

H. R. Grainger

WAIROA COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1957



VOLUME 4

Annette M. Stearn.



WAIROA
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

1957.

Vol. IV.

Printed by
Venables, Willis Ltd.,
Napier.

WAIROA COLLEGE MAGAZINE CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
COLLEGE ACTIVITIES.			
Board of Governors	9	"Out at the Rocks"	59
Cadet Notes	15	"Reading at its Best"	47
Coleman Shield Team	15	"River in Flood"	41
College Calendar	8	"Safe!"	50
College Appeals	15	"Sea Love"	55
Council Notes	12	"Spiders"	61
Drama Notes	13	"The Acrobat"	46
Home Arts Notes	12	"The Ballad of Sir Peter and the Giant"	54
Library Notes	12	"The Boy Scout Movement"	42
New Trophies	16	"The Cat"	35
Oratory Notes	14	"The Crooked Street"	61
Parents' Day, 1957	11	"The Danes are Coming"	57
Prefects' Notes	10	"The Frog"	53
Prize-Giving, 1956	11	"The Golden Bay District"	60
Staff Notes	10	"The Golden Statue"	56
Visit to the National Orchestra	15	"The Listeners"	46
		"The Mirage"	53
		"The Mystery of the Missing Cat"	58
HOUSE NOTES.			
Aotea House — Boys	30	"The Rimu"	51
Aotea House — Girls	31	"The Scourge of Sport"	38
Arawa House — Boys	31	"The Sideshows"	58
Arawa House — Girls	32	"The Swimming Sports"	44
Tainui House — Boys	32	"The Vikings"	54
Tainui House — Girls	32	"The Visit to the Bridge"	49
Tokomaru House — Boys	32	"Typical Teenagers"	36
Tokomaru House — Girls	33	"Washing"	52
		"Wind"	45
LITERARY SECTION.			
"Abra Cadabra"	36	OBITUARY.	
"Air Disaster"	48	Mrs A. E. Smith	7
"An Address to a Cat"	36	OLD STUDENTS' SECTION	
"Another Fish That Got Away"	49		65
"Assembly"	35	SPORT.	
"A Journey to Nelson"	60	Athletic Sports	20
"A Legend"	61	Athletic Team	18
"A Period in the Home Arts Department"	37	Basketball	27
"A Success Story"	43	Cricket	17
"A Wet Day at Home"	48	Cross Country	29
"Better Luck Next Time"	50	Girls' Cricket	17
"Bird Watching"	43	Girls' Hockey	26
"Caving in the Waikato"	39	Girls' Physical Education	23
"College Parade"	35	Hockey	26
"Dismal Desmond"	33	Life Saving	23
"Early Morning"	45	Rugby — 1st XV	23
"Egyptian Creation"	53	2nd XV	25
"Empty Garage"	48	3rd XV	25
"Enduring the Dentists Drill"	38	Softball	22
"Father's Good Deed"	38	Swimming Sports	20
"Homework"	44	Tennis	22
"I Learn to Drive"	56	SUNDRY.	
"It's Great Fun"	37	Board of Governors List	3
"Milking a Cow"	41	College Officers	5
"Momokai"	42	College Roll	62
"New Caledonia"	34	Editorial	4
"Night"	45	Honours List, 1956	5
"Night and Dawn"	45	Magazine Exchanges	16
"Novel"	55	Staff List	3
"Ode to a Classroom"	37	Winners of Championships and Cups, 1956	6
"On Writing a Letter"	39		

WAIROA COLLEGE

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Mr W. SMITH (Chairman) — Appointed by the Hawke's Bay Education Board.
Mr A. T. CARROLL, O.B.E. — Appointed by the Wairoa County Council.
Mr W. T. PEET — Appointed by the Wairoa Borough Council.
Mr J. L. PREBBLE — Appointed by His Excellency the Governor-General.
Mrs I. C. MOORE
Mr N. W. BISHOP
Rev. W. M. EDMUNDS, M.A., Dip.Ed. Elected by the Parents of the Pupils
Mr R. W. HAWTHORNE of the College.
Mr L. E. OLDHAM

TEACHING STAFF.

Principal:

Mr J. M. SCOBIE, B.A., B.Com., Dip. Soc. Sci., F.R.A.N.Z.

First Assistant:

Mr W. M. COLLINGE, M.A.

Senior Mistress:

Miss V. I. EDSER.

General and Science Subjects:

Mr N. P. ELLICOTT, B.A., B.T.	Mr G. S. CLARHEW, B.A.
Mr J. W. PARKER, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr A. E. FLUTE, B.Sc.
Mr F. A. HOSKING, B.A.	Mr K. A. LAWS, M.A.
Mr K. A. THOMPSON, B.A.	Mr J. D. THAIN, M.A.
Miss M. M. NEILL, M.A.	Mr P. R. WALKER.
Mr I. T. APLIN.	Mr S. M. WATERMAN (Relieving)
Mr E. J. BUTTON, M.A. (On Leave)	Miss R. SMITH (Part-time).

Engineering and Industrial Subjects:

Mr A. M. ASKEW, M.I.N.Z.M.I.

Mr L. M. STEWART, M.R.S.H.

Mr T. R. BLUCK.

Commercial Subjects:

Mr G. O. STUBBINGS, A.R.A.N.Z.

Mrs T. L. TEAGUE (Part-time).

Mrs C. G. WATSON, P.C.T. (Part-time).

Domestic Arts and Crafts:

Mrs J. I. APLIN, B.H.Sc.

Mrs I. P. BEALE.

Mrs E. C. THOMPSON (Part-time).

Physical Education and Art:

Mrs D. H. THOMPSON.

Office Staff:

Mrs M. G. EDMUNDS.

Miss R. P. MUIR.

Caretaker: Mr O. McKENNIE.

Groundsmen: Mr J. St. CLAIR.
Mr D. HAGUE.



WAIROA COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1957.

EDITORIAL

You have before you a magazine which is a symbol of unity of effort, which is itself the result of the work of individuals who have striven in athletic, artistic, or academic fields and who now lay before you as a proof of their endeavour, the results of their work.

As yet, this College is still suffering from growing pains (prolonged somewhat by a lack of individual initiative) and it is hoped that when the College is no longer new, we will be able to look back with pride upon the results of efforts made during the difficult progress to maturity. If progress and pride are to be attained, the credit will be due to the effort of the individual pupil who has, by exerting himself to his utmost ability, given of his best. The power for creation or demolition of a school tradition lies in the hands of the individual pupil.

It is hoped that the Third Formers of the new year will enter the College determined to contribute in some way to the progress of the College.

Then, perhaps, future pupils may find pleasure and satisfaction in answering, when they step regretfully or relieved, through the school gates for the last time —

"What have I given to the school?"

— Kay McIntyre.

COLLEGE OFFICERS:

PREFECTS.

J. Nepia (Head)	Janet Oldham (Head)
I. Bacon*	Benita King
K. Beale	Ngahihi Walker
I. Duncan	Mary Barton
K. Grainger	Anne Hawthorne
M. Martin	Valerie Mitchell
M. Miskin	Suzanne Peet
N. Paul	Pamela Seyb

* Denotes left during the year.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.

Boys: Aotea — N. Paul; Arawa — I. Duncan; Tainui — J. Nepia; Tokomaru — K. Beale.
Girls: Aotea — Janet Oldham; Arawa — Benita King; Tainui — Mary Barton; Tokomaru — Suzanne Peet.

COLLEGE LIBRARIANS.

M. Miskin and Suzanne Peet (Head Librarians), Edith Norgrove, Valerie Mitchell, Heather Harrison, Jennie Norgrove, Ila Smith, D. Edmunds, G. Smith, W. Stormer.

COUNCIL.

Chairman: The Principal.

Vice-Chairmen: Janet Oldham, J. Nepia.

Secretary: Mary Barton.

LABORATORY ASSISTANTS.

G. Harrison (Head), D. Edmunds, J. Langbein, J. Simpson.

HONOURS LIST, 1956:

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Dux — Barbara Mann.
 Chairman's Prizes — Barbara Mann, M. Hill.
 Principal's Prizes — Olga Tomich, Mawwai Nepia, J. Nepia, D. Leach.
 Committee of Management's Prizes — Colleen Gay, Benita King, Janet Oldham, Heather Dacre, Ngahihi Walker, April Te Rure, I. Bacon, K. Beale, T. Holley, F. Skinner, W. Taurima, B. Woon.
 Maori Affairs Department Prize for Leadership among Maori Pupils — Mawwai Nepia.
 Wairoa College Scholarships — Mary Barton, Janet Oldham, M. Miskin.
 Higher School Certificate — Mawwai Nepia, Barbara Mann.
 Endorsed School Certificate — Mary Barton, Heather Dacre, Janet Oldham, April Te Rure, Olga Tomich, K. Beale, M. Hill, M. Martin, M. Miskin, J. Nepia, I. Skinner, T. Holley, B. Woon.
 Librarian's Prizes — Rosamund Iorns, Suzanne Peet.
 College Librarians' Certificates — Rosamund Iorns, Valerie Mitchell, Jennie Norgrove, D. Edmunds.
 Magazine Competition Prizes — Verse: Form VI — M. Martin; Form V — W. Teague; Form IV — B. Aplin; Form III — Jennie Norgrove.
 Prose: Form V — Anne Hawthorne; Form IV — J. Oldham and A. Hedley; Form III — Lynette Donald.
 Art — J. Newton.
 United Nations Prizes — Form VI: 1st, Heather Dacre; 2nd, Barbara Mann. Form V: 1st, G. Scobie; 2nd, K. Grainger; 3rd, Pamela Seyb; Form IV: 1st, B. Aplin; 2nd, Rewa Teague; 3rd, Margaret Whittaker. Form III: 1st, Jennie Norgrove; 2nd, G. Harrison; 3rd, Lynette Donald.
 Life Saving Awards — Bronze Cross — J. Latham. Bronze Medallion — Dorothy Burridge, Mary Evans, Kay Christie, Anne Shepherd, Ngahihi Walker, Iris Whaanga, B. Jackson, G. Scobie, D. Standing.
 Intermediate Certificate — Barbara Fyson, A. Dick, F. Thompson.

PUBLIC EXAMINATION RESULTS.

- University Entrance — Mary Barton, Heather Dacre, M. Hill, M. Miskin, Janet Oldham, April Te Rure.
- School Certificate — I. G. Aitken, I. K. Bacon, S. W. Christy, A. H. Douglas, I. P. Duncan, C. E. Gay, K. R. Grainger, J. A. Groves, A. Hawthorne, K. J. Haynes, R. M. J. Iorns, C. D. Leach, E. K. McIntyre, V. N. Mitchell, R. P. Muir, M. E. Noedl, B. S. Park, O. Peakman, S. M. Peet, J. M. Powell, A. E. E. Puddle, G. M. Scobie, P. C. Seyb, W. R. Teague, N. J. Walker.
- Post Primary Studentship — Barbara Mann.

FORM PRIZES.**Professional Course —**

- VIB — 1st, M. Miskin; 2nd, Heather Dacre; 3rd, Mary Barton.
Certificate of Merit — M. Hill.
- VP — 1st, Kay McIntyre; 2nd, Olive Peakman; 3rd, Anne Hawthorne.
Certificates of Merit — Rosamund Iorns, Janet Powell, Pamela Seyb.
- IVP — 1st, B. Aplin; 2nd, G. Smith; 3rd, Barbara Fyson.
- IIIP — 1st, G. Harrison; 2nd, K. White; 3rd, E. Price.
Special Prize for Diligence — R. Brown.
Certificates of Merit — Marion Fraser, Elizabeth Gollop, Elizabeth Seyb.

Commercial Course —

- VC — 1st, Colleen Gay; 2nd, Raewyn Muir; 3rd, J. Groves.
Special Prize for Helpfulness — J. Macdonald.
- IVC — 1st, Dianne Jamieson; 2nd, Iris Whaanga; 3rd, Erina Carroll.
Certificate of Merit — Peggy Ferguson.
- IIIC — 1st, Betty Thomson; 2nd, Pamela Powell; 3rd, Kathleen Rangī.

Modern Course —

- VMA — 1st, D. Leach; 2nd, Hana Walker.
Watson's Prize for Clothing — June White.
- VMB — 1st, Amiria Carroll; 2nd, Reo Raureti; 3rd, E. Joe.
Special Prize for Diligence — Ivy Burrows.
- IVMA — 1st, G. Grainger; 2nd, E. Message; 3rd, K. Muir.
- IVMB — 1st, Rachel Walker; 2nd, Isobel Williams.
- IVMC — 1st, P. Maaka; 2nd, W. Stone.
Certificates of Merit — N. Karauria, T. Te Rangī.
- IIIMA — 1st, T. Summerfield; 2nd, H. Kingi, 3rd, C. Coyle.
- IIIME — 1st, Judy Beattie; 2nd, Mary Newman; 3rd, Dorothy Hunn.
- IIIMC — 1st, Annette Joyce; 2nd, J. Coe.
- IIIMD — 1st, G. Skudder; 2nd, H. Kapene; 3rd, J. Couper.
Special Prize for Diligence and Progress — T. Edwards.

WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIPS AND CUPS, 1956:**GENERAL EXCELLENCE.**

- Boys — (A. O. Edwards Memorial Cup) — D. Leach.
- Girls — (Old Girls' Cup) — Matewai Nepia.

ATHLETICS.

- Boys —
Senior Championship (Hooper Memorial Cup) — J. Groves.
Intermediate Championship (McIntyre Cup) — M. Atkins.
Junior Championship (Livingston Cup) — M. O'Connor.
- Girls —
Senior Championship — Fay Gollop.
Intermediate Championship (McIntyre Cup) — Janet Hagen.
Junior Championship (Livingston Cup) — M. Waerea.

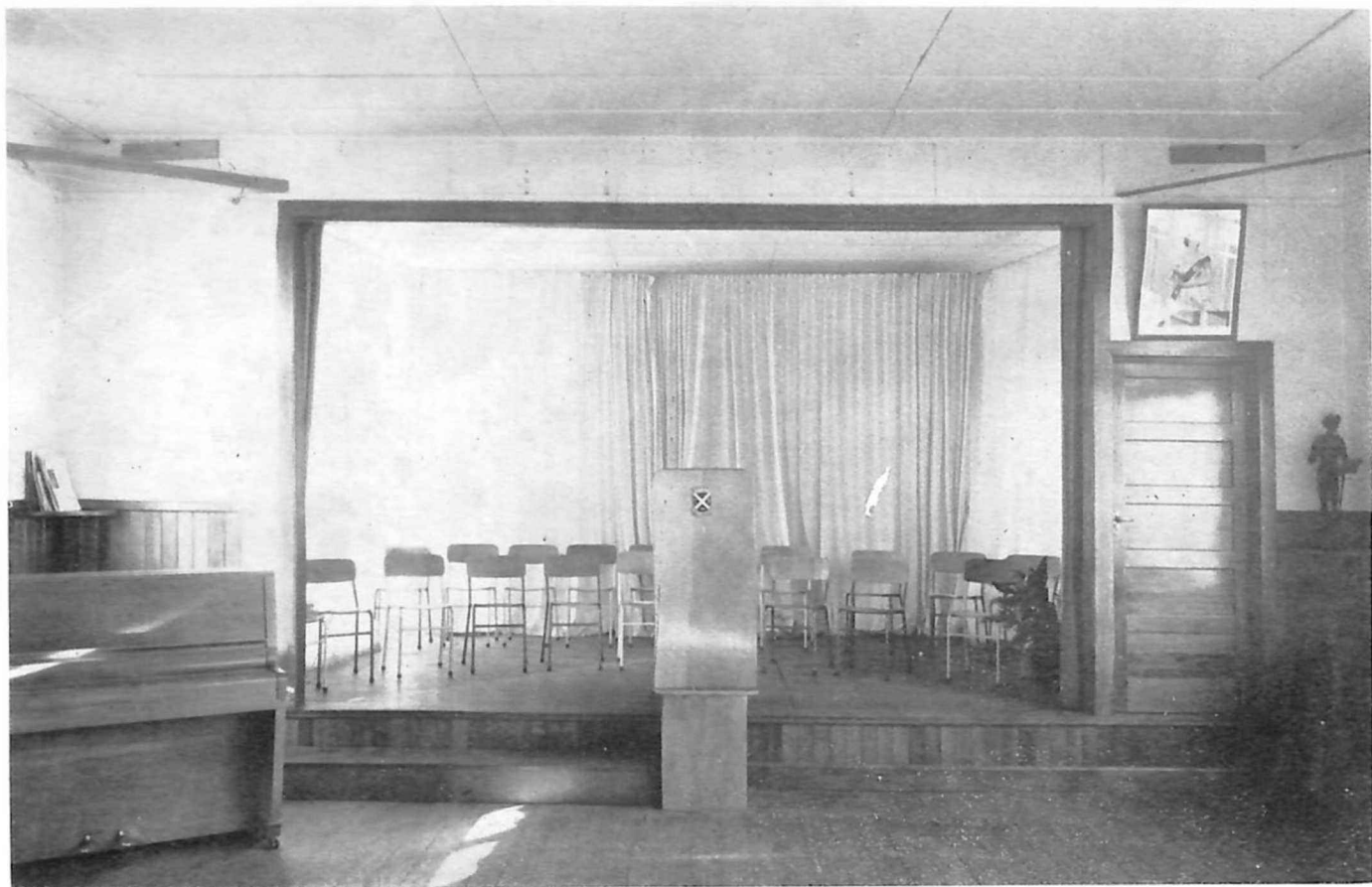
SWIMMING.

- Boys —
Senior Championship (Powdrell Cup) — M. Miskin.
Intermediate Championship (Dr. Aitchison's Cup) — G. Scobie.
Junior Championship (Svenson Cup) — D. Standing.
- Girls —
Senior Championship (Miss Edser's Cup) — Ivy Burrows.
Intermediate Championship (Miss Edser's Cup) — Ngahihi Walker.
Junior Championship (Miss Edser's Cup) — Kathleen Rangī.



PREFECTS, 1957.

Back Row: Valerie Mitchell, I. Duncan, Mary Barton, M. Miskin, Suzanne Peet, K. Beale, Pam Seyb, N. Paul, Ngahihi Walker, K. Grainger.
Front Row: M. Martin, Miss Edser, J. Nepia (Head Boy), The Principal, Janet Oldham (Head Girl), Mr Collinge, Benita King.



THE HALL.

TENNIS.

Boys' Championship (Mr E. Howell's Cup) — T. Nugent.
 Girls' Championship (Messrs Pidduck Ltd. Cup) — Iris Whaanga.

STEEPLECHASE.

Senior Championship (Single Cup) — J. Tainui.
 Intermediate Championship (Intermediate Harrier Cup) — G. Grainger.
 Junior Championship (Junior Harrier Cup) — P. Grainger.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Senior Championship — Vera Hook.
 Intermediate Championship — Mary Evans.
 Junior Championship — Ngaire Tonkinson.
 Inter-Form Championship (Unwin Cup) — Form VI.

HOCKEY.

Most Improved Senior Boy Player (Bruce Parker Cup) — M. Hill.
 Most Improved Junior Boy Player (Bruce Parker Cup) — D. Ryan.
 Most Improved Girl Player (Mrs Single's Trophy) — Erina Ropitini.
 Best Progress in Hockey (Jean McKay Trophy) — June Bradley.

ORATORY.

Senior (Max Paku Memorial Cup) — Carolyn Nepia.
 Intermediate (Rotary Cup) — Erina Ropitini.
 Junior (Hedley Cup) — E. Price.

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION.

Cock House (Ada Smith Memorial Cup) — Tainui House.

CADETS.

Leadership — W.O.I. C. D. Leach.
 Best Weapon Training Instructor — Sgt. M. Hill.
 Best Drill Instructor — Sgt. I. Bacon.
 Best Senior Shot — W.O.I. T. Smith-Holley.
 Best Junior Shot — Cadet D. Ryan.
 Most Improved Cadet — Cadet W. Shortt.
 Best Platoon — No. 4 Platoon, Sgt. W. Taurima.

OBITUARY:**MRS. ADA ELIZA SMITH.**

During the last week of the First Term all connected with the College were deeply shocked to learn of the sudden death of Mrs Smith, the wife of the Chairman of our Board.

Since the establishment of the College, when Mr Smith assumed the office of Chairman of the Committee of Management, Mrs Smith had shown a very deep interest in all matters that concerned the welfare of our school. She was present at every College function and acted as a charming and friendly hostess to official visitors. As well as sharing in all her husband's interests in all the official concerns of the College, she displayed a lively interest in our pupils.

Her sudden death robs the College of a very good friend. As a tribute to Mrs Smith, a girls' Choir from the College led the singing at her funeral service.

It is recalled that the Cup that was presented for our House Competition was the "Ada Smith" Cup, and it is with very real regret that the name is changed to the "Ada Smith Memorial Cup."

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

COLLEGE CALENDAR:

1956

NOVEMBER —

- 1st—Parents' Day.
- 8th—Mr John V. Trevor presented his one-man version of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" in the Hall.
- 10th—The Annual Swimming Sports were held at Morere.
- 15th—The Girls' Physical Education Championships were held.
- 19th—School Certificate Examinations began.
- 26th—University Entrance Examinations began.
- 28th—Wairoa Youth Day.

DECEMBER —

- 4th—Prize-giving was held in Wairoa Army Hall.
- 6th—The Staff played the College at Softball.
The Senior Social was held.
- 7th—The First Eleven played Gisborne Boys' High School Second Eleven at Wairoa.
The College closed for the year.

1957.

FEBRUARY —

- 5th—The School year began for Third Forms.
Messrs A. E. Flute and P. R. Walker joined the Staff.
- 6th—Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms returned.
- 7th—New Prefects were announced.
- 11th—The College Cadet Battalion held its Barracks Week.

MARCH —

- 7th—The Annual Swimming Sports were held in the new Wairoa Baths.
- 11th—Heats for the Athletic Sports were run off in the afternoon at Lambton Square.
- 19th—Parents of School Certificate candidates met members of the Staff and discussed matters relating to the Examination.
- 21st—The Lindisfarne College First Eleven played the College First Eleven at Wairoa.
- 28th—Parents of University Entrance candidates met the Staff.
- 30th—The Athletic Team travelled to Napier to compete in the Annual meeting of the Hawke's Bay Secondary Schools' Athletic Association.

APRIL —

- 13th—The football season opened with the First Fifteen playing Nuhaka at Nuhaka.
Girls' Cricket, Softball and Tennis teams visited Napier Girls' High School.
- 19—23rd—Easter Holiday.
- 24th—A large party of senior pupils travelled to attend a presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," by the New Zealand Players.
- 26th—The Principal addressed the College on the significance of ANZAC Day.
- 29th—Sixth Form Examinations began.

MAY —

- 2nd—A party travelled to Gisborne to hear a programme presented by the National Orchestra of the N.Z.B.S.
- 4th—The Hockey season opened with a tournament for Junior and Senior teams at the Hunter-Brown Domain.
- 10th—End of First Term.
- 27th—Beginning of Winter Term.

JUNE —

- 3rd—College football, basketball and hockey teams took part in local Queen's Birthday tournaments.
- 10th—The extended Home Arts Block was ready for use.
- 17th—B.C.G. vaccinations were given in the morning.
In the afternoon Brigadier C. L. Pleasants, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., E.D., Officer Commanding the Central Military District, paid his first visit to the College and inspected the Cadet Battalion.

JULY —

- 1—5th—Mid-Year examinations for Fifth, Fourth and Third Forms were held.
 11th—Football and hockey matches were played against teams from Gisborne Boys' High School at Wairoa and Gisborne.
 16—18th—The Wairoa Drama Festival was held. A group of Senior pupils presented "Still Waters."
 18th—Football and hockey matches were played against teams from Napier Boys' High School and Wairoa, at Napier.
 19th—The New Zealand Players Quartet presented a programme of excerpts from plays representing scenes from British history.
 23rd—A small group of Senior pupils attended the N.Z. Opera Company's presentation of "Bastien and Bastienne," at the Gaiety Theatre.

AUGUST —

- 1st—Gisborne Girls' High School basketball and hockey teams played games against our teams at Wairoa.
 15th—The College First Hockey Eleven played Lindisfarne at Wairoa.
 16—17th—The First Fifteen and First Basketball Team travelled to Te Karaka to play the annual matches against the District High School teams.
 20th—The Girls' First Hockey Eleven played a return match against the Girls' High School at Gisborne.
 21st—The Staff farewelled Mr E. J. Button, who was leaving to take up a position on the Staff of the College Moderne in Nantes, France.
 23rd—End of Winter Term.

SEPTEMBER —

- 16th—Opening of the Spring Term.
 21st—Three College Basketball Teams visited Hukarere Girls' College, Napier.
 26th—The Finals of the Inter-House Football Competition were played.

OCTOBER —

- 5th—The College Shooting Team competed in the Coleman Shield Contest at Hastings.
 9th—Parents' Day was held in conjunction with Wairoa's Youth Week activities.
 10th—The Finals of the Boys' Inter-House Hockey Competition were played.
 24th—United Nations' Day. The Principal addressed the College at Assembly.
 The Annual Steeplechase.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS:

As from February 1st of this year the College came under a new system of control. During the past three years our controlling authority has been the Hawke's Bay Education Board, who had passed over to the Committee of Management, a considerable number of powers in the control of the school. During the latter part of 1956, steps were taken to establish an independent control under our own Board of Governors and the Minister of Education arranged for an Order in Council, which set up the necessary machinery for an independent Board.

The nominated members were appointed by the various authorities and elections were held for the five parent representatives. It was possible to arrange a short preliminary meeting for the purpose of appointing a Chairman before the close of the school year and the Chairman of the Hawke's Bay Education Board attended this meeting and conducted the election for a Chairman of the new Board. Mr W. Smith, who had been Chairman of the Committee of Management for three years, was elected Chairman.

During the new year the Board accepted its many responsibilities and the administering of the College has functioned very smoothly. We are indebted to the members of the Board for the services they have rendered to the College, for their interest in all College activities and for the time they are willing to spend in providing the College with an adequate administration.

STAFF NOTES:

This year Mrs I. P. Beale, Mr A. E. Flute and Mr P. R. Walker joined the Staff of the College as full-time teachers and Mrs E. C. Thomson took up a part-time post. We wish these new teachers a very happy stay with us.

At the end of the Second Term Mr E. J. Button left for France on a year's leave of absence.

Mr S. M. Waterman, to whom we extend a warm welcome, began relieving for Mr Button at the beginning of the Third Term.

We offer our congratulations to both the Principal, whose status in the N.Z. Society of Accountants has been raised to that of Fellow Registered Accountant, and to Mr G. O. Stubbings who has been granted admission to the N.Z. Society of Accountants.

We all wish Mr T. R. Bluck a speedy and complete recovery from the illness which forced him to leave us near the end of the Second Term and we hope that he will be back at School soon.

Mrs H. M. Laws left the Office Staff at the end of last year and Miss R. P. Muir a former pupil of the College, began work in the Office this year.

MR. B. N. GRAHAM:

At the end of 1956 the College farewelled Mr B. N. Graham who left to take up an appointment at the Te Karaka District High School. Mr Graham had been with us since March 1st, 1951, and during that time was held in high regard as a teacher, sportsman and a man.

Many pupils past and present will remember with gratitude the enthusiasm and the lively mind that Mr Graham brought to his science, horticulture, maths and social studies classes.

Rarely has Wairoa had a cricketer of the calibre of Mr Graham and certainly no one did more for the younger generation of cricketers.

He was equally unstinting in the many hours he devoted to the coaching of his football teams.

Pitches and grounds owe much to the work of Mr Graham. His many friends in Wairoa wish him well in his new appointment.

PREFECTS' NOTES:

GIRLS.

This year, we have only eight girl prefects as against nine last year. With only three of last year's prefects back at school, five more were elected in February. We were very sorry to lose Elizabeth Puddle at the end of February when she left school to take up a position in the Nuhaka Post Office. After Elizabeth's departure Anne Hawthorne was elected a prefect and has filled the vacant position very capably.

With all eight prefects in our tiny Prefects' Room there is certainly no vacant position. By the end of the year, however, we hope to be established in a slightly bigger Prefects' Room.

Now at the beginning of the Third Term, as far as our duties are concerned we feel that we have much to do before completing a fully satisfying year. We are, however, looking forward to assisting in the arrangements for two socials, a Junior and a Senior, which we hope will be as successful as the first one held in July. At this stage in the year it appears that most of our prefects intend to leave school at the beginning of December. Mary Barton is going to Victoria University next year, to take an Arts degree. Pamela Seyb, Valerie Mitchell and Suzanne Peet are going to Training College. Ngahihi Walker, who is in the First Basketball Team, has not yet decided whether she will be returning or not. Anne Hawthorne is returning to school next year. Benita King is leaving school but has not decided where she will work. Janet Oldham, another member of the First Basketball Team, is going to Dunedin to work part-time in the Medical School and to study at Otago University.

To those who are leaving, we say "Take with you the school motto 'Kia Mātāara' ". To those returning we extend our best wishes for a successful year in 1958.

BOYS.

Seven is a small number to control 200 boys, but we have all enjoyed doing the many tasks assigned us.

Though we are so few, we are well represented in sports:

1st XI Cricket — I. Duncan; J. Nepia.

1st XI Hockey K. Beale; M. Miskin.

1st XV Rugby — I. Duncan; J. Nepia; N. Paul.

Coleman Shield Team — I. Duncan and K. Beale.

Amazingly enough we all (at the moment) intend leaving school this year.

The Head Boy, John Nepia, is going to St. John's Theological College, Auckland.

The Deputy Head Boy, Kellie Beale, hopes to go to the Royal Military College, Duntroon.

Ian Bacon, who is now in England, hopes to return in time to sit for his University Entrance.

Ian Duncan is applying for Teachers' Training College.

Michael Martin is going on his uncle's farm at Otane.

Michael Miskin is going to Victoria University College to do a B.Sc. degree.

Norman Paul is joining the Police Force.

PRIZE GIVING, 1956:

Prize Giving, 1956, was held in the Army Hall on the evening of 4th December.

The guest speaker was Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Bennett, D.S.O., M.A., Controller of the Maori Welfare Division, who directed his words especially to the Maori pupils of the College. He emphasised the great need for young Maoris today to gain advanced educational qualifications and then to make full use of them. The Maori, to be equal with the Pakeha, Colonel Bennett said, must have the same proportional representation in all professions and skilled trades and while there is nothing intrinsically wrong with labouring jobs, the majority of Maoris, if they are to consider themselves equal to the Pakeha, must not be found doing unskilled work as they are at present.

His Worship the Mayor of Wairoa, Mr J. M. Livingston; the Chairman of the Hawke's Bay Education Board, Mr T. B. McDonald; the Member of Parliament for Hawke's Bay, Mr C. G. E. Harker; the Principal; and the Chairman of the Committee of Management, Mr W. Smith, also spoke.

Much stress was laid by several speakers on the importance of the fact that this was the last Prize Giving of the College while it was under the control of the Hawke's Bay Education Board.

The prizes and trophies were presented by Mrs C. M. Bennett, Mrs T. B. McDonald, Mrs A. T. Carroll and Mrs W. Smith.

During the evening the Choir sang several items.

PARENTS DAY, 1957:

Parents' Day, 9th October, 1957, was held earlier than usual in the year to coincide with Wairoa's Youth Week. Although an early shower of rain made conditions rather difficult for the various demonstrations, the weather in the afternoon was fine and sunny.

The afternoon opened with a spirited demonstration of "The Dashing White Sergeant" by the girls of IVP, IVC, and IVMA. This was followed by a graceful, original dance from the Fifth Form girls. The Fourth Formers gave a demonstration of vaulting on the box horse, the vaulting stools, exercises on the balance rail and then closed the Physical Education Demonstration with a display of rhythmic ball work.

The programme continued with the inspection of the Cadet Battalion by the Area Officer, Major R. Collins, B.E.M., who then took the salute at the march past. The boys were assisted in their marching by the Wairoa Pipe Band.

When Major Collins had addressed the boys briefly, parents and friends of the school had the opportunity of inspecting the newly decorated rooms in the North Building and displays of work in the Geography and Typing rooms. Afternoon tea, much appreciated by the visitors, was served in the colourful, renovated

homecraft room. Articles of clothing made by pupils in Sewing Classes were displayed in the Clothing Room.

Parents were pleased to see from the displays throughout the school that progress was being made and a high standard of work was being maintained.

— M.F.

LIBRARY NOTES:

Librarian: Mr G. S. Clarihew. Assistant Librarian: Mr P. R. Walker.

The library has again progressed well this year. Since the establishment of the College an average of 650 books has been put on the shelves each year, and this is very much better than the New Zealand average, even for bigger schools.

The books which are on our two locked shelves have proved extremely popular, especially the "Life" books such as "The World we Live In." They have been carefully handled and are still in excellent condition.

In our fiction section, the works of Dickens have been widely read and enjoyed. Other very popular books in this section include "Cranford," by Mrs Gaskell, and the C. S. Forester books.

The literature section has continued to grow, and the works of many of the great poets and playwrights are available complete. These books are being read widely, especially by Vth and VIth forms. In our non-fictional section, our geography shelves have proved that they easily cover the geography taught in this school. During lunch-time periods the magazine shelves are being used by many pupils. The most popular magazines are "Mecanno" and "The Young Elizabethan."

A strong group of trained school librarians has been of great assistance. Without their voluntary help not many books could have been prepared for the shelves.

COUNCIL NOTES:

President: The Principal. Vice-Presidents: Janet Oldham, John Nepia.

Secretary: Mary Barton.

This year the Council has consisted of the prefects and one representative from each form. Meetings have been held on Fridays in the Library and the Council have undertaken a wide variety of tasks. Many matters concerning school discipline and the general welfare of pupils have been discussed and a decision reached on a definite course of action.

A committee set up by the Council have been responsible for the running of School Socials and School Appeals have been helped by ideas discussed during Council meetings.

It is felt that freeing the Council from its former task of handling finance has been satisfactory and that they have been able to concentrate their attention on matters concerning the welfare of the school generally.

The thanks of the Council are due to Mary Barton for her very efficient work as Secretary.

HOME ARTS NOTES:

At long last the Home Arts Department is housed in its reconditioned home, and what a joy it is to be there. For the first six months of this year Homecraft classes were held in Room H and Clothing classes in Room B. In Room H we had one stove, desks and chairs, and no hot water, so practical classes were carried on under very difficult conditions. However, some very good meals were cooked and enjoyed, and all classes had lessons in Mothercraft, in fact our baby was bathed so often that one sad morning it was discovered that the poor child was beginning to "open up at the seams" and was in danger of becoming waterlogged.

This year, we now have Mrs Beale as a full-time assistant, and Mrs E. C. Thomson as an additional part-time assistant. We welcome Mrs Thomson and hope that she will enjoy her work in the Home Arts Department.

On June 22nd we were able to move back into Rooms 14 and 15. What a gay scene! We have been told that Room 15 has more colours than there are in the spectrum! The old cookery room, now enlarged, is painted in primrose,

grey and white with bright contrasts of blue, red and green on doors and cupboards. Our new tables have formica tops and blonded wood sides — they are a delight — and Room 15 is really a very pleasant room in which to work. Opening from the main kitchen is the large laundry in wedgewood blue and white with a touch of red — it would brighten any housewife's heart on the dullest of laundry days. Taking pride of place is our model dining-room and kitchen. The "flat" attractively furnished, is an ideal place for girls to learn to cook and serve meals on a family scale; and girls have already made good use of it. The flat will prove a definite asset to the College when we are entertaining visitors.

Room 14 has not been repainted, but we have additions in the way of fitting room and office, and colour contrasts in the gaily painted doors. We are very glad to be back there after the cramped conditions in Room B, and though we are grateful to the metalwork and woodwork departments for the many repairing jobs they cheerfully carry out for us, at the same time we are thankful to be removed from the noise of hammers, saws and motors.

During July we had a visit from Miss Young, Education Officer for the Wool Board. In her attractive woollen outfits and with her charming voice, Miss Young's lectures were indeed a pleasure and the films were most interesting. In addition, the information she gave us will be most useful for examination candidates.

News Items.—Room 15. Characters: 4L, a teacher and a great big mouse. Results: Something like an atomic explosion. Grand Finale: A quick shot with a broom by 4L's heroine. Moral: If you are a mouse, don't pop out of cupboards when this girl is about.

Clothing classes have revealed one or two bad cases. In 4P we have a girl with two left legs and another whose front is where her back is — perhaps this is not such a sad case. It would be useful when a girl wants to see what is happening behind her.

Recipe for Meringues — 4L. When you have beaten the eggs stiffly, drop the basin on the floor. Results very good.

5MA Report.—Too busy for any news — we work! Ask us after December 5th.

Quotation for the week:

"We may live without poetry, music or art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks!"

DRAMA NOTES:

This year saw the second entry of a College group in the Wairoa Senior Drama Festival. The play was acted by a keen group of senior pupils from the Fifth and Sixth Forms.

Despite ups and downs the play struggled through and gained third place in the Festival. It was received with warm enthusiasm by the audience and the adjudicator was delighted with it. However, this was not the end, for "Still Waters" went even further, to reach one of the four New Zealand elimination finals in Hastings. This was valuable experience for the players.

We extend our thanks to Mr Waterman, our very able producer. We must also thank Mrs Aplin for her help with the costumes and Mr Thompson and others for help with the stage properties and the make-up.

The Cast was:—

Papa Montgomery	Dennis Standing
Miss Sophie Montmorency	Mary Evans
Miss Agnes Montmorency	Janet Oldham
Miss Louise Montmorency	Mary Barton
Rev. Amos Higgins	Michael Miskin
Poppy	Kay McIntyre
Producer	Mr S. Waterman
Associate Producer	Michael Martin

ORATORY NOTES:

ANTHONY EDEN PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST, 1957.

On Wednesday, 31st July, Janet Oldham, G. Scobie and four supporters travelled to Gisborne to take part in the annual Public Speaking Contest. From this year's speeches it was evident that our standard has risen considerably; Janet and Grant were quite highly placed, and are to be congratulated on a splendid effort. — M.J.M.

COLLEGE ORATORY CONTEST, 1957:

The Oratory Contest for 1957 was held in the College Hall on Friday, 27th September. The Judge for this year was Mr S. Standing. Those who reached the finals were:—

Fifth and Sixth Forms: Barbara Fyson, M. Misikin, Carolyn Nepia, Janet Oldham, G. Scobie.

Fourth Forms: G. Price, Marion Fraser, Beverley Cowen, Mary Tipoki, J. Kingi.

Third Forms: W. Cookson, Diane Couper, Ann Horton, Diane Pickett, Janette Smith.

Mr Standing commented briefly upon each speaker and his constructive criticism was much appreciated by speakers and audience.

The final placings were:—

Senior — Max Paku Memorial Cup:

1st: Barbara Fyson.

2nd: Grant Scobie.

Intermediate — Rotary Cup:

1st: Mary Tipoki.

2nd: Ewan Price.

Junior — Hedley Cup:

1st: Diane Pickett.

2nd equal: Ann Horton and Janette Smith.

WAIROA COLLEGE CADETS:

C.O. — Major F. A. B. Hosking.

2IC. — Lt. G. S. Clarihew.

R.S.M. — W.O.I J. Nepia.

R.Q.M.S. — S/Sgt. M. T. Martin.

R.Q.M.S. Staff — L/Cpl. M. Manton.

A COMPANY.

O.C. — 2Lt. J. D. Thain; C.S.M. — W.O.II A. Douglas.

No. 1 Platoon:

Sgt. M. J. Misikin, Cpl. W. R. Teague, Cpl. J. MacGregor, L/Cpl. J. Wairau, L/Cpl. R. White, L/Cpl. B. Jackson.

No. 2 Platoon:

Sgt. B. Nugent, Cpl. W. Ellicott, Cpl. M. Helean, L/Cpl. J. Oldham.

No. 3 Platoon:

Sgt. I. Duncan, Cpl. J. Tainui, L/Cpl. M. Peet, L/Cpl. B. Aplin, L/Cpl. K. Muir.

B. COMPANY.

O.C. — 2Lt. K. A. Laws;

Officers — 2Lt. A. E. Flute, 2Lt. P. R. Walker;

C.S.M. — W.O.II K. Beale.

No. 4 Platoon:

Sgt. A. Hedley, Cpl. J. Haynes, L/Cpl. N. Paul, L/Cpl. N. Clough.

No. 5 Platoon:

Sgt. K. Grainger, L/Cpl. J. Cottrell, L/Cpl. N. Stewart, L/Cpl. G. Grainger.

No. 6 Platoon:

Sgt. G. Scobie, Cpl. S. Paul, L/Cpl. D. Standing, L/Cpl. W. TeAho, L/Cpl. B. Gordon.



THE ART ROOM.

CADET NOTES:

After a hectic Barracks Week the Chief of Staff, Central Military District, Lt. Colonel Haynes, paid his annual visit to the College.

Colonel Haynes spent some time seeing the Unit engaged in normal training before he addressed the assembled Battalion, expressing satisfaction at being shown yet again, the high standard of efficiency and training that he had been pleased to observe in previous years.

On a Tuesday near the commencement of the second term, we were honoured by a visit from the Commander, Central Military District, Brigadier C. L. Pleasants, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., E.D., who, although time did not permit him to see the Unit training, managed to conduct an official inspection of the Battalion and say how gratified he was with our appearance, bearing and attitude to this essential part of secondary school life, and not only hoped but was sure that we would continue to be as keen and maintain our present standard.

During the year, shooting trials have been held, and it is hoped the final selection for the Coleman Shield team will be posted in the near future. This team of eight boys and two officers will travel to Roy's Hill, Hastings, in October to compete against other schools.

This year, once again, we are greatly indebted to W.O.I D. J. Farmer, M.M., N.Z. Regt., for his interest in our Unit and tireless and patient work in the drilling of our boys. From the officers and boys of the Battalion, special thanks are extended to W.O.I Farmer and we hope that he will continue to aid our Unit with his knowledge and experience for a long time to come.

— M.J.M.

COLEMAN SHIELD TEAM:

This year the following team and officers represented the College at the annual Coleman Shield shooting competition.

Officers: Major F. A. Hosking. 2Lt. J. D. Thain.

Team: Sgt. I. Duncan (Capt.), W.O.II K. Beale, Sgt. A. Hedley, Sgt. G. Scobie, Cpl. M. Helean, L/Cpl. K. Muir, L/Cpl. B. Jackson, Cdt. T. Whatuira.

The team trained much harder this year and although we were unplaced in the competition we did as well as was expected in the face of strong opposition.

Our special thanks go to the officers of the unit and especially to our coach, Lt. Thain, for the keen interest he took and the time he spent training us.

— I.D. and G.S.

COLLEGE APPEALS:

During the year the College has followed the practice that has been established of making two appeals to the pupils to assist worthy causes. Our aim has been to assist one international appeal and one with more local interest. During the first term a collection was made for C.O.R.S.O. and a sum of £29 1s 3d was collected. In addition, our pupils assisted the members of the Wairoa Rotary Club in making a house-to-house canvas to collect the appeal envelopes that had been distributed. During the Third Term funds are being collected to assist the Gisborne-Wairoa-East Coast branch of the New Zealand Crippled Children's Society, and a donation is being made to further the interests of the Health Camps Association. In addition to increasing funds available for these worthy causes we feel that these appeals offer an opportunity for pupils to accept responsibilities as citizens in our community.

VISIT TO THE NATIONAL ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

In May this year a party of about fifty pupils travelled by railcar to Gisborne to attend a performance of the National Orchestra of the N.Z.B.S., conducted by Mr James Robertson.

The Opera House was packed with pupils from most of the schools of the district.

At the beginning of the concert Mr Robertson introduced the instruments of the symphony orchestra — violins, violas, 'cellos, flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoon,

trumpets, tubas, trombones, drums and many others. Then each section of the Orchestra played a short piece. First, the strings, then the woodwind, then the brass and finally the percussion section.

After this, to show what all the sections together sounded like the whole Orchestra played Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1." This was followed by the main work on the programme—Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"—a story in music. Mr Robertson explained the story to us first and warned us to listen for certain parts of the music which had special significance. Because of Mr Robertson's clear explanation the work had far more meaning for the audience than it would have had otherwise.

To conclude the extremely enjoyable concert the Orchestra played three dances from the ballet suite "Pineapple Poll."

— B.A. and A.H.

NEW TROPHIES PRESENTED TO THE COLLEGE:

During the year a number of additional trophies have been presented to the College and our thanks are due to those who continue to display so lively an interest in College activities.

Barbara Mann, who is now a Science student at Victoria University and holds the distinction of being Dux of the College on two occasions, presented a Cup for annual competition to the person who makes the greatest contribution to the College Magazine.

Heather Dacre, one of last year's prefects, now employed in the Laboratory at the Wairoa Hospital, showed her continued interest in Girls' Hockey and presented a very fine shield for inter-school competitions in Girls' Hockey. We congratulate Gisborne Girls' High School as the first holders of this shield.

Mr J. W. Parker, a member of the College staff, has presented a fine cup for competition in Rugby between Napier and the College. In addition to coaching our First XV for a number of years, Mr Parker has a very real interest in this annual fixture, as he is a past Captain of the Napier Boys' High School First XV.

Midgley and Eru Brown, both of whom are now in the Regular Army, have presented a trophy for annual competition to be awarded to the best Maori Cadet in the Unit. These brothers have both been back to the College since they left, and it was with pleasure that we welcomed Eru as Staff Instructor during our Barrack's Week this year.

Recently, two miniature cups have been presented by Mr Eric Hagen to be retained by the Senior Athletic Champions.

The family of the late David Paku have presented a Memorial Trophy. David Paku received his education at the school and saw distinguished service during the war. He was killed in an aircraft accident during the year. The trophy will be awarded to the most promising boy in technical work.

We are grateful to these good friends of the College for their continued interest.

MAGAZINE EXCHANGES

Auckland Grammar School; Mt. Albert Grammar School; Gisborne Boys' High School; Gisborne Girls' High School; Avondale College, Auckland; Seddon Memorial Technical College, Auckland; Putaruru High School; Timaru Boys' High School; Papakura High School, Auckland; Wanganui Technical College; Ashburton Technical College; Takapuna Grammar School; Otahuhu College, Auckland; Morrinsville College; Southland Technical College; Napier Boys' High School; Napier Girls' High School; Feilding Agricultural School; Tauranga High School; Queen Elizabeth Technical College, Palmerston North; Dannevirke High School; Heretaunga College, Upper Hutt; Hastings Boys' High School; Hastings Girls' High School; Timaru Girls' High School; Linwood High School, Christchurch; Epsom Girls' Grammar School, Auckland; Otago Boys' High School, Dunedin; Otago Girls' High School, Dunedin; Christchurch Boys' High School; Christchurch Girls' High School; New Plymouth Boys' High School; New Plymouth Girls' High School; Rangiora Agricultural High School; Mt. Roskill Grammar School, Auckland; Huntly College; Penrose High School, Auckland; Wairarapa College, Masterton; Cambridge High School; Rongotai College, Wellington; Freyberg High School, Palmerston North; Nelson College; Wellington College.



SPORT



CRICKET:

First XI:

Personnel: L. Duncan* (Captain), W. Ellicott,* D. Standring,* J. Nepia,* C. Coyle,* A. Hamill,* M. O'Connor,* T. Watts, B. Woolf, M. Joyce, B. Davis.

Coach: Mr E. J. Button. * Denotes capped last year.

This year we had eight of the 1956 Eleven back at school but even with these players we could not win either of our inter-school matches.

The team's weakness lay in batting and the batsmen rarely got going properly in important games.

In the game against Gisborne Boys' High School 2nd XI we were defeated in the first innings by 15 runs. Ellicott gave the best performance of the Wairoa team by taking 5 wickets for 22 runs.

In our other inter-school match — that against Lindisfarne College — Lindisfarne ran up a total of 201 runs. Nepia had Wairoa's best bowling figures with 3 for 48. In our first innings we were dismissed for 59 runs, White being our top scorer with 36. In the second innings we were put out for 60 runs, Coyle and Hamill each scoring 18. We were finally defeated by an innings and 82 runs.

We wish to thank Mr Button for the time and help he has given us.

— I.D. and D.S.

GIRLS' CRICKET:

Personnel: Isabel Williams (Captain), Janet Oldham (Vice-Captain), Kathleen Rangitūia Stewart, Vicky King, Terita Tumataroa, Robyn L'Amie, Doris Hamill, Devon Raureti, Glynis McLaren, Rona Kahukura.

A trip by bus to Napier Girls' High School was very enjoyable. Once again they defeated us most decisively and we realise how far we have to go to be a team to be reckoned with. Only practice will bring improvement and we must put in all the time possible.

We wish to give our thanks to Miss Edser, Mrs Thompson and especially to Mr Bluck. We hope he will be well again soon and we are looking forward to his coaching next year.

ATHLETIC SPORTS:

The Athletic Sports this year were held on March 14th at Lambton Square.

J. Tainui carried off the Senior Boys' Championship, setting up a new Half-Mile record of 2 min. 15.2 secs.

The Intermediate Boys' Championship was won by last year's Junior Champion, M. O'Connor. One of his two runners-up, P. Beer, established a new 100 yards record of 11.4 secs.

G. Single, in winning the Junior Boys' Championship, equalled the High Jump record of 5 feet.

In the girls' events there were far more record performances — especially in the Junior Championship. Here there was a close tussle for the Livingston Cup which was finally won by G. Morley, who set up new records for both the 75 yards and 100 yards sprints. Her times were 9.6 secs and 12.8 secs respectively. The runner-up was E. Seyb, who ran the 80 metres Hurdles in the record time of 14.2 secs and equalled the High Jump record. The Junior Girls' Long Jump record also went by the board, when A. Horton leaped 16 feet.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

RESULTS OF BOYS' EVENTS —

EVENT.	WINNER.	SECOND
100 yards, Senior	S. Tipu	J. Tainui
100 yards, Intermediate	P. Beer	M. O'Connor
100 yards, Junior	G. Single	B. Sturm
220 yards, Senior	N. Stewart	J. Tainui
220 yards, Intermediate	M. O'Connor	R. Callahan
220 yards, Junior	G. Single	W. Cookson
440 yards, Senior	J. Tainui	I. Duncan
440 yards, Intermediate	M. O'Connor	W. Perry
440 yards, Junior	G. Single	R. White
880 yards, Senior	J. Tainui	G. Grainger
880 yards, Intermediate	R. White	G. Palmer
1 Mile, Senior	J. Tainui	G. Grainger
120 yards Hurdles, Senior	R. Hikawai	N. Paul
80 metres Hurdles, Intermediate	P. Beer	R. Callahan
80 metres Hurdles, Junior	W. Cookson	D. Giles
High Jump, Senior	R. Hikawai	J. Stone
High Jump, Intermediate	G. McNabb	P. Maaka
High Jump, Junior	G. Single	B. Sturm
Long Jump, Senior	J. Wairau	N. Stewart
Long Jump, Intermediate	M. O'Connor	W. Perry
Long Jump, Junior	B. Sturm	D. Giles
Hop, Step and Jump, Senior	I. Wairau	N. Stewart
Hop, Step and Jump, Intermediate	M. O'Connor	W. Matairangi
Hop, Step and Jump, Junior	B. Sturm	D. Giles
Discus, Senior	J. Peka	N. Paul
Discus, Intermediate	W. Perry	M. Joyce
Shot Putt, Senior	N. Stewart	D. McCuish
House Relay, Senior	Arawa	Tokomaru
House Relay, Intermediate	Aotea	Tokomaru
House Relay, Junior	Tainui	Tokomaru

WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Senior Champion (Hooper Memorial Cup)—J. Tainui (21 points).
 Intermediate Champion (McIntyre Cup)—M. O'Connor (23 points).
 Junior Champion (Livingston Cup)—G. Single (21 points).

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

RESULTS OF GIRLS' EVENTS.

EVENT.	WINNER.	SECOND
75 yards, Senior	J. Hagen	J. White
75 yards, Intermediate	R. Pitman	A. Moroney
75 yards, Junior	G. Morley	L. Taylor
100 yards, Senior	J. Hagen	P. Ferguson
100 yards, Intermediate	R. Pitman	A. Moroney
100 yards, Junior	G. Morley	L. Taylor
80 metres Hurdles, Senior	J. Hagen	A. Sturm
80 metres Hurdles, Intermediate	R. Pitman	R. Wairau
80 metres Hurdles, Junior	E. Seyb	J. Johnson
High Jump, Senior	C. Greaves	J. Hagen
High Jump, Intermediate	R. Dahm	R. Pitman
High Jump, Junior	E. Seyb	A. Hema
Long Jump, Senior	J. Hagen	R. Walker
Long Jump, Intermediate	A. Jones	R. Pitman
Long Jump, Junior	A. Horton	G. Morley
Discus, Senior	A. Carroll	R. Walker
Discus, Intermediate	J. Halpin	R. Pitman
House Relay, Senior	Tokomaru	Aotea
House Relay, Intermediate	Tainui	Arawa
House Relay, Junior	Aotea	Aotea

WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Senior Champion—J. Hagen (23 points).
 Intermediate Champion (McIntyre Cup)—R. Pitman (24 points).
 Junior Champion (Livingston Cup)—G. Morley (13 points).

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THIRD.	DISTANCE - TIME - HEIGHT	RESULTS OF BOYS' EVENTS. COLLEGE RECORD.
N. Stewart	11.3secs.	11secs, J. Groves, 1956
D. Standing	11.4secs.	A Record.
W. Cookson	12.4secs.	11secs., I. Luscombe, 1956
I. Duncan	26.2secs.	25secs., J. Groves, 1956
P. Beer	26.7secs.	26secs, J. Groves, 1954; M. Atkins, 1956
D. Giles	29.2secs.	26.8secs., I. Luscombe, 1956
G. Grainger	59 secs.	58.2secs., M. Brown, 1955
J. Kawenga	60.8secs.	60.5secs., T. Bainbridge, 1954
H. Haronga	66.4secs.	63.6secs., M. O'Connor, 1956
K. Grainger	2min. 15.2secs.	A Record.
T. Sidney	2mins. 23.2secs.	2mins. 21.6secs., J. Tainui, 1956
K. Grainger	5mins. 21.8secs.	5mins. 8secs., J. Tainui, 1956
K. Beale	19 secs.	18secs., D. Leach, 1956
C. Coyle	13.4secs.	A Record.
H. Davis	14.2secs.	13.8secs., C. Coyle, 1956
K. Beale	4ft. 10ins.	5ft. lin., W. Taurima, 1956
M. Joyce	4ft. 8½ins.	4ft. 10ins., W. Taurima, 1955
H. Davis	5ft.	Equals Record — I. Luscombe, 1956
S. Tipu	17ft. 2½ins.	18ft. 5ins., J. Groves, 1956
G. Palmer	17ft. 5½ins.	18ft. 4ins., M. Atkins, 1956
G. Single	14ft. 10ins.	17ft. 5ins., M. O'Connor, 1956
S. Tipu	39ft. 0½ins.	41ft. 6ins., D. Leach, 1956
R. Brown	37ft. 3½ins.	40ft. 7ins., M. Atkins, 1956
T. Muir	33ft. 4½ins.	36ft. 8ins., G. Palmer, 1956
K. Beale	95ft. 10ins.	96ft. 6ins., H. Thompson, 1955
B. Madden	65ft. 11ins.	113ft. 10ins., T. Smith, 1955
N. Paul	31ft. 1½ins.	34ft. 5ins., J. Groves, 1956
Tainui	52.2secs.	
Arawa	53 secs.	
Arawa	57.4secs.	

RUNNERS-UP IN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Runner-up Senior Championship—N. Stewart (17 points).
 Runner-up Intermediate Championship—W. Perry and P. Beer (11 points each).
 Runner-up Junior Championship—B. Sturm (13 points).

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THIRD.	DISTANCE - TIME - HEIGHT	RESULTS OF GIRLS' EVENTS. COLLEGE RECORD.
P. Ferguson	9.4secs.	A Record.
R. Wairau	10secs.	Equals Record—P. Begg, 1955 and V. Redshaw, 1956
V. Slingsby	9.6secs.	A Record.
J. White, T. Pukeke	12.6secs.	A Record.
R. Wairau	13secs.	Equals Record.
A. Smith	12.8secs.	A Record.
M. Kohi	15.2secs.	F. Gollop, 14secs., 1956
A. Moroney	16.2secs.	B. Callahan, 14.8secs., 1955
A. Horton	14.2secs.	A Record.
E. Ranginui	4ft. lin.	F. Gollop, 4ft. 4ins., 1956
R. Christie	4ft. 3ins.	A Record.
D. McLaren and H. Isbister	4ft. lin.	Equals Record — E. Cram, 1955
P. Ferguson	14ft. 2ins.	F. Gollop, 14ft. 5½ins., 1956
J. Halpin	13ft. 8ins.	J. Hagen, 14ft. 9ins., 1956
E. Seyb	16ft.	A Record.
V. Hook	93ft. 2ins.	F. Gollop, 98ft. lin., 1956
R. McCuish	70ft. 8ins.	F. Gollop, 87ft. 2ins., 1955
Arawa	60secs.	
Aotea	60.2secs.	
Tainui	60.2secs.	

RUNNERS-UP IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Runner-up Senior Championship—R. Walker (6 points).
 Runner-up Intermediate Championship—A. Moroney (7 points).
 Runner-up Junior Championship—E. Seyb (11 points).

The winner of the Intermediate Girls' Championship was R. Pitman, who broke the 100 yards record and equalled the 75 yards record. In this grade also, R. Dahm set up a new High Jump record of 4 feet 3 ins.

Janet Hagen who was the Intermediate Girls' Champion last year, won the Senior Championship this year and set up a new 100 yards time of 13 secs.

ATHLETIC TEAM:

PERSONNEL —

Girls —

J. Hagen, R. Walker, A. Carroll, R. Pitman, A. Moroney, A. Jones, R. Dahm, J. Halpin, G. Morley, L. Taylor, E. Seyb, J. Johnston, A. Horton.

Boys —

L. Paul, J. Tainui, J. Wairau, N. Stewart, J. Peka, P. Beer, W. Matairangi, W. Perry, M. O'Connor, R. White, G. Single, R. Sturm, W. Cookson, D. Giles.

Coaches —

Mrs D. H. Thompson, Mr K. A. Laws and Mr J. D. Thain.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Hawke's Bay Secondary Schools' Athletic Association was held this year in Napier, on the grounds of Napier Boys' High School, on 30th March, 1957.

The weather was very cold and wet, especially in the afternoon.

The team secured two second places and five thirds. In detail these were:

GIRLS' EVENTS —

Senior —

Discus: 2nd — A Carroll.
3rd — R. Walker.

Junior —

"B" Schools Relay — 2nd.

BOYS' EVENTS —

Senior —

880 yards — 2nd, J. Tainui.

Intermediate —

Hop, Step and Jump — 3rd, W. Matairangi.

Junior —

High Jump — 3rd, G. Single.
"B" Schools Relay — 3rd.

Once again this year we wish to thank the Wairoa Amateur Athletic Club for its interest and co-operation. Our thanks go also to Mrs Thompson, Mr Laws and Mr Thain for all their valued assistance.

SWIMMING SPORTS, 1957:

The Annual Swimming Sports were held this year on March 7th under pleasant but unique conditions. They marked a very important occasion, as this was the first time that the new Wairoa Memorial Baths had been used.

The advantage of using the local baths is that all the pupils of the College are able to watch the Sports. In the past only those taking part and a limited number at that, had travelled to Morere for the Sports. A disappointing feature of the Sports was the small number of parents who took an interest. It is hoped that a larger number will be present in future years.

However, it was encouraging to see the number of pupils, both boys and girls, competing, especially from the Junior forms. Because of this, in most events, several heats as well as the semi-final and final had to be raced.

In general, the standard of swimming was very high. Some very close finishes were witnessed, particularly among the Senior boys.

There were no diving competitions this year because no facilities had been erected when the Sports were held.

Tainui house did exceptionally well to defeat the usual champions, Tokomaru, by a wide margin of points. Tainui's outstanding competitor was C. Message.

— K.G.

RESULTS.**Girls.****Junior —**

- 33 1/3 yards Breaststroke: H. Metz, 1; A. Shepherd, 2; M. Robinson, 3.
Time: 34 2/5 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Breaststroke: L. Taylor, 1; P. Stokes, 2; Q. Tipoki, 3; Time:
33 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Freestyle: A. Shepherd, 1; P. Kane, 2; R. Payne, 3. Time:
26 secs.
- 66 2/3 yards Freestyle: P. Kane, 1; A. Shepherd, 2; M. Robinson, 3. Time:
1 min. 1 2/5secs.

Intermediate —

- 33 1/3 yards Breaststroke: I. Whaanga, 1; M. Evans, 2; B. Fyson, 3. Time:
32 1/5 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Backstroke: K. Rangī, 1; N. Tonkinson, 2; V. Mataira, 3.
Time: 22 4/5 secs.
- 66 2/3 yards Freestyle: K. Rangī, 1; N. Tonkinson, 2; L. McLean, 3. Time:
60 2/5 secs.

Senior —

- 33 1/3 yards Breaststroke: K. Christy, 1; A. Pere, 2; P. Steed, 3. Time:
34 2/5 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Backstroke: K. Christy, 1; P. Steed, 2; C. Nepia, 3. Time:
31 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Freestyle: K. Christy, 1; P. Steed, 2. Time: 26 1/5 secs.
- 66 2/3 yards Freestyle: A. Pere, 1. Time: 1 min. 4 3/5 secs.

CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS.**Junior —**

- A. Shepherd, 7 points, 1; P. Kane, 5 points, 2; H. Metz and L. Taylor, 3
points, 3rd equal.

Intermediate —

- K. Rangī, 9 points, 1; N. Tonkinson, 6 points, 2; I. Whaanga, 3 points, 3rd.

Senior —

- K. Christy, 9 points, 1; P. Steed and A. Pere, 5 points, 3rd equal.

BOYS.**Junior —**

- 33 1/3 yards Breaststroke: A. Dick, 1; F. McGrath, 2. Time: 27 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Backstroke: C. Message, 1; M. Tipoki, 2; J. Nicholls, 3. Time:
23 2/5 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Freestyle: C. Message, 1; A. Dick, 2; O. Neill, 3. Time 18 2/5s.
- 66 2/3 yards Freestyle: C. Message, 1; A. Dick, 2; O. Neill, 3. Time: 45 2/5s.
- 100 yards Freestyle: C. Message, 1; A. Dick, 2; K. White, 3. Time: 1 min.
14 2/5 secs.
- 220 yards Freestyle: A. Dick, 1; G. Kidd, 2; K. White, 3. Time: 2mins.
33 2/5 secs.

Intermediate —

- 33 1/3 yards Breaststroke: G. Scobie, 1; J. MacGregor, 2; D. Standring, 3.
Time: 27 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Backstroke: G. Scobie, 1; K. Muir, 2; D. Standring, 3. Time:
24 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Freestyle: A. Campbell, 1; B. Jackson, 2; H. Heise, 3. Time:
18 secs.
- 66 2/3 yards Freestyle: D. Standring, 1; G. Scobie, 2; J. Coe, 3. Time:
47 3/5 secs.
- 100 yards Freestyle: D. Standring, 1; G. Scobie, 2; B. Jackson, 3. Time:
1 min. 20 3/5 secs.
- 220 yards Freestyle: A. Campbell, 1; B. Jackson, 2; G. Scobie, 3. Time:
2 mins. 18 4/5 secs.

Senior —

- 33 1/3 yards Breaststroke: M. Miskin, 1; J. Latham, 2; A. Douglas, 3. Time:
25 1/5 secs.
- 33 1/3 yards Freestyle: E. Message, 1; M. Miskin, 2; J. Latham, 3. Time:
19 1/5 secs.
- 66 2/3 yards Freestyle: E. Message, 1; S. Tipu, 2; M. Miskin and I. Bacon, 3
Time: 45 2/5 secs.

100 yards Freestyle: S. Tipu, 1; J. Latham, 2; M. Miskin, 3. Time: 1min. 20 secs.
 220 yards Freestyle: J. Latham, 1; M. Miskin and S. Tipu, 2. Time: 2 mins. 36 2/5 secs.

CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS.

Junior —

C. Message and A. Dick, 12 points, 1st equal.

Intermediate —

G. Scobie, 11 points, 1st; D. Standring, 8 points, 2nd; A. Campbell, 6 points 3rd.

Senior —

M. Miskin and J. Latham, 8 points, 1st equal; S. Tipu, 6½ points, 3rd.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

1st: Tainui, 69½ points; 2nd: Tokomaru, 42½ points; 3rd: Arawa, 41 points; 4th: Aotea, 40 points.

TENNIS:

The 1956-57 season saw a further increase in the number of pupils wishing to play tennis on sports days.

Once again we thank the Wairoa Tennis Club for the use of their courts. Without them it would not be possible to allow more than a few minutes for each player on the five courts available at the College.

Early in the season many interesting games were played in the Challenge Buttons competition. These buttons were competed for in both boys and girls doubles and also in mixed doubles. The games were played during lunch hours and provided the many spectators with some good tennis.

The only championship games to be completed, were the Boys' and Girls' Singles. Unfortunately we were again deprived of our one-day tournament owing to pressure of work and other activities.

Two inter-school matches were played both by the girls' team. The first game was against Gisborne Girls' High School played at Wairoa and on the second occasion, a team visited Napier Girls' High School. Both matches were keenly contested and enjoyed to the full.

The girls who represented the College were: Iris Whaanga, Kay Christy, Norma Nepia, Nellie Sidney, Kaka Kahukura, Lena Solomon, Mihi Harvey, Myra Christy, Alice Whaanga.

Championship Results —

Girls' Singles (Pidducks Cup) — Iris Whaanga.

Runner-up — Kay Christy.

Boys' Singles (Howell Cup) — Trevor Nugent.

Runner-up — Basil Gordon.

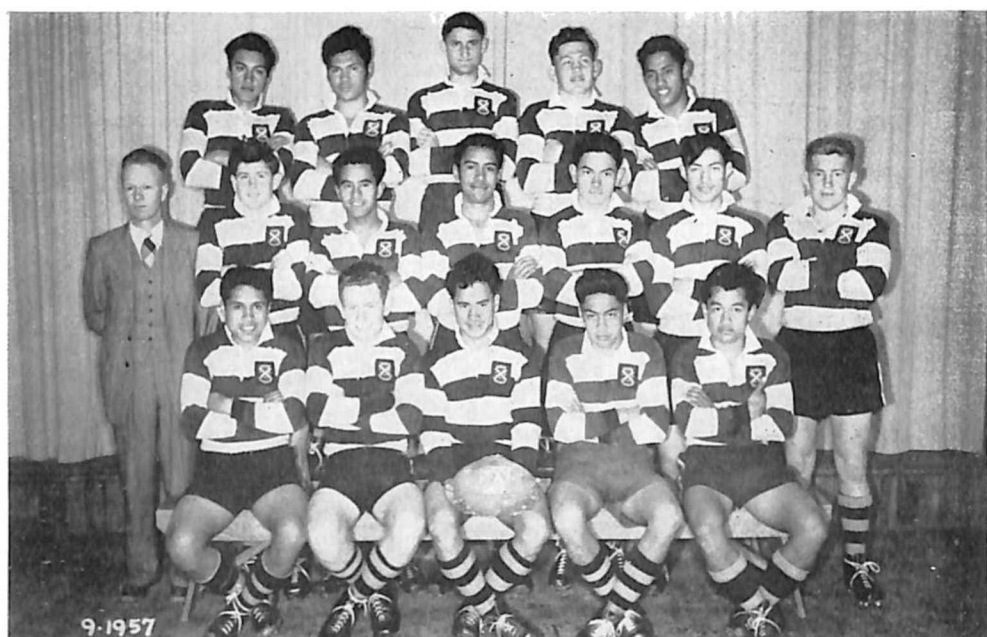
SOFTBALL:

This year, many girls have once again chosen Softball as their favourite summer sport. A great number of girls have taken part in our Inter-Secondary School games, as well as House matches, played during school sports periods.

Those girls who represented the College when playing against Napier Girls' High School, at the beginning of the year were very successful as well as enjoying their day at Napier.

The College team was as follows: Alice Brown (Captain), Amiria Carroll, Marina Kohi, Poppy Andrews, Horiara Whatuiria, Jewel Mihaere, Judith Denton, Agnes Smith, Norma Nepia, Rachel Walker.

We would like to thank Miss Neill and Mr Clarihew, for the time they have spent in coaching the teams.



FIRST XV, 1957.

Back Row: J. Tainui, N. Stewart, B. Gordon, D. McCuish, N. Paul.
 Middle Row: Mr Parker, I. Duncan, J. Nepia, J. Peka, A. Douglas, R. Smith, R. White.
 Front Row: H. Thompson, M. O'Connor, S. Tipu, I. Sidney, J. Stone.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM, 1957.

Back Row: Riki Pitman, Sally Blunden, Elizabeth Seyb, Marina Kohe, Ngahihi Walker.
 Front Row: Amiria Carroll, Laura Edwards, Janet Oldham (Capt.), Wiki Douglas,
 Beverley Morrell.



FIRST XI, 1957.

Back Row: Mr Button, W. Ellicott, A. Hamill, D. Standring, M. Joyce, M. O'Connor.
 Front Row: B. Woolf, J. Nepia, I. Duncan (Capt.), C. Coyle, R. White. Absent: B. Davis.



FIRST HOCKEY XI, 1957.

Back Row: Mr Ellicott, W. Ellicott, D. Standring, K. Beale, G. Scobie, E. Message,
 R. Neale.
 Front Row: T. Whatuira, D. Ryan, M. Miskin (Capt.), J. Latham, J. Wairau, G. Grainger.

GIRLS' INTER-FORM PHYSICAL EDUCATION COMPETITION:

THE UNWIN CUP.

The competition for this girls' trophy was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 5th and 6th, sixteen forms taking part. It is regretted that the Sixth Form did not compete.

The judges, Miss V. I. Edser and Mr J. Berry, found that the general standard was as high as is usual in this competition and experienced some difficulty in separating certain forms.

The winning forms were as follows:—

1st — IVP; 2nd — IVC; 3rd — IIIC.

It is pleasing to note the high position occupied by a third form, which augurs well for the future.

LIFE-SAVING:

The 1957 season was undoubtedly the best the school has had. More pupils took a keener interest in this activity and consequently more awards of a higher standard were gained. Three senior pupils, Mary Evans, Barbara Fyson and G. Scobie assisted Miss Edser with the large groups which were trained and many pupils obtained a fundamental knowledge of the subject through the special classes.

We commenced training in the second week of the First Term and those who were young enough for competition work were drafted out. One boys' team and four girls' teams trained hard and on March 23rd travelled to Napier to compete for the Vigor Brown and Knapp Shields.

In the boys' competition Wairoa's high standard of land drill gained them a substantial lead in points over the Napier Boys' High School team. Our lack of facilities for water training at home, though, showed up and we were beaten in swimming. However, the lead in points from the land drill was sufficient for us to win the Shield, the final result being:

Wairoa, 382½ points. Napier, 209¼ points.

The girls put up a very good display in the face of strong opposition but were unable to beat the Napier Girls' High School teams although they won several events.

The teams competing were as follows:

Boys — A. Dick (Captain), V. Goldfinch, G. Kidd, K. White P. Henson (Emergency). Coach: G. Scobie.

Girls — Group A: L. Taylor, A. Shepherd, G. Duncan, B. White. Coach: B. Fyson.

Group B: H. Metz, R. Payne, M. Gibson, P. Stothers. Coach: M. Evans.

We then concentrated on award work and on the 6th of April, travelled to Napier once more to sit the R.L.S.S. examinations.

The following awards were gained (the final results have not been received yet but these were the examiners' recommendations).

Silver Medallion — J. Latham.

Bronze Cross — Mary Evans, G. Scobie.

Bronze Medallion — K. White, B. Fyson, A. Dick, P. Stothers, J. Woolf, M. Whittaker, G. Tunnell, G. Duncan.

Intermediate Certificates — H. Metz, G. Kidd, C. Message, R. Payne, A. Shepherd, M. Gibson.

Again this year we would like to thank Miss Edser for the help she gave us and the time she spent arranging trips away.

— G.S.

RUGBY:

First XV.

Personnel: J. Peka, J. Tainui, R. Hikawai, M. O'Connor, J. Stone, S. Tipu (Captain), M. Te Ngaio, N. Stewart, I. Duncan, B. Gordon, A. Douglas, R. White, N. Paul, R. Smith, D. McCuish, J. Nepia, T. Sidney, H. Thompson.
Coach: Mr J. W. Parker.

The College 1st XV had a very successful and enjoyable season of football this year and although it did not win all its games it was always able to give a

good account of itself. A very pleasing feature was the very high standard of sportsmanship shown on the field of play by all members of the team in all games.

The forwards developed into a good hard working pack, able to hold their own against heavier forwards, as they did for ninety minutes in a memorable game against Athletic in the final of the K.O. competition. The weakness in the team lay in the lack of pace and determination in the three-quarter line and in the lack of a reliable goal kicker.

In the Sub-Union Saturday games the team was beaten in the final of the Junior grade K.O. competition by Athletic by 3—0, and was runner up in the Jun or Championship. The team is to be congratulated on winning the Harker Memorial Shield awarded for good conduct on the field of play in the Junior grade games.

versus Gisborne Boys' High School 2nd XV.

On July 11th, the College 1st XV played Gisborne Boys' High School 2nd XV at Wairoa on a heavy ground with a strong south westerly wind blowing.

Winning the toss Wairoa elected to play with the wind and were soon on the attack. After ten minutes of play, Gisborne were penalised for off-side play and Douglas kicked a fine penalty goal. From a ruck near the Gisborne goal line, Tipu scooped up the ball to pass to White, who scored a try which was not converted. Just before half-time the ball passed along the College backs to White who scored again. Douglas converted, making the half-time score College 11, Gisborne 0.

In the second half, Gisborne played with fire and determination and soon had College on the defensive. After 10 minutes of play, Gisborne were awarded a penalty kick which was successful, making the score 11—3. After a period of midfield play, the College backs handled the ball to O'Connor, who cut inside his men to run 40 yards to score a well-deserved try.

The final points of the game came when the Gisborne 2nd five-eighths kicked through, and beating the full-back to the ball, touched down. This was converted, making the final score College 14, Gisborne 8.

versus Napier Boys' High School 2nd XV.

On Thursday, July 18th, the 1st XV travelled by bus to Napier to play Napier Boys' High School 2nd XV. A strong easterly wind blew steadily throughout the game and the rain increased in volume as the game proceeded. In spite of the atrocious conditions, the handling by both teams was remarkably good. Napier kicked off and soon had College on the defensive. However, the pressure was relieved when Tipu intercepted a pass in Wairoa territory, but the promising passing movement was spoilt by a forward pass. College were soon awarded a penalty kick which Douglas put over.

Napier kept up the pressure and fine work by Tipu and Te Ngaio was instrumental in keeping the Wairoa line intact.

Off-side play by a Napier player gave Wairoa another penalty kick. Douglas kicked, and the ball hit the goal post and bounced over, making the score Wairoa 6, Napier 10. From a dribbling rush by the Wairoa forwards, Tipu snapped up the ball to dive over for a try. Douglas' kick went astray.

After half-time both teams continued to throw the ball about, though the ground was awash by now. From a scrum under the Napier goal mouth, Duncan dribbled the ball past Napier half-back to score. Douglas failed to convert, leaving the score Wairoa 12, Napier 0.

Napier kicked off quickly, on the blind side, regained the ball and had scored in the corner before most Wairoa players had realized what was happening. Thus the game ended with the score Wairoa 12, Napier 3.

versus Te Karaka D.H.S. 1st XV.

While visits to Te Karaka are always memorable occasions, this one will long be remembered for the vicissitudes of the journey. Owing to the slip at Opoutama, the journey from Nuhaka had to be made by bus and the trip over the Whare-ratas was far from pleasant. Then followed the misunderstanding with the Red bus at Bridge Hotel. The final calamity occurred on the return trip when the Government bus sailed by at top speed, leaving the school party stranded on the road, 60 miles from home. However, another bus was summoned from Gisborne and the railcar was held to enable us to make the connection.

Everyone at Te Karaka did everything possible to make our visit a happy one and all will agree that the few hours we were there were packed with excitement, good food and goodwill.

The day was fine and the ground heavy, though firm. Te Karaka kicked off and play moved round midfield for the first ten minutes. From a set scrum the ball travelled through the Te Karaka backs to the winger, Hollace, who scored a fine try which he converted.

Several promising back movements by Te Karaka kept the Wairoa side defending desperately. A penalty for a scrum infringement gave Hollace a chance to goal again, making the score Te Karaka 8, Wairoa 0. Soon after this, White was penalised for being off-side and Hollace again raised the flags with the score Te Karaka 11, Wairoa 0.

College now attacked vigorously and from a lineout the ball went from Stewart, to Paul, to White, who scored near the posts. Douglas converted, making half-time score Te Karaka 11, Wairoa 5.

After the interval College attacked with vigour and from a ruck the ball went to Stone who scored near the posts. The conversion attempt failed. Up and down play followed, with both sides coming close to scoring at times. Just on time Douglas charged down a clearing and Duncan followed up fast to score, making the final score Te Karaka 11, Wairoa 11.

Second XV.

Personnel: F. Lambert (Captain), R. Mitchell (Vice-Captain), R. Karangaroa, S. Paul, S. Mataira, O. Mildon, A. Hamill, B. Madden, J. Kawenga, W. Te Amo, W. Matairangi, H. Winiana, P. Maaka, N. Te Rangi, T. Mitchell, B. Jackson.
Coach: Mr T. R. Bluck.

The 1957 season has been the most successful so far for the College 2nd XV. In the Third Grade competition we won both the Joblin Shield for the Championship and the Ray Goodley Cup for the Knock-out competition without losing or drawing a game. There were, however, some very evenly contested games, especially against the Y.M.P. team.

In our annual inter-school game against Gisborne Boys' High School 3rd XV played at Gisborne, we gained another victory, although this was by the narrow margin of 9 points to 8. This match was a very tough struggle between two determined packs of forwards. The nearest that we came to defeat was in the annual match against the Napier Boys' High School 3rd XV, played at Wairoa, which resulted in a draw with 3 points each. The result was a good indication of the very even struggle on a very wet field.

We again thank the 1st XV and the 3rd XV for the valuable practice that they gave us on sports days. The practices helped considerably in finding remedies for our faults and building up our confidence to tackle outside teams.

We extend our special thanks to our coach, Mr Bluck, for his keen interest and enthusiasm. Our success was undoubtedly due to his efforts and we hope he will soon recover from his unfortunate illness, which made it impossible for him to witness our final victory in the competition. We also thank Mr Stubbings, for taking over the team for this last game.

Third XV, 1957.

Personnel: B. Denton (Captain), C. Coyle (Vice-Captain), B. Sturm, C. Message, W. McRoberts, P. Beer, J. Oldham, J. Hawkins, J. McGregor, R. Barton, W. Te Amo, R. Hema, J. Cottrell, J. Henry, W. Perry, H. Kapene, J. Haronga, J. Hirini, T. Nepia.

Coaches: Mr K. A. Laws and Mr F. A. Hosking.

This year the 3rd XV showed considerable improvement over previous 3rd XVs by coming third in the Wairoa Third Grade Competition. In all, the team played eight games for four wins and four defeats. Of the defeats the 2nd XV accounted for two and Y.M.P. the remainder.

The team began as a young, inexperienced side, but improved greatly as the season progressed, giving evidence of some promising material for future years. The captain, B. Denton, winger, W. Perry and forwards W. McRoberts, R. Barton, W. Te Amo and J. Cottrell, played consistently to a high standard throughout the season and should reach higher honours next year.

versus Napier Boys' High School.

Team: R. Hema, B. Sturm, W. Perry, C. Message, J. Oldham, T. Nepia, C. Coyle, J. Cottrell, J. McGregor, J. Hirini, R. Barton, B. Denton, W. McRoberts, W. Te Amo, P. Beer.

This inter-school match was played in atrocious weather conditions with a water-covered field and continuous rain. Although defeated 8—16, the team gave a good exhibition of wet weather rugby against a more experienced side and had the 3rd XV had more match play, the result could have been reversed. As it was, Wairoa was doing all the attacking over the last quarter of the match and scored its eight points in the final ten minutes. Special mention should be made of Hema's fine goal-kicking.

In conclusion the team wishes to thank Mr Laws for his coaching, and also Mr Hosking, for his support during the season and his willingness to take charge whenever Mr Laws was unable to carry out his duties as coach of the team.

HOCKEY:

Personnel 1st XI: J. Latham W. Ellicott, E. Message, D. Standing, G. Grainger, K. Beale, M. Miskin (Captain), P. Neal, J. Wairau, D. Ryan, S. and T. Whaturia.
Coach: Mr N. P. Ellicott.

With a 24 per cent. increase in members this year and the able assistance of Mr P. R. Walker, the Club participated in local competitions with distinction and always gave opposing teams a run for their money.

The 1st XI received new, long-sleeved, all yellow jerseys, with a black pocket and monogram, while the old jerseys went to the 2nds.

On Thursday, July 11th, our 1st XI travelled to Gisborne to play the Boys' High School 2nd XI, in a light rain. After a hard game we won 2—1.

On Thursday, July 18th, the First XI went to Napier to play the Boys' High 2nd and to wade through thick mud and pouring rain, to emerge the winners by 4 goals to 3.

Inter-school hockey this season was highlighted by our first fixture with Lindisfarne College 1st XI. Owing to torrential rain, a 'flu epidemic and then exams, their visit was postponed until Thursday, August 14th, when we gained much experience by playing a better team. Final score: Lindisfarne 3, Wairoa 0.

We were unable to send a team to an Inter-Secondary School Tournament this year. Boys who were successful in playing for the Reps. were: K. Beale, J. Latham, M. Miskin and D. Standing.

Thanks are due to Mr Walker, Referee and Coach to the Juniors, and those many people who made our trips away enjoyable, and last, but by no means least, to Mr N. P. Ellicott, our Senior Coach, for the knowledge that he has imparted to his "willing slaves," and for his enthusiasm and interest in hockey in our school.

— M.J.M.

GIRLS' HOCKEY:

FIRST XI:

Personnel: Rona Kahakura, Edith Norgrove, Aroha Renata, Anne Paul, Judy Hohua, Maude Smith, Kaka Kahakura (Captain), Agnes Smith, Kay McIntyre, Rangī Wairau, Nene Horsfall.

Coach: Mrs D. H. Thompson.

Girls' hockey has now established itself in the College: that is to say the boys no longer howl with derisive laughter when girls' hockey is mentioned.

Throughout the season one team was entered in the Senior competition and it was noticeable that this team showed a decided improvement in play. The credit for this success—we occasionally won a game—must be given to Mrs Thompson for being such an enthusiastic and helpful coach.

We played two inter-school matches this year, both of them being with Gisborne Girls' High School. The first match was played in Wairoa and we thought we would stand a chance of winning if we got mud in the Gisborne Girls' eyes before they got mud in ours. Gisborne Girls won 6—0. The second game was a return match played in Gisborne. Although we took with us the new shield donated by Heather Dacre, and we practised in our lunch hours, Gisborne Girls' High School proved too strong for us. The score was 2—0.

Once again the match arranged with Napier Girls' High School had to be cancelled, but it is hoped that they will join with Gisborne and the local team next year in a triangular tournament to compete for Heather's shield.

— K.M.

BASKETBALL:

The 1957 season has been a good one, but not as good as 1956. Even greater numbers than last year said they were anxious to take part in the Wairoa Basketball Association's Saturday games but several promises to turn up were not kept and the coaches had a worrying time right through the season trying to keep the teams stable and full. Practices held in the brief half-hour available at lunch-time were half-heartedly attended by many. The First Team was an exception, but even here, only the defence third were always to be counted on and there was a weakness in the centre third that was never overcome. The defence in this team was sound and steady, always combining well. The forwards were erratic in play but at their best they could be almost brilliant.

Of the B Grade teams the Greens earned a reputation for punctuality and keenness.

In the Wairoa Association matches, the College First Team won first place equal with Redwing, but the Seconds came only fifth, and the Fourths (the team composed entirely of Juniors) were sixth out of ten teams.

In the B Grade, Blue and Orange did well in one section and Black and Green in the other.

COLLEGE FIRST TEAM AND INTER-SCHOOL FIXTURES.

This year we started the basketball season again with an almost new team, as only four from the 1956 College team, Ngahihi Walker, Amiria Carroll, Laura Edwards and Janet Oldham returned. Less practice resulted in the team being unable to reach the standard achieved by last year's team, as our play was, at times, rather slow and our combination loose. Nevertheless we feel that we had a very successful season, not only in retaining the two cups won by the 1956 team, but in re-establishing the contact with Hukarere Girls' School—a school we have not challenged since 1953. Our one disappointment was the unavoidable cancellation on account of bad weather, of our match against Napier Girls' High School. We hope that this match will be possible next year.

versus Gisborne Girls' High School.

The matches were played at Wairoa with our First and Second teams playing Gisborne's Seconds and Thirds. The game was a hard fight for both teams and no spectacular play was witnessed. This was due partly to the guarded nature of the game in which each player strove to defend her opponent to the utmost of her ability. Wairoa, however, managed to hold their own until play was interrupted because of heavy rain, five minutes before the game was due to end. The game continued after the shower, on a very wet and slippery surface. At this stage the Wairoa team showed a marked lack of confidence, while the Gisborne team resumed play with greater determination to emerge the winners by 20 to 18.

versus Te Karaka.

This match is always regarded as one of the highlights of the season. This year the 1st Basketball and Football teams travelled to Te Karaka where the expectations of a pleasant day were more than fulfilled.

This was the match for which we had been preparing in the hope that we might retain the Beattie Rose Bowl. We had reason to believe that the Te Karaka team was very much stronger than the team last year, so we could only hope.

This was so, for the game showed that Te Karaka, within the last year, had altered their style of play—they played a more even game with level, fast passes. Both teams were very evenly matched throughout the game, although the Wairoa forwards showed greater accuracy in shooting. This gave Wairoa the lead at the beginning of the game—a lead which they retained to win by 15 to 14.

versus Hukarere Girls' School.

The match was eagerly sought and the date fixed for September 21st. Three teams travelled to Napier—the first team and two teams made up of Two's, Three's and Four's.

Hukarere, with their sure combination and fast play, were too strong for our first team, which showed a lack of "fire." The score was 21—11.

Saturday Competition.

This year the team, although not succeeding in an outright win, came 1st equal with Redwing. Most of our first team were included in the two Wairoa representative teams, but unfortunately there was only one Rep. fixture—between Wairoa A and Poverty Bay.

Those in the Wairoa A team were Sally Blunden, Amiria Carroll, Teresa Morrell, Janet Oldham. In the Wairoa B team were Ngahi Walker, Marina Kohi and Ricky Pitman.

The Team expresses its sincere thanks to Miss Edser, who has given so much of her time in directing our play, and arranging our inter-school matches.

Seconds.

Personnel: Kathleen Rangī (Vice-Captain), Beverley Morrell, Tilly Wihone, Ruby Tumataroa, Kay Christy, Nellie Sidney (Captain), Elizabeth Seyb, Eileen Begley, Peggy Ferguson, Anne Te Aho, June White.

With only Nellie and June remaining from the 1956 College 2nd Team, this year's Team had a big handicap to overcome, but with the incorporation of most of the 1956 3rds who had already won themselves a reputation of basketball, this year's Seconds had no trouble in developing a good combination.

In the outside Saturday basketball competitions the Seconds were unable to gain 5th place in the "A" Grade of ten teams, but all games were enjoyed and hard-fought.

In the inter-school games, the team played one match against Gisborne Girls' High School, who, after a hard game, proved to be the better by beating the College 11—8.

We shared with the College First and Fourth Teams in a trip to Napier to play the girls at Hukarere College. We found ourselves unable to match our opponents' vigorous style of play, losing our game 15—5. We did, however, enjoy the visit and meeting several old and new friends at the school.

Thirds.

Personnel: Forwards: Terita Tumataroa, Julia Stewart, Jocelyn Solomon. Centres: Reo Raureti, Colleen Greaves, Horiara Whatuira, Robin L'Amie. Defences: Marjorie Paul (Captain), Norma Nepia, Gillian Duncan, Anne Te Aho.

We were very sorry to lose our Captain and Horiara towards the end of the season.

Our team which won the "B" Grade Championship in 1956, played in the Wairoa "A" Grade this season and was placed eighth, out of ten teams, but gained much experience.

Fourths.

Personnel: Defence: Joyce Johnson (Captain), Pat Kane, Shirley Holley. Centres: Lancley Taylor, Winsome Deighton, Mihi Harvey. Forwards: Helen Isbister (Vice-Captain), Josephene McKenzie.

On Saturday, September 21st, our team with the Firsts and Seconds went through to Hukarere School. This was our only game against an outside school and our only trip away. Although we played hard, the Hukarere girls defeated us easily by 24—4.

We thank Miss Edser for her help and encouragement to our team.

Black Team.

Personnel: Gay Tunnell, Mavis Gibson (Captain), Rewa Tipoki, Dorothy Hunn, Marion Fraser (Vice-Captain), Beverley Cowan, Maye Peckman, Helen Henare, Rata Thompson.

In our section of the "B" Grade competition matches, we gained third place, with 24 points, just two points behind the strong Primary Team which came first.

We would like to thank Miss Edser, our coach, for the time she spent coaching us.

College Green.

Personnel: Raey Pemberton (Captain), Dianne Helean, Barbara Fyson, Rosalie Jones, Benita King, Vicky King, Margaret Whittaker, Jennifer Woolf, Mary Evans, Devon Raureti.

Although we were unplaced in the competition we all enjoyed our Saturday afternoon of basketball.

Purple Team.

Personnel: Elizabeth Gollop (Captain), Tangi Pukeke, Kura Smith (Vice-Captain), Pam Stothers, Raey McCuish, Betty Thomson, Tania Robinson, Doris Hamill, Mary Tipoki.

The Purple team has been a very unsettled one. From the first we were short of players. A little after the beginning of last season the remaining people of the Red and Blue teams joined to form one team. During the first part of the season we were under a very capable captain, Tangi Pukeke. Unfortunately, through private affairs, she was forced to resign her captainship. Most of the girls came regularly and really excelled themselves in their games, but there were a few who failed miserably in attendance and sportsmanship.

Our girls formed a strong, happy team, who held their own in points. All of them got much enjoyment from the season and all heartily and sincerely thank Miss Edser and Miss Neill, who spent much time coaching us.

Orange Team.

Personnel: Dianne Cooper (Captain), Margaret Cook, Jennifer Johnston, Adrienne Schwass, Beverley Henry, Davida Mita, Rau Punaki, Libya Huata, Nesia Hema.

Most of the team turned up regularly and played hard and although we gained no place in the competition we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

College Blue.

Personnel: Rosemary Payne (Captain), Brenda White, Paku Thompson, Jacqueline Kendrick (Vice-Captain), Janet Floyd, Anne Haynes, Joy Sturm, Dawn McClaren, Judith McKay, Adrienne Hill, Josephine Newman, Arohea Tau-rima.

The team set a high standard of neatness. Attendance throughout the season was very good, each girl playing a wonderful game whether it meant victory or defeat. We are proud to say we had many wins and few defaults. Much of this was due to our coach, Miss Neill, whom we would like to thank for giving us her valuable time.

College Red.

Personnel: Janette Smith (Captain), Alice Nepia, Kui Tipoki, Barbara Jenkin, Ngaire Campbell, Myra Christie, Ann Watson, Heather Peebles, Gillian Helean, Margaret Horton, Emma Wihone.

Our team was, on the whole, very neat in appearance. Unfortunately they didn't turn up punctually to practice, though town members turned up fairly well on Saturdays, but pupils from Nuhaka had difficulty sometimes in travelling in. In spite of this we didn't have to default at all throughout the season. Our standard of play was fair. We would all like to express our thanks to Miss Edser and Miss Neill, who coached us and gave up time during the lunch hour to referee our games.

CROSS-COUNTRY, 1957:

The annual Cross-Country race was held in brilliant weather and very good running was witnessed. A feature of the event this year was the lengthening of the courses for all grades; therefore there were no records broken and all times recorded this year are known as "best performances" until the event has been held over the same course for three years.

Detailed results are as follows:—

Junior —

1. C. Message — Tainui
2. J. Nicholls — Arawa
3. H. McLean — Tokomaru
4. B. Wilkins — Arawa.

Time: 14 mins. 57 secs.

House Points —

- 1.—Tainui, 16; 2.—Arawa, 13; 3.—Tokomaru, 11; 4.—Aotea, 6.

Intermediate —

1. R. Callahan — Tokomaru
2. A. Hamill — Tainui
3. P. Grainger — Tainui
4. S. Honotapu — Tokomaru.

Time: 17 mins. 24 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

House Points —

- 1.—Tokomaru, 24; 2.—Tainui, 20; 3.—Arawa, 9; 4.—Aotea, 4.

Senior —

1. G. Grainger — Tainui
2. R. White — Tainui
3. K. Grainger — Tainui
4. M. Miskin — Tainui.

Time: 17 mins. 9 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

House Points —

- 1.—Tainui, 23; 2.—Aotea, 6; 3.—Tokomaru, 4; 4.—Arawa, 1.

Total House Points —

- 1st—Tainui, 59; 2nd—Tokomaru, 39; 3rd—Arawa, 23; 4th—Aotea, 16.

HOUSE NOTES:

THE HOUSE SYSTEM.

As members increase — there were 519 boys and girls on the College Roll on the 1st March — the vital part being played by the House system in our everyday life to inspire loyalties and to direct effort becomes more and more evident. Without the system, much of the zest and stimulation of healthy competition would be lacking and even the discipline, tone and ethos would lose something invaluable.

Loyalty to House builds up loyalty to the larger body, the College, and from that sense of owing allegiance gives esprit de corps, one of the strongest and most desirable forces at work in any good school.

The following table of points for the year 1956 serves a double purpose: it reveals the wide variety of activities which enter into inter-house competition and also the achievements of each of the Houses.

TABLE OF HOUSE POINTS FOR 1956.

Activities.	Aotea	Arawa	Tainui	Tok'm'u
Athletic Sports and Athletic Team	9	20	20	7
Mid-Year Examinations	10	3	10	5
Girls' Competitions (during Barracks Week)	3	8	5	12
Inter-house Football and 1st XV	13	8	19	6
Inter-house Hockey (Boys and Girls) and First XI	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Inter-house Basketball and First Team	10	14	6	8
Inter-house Girls' Physical Education Championship	2	5	1	2
Inter-house Swimming Sports and Life- Saving	3	8	5	12
Inter-house Cross-Country Race	3	8	12	8
Weekly School Uniform Inspections	6	10	24	16
Conduct and Attendance	10	6	24	16
Coleman Shield Shooting Team	1	2	2	3
Crickets — First XI (no House competition held)	2	2	5	2
Final Examination	8	12	5	3
TOTALS	96$\frac{1}{2}$	116$\frac{1}{2}$	151$\frac{1}{2}$	109$\frac{1}{2}$

Tainui thus were the winners of the Ada Smith Inter-House Challenge Cup for the second time in three years.

AOTEA HOUSE — BOYS:

House Captain: N. Paul, Vice Captain: D. Standing.

Although the House occupies the first three ranks on Inspection Days, the results are not always very creditable, and a great deal more effort is needed by many boys to improve the standard of their dress and appearance.

The House has a fair representation of members in Sports teams. In the First XV are R. Smith, J. Stone, B. Gordon, R. Hikawai, T. Sydney, H. Thompson and N. Paul. In the Second XV are F. Lambert, R. Mitchell, T. Mitchell, S. Paul and W. Te Amo. In the House football, the Senior team won one game and lost one, while the Juniors won both their games. D. Standring and J. Latham are in the First Hockey XI and also in the First Cricket XI. N. Paul and P. Beer were the House members in the Athletic team. At the Annual Athletic Sports, P. Beer was second equal in the Intermediate Championship, and R. Hikawai third in the Senior Championship.

D. Standring gained second place in the Intermediate Boys' Swimming Championship, and J. Latham was first equal in the Senior Championship.

We wish to thank all our House Masters for their interest in the welfare of Aotea.

AOTEA HOUSE — GIRLS:

Of the eight girl prefects who were elected this year, four belong to our House. They are Valerie Mitchell, Anne Hawthorne, Pam Seyb (Vice-Captain) and Janet Oldham (Captain).

We have managed to distinguish ourselves on a number of occasions in inspections by gaining the highest number of House points. Our thanks go to our House Teachers, Miss Edser and Mrs Beale, for their valuable assistance, and to our girls who have managed to maintain a high standard, both in dress and conduct.

Our representatives in the various sports have also earned credit for their House.

Those who distinguished themselves in the Swimming Sports were Pauline Steed, who came third in the Senior events and Lancely Taylor, who came third in the Junior. We are also lucky enough to have the Intermediate Champion, Kathleen Rangī, in our House.

Tennis and Softball have proved to be the most popular Summer sports. Norma Nepia and Marina Kohi are our most prominent softball players, and Nellie Sydney, our most notable tennis player.

Several of our girls, among them three prefects, are keen Hockey enthusiasts. Our representatives in the First Hockey XI for this season were Rangī Wairau, Anne Paul and Kay MacIntyre.

Mary Tipoki also gained honours for Aotea in the Oratory Contest by winning the Intermediate section.

Margaret Whittaker and Rosemary Payne were members of Aotea who worked hard at Life Saving. Margaret gained her Bronze Medallion and Rosemary her Intermediate Certificate.

In many ways 1957 has been a most successful year for our House.

ARAWA HOUSE — BOYS:

Captain: I. Duncan. Vice-Captain: M. Te Ngaio.

The boys of Arawa House have worked hard to maintain their proud record of recent years.

On the sports fields we have been well represented in the College teams but our proudest achievement has been in again gaining the highest points at most of the weekly inspections.

The following gained representative honours: 1st XI Cricket: I. Duncan (Captain), W. Ellicott (Vice-Captain); 1st XV Rugby: I. Duncan, M. Te Ngaio; Athletic Team: J. Wairau; Life Saving Team (holder of the Vigor Brown Shield), W. Goldfinch, A. Dick, K. White.

In the Swimming Sports our most successful competitor was A. Dick, who shared the Junior Championship with C. Message. On the College Sports Day J. Wairau was carrying the Arawa colours when he won the Senior Hop, Step and Jump. Our best effort was however, the winning of the Senior House Relay.

We congratulate those above who have contributed so much to the maintaining of the standard set by past members. We are confident that with the help of all when the points for the year are finally added we will again be close contenders for top House.

Our thanks are again extended to our House Masters, Messrs Stubbings, Clarihew, Stewart and Bluck, for their interest and guidance.

ARAWA HOUSE — GIRLS:

This year Benita King, our only prefect, is House Captain and Barbara Fyson is vice-Captain.

We began 1957 with high hopes of winning the Ada Smith Cup for the House Competition as we had two years ago, but at present our chances of gaining it are small.

Many girls have gained distinction in the field of sport and all have taken a keen interest in the summer and winter sports competitions. Congratulations to Kaka Kahukura, who was selected for the Wairoa Hockey Representative team and to Wiki Douglas, who played for the School "A" Basketball team.

We are especially proud of Barbara Fyson, who has won the Max Paku Memorial Cup for Senior Oratory.

Once again we thank Mrs Thompson, our House Mistress, for her continued help and her interest in the girls' hockey.

TAINUI HOUSE — BOYS:

Captain: J. Nepia. Vice-Captain: K. Grainger.

Once again this House which consists of 57 boys, is well to the fore. The quality of leadership among Tainui boys this year, was evident when six of the eight prefects were chosen from its ranks. Unfortunately we lost K. Beale to Tokomaru House, but M. Miskin, M. Martin and I. Bacon remained to assist J. Nepia and K. Grainger in keeping the House in order. However, a further depletion occurred when Bacon left to attend the International Scout Jamboree in England.

In the field of sport this year, Tainui boys have acquitted themselves very well. Those who gained 1st XV honours were J. Nepia, N. Stewart, D. McCuish and R. White. J. Nepia, R. White, A. Hamill and C. Coyle were Tainui's 1st XI Cricketers. In the College Athletic Team we were well represented by N. Stewart, R. White, W. Matairangi and G. Single. Likewise in Hockey, Tainui has excellent representation with Miskin (Captain), G. Grainger, E. Message and T. Whatuira being members of the 1st XI.

As well as our successes in Sport we have done fairly well in House inspections and our House members have taken a prominent part in class work.

At present Tainui House is in a very sound position as regards competition points and with continued effort by each member we should be able to maintain our lead throughout the year and hold off any challenge that comes our way.

In conclusion we would like to thank our Housemasters, Messrs Ellicott, Hosking, Thain and Walker, for their continued interest and support.

TAINUI HOUSE — GIRLS:

Captain and only prefect: Mary Barton. Vice-Captain: Reo Raureti.

The Tainui girls have kept their reputation of a high standard in all fields of competition this year.

Tainui House came out the victors in the College Swimming Sports held at the new baths this year. The Junior and Senior Girls' Championships went to two of our girls, A. Shepherd and K. Christie respectively. We were also runners-up in the Athletic Sports with G. Morley winning the Junior Girls' Championship and R. Pitman, the Intermediate.

The girls' Softball team had two of our members, A. Carroll and J. Brown. First Basketball team representatives from Tainui were R. Pitman and A. Carroll. Those of our girls in the travelling College Athletic team were G. Morley, A. Jones and R. Pitman. Life Savers were A. Shepherd and M. Evans.

As always, Tainui House girls owe their grateful thanks to Mrs Aplin for her help and interest.

— M.E.

TOKOMARU HOUSE — BOYS:

House Captain: Kellie Beale. Vice-Captain: Alan Douglas.

This year commenced with what seemed to be a lean chance of gathering House honours, with no prefects, depleted numbers, and only one Sixth Former. K. Beale was transferred from Tainui to be House Captain, and then with our num-

bers strengthened by third formers, we regained our feet and have been able to compete more successfully this year than in the past.

We came second in the Swimming Sports in which F. McGrath, A. Douglas, S. Tipu, B. Jackson, G. Scobie and H. McLean all featured favourably. G. Scobie won the Intermediate Boys' Championship and with B. Jackson, he has played a prominent part in Life-Saving.

Tokomaru was well represented in the Athletic Sports which we won by a very comfortable margin. The outstanding competitors were: J. Tainui, Senior Champion; M. O'Connor, Intermediate Champion; B. Sturm, Runner-up in the Junior Championship; D. Giles, 3rd in the Junior Championship.

Representing the 1st Hockey XI were Beale, Scobie and Henare, and although we have few hockey players we were runners-up in the Inter-House Hockey competition.

In shooting, four out of the seven members of the College Shooting team, Beale, Scobie, Jackson and Helean, are from Tokomaru.

We have five of our members in the 1st Football XV — S. Tipu, A. Douglas, J. Peka, J. Tainui and M. O'Connor. With a fairly strong team we were second to Tainui in the Inter-House football competition.

TOKOMARU HOUSE — GIRLS:

House Mistresses: Miss Neill and Mrs Teague.

This year has been a successful year in many respects for the girls of Tokomaru House.

At the beginning of the year there was a determined effort, inspired by the House Captains, Ngahi Walker and Suzanne Peet, to improve the smartness of the uniforms. The girls even went as far as to invest in a House shoe-shining brush, and as a result, the House seldom occupies the bottom place in Uniform Inspection days which were commenced last year.

Girls in the House who distinguished themselves at sport are Janet Hagen, Senior Athletic Champion; Ann Horton, 3rd Junior Athletic Champion; Dianne Pickett, Winner of the Junior Oratory Cup; Judy Hohua, chosen to play in the Wairoa Representative Hockey Team.

A number of girls have worn the gold button presented by Mrs Teague for helpfulness. In the Athletic Sports our House took first place and in the Swimming sports, second place.

Our second basketball team, composed of Judy Beattie, Dorothy Hunn, Tania Robinson, Aroha Tekahu, Moana Beattie, Peggy Ferguson, Queenie Hodges, Pat Kane, Joyce Rose, was unbeaten in the Inter-House matches on Thursdays.

In all, we feel we have just reason to be proud of our House.

LITERARY SECTION

DISMAL DESMOND.

Desmond Clark was his name and I met him only a few weeks before he was killed. I read in the paper how the little man met his death and could not help thinking of the irony of the whole affair.

When I met him he was armed with his customary umbrella because "it usually rained." He had in his pocket the packet of aspirins for the headache the office girl's chatter gave him. He wore his goloshes because people were always getting electrocuted these days. A spare pair of spectacles were in his pocket just in case that clumsy old busy-body that acted as his secretary knocked his other glasses off his desk and broke them; and a wallet was in his pocket with his identification card and little else — motorists were so careless these days and his wife would be able to visit him without any delay in one of the hospitals. He had very little loose change in his pockets, for he would not be one of those elderly men robbed of all they had.

Doubtless he would have carried a revolver if the authorities had permitted him, but he comforted himself with the thought that his umbrella was strong and would stand him in good stead if he was attacked by any of the hooligans who crowded the streets.

It appears Desmond set out for the office as usual that morning, complete with umbrella, goloshes and aspirins. He had hardly rounded the corner when the rain came down. Up went his umbrella. He smiled smugly as he crossed the

street and saw the already nearly drenched people hurrying for shelter. Silly fools, they thought it would be fine to-day, but he knew . . .

He was crossing in front of the alley now—the alley where the trucks always rushed out and where Old Joe had been killed the previous week by one of them. Joe was another silly fool. He should have known how ruthless those truck drivers were. They waited for no old man to cross the alley front.

He had heard a roar that warned him of an oncoming truck. He scurried to the other side of the alleyway and turned by the lamp-post to watch the truck come out. Who knows, somebody might be as unfortunate as Old Joe. He sniggered a little at the prospect. The rain on his umbrella sniggered back.

The truck hurtled down the alley and swerved around the corner.

Crash!! A yell . . . Silence . . . Two lonely little white aspirins slowly dissolved in the puddle by the broken lamp-post. And still the rain came down.

— Kay McIntyre, VIB.

NEW CALEDONIA.

New Caledonia is a small funnel-shaped island lying in a North-easterly direction not far from the Dominion of New Zealand. It is 200 miles in length and 25 miles wide. The several small islands scattered around New Caledonia consists of the Loyalty Islands, which comprises the Mare, Lifou and Ouve'a, all dependent on rain water and plantations for their livelihood. The Isle of Pines or Kotu, which is called a small paradise with its coral grottos and trees lining the coral sand beaches. The Ouen, a small island, has only one white inhabitant living on it, an old lady who owns a large and picturesque property, where she often has tourists to stay.

The sea around New Caledonia is generally not safe for bathing, because of the stone-fish, sharks, octopus and stingrays, and the steepness of the sea bed, which slopes downwards very rapidly.

The Port of Noumea is sheltered by the Nou, an island where convicts were formerly kept, but which now is an asylum for lunatics, the most harmless of which, roam around the island at large. It is rather frightening to meet someone you do not know, and wonder if she or he is a lunatic.

The natives of the island are called Kanakas. They are dark and sturdily built, with fuzzy hair. The women are called "popinees" and wear brightly coloured "Mother Hubbard" frocks.

These natives travel from island to island in outrigger canoes which they make by hollowing out a tree. These canoes are very hard to overturn and it is impossible to sink them. Their sails are made from coconut cloth, but this is rapidly being replaced by canvas.

The native huts have a bamboo frame and are thatched with bundles of coconut leaves. In the centre of the hut is a pole which supports the frame-work. It is about a foot or more higher than the roof, and on top of this is perched a conch shell. Around the pole where it emerges from the roof, bundles of herbs are placed to keep away the evil spirits, for the New Caledonian natives are very superstitious. The door is narrow and low, with native carvings on each side. Inside it is very dark as there are no windows.

In summer time, the streets of New Caledonia are lined with flowering flamboyant trees with flowers all over the roads. This is the time when so many tourists come, and it is really a sight worth seeing.

The only native tree in New Caledonia is the Niaouli, which grows nowhere else in the world. It is a stunted eucalyptus, and is important for the essence it yields. It grows in the poor red clay soil and it covers most of the hill-sides.

Surrounding almost the whole island, is a coral reef, which can be explored at low tide, but even then it is dangerous, as the coral may break underfoot. But the danger is soon forgotten by tourists when they spy the different coloured fish and seaweed and the bright coral which soon loses its colour out of water.

The Cagou is the national bird of New Caledonia as the kiwi is New Zealand's. It has wings but cannot fly. Its cry is like that of a dog barking but the bird is rare and not often seen.

New Caledonia is a fast developing island centred round a mining industry, and the many people who visited this island during the war would not recognise it. The living conditions have improved and the people of New Caledonia are working all the time towards a better way of life.

— Rosamund Iorns, VIB.

THE CAT.

When the sun has risen above the hills,
 And the birds begin to sing,
 The old grey cat in all her glory,
 Arrives like the breath of spring.

Back from her nightly prowling,
 Back from her hours of fun;
 Now for a good drink of milk,
 And then to recline in the sun.

After a doze in the warmth of the morning,
 She sits up and prepares for her toilet,
 Licking here and licking there,
 No one must come and spoil it.

Then back to sleep she goes
 To dream of mice so gay.
 Of the ones that she has caught,
 And of the one that got away.

— J. Oldham, VP.

COLLEGE PARADE.

At 8.40 a.m. the first bell rings,
 We rush to our rooms as though we had wings.
 At 8.45 the next bell goes,
 And we're chased to our lines by prefects — our foes.
 At 8.47 the last one's rung.
 The First Assistant appears — with gown flying behind
 He strides down the quadrangle to take his place,
 Up on a window box so he can see every face.
 "Any more 'buses to come?" he asks,
 We answer, "Frasertown, Sir," — It's always the last.
 Then it arrives and it's silence for all,
 While he reads out the notices of interest to all.
 When everything's over — memories may fade,
 But all my life I'll look back on the College parade.

— Rosalie O'Sullivan, VMC.

ASSEMBLY.

8.50, the second bell's rung,
 And we dawdle to our places.
 The First Assistant mounts the steps,
 And surveys the sea of faces.

All chattering ceases a while after,
 And we stand silent in the cold.
 "Your lines aren't even, so
 Assembly at Interval," we are told.

The order is given and two by two,
 We hurry into the hall.
 "No talking now," we are reminded,
 "And please don't lean on the wall."

The staff enter and take their seats,
 Then there is a hymn and the prayer.
 After this, announcements are made, to which
 We all listen with care.

Assembly's over for the day.
 We go out into the sun
 And because it's late,
 To our class we all have to run.

— Rewa Teague, VP.

typical teenagers.

turn on the radio
relax for a while
because haleys playing music
rock and roll style

roll up the carpet
bring in the crowd
put a sign on the door
no squares allowed

dig that rhythm
start to rock
give those neighbours
one big shock

gosh here comes father
through the front door
un-roll the carpet
put it back on the floor

turn down the radio
completely relax
listen to stan freeberg
and his wisecracks.

— K. Boreham, VP.

ABRA CADABRA.**My Pet Rabbit.**

It's curled up asleep on our setee
As the family settles down for tea.
As we sit down to our scrambled eggs,
Abra Cadabra rubbing against our legs.
For now this little white woolly heap
Wakes as if by magic from his sleep.
Hopping round beneath the table,
Nipping the legs of Aunty Mabel.
A pat from Mother, a morsel from Dad,
A kick from junior, naughty lad.
But having achieved his main desire,
He's fighting the dog for a place by the fire.

— K. Boreham, VP.

AN ADDRESS TO A CAT.

You beautiful creature, my dear pussy cat,
You're never too thin and you're never too fat;
Your coat is so white, your eyes are so green,
But those claws are the sharpest I ever have seen!

Now, listen to me my dear pussy cat,
Please just sit on my lap, like that,
You're not very big, but you are very bad!
I think you have made my mother very sad.

You're so very young and do not know how,
But youth is the time and that time is now.
To learn to behave in a manner genteel,
And to keep outside when we're having our meal.

This evening, dear pussy, when we were at tea,
You laddered Aunt's stocking when climbing her knee.
Now never again, will you under the teatable play,
When we're having our Aunties and Uncles to stay.

— Ila Smith, VP.

ODE TO A CLASSROOM.

O Classroom you are always the same;
In the sun, the wind, the rain.
Same old blackboard by the door,
Same old inkspots on the floor.

O how many pupils have you known despair,
When the correct answer has not been there,
And seen the blank looks on their faces
When they hear of far off places?

How many teachers have you heard say,
"Less noise, please," in an exasperated way,
To pupils sitting at name-scarred desks,
Considering the teacher's innumerable requests?

O classroom, if you could only say
What has happened in some by-gone day.
O of what joys and sorrows could you tell,
All punctuated by the bell?

— Rewa Teague, VP.

A PERIOD IN THE HOME ARTS DEPARTMENT.

"It will have to be a good sponge,
Three eggs in it, let's take the plunge."
"I think two teaspoons of that is quite a lot
Let's only have one. Now where's the pot?"

"You forgot to put in the pinch of salt."

"Here it is and where's the mat?"

"Now girls, there's too much noise."

"If it doesn't turn out we can give it to the boys."

"My goodness time is nearly up.

Quick, let's put in the sugar. Where is the cup?"

"You hold it while I pour it in."

"Oh dear, it's going everywhere but in the tin."

"In the oven at last and time is up,

I feel like a drink, where is the cup?"

"Off you go, girls, and come back after."

And off to Maths we go, drowned in laughter.

— Caryl Mayo, VP.

IT'S GREAT FUN.

Each day at school we get some homework,
Homework, homework by the ton.
There's no school day we don't get homework.
Homework is fun.

English homework was abolished
Still we do it by the ton.
Yet we smile and work till midnight —
Homework is fun.

The threat of maths is always on us
Exercise one hundred and one.
Please Sir! Please Sir! Mercy on us —
Homework is fun.

Now you boys, let's see your homework.
What!!! You say it isn't done . . .
House-points, canings and detentions
Homework is fun.

There's mountains, heaps, there's stacks of homework,
Yet we try to beat the gun,
By copying out our neighbour's answers, for
Homework isn't fun.

— B. Aplin, VP.

FATHER'S GOOD DEED.

When father commenced his annual leave,
 Various plans he began to weave,
 He thought of the house, he'd have to paint soon,
 But settled on papering the sitting room.

He went to the shop to purchase his needs,
 Scrim, paste and paper to do his good deed.
 He borrowed a trellis and a shaky old ladder,
 And settled to work feeling much sadder.

He trimmed up the paper and pasted the back,
 Climbed up a ladder and a wasp did he smack,
 He realized with a sigh it was a great mistake,
 To slap at a wasp for in came his mate.

In his terrible effort not to be stung,
 He over-balanced and in mid-air he hung,
 He clawed at the paper which came off the wall,
 Then over he went, ladder, paste-pot and all.

— Rosalie Jones, VP.

THE SCOURGE OF SPORT.

For the last half-hour I have been trying to think of something that I hate more than being organised. By that I mean being continually told what to do, and how to do it, and when, all for some particularly futile purpose. As you can imagine, this pet aversion of mine causes me considerable trouble, especially at such delightful functions as Sunday School picnics and Girl Guide camps.

Now I am not in the least athletic, but I thoroughly enjoy playing a friendly game of basketball or tennis and swimming if the spirit moves me. The point I want to emphasise is that I enjoy a FRIENDLY game. It is very disconcerting to find that what I took to be a harmless game of tennis is in reality a matter of life or death to my opponent, and that the basketball game which I thought was just for practice ended up in a vicious free-for-all. Even in the water I am relentlessly pounded by all the other nymphs to race up and down the baths, hold my breath under water, or practice mock life-saving (usually nearly fatal for my patient).

But what irritates and humiliates me more than anything else is Physical Education. In my case this is nothing but a waste of time, as I have no desire to be simply rippling with muscles, neither do I feel that to be a contortionist is my mission in life. I can see nothing enviable in being able to walk on my hands. (Life is far too complicated already without looking at it upside-down), and the prized feat of leap-frogging over three chairs and a bench also holds no charm for me.

Our forbears managed to survive without all these strenuous and futile exercises, so why can't we? All this violence is surely not necessary to help us keep fit. I am not deformed in any way, but I feel that I soon will be if my acrobatic training is pursued much longer. I also have visions of an early grave.

All the atmosphere of seriousness, and the air of compulsion surrounding sport has, I am sure, destroyed the original idea of pleasure for which all games were developed. There seem to be few sports now which can be treated lightly. One has either to begin training seriously so that others will deign to play with one, or watch others exhibiting their prowess, placing a fairly good stake on one person, or side as the case may be. Both these courses cut me out altogether as I am not athletic in the least, neither have I money to throw away. My only resort seems to be to take up skipping, solitaire and jigsaw puzzles.

— June White, VMA.

ENDURING THE DENTIST'S DRILL.

I sit watching that switch while the dentist looks through my cards. I hear the rustle of a starched overall; a finger pushes down that switch and the inevitable red light shows. Let's hope it is only one filling! My legs begin to shake ever so slightly and I firmly plant my feet flat on the foot rest. A curious fluttering goes on in the region around my heart. The dentist selects a needle,

fits it in the drill head and turns towards me. My mouth opens automatically. I shut my eyes and wait for the first jar, and a subsequent tingle which goes right to my toes. We're off.

I open my eyes and try to see a reflection of the operation in my dentist's glasses, but cannot. My eyes shut again, but open to watch the renewing of the needle. An emptiness is felt in the cavernous region of my inner being, and I open my mouth wider as the drill comes towards me. I feel a jar, and settle down again. Surely he is almost on the nerve. It seems as if I am not meant to die young, because I can hear through the buzzing in my head, a voice saying "Finished. Please rinse that out. Amalgam, nurse;" and I sit up and watch my filling being prepared.

— June White, VMA.

ON WRITING A LETTER.

I sit at the window where a light wind is stirring the curtains. I cannot imagine where the wind comes from because nothing else is moving. Before me, on my writing desk, lie my pad and a packet of envelopes. I take an envelope and address it to "Miss H. A. Turnbull."

"Harriet Agnes Turnbull." I scribble the name on my blotting paper, studying it idly. What a dreadful name! But it suits Aunt Harriet—thin, ugly, pious Aunt Harriet. Outside, where the sun falls in little pools over the garden, I can hear the sound of laughter, children's laughter; and of a bird, "Churck-chuck-chuck-cheeka-cheeka," and of my father's spade softly thudding in the earth.

I take a sheet of paper, and begin to write, "Dear Aunt Harriet." I pause, biting my pen, and looking absently out into the garden. An aeroplane comes into sight, its wings glinting in the sun. Mr Greene, painting the roof of the next-door house, pauses to shade his eyes and watch the aeroplane. His little son, half-way up the ladder, pauses too, and forgets to wonder whether he will go up the ladder and "help" daddy or climb down to the ground again. Then the aeroplane has gone again, flying away over the steeple of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr Greene turns to his painting. His little son climbs down from the ladder and runs into the house. All is still again . . .

"Dear Aunt Harriet, I am writing to thank you for your Christmas present. I was so pleased to receive it." I remember that Christmas present, now as I sit at my window. It was a prayer book, a very ugly black prayer book. I stowed it away in my cupboard, and it is still there, covered with dust, probably unused and forgotten. But what can I say to Aunt Harriet about it? I scribble idly on the blotting paper. "It was such a lovely prayer book." But that is a deliberate lie! "I love prayer books." That is a lie too, and in addition, sounds quite ridiculous. "I take it to Church with me every Sunday." Another lie, but this time a white one, for it will please Aunt Harriet.

Something in the garden attracts my attention, some noise. I lean out of the window, straining my neck to see what it is. It sounds like a tennis ball bouncing against the wall. Yes, that is what it is. My sister is out there with her tennis racquet, idly hitting against the house. I call out to her but she does not hear me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see the letter. "Dear Aunt Harriet," I am writing to thank you for the Christmas present. I was so pleased to receive it." I brush back a lock of hair that has fallen over my face. In the garden, someone laughs.

"I take it to Church with me every Sunday . . .

— June White, VMA.

CAVING IN THE WAIKATO.

Early on the morning of May 18, 1957, six of us set out from Hamilton and Otorohanga to spend the weekend caving at Gidgeon's. These caves are not commercialised and because of their remoteness and inaccessibility, their beauty has been preserved.

After leaving the van, we followed a path and then turned off into the valley, pushing our way through the reverted growth and sliding down mud tracks. We arrived at the entrance of "Lucky Strike" at about ten o'clock. Here we filled our lamps with carbide and water and made sure that they were functioning satisfactorily. Instead of entering the cave with the stream, we climbed up and through

a hole on an upper level. There the going was tricky and I was relieved when a helping hand assisted me as I jumped over a dark, gaping fissure. Then came the rope descent to stream-level. Care had to be taken in negotiating the pool at the foot of this climb, as one slip would end in a thorough ducking. There was some grotesque formation, mostly high up in narrow passages near the entrance. In contrast to them, was the sandwich on an upper level, with its fine crystal pools and curious stalagmite formations. The large, flat ceiling was festooned with lines of straw stalactites, some of curious shapes. Through this chamber was a pretty little pool, with strong white pillars arranged in a rectangle around its edges — a perfect Cleopatra's Bath.

The grotto of "Queen Victoria" was remarkable. Here in this upper chamber, effigies of great men decorate the walls, curious clubbed stalactites like medieval weapons adorn the ceiling. The staircase is formed by rimstone pools bordered with calcite crystals, and is all of the purest white. The several crystal pools are large and there is much fragile straw formation and some beautiful filigree work. The high levels vary between twenty and forty feet above stream level.

We stopped and had lunch at the "Large Cavern." Here the formation cannot be compared with the delicate whiteness of the upper levels, for it is orange in colour and much of it has a dismal coating of mud. Lunch was soon over and we were again on the move—mainly to keep warm.

As we had seen all that was worth seeing in this cave we began to retreat to the entrance and dry clothes. The rope was climbed without any incidents and we regained the outer world about two in the afternoon. The wind was biting as we pushed our way against it. Our wet clothes clung to us but they were quite dry by the time we reached the van.

Sunday brought another cold day, so it was with reluctance that we dragged ourselves out of our warm sleeping bags, and then into damp, cold, caving gear after breakfast.

It was drizzling when we left Gudgeon's for Waipura, but this did not dampen our spirits. We plodded through the fern to the entrance of the "Waipura." A track has been worn down through the mud slide, and even with heavy rains it was not too slippery. At the bottom of this we filled our carbide lamps and began the descent of a depth ranging between 150 and 170 feet. No rope was used. The climb down to the stream was easy and very few tricky bends were encountered. Once down, we had to wade through fairly shallow water. In one place we had to weave our way between huge stalactites and pretty blanket formations. (This blanket formation resembles rashers of bacon). In another, the ceiling would be high above and the stalactites were dwarfed in the vastness. We soon reached "The Studio" and climbed up to this magnificent chamber. The formation here is varied and consisted of many stalactites and stalagmites and shawl formations. Most of the fine stalactites were of pure glistening white. One of the pool-basins was empty of water and contained a forest of inch-high crystalline trees. Of particular interest in this cavern is the "Wedding Cake" — a fine formation of flawstone, resembling a tiered cake and a tall slender stalagmite about as thick as a man's clenched fist and over six feet high.

We returned to the stream-level and continued upstream until the mud floor sloped steeply towards the roof. Here is the mud crawl, leading to the "Leaning Tower of Pisa" chamber. Well, it starts out as a crawl, but quickly diminishes into a flat-out "wriggle." The Leaning Tower of Pisa is a huge stalagmite, leaning at a precarious angle. The ceiling is profusely hung with stalactites and the floor contains many rimstone pools. We climbed into the bedding-plane. (The sandwich). This crawl was most severe on the hands and knees, for the floor was of dripstone, with coral-like formations. The roof was like an inverted pin-cushion, the mass of delicate straws made it inadvisable to lift our heads.

After spending much time scrambling around and climbing over jagged obstacles, we finally wriggled out from the P.P. (particularly poor) Cave. Now we were in the bush. The supple-jack, which hung invitingly, was not to be relied on for preventing a weary caver from slipping on a slimy limestone outcrop. We came out into Happy Valley and very soon we were back in dry clothes, packing to return to Otorohanga and civilization.

— Edith Norgrove, VC.

MILKING A COW.

Milking a cow is simple, extremely so when you know how. With a quiet and easy cow you can almost go to sleep while doing it — just as one sometimes sees old ladies dozing while they knit. When I first saw a cow being milked, I knew instantly that I could do it, but when I tried, somehow the milk would not come. No amount of instruction can teach you to milk, but you yourself must learn by experience. When one is learning to milk, it is only by chance that the first few squirts go into the bucket. They generally go into your boots or into your eyes. Perhaps in describing the milking of a cow it would be best to start right from the beginning. First, you must have a cow to milk; secondly you must catch her; and between the two operations much can happen.

One evening when I was rounding up the cows, I found that the long expected event had happened — the heifer that had been running with the herd for a few days had produced a calf. On seeing me she considered that her job was finished and heartlessly abandoned her baby and walked away with the herd. After much coaxing and petting I found that the calf refused to walk and so I had to carry it. As I struggled along behind the cows I realized that the calf was very heavy and that calves generally like being carried, and this one had a look of utmost satisfaction on its face.

On arrival in the neighbourhood of the milking-shed I first had to dispose of the calf, which was a great pity. If Fairy had shown any interest in it I could have used the calf as a decoy and got her into the shed easily. Now all of the cows had to be crowded up together with Fairy in the midst, in order to get her into the yard. All was well until just as Fairy was about to enter the yard, another cow turned round and round her, causing her to change her mind. Deciding to go back up the paddock, she quickly walked through the muck until I vainly endeavoured to stop her. As I ran, my gum-boots suddenly became stuck in the mud and as they were not fitting too tightly, my feet slipped out of the boots and there I was — in the mud with my socks on. The quickest course now, I thought, was to remove the socks and chase the heifer with my bare feet in the gum-boots. After several times round the paddock, I felt I could not go any further. Fairy turned towards the shed once more and by keeping her going too fast to change her mind, I got her into the yard where I hoped the worst was over.

The next step was to get her into the stall. One way was to milk some of the cows, leaving more space for manouevres, while Fairy was given the opportunity to contemplate the scene and get used to it. When her turn came, there was much pushing and shoving to get her into the shed itself. At last I got her up to a stall filled by an old cow that was not easily upset. The door was opened, out went the cow, and Fairy followed, lured by the sight of the outside world. What a shock she got when the door slammed in her face and a chain was rapidly fastened behind her. I had caught her out by an old trick that never fails. Her first reaction was to back out, but finding that impossible, she attempted to turn round and slipped down on the floor. When she rose, I promptly put a rope around her nearest hind leg and tied it back. This was another surprise for Fairy, and she found that she could quite easily stand on three legs and with a swift to-and-fro motion of the hind leg, splattered mud on everything and everyone that was unwary enough to be within range. She then tried standing on two legs but collapsed on to the floor. She resolutely defied all attempts to make her rise. A little water had to be poured in her ears before she changed her mind. When once more she was on her feet, I proceeded to wash all the dirt off her udder, quite a big task, as she was now very dirty. Seating myself on a stool, the next move was to start the actual milking, while Fairy performed a bovine tap-dance. Here great care was necessary, until I had determined exactly where the milk was going to squirt. Grasping the teats firmly, I now proceeded to squeeze out the contents but I soon found that the calf had done this so well that there was hardly any milk left. I removed the leg rope, opened the door and Fairy walked out into freedom once more, her first lesson as a dairy cow being finished.

— Rosalie Jones, VP.

RIVER IN FLOOD.

Swift and swirling, the river felt its way to the sea, taking whatever shortcuts it could find, not hesitating to cut across a paddock where sheep or cattle were grazing, as long as it could rid itself of its burden as quickly as possible. The rain

had come down almost continuously for the last week without stopping for more than a few minutes. The surplus water resulting from this proved to be too large a burden for the river and it burst its banks, spilling the water over the nearby countryside.

People driven from their homes by the dirty, grey water that had been spewed from the river which had released its destructive forces over the countryside, made their way to higher ground and safety, taking with them their most valued possessions. Perhaps just a small box or a parcel, but always something much valued by its owner.

Heavy trucks rolled slowly along the water-covered road, working feverishly to transport the livestock to safety. Although the flood-waters had flowed over the road for several days, it still remained firm, though the truck drivers had to guess where the road was. Several trucks had slithered into the ditches but were soon pulled back on to "terra firma" by other trucks.

Continually, the radio announcer at the radio station, repeated flood warnings and announced whether the water level had risen since the last announcement. The same thing after every recording, over and over again. "People in the . . . district are warned that the river is still rising fast and there appears to be no improvement in the weather whatsoever . . ."

Finally the water receded, displaying a layer of silt on everything that had been within its reach. The pastures for the stock, the flower bed of silt. The floor of the previously flooded houses were covered with silt and the furniture and walls have a water mark on them reminding people of the height of the flood. When the people who had been driven from their homes returned, nothing seemed to be the same; perhaps there was a large bog just outside the front door, where there used to be a concrete path bordered by flower beds. That which had taken years to accomplish had to be started again.

— N. Clough, VP.

MOMOKAI .

Momokai, which means "waste food," is the highest peak in the Nuhaka district. It rises to the height of 3,000 feet. How did it get its name? This is a question that has puzzled many people. The story of how it got its name has been told and retold through the ages.

In the eighteenth century there were wars raging between the different Maori tribes. At that time the North Auckland tribe which was called the Ngapuhi Tribe was fighting against the Nuhaka Tribe who were called the Rakaipakai Tribe. The Rakaipakai Pa was built on the top of Momokai. The Pa was so well fortified that the Ngapuhis could not enter it without being driven back by the Rakaipakais. One day when the Ngapuhis were about to attack the Rakaipakai Pa, they were astonished to see the Rakaipakai people throwing food down at them in kitfuls and singing at the same time. All this was to celebrate the birth of the chief's son. When the Ngapuhi chief, Pomare, heard of the birth of the chief's son, he immediately asked the chief if he would call the baby after him, and if the chief did this, Pomare and his warriors would leave the Rakaipakais in peace.

— Awhi Pere, VC.

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

This vast movement was founded by Lord Baden-Powell, who was a famous scout at the siege of Mafeking. He first thought of Boy Scouts as a means by which boys could be trained to serve the community in time of war. During the Mafeking siege, he trained most of the boys in the town as runners and messengers. The boys behaved excellently and on Lord Baden-Powell's return to England he was urged to teach boys there. He did this and was surprised to find that the boys enjoyed it. Thus he founded the Boy Scout Movement.

The boy scouts, although belonging to a secular organization are expected to attend a church of some kind each week. The laws of the organization comply with the laws of any British Commonwealth country and are quite sensible.

The scouts are taught to cook, sleep out in the open, track animals and humans, signalling, knot-tying and independence. They must also know a little first aid and artificial respiration and if they wish they may pass tests in map-reading, housekeeping and other useful vocations.

The Boy Scout Association keeps boys occupied after school and in the evenings if they manage to do all their homework. Especially in urban areas this

is very important as many boys may be led into mischief if they have nothing to do.

Many of the subjects in which instruction is given at Boy Scout meetings would be most useful for country boys, but they are not able to attend very often. To overcome this in New Zealand, a Lone Scout Movement has been formed. The instructions are posted out and a lone scout only has to see a scout master to pass his tests.

This Movement is a very good organisation and of great help in a community. It trains future citizens to be upright, honest, and reliable.

— G. Smith, VP.

BIRD WATCHING.

Bird watching during the spring-time has often been a source of interest to me. For many years I collected birds' eggs, but one day my collection was sat on and that ended that.

Armed with half a loaf of stale bread and a little of the fowl's wheat, I would set off in my oldest clothes. Quite often it was to the river bank that I went. Usually I could see a few ducks there, and also, if I was lucky, a pair of kingfishers.

It was necessary to be very quiet and still to watch them, for they flew at the slightest movement. Sometimes they would make a quick dart from a tree to the water and come up with a struggling silver herring. I must say that they are better fisherman than I am.

Another time I would cycle to my friend's farm and from there go and watch the tuis in the bluegums. Once we were frightened by magpies. It was there, too, I found chaffinches' eggs. Naturally we never took an egg unless there were four or five in the nest.

I don't have much time for bird-watching now, unfortunately, but instead I keep two budgerigars in a cage. They are bright little things and I enjoy having them very much.

— Kathleen Wade, VP.

A SUCCESS STORY.

Success, this thought was foremost in the withered old man's mind as he hobbled up the paved steps and pressed the elaborate door-bell. The door was duly opened by an immaculately dressed and conscientious butler.

"Is the master — Sir John at home? I want to speak to him."

"But, sir," remarked the butler as he inspected the withered old man, "that's impossible. Sir John left special orders that he was not to be disturbed."

"Tell him it's old Mr McAllister."

As the butler entered the luxuriously furnished library where the master sat smoking a cigar, before the blazing fire, the old man shuffled in behind him.

"Excuse me, sir."

"Ah. Please do forgive my intruding, Sir John."

"Why, Mr McAllister. How are you? It's a long time since I last saw you. Make yourself comfortable."

As the host, a fashionably attired man in his middle fifties with iron-grey hair, a set face, and unusually bright blue eyes, sped through the formalities, the old man muttered.

"Aye, lad, you've come a long way."

The old man remembered how little Johnnie Blake, a freckle-faced lad with intelligent blue eyes, used to sit on an old log by the riverside with a school book clutched in his grubby fingers. This strange child, son of a no-good bully and a toil-worn mother who lived in a filthy, over-crowded unsewered hovel, interested the older folk.

"Aye, young Johnnie could really go places if he had the break," they used to sigh.

Although he was laughed at, and scorned, his desire to learn was never dulled. As he grew, he became friendly with an old woman whose lawns he mowed on Saturdays. As time passed, the boy began to express his feelings to this rather sympathetic old spinster, who taught him secretly. Then one day, disaster struck, the old woman was rushed to the hospital in a seriously ill condition, where, unknown to the tormented lad, she bequeathed all her earthly goods into his possession.

With the aid of his benefactress's money, encouragement from his mother and the local parson, and much determination and effort on his part, the lad had succeeded in becoming an engineer.

His one ambition had been to become engineer in the local mines. As such, he had become a wealthy land-owner, a cultured and considerable man, who in spite of his success had not forgotten his very bitter youth in the poorer section of the town.

— Devon Raureti, VP.

THE SWIMMING SPORTS.

Why do we have swimming sports? Is it because we have a tradition to be kept; is it just a routine event or is it because it affords another chance of friendly rivalry between the School Houses? To some people, it may mean one of these, and to some, especially those who enjoy swimming as a sport, it is an event in which they prove their prowess as swimmers and show their standard of sportsmanship.

The sports were set for the seventh of March and the great day arrived. The weather was fine, the swimmers were fine, but the water — oh dear, what happened? Someone sarcastically suggested the Third Formers collected spirogyra and amoeba from the water in the baths, for their science. The spectators, or the pupils at least, felt fine or did we? It appeared to the harassed Staff that all the pupils could not be present all morning at the baths. The Third Formers spent all morning there, the Fourths spent the last two periods there. The long-suffering Fifth and Sixth Formers spent the last forty-five minutes of the morning marching to the baths, watching two or three races and then returning to school.

Then came a faint glimmer of hope. Why couldn't we seniors return at sports period to strengthen the audience? None of us pupils saw any reason why we shouldn't. Then came the blow. No one except the competitors was to leave the school grounds that afternoon. We were cross and disgusted or were we? Some felt that perhaps a good game of tennis would be just as pleasant. There were, however, some pupils who learnt land-drill and lifesaving, and we were told that we would be allowed to go down to the baths. Three cheers for Miss Edser.

We joyfully made our way down to the baths. The competitors were poised on the edge of the bath. Then off they dived into the water, and put all their strength into long, strong strokes, which brought them at length to the finishing line. The swimmers were helped out and the winner suitably congratulated.

All too soon the sports were over. We collected our belongings and hurried to our buses, but not before we heard the results of the House competition. Three cheers for Tainui, the best House in the College. Who would be in anything but the best anyway? Did we enjoy ourselves that day? Of course we did! I was especially thrilled because it was the first time I had ever seen the baths or swimming sports.

— Ila Smith, VP.

HOMEWORK.

Homework is a subject on which much has already been said and on which people will continue to express their opinions for many a day to come, unless the unfortunate subject is removed from the programme of the average scholar. By the unfortunate subject, I mean, that homework is a subject which has been beaten mercilessly and generally ill-treated. It has formed the basis for many a trivial war among fond parents who agree that homework is a plain waste of valuable time and teachers who declare that it is necessary and beneficial. What is this upheaval in aid of? It all begins when the new Third Former John, comes home from school and proudly declares that he has hours and hours of homework to do. More often than not, he is glad of an excuse to escape dishes or some equally distasteful job. He settles down happily while Mother tackles his chores for him. Father remembers his own school days, "the good old days," when homework was unheard of. Of course he disgustedly decides on the spur of the moment that homework is an evil necessity only because the normal schoolday is cluttered with sport, films and various other unnecessary activities. Now, instead of all those things, the children were taught "to read, write and count," and also some of the various principles of science, perhaps homework would have remained unheard of. Parents would also receive more help from their offspring and the world would be a much happier place; so thinks Father.

Mother just washes the dishes and sadly thinks of her poor little son working at school work when he should have been playing with the neighbours' boys or spending a night at the pictures. John dutifully piles up his books and then reads his favourite comic. Later on in the evening he scurries through a fragment

of homework and then retires to the living room and announces that his homework is done.

The first exam arrives and then the second, and the fond parents compare results. Parents whose children have made no brilliant result, declare homework is useless. Others maintain that homework is vitally important.

People have their own opinions and must of course be led by them, but I do think that there is a remedy if people would just stop and work it out.

— Ila Smith, VP.

NIGHT AND DAWN.

When the dying flame of day
Has shot its last burning ray,
When the breeze has cooled the ground,
When the birds are in their nests safe and sound,
The moths come out to play at night
And flit around a traveller's light.
Oh! beautiful moths, drab moths, moths of colour divine,
Come and lend colour to the night of shadows.

When the red streaks of dawn light the sky
When the clouds go scudding past on high,
When the sun peeps o'er the hill,
All the world seems quiet and still.
The shadows lengthen, the birds awake
A kingfisher flies and skims o'er the lake
It dips its wings and catches its food
And takes worms and fish to its brood.

— Jennie Norgrove, IVC.

WIND.

O wild north wind that blows the Autumn leaves,
And sends shivers up a human's sleeve,
O wild north wind that rushes o'er the plains,
And roars over the snowy mountains.

O, playful little breeze,
That rustles the dewy leaves,
And blows the paper all away
From the book left yesterday.

O, be still, wild and rowdy hurricane,
Stop your mad gallop over the plain,
Take heed of the ways of life,
And have pity on the creatures of the land.

— Jennie Norgrove, IVC.

EARLY MORNING.

The city slept. The sun began to rise slowly above the grey, slate rooftops, its rays, which by noon would be hard and piercing, making them for just a moment into things of beauty. The dew-spangled grass sparkled in the tiny pocket handkerchiefs of back gardens as though they were covered with thousands of tiny diamonds. Then in the distance I heard the rattle of the first tram. Soon the factories would begin to belch thick clouds of black smoke. The beauty of the morning would be gone.

— Marion Fraser, IVP.

NIGHT.

The wind dragged her black chilly skirt behind her, as she kissed the sleeping children's cheeks, and ran howling down the darkened street, lifting and hurling gleefully, every piece of paper in her way, tangling the hair of the weeping willow on the banks of the ice-cold river.

The moon, having trekked tiredly around the world, trying to catch the sun, had glanced down into the valley, but seeing the peaceful village, shone forth in all her glory, admiring her lovely, pale face, in the swift running waters of the river below.

— Poppie Andrews, IVMA.

THE ACROBAT.

He rose slowly and purposefully. He stood there, on the creaking wooden platform, high above the heads of the hushed crowd. His head was tilted backward and his eyes uplifted, as if in silent prayer.

Outside, the howling wind snatched at the great top's taut wires and sang wildly as it beat against the brown, weathered canvas. The lightning flashed. The thunder boomed like thousands of great drums.

The acrobat's knuckles showed white, as he gripped the narrow steel bar. He drew a deep breath. He leant backward. He raised himself up on to his toes, and then dived outward. His toes were straight and his legs before him. He flew as gracefully as a seagull across the vast, cold emptiness. His dark blue, spangled tights flashed in the coloured spotlights. The muscles on his strong body tightened visibly as he twisted on, and rolled over the thin piece of steel which was suspended by only two slender lengths of nylon rope. What a picture of ease and perfection was he, as he did these nerve-wracking feats. How excellently he timed those beautiful swan-like dives. After three long minutes he swung back to that small wooden platform. How lonely that frail little structure looked, high up, near the great canvas roof. How tiny that young man looked, as he resined his hands and braced himself for the final feat. His catcher swung, from another platform, out into the spotlight. He hung there in readiness, because if he failed in his job, a life would be ended untimely. The young acrobat, now that all was ready, clutched the bit of steel. Rivers of sweat flowed down his pale cheeks. "Take a grip of yourself. You can do it. Relax!" cried a voice from inside of him. He wiped the sweat away. He again took hold of the trapeze. He rose on his toes, and away he flew. Then, he was alone in space. His small bit of steel and rope, swung back alone. What would happen? His lithe body twitched, twisted, and then rolled into that difficult pattern through which few had survived. It was over. Where was his catcher? There he came, swooping toward him. "Oh God, guide me," they both prayed. The young acrobat dived downward. The catcher swooped upward. Then, contact! They gripped each other's wrists and hurtled back. The strain was felt. They must not let go of each other. The platform loomed in sight. Then the catcher let him go. Dropped him on to that small, creaking platform. The feat was completed.

— Elizabeth Gollop, IVP.

THE LISTENERS.

For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder and lifted his head:—
'Tell them I came and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake.

So said Walter de la Mare. But as to the questions buzzing through your head. Who were the listeners? Who was the Traveller? What did de la Mare mean by "the one man left awake?" Perhaps we shall never know. But perhaps if we were to go back, back through time we could find the answers to the questions.

If we were to go back to the Middle Ages we might see a lonely cart making its way along a rough track.

The cart is drawn by a donkey and in it are seated four men. But wait! One of them is speaking. If we draw closer possibly we will be able to hear what he is saying.

"Tis well that we are not frightened of ghosts, for I have never in my life seen such a desolate piece of country, and night is drawing on fast." His companions greet this remark with a stony silence and he continues —

"Well, say something, are you all dumb?"

"Tis you that is dumb, Jem. Do you not know that our last performance was a failure?" answers one of his companions dolefully.

"But our next will be a success. I feel it in my bones. See, there is a castle in the distance."



ATHLETIC TEAM, 1957.

Back Row: W. Cookson, G. Single, P. Beer, N. Stewart, N. Paul, J. Tainui, J. Peka, R. White.
 Middle Row: J. Wairau, M. O'Connor, W. Matairangi, Ann Horton, Rachel Walker, R. Sturm
 D. Gills, W. Pere.

Front Row: Glenys Morley, Janet Hagen, Amiria Jones, Audrey Moroney, Elizabeth Seyb,
 June Halpin, Riki Pitman, Joyce Johnston, Lancelty Taylor.



COLEMAN SHIELD TEAM, 1957.

Back Row: 2Lt. Thain, Sgt. I. Duncan (Capt.), W.O.II K. Beale, Sgt. G. Scobie.
 Front Row: L/Cpl. K. Muir, Sgt. A. Hedley, Cpl. M. Helean, L/Cpl. B. Jackson.
 Absent: Cdt. T. Whatuira.



GIRLS' FIRST SOFTBALL TEAM, 1957.

Back Row: Amiria Carroll, Agnes Smith, Rachel Walker, Issy Brown, Judith Denton.
 Front Row: Horiana Whatuira, Alice Brown (Capt.), Laura Edwards.



GIRLS' FIRST HOCKEY XI, 1957.

Back Row: Nene Horsfall, Rona Kahukura, Agnes Smith, Ann Paul, Maude Smith,
 Messines Mita.
 Front Row: Judy Hohua, Edith Norgrove, Kaka Kahukura, Kay McIntyre, Rangi Wairau.

So apparently they are a band of minstrels travelling from castle to castle with their songs, music, plays and jokes. As they draw nearer to the castle the darkness falls around them.

"Are we not fortunate to find a shelter for the night. I tell you, my friends, our luck is changing."

They reach the castle. In answer to a loud "Hullo" from the man called Jem, the drawbridge falls into place and the gates open. They enter the castle courtyard.

"But this is strange. Where are the people of the castle?" says one of the men. They separate, each of them certain that he will be the one to solve the mystery. Our friend Jem takes the nearest doorway and after passing through it, wanders along several passages. Suddenly he hears three terrified screams and then silence. He turns and runs into the courtyard. He stands there trembling and looking around him in a frightened manner. Then comes a chorus of unearthly and bloodcurdling laughs and then he hears the voice —

"Your friends are dead, Jem," it says, "and you will be going the same way unless — unless you will promise to go to the Tower in Bowen Wood and say that you were sent from McKenzie Castle."

Then the laugh comes again, even more terrifying than before. Jem turns and flees.

"Remember," echoes the voice after him, "Remember."

He runs across the drawbridge and jumps into the cart frantically whipping the donkey who seems to have caught something of the ghostly atmosphere of the castle, for he requires no persuasion to gallop away as fast as his four legs will carry him.

But Jem never forgot his promise to the voice in the castle and that is why he found himself outside the castle several years later. No one answered his knock but . . .

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup
And the sound of iron on stone
And how the silence surged softly backward
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

— Marion Fraser, IVP.

READING AT ITS BEST.

Books, pieces of paper with thousands of words jammed between two stiff covers? No, a book is more than that; it is a work of art, written by someone who has spent months and even years preparing it.

Everybody has a different taste but personally my favourite books belong to two completely different classes. The old classics never fail to absorb me so deeply into their thrilling stories that I quite often forget my surroundings and am back in the graveyard with Pip and the convict in "Great Expectations;" out on the dusty road with David Copperfield or in the thick of a fight with the Three Musketeers. The characters become no longer beings heard of in some dingy class-room—they become alive, as old friends. After reading "A Christmas Carol," how can one ever forget the character of old Scrooge—the hard, cruel miser, who became the kindest man in the neighbourhood.

Then there is a completely different class of book: travel—both fiction and fact. Often while I am reading one of these books I think "How wonderful it would be to be there." Yes, that is how the better travel books make you feel—you long to go and see yourself. Some people I have met have said with scorn, "Travel! As bad as a geography lesson!" but I think that these people have never read a travel book with the idea of really enjoying it. Through the pages you read, and on every page a fresh adventure, a new town, a humorous incident, a geography lesson comes to life.

Reference books hold a high place in my scale of books. Their long rows of figures, their diagrams and maps all fascinate me. A reference book is, of course, not a book one reads from cover to cover, but there is something for everyone in its hundreds of pages.

Reading, to me, is not some uninteresting homework, but something I look forward to every night.

— D. Edmunds, IVP.

EMPTY GARAGE.

The garage stood in a small patch of bush. Its only door hung by a rusty old hinge, barely managing to keep it up except for a rust-covered nail. The roof made of long gone sun-baked bricks and tiles, still kept the rain out, because Mother Nature, always waiting, had woven a blanket of vines from spouting to spouting. Inside, all along the rafters, signs of nesting birds could be seen. Even vegetation grew, in one corner a vine sent forth its tiny leaves, longing for a peep at the sun that shone through the dust-covered, cobwebbed, single window.

It was in this aged building that I spent the night. I was on a hike and was fortunate enough to find a truck that led me here. So I unpacked my gear, and ventured to find out about my lodgings for the night.

After browsing around a while, I picked up a charred object. It was a piece of four by two building board, with a number of rusty nails in it. Evidently a house had once flourished where I now stood and had been burned down. I wondered why the bush hadn't gone up with it.

That night as I lay in my bed, the wind sent forth weird, hair-raising moans. Even the trees creaked and swayed before the wind. Now and again, the owl sent forth a choked cry of tu-whit-to-who, then silenced itself, sending a chill down my spine. All through the night, rats, the dirty creatures, kept coming out of their holes to try and eat the scraps. So I had to dispose of a few with my air-rifle.

Even the boards responded to the wind. They creaked and groaned like old men, complaining of rheumatism and overgrown bunions. Yes, gladly did I greet the first streaks of dawn. Strange! everything seemed quiet, even the wind had reduced itself to gentle morning breezes that touched my face and cooled it.

The garage looked nicer now than when I first arrived. The door was wide open to the warm sun streaming in.

It was going to be a glorious day.

— J. Kingi, IVMA.

A WET DAY AT HOME (Mother's Point of View).

There is one thing I dislike and that is a wet day when there is no school. There are children everywhere, H.....'s, S.....'s, D.....'s, G.....'s. They jump all over the furniture, throwing cushions at each other, arguing, crying, laughing, yelling and screaming and sometimes I even catch someone behind a door lighting matches and burning paper and sometimes I even catch a child smoking.

It is like Hades on earth.

You are preparing a meal when you hear a scream of agony and a flow of bad language. You drop everything and run into the room to help the victim of a fight or a great misdoing. You get into the room and find a freckle-faced little horror sitting on the floor, crying his eyes out, because someone took his toy truck. Then when they have all gone home, you sit in the nearest chair and pray that the next wet day won't be for a very long time.

— J. Simpson, IVP.

AIR DISASTER.

It was shortly before the end of the war, in the little village of Weston, in Hertfordshire. It was not unusual at this time to see a squadron of aircraft overhead, returning from raids in Europe; and so one morning at about nine o'clock, when a squadron of United States heavy bombers loomed out of the morning mist it was hardly noticed until one of the formation started acting rather strangely. The spectators soon realised that it was on fire and obviously out of control. There was a strong wind blowing and the Americans were flying, as they always did, in very close formation. Suddenly there was a blinding flash and one of the largest explosions I have ever heard. The bomber had exploded in mid-air. The sky was filled with metal and parachutes, only one of them carrying anyone, and this was carrying two men who both landed safely, though one had a broken leg. These two men were the only survivors of this terrible crash.

One crash was bad enough, but the horrified villagers now noticed that flames were spurting from yet another of the giant planes, whose engine was obviously failing. The pilot must have been a very brave man because instead of

jettisoning his bombs and parachuting to safety as he could quite easily have done, he remained at the controls of his blazing aircraft and guided it out over the countryside and dropped his bombs in a field. Unfortunately he did not notice a small cottage nestling among some trees — a bomb went through the roof, killing an old lady and a small boy. No sooner had the last bomb left the aircraft when, with another deafening explosion, the plane blew up in mid-air, killing everybody on board.

Undoubtedly my family and other villagers of Weston, owe their lives to the bravery of this pilot who killed himself to save the lives of those in the village below.

— D. Edmunds, IVP.

THE VISIT TO THE BRIDGE.

"A visit to the bridge," we all shouted. We were certainly excited. The captain had told us we could go. We formed into lines and marched to the bridge under the eyes of two stewards. Through the first class deck we went, through big saloons, along corridors and past cabins, up on deck and past the swimming pools and the mast and came out at last on the bridge.

The helmsman was looking out at the never-ending ocean as he steered the ship. A boy asked, "Can we steer the ship?" The Captain consented, as there was another steering wheel near-by. We all took turns at steering the ship, feeling so important. We did not want to leave, but there were other things in store for us.

A man led us down a short passage and into a chilly-looking room. Instruments were placed around the room giving it a silvery look. It made me shiver. The man told us the purpose of being there. There is a tape-recorder going to be started. We'll sing a song, what shall we sing?"

"Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer," a boy cried out, as his friend had a red nose. His friend protested. We did not want to start. There were many coughs, sneezes and giggles before we started. We were a funny-looking group of children. There were boys dressed in pirate-suits and costumes of many different countries, and as waiters and stewards. The girls were dressed as boys, dolls and many nursery characters.

When it was replayed back to us we burst out laughing. Most of us could recognise other voices and coughs. We arrived back on our own familiar deck to see with surprise, a long, long table, laden with delicacies.

We had fun! Crackers were pulled, balloons blown up and often burst, and streamers were scattered everywhere. Some balloons went floating out to sea. Balloons on the decks were billowed from one end to the other. Streamers floated one moment on top of the waves and gone the next. The whole deck looked like the Christmas trees in Trafalgar Square. That day had certainly been exciting—a day I shall always remember.

— Margaret Gibson, IVP.

ANOTHER FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

One Friday afternoon I arrived home from school and to my delight my father told me that we were going to spend the weekend at Lake Waikaremoana. He then gave me a beautifully varnished trout rod and my own fishing licence, of which I was very proud.

Arriving at the motor camp we unpacked and settled down in a small cabin. Before going to bed, I spent a considerable time learning how to assemble my rod and tie my cast. The following morning at the early hour of half-past five, while Mum prepared breakfast, Dad and I went to make ready the boat which we had hired the night before. While Dad fixed his outboard motor to the boat, I went and fetched the heavy oars from the shed. After a hearty meal and a quick wash-up, the three of us, laden with gear, set off down the muddy track to the boat. We packed our provisions, rowed out from the shore, started the motor and we were off.

As it was an exceptionally calm day I could see as I looked down into the water, hundreds of grey submerged tree stumps and the many different water weeds which covered the floor of the lake. Every now and then the calmness of the Lake was disturbed by a rising fish. As we entered Rosy Bay, Dad stopped the engine and we drifted quietly along. After drifting awhile I had some strenuous rowing lessons, but as I made very little progress the engine was started.

We were just leaving Rosy Bay when the line with which I was trolling, pulled. My heart thumped. Was it a fish? No, Dad had only pulled the line in fun. Disgusted at this misleading trick, I did not speak for about five minutes. I was still thinking what I would have done if it had been a real trout, when suddenly, the line pulled again. Yes, it was a fish this time. As I was reeling in the fish it gave a jump and was gone. We were all extremely disappointed.

During the course of the day my father caught a five-pound rainbow trout but unfortunately I was not so successful. We ate all the food we had taken and I had some successful rowing lessons. We were returning home, when we were fascinated by a lonely shag. It would dive and would re-appear in the most unexpected place. This held our interest until eventually it rose from the water and flew away out of sight.

— Ngaire Tonkinson, IVP.

SAFE.

As he opened the door and casually flicked the light switch on, Paul was unaware of the movement behind the door of the kitchen. An intruder perhaps? Paul was very tired after a long day at the office and after the dark street his eyes were unaccustomed to the light.

Everything was silent. The fire was out.

"Angela must be in bed already," he muttered.

"She usually waits up for me." He moved to the table and dropped the mail on to it.

He looked around — he turned around. "That's funny!" he whispered. "Must be outside."

With a frown creasing his forehead, and rubbing his short black beard between thumb and forefinger, he moved hastily towards the kitchen. He did not get there. As he came abreast the door, there was a sudden swish behind him and then something stabbed him behind the knees.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed, as he grabbed the door handle for support, in his surprise.

"You little devil!" he muttered as he bent to extract each claw by which the kitten clung to his trouser leg.

"I thought you were out on the road again," he said, smiling as he stroked the purring ball of black fur in his hand.

The most playful and energetic kitten he had ever had.

— Eileen Begley, IVP.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

On the week-end following Easter, I went up to Wilson's Mill, near Lake Waikaremoana for a short stay with some friends. The Mill is at the end of a winding road which branches from the main lake road about three miles below the lake. At present the mill is milling giant rimu logs and bush. The friend with whom I stayed drives the only crawler, a new twenty-ton International, which cost nearly ten thousand pounds. He hauls the logs from the bush to special camps where they are loaded into huge logging trucks which take them to the mill.

On Saturday, I spent most of the time in the bush on the crawler with my friend, hauling logs, but on Sunday afternoon we went pig-shooting near the edge of the bush. Another man who goes out to the mill every week-end from Wairoa and who had taken me out, decided to come with us. Eventually, after procuring a couple of rifles, we drove to the bush, as near as we could anyway, in my friend's car. Near the edge of the true bush, a great amount of secondary growth made the going very difficult, as we had to push our way through bush lawyer, scramble under or over logs, either slippery with moss or rotted through, and plod through boggy mud near the numerous streams and springs. As I was not wearing long trousers at the time, my legs suffered badly.

Near the streams and boggy patches of mud we found traces of pigs where they had rubbed the wet mud off their bodies on to the low ferns. Although some of the mud was still quite wet, we did not see or hear any pigs as yet. Eventually

we arrived at a cleared strip of land between the secondary bush and the true bush, where a fence had been erected. There we found more traces of pigs, this time in the form of a large section of upturned earth. Obviously many pigs had been here and not so long ago either. Small bushes had been rooted up and were strewn all over the area. Still we saw no pigs. Suddenly my friend whispered loudly down to us from up on a ridge. Apparently he had been looking along a shallow valley for pigs when suddenly a large deer jumped from its hiding place and bounded over the edge of the valley not more than fifteen yards away. Luckily for that deer the rifle my friend had, was not cocked.

Later on as I was gazing at the side of a bush-covered hill, I noticed a slight movement by the base of a large tree. I had never seen a wild deer before and I thought it looked really magnificent, standing with its head high in the air and gazing at me with a fixed stare. I did not shoot at it. "Why?" you may ask. For one thing I did not have a rifle, but even if I had had one I doubt if I could have brought myself to shoot at the deer, or anyway, if I had done so I would have been sure to miss. Well anyway, the deer must have sensed danger, because it suddenly turned tail and plunged through the undergrowth and over the hill at a very good speed. I was full of hope that I might see another, but it was not so. That night we returned home empty-handed, but I did not even mind, although I would have liked to take home a little porker on Monday.

— G. Harrison, IVP.

THE RIMU.

He stands upon the summit
Of that wind-swept craggy hill
Blackened by the killing flame,
Yet somehow, noble still.

Hail to thee, Oh Tane,
Guardian of the wild;
Grant him thy protection,
This, thy forest child.

Where were you, Oh Tane,
When the fire began?
Saving not your kingdom
From the ravages of man.

New Zealand, tranquil paradise
Of flower, bird and tree;
Of cool, damp glades and mossy streams,
Nature's haven, thee.

A match; — that fiery cradle
Of destructive force concealed;
The greedy fingers licking —
And the pact of death is sealed.

Above the moan of dying trees,
Of frenzied creature's cries,
The savage roar of wind and flame,
With tumult rends the skies.

To-day, where once the tui sang,
Are scarred, eroded lands,
Sole monuments to long ago,
A charred old rimu stands.

Gaunt, against the skyline,
Lost in sombre dream;
Monarch of a bygone age —
Alone he reigns supreme.

— Diane Pickett, IIIP.

WASHING.

(In which it shows how washing was evolved, and that woman is the cause of all man's troubles).

The rain was downpouring
 The cavewoman's brood
 Were abusing each other
 With epithets rude.
 They fought, kicked, and struggled
 Through embers and stone,
 And belaboured each other
 With dinosaur bones.
 She coaxed and cajoled them
 And spanked them in vain
 Then bundled the lot of them
 Out in the rain.

When later she called them
 Back in for the night,
 She saw with surprise, that
 Their faces were white,
 All the layers with which
 They were normally smeared,
 The dirt, grease, and charcoal,
 Had all disappeared.
 Though she certainly didn't
 Have very much brain,
 She knew that the cause of it
 Must have been RAIN.

And (glimmers of intellect
 Here we detect)
 Water in streams might have
 Sim'lar effect.
 Next day when the boys
 Tumbled out in the sun
 They had no idea of
 What trials had begun.
 Their mother explained to each
 Vain little daughter
 The beauty acquired from
 A dousing in water.

The boys, to whom beauty
 Held no such appeals,
 Protested against it
 With kicking and squeals.
 They hated the water,
 They hated the rubbing,
 And had, in the end,
 To be clubbed into scrubbing.
 This feminine foible
 Caused quite a sensation
 The news spread like fire
 Through the cave population.

The cave girls all rushed
 To be washed clean and white,
 But their little cave brothers
 Lay hidden from sight
 Making, we'd guess
 Some firm resolutions
 Never again to
 Submit to ablutions
 And in all little boys
 This peculiar trait
 Has continued, persisted
 To this very day.

And I think it quite just
 That all children should know
 When they're called from their play--
 To a tubful d' eau.
 Were it not for that woman
 In those far off years
 They'd be happily playing
 With dirt to their ears.

— Diane Pickett, IIP.

THE FROG.

Poor little frog with your limbs all extended.
 The chloroform tells how your gay life was ended.
 Yesterday, out on the riverbank basking
 Little you knew what the bushes were masking.
 The hands were around you before you could stir
 Hopeless and futile to croak and demur.
 How could you know you were Lambourne's selection
 For our science lesson. The subject? Dissection.

— Diane Pickett, IIP.

EGYPTIAN CREATION.

Osiris, God of Gods, Giver of Life,
 Looked forth from his throne in the sun.
 And lo! He created the earth.
 And in the centre he placed the Nileland:
 As an oasis in the sands of the desert:
 As the nest of the heron in the papyrus reeds:
 As an emerald in the diadem of a king
 So he made the Nileland.

Osiris, God of Gods,
 Looked forth from his throne in the sun.
 And lo! he created man.
 The first man living in the Nileland,
 Born of the thoughts of Osiris
 Father of the kings, of the kings of Egypt,
 First of the line of Pharaohs
 Living in the Nileland.

— Lynn Aplin, IIP

THE MIRAGE.

In the shimmering sands of the desert, the caravan passes.
 Through the burning heat of the day.
 And far before it, a vision arises
 Of the splendour of kings, long passed away.

Tall pillars reach white fingers, to the azure sky.
 And the green palms whisper together,
 Whisper their secrets together,
 Under the blazing sun, as the breezes die.

A peaceful lake reflects the palms and the sky
 And upon its surface the lotus flowers.
 A wayward breeze ripples the waters
 On which the starry blossoms lie.

But now the vision has vanished: the lake has gone
 And the temple is but a ruin.
 One grey pillar stands alone, a relic vast.
 Reminding of the vanished glory of the past.

— Lynn Aplin, IIP.

THE VIKINGS.

We sailed forth at sunset
 When the wind blew cold and bleak:
 And nought there was in the western sea
 But us and the rain and sleet.

We sailed forth at sunset,
 When the wind blew harsh and cruel,
 But we sailed on through the western sea
 And the wind to our anger, was fuel.

We came at last to the white-cliffed isle,
 And we slew the traitor there,
 A score of his men we left for the crows
 And we burnt his holding bare .

Where we go the ravens follow,
 Field and tree bare and hollow.
 Women weep as their men-folk die.
 And plunder in long-ships is piled high.

— Lynn Aplin, IIP.

THE BALLAD OF SIR PETER AND THE GIANT.

Far away are the days of chivalry,
 When o'er this land was Arthur king.
 But of those bold and valiant days,
 A song I intend for to sing.

'Twas on a dark and stormy day,
 When up his tower hied he.
 King Arthur saw a bold black knight,
 Come riding o'er the lea.

"Now, what wish you, thou bold black knight,
 Or would you have speech with me?"
 "Oh, I am Sir Peter, of the Mer,
 And I would have speech with thee."

"Upon thy lands, a giant lives,
 In a cave beside the sea.
 And he has taken from her home
 The Duchess of Burgundy."

"Sire, a boon of thee I would ask,
 Lend me your brand, Excalibur.
 For the giant I'll kill, nor grant him life"
 Quoth the good lord of Mer.

Then King Arthur, he gave him his fine sword,
 And Sir Peter, he hied apace,
 To the giant's cave: and there he stood
 And shouted to his face.

"Come forth, come forth, thou rascal knave,"
 Sir Peter, he cried in wrath.
 "Or give to me my fair lady,
 For to her have I plighted my troth."

The giant roared, and forth he came,
 "Who calls on me so bold?"
 He raised his mighty club aloft,
 'Twas bound around with gold.

For many an hour the battle raged.
 On that hill beside the sea.
 And forth from the cave crept a fair maid,
 'Twas the Duchess of Burgundy.



GIRLS' CRICKET FIRST XI, 1957.

Back Row: Julia Stewart, Kathleen Rangi, Robyn L'Amie, Terita Tumataroa, Rona Kahukura
 Front Row: Doris Hamill, Vickey King, Annette Sturm, Isabel Williams (Capt.),
 Janet Oldham, Janette Shepherd, Benita King.



SWIMMING SPORTS, 1957.

— W. Teague, VIB.



BOYS' LIFE-SAVING TEAM, 1957.

P. Henson, G. Kidd, A. Dick, G. Scobie, K. White, V. Goldfinch.



GIRLS' LIFE-SAVING TEAM, 1957.

Back Row: Alexa Shepherd, Pamela Stothers, Hannie Metz, Jillian Duncan,
Margaret Gibson, Brenda White.
Front Row: Rosemary Payne, Barbara Fyson, Mary Evans, Lancelty Taylor.

At last to the ground the giant fell,
 And Sir Peter cut off his head.
 Looked at his love, and smiling -
 "Did I do well?" he said.

"Sir Peter, my lord, 'tis you, I thank,
 For you have sav'd me."
 "Oh come, let us hie to Camelot,
 King Arthur for to see."

Oh, many a time has the tale been told,
 Of this battle beside the sea,
 Between the giant and Sir Peter of Mer,
 On England's fair, green lea.

— Lynn Aplin, IIP.

SEA LOVE.

The sound of waves lapping against the shore,
 The rising of spray as they break with a roar,
 The screeching of gulls flying low over head,
 The scuttling of crabs retiring to bed,
 The sails of a yacht against a blue sky,
 The calls of fishermen as they come in with the tide.
 The crashing of waves against rugged cliffs,
 The pauas and mussels clinging hard to the rocks,
 The sun's golden glory shimmering on a blue sea,
 I feel that the sea is beckoning to me.
 The salt spray dampens the air about,
 The boats are filled with schnapper, gurnet and shark,
 Yes, the sea birds call, and the sea beckons to me,
 I think my heart has been left with the sea.

— Janette Smith, IIC.

NOVEL.

I am writing a novel! Not the "passionate kiss" type, but still a really novelish novel. Here is the plot in a nutshell. Clarence Percival Fotheringay-Smith, is the curate in a little country village. He is deeply in love with the Hon. Desiree Damaris Cholomondely-Strachan, but she, in a gay whirl of dances and cocktail parties, doesn't notice the insignificant little man who is pining for her.

So far so good. Now how can the curate (who has a "heart of gold") bring himself to her notice; will she accept him; what will happen? This is of great interest to

(a) the curate, and

(b) to me.

I am wondering how I can extract him from this muddle. Oh! I have forgotten something! A villain! He threatens Desiree with her life, but, just in the nick of time a handsome young count with a monocle and a wicked look in his eye, comes on the scene. Desiree imagines herself in love with her gallant rescuer, but he is really after her money. He persuades her to marry him. When Clarence hears of this he is heartbroken. He decides to leave the country and become a missionary. He is about to board the ship when Desiree rushes up, and in a voice quivering with emotion cries — "All right, I'll set the table soon." (Pardon that was me). When will people learn that while I have inspiration to continue with this will-one-day-be-famous-and-people-will-rave-over-it piece of art, I must not be disturbed. I don't know how she knew of his undying love, anyway, small details such as this are unimportant.

Unfortunately (?) the count is found to be dying from an incurable disease, so Desiree and Clarence . . . I don't suppose anyone could picture the end, except, of course, authors of such note as I.

Pardon? Yes, all right. I'll set it now.

— Dianne Pickett, IIP.

I LEARN TO DRIVE.

It was a warm Summer day. All the family was assembled in the car for the journey. Judy, the youngest, was carrying a huge bag of eggs for friends in Gisborne. We stopped before a broad and long expanse of flat road. "Why are we stopping?" I queried.

"Well," replied my father, "we have plenty of time, and I thought you might like to learn to drive." My small bother uttered a callous remark about preferring walking to being driven over the bank. I pointed out that there was no bank, and climbed jubilantly into the driver's seat. The car was started, and in gear. All I had to do was to let out the clutch slowly, as I had been cautioned. I raised my foot a little — a little more. I had been raising it for what seemed eternity. "I bet there's nothing in this slowly business I thought. I've been raising it for ages, and nothing has happened. I don't think he knows what he's talking about." I lifted my foot off! There was a lurch, a jump, a scream from the back seat, as Judy and the eggs landed in one glorious omelette on the floor. The least said about that little incident the better.

Once the car was running smoothly we got on quite nicely. We did leave our tyre tracks in the mud on the other side of the road, but there was nothing spectacular about this. Soon the flat terminated in a rise. Up we went smoothly to the top. Just as we came over the brow of the hill, the sun shone right into my eyes. "I can't see!" I cried.

"Nonsense," said Dad, "just keep her running straight down — she'll be all right."

It wasn't until we were heading straight for one of the white posts that bordered a steep bank to the left that he realized I was telling the truth, and pulled the wheel over just in time. After regaining confidence we went a'long on the flat again. We had been crawling along at 10 m.p.h. for the last half hour or more. I thought it was time I speeded up. With great daring I watched the needle quiver on 15. We rounded a corner. A group of ducks were crossing the road. I didn't stop — I couldn't. I had forgotten where to find the brake. Amid a flurry of feathered bodies and quacks and squawks of alarm we drove on. Looking back I was sure there were two of them who would never quack again.

Far ahead there was a metal-truck approaching. From the first I knew that the two engines must have been old friends. They attracted each other like magnets. On came the truck, not noticing us. Our engine was offended. It decided to rectify matters. Over it swung. Father made a last minute grab at the wheel. We swerved. The truck stopped, a strip of our paint clinging to its side. The driver leaned out and addressed a few pithy and fortunately unintelligible remarks. Father, very white and shaken, suggested I postpone my lessons to a later date.

— Diane Pickett, I.I.P.

THE GOLDEN STATUE.

Two boys sat in the middle of a thick clump of trees in their father's garden in the suburbs of Athens. Theo, the elder, was engaged in moulding a piece of clay while his brother looked on. After a while, he sat back on his heels and looked at his handiwork despairingly.

"It doesn't look like him at all."

Leon looked at the model thoughtfully.

"No, it looks more like Father. If you just change his nose a bit." With a few deft movements of his hands, Theo altered the clay.

Then the two boys looked at it in delight.

"If Father saw it, he'd think he was looking in a mirror," chuckled Leon. "It looks just like him when he's in a bad mood."

"I wish he would let me be a sculptor," said Theo wistfully. "I don't want to be an orator. I can never think of anything to say at the right moment."

Suddenly they heard footsteps. Leon jumped up, and peered cautiously through the trees.

"It's Father!" he whispered. "He's coming this way."

"What shall I do?" whispered Theo back.

"Better go out the back gate. I'll stay here and stop him if he sees you."

Theo hastily flung a cloth over his model, and with it under his arm, dashed through the trees towards the gate. Outside, a busy crowd thronged. Theo ran through the gate—and promptly cannoned into a man who was walking past.

"Well, well, our next Olympic runner!" said a laughing voice.

"Oh, I'm s-sorry, sir," stammered Theo.

"That's all right, boy. Look before you leap." The stranger bent down, and picked up the model. "I'm afraid this is a bit squashed."

Theo looked at it in dismay. It was just a shapeless blob.

"What is — what WAS it?" asked the man.

"It started as a bust of Pericles," said Theo sadly. "But it looked like my father, so I changed it, and then Father came, and I had to run. He wants me to be an orator, and he'd be angry if he found this. I would like to make statues for the temples, as Myron, and Pheidias, the sculptors, do."

The stranger smiled. "As a matter of fact, I — er — work for Pheidias. We are putting up the big statue of Athene in the Parthenon. Would you like to come and see it?"

Theo was speechless with delight. At last he managed to blurt out, "Oh, yes, Sir!"

"Come on, then," said the stranger. They went through the crowded streets and ascended the Acropolis Hill. The tall pillars of the temple of Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom, stood before them. They entered the Parthenon and Theo looked around in wonder at the marble walls and statues. Then he saw the statue of the Goddess, and stopped in amazement.

The statue was surrounded by scaffolding, but that did not detract from its grandeur. Nearly twenty feet high, the goddess was clad in shining golden armour, and carried in her hand the Spirit of Victory.

"Isn't it wonderful," said Theo softly. "I think Pheidias must be the best sculptor in the world."

At that moment, one of the workmen round the statue called out. "Why, Master Pheidias! I thought you had gone to Delphi?"

"No, Hector," replied the stranger. "I had to return." He smiled at Theo, who was gazing at him breathlessly.

"Are — are you really Pheidias, Sir?"

"Yes," said the man. "You seem very keen on being a sculptor, youngster. If you come to the Agora at ten tomorrow morning, and bring your father, I will see if I can persuade him to let you work with me." He paused, and Theo exclaimed, "Thank you, Sir!"

"You'd better be getting home now. It's getting late."

Theo ran home with his head in a happy whirl. He was going to be a sculptor.

— Lynn Aplin, I.I.P.

THE DANES ARE COMING !

The hot, June sun shone down on the peaceful, sleepy village. The bees hummed softly amongst the wild flowers in the fields, and the cattle lay in the shade of the trees. A few children played in the dusty street, while their elders sought shelter from the heat, indoors.

What was the sound that came through the still summer air, from the direction of the woods? A rider was coming, shouting as he rode.

"The Danes! The Danes are coming!"

In a moment the village came to life. People ran into the street, and crowded round the messenger. He was covered with dust, and his exhausted steed had bloodshot eyes and foam-flecked lips.

"When, when, where are they?" The people milled around the stranger as he told of the long-ship, with the raven sail, which he had seen that morning from the cliffs. He had ridden all the forenoon warning the people.

"The Danes are coming!"

Mothers grabbed their children, and gathered their belongings. All knew the cruelty of the Vikings. There was not a person in the village who had not lost a relative at some time or another. Soon the village was nearly deserted, as the fugitives hurried fearfully along the old Roman road which led to safety. Two men remained behind: one was Gwydion, the young messenger, the other Merddin, an old man who could remember the times when the legions of Rome marched through Britain. The two seemed to know each other, for, as soon as the villagers were out of earshot, they began to talk.

"You have your men ready?" asked Merddin anxiously.

"They are in ambush in the woods," answered Gwydion. "This time we shall cause the Vikings to think they have fallen into a hornets' nest."

The old man nodded. "Beware for yourself, my son, if you are killed who will lead the people when I am gone?"

Gwydion laughed. "I will not be killed," he said. "Farewell, grandsire, I must go." He wheeled his horse round towards the woods, and galoped away.

A squirrel chattered nervously and ran up a tree. The quietness of the woods had been disturbed by marching feet. The Danes had grown bold, and were going further inland than was their wont. Their leader had news of a thriving village not far ahead. Women and cattle to be stolen, and men to be killed! The Danes would go a hundred miles to get such a treat!

They were just at the thickest part of the forest when, suddenly, a band of men sprang, shouting, from both sides of the track. The Danes were surrounded. Desperately they fought. They had indeed fallen into a nest of hornets! And the one with the most fearful sting was the young chieftan, who wielded a mighty axe, till there were none but dead enemies on the battlefield. A few Danes tried to escape, but were brought down by their pursuers. Gwydion watched these races with life and death with a grim smile. No mercy was asked or given, for the Britons remembered the burnt villages, and dead friends, which followed in the wake of the Danes. At last they could be revenged.

— Lynn Aplin, I.I.P.

THE SIDE-SHOWS.

Marine Parade during carnival nights is one of Wairoa's most attractive sights. The shop windows are all lit up, coloured lights are strung along the streets and everything bathed in an incandescent light, appears to be larger and grander than usual. Reflected in the river are many lights—green, blue red and yellow, shimmering in the dark water.

The focal point of gaiety is right alongside the river. A general air of happiness and fun pervades the scene and as we move closer we see the spinning ferris wheel, the swinging chairplane, the sprightly merry-go-round, the clumsy dodgems, the milling crowds, and the busy showmen. We hear also the showmen shouting and yelling in an attempt to be heard above the din and the chattering, laughing crowd.

Tempting odours of hot pies, hot dogs and savouries float to our nostrils as we hurry towards the carnival grounds.

And now, caught up in the crowd our curiosity aroused, we are drawn to the fun-houses, to the merry-go-rounds, to the canteens and candy-floss sellers. We feel secure. We laugh, we yell, we sing, and we always spend money recklessly. Even the staunchest misers cannot resist a fling, so great is the attraction.

But the main aim of the individual is not to spend money recklessly, but to enjoy himself. The side-shows with their many unusual kinds of entertainment are organised primarily for enjoyment.

The individual is attracted by the bright lights, the crowd, the entertainment, the food and by a desire not to be left out of the fun.

And when the fun is over, weary legs stagger homewards, cars pull away from the kerbs; the last lingering child presses her face against the glass of the pastry cake window, for a last admiring stare, lights dim and finally go out.

The streets are dark and bare, the tents and stalls are deserted, the river no longer bejewelled, for the carnival is over and Wairoa has resumed her normal night garb.

— J. Peakman, I.I.P.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CAT.

One evening Sheila's cat Blackie, did not come when she called him for his evening meal. Thinking he would be in his box next morning, she did not worry unduly, but when no Blackie appeared next day she became extremely worried. "Blackie has never stayed away this long before. It's just not like him," she thought, becoming agitated.

After spending an uneventful two hours searching, Sheila began to think she would never see her beloved pet again, when she heard a pitiful, faint meowing that gradually increased in volume. As she walked from room to room the cries could still be heard clearly. When she stood in her bedroom the cries seemed loudest and appeared to come from inside the wardrobe, but alas, when the door was opened, no cat appeared.

"Oh, well, Blackie must be in the next room," said Sheila to her sister Gay. But Blackie was not there either. Where could he be?

A further thorough search proved that Blackie was not in any cupboard in the house and yet one could always hear his pitiful cries. The only solution was that he must be under the house, but although they crawled on hands and knees calling repeatedly, not one cry was heard. Yet, the moment someone entered the house the cries were renewed.

At last they gave up the search when the cries ceased. Sheila went to her bedroom and the cries started again.

"This house must be haunted," said Gay with a scared glance round the room.

"It's certainly horribly spooky," rejoined Sheila, "I do wish we could find Blackie. This is awfully unnerving."

In desperation, Sheila went to search the laundry that adjoined the kitchen. The cries now came from the wall and at last the puzzle was solved.

"Poor Blackie," called Sheila and the cries came louder. "How are we going to get him out?"

"Why not take the wall-board off? suggested Dad. "Gay, go and get me a chisel and hammer from the verandah cupboard."

Sheila went to the cupboard too and her excited yell brought the rest of the family running to her. Peering down on the group clustered at the cupboard door, from a gap high up in the wall was Blackie.

He was coaxed and called and eventually he jumped into Sheila's outstretched hands. What a fuss was made of the cobwebby, dusty and very hungry cat.

The explanation of his disappearance was soon found. Poor Blackie had been shut up in the cupboard the day before, and on not being able to get out he had climbed up the coats and found a small gap in the wall leading into the ceiling. He had been following the people from room to room, above their heads.

This solved the mystery of the missing cat.

— Ann Horton, IIP.

OUT AT THE ROCKS.

One fine, sunny but windy morning, my cousin Marjorie and I went out over the hills to the coast of West Wanganui Inlet. We wanted to go and see "the rocks," which are really just ordinary rocks, but we like them especially. In this particular place the hills come down steeply to a short stretch of sand, surrounded by rocks and old logs. At one end, a huge mass of rock which looked just like a castle, jutted up from the beach. Actually the lines we could see in the rock were strata lines, which were tilted slightly towards the sea.

Marjorie and I began to climb up one side and got stuck. We could not go up or down, but we spied a gaping hole into which the sun hardly penetrated. We managed to get down to it at one side and then we clambered carefully down. Gingerly we felt along the short wide tunnel and soon found another opening. We climbed up and found ourselves in another tunnel which was shorter than the last. Soon we were out on a ledge about twenty feet up. From this ledge we climbed to other ledges, each higher than the last, until we were forty feet up.

Marjorie and I sat down and rested a while. A cool sea breeze began blowing in from the sea. Marjorie pointed out a green leafy weed which was growing thickly over a kind of roof of treacherous holes under this weed, and when she finished, asked me to go across the weed-covered roof to the highest point. But by then I was too scared and stayed put, while she went and I soon lost sight of her among the big rocks. I was just day-dreaming when I heard a crash, followed by a yell of delight or fear. I could not tell which. My fears were banished however, when I heard more rocks and boulders crash down, presumably a hole. Soon she was back and we climbed down, taking a long time about it though. We raced along the beach to a bank between the hills and the beach. Here was a miniature waterfall. Behind it was a narrow tunnel. We walked in a little way and then ran out as it was too dark and eerie.

We ate our lunch in the sunshine and then we wrote on the sand. We drew large, distorted sketches of one another. Beside us there was a huge rock which was really a very wide arch. We stood underneath it and Marjorie yodelled. Rising and falling echoes were heard. I tried too, but only emitted horrible screeches.

About 3 o'clock we set off for home, or rather, my cousin's home. On the way we came across a dead, but still-warm weasel. We took it home but it made our hands smell. We chopped off the tail, which was worth ninepence, and threw the body away.

I had vivid dreams that night and Marjorie walked in her sleep.

— Gwynneth Smith, HIIP.

THE GOLDEN BAY DISTRICT.

The Golden Bay district is located in the North-west corner of the South Island. The township of Collingwood is situated on the coast of Golden Bay at the mouth of the Aorere River. One of its boundaries is Farewell Spit, which is a sand strip about 17 miles long. The other boundary is Separation Point. At first Golden Bay was named Massacre Bay, because some of Tasman's men were killed when they first went ashore, but the name was changed to Golden Bay in the days of the gold rush.

Features of the district are the bush-clad ranges, the fertile river flats used for dairying, and the large expanse of Pakiki country which grows nothing but manuka.

Large native land snails are found in the leaf mould in the bush. They are the largest of the carnivorous snails, *Paryphanta superba*. These snails cannot live in an exposed position. Collingwood's bush ranges are the only place where these particular snails are found. Rats and birds devour them.

At Rockville there are interesting rock formations in the shape of two huge inverted boots, which are called the "Devil's Boots." Also at Rockville there are good limestone caves.

At Takaka there is the largest fresh water spring in the world. The spring is really double and is called the "Pupu Spring." The source of its water is unknown. The double spring is a large pond of gurgling, surging water, which flows away down the river. Four hundred million gallons of crystal-clear cold water flow from the spring daily.

There is a dolomite quarry in the ranges near the township of Collingwood. The dolomite is taken down by a small tramline. Crushed dolomite is used as fertilizer.

On the Takaka Hill approaching Golden Bay is a marble quarry. Marble was taken from this quarry to build the Nelson cathedral.

The Golden Bay Cement works are at Tarekohe. Limestone is used in the making of cement. Near Farewell Spit which has a light-house on it, there is a coal-mine, from which coal is still produced.

In Golden Bay there were, some years ago, the Onekaka Iron Works, where iron was produced and exported. Large quantities of alluvial gold were found there in early days and small quantities can still be found.

Past Tarekohe there is the "Abel Tasman Memorial," which was erected to mark the spot where Tasman first landed in sixteen hundred and forty-two. Other tourist attractions are the deer-stalking and trout and sea-fishing. Altogether the Golden Bay district is very interesting.

— Gwynneth Smith, HIIP.

A JOURNEY TO NELSON.

The lights of Picton were nearing and my heart was beating with excitement. The wind was icy cold on the deck of the "Tamahine," so Mum, Dad and I decided to go below. We went down, and sat in a small lounge but it was hot and stuffy, so Dad and I went up on deck again. This time we were to be greeted with rain and the still icy cold wind, so we pressed back against the wall, but the wind still seemed to penetrate through us.

Soon it was time to go below deck and call up Mum. Then we were all at the rails looking at Picton. It was seven o'clock and the rain had ceased but the wind was still blowing when the ship sidled up to the wharf.

We walked down the gangway and sheltered against the wind by a small office. We now had to wait for our car to come off the boat. There were many people besides us, all waiting, all shivering and chatting. I think the luckiest people that night were the people whose cars came off the boat first.

We waited and waited, hoping that the next car to come over would be ours, but it never was. They slung eight cars over and then stopped and we wondered what was wrong. Then after about an hour and a half they brought two cows over in a horse box. We were annoyed. Of the next fourteen cars that were to follow, ours was the last one.

It was a quarter-to-eight when we were in the car and on our way to Nelson, when a car stopped in front of us and a man got out. It was the man Dad had been talking to on the wharf. He said he would show Dad the way to Nelson. We were pleased.

We were going along nicely when the man in front of us stopped his car. Dad got out to have a look and he found something in the engine had gone wrong, so he and his wife got into our car and we took them to Nelson instead.

— Merian Wilson, IIP.

THE CROOKED STREET.

The street itself gave anyone the feeling of mystery. The houses on either side were old and rotten, with scarcely any paint, and grubby children could be seen peering from behind ragged curtains. A few half-starved dogs ran away with their tails between their legs, when I came along, and, except for these animals the street was deserted.

As I made my way across the rough, uneven ground, I suddenly began to feel afraid. A cold wind started to blow and large drops of rain began to fall, so I darted into the narrow doorway of an old shop that looked as if it would collapse at any moment. I stayed there for a short while until I heard a noise behind me. It was probably only a rat or a mouse, but I was so terrified that I took to my heels and ran like a deer along that dirty crooked street.

By this time the wind was shrieking around the old rotten houses and the rain beat a steady tattoo on the rooftops. Even now I don't know what I was frightened of but all I did was run as if the devil himself was chasing me. I rounded the last corner, and slipped between a gap in the rusty tin fence. I kept on running for a short distance before I finally slowed down to a walk and made my way home.

This incident happened many years ago, but even to-day I am convinced that there is a mystery connected with the crooked street, and although I am still inquisitive, I have never been able to pluck up enough courage to go back and investigate.

— Winsome Deighton, IIC.

SPIDERS.

The spider is the robber, baron, pirate and solitary bandit of the insect world. In their struggle for existence, spiders have developed instincts for concealing themselves, protecting their young and capturing their prey.

Spiders were once widely eaten as cures. They were used for the treatment of ague, the remedy being to swallow a spider, gently bruised and wrapped in a raisin or spread on bread.

Some spiders are very strong. The bird-eater (it measures seven to eight inches across) catches small birds and animals such as mice in a strong web. At Roma, Queensland, one of the deadly venomous reb-backed or jockey spiders, cunningly tied a young black snake's head to its tail with countless thick silk threads so that it could not move. After this, it bit the snake in several places and continued to envelope it until it looked like a giant cocoon.

Among the deadliest of the spider species is the black widow, responsible for the death of many a man. The Red Indians were aware of its fatal powers and used it for poisoning their arrows. Yet black widows have their uses. These spiders spin fine, but tough webs, which are made into sighting hairs in valuable optical equipment used in America.

— Maureen Gera, IIC.

A LEGEND.

Many years ago in the ninth century there lived a mermaid named Pania. Pania, who was the youngest daughter of the king of the sea, was pretty and kind-hearted, and she won the heart of many of the mer-princes.

One day when she went up to the surface of the water, to sit on a rock, she saw a handsome prince on the beach, and fell in love with him at first sight. Going back to her castle, she went up the stairs to the tower where the royal magician was. Arriving, she knocked on the door and then walked in. Sitting down, she asked the magician if he could possibly change her tail into a pair of legs.

After the magician had given her a mixture she fell into a deep trance, and the next thing she knew was that she was in a Palace and the prince was bending over her with a hot drink. In about a year she was happily married to the prince.

One day, about three years after she had been married, as she was rowing out to see her sisters on the reef, her boat capsized and she was caught in the rocks, and drowned.

Now stands a monument outside the entrance of the palace of the prince, who is still grieving the loss of Pania.

—Glenys Morley, IIC.

COLLEGE ROLL, 1957:

PROFESSIONAL

VIA.

Form Master: Mr K. A. Thompson.

Boys:

Miskin, M.

Girls:

Barton, Mary

Oldham, Janet

VIB.

Form Master: Mr K. A. Thompson.

Form Captain: Scobie, G.

Boys:

Beale, K.
Martin, M.Duncan, I.
Nepia, J.Grainger, K.
Teague, W.Haynes, K.
Te Ngao, M.

Girls:

Hawthorne, Anne
Peckman, Olive
Walker, NgahiForm Captain: Noedl, Margaret.
Iorns, Rosamund
Peet, SuzanneMcIntyre, Elizabeth
Powell, JanetMitchell, Valerie
Seyb, Pamela

VP.

Form Master: Mr F. A. Hosking.

Boys:

Form Captain: Oldham, J.

Aplin, Barry
Jackson, B.
Smith, R.Boreham, K.
Peet, M.
Stormer, W.Clough, N.
Smith, G.
Wade, C.Hedley, A.
Smith, K.

Girls:

Form Captain: Raureti, Devon.

Evans, Mary
Helean, Dianne
Mayo, Caryl
Sturm, ArnetteFyson, Barbara
Jones, Rosalie
Middleton, Heather
Teague, RewaGreaves, Colleen
McIver, Barbara
Rodshaw, Verna
Urquhart, ElizabethHarrison, Heather
McLaren, Glenys
Smith, Ilse
Wade, Kathleen

IVP.

Form Master: Mr N. P. Ellicott.

Boys:

Form Captain: Simpson, J.

Beets, I.
Edmunds, D.
Joyce, M.
Schwass, C.Brown, B.
Grainger, P.
Nicholls, J.
White, K.Brown, R.
Harrison, P.
Price, E.
Woolf, B.Dick, A.
Hughes, N.
Redshaw, L.

Girls:

Form Captain: Seyb, Elizabeth.

Begley, Eileen
Gollop, Elizabeth
Tunnell, GabrielleBlunden, Joyce
Hiko, Mary
Wairez, MateFraser, Marion
Rangi, Mary
Woolf, JenniferGibson, Margaret
Tonkinson, Ngairi

III.P.

Form Master: Mr J. W. Parker.

Boys:

Form Captain: Single, G.

Barton, R.
Kidd, G.
McGrath, F.
Watson, G.Bruce, C.
Kright, A.
Madden, R.
Winter, S.Greaves, B.
Lloyd, B.
Mitchell, W.Henson, P.
Langbein, W.
Rhodes, P.

Girls:

Form Captain: Horton, Ann.

Aplin, Lynden
Metz, Johanna
Smith, Gwenneth
Wilson, MerianDahm, Robin
Pickett, Dianne
Warren, LynnFloyd, Janet
Scott, Shirley
White, BrendaHorton, Ann
Shepherd, Margaret
Wilson, Diana



ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1957.



BOWL OF LILLIES IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

— Edith Norgrove, VC.

COMMERCIAL

VC.

Form Master: Mr G. O. Stubbings.

Girls:

Bacon, Jeanette
Christie, Jane
Grainger, Edith
Lewis, Davida
Nye, Ernestine
Pomfret, Patricia
Whaanga, Iris

Brown, Alice
Curtis, Valerie
Hagen, Janet
Madams, Jean
Pemberton, Raey
Rose, Joyce
Whittaker, Margaret

Carroll, Erina
Edwards, Laura
Jamieson, Dianne
Nepia, Norma
Pere, Awhitia
Solomon, Jocelyn

Chamberlain, Noelene
Ferguson, Margaret
Jury, Lillian
Norgrove, Edith
Pomona, Ethel
Tawera, Queenie

Form Captain: Clarke, Fay.

IVC.

Form Master: Mr T. R. Bluck.

Form Captain: Tipoki, Mary.

Bousfield, Maureen
Keil, Riki
Robinson, Tania
Tipoki, Mary
Wilkins, Barbara

Cowen, Beverley
Pomare, Eve
Stothers, Pamela
Tumataroa, Ruby
Winiata Janice

Douglas, Wiki
Powell, Pamela
Te Aho, Anne
Wairau, Rangī

Horsfall, Nene
Rangi, Kathleen,
Thomson, Betty
Watson, Heather

IIC.

Form Mistress: Miss M. M. Neill.

Form Captain: Helean, Gillian.

Amohae, Ramari
Campbell, Ngaire
Harrison, Nita
Isbister, Helen
Kendrick, Jackie
Nepia, Alice
Renata, Aroha
Taylor, Lancelyn

Bacon, Leslie
Deighton, Winsome
Halynes, Elizabeth
Jamieson, Beth
McKay, Judith
Payne, Rosemary
Sheppard, Jeanette
Teague, Marilyn

Begg, Anne
Denion, Judith
Hill, Adrienne
Jenkin, Barbara
McLaren, Dawn
Peebles, Heather
Smith, Janette
Wairau, Verna

Burridge, Gillian
Gera, Maureen
Horton, Margaret
Jenkins, Yvonne
Morley, Glenys
Pettit, Olive
Taurima, Arihia
Watson, Margaret

MODERN

VMA.

Form Master: Mr G. S. Clarihew.

Boys:

Ellicott, W.
Mallon, T.
Paul, N.

Grainger, G.
Message, E.
Standing, D.

Helean, M.
Muir, K.
Te Amo, W.

McGregor, J.
Nugent, B.
White, R.

Form Captain: Douglas, A.

Girls:

Carroll, Amiria
King, Benita
Raureti, Reo
Williams, Isobel

Christy, Kay
King, Victory
Walker, Rachel

Hook, Vera
Manuel, Hine
White, June

Kahukura, Kaka
Nepia, Carolyn
Wihone, Hana

Form Captain: Steed, Pauline.

VMB.

Form Master: Mr J. D. Thain.

Boys:

Cottrell, John
Hikawai, R.
McCuish, D.
Mitchell, R.
Smith, J. W.

Edwards, T.
Jones, W.
Manton, M.
Ngarimu, T.

Fraser, E.
Kara, C.
Mataira, S.
Simpson, R.

Hema, R.
Lambert, F.
Mitchell, A.
Smith, J.

Form Captain: Paul, S.

Girls:

Hohua, Judy
Sydney, Nellie
Whatuirā, Horiana

Kahukura, Rona
Stewart, Julia

L'Amie, Robyn
Te Nahu, Wiki

Mita, Messines
Tumataroa, Terita

Form Captain: Lambert, Rose.

VMC.

Form Master: Mr A. E. Flute.

Boys:

Beer, P.
Henry, D.
Peka, J.

Campbell, I.
Huata, D.
Stevens, R.

Wairau, Jack.
Chase, R.
Maaka, P.
Stone, J.

Gordon, B.
Matamua, W.
Tainui, J.

Form Captain: Wairau, Jack.

Girls:

Campbell, Matariki
O'Sullivan, Rosalie
Ratapu, Marara

Kohi, Marina
Paul, Marjorie
Smith, Kumeroa

Mahanga, Noelene
Pomare, Aroha
Warea, Wiramina

Nia Nia, Rawinia
Pukeke, Tangianao
Waihape, Betty

Form Captain: Cotten, Louia.

IVMA.

Form Master: Mr I. T. Aplin.

Boys:

Form Captain: Summerfield, L.

Baker, A.
Denton-Giles, D.
Matairangi, W.
White, K.Chamberlain, C.
Howard, R.
Palmer, G.Coyle, C.
Kingi, H.
Sirachan, E.Davis, H.
Kyle, K.
Watts, T.

Girls:

Form Captain: Johnson, Ngachuia.

Andrews, Poppy
Gibson, Mavis
Newman, Mary
Tipoki, RewaBeattie, Judy
Henare, Helen
Peakman, Maye
Tuahine, HazelDuncan, Gillian
Hunn, Dorothy
Te Kahu, ArohaFisk, Glennis
Johnson, Joyce
Thompson, Patricia**IVMB.**

Form Master: Mr P. R. Walker.

Boys:

Form Captain: Coe, J.

Dacre, C.
Hamill, A.
Knobloch, W.
Mita, H.
Smith, F.
Wairau, J.Denton, B.
Heise, W.
Latham, J.
Neale, R.
Smith, W.
Welch, A.Gemmell, D.
Helean, T.
Madden, B.
Ruawai, M.
Te Amo, W.Goldfinch, D.
Kawenga, J.
McNabb, G.
Savage, B.
Trafford, P.

Girls:

Form Captain: Halpin, June.

Beattie, Moana
Kent, Helen
Pere. MoehiwiBrown, Issy
Kiwarua, Queenie
Raston, TillyJoyce, Annette
Mihaere, Jewel
Tahu, JosephineKapene, Marmara
Morrell, Beverley
Thompson, Patricia**IVMC.**

Form Master: Mr E. J. Button.

Boys:

Form Captain: Skudder, G.

Ataria, G.
Honotapu, S.
Lewis, G.
Rakete, I.
Stewart, T.
Winiana, H.Couper, J.
Kaimoana, S.
McRoberts, M.
Ryan, D.
Thompson, H.Edwards, T.
Kapene, H.
Munro, P.
Spark, R.
Thompson, H. T.Jikiwai, L.
Karangaroa, R.
O'Connor, M.
Spooner, K.
Thompson, T.

Girls:

Form Captain: Mahanga, Freda.

Gardner, Shirley
McLean, Ranwinia
Rarere, MaryHamill, Doria
Mataira, Victory
Robinson, DiannaHonotapu, Fay
Morrell, Teresa
Stone, JuliaKingi, Kiuwai
Ranginui, Roslin
Wihone, T.**IIIMA.**

Form Master: Mr K. A. Laws.

Boys:

Form Captain: Cookson, W.

Callahan, R.
Goldfinch, V.
Hogg, J.
Mildon, W.
Potter, J.Clough, R.
Hakopa, H.
McCuish, C.
Muir, T.
Robinson, W.Doole, M.
Harker, B.
McRoberts, B.
Nepia, T.
Saba, DonnellyDoyle, J.
Harker, B.
Message, C.
O'Neil, H.
Simpson, T.

Girls:

Form Captain: Paul, Anne.

Cook, Margaret
Henry, Beverley
Newman, Josephine
Thompson, VenusCooper, Dianne
Johnston, Jennifer
Nissen, Janet
Smith-Holley, ShirleyHalpin, Shirley
Kent, Beryl
Paul, JanetHarvey, Mihi
McKenzie, Josephine
Schwass, Adrienne

IIIMB.

Form Mistress: Mrs I. P. Beale.

Boys:

Form Captain: Sturm, R.

Burch, R.
Gardner, R.
Kyle, Bernard
Matamua, H.
Tipoki, M.

Couper, A.
Hemmingsen, B.
Lambert, Charles
Mildon, O.
Wilkins,

Christy, B.
Jane, Ronald
McLean, H.
Orchard, T.

Cornforth, W.
Karauria, Aoteoroa
Matetu, T.
Perry, W.

Girls:

Form Captain: Kaukau, Alma.

Atkins, Joina
Kahukura, Moana
Pere, Calvin
Tuhi, Gleam

Christy, Myra
Kane, Pat
Pomana, Teia
Williams Maria

Edwards, Bessie
Mita, Levida
Puanaki, Raukua

Hamlin, Margaret
Nissen, Beverley
Smith, Maude

IIIMC.

Form Mistress: Mrs D. H. Thompson.

Boys:

Form Captain: Henry, J.

Graham, A.
Kaimoana, R.
Mitchell, T.
Rongo, T.
Whatuirua, T.

Haronga, H.
McGregor, D.
Munro, T.
Smith, M.

Hawkins, J.
Maraki, J.
Ranginui, F.
Te Amo, R.

Kahukura, T.
Matetu, M.
Renata, D.
Wahanui, S.

Girls:

Form Captain: Johnson, Joyce.

Clarke, Nui
Jones, Amiria
Ruawai, Marjorie
Sturm, April
Waihi, Girlie

Cooper, Lynnette
Linkhorn, Wiki
Slingsby, Valerie
Taumata, Maadi
Walker, Venus

Hamlin, Margaret
Morrell, Gwenneth
Smith, Matahi
Te Nahu, Kumeroa

Hawkins, Tiriatu
Puanaki, Wiki
Solomon, Bernardine
Thompson, Paku

IIIMD.

Form Master: Mr A. M. Askew.

Boys:

Form Captain: Burrows, R.

Aspden, T.
Hemopo, R.
Madams, R.
Nepia, D.
Sidney, T.

Campbell, A.
Hirini, J.
Marsh, R.
Pohe, R.
Webber, R.

Goodley, C.
Kara, T.
Marchant, B.
Pomana, T.

Hapu, W.
Kohi, O.
Neal, L.
Rigby, R.

Girls:

Form Captain: Nathan, Keiha.

Cotton, Emma
Lewis, Tepora
Smith, Dinah
Tinoki, Kui
Wilson, Harietta

Cracknell, Te Paea
Moses, Helen
Spark, Florence
Walker, Ahemata
Winiana, Gloria

Hema, Aroha
Robinson, Myra
Tamata, Kahu
Whaanga, Nancy
Winiana, Tunisia

Huata, Lybia
Ruawai, Pauline
Te Ngaio, Horiana
Wihone, Emma

OLD STUDENTS SECTION:

This year for the first time we are including a section which should, we think, develop in the future into one of the most important parts of the Magazine; and which, we feel sure, will come to be regarded by those who have left school as the most interesting part of the Magazine.

The success of these Notes depends, of course, on the willingness of Old Students—including not only those who have left the School since it reached full post-primary status, but also those who left the School in the days when it was Wairoa District High School, to send information to the Editor of the Magazine about their own doings and about those of their friends. We are especially interested in news of those who have gone to live in other parts of the country or overseas.

We should like to express our very sincere thanks to all those who have assisted in building these—the first Old Students' Notes.—Editor.

Basil Johns who gained a Ph.D. degree in Inorganic Chemistry at Cambridge University is now a lecturer in the Chemistry Dept. at Victoria University College.

John Fyson went to Victoria University College on leaving Wairoa District High School. He finished his B.Sc. degree at the end of 1955. As a hobby he had been working with N.Z. Players, helping to design the sets and costumes. At the end of 1955 he was granted a two-year Bursary by the Government to study stage sets and costume designing abroad. He is now studying at the Central School of Art in London.

David Burrows is in the Police Force in Napier.

Cecily Cook is now a Commercial teacher at Waipukurau District High School.

David Stormer, who went from Wairoa District High School to Gisborne High School and then on to Victoria University College, completed his B.A. degree last year and is now reading History for his M.A.

Malcolm Carr went to Napier Boys' High School from Wairoa District High School and then to Victoria University College where he gained his B.Sc. degree last year. This year he is demonstrating in Chemistry while working for his M.Sc.

David Crispin left Wairoa District High School to go to Tauranga. He went down to Wellington last year to start work in the draughting and surveying department of the Ministry of Works. He is also attending 'Varsity part-time.

Rangi Paku, a former Head Boy of the Wairoa District High School is now at Wellington Training College doing a one-year course after teaching as a Junior assistant in a country school.

Noreen Single went to Canterbury University College in 1956. She is now in Wellington at the Training College and is attending 'Varsity part-time. While in Christchurch, Noreen represented Canterbury College in both hockey and cricket. She now plays these games for Training College.

Anne McIver left Wairoa College to go to Victoria University College. She is at present attending Training College and doing part-time work at 'Varsity.

Kathleen Hole is in her second year at Wellington Training College, where she is an enthusiastic member of the Choral Club.

Rita Pomana is also in her second year at Wellington Training College. She is a leading member of the College Maori Club and plays for the hockey team.

Bill Hague, is another Old Student finishing his course at Wellington Training College this year. He is a member of the College Hockey and Cricket teams and a member of the Choral Club.

Barbara Mann is in her first year of full-time studies at Victoria University College working for a B.Sc. degree.

Denis McLean is in the Royal New Zealand Navy and was a member of the crew of the anti-submarine frigate H.M.N.Z.S. "Rotoiti" when it took part in the British nuclear test explosions, known as "Operation Grapple" in the Pacific in March this year. When Denis came back to Auckland after the tests he had sailed 20,000 nautical miles in the Pacific.

Matewai Nepia is in her first year at Wellington Training College. She is a very keen member of the College Maori Club.

Jim Groves who left school last year is a Police Cadet at the Police Training School, Trentham, where he plays for the Rugby team.

Alice Beale, Reoni Duncan and Raoul Leach, all of whom went to Ardmore Teachers' Training College, are now back in Wairoa teaching. Alice and Raoul are at North Clyde School and Reoni is at Wairoa Primary School.