundred years of history. It has, in its time, carried graciously a Governor General, been displayed to the Queen and successfully resisted Von Tempsky's attempts to sink it during the Maori wars.

As we left Turangawaewae we realised how accurately it had been named. A more peaceful and picturesque place it would be hard to find. It is indeed a place "to rest your feet". Our grateful thanks to Queen Te Atairangikahu for allowing us to see and share the benefits of Turangawaewae.

—P.H.

GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP

The annual Geology Field Trip to Te Akau took place in August this year. Approximately one hundred fourth form pupils accompanied by five teachers spent one day studying the rock types and structures in the Te Akau district. This area contains six different series of rocks from greywack to limestone and coal and a remarkable variety of geological structures including faults, folds, concretions and fossils. Because of the large number of interesting and varied rock outcrops, two busloads of pupils studied the Te Akau limestone and some of the outcrops along the main Waingaro

Road, while a busload of 4A pupils examined the Ruakiwi sandstones and conglomerates and the rest of Waingaro Road rode outcrops. To aid the pupils in their studies, an extensive questionnaire containing groups of simple questions was given to each child to complete. The questionnaire was reasonably well done by most pupils who enjoyed the day's outing, although some complained of having to work up long hills. The groups stopped for lunch beside a pleasant stream near Waingaro. The outcrops were all roadside cuttings so pupils were able to study the rockfaces and collect rock samples without straying far from the buses.

I wish to thank Mr MacDonald, Mr Sandifer, Mrs Hedges and Miss Macaulay for their help in the supervision of the pupils and the bus drivers for their unending patience and helpfulness.

—L.B.

MORRINSVILLE MAORI CLUB VISIT

The visit from the Morrinsville Maori Club on the afternoon of Friday, December 4th, proved most enjoyable. The afternoon's programme started with cultural activities. First we were entertained by our visitors in the hall. Various Maori songs and dances were performed before we all moved outside to watch the second part of the activities—softball. Our Maori softball teams were matched with two of their girls' teams and one boys' team. The weather certainly played a major part on the agenda and everything went very well indeed.

There were no casualties whatsoever and all teams played their games vigorously but harmoniously. Our girls' teams won 11-2, 15-4, and the boys' team lost 7-9. Unfortunately the Maori Club had to leave before tea was served but this didn't affect the afternoon's gaiety and everyone was still in high spirits at the end of the afternoon.

A TYPICAL SIXTH FORMER?



SPORTS SECTION

SPORTS DAY REVIEW

The Ngaruawahia High School Athletic Sports, which took place on March 4th, had an auspicious beginning, when, at 9.30 a.m., the sports area behind 'D' block was occupied only by the female population of the school. However, fifteen minutes later, the sports got under way with the full complement of the school's sporting-inclined pupils, who were to set a wonderful example to those of us who are more inclined to sideline participation.

The first track events of the day were the heats of the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Boys' 100-yard dash (and what a dash it was, with many red-faced, panting class-mates exerting themselves to the utmost—and doing surprisingly well! The field events taking place at the same time were the Junior Girls' Long Jump, Intermediate Boys' Discus and the Senior Boys' High Jump.

Comic relief was provided, in the otherwise serious proceedings, at the locality of the Senior Girls' shotput and discus. It seems that the senior girls had entered only under duress, and were quite determined to make the best of it by competing with straight faces. Most were amazingly good, and will probably end up representing the school at the Waikato Secondary Schools' Sports, to be held at Cambridge on March 14th.

All of the staff took part in the sports, active or otherwise, by conducting various events. In the long jump, and also for a wide margin around, we heard the voice of Mr Petherick. Mr Law and Mr Fuguel must be congratulated for keeping straight faces in the Senior Girls' Shotput, and Mrs Fuguel likewise for failing to see the humour in the Discus event. Mr West and Mr Esselbrugge, at their post of High Jump, became well-known for that oft-heard clause: "Keep back from the competitors, please, give them room". Mr Templeton, Mr Wallis and Mr Esselbrugge were busy lining up the numerous competitors. Mr Templeton was in usual form, only this time with a real gun.

The rest of the teachers acted as time-keepers, recorders and officials of all kinds. Mr Ives deserves some mention here. In the three years that he has been at Ngaruawahia High School, he has worked very hard at the successive posts of third and second time-keeper, and apparently this year he was rewarded for his diligence and unstinting service to the school by being promoted to the position of first timekeeper, a post at which he served not only willingly, but proudly!

The Robin Bell Memorial Cup was on display during the day. This cup was donated by the members of the school in memory of their schoolmate, Robin Bell, who died in an acci-

SAFETY IN NUMBERS. GIRLS' OPEN 880 START.





CHRISTINE LEWIS ON WAY TO A SOFT LANDING.

PARTICIPATION IS HALF THE ENJOYMENT. ELEGANT STAFF ON SPORTS DAY.



dent during the holidays this year. It will be awarded to the Intermediate Boy Spring Champion, and the first winner of this cup is Mark Rogers, of the sixth form.

One of the most interesting of all sports day fixtures is the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Boys' High Jumps. This year, in the Intermediate section, Ian Greig jumped a spectacular 5ft 3in. Last year, as a junior he jumped 5ft 1in, which was very near his own height. We are all looking forward to his efforts next year as a senior. His older brother, John, and Peter



ALL IN HIS STRIDE. Don Jacobs on way to Intermediate Mile record.

Vincent tied for top place in the Senior section with a jump of 5ft 1in.

In the track events, two outstanding races were run and their records broken by enormous margins. Donald Jacobs, of the sixth form, broke the two-mile race record by 34 seconds, setting a new standard of 10 minutes 56.5 seconds. He also broke the one mile record by nine seconds, leaving the competitors next year to break the time of 4 minutes 53.8 seconds.

The day was perfect for the sports, although it could have been a little cooler. It was fortunate the sun was covered by clouds and thus enabled everyone to regard the track with more or less comfort. However, it was obvious that, as the day wore on, some students and even staff regarded the sports as a nuisance and waste of time, even though it did mean a day off school work.

All of the competitors, losers as well as winners, are to be congratulated on their participation. If you lost, then try again next year, and above all, adhere to the favourite quote of our head: "Play the Game".

—J. Dunn
D. Ives

1970 ATHLETIC SPORTS RESULTS

Senior Girls' Shotput

1, M. Greig (N), 23' 4"; 2, N. Coe (H).

Senior Boys' High Jump

1 equal, J. Greig (M), 5' (record) and P. Vincent (T).

Intermediate Boys' Discus

1, B. Riki (T), 98' 2"; 2, S. Weir.

Junior Girls' Long Jump

1, S. Jerry (N), 13' 7½" (record); 2, R. Williamson (T).

Senior Boys' Shotput

1, R. Coe (M), 34' 10"; 2, R. Bidois (M).

Senior Boys' Discus

1, R. Coe (M), 106' 5" (record); 2, M. Coenen (N).

Senior Girls' Long Jump

1, E. Woolford (T), 13' ½"; 2, H. Taylor (M).

Junior Boys' High Jump

1, K. McIntosh (T), 4' 6"; 2, M. Simeon (H).

Junior Boys' Discus

1, R. Matthews (H), 96' 3"; 2, R. Tai (H), 86' 3".

Junior Boys' 880yds

1, D. Crawford (M), 2m 36.5s; 2, R. Moana (H).

Intermediate Boys' 880yds

1, Jacobs (H), 2m 16.5s; 2, Rose (T).

Senior Boys' 880yds

1, K. Unka (M), 2m 21.3s; 2, P. Vincent (T).

Intermediate Girls' Shotput

1, B. Ketu (H), 25' 3"; 2, W. Lewer (M).



Winning is such sweet agony. D. Weir, Senior 440 victor.

Intermediate Boys' Long Jump

1, B. Henare (H), 16' 7"; 2, D. Jacobs (N).

Intermediate Boys' High Jump

1, I. Greig (N), 5' 3" (equals record); 2, W. Henare (H).



ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS FOR IAN GREIG, WINNER OF THE INTERMEDIATE HIGH JUMP, INTER-SECONDARY SCHOOL SPORTS.

Junior Girls' 100yds

1, C. Hogan (M), 12.7s (record); 2, B. Gornall (M).

Junior Boys' 100yds

1, K. McIntosh (N), 12s; 2, C. Morgan (H).

Intermediate Girls' 100yds

1, M. Coenen (N), 12.5s (record); 2, C. Lewis (H).

Intermediate Boys' 100yds

1, M. Rogers (H), 11.1s; 2, G. Bell (H).

Senior Girls' 100yds

1, E. Woolford (T), 12.1s (record); 2, S. Huriama (H).

Senior Boys' 100yds

1, D. Weir (N), 11.1s; 2, K. Unka (M).

Junior Girls' 220yds

1, C. Hogan (M), 30.5s (record); 2, B. Gornall (M).

Junior Boys' 220yds

1, C. Edmonds (H), 27.9s; 2, M. Bell (M).

Intermediate Girls' 220yds

1, M. Coenen (N), 28.6s (record); 2, C. Lewis (H).

Intermediate Boys' 220yds

1, M. Rogers (H), 25.3s; 2, G. Bell (H).

Senior Girls' 220yds

1, E. Woolford (T), 28.8s (record); 2, S. Huriama (H).

Senior Boys' 220yds

1, D. Weir (N), 24.1s (record); 2, W. Bradshaw (H).

Junior Boys' 440yds

1, C. Edmonds (H), 1m 3.2s; 2, D. Crawford (M).



S. Weir winning the Intermediate 440yds.

Intermediate Boys' 440yds

1, S. Weir (N), 58.4s; 2, M. Byrne (T).

Senior Boys' 440yds

1, D. Weir (N), 58s; 2, D. Jacobs (M).

Open Girls' 880yds

1, M. Coenen (N), 2m 39.9s; 2, J. Mark (M).

Senior Boys' Long Jump

1, D. Weir (N), 17' 2"; 2, R. Roe (M).

Intermediate Girls' Discus

1, N. Poutapu (T), 62' 8½"; 2, B. Ketu (H).

Junior Girls' High Jump

1, N. Coenen (M), 4' 1"; 2, B. Lingman (N).

Senior Girls' Discus

1, R. Huinui (T), 62' 5"; 2, L. Mark (M).



B. Riki, Intermediate Shotput record. Champion of ballet too?

Junior Girls' Discus

1, V. Ngataki (T), 70' 7"; 2, V. Landon (N).

Intermediate Girls' High Jump

1, M. Landon (N), 4' 3"; 2, C. Lewis (H).

Junior Boys' 1 mile

1, B. Callaghan (N), 5m 23.3s; 2, R. Hunt (H).

Intermediate Boys' 1 mile

1, D. Jacobs (H), 4m 53.7s (record); 2, G. Bell (H).

Senior Boys' 1 mile

1, P. Vincent (T), 5m 27.4s; 2, G. Taylor (H).

Senior Girls' High Jump

1, E. Woolford (T), 4' 7"; 2, M. Greig (N).

Intermediate Boys' Shotput

1, B. Riki (T), 41' 9" (record); 2, L. Hopa (H).

Junior Girls' Relay

1, Tainui, 1m 2.5s; 2, Havelock.

Junior Boys' Relay

1, Havelock, 54.9s; 2, Tainui.

Intermediate Girls' Relay

1, Newcastle, 59.2s; 2, Tainui.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

This season, as in last season, the High School fielded a Division 2 and a Division 4 team in the Waikato Competition. A very good season was played with the boys not winning as many matches as they would wish, but with some fine football displayed.

Many players of note stood out in the teams in 1970. Rex Nightingale played a solid game as goalkeeper all year, a worthy replacement for Howard Pharo who held the berth in 1969. Rex gained much experience during the year by playing goalkeeper for Ngaruawahia United and for AFFCO Rangers.

Steven Barr captained the seniors well throughout the season and was awarded the trophy for the most outstanding player.

Alan Rose was selected for the Waikato Representatives for several games against other districts and has always proved the danger man in Ngaruawahia's attack.

Peter Wilson played as goalkeeper for the Juniors, and had shown himself most capable.

Kamira Haggie, the outside right for the Seniors, was awarded the Most Improved Player Trophy for 1970.

SENIOR MATCHES**v. Matamata (lost 7-0)**

Our boys were completely outclassed in their first match of the season by a most superior team. Matamata were shortly promoted to Division 1.

v. Fairfield (lost 2-1)

Fairfield gained an early 2-goal advantage in this match following a misunderstanding between Ngaruawahia's backs and the keeper. Towards the end of the game Steven Barr gathered in a loose ball and walked it most coolly past the keeper to score Ngaruawahia's only goal.

v. Putaruru (won 2-1)

Putaruru scored first to start the game but could get no further after the boys settled down. In the second half, Barry Callaghan scored two intelligent goals to win the match.

v. Hamilton Boys' High (lost 6-3)

A late burst by Ngaruawahia was not enough to beat off a defeat by HBHS. Our boys failed to work together from the start and paid the price. HBHS was promoted to Division 1 shortly afterwards. Barry Callaghan was the player who saved face for Ngaruawahia by netting three goals.

v. Fraser High School (won 3-0)

Although a non-competitive match, the boys attacked with gusto and were rewarded with a convincing win. It was this game, however, that led them into a false sense of superiority which was to prove their defeat in a later rematch.

v. Huntly (won 4-3)

Ngaruawahia looked the better team all through the game but nearly slumped when Huntly made a late run and put in two quick goals. Ngaruawahia's passing and ball control were all that they should be and the goals shot were copybook ones. A deserved win.

v. Fraser High School (lost 5-2)

In the first half Fraser netted thrice to Alan Rose's single. Steven Barr "posted" a penalty to have it cleared from danger. Alan Rose scored again to Fraser's two. Rex Nightingale played a "blinder".

JUNIOR MATCHES

v. Melville (won by default)

v. Fairfield B (lost 3-0)

The juniors were well outplayed and a higher defeat might have been the order if it were not for the abilities of Peter Wilson as goalkeeper.

v. Cambridge (lost 1-0)

One of the most even matches seen this year. It took 50 minutes of play to score. Alan Cotter and Gary McIntosh narrowly missed consecutive shots while Peter Wilson handled a wet and slippery ball without gloves as fly-paper handles a fly.

v. Fairfield A (lost 10-1)

Decidedly a "kick and hope" game played by Ngaruawahia. Danny Duffull scored from a 35-yard cross that slipped under the keeper's arm into the net. The least said about our boys, the better!

v. Putaruru (won 3-2)

A most deserving win with the goal attacks led by Danny Duffull and Alan Cotter. Emmett Connolly was a powerhouse at half-back.

v. Hamilton Boys' High A (lost 6-0)

Completely outclassed the boys gave up in the second half.

v. Te Awamutu (lost 2-1)

The highlight of this match was a 50-yard solo run past seven defenders to score by Alan Cotter. Ngaruawahia could not finish their other attacking moves.

v. Fraser (won 2-1)

Emmett Connolly and Alan Cotter scored one a-piece in a well-worked attacking system. At least six other shots shaved the posts. Fraser scored ten minutes from the end of the match.

The teams were.—

Junior: P. Wilson C. Barakat, G. Barnes, G. Scott, E. Connolly, K. Callaghan, D. Duffull, B. Marsden, L. Walker, J. Joynt, G. McIntosh, N. Heslop, A. Cotter.

Senior: R. Nightingale, S. Barr, A. Rose, B. Callaghan, P. Gyde, K. Haggie, R. Hunt, N. Gorman, P. Dooley, T. Janssen, M. Snowden, S. Mark, M. Bell, J. Forrest, K. Whare, R. Franklyn.

—A.M.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

The 1970 Inter-school Hockey Competition was held at Innes Common, Hamilton. Ngaruawahia participated by entering three teams each Saturday. On the whole the season was quite successful with the 'A' team being placed fourth in the competition.

The time and effort put in by the coach, Mrs Hart, and the Captains throughout the season was greatly appreciated by the players. Through both wins and losses, the spirit and enthusiasm of the Ngaruawahia Hockey Girls remained.

Results of School Games:

Senior A v. Waikato Girls' Diocesan Senior A	— 1-6 lost
Senior A v. Huntly Senior A	— 0-4 lost
Senior A v. Morrinsville Senior A	— 1-4 lost
Senior A v. Hauraki Plains Senior A	— 1-5 lost
Senior A v. Hamilton Girls' High Senior A	— 2-3 lost

BOYS' HOCKEY

This year Ngaruawahia High School entered a 3rd form (5th grade) team in the regular Saturday morning Secondary Schools' Competition. Although the team did not score any marked successes (2 wins, 6 losses), they gained valuable competition experience which will be useful in years to come. Only one player had used a hockey stick prior to this season. The team has been handicapped by transport difficulties (since most games are played in Hamilton) and lack of regular "team practices" but I hope these difficulties will be overcome next year if we field two teams in the competition. All team members were required to buy their own sticks. This year hockey jerseys were available to regular team members at a small rental and I wish to thank all parents who assisted me in providing jerseys for the team.

Hockey, above all, is a game of skill, and I hope other team members can achieve the standard of stickwork set by D. Underwood and T. Holley this year. However, many of our games were played without a full team, or with players out of their usual position. As a result our teamwork suffered, and this must improve next year, or the standard of play will remain at a low level.

Regular Team Members:

D. Underwood, T. Holley, K. Vowles, K. Musty, A. Spragg, P. Crawford, N. Bond, T. Seymour, M. Farrell, A. Gray, G. Spragg, Mr Blomfield (coach).

—L. J. Blomfield



K. GERRAND TAKES A SHOT AT GOAL — SENIOR A NETBALL.



CLOSE FINISH TO INTERMEDIATE
BREASTSTROKE.

NETBALL

This year during the netball season our school entered three teams in the Saturday competition run at Taupiri by the Eastern Waikato Netball Association. Our three teams had a successful and enjoyable season.

The "A" team tied first with Taupiri "A" in the grade Championship round and the "C" team won the "B" grade Championship round. The "B" team played very well but met better teams in the championship.

The following girls were chosen to represent the Eastern Waikato: N. Poutapu, V. Herangi, R. Enoka, H. Crackett, K. Gerrand, V. Scott, J. Harrison, B. Gornall.

Thanks is due to Mrs Scott who devoted so much of her time to coaching our teams.

—H.C.

SWIMMING SPORTS

The Swimming Sports were held in high temperatures during a prolonged hot, dry spell of February weather. For the occasion the entire school packed into the town pool

area, which resembled a Roman Amphitheatre with the gladiators battling for honours in the only cool spot. Non-entrants envied those who were plunging into the cool water for the events.

Mr Sandifer, the organiser, was assisted by Mr Templeton as starter, and other staff members who acted as judges or officials. The events creating the most excitement were the relays. Newcastle was successful in winning the junior girls and boys, but Havelock won both the intermediate and senior girls' and boys' relays.

Havelock was the winning house with 197 points. This house led all the way and was never in any danger of losing this honour. Best performance of the sports went to Lynette Mark who broke the record for the Senior Girls' 33 1/3 yards freestyle.

Swimming Champions

Junior Boys:	Peter Gyde
Junior Girls:	Janis Mark
Intermediate Boys:	Gayne Jacobs
Intermediate Girls:	Carol Gilberd
Senior Boys:	Graham Taylor
Senior Girls:	Lynette Mark

TO DIVE OR NOT TO DIVE ...
HAVE THEY JUMPED THE GUN?



SCHOOL ROLL

* Left during year.

3 Holding 3rd Honour Merit award.

2 Holding 2nd Honour Merit award.

1 Holding 1st Honour Merit award.

FORM 3A

Bartlett, Ian
Bond, Neville
Burns, Gavin
Crackett, Russell
Derecourt, Donald
* Dingwall, Douglas
Farmer, Stephen
Henry, Mark
Keleher, Michael
Ligtenburg, Stephen
McBeth, Malcolm
McCowatt, Ian
McFarlane, Murray
Paul, Robert
Rose, Gary
Rye, Neil
Scott, Gary
Watson, Kerry

1 Bright, Suanne
* Cain, Dawn
* Dunn, Brenda
1 Hogan, Colleen
1 Landon, Vicki
Lingman, Barbara
McKenzie, Anne
1 Mark, Janis
Mathers, Kay
Middleton, Aroha
1 Moore, Robyn
Newhauser, Jackie
O'Hearn, Sherie
Ridling, Jill
Thocolich, Anna
1 Tunzelmann, Kerry
Turner, Moana
Turner, Taite

FORM 3B

Barakat, Chris
Barnes, Gary
Dean, Tenga
Farrell, Michael
Furness, Peter
Gerrits, Hubert
Limmer, Wayne
McLean, Raymond
Marsden, Bruce
Matich, Peter
Morell, Glen
Seymour, Tom
Stokes, Walter
Sutherland, Colin
Williams, Noho

Barton, Rangi
Bradshaw, Lesley
1 Coenen, Nancy
1 Fitzgerald, Julie
1 Geddes, Fay
1 Haggie, Marama
Hogan, Sharon
Kernohan, Dawn
1 Maguire, Julie
Matafe, Jeanette
1 Meijborg, Lea
Ngataki, Vinny
Poutapu, Blossom
1 Roberts, Ngaire
Steel, Desiree
Townson, Barbara
1 Wade, Janet
1 Young, Eileen

FORM 3C

Gerrand, Greg
Clifford, Barry
Grey, Michael
Fox, Michael
Haultain, Thomas
Heslop, Neville
Jamieson, Stewart
Jones, William
Kelly, Clive

Macpherson, James
Marshall, Peter
Maru, George
Phillips, Guy
Phillips, Robert
Poihipi, Warren
Porter, Neil
Puke, Guy
Richards, Ian
Sutton, Guy
Rye, Carl
Savage, Michael
Underwood, David
Wilson, Jackie

Anderson, Jeanette
Davis, Lynda
Lewer, Alison
1 Moon, Eunice
Morgan, Dianne
1 Paikea, Audrey
Parnwell, Karen
1 Pompey, Evelyn
1 Tapara, Jackie
1 Tini, Lucy
Vercoe, Deborah
Waruhia, May
Watson, Jenny

FORM 3D

Barclay, David
Canty, Wayne
Cotter, Alan
Crawford, Peter
Finlay, Eric
Gray, Andrew
Hanson, Robin
Hemopo, Koro
Herangi, Joe
Hobson, Keith
Hohua, Peter
Jackson, Terry
Keti, William
Kiddle, John
McIntosh, Keith
Mitchell, Eddie
Pellow, Darryl
Pokaia, Tommy
Richards, Ian
Rota, Lewis
Sargent, Peter
Savage, John
Simon, Kawa
Spragg, Arthur
Spragg, George
Tahana, Stan
Thorpe, Garry
Tihi, Clarkie
Vercoe, Milton

1 Collins, Janet
Enoka, Julie
Hearn, Janine
Henry, Elizabeth
Herangi, Karen
Holmes, Barbara
Matthews, Rena
Moana, Katie
Ryan, Anne
Tahana, Marion
Tapara, Rangi
Thompson, Camelia
Tihirahi, Marama
Weti, Ray
Williams, Barbara

FORM 3E

Bell, Terry
Brighouse, Ramon
Callaghan, Kevin
Clancy, William
Connelly, Emmet
Edmonds, Brian
George, Pourewa
HHolland, David
Inia, Tom
Mahara, Ike
Mahara, Richard
Monsall, Miles
Muru, Tiri
Nekau, Mark
Roberts, Sonny

Simon, Rangi
Tahana, Howard
Tehiwi, John
Rogers, Phillip
Weti, Noel
Wharehura, Thomas
Wilson, Peter

Figure, Dolly
Harris, Margaret
Katipa, Iri
Mahara, Caroline
Moki, Lucy
Morgan, Tini
Rangi, Georgina
Tahapehi, April
Thompson, Theresa

FORM 3F

Hunapo, Pompey
Kara, Jackie
Keti, Philip
Milton, Ngahere
Punga, Thomas
Rewha, Henry
Rolleston, David
Tahana, Alan
Tarapehi, Kino
Williamson, Frederick

Mahara, Jane
Mahara, Cynthia
Matatahi, Nancy
Miller, Inanreen
1 Jerry, Susan
McPherson, Frances
Missen, Jennifer
Wilson, Robyn

FORM 4A

Callaghan, Barrie
Crawford, Duncan
Dunn, Anthony
Elvey, Alexander
Fowlie, Roger
Gordon, Stuart
Hart, Trevor
Hunt, Robert
Keays, Arthur
Licence, Harry
Smith, Malcolm
Swale, Lindsay
Whare, Kerry

2 Brown, Joanne
2 Caplin, Linda
2 Clow, Christine
2 Collins, Anne
2 Dooley, Leona
2 Eagle, Alison
2 Hunt, Judith
2 Jardine, Patricia
Johnson, Anne-Marie
2 Laycock, Valda
Lewell, Janet
1 Longmuir, Patricia
1 McAskie, Christine
1 Mildon, Suzanne
2 Moore, Ruth
2 Murray, Jessie
Runciman, Lois
2 Sampson, Julie
Taylor, Lynda
2 Thomas, Jill
2 Williamson, Robyn

FORM 4B

Bell, Martin
Duffull, Danny
Gormon, Neil
Gyde, Peter
Haggie, Michael
Jacobs, Gayne
Joynt, James
Kennedy, David
Koti, Ernest
Kitt, Colin
Mark, Stephen
Mathers, Jeffrey
Pulman, John
Tihirahi, John

2 Barclay, Janice
1 Bredesen, Lucia
1 Clark, Heather
1 Coenen, Maria
Cox, Janet
Cranstoun, Paula
De Wal, Karen
Edgecombe, Roseanne
1 Evans, Suzanne
Fenton, Colleen
Furness, Sheryl
Gilberd, Carol
1 Harrison, Heather
Harrison, Julie
1 Hinton, Rosemary
Kingi, Noeline
Kirk, Raewyn
McAulay, Christine
McBarron, Linda
* McDonald, Jennifer
Rutherford, Jacqueline
Surgenor, Anne

FORM 4C

* Barton, Kevin
Brindle, Mark
Eketone, Andrew
Greig, Kevin
Haggie, Campbell
Haggie, Peter
Jacobs, Trevor
McGrath, Greg
McIntosh, Gary
Morgan, Charles
Saunders, Glen
Simeon, Mura
Tahana, Barry
Tapara, Tukohati
Twidle, Gary
Vowles, Kevin
Walker, Lindsay
* Wharakura, Mitchell

Bidois, Suzanne
Cameron, Helen
Gray, Sandra
2 Harper, Dianne
2 Liddington, May
Little, Carol
2 Matich, Mary-Anne
1 Richards, Sheryl
Robinson, Kaye
Ruri, Linda
Tahana, Elaine
1 Tapara, Miria
Taylor, Jenny
2 White, Lois

FORM 4D

Edmonds, Colin
Enoka, Jack
Geddes, Tommy
Holly, Thomas
Matthews, Robert
Moon, Joseph
Musty, Keith
Peebles, Alex
Pointon, Gary
Rhind, Robert
Sullivan, Stephen

Barnes, Lola
Clark, Ngarongo
Cockcroft, Robyn
Collins, Jennifer
2 Dwight, Dawn
Fowell, Nadine
Herangi, Violet
Holmes, Colleen
Keti, Barbara
Limmer, Andrea
Nelsoon, Sybil
Poutapu, Ngahuia
Smyth, Noeline
Tahana, Moira
Tehiwi, Gail
Tengu, Mary-Ann
Turner, Christine

FORM 4E

Bennett, Rex
Bryant, Steven

Gray, Kevin
 Hope, Lindsay
 Jamieson, Donald
 Katipa, Rau
 Mahara, Cecil
 Mataafe, Kevin
 Matthews, Gary
 Moana, Robert
 Muller, Gary
 Nelson, Michael
 Ngahere, Gurnick
 Rendall, Ben
 Rangl, Denis
 Riki, Baba
 Solomon, Riki
 Tahana, Glen
 Tai, Russell

FORM 5E1

Barr, Stephen
 Drinkwater, Barry
 * Farnham, Allan
 Harrop, Allan
 Liddington, Malcolm
 McCowan, Stephen
 MacPherson, Paul
 Rose, Allan
 Smith, Derek
 Stewart, Jeffrey

Cain, Lesley
 Fitness, Anne
 1 Grinter, Jenny
 2 Hayward, Frances
 1 Henry, Patricia
 1 Hibble, Barbara
 2 Landon, Maxine
 2 Laycock, Morva
 * Lewer, Wendy
 2 Licence, Jane
 2 McPherson, Jenny
 1 Poot, Mary
 1 Sampson, Christine
 * Simon, Mary-Anne
 2 Smith, Bronwyn
 2 Smith, Jeanette
 1 Steele, Joan
 2 Stone, Linda
 1 Sutton, Jane
 2 Wismans, Dorothy
 2 Young, Kay

FORM 5E2

Barakat, Murray
 * Fowell, Lex

Fox, Nigel
 Gibson, Ron
 * Gregory, Carlo
 Gyde, Desmond
 McFarlane, Joe
 McLean, Ron
 Matich, George
 Nightingale, Rex
 * Ormsby, Chris
 Waters, Kevin
 Weake, Gregory
 Weir, Stephen
 Woolford, Anthony

Cooper, Lexia
 Crawford, Melanie
 1 Crosby, Rona
 1 Dryden, Juanita
 1 Fowlie, Beverley
 * Fowlie, Susan
 1 Fullerton, Ann
 2 Glatt, Alison
 1 Gray, Gaylene
 Hanes, Michelle
 Montford, Patricia
 Pharo, Clare
 2 Renata, Nehu
 Ryan, Ethel
 2 Slee, Donna
 Smith, Pamela
 * Williamson, Susan
 Woolford, Elizabeth

FOR 5E3

* Bidois, Robin
 Dooley, Peter
 * Farrell, Charles
 Forrest, John
 Franklyn, Robert
 * Gregory, Daryl
 Greig, Ian
 Janssen, Martin
 Keiser, James
 Newcombe, Robert
 * Tahana, Roger
 Watts, Gary

Enoka, Rita
 2 Fitzsimmons, Barbara
 2 Hinton, Coral
 Hiwinui, Rutu
 * Hutt, Zena
 Jackson, Maureen
 2 Koti, Georgina
 Paikea, Angela

2 Pungatara, Julie-Ann
 2 Turner, Lynne
 * Van Syp, Pauline

FORM 5E4

Anderson, Peter
 * Brighthouse, Thomas
 * Byrne, Martyn
 Coe, Graham
 Evitte, Brian
 * Haggart, Richard
 Hanna, David
 Henare, Wiremu
 Jefferies, Douglas
 * Morgan, Herangi
 * Paul, William
 Poata, Gary
 Smith, Peter
 Thorpe, Peter
 Tubbs, Michael
 * Vallett, Steven
 Vincent, Peter

2 Begbie, Carol
 * Haggie, Norah
 Heslop, Gail
 * Nightingale, Linda
 * Sutherland, Judith
 1 Thickpenny, Karen
 1 Thorne, Janice
 Underwood, Sandra
 1 Weatherley, Sandra

FORM 5E5

Beer, Stanley
 Bell, Grenville
 Burman, Stuart
 Inia, Ernie
 Mitchell, Alfred
 * Nelson, Graham
 Robson, Ian
 Simon, John

2 Clark, Dorothy
 2 Hearn, Suzanne
 Hika, Kihana
 Nixon, Nancy
 Poihipi, Brenda
 Poutapu, Nana
 Roberts, Debra
 Thackray, Vivienne
 * Tarawhiti, Elizabeth
 * Wade, Jacqueline

FORM 6A

Bradshaw, Wayne
 Gibb, Murray
 Hale, James
 Harrop, Brian
 Jacobs, Donald
 * Paul, David
 Spragg, Kirk
 McPherson, John
 Watson, Brian

1 Barakat, Lyndsey
 * Black, Raewyn
 2 Brymer, Maria
 3 Burt, Lesley
 3 Coe, Noleen
 3 Dunn, Joanne
 * Gerrand, Kay
 * Ives, Debra
 3 Lewis, Christine
 * MacDonald, Christina
 3 Mildon, Carolyn
 3 Munns, Colleen
 3 Pharo, Penny
 3 Surgenor, Rosemary
 2 Tangney, Julie
 2 Taylor, Heather
 * Williams, Anne
 1 Pulman, Rosemary
 Stewart, Hazel

FORM 6B

Barnes, Wayne
 Bright, Murray
 Greig, John
 * Heslop, Keith
 Jacobs, David
 Janssen, Anthony
 Rogers, Mark
 Taylor, Graham
 Weake, Laurence
 Weir, Douglas
 Williamson, Duncan

Byrne, Glenys
 Crackett, Helen
 2 Greig, Maxine
 3 Mark, Lynette
 * Montgomery, Irene
 Runciman, Diane

FORM 7

* Ormsby, John
 Roe, Richard
 Unka, Kerran

