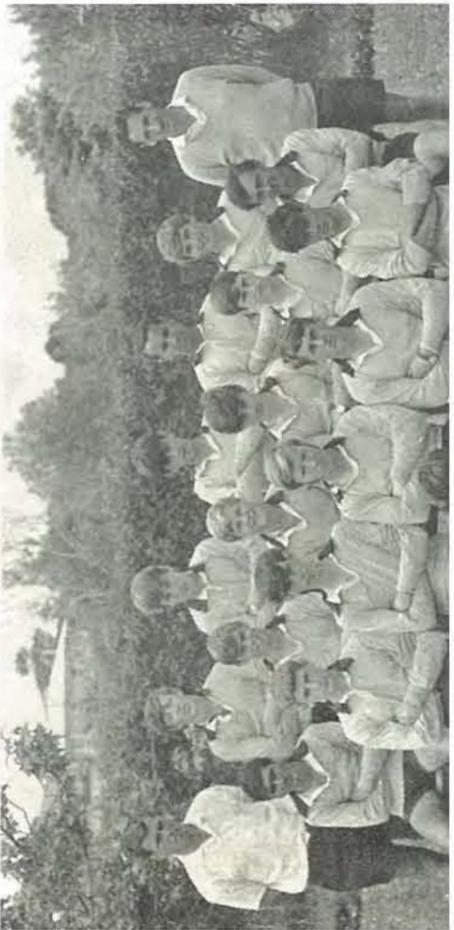


**THE
MAGAZINE
OF THE
WAIPU D.H.S.**



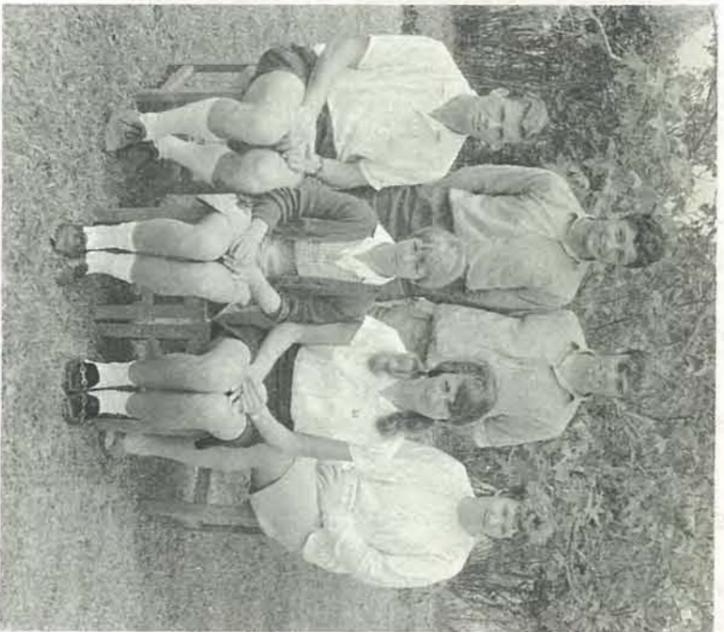
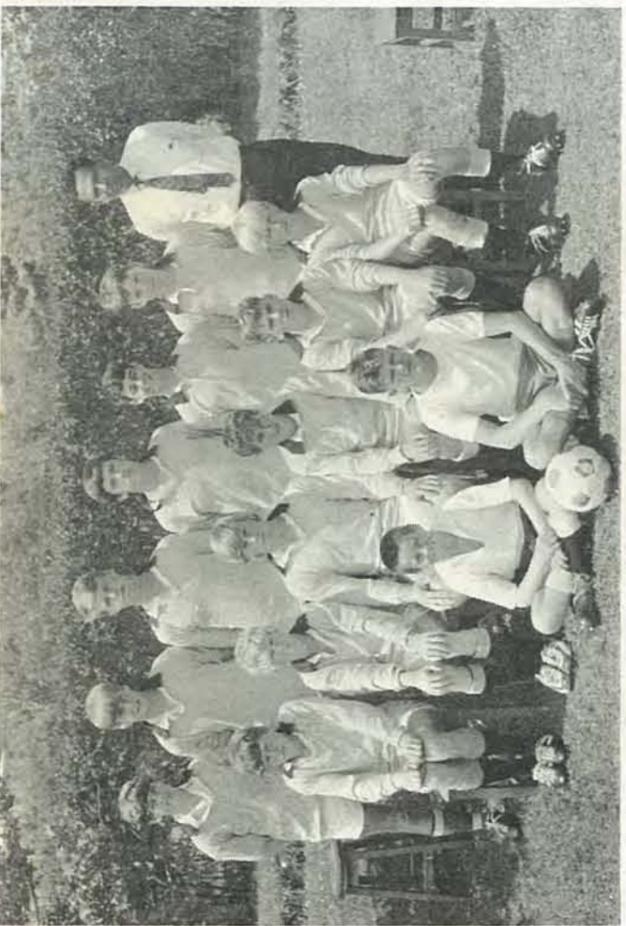
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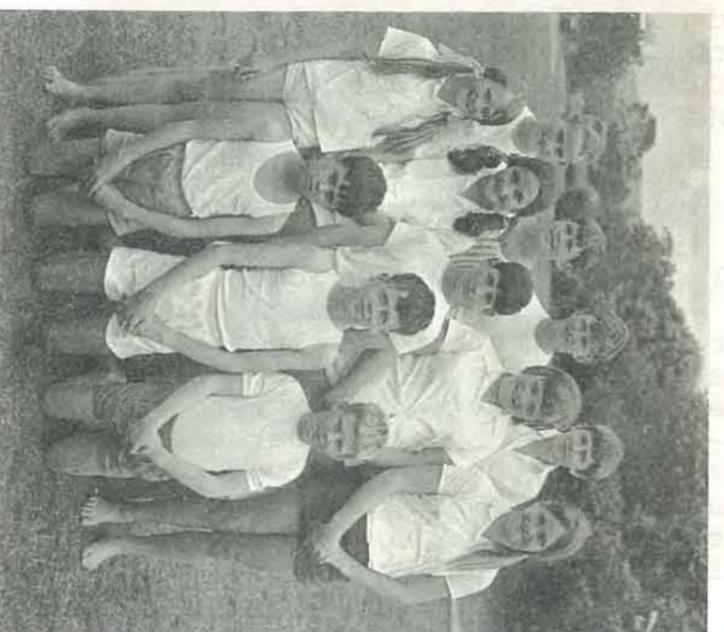
SOCCER TEAM



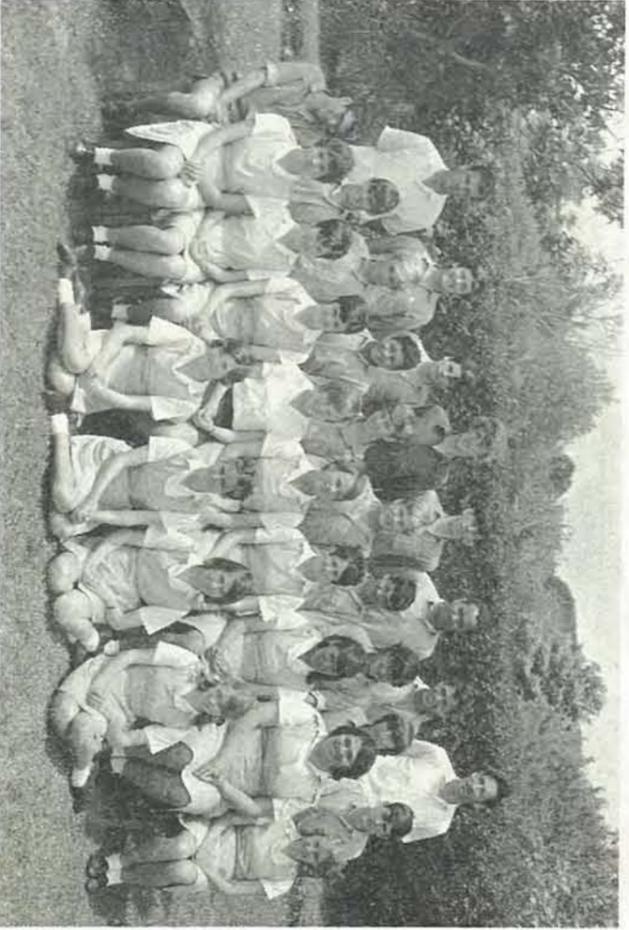
1ST XV PRIMARY RUGBY



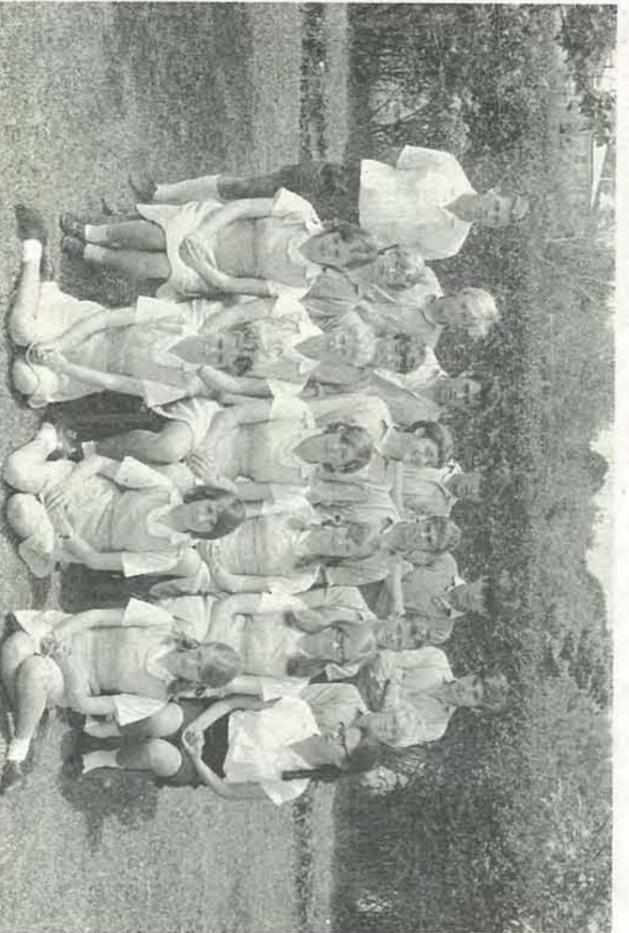
SECONDARY GYM CHAMPS



PRIMARY GYM TEAM



ATHLETIC TEAM



SWIMMING TEAM

OOB RUGBY (Continued) Gordon Knowles and Rowen Goldsmith both amatea Reps while Ricky Fooy was a "cert" if he had not broken a hand. However, there is some doubt as to whether he would have le even without a broken hand as he would have had to lose about n a week. Another player deserving mention was Martin Jellick, ut against Waipu (for Takahiwai) and was a factor in our loss, ed his best for the opposition - a sign of real sportsmanship. ention of the referee of the three games - Mr McNicol. He gave estionable decisions and was forced to leave Waipu for a week akahiwai game. The feature of the season has been the strength hools at rugby. Next year, the fifth and sixth grades can look a season with some outstanding players from all the schools.

1ST XI BOYS' HOCKEY

s weakened considerably by experienced players leaving at the . Only five of the previous season's players were left. The hus contained a high proportion of inexperienced players, in- e third formers, several of whom acquitted themselves very well. us a team-building year. Fixtures were played against five hools. RESULTS: V Ruawai College - Won; V Otamatea High n; V Mahurangi College - Lost; V Wellsford High School - Lost; High School - Lost. We had very easy wins against Ruawai and d closer losing matches. Three players in particular stood out- n (centre half; Warren Robinson (Centre forward); Andrew Care Promising play from Colin Worthy, Lawrence Donaldson, Rex Carter Woods in the forwards. They should improve with experience. s were:- Keith Salmon (Captain) Brenton Erceg (Vice-Captain) Brenton Marsh, William Woods, Colin Worthy, Roger Gayford, Martin Draffin, Andrew Care, Warren Robinson, Lawrence Donaldson, Rex Carter, d Woods, Stephen Lewin, Coach: Mr W.B. Ashton.

WAIPU'S FIRST SOCCER TEAM

st time, mainly through the interest and enthusiasm for soccer and guided by Mr Maung Maung, attention was turned towards Waipu gh School having a soccer team. The team eventuating consisted hird formers. The entire squad was: Alan Unkovich (Captain), hie, Brian Lamb, Barry Green, Stephen Davis, dley, Maurice Ansell, Grant Efford, Murray Newton, d, Robert Draper, Arie Leeuwenburg, Peter Mumford. perienced, the team of mainly small players improved noticeably of the season. Practices were regular and Coach Mr Maung Maung series of beneficial and interesting games against Whangarei School. Kamo High School and Mahurangi College, (Which also has med soccer team.) Both Whangarei and Kamo teams had a great deal ce but with the aid of great determination and the skill of the le goal-keeper, Lochhead, Kamo was held to a one all draw and on by a three to one margin. The convincing win of five to one ngi proved to be a great morale booster for the enthusiastic

GIRLS' HOCKEY

he school fielded two teams in the Whangarei Saturday competitions. e was very successful but the standard improved as the season Team spirit and keenness never flagged during the season. Teams d by Mr Wright.

S. Blagrove, M. Mackie, J. Clyde, A. Flyger, C. Morunga, D. Carter, S. Whittle, P. Doar, R. Barnes, D. Chapman, J. McCathie, P. Phillips (Captain), B. Urquhart, L. Lochhead, R. Cheshire, S. McGimpsey, A. Fooy, J. Cox, R. Shepherd, S. Still, L. Steedman

SECONDARY ATHLETIC SPORTS

The athletic sports were held early in the year. In a successful day, nine records were broken. This was the first year that the secondary department had held the sports separately but the programme took a full day as well as many lunch times.

<u>CHAMPIONS</u>	<u>GIRLS</u>	Junior	-	J. Graham
		Intermediate	-	D. Cullen
		Senior	-	J. Gardner, J. Alcock
	<u>BOYS</u>	Junior	-	P. Timms
		Intermediate	-	K. Salmon
		Senior	-	W. Woods

LOWER NORTHLAND POST PRIMARY SCHOOLS ATHLETICS -21st March 1969

RESULTS:

<u>Senior Boys:</u>	J. D'Ath	-	3rd in 100 yards
			1st in 220 yards (time 24.8 secs)
			1st in 120 yards hurdles (time 17.4 secs)
	B. Pirihi	-	2nd in Shotput
<u>Intermediate Boys:</u>	K. Salmon	-	1st in 880 yards (time 2min 19 secs.)
			1st in 440 yards (time 60.1 secs)
	R. Hodgson	-	2nd in mile
<u>Junior Boys:</u>	J. Batger	-	1st in Shotput (distance 40ft $\frac{3}{4}$ in)
			3rd in Broad Jump (distance over record)
			1st in 100 yards (time 11.5 secs)
			1st in Triple Jump (distance 33ft 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins)
			Member of Relay Team that came 2nd.
	P. Timms	-	1st in Long Jump (distance 17ft $\frac{1}{2}$ in)
			3rd in High Jump
			Member of Relay Team
	T. Pirihi	-	3rd in discus
	T. Peri	-	3rd in 440 yards.

Senior Girls:

	Y. Harding	-	2nd in discus
			2nd in Shotput
	C. Morunga	-	1st in Shotput (distance 31ft 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins)
	J. Gardener	-	3rd open 440 yards

ALL NORTHLAND MEETING

Saturday, 29th March, 1969

<u>Senior Boys:</u>	D. McCathie	-	4th Triple Jump (distance 38ft 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins)
	W. Woods	-	2nd one mile (time 46.5 secs)
	J. D'Ath	-	4th 120 yards (time 16.6 secs)
<u>Senior Girls:</u>	Y. Harding	-	1st Discus (distance 90ft 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins)
	C. Morunga	-	3rd Shotput (distance 30ft 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins)

Other Athletes were Bruce Knowles

Karen Colebrook
and Sharon McQueen.



PRIMARY BASKETBALL TEAM



ATHLETIC CHAMPS



'B' BASKETBALL TEAM



DEBATING TEAM



PYRAMID



VOLLEYBALL TEAM



g near the water
g for a bite.
trespassing on this land
been here all the night,
rmer comes along,
bulldog on it's chain,
ddenly you get a bite,
you feel all the pain.

Hugh Muller

MP BENTZON

e is very quiet and peaceful
ing broken only by the cries
songs of several thousand
he gentle swish of lapping

is now.
picture it? But better
ou know where it is?
zon area is 27 acres of for-
hland on Kawau Island. The
ight down to the beaches in
and the whole area is very
It is an ideal place to
- and indeed that is just
In the future this place
d by various school parties
ay in the buildings soon to
ted. The occupants will go
amping, exploring, perhaps
d do many other extra-
activities, as well as their
udies. (The bay is very
imming beginners because of
sloping floor and non-exist-

ike Lonsdale Park in its
mp Bentzon has, at present,
s (disregard one small batch)
ndependant water-diviners
sied water in an area quite
e building sites. Unfort-
til plans go ahead, a private
be used by landing parties,
s wet feet) and one must be
ne camp. This would cost
ly \$1500. Actually the whole
l amount to quite a large sum
et that fool you, and let me
- it's certainly well worth

Susan Still

A subject of great controversy
over the past months has been
whether or not the All Blacks
should tour South Africa in 1970. I
say no. The tour should be cancell-
ed and to support my opinion I ask
another question - Do New Zealanders
approve of apartheid?

The answer is obviously no. We
don't approve. Shouldn't we there-
fore be active and firm in attempt-
ing to bring its downfall?

I may appear to be arguing at
cross purposes if you are familiar
with the people who support the theory
that by exhibiting our own racial
harmony the South African people will
begin to feel guilty and start to
demand change in the Government
policy. But do people ever change a
Government which puts them on the
winning end?

Some say sports should be kept
out of politics, but this is not
just politics. Apartheid is not
just another word like "the budget,"
"capitalism" or "State Ownership." It
is a conversant term used to mask
suffering and degradation. A totally
inappropriate word - literally mean-
ing separate development, in reality
meaning a separate sorrow for a whole
people exploited because of another
race's self-indulgence. I quote
Mr Vorster, architect of the educat-
ion system who said: "When I have
control of Bantu education the Black
child will know there is no hope of
equality. He will know there is no
place for him in society above cert-
ain levels of labour and he will
cease to aspire to the green pastures
reserved for white South Africans."

Education after all lays the
foundations of a country's future.
Can this be a policy of separate
development? If I appear to be
getting off the point I ask you to
think again and realise that here is
a marvellous opportunity for New
Zealand to do something active against
apartheid. By sending teams in the
past New Zealand has made herself one
of the staunchest supporters of apar-
theid in South African sport. Sending
New Zealand teams gives a certain
respectability to apartheid laws.
Worse still it kills any hope for
change. (continued on page 28)

After many seemingly worthless, but obviously worthwhile practices in our
over-sized swimming pool, we, that is the Waipu Swimming Team of '69, were off
to show the rest of Lower Northland just how it's done, at the High School Swim-
ming pool at Wellsford. Well, either we drank too much the night before or the
pool was too chlorinated because the only thing that we did show everyone else
was how to gain fifth place, race after race, and how to cross two lanes in the
course of a 50 yard event - this we did beautifully! Actually, believe it or no
we returned with seven firsts, five seconds and twelve thirds, and heaven only
knows how many fifths, disqualifieds and non-finishers we had. No, quite frankly
we came third overall out of six schools which isn't too bad at all for a school
of our size and a pool of our size!

The first place honours went to: Jeff D'Ath (Senior Boys' Freestyle (50 yds)
Open Boys' Freestyle (100 yds) and Open Butterfly.) David McCathie (Open Boys'
Medley(75 yds) and Senior Boys' Breastroke (50 yds) Lorraine Lockhead (Int.
Girls' Breastroke 50 yds)and Carol Bowmar (Sub-Junior Girls' Freestyle.)

Second place honours went to Diana Williams, Senior Girls' Breastroke (50 yds)
Murray Newton, Int. Boys' Breastroke (50 yds);Elizabeth Cullen, Senior Girls'
Freestyle (50 yds) and Michael Fooy, sub-junior Boys' Breastroke.

Third place honours went to Geoff. Baxter, Brett Dyer, Iris Trebilcock, Ian
Cullen, Arie Leeuwenburg, Kathie Draper, Elaine Cullen, Diana Williams, Junior
Girls' Freestyle Relay, Intermediate Boys' Freestyle Relay and the Inter-school
combined grade Freestyle Relay.

Apart from the disappointing fact that in the Senior Boys' Relay, when we had
a 50 yard lead - one of the members failed to touch the top of the pool, thus
disqualifying the whole team, it was a very enjoyable day - the weather was fine
and the company congenial. But perhaps the most exciting event of the day was
the teacher - pupil relay when we really proved to our coaches that our exhaust-
ing, tiring and "seemingly worthless" practices were in fact very advantageous.

RESULTS OF SCHOOL GYMNASTICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

<u>SENIOR GIRLS:</u>	1. Sandra Dodds	<u>SENIOR BOYS:</u>	1. Jeff D'Ath
	2. Joy Gardner		2. Willy Woods
	3. Merle McKenzie		3. Stephen Brown
<u>JUNIOR GIRLS:</u>	1. Anita Lund	<u>JUNIOR BOYS:</u>	1. Horace Cooper
	2. Sharon McQueen		2. Murray Newton
	3. Susan Still		3. Nigel Marsh

The Gymnastic Championships were held for the first time this year because
the usual competition that Waipu competed in was held at Kaitaia this year and
this was considered too far to travel. Also there were more entries this way.

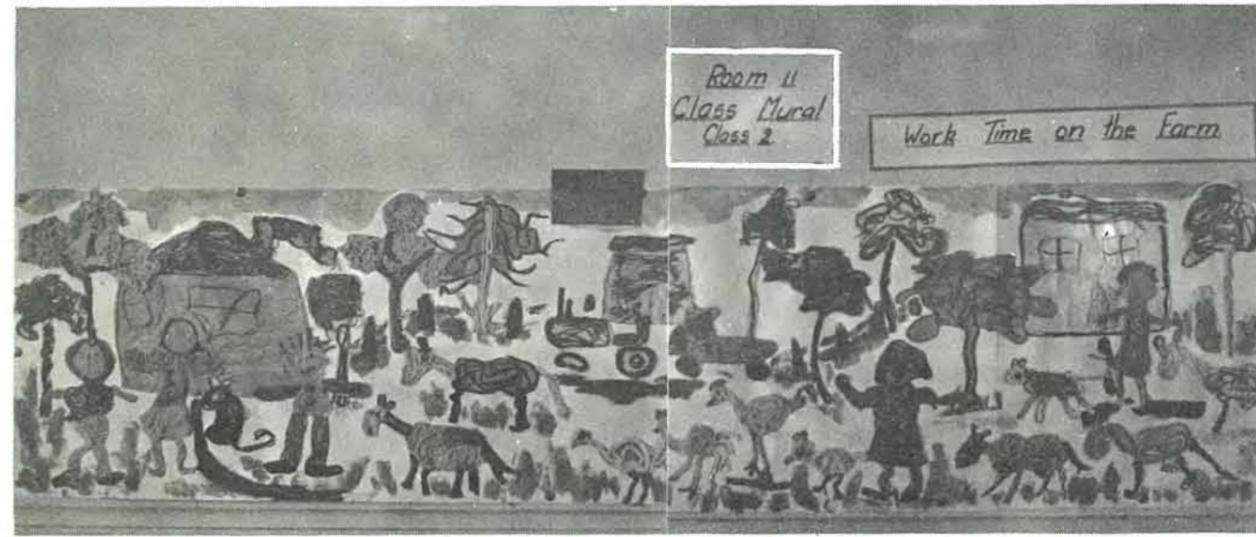
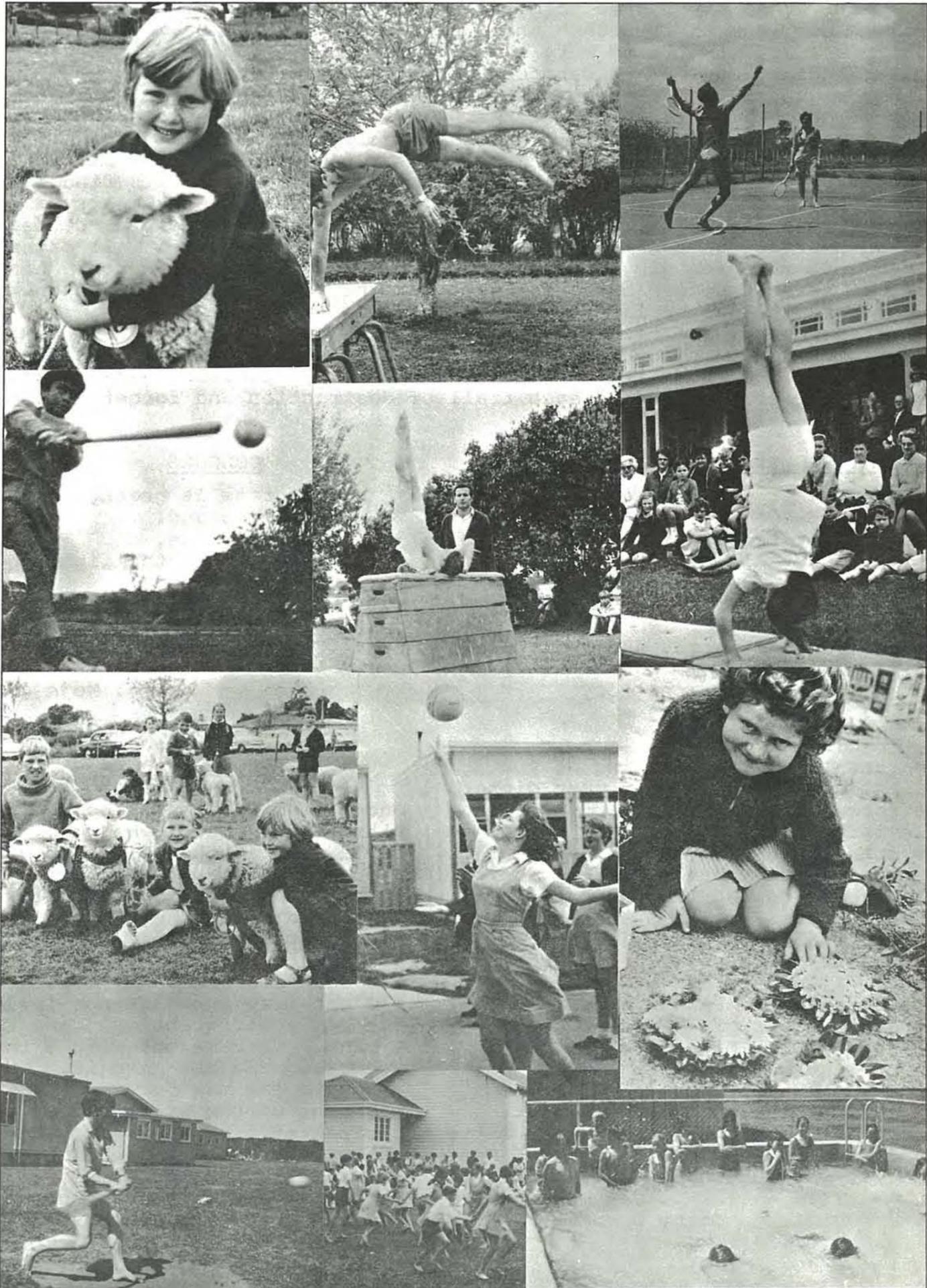
The teams were coached by Mrs Tafa and Mr Vercoe. The competition was
judged in four groups by Mr Davies. We hope that this competition will continue
and there will be more entrants in future years.

M A T H S

by

Wendy Drinnan

* * * * *
* * * * *
Maths, maths, maths,
What an awful bore,
Teachers talking, yelling, screaming,
Oh the pain, oh the pain,
Maths just kills your brain.
* * * * *



WORK OF TH



cks and South Africa(c'd)
a is even more Rugby con-
New Zealand and when in 1967
'no Maoris, no tour' stand,
n the South African street
realise apartheid is repuls-
rest of the world. It had a
impact than any condemnation
ited Nations.
d enlarge our viewpoints on
t just sit back complacently
have done our little bit for
lity. It appears the accept-
invitation was a hasty decis-
face value and is surely an
pproach to the problem.

Zealanders seem to think this
erely a question of whether
layers and supporters will be
the tour is continued. This
able attitude, but we should
rofound thought and realise
even greater moral injustice
t against. New Zealand should
holds a valuable instrument
uggle and we have no right to
The tour should be cancelled
ld firmly state - Apartheid
d we refuse to play with a
t practises it!

Cheryl Efford

THE STORM

d I think what will happen,
tening hits the house,
blows down a tree,
use burn?
lapse?
appen?
hear a crash,
,
like two rocks falling
n other,
and a thud
rums?
ing brightens up the sky
t torch flickering off and on,
colours in the sky
dozen rainbows joined
together,
fire,
of morning.

Ronald Kerkhof

A POEM IN SYMPATHY OF MYSELF

Oh heck
Oh help
What an awful pest
However I catch it
It hasn't got a nest
But roams around
Till we run it to ground
Wherever it goes
There's always a shout
Oh pest!
Get out!
Poor itchy me
You naughty little pesky flea.

E. Moje

FILM REVIEW:

"TO SIR WITH LOVE"

"To Sir With Love" is a film which
has won many awards. It is about a
young coloured teacher and how he
wins the respect of his fifth form
class. His class, a crude mob of
about thirty, had no respect for any
teacher and did and said what they
wished. "Sir" tackled this problem
by making them respect each other
and treating them as adults. The
girls he called Miss and
the boys he called by their surnames.
All the parts were acted extremely
well, especially the teacher. I
cannot imagine the actors who took
the parts of the students as being
anything but a bunch of fifteen year
old school children, even though
Lulu is now married.

The film has been made well
known, not only for the film itself,
but the theme some sung throughout
the film. It is the theme song
sung by Lulu, that brings the film
to a triumphant close.

The main setting for the film is
the classroom. The camera was often
at the back of the classroom looking
toward the teacher and his black-
board. I thoroughly enjoyed this
film. It was interesting to see
how he overcame his problems and
made friends with his pupils. I have
seen the film twice and would like
to see it again. The film finished
with Lulu singing and a little
Chinese girl handing him a present
and a card saying "To Sir With Love."

Lynne Barrott

'There's something wrong with this car, it goes around the corners on four
wheels! Can't it go any faster than seventy? Whee! There goes somebody's
letterbox. Just look at it crunch under the wheels!' Fred begins to think.
Somebody took a lot of time to make that letterbox, but who cares, they can
easily make another one. That carefree attitude again. It's doing you no good
Fred. That night, Fred broke seven windows of a new block of flats, broke beer
bottles over the road, smashed the car's headlights against a telephone pole and
generally acted like a delinquent. Was this really fun for him? This is what
the rest of the gand enjoyed doing, wasn't it? Of course he liked it: Or did
he? Think of the trouble there will be tomorrow, when his parents find out, or
even the police, and if they don't find out, he will feel uneasy, sorry even.
He does have some feelings, but doesn't show them, except on special occasions.
He feeds on destruction and it looks as though he thrives on it. All material
things are just made for him to break. He probably breaks hearts too; his
parents' who have such high hopes for him, but they might not care either. It
may be their fault that he is allowed to run wild.
Fred is often unhappy and depressed. The world is playing tricks with him. Some
force is making him do these things. The force can surely not be love for fun.
This is not fun. He knows it. Why does he do it? He probably asks himself the
same question after he has made each trail of destruction and forgets about the
reason, when 'next time' comes.

MY OLD GRANDMOTHER

My old grandmother sits in her rocking
chair and is always knitting.
When you ask her a question the answer is
always "knit one, slip two."
When she goes for a walk she needs a
walking stick. She dresses out of
fashion too.
But when she smiles at me, she really
smiles.

Joanne Fooy

TUESDAY NIGHT DANCE

All afternoon I was thinking of the
dance. I couldn't really eat much dinner
but Mum forced me to. Mark kept on watch-
ing television and I had to yell at him to
get him going. We arrived at the Scout
Den just before they had a dance. The
first dance was called The Snowball Waltz,
where the partners broke up and the boy
asked another girl and the girl another
boy until just about everyone was up on
the floor. I went to ask a Murray's Bay
boy, but he refused. After a few minutes
we stopped and four girls went out and
did the long pois. Fiona wouldn't do it
even though she had pressure put on her
to perform. Now let's get back to the
subject. After the pois came a twist,
and after that came the Lynmaurs, Lynnette
Stern and Maureen Good. After that I went
home, but it was fun while it lasted.

Cathy Draper

COLOURS

The grass is green,
So are beans.
Snow is white,
Dazzling in the light.
Black for a cat,
And grey for a rat.
Yellow, yellow, yellow,
Yellow for marshmallow.

Keryl Moje

I AM A \$2 NOTE

Once I was in a man's pocket. In
with me was a nut. He took me to
pay a fine at the Police Station.
The man had to get my cousin and
me out. As he pulled us out we
fluttered on to the floor. Then
the man picked us up and gave us
to the policeman. We were put into
the cash register. My cousin and I
did not like the darkness inside it.
One day a different man came to pay
a fine. We came out with a thump.
My cousin did not like it. We were
given to the man for change. The
man went up the street. We were in
his pocket. He kept on pulling us
out of his pocket. We did not like
him at all. He was a man who had a
lot of robber friends. One day I
was run over by a truck.

Guy Muller

THE BALLAD OF 3E1

The class stood there outside Room 8
With not a soul in line,
We have at least ten minutes to wait
Miss Crick is not on time.

The girls' talk is of fashion
Boys and the latest song,
The boys all talk of motor bikes
Then Miss Crick comes along.

"Line up everybody please"
That's what Miss Crick calls,
"Now go inside quietly,
Reg, put down that ball."

Africa is our subject
But no-one has got a clue,
The girls they are still gossiping
And the boys? Well, they chew.

And so the lesson goes along
With Miss Crick wanting peace,
Everyone's learning Africa
And they find the topic's Greece.

Then in comes an inspector
And everybody's good,
They answer all the questions
The way 3rd formers should.

He keeps us in over time
And makes us understand,
Then he gives us homework
About the Equatorial Land.

Thank goodness the lesson's over
And everyone's released,
The boys all fight for the tennis courts
And Miss Crick has her Peace.

Meg Cochrane

THE TRY

The blast of the whistle
The smack of the ball
The yelling crowd out loud they roar
It soars through the air
It thuds to the ground
It scatters the men hopelessly round
The breathless ref faints on the floor
But the crowd bellow out 'Want more,
Want more,'

So at the sideline for the ball they leap
Up in the air and down to their feet
But swift passing ball just shoots on by
And Sid Going speeds on
To score the try.

Mavis Wynyard

A WET DAY

It is a wet day
The children are
Noisier than ever
No birds are singing
Or flying
Or hopping.
The horses and cows
Stand crouched up
In the fields.

Tim Bradford

Sky is dark
Hills are misty
Grass is damp
Weather is cold
No noise inside but outside
No birds singing
No cicadas crying.
And there is no time to play
Locked up in the classroom
Doing nothing but play
With telephones all day long.

Peter Tohu

PORTRAIT OF A DELINQUENT
TEENAGER

'Life is so full of fun things to
do. I'm going to make sure that I
enjoy life before I have to settle
down or go to work.' This is the
general attitude of young people
today, and so things begin to
happen. The gang decide to have a
night out. Where will they go?
To the beach? Fred knows that it
is not going to be as simple as all
that, but he likes fun. 'The
parents won't know anything about
it and I don't want the gang to
think I'm sissy. This time I will
show them that I can be daring too.'
Already Fred has taken the wrong
attitude towards these outings. He
thinks that this is the time to show
that you are better than the next
man.

One of the boys has offered to
let Fred drive his car. Fred hasn't
got a car, but he hasn't got a
driver's license either. He doesn't
worry about little things like
that. They're off. Fred has only
got eight in his borrowed Anglia,
but they sure make the car feel
heavy.

POP ART

Pop art is colourful pictures. The
pictures are blobs of crayons and paint
that don't look like anything but when
looked at closely do represent some-
thing. I think pop art isn't that good
but it is better than drawing pictures
of trucks and mountains. All you have
to do is try and make a big mess and
you come out with a masterpiece.. Pop
art is easy because you don't have to
take up half the period thinking up
what you will draw. The main quality
it has is colour.

Gordon Knowles

MATHS

You have to do it!
That's the whole trouble!
What's the use?
All you get is sums!
Sums, all of the time,
Drummed into your head!
Until you are full of sums up
to the brim of your brain.

Cathy Draper

POP ART

It's great!
It seems to get you right there!
It's got a feeling,
You've got to guess.
It seems to make you look twice,
By its colour and its flare.

Cathy Draper

THE HOUSE

The house was built of oaken-wood,
A thousand years it had withstood,
It fought with nature, and it lost,
Was conquered by the wind and frost,
A forfeit, too, it had to pay -
In lonely ruins it fell away.

The once bright shingles,panelled walls,
Fell victims to the wild-wind calls,
No signs of its past glory show,
Just stone, concealed, beneath the snow.
The creeping snow-drifts pile around,
And blanket o'er the burial mound.

The house that I once called a palace,
The stormy scene alive with malice,
The wild-winds pushed us from that spot,
However, the place is not forgot,
And all that it has left behind,
Are memories in an old man's mind.

Susan Still

TWO SIDES

A daffodil growing in the
A thing of beauty next to
By bits of board and brick
People who strive to make

The daffodil tosses its
wind,
Smelly wind - it's tinged
Amongst the cruel and un-
The daffodil stands for

Susan

Two free days,
Marvellous!
No work, no teacher,
All we'll do is jabber
I wonder who will teach
If Mr McNicol goes, will
Turn into a den of lions
But really, I suppose
It will be just the same
We will be quiet as mice
And as good as angels
And the teachers will
Know we are there.
Interesting, inthralling
It's a wonderful thought
I'm brought back to earth
Mr McN. is setting us

An elephant is so very
Its legs are like kauri
Its trunk is used for
And water from the lake
It has big floppy ears
And weighs a ton as you
It pulls out trees
And squashes them,
And never gets prosecuted
For the damage he does.

Glenys

THE CAT

The cat the prince
ground he
Awaits the night to
stalks
The mouse his prey
shivering
But fails to escape
cat's hold
The black cat's tight
grip
The mouse's sides

G.

THE DAY I WAS TEACHER

like my children to do as I tell them. I would like my class to y indeed. I would like them to finish their work and if they o, I would make them. I would like them to listen to the radio. very good work, I might do something specially for them like to places that are interesting. When we come back from the would write a story about it so I know they have been working. write me a story about their family. We would do plus sums, box sums and equations. We do writing in the morning and the after-spelling as well as mathematics and stories.

Linda Bryham (S.1)

IS THE MOON LANDING JUSTIFIED?

oked and they saw. They looked at the world stretched out in em and they saw emptiness, they saw coldness. They saw a world had been and gone, or was it a world of life yet to be born? ner of the eyes took another step forward, and another, and cloud of silver-grey dust rose about his knees to shimmer softly oken glare of the harsh sun. Then the full immensity of it two hundred and thirty nine thousand miles from his home planet, rom it by a dark, airless, void, filled with cosmic dust, planet- oris; he was standing on a planet which was alien to every concept ious known life. The impact of his thoughts numbed his mind and ould not speak; he could not hear; he could not think. He could A rock. A dull grey rock with a waxy lustre and he picked it up ight see it better. The fine etchings told a story, a story of osure to empty, cold existence. He saw mountains, solemn and yet inviting, yes, inviting his inspection. But they would have r his time was limited. He remembered to scrape some dust and ne silvered containers he carried with him for that purpose. He ng, last look and reluctantly turned to go.

ad this man accomplished? What was gained by this tremendous of millions upon millions of dollars worth of equipment, research iceless human life? I agree that man has benefitted greatly from ation of technological knowledge from his space ventures, but what than this knowledge has been gained? I saw nothing. Is this ex- ustified by the net returns? I say no. legacy is one hundred and ninety six million five hundred thousand s of planet admirable suited for his survival. One third of this d, two-thirds is ocean. As of yet there is no permanent habitat- sea by man. Men dream of exploring outer space when they haven't ed the ocean depths. Men dream of finding new planets capable of life as we know it. Yet man hasn't yet conquered the oceans of anet. It has been said that the Earth is over-populated; it is nerely mismanaged. eans are the richest invironments we know of, they have food to arving millions and many more. Yet we are attempting the conquest en we have no proof that it will support life as we know it. Is ar that we spend the millions of dollars on the exploitations of Will we not acquire technological knowledge just as great when the sea as when researching space? I too listened to the radio excitement when man first landed on the moon, but I would listen reater excitement, to news of man pioneering the sea. The oceans ural heritage yet, we shun them in our greed for greater riches. these riches then seek the sea. Space is a desert path for us esent technology. To quote a common saying, "You must learn to e you can walk."

BY JOHN HODGSON

A VISIT TO THE THEATRE

As I sit in the waiting room reading a magazine, I notice that the operat- ing theatre door is open. Through it I see all types of weapons such as needles, knives, scissors and things that make my whole body shudder. I try to concentrate on my magazine but some- how I can't stop looking through the open door. Every time I look I see things and dread to think of their use. Then my eyes catch something, a hand lying on the table. Then I realise that the hand is really a glove. At that moment, a nurse comes in and asks me to follow her. A while later I am sitting down with a Doctor at my side. He is getting ready to take a blood test. I shudder. Then he puts in the needle, I flinch, and he starts to extract my blood. Some time later I am lying down on what appeared to be a bed on wheels. Then I am wheeled into the Theatre by an orderly. A nurse with a large needle walks to- ward me and asks me to hold out my arm. I do so but with a slight tremble. Then the nurse plunges the needle into my arm and empties the syringe contents into it. This injection makes me woozy. Hours seem to pass as I listen to shuffling of people and the clinking of instruments. I feel a sharp jab and everything goes black.

Bruce Logan

THE BALLAD OF THE WILD ONE

He came from down Wyoming way,
Where many a horse roams free,
To most he wasn't a special sort,
But he seemed like a winner to me.

I liked the way he held his head,
And snorted loud and long.
His sensitive ears pricked delicately,
And his muscles taut and strong.

His coat shone bright and beneath the
sheen,
Those muscles rippled and played.
And the air of his presence seemed to
linger on

Where-ever he'd happened to stray.

And I miss him when I'm riding through
That land where he once belonged.
And I'm wondering where he can be now,
Yes, I miss him now he's gone.

Nola Waterson

A DRIVE IN THE NIGHT

The small shiny Lotus pulled out from the curb and joined the stream of traffi which followed steadily along the busy highway. The evening air was saturated with the smell of exhaust fumes and fish and chips, the sound of engines, horns, squealing brakes and the treading feet of the crowd which jostled on the side-walks. The night was aglow with the radiance of cars' head-lights and flashing Neon signs.

The cars sped quietly, inconspicu- ously on and presently found itself on the open highway which led out of the City. The twinkling street lights had become fewer and the torrent of cars had thinned to a trickle.

Quite suddenly, out of the night, the whining of a siren could be heard, as it wound up to a scream. The young man glanced up into the rear-vision mirror and absently noted the red flashing light which was pulling on to the road some distance behind him. He grimaced and slowly accelerated. The needle on the speedometer crept up, sixty- sixtyfive-seventy-seventyfive-eighty miles an hour. The glimmering stree lamps gave way to luminous road markers and there was no sound but the swish of the wind and the purr- ing of the powerful engine, and the siren.

D. Underwood

POTATO CHIPS

Chips, Yummy! a twenty cent bag is not much I thought if me and John were going to have half each. We started with enthusiasm and dug in as fast as we could go. These are delicious I thought and grabbed another handful. When John was still eating them by the handfuls I was trying to get through one. About half-way through, we were staggering to get through. When we had practically finished Dad passed us his three quarters finished packet. "Oh, boy," both of us groaned. I felt like being sick and John also, I think, by the face he pulled. We staggered through the last of them and plonked back with a groan.

Cathy Draper



STAFF 1969

FRONT ROW: Mrs Brown, Mr Potts, Mr Boyle, Mr Baxter, Mr Ashton, Mrs Challenger, Mr Singleton, Mr Vercoe.

MIDDLE ROW: Mrs Bartulovich, Mrs Ashton, Mrs Vogt, Miss Crick, Mrs Boyle, Mrs Tafa, Mrs Evans, Mrs Riddler.

BACK ROW: Mr Stern, Mr Maung Maung, Mr Nixon, Mr Wright, Mr Vogt, Mr McNicol, Mr Davies, Mr Lock.

PREFECTS 1969



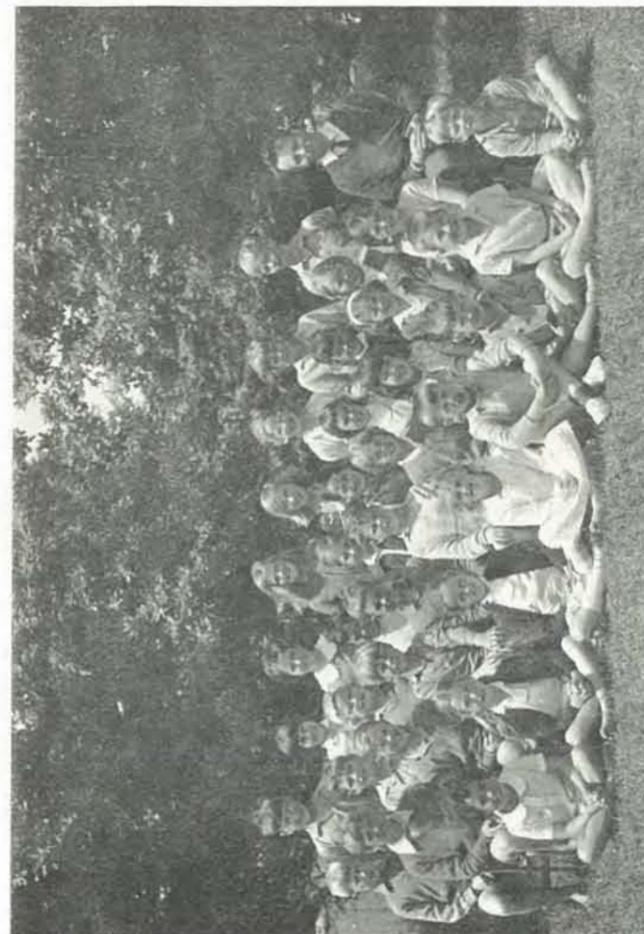
PREFECTS

GIRLS

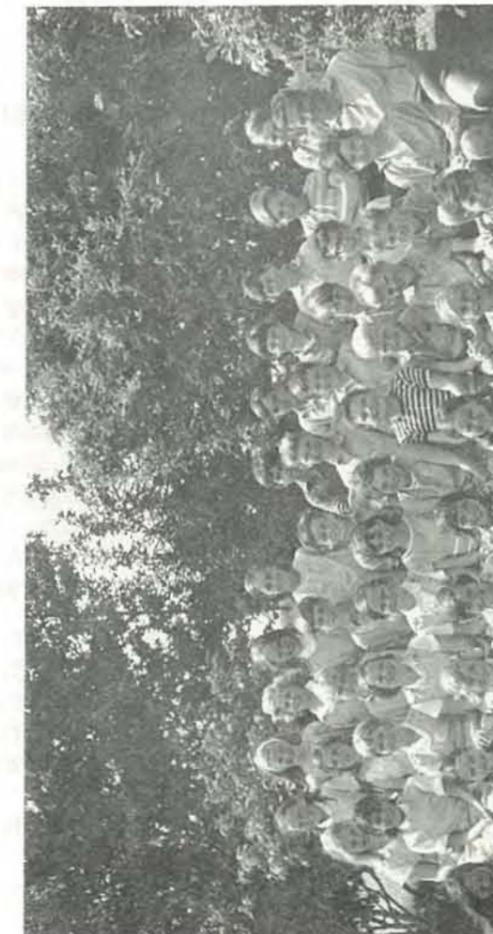
Ngairé Drinnan (Head)
Sandra Dodds
Shelley Hodgson
Diana Williams
(left during year)
Lorna Wynyard

BOYS

Nigel McGimpsey (Head)
Brenton Erceg
Tomislav Govorko
David McCathie



STANDARD 2 & 3 (R.4)



STANDARD 4 & FORM 1 (R.1)



FORM 5E1

er: Mr Vercoe
 ynn
 arolyn*
 ianne
 eryl
 ne
 ifer
 la
 nnifer
 ancy*
 aureen
 yn
 Lorraine
 Jill
 ynette
 abeth
 ian
 Rosemary
 ienne
 Barbara
 bara
 ew
 hn
 oger
 s
 phen
 ce
 ephen
 an
 rray

Form Teacher: Mr Ashton
 Blagrove, Shona
 Carter, Adrienne
 Donaldson, Anne
 Ferguson, Andrea
 Flyger, Annette
 Gardner, Joy
 Gordon, Sylvia
 McGregor, Heather
 MacKay, Karen
 Mumford, Ann
 Phillips, Pauline
 Taylor, Kathleen
 Thomlinson, Nancy
 Versloot, Hilde
 Dickson, Susanne

Batger, John
 Brooks, Alan
 Brown, Stephen
 Cochrane, Anthony
 D'ath, Jeffrey
 Guy, Simon
 Hodgson, John
 Knowles, Bruce
 McLean, David
 Newey, Rex
 Smith, Raymond*
 Woods, William

FORM 5E2

Form Teacher: Mr Singleton
 Alcock, Jennifer
 Carter, Dale
 Clyde, Jennifer
 Colebrook, Laurel
 Cullen, Dianne
 Dickson, Susanne +
 Fooy, Barbara
 McKenzie, Merle
 McWilliams, Colleen
 Mackie, Memory
 Powell, Ann
 Shute, Karen
 Stirling, Dianne*
 Tuhiwai, Teresa
 Whittle, Robyn
 Whittle, Suzanne
 Williams, Gloria

Baxter, Geoffrey
 Cullen, Gavin
 Govorko, Tom
 Kerkhof, Atie
 Lear, Chris
 Marsh, Brenton
 McCully, Paul
 Neems, Geoffrey*
 Robinson, Warren
 Guild, Robert

FORM 5E3

Form Teacher: Mr Vogt
 Hapgood, Mavyn
 Harding, Yvonne
 Hill, Carol*
 Larsen, Laurayne*
 Morunga, Celia
 Nicholas, Linda
 Phiskie, Ina
 Rata, Hiria*
 Shelley, Glenis*

Cullen, Ian
 Doar, Keith*
 Guild, Robert+
 Pirihi, Bernard
 Pirihi, Friday
 Robinson, Chris
 Roland, Bill
 Salmon, Keith*
 Smith, Brian
 Terry, Paull
 Timms, Harry
 Watts, Kerry

FORM 6

Form Teacher: Mr Stern
 Bradley, Janet*
 Cullen, Elizabeth
 Dodds, Sandra
 Drinnan, Ngaire
 Efford, Cheryl
 Hodgson, Shelley
 Holland, Wendy
 Williams, Diana*
 Wright, Cathie*
 Wynyard, Lorna

Bradford, Bill*
 Crawford, Denis*
 Erceg, Branton
 McCathie, David
 McGimpsey, Nigel
 Meale, Ken
 Murray, Logan
 Powell, Tom

Wyatt, Des

*Left During Year
 +Changed classes
 During Year

STAFF LIST 1969

HEADMASTER

MR H.L. BAXTER B.A.

SECONDARY STAFF

SENIOR ASSISTANT: Mr W. Ashton M.A.
 Head of English & Social Studies
 Mrs B. Challenger - Senior Assistant
 Mistress

Miss H. Crick B.A.
 Mr W. Maung Maung B.A. (Rangoon)
 Miss R. Pascoe*
 Mr C. Singleton B.Sc. (London)
 Head of Science

Mr H. Stern L.R.S.M. Careers Advisor
 Mrs J. Tafa
 Mr B. Vercoe B.Sc. Head of
 Mathematics

Mrs J. Vogt B.A.
 Mr J. Vogt B.A.
 Mr I. Wright

HOME CRAFT PROBATIONARY ASSISTANTS

Miss L. Hall
 Miss A. Burt
 Miss A. Peterson

PART TIMERS AND RELIEVERS

Mrs W. Ashton B.A.
 Mrs R. McKay
 Mrs I. Bartulovich
 Mrs K. Rogers
 Mr A. Lock

PRIMARY STAFF

1st ASSISTANT Mr N. Boyle
 Mr W. Potts - Supervisor
 Junior Classes

Mrs N. Boyle
 Mrs J. Brown
 Mr P. Davies
 Mr A. McNicol B.A.
 Mrs W. Evans
 Mr J. Nixon

DENTAL NURSES

Mrs A. McNicol*
 Miss G. Bower*

OFFICE ASSISTANT

Mrs S. Riddler

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Mrs M. Bryham

GARAGE STAFF

Mr L. Bowmar
 Mr S. Riddler

CARETAKING AND CLEANING STAFF

Mr and Mrs T. Good
 Mr F. Watts
 Mr and Mrs T. Beale

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Mr A. Worthy (Chairman) Mr E. Cochrane (Treasurer)
 Mr R. McLean (Secretary)
 Mr J. Mason Mr A. Somner
 Mrs E. Mumford Mr N. Stevens
 Mr N. Shepherd Mrs W. Still

* Left during the year

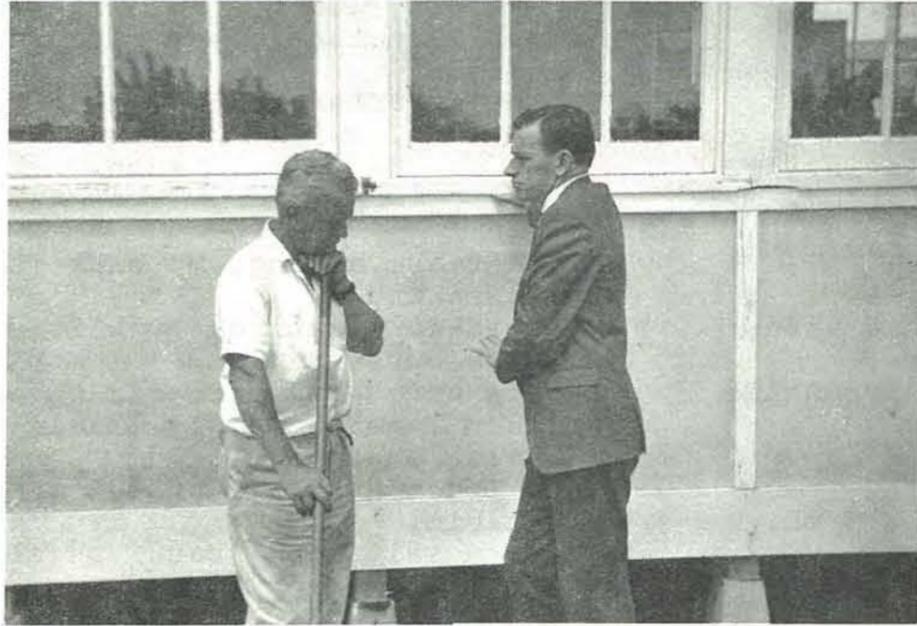
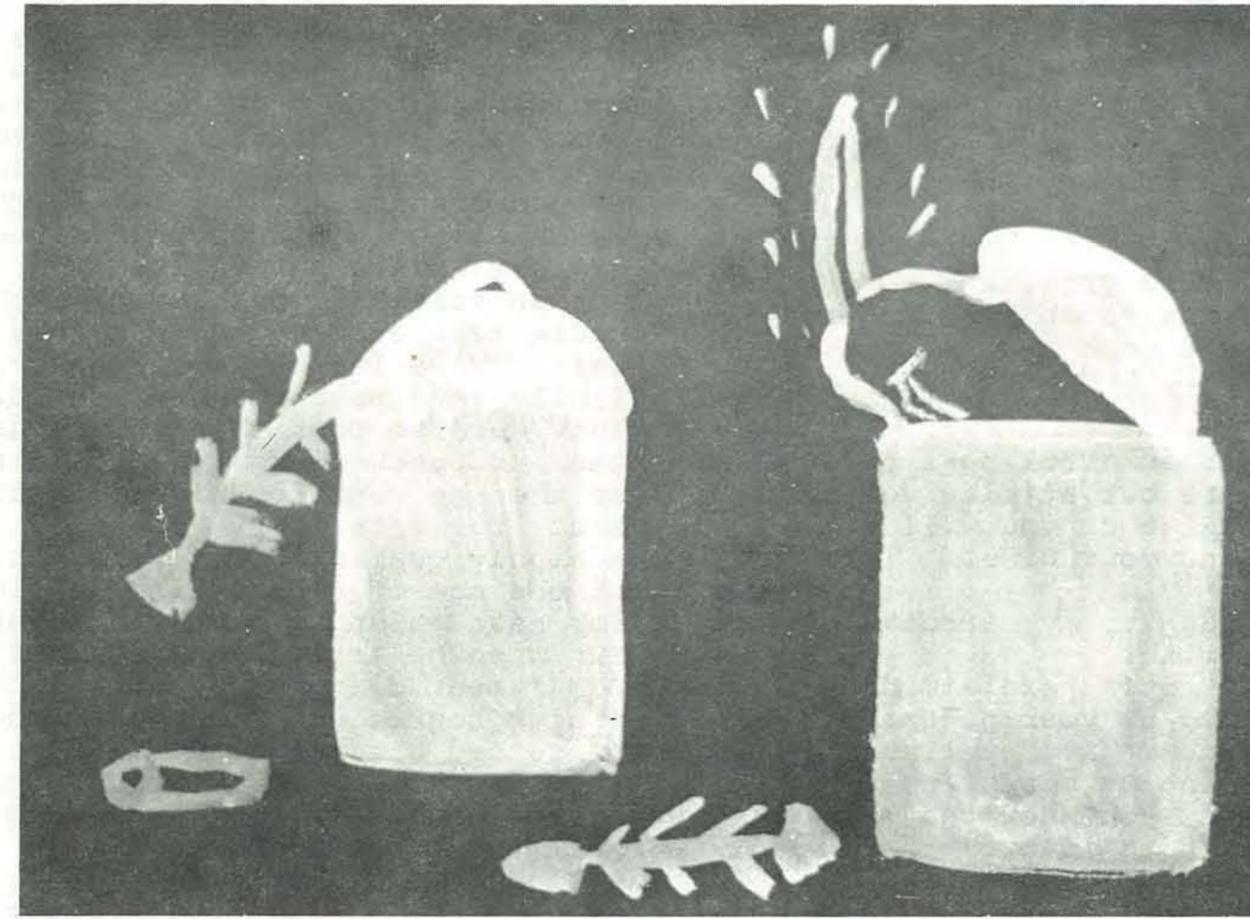
HEADMASTER'S NOTE

It is sometimes said that those with no past, have no future; that those who are able to look back with pride and pleasure are the ones who look forward with confidence. I am very pleased therefore that this project which was but an idea in the minds of one or two people some months ago, has through effort, enthusiasm and the interest and support of the business community, become a reality.

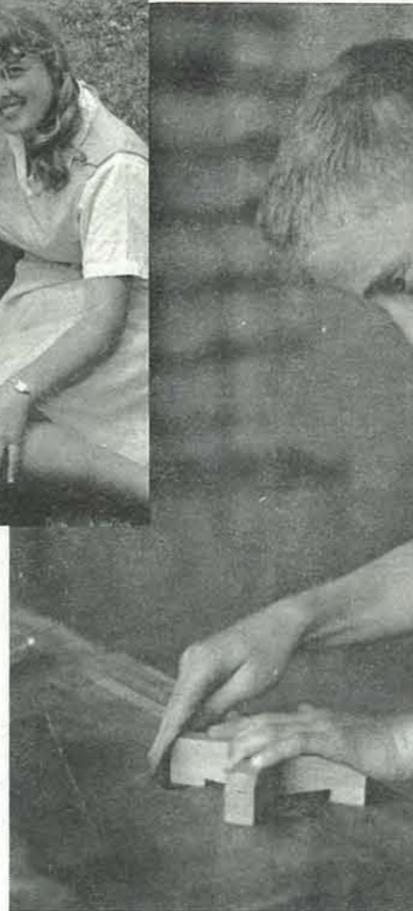
As I read it I will have memories which bring me pleasure. There will be other memories too, but I will see these now in better perspective. All the people who have contributed to this magazine hope and trust that you, the reader, will judge the effort to have been worth while.

* * * *

* * * *



**STUDIES IN
CONCENTRATION**



UNCLE JOE

e Joe
e Joe,
eighty years ago,
sit in his rocking chair,
a far-away look,
t do anything
ream
beard grew,
wrinkles on his face too,
and doze away in a dream.

Joanne Hughes

is an awful pest because
are out at play you have
inside or you will get a
ound your hide.

g dug up my carrots," roared
Smith.
id not!" exclaimed Mr Andrews.
dug up your potatoes!"
know that," yelled Mr Smith
lling up his sleeves.
ell, you know that now you
ld head idiot," roared Mr
drews.
ws called his dog Tuffy.
ran away pulling down his
eeves.

Kerry drake

E DAY OF NIGHT

olling of the waves
ugh the haunted caves
slapping of the oars
rds the distant shores
ms make the water bright
way on through the night.

M. Brown

WAIPU IDENTITY

leenburg was born in Holland
ld lived in the village of
went to primary school in
and later went to College
uring village. Ever since
, he wanted to be a farmer.
in the second World War
heir village and the sur-
as to make sure of this.
and the water that acted as
r the people, froze so hard
uld skate on it. The fuel
ge became so low, with the
ng all their oil and kerosine,

leaving them with only the few
pieces of scrap wood they could
scrounge from the wood heaps a-
round sheds and other buildings.
Even this ran short, they had to
cut off their fruit trees in the
frozen orchard, at ice level. This
was their only source of firewood
so they had to ration it. The 100
German soldiers that occupied their
house took everything when they
left. This left the Leeuwenburg
family very poor and bewildered.
They were so poor that it was use-
less Mr Leeuwenburg going farming,
so then he went to University to
study for Veterinary Practice. As
a highly qualified Veterinary Surgeon
at the age of twenty-nine, he left
for New Zealand, to become a farmer.
But when he arrived the Agriculture
Department discovered that he had
a high degree of Agriculture and
persuaded him not to go farming
but to become a Veterinary Surgeon
in New Zealand. They succeeded and
he is now the Vet of the Waipu
community. He is in his forties
and is married with four children.

Ross Dickson

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE

It was nearly Autumn; the grass
was all brown and the skies stayed
clear blue. Gaunt cattle foraged
amongst the trees, for the tender
green grass growing in the shade;
but little was to be found. Old
rotting stumps displayed the fact
that bushmen had tried to clear
away the bush for farm land. Every
thing was tinder dry and fires,
once started would be nearly im-
possible to stop.

The horizon was hazy with smoke.
In the distance funnels of smoke
rose into the dry air. A sharp
wind blew, helping the fire draw
near. The animals and birds had
caught wind of the fires and be-
came quiet and uneasy. The smoke
trails got closer, near to the fire
break. With a wind like this be-
hind it the fire break wouldn't
stop it.

The eager flames leapt at the
high branches of the trees; while
smaller flames crept quickly thru
the dry grass and twigs.

'MAGNIFICENT M'

Let's start in the middle with 'M'!
The magnificent men and the flying
machines.
Brought Millicent Mary back to the
missionaries again.
They mashed their machine right up to
the middle.
Now it's minced mutton married to veal.
It's modern material, a mistaken
missile.
Millicent then married a monkey.
Took it to the moon last month,
Minced it, murdered it a might million.
Now musical Mack makes musical magazines.
That's how 'M' landed in the minced
middle.

S. Goldsmith

DISCOVERY OF U

Ugly Uranis utters ultimate words.
Uncle unable to alter cows udder.
Upholsterer upsets urchin in uproar.
The unique umbrella undergoes unicorn's
task.
Unsure urges urn to pour out it's inside.
Underhand utensils upright they stand.
Unusual U.F.O's. upsets Uranis,
Utu is just as dangerous.
Universal universe upper unites.
Utmost the umpire while flying his kites.
Urban understands ulcers interior.
Umbrella-grass climbs umbrella-tree while
umpire
Unbraids his uncle.
U is uneasy as u can see,
To make up a story that suits u and me.

Janet Knowles

Anxiety is waiting to see my parents' faces
after camping out for the night without
permission.
Anxiety is waiting to see what's on my
sandwiches.
Anxiety is waiting to see what our model
will turn out to be.
Anxiety is to see if I'll get into 3E1.
Anxiety is getting my hair cut.
Anxiety is High School.
Anxiety is being asked what anxiety means.
Anxiety is giving up your report.
Anxiety is waiting to die.
Anxiety is wondering what to do with the
winning ticket of Golden Kiwi.
Anxiety is love.

Form 2

SUMMER

Summer is waiting for Autumn
Summer is haybaling
Summer is days off school
Summer is full of annoying flies
coming
Summer is tomato and lettuce and
fruit salad and ice cream
Summer is shorts and not longs
Summer is nighties and shortie
pyjamas and no electric
blankets
Summer is eating twelve caramel
and orange iceblocks
Summer is going outside three
times a day for Phys.Ed.
Summer is a brown back
Summer is a good breeze for
sailing
Summer is a time to have cousins
to play with
Summer is nature's way of being
kind
Summer is after Spring and before
Autumn.

Anon.

THE HIKE

My feet are aching, my back is
breaking
My head is sweating, my blisters
are bursting.
I have never run this far before
So when I get home, I'll fall
flat on the floor.
When I get up, I'll stroll to my
cabin,
Throw myself on my back and slee
till next morning.

Jeffrey Limm

THE DEBTOR

The spider sat in his web
Feeling very fierce
All the rates of his house,
Had not been paid for years.
He screamed and he hollered
And he cried with pain
That awful ghost of rates,
Is haunting me again.

Hugh Müller

PRIMARY ACTIVITIES

LIBRARY OPENING: A combination of goodwill and hard work allowed the opening of a new Primary Library in the Third Term. The old Library, which was also used as a film room by the whole school, had proved unsatisfactory and the supply of books was small and fairly unexciting. Once the decision to alter the situation had been made, things really moved. Money was raised, mainly by Parent-Teacher co-operation on a concreting project at the High School, and there was a steady flow into school of Booksellers, armed with their products. Mr Worthy appeared and attacked the wall between Rooms 6 and 7 with hammer and saw. Out of the debris, the shell of the new library appeared. Then the lady helper vanguard arrived. This time the attack was spearheaded by Mrs Rogers. Covering, cataloging and decorating proceeded at great speed. Opening day had to be wet! However, this didn't seem to worry those who arrived at the new Library and were entertained by a loud-speaker connected with Mr Baxter's office. The only problem was to squeeze the choir in but this didn't seem to affect the performance. Support didn't end here. People were invited to select books from a display and present them to the Library. The result: about three hundred books were presented on opening day! The Library has been a great example of community co-operation. Once the drawbacks of the old library were noted by the community, it seemed to be simply a matter of time before action resulted. All the hard work seems justified by the fact that there is now a question frequently asked teachers, who have seldom heard the question before - "When may we change our Library Books, Sir?"

CALF CLUB DAY - 1969

A calf club day with a difference!! Different in two ways: No High School; Other entertainment to amuse the parents. On the day Mark Forshaw paraded the Champion Calf and Joanne Ryan paraded the Reserve Champion. The numbers of animals in both Calf and Lamb sections were once again low for a farming community and school of this size. Of those that were paraded the standard was fairly high. The other items: A junior singing group, coached by Mr Potts; A folk dancing squad trained by Mr McNicol and a Gymnastic team trained by Mr Davies, provided some interesting and often amusing entertainment during the afternoon, which I am sure was enjoyed by parents and children alike.

GYMNASTICS

All in all, a very successful year. Five teams from the Primary Department participated in the Whangarei and Northland Gymnastic Champs, held earlier this year at the A & P Hall. The general standard of the competitors was very high and great credit can be given to the pupils from our school for scoring so many places in both individual and teams events. The effort made by these boys and girls is seen more clearly when we compare the limited facilities available at Waipu with the modern Gym, Halls and specialist instructors which are available to the children of the larger schools and centres in Northland, which also entered teams in the competitions and who performed with less success than Waipu.

CHOIR

There are about 28 people in the choir and I am writing about what we have done during the year. When we started, Mrs Boyle our teacher, told us that there was going to be a music festival and we had to know 28 songs including the National Anthem. On Friday night a week before the end of the Second Term, the festival was held. There were choirs from Wellsford right up to Cape Reinga. There was about 350 voices in the choir which was conducted by Mrs Carl Reed, a well-known music personality in Whangarei. At the Library Opening, and at an R.S.A. afternoon for the Old Folk, the choir also sang.

by Alastair Cochrane

With a great flare the flames left the stricken tree which crackled and fell. The thud it made went unheard above the sharp, loud crackle of the fire. The animals and birds had left in good time, except the few young and experienced ones who stayed for a last nibble.

Too long they waited; for when they looked up the fire had crept up and trapped them. It was no use running for there was no break in the ring of fire. The flames towered above them; the tall grass disintegrated; the heat was unbearable and their coats became singed as the fire drew closer. It was a very dangerous fire.

The wind had stopped; all was deathly silent. The flames died low; without the wind behind them the firebreaks would work. The blackened logs smouldered at their centre. In the sky, black, heavy clouds loomed above and began to unburden themselves. Down came the rain in big, wet drops. The fire sizzled and the flames were extinguished although the big logs continued to smoulder. Animals would soon return to the blackened land.

Maureen Holland

SOUNDS

Click, clack, click,
everytime the ball hits a stick.
Click, clack, click,
pass it around.

The mighty sounds of the crowds
as a goal is scored,
Another furious tackle
running girls playing hockey.
The shrill high pierced referee's whistle
Click, clack, click,
As the ball hits the stick.

Annette Fooy

THE FAWN

With spotted back and tiny bob tail
And thin long legs that are so frail
With a slender long neck and long pointed ears
The little fawn with his mother near
Eagerly tries his first steps to take
Trying not to make a mistake
And came down on the ground with a thud
And gets himself dirty in the wet, sticky mud
But again he tries and this time he wins
And now his life in the world begins.

Sheryl Somner

MATHS

Maths is terrific,
for those who know,
Maths is a bore,
for those that don't,
When it gets harder,
It's a pain in the neck
When it gets easy a sn
lights up your face,
Those geometric shapes
are terrifically done,
But the figures are ha
But when three is thre
is four
a door is a door,
When it comes to Maths

MOON TRIP

We will go very soor
For a trip to the mc
We'll fly up high
Like a bird in the s
We'll go in a rocket
For this strange lor
What will we see, wh
I don't really
Let's wait till

AN AUTUMN PC

In Autumn it gets cool
It gets cooler all the
Sometimes it is rainir
And sometimes it's qui
The leaves are falling
They fall gently to th
Orange, gold and brow
Falling down, without

THE KIWI BIR

The kiwi,
Is rather a funny
It does not roam
It scans the grou
to tail,
just for a warm v
The kiwi,
Is a funny bird
It does not roam
glare of light
for fear of a fr:
In the New Zeala
Just for a warm,

DEEP SEA DIVER

cuttling fish I creep,
 Deep sea diver,
 It for money,
 who earn a fiver.
 Coral and the weed,
 hidden treasure,
 silver, brass and gold,
 weight and measure.

An awful adventure,
 a deadly shark,
 to chase me around an old
 clock,
 I found myself in the dark.
 He was soft but his teeth they
 were hard,
 as a feather bed,
 the hole through which to breathe,
 was perched on the top of his
 head.

I thought of how to get out,
 I thought of tickling,
 with a tremendous gulp,
 something trickling.

I stopped so I carried on,
 with his mighty force,
 I hit and threw it on a patch,
 tomato sauce.

I started moving and jumping
 around,
 as if it would work,
 I stuck my mouth and I jumped out,
 my face down in the murk.

I was covered and then was discovered,
 all of glass,
 the hole was just in time to pop,
 and I found the "Cutlass."

I went home and then had tea,
 a drink, and I made a toast,
 which had saved the life of me.

Lee Bartulovich

AT THE BEACH

Long ago when I went to the beach,
 with gulls flying about,
 which one would be the scout,
 a few sheep there,
 I didn't care and didn't care
 that one should stop and stare,

Robyn Williams

POP ART

Pop art is so groovy,
 It's in every movie,
 It's really the greatest,
 And it's just the latest,
 And it appeals to every juvie,
 (nile that is).

D. Logan

MY NANA

Nana's hair is as white as can be,
 She has a kind old face that smiles
 at me,
 She has twinkling eyes,
 And a wrinkled face,
 That to me looks old and wise.

Robyn Williams

SEA

Down by the beach
 The tide violently crashes
 Silver foam on top of each mountain
 wave
 As it runs out in transparent
 ripples
 It leaves the satin sands to gleam
 in the sun
 Around the next cove
 The birds happily twitter in the
 trees
 It's blushing red flowers pose
 to the sun
 Children gather shells from the
 satin sands
 It's not safe to swim here
 But the sun's warm
 There's only four here
 But round at the main beach there's
 nearly four thousand.

by Colleen Russell

GLADIOLI

Yellow cupid's eye
 Points to heaven
 Bloodstreaks pierced on
 satin,
 Lemon bone-china
 Backed green
 Surrounded
 By spiked spires
 Sinew-strong
 Bow-taut.

B. Still

LONSDALE PARK TRIP

A new item on the Primary School programme this year was the trip to Lonsdale Park. Mr McNicol's Form Two went late in September and Mr Davies' Standard Three and Four followed two weeks later. The programmes arranged for both classes were similar. Mr McNicol's class arrived late one afternoon to find (1) the tanks completely dry (2) the pump not working (3) the lights in two lodges not operating and (4) one of the mothers (who had gone on ahead) in hospital with a broken leg, sustained in a fall through a window. Everybody was asked their "First Impressions of Lonsdale Park" and answers ranged from a cautious "Oh-O.K." to the direct "It's a dump!!" After we had been there a couple of days, had organised things, been to Waitangi and Russell, beaten Kerikeri at longball, (the softball results will not be mentioned), hiked up bush cliffs, dug Kauri gum, barbecued pipis, eaten eel and puha, camped a night in the bush, and sailed the Whangaroa Harbour, the "Last Impressions" were slightly different. The least favourable comment was that "It seemed like a dump at first but it's really a neat dump." One or two unforeseen incidents made life interesting, the most notable being the aroma which could be detected only when the wind comes from the East. Everyone seemed to enjoy the trip and the chance to live twenty-four hours a day with people seen normally for only six to seven hours. Some of the keenest supporters were the parents who accompanied us on the trip. Everybody had a chance to do something they were good at - from catching eels to writing songs about camp life.

Mr Davies' class met similar problems on arrival. Not only did the pump fail but Mrs Stern's car failed at the hands of Mr Davies. First attitudes were similar to those of the previous class, however, attitudes had again changed at the end of the week. Once again, the parents came home highly enthusiastic and certain "they could do anything the kids could." The trips were enjoyed by all concerned - children, parents and teacher. We learned a lot about New Zealand's early history and about outdoor life. We spent a lot of time preparing; looking up information, writing letters and working out organisation. Perhaps the most important thing we learned was to depend on people outside our families and have responsibilities other than normal home jobs. The general comment is the best argument in favour of trips - "It's neat up there."

LONSDALE PARK

When we first arrived
 At the Lonsdale dump
 We found out pretty quickly
 That broken was the pump
 Now we all disagree
 About the second line
 And we all think Lonsdale's nice
 Especially when it's fine.

Anon.

The sun is shining at Lonsdale Park,
 And all the owls go hark, hark, hark,
 Excuse me there but there's a miscoot!
 All the owls go hoot, hoot, hoot.

Glenys Goddard

We are at Matakauri Bay gathering pipis.
 "Here comes a wave," Raymond shouts.
 Quickly I get up and luckily I only
 get my pants wet. I bend down to get
 some more and this time I get the front
 of my shirt wet. I bend down again and
 start doing the splits. Another wave
 comes and goes right over me.

EEL FISHING

I put my line in the water and wait
 for a tug. Then suddenly I feel it.
 I pull my line up - Boy! what a
 whopper. It sure is heavy. The eel
 struggles like mad. The line is
 cutting my fingers. I get it up to
 the top of the bank with excitement.
 Peter comes along with the knife and
 cuts its head off. With blood drip-
 ping everywhere I carry it across to
 the other side of the river. I wash
 it and the blood floats down the
 river. I hang it up in the tree so
 that it will be out of the road. Now
 my precious eel will be cooked and
 eaten.

Wendy Drinnan

Splash! The water is up to my thighs!
 Ah! Got him. Oh no, not another
 wave. Why can't Mr McNicol and Mr
 Baxter do this dirty work. Lazy
 beggars, sitting snug in the hall.
 We'll show them and go in sopping
 wet.

DEBATING

Members of the Sixth Form had their first experience in the field of debating when a team selected by Mrs Vogt participated in this year's inter-secondary school debating contest organised by the Northland Jaycees. The team, consisting of Shelley Hodgson, leader, [redacted], 2nd speaker, Logan Murray, 3rd speaker and Diane Williams, reserve, debated against first opponent Tauraroa in May (at Tauraroa) speaking for the negative on the topic "Racial Discrimination is Desirable." This debate resulted in victory for the Waipu team. However, victory was not on our side in the second round of the competition when our team consisting of Cheryl Efford, leader, [redacted], Kovich, 2nd speaker, Logan Murray, 3rd speaker and Shelley Hodgson, reserve, competed against Upper 6th pupils of Dargaville District High School (at Waipu). The topic debated in this round was "Et Dulce et decorum est pro patrie more?" This translated means "it is right and proper to die for one's country," for which the Waipu team debated in the negative.

THE GARDENING CLUB

Throughout the year there has been an average of 6-7 girls in the Gardening Club. They have done a good job which would not have been possible were it not for numbers of the school contributing plants and cuttings, so helping to transform a few of the flowerbeds. This transformation has had trying moments. The profusion of weeds has been overcome with enthusiasm and hard labour which has not been discouraged by the use of handling hoes, two pronged forks and other primitive implements. Nowhere have such unusual fertilizers been so faithfully applied. Unknown to them, the pupils of this school have contributed generously to the growth of these wonderful blooms by regularly applying orange peels, apple cores, bread crusts and other such conveniently discarded lunch droppings. Our bewiskered Science Master seems to have a thing about our sweet peas. As they grow outside his window he conveniently pours a varied assortment of waste chemicals over them, thus exterminating the once abundant show of flowers. There seems to be a new trend at school influenced by the Pacific Islands, or is it the Flower People, or perhaps a new form of vegetative reproduction that flowers should appear behind the odd ear and in long hair. In spite of minor upsets and major drawbacks, it has been a lot of fun and we hope those greenfingered enthusiasts next year will carry on the good work.

THE MUSIC CLUB

Most of us look forward to Friday afternoon club period after a week's work. It is good to get together and play and sing the songs we like. Our club has about ten pupils in it; some play guitars, others ukes. We are accompanied by a piano and the 'noisy' piano accordion played by Mr Vercoe. Most times it is an enjoyable club. We learn songs from each other, both old and new, giving a variety.

LIBRARY NOTES

The Library has continued to grow this year with the addition of approximately 200 books. Thanks to the cheerful willingness of a group of fifth form Librarians, led by Andrea Ferguson and Kathleen Taylor, these books have been accessioned quickly and attractively. The other Librarians, too, have given up one lunch hour a week for Library duties. We have been fortunate this year to have obtained some assistance in the third term. Mrs Bryham has been instrumental in the repair of old and damaged books. Thanks are due to two committee ladies, Mrs Mumford and Mrs Still, for their help in this direction. It is pleasing to see how many pupils take an active interest in the Library despite cramped conditions. Interest has also been shown in porch displays for which Librarians have been hard put to keep up with the supply of books.

* * * * *

POP ART

Pop art is great
Crayons are used
Paint is splattered
All over the floor.

Paper is wasted
And people don't think
They scribble and shout
"Oh what a mess!"

The Teacher he sticks them
All over the place
On walls and on floors
And on his face.

There people admire them
Choosing the best
Thinking of Teachers
And the rest.

Jan Ogle

As I watch the
Rushing wind rippling
the cold brown
shrivelled up
leaves that hang
helplessly on an
old battered
tree. There
is not a person
in sight. It is too
cold on this
night. There
is an old grand-
father clock hang-
ing on a new
nicely varnished
wall. With stairs that
go up, up, up into
a blank room
there are spider-
webs that
cover every corner
of the blank room.

Peter Jellick

SECOND PERIOD ENGLISH

There is a sort of dull cloud in the room, with just the pens moving, the odd whisper, people moving their feet on the floor. The cicadas are chirping their song to give the noise in the class a sort of background.

The air in the class is very dusty and it is very close inside the room as well as being hot, which makes everybody feel dreary and makes them slump over their desks.

Maurice Ansell

LIFE

And when the darkness come
Among the overflowing cans
Stealthily she moves on si
Along the dirty, dusty all
All the scrawny beasts the
To pilfer from the dirty t

Her coat is dulled, her ri
She fights for ev'ry scrap
And now she has but one go
Her whiskers are all bent
Her ears left jagged from
Blood drips from her wound

All night long, through ev
hunts

For tasty morsels to satis
Her ever growing hunger
But when the first rays ap
She slinks away thru the s
The search will go on fore

M. H

CRUEL LONELINESS

The mountains, dark and ba
Stretching out for miles t
Pale sky, fading sun, wind
Birds on the wing but do n
Loneliness is round about m
Makes me shudder
Lonely and sad, I'm feelin
Too bad there's nowhere to

Janet

WIND

Air in motion,
A fleeing invisible force,
Carrying with it the words
Carrying with it the power
people fall down in fear,
And bend their heads to th
God, A fear of reality,
To make people fearfully i
And they hide their heads
A fear strong enough to ma
down on their knees,

To ask forgiveness of the
But it is too late,
The judgement is passed,
And people fall down to the
A dreaded doom,
Of fire and destruction,
A bottomless pit,
Into they fall to eternal
Into an eternal destructio

P.

ROOM 10 (Cont'd)

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Donna
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Randal

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rs Boyle
Michelle
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gh, Tania
Tina
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lian
acey
eanne
n
lizab
helle

PRIMER 4 & STD 1

(Cont'd)
Ryan, Andrew
Schultz, David
Smith, Roger
Hokai, Gary*

STANDARD 2 & 3
Teacher: Mr Nixon
Barrott, A.
Baxter, A.
Jellick, B.
Logan, G.
Daly, M.
Cooper, P.
Knight, P.
Stevens, M.
Hokai, W.
Bartulovich, J.
Bassett, G.
Brown, V.
Cooper, H.
Daly, C.
Drake, A.
Hughes, K.
Knowles, B.
Lang, C.
Lovie, R.
McMillan, B.
Rogers, C.
Rogers, L.
Stevens, R.
Watts, E.
Wright, J.
Wynyard, D.
May, B.
Williams, A.
Blithe, I.
Cheshire, P.
Cochrane, P.
Draper, J.
Forshaw, M.
Goldsmith, P.
Leeuwenburg, B.
McKay, M.
McKenzie, D.
Mrsich, V.
Noakes, M.
Oetgen, C.
Williams, L.

STANDARD 3 & 4

Teacher: Mr Davies
Baxter, Anne
Baxter, Vivien
Care, Shirley
Finlayson, Nicki
Fischer, Carol
Fooy, Joanne
Goldsborough, Ruth
Hughes, Joanne
McLean, Marie
McPhee, Christine
Smith, Rosemary
Widt, Pamela
Boyle, Danny
Cox, John
Hill, Roger
Limm, Jeffrey
Mrsich, Boris
Noakes, Peter
Palmer, Nelson
Russell, Ashley
Shepherd, Ian
Stevens, Michael
Stuart, Bruce
Bradford, Kerry
Littlehales, Eron
Maxwell, Joanne
Moje, Keryl
McDonald, Fiona
Phiskie, Sue
Potter, Catherine
Stevens, Kerry
Tyner, Julie
Williams, Robyn
Wilkinson, Leonte
Hokai, Margaret
Drake, Kerry
Leech, David
Limm, Richard
Mason, Grant
McGregor, Bain
Muller, Hugh
Ogle, Dale
Stern, Graham
Still, John

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE:

Vicki Bradley
Deidre Erceg
Keith Gayford
Brendan Slako

ENDORSED SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

Vicki Bradley
Beryl Cullen
Lorraine Draper
Deidre Erceg
Gael MacKay
Janet Wright
Keith Gayford
Nigel McGimpsey
Rod McKenzie
Alan Robinson
Brendan Slako

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

This year was the first in which school certificate was awarded on a single subject basis.

Key for Subjects:

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| 1. English; | 2. General Science; | 3. Geography |
| 4. Biology; | 5. French; | 6. Woodwork |
| 7. Homecraft; | 8. Book-keeping; | 9. Mathematics |
| 10. Technical Drawing | | 11. History |
| 12. Commercial Practice | | 13. Clothing |

The following gained passes:

Kerry Good	1,2,3,5,11.	Robyn Moje	1,2,3,5,9,
Wendy Holland	1,2,3,5,11.	Colleen Barnes	1,2,3,5,9.
Cheryl Efford	1,2,3,5,11.	Jill McKenzie	1,2,3,4,11.
Peter Russell	1,2,3,6,12.	Janet McDonald	1,2,3,4,13.
Diana Williams	1,3,4,5,13.	Tom Powell	1,2,3,4,9.
Brenton Erceg	1,2,3,9.	Wayne Sanderson	1,2,3,6.
Glenn McCathie	1,3,8,9.	Lorna Wynyard	1,3,8,12.
Logan Murray	1,2,3,4.	Shelley Hodgson	1,2,3,5.
Noeleen Bowmar	1,3,7,13.	Bill Blithe	3,6,12.
David McCathie	1,2,3,5.	Jo Cooper	2,7,13.
Ken Meale	2,3,6.	Dennis Knowles	1,3,6.
Trevor Vaile	2,6,9.	Robyn Corry	4,12.
Ngairie Drinnan	2,4,3.	Kevin Andrews	1, 3.
Janet Bradley	1, 11.	Randall Mason	2, 10.
Carolyn Blithe	8, 12.	Sandra Dodds	3, 8.
Raymond Smith	2, 12.	Annette Flyger	3.
Catherine Wright	7, 13.	Jeff D'Ath	1.
Tomislav Govorko	3.	Gloria Williams	4.
Shona Blagrove	1.	Memory Mackie	13.
Barbara Fooy	4.		
Beth Goddard	1.		

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:

89 Papers were sat and 54 passes gained. A pass mark is 60% or higher and an Honours Pass is 85% or higher.

Shona Blagrove gained an Honours Pass in Handwriting.

Adrienne Carter gained an Honours Pass in Arithmetic.

Adrienne Carter, Joy Gardner and Tony Cochrane sat four subjects and passed four subjects.

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THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council consisted of two elected representatives (one boy and one girl) from each form in the secondary department. Because this year there were nine forms, this meant that the council was a larger body than usual. The council met frequently to discuss important matters relating to the running of the school. All matters discussed were also discussed in form meetings held every Wednesday. Subjects discussed have ranged from travelling and athletic uniforms to the organisation of school socials and improvements of school facilities.

CHAIRMAN - David McCathie SECRETARIES - Janet Bradley, Ngaire Drinnan
TREASURER - Gloria Williams TEACHER ADVISOR - Mr Singleton

PRIMARY NOTES

A highlight of the school's cultural programme in the Primary Department this year was the introduction of several new activities in the CLUB programme. The Art Club, organised and conducted by a willing and able parent, Mrs D. Barrott, was an immediate success. A waiting list was formed as soon as the children realized the exciting opportunities that were offered in this field.

Mr J. Nixon's Modelling Club was very popular with the emphasis being on constructing balsa wood aeroplanes and boats. Several gaily painted boats were "launched" in the school pool.

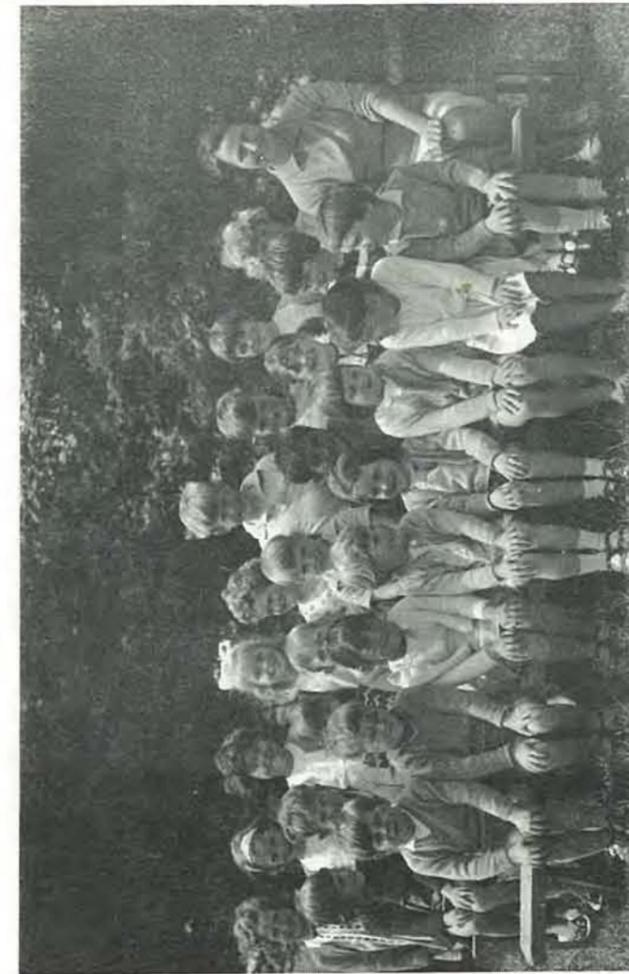
Gymnasium activities culminated in Mr P. Davies entering several club members in the Northland Gym Champs with excellent results.

Maori singing and dancing was a very popular and well organised club handled by Mrs Pirihi and several willing parents. On two occasions the group performed in public with excellent efforts.

Mr A. McNicol has marked success with a small group of children who became very interested in plaster of Paris modelling.

Choir work was under Mrs Boyle's direction and reached a high standard. This club's efforts were ably shown in the Whangarei Primary Schools' Music Festival.

C.C.D. A notable feature of the school has been the generosity of the School Committee in allowing the school to be used for Catholic Education after hours. The use of school rooms has been appreciated by the Catholic Community.



ROOM II



STANDARD 1 (R.8)



4/Form 1

her: Mr Boyle
 ch, Lee
 hillipa
 Maree
 Sandra
 , Shelley
 Janet
 ndy
 an
 Colleen
 arol
 Jane
 eter
 rdon
 Alistair
 r
 llen
 ark
 John
 Martin
 Peter
 rg, Ian
 Geoffrey
 an
 tton
 ven
 avid
 Paul
 an
 , Robin
 Richard
 mpbell
 ohn
 urice
 hael
 hael
 Milan
 ohu
 ean

her: Mr McNicol
 arol
 eather
 erley
 Carol
 atherine
 Wendy
 Glenys
 reen*
 ion
 es, Carmel*
 , Fiona
 marie
 izabeth
 Christine
 a

FORM 2 (Cont'd)

Barrott, Russell
 Bartulovich, Paul
 Bradford, Timothy*
 Cull, Graham
 Fooy, Hendrik
 Goldsmith, Rowen
 Kerkhof, Ronald
 Knowles, Gordon
 Kraack, Murray
 Logan, Dean
 McLean, Richard
 Shepherd, Christopher
 Tohu, Peter
 Werner, Raymond

SECONDARY ROLLFORM 3E1

Form Teacher: Miss Crick
 Clement, Linda
 Cochrane, Megan
 Cook, Sharon
 Cox, Rita
 D'Ath, Janet
 Ogle, Linda
 Stern, Lynette
 Still, Susan
 Terry, Clarissa+
 Waterson, Nola
 Yakas, Phoebe+
 McQueen, Sharon
 Dunshea, Linda
 Woolston, Joanne
 Brown, Sandy
 Carter, Rex
 Cook, Hugh
 Donaldson, Lawrence
 Draffin, Martin
 Draper, Robert
 Dyer, Brett
 Green, Barry
 Leeuwenburg, Marius
 Maxwell, Geoffrey
 Mumford, Peter
 Price, Reginald
 Underwood, David
 Wyatt, Max
 Pirihi, Taylor
 Woods, Richard

FORM 3E2

Form Teacher: Mrs Tafa
 Van Der Hooft, Veronica*
 McGimpsey, Susan
 McQueen, Sharon+
 Massey, Rosanne
 Miller, Anne

FORM 3E2 (Cont'd)

Pyle, Shirley
 Steedman, Lesley
 Urquhart, Barbara
 Williams, Barbara
 Woolston, Joanna+
 Terry, Clarissa
 Lund, Anita
 Yakas, Phoebe

Bradley, Stephen
 Bree, Ford
 Davis, Stephen
 Dodds, Errol
 Epiha, Raymond
 Lamb, Brian
 Lohead, Roy
 McLean, Derek
 Pirihi, Taylor+
 Trail, Melvyn
 Vaile, Alan
 Woods, Richard
 Worthy, Colin
 Pirihi, Tama

FORM 3E3

Form Teacher:
 Mr W. Maung Maung
 Colebrook, Karen
 Cooper, Maureen
 Cullen, Elaine
 Deacon, Mary
 King, Joy
 McPhee, Anne
 Sanderson, Jennifer
 Somner, Jan
 Trebilcock, Iris
 Beardsell, Jeff*
 Cooper, Horace
 Cullen, Ross
 Dickson, Ross
 Hodgson, Barry
 Jellick, Ian
 Marsh, Nigel
 Peri, Tom
 Pirihi, Tama+
 Timms, Patrick

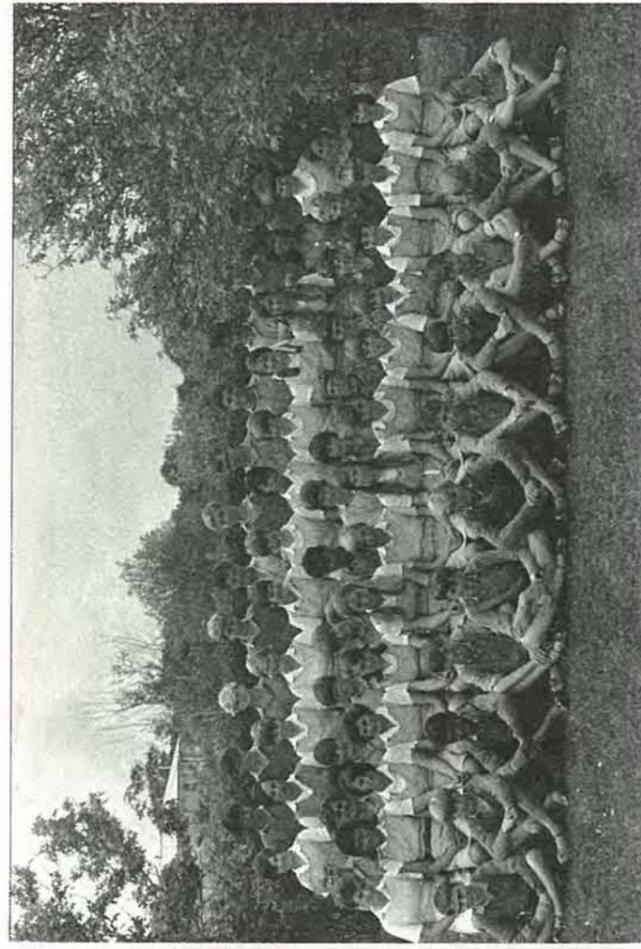
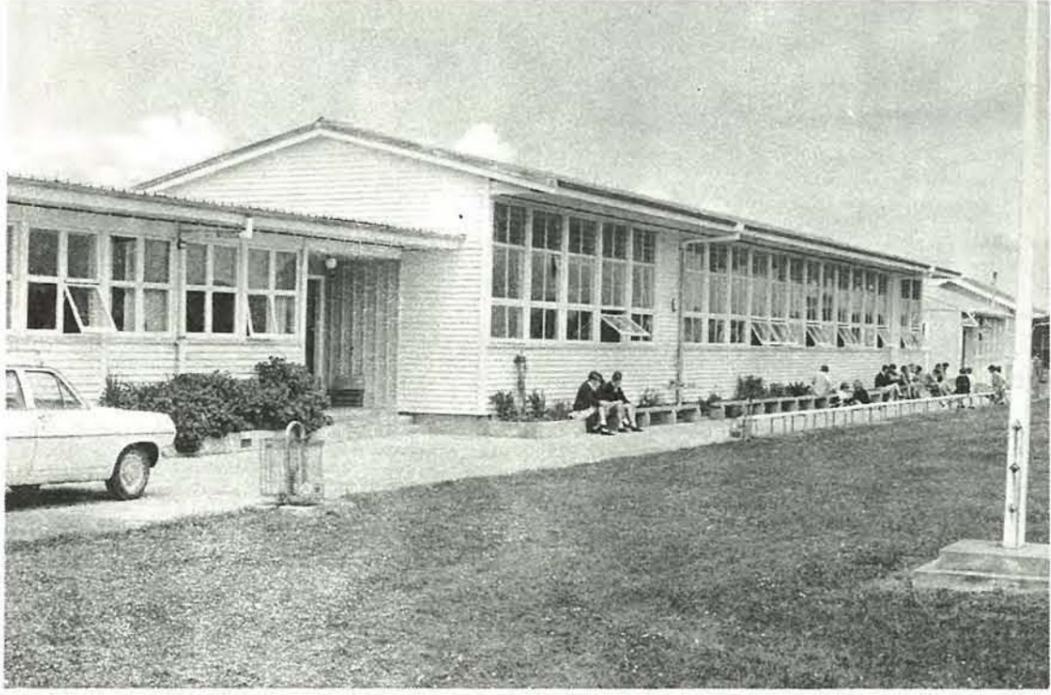
PRIZE LIST 1968SPECIAL PRIZES

McBirney Memorial Award and R.S.A. Prize - Vicki Bradley
 Davis Cup and R.S.A. Prize - Susan Still
 Head Prefects' Prizes (2) - Vicki Bradley & Brendon Slako
 Finlayson Senior Speech Cup - Lorraine Lochhead
 Finlayson Junior Speech Cup - Marion Hill
 Fourth Form Reading Prize - Ann Mumford
 Librarian's Prize - Robyn Moje
 Woolston House Cup for Winter Sports - Ross House
 Robert Martin House Cup for Summer Sports - Argyll House
 Most Improved Rugby Player - Nigel McGimpsey
 Most Improved Hockey Player - Andrew Care
 Best all-round Cricketer (2) - Tony Cochrane & John Batger
 Best all-round Swimmer - Jeff D'Ath
 Senior Cross-Country Champion - Rod McKenzie
 Senior Girls' Tennis Champion - Anne Donaldson
 Senior Boys' Tennis Champion -
 Junior Girls' Tennis Champion - Barbara Unkovich
 Junior Boys' Tennis Champion - Mervyn Clyde

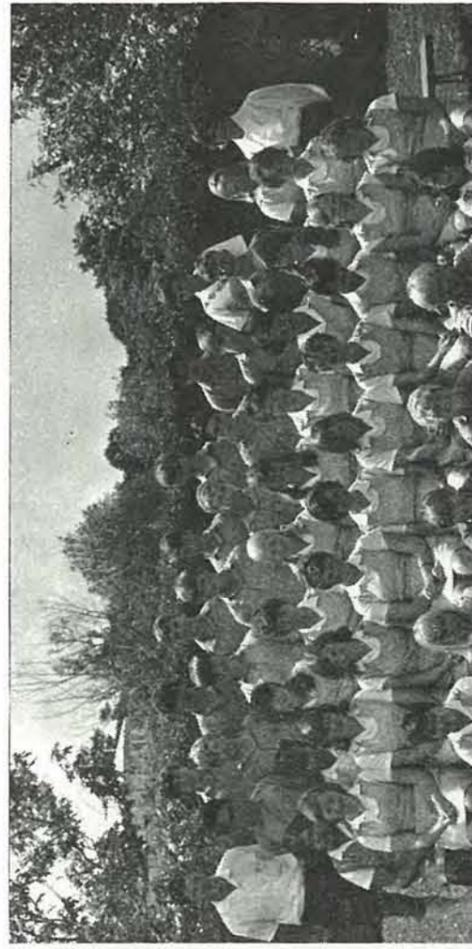
CLASS PRIZES

Form 1 - Achievement - Marion Hill
 Form 1 - Endeavour - Rowen Goldsmith
 Form 2 - Achievement - Susan Still
 Form 2 - Endeavour - Errol Dodds
 Form 3 - All-round Academic Excellence - Maureen Holland and Elizabeth Moje
 Form 3 - Language Course - Maureen Holland
 Form 3 - Home Economic Course - Robyn Barnes
 Form 3 - Technical Course - Bruce Logan
 Form 3 - Commercial Course - Johanne Cox
 Form 3 - Endeavour - Arie Leeuwenburg
 Form 4 - All-round Academic Excellence - William Woods and Sylvia Gordon
 Form 4 - Language Course - Karen MacKay
 Form 4 - Home Economics Course - Laurel Colebrook
 Form 4 - Technical Course - David McLean
 Form 4 - Commercial Course - Adrienne Carter
 Form 4 - Endeavour - Celia Morunga
 Form 5 - All-round Academic Excellence - Robyn Moje
 Form 5 - First in: (Geography, General Science, (French and Mathematics) - Robyn Moje
 Form 5 - First in English and History - Kerry Good
 Form 5 - First in Biology - Tom Powell
 Form 5 - First in Book-keeping - Glenn McCathie
 Form 5 - First in Woodwork - Trevor Vaile
 Form 5 - First in Technical Drawing - Randall Mason
 Form 5 - First in Commercial Practice - Bill Blithe
 Form 5 - First in Homecraft - Jo Cooper
 Form 5 - First in Clothing - Noeleen Bowmar
 Form 5 - Endeavour - Ngair Drinnan

DUX OF SCHOOL: Brendon Slako and Keith Gayford - FIRST EQUAL



THIRD FORM



FIFTH FORM



ANNIE CHALLENGER