



Rutherford

1962

RUTHERFORD HIGH SCHOOL

KOTUKU STREET TE ATATU

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RUTHERFORD HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



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EDITORIAL

At this stage of the year it is customary to examine some aspects of school life and to do a little stock taking as a result.

Although two years is a very short period in the life of a school the two years over which we, at Rutherford look back, have been vital, busy years in which much of the future pattern of our school has begun to take shape. The physical appearance of Rutherford has altered considerably. The roll has increased, new buildings have appeared, grounds have been developed, trees and shrubs have taken root, roads and paths have been laid. Much more important than these material details is the intangible "school spirit" which has begun to emerge in these two years. Every school has such a spirit, and in every school it is distinctively different and in keeping with the particular traditions that every school cherishes.

It may be premature yet to look into the atmosphere of Rutherford and assert that such a spirit exists but it is not too soon to claim that our basic attitudes have been established and accepted. From that acceptance by all of us comes a nebulous feeling

of unity, an awareness that we strive for a common goal.

That sense of striving towards an end is constantly before us in our motto "Tohea" and this year we have seen it manifest in many ways. In the classroom where, whatever our vocational ambitions may be, whatever our ability range may be, nothing but the best will serve. On the sports field where, though limited numbers, lack of practice facilities and the like may be some small disadvantage, our teams have participated to the full. Win, lose or draw — we have striven.

So much for the past, what of the future? Next year we will face many challenges. For our foundation pupils on whom responsibilities were thrust so early in the piece, there is School Certificate to strive for. On those same more senior pupils there is the obligation to pass on to new members of the school the attitudes and traditions that they themselves have established.

For all of us there is much to be proud of in 1962 and good reason to look with confidence to what 1963 will bring at Rutherford.

STAFF NOTES

MR MORTON graduated M.Sc. from Victoria University College with honours in Chemistry. After spending a year at Auckland Teachers' College, he taught at Dargaville High School and Northland College, where he remained until this year. His sporting interests lie particularly in hockey and athletics, in both of which he has participated and taken part in administration.

MRS SHARPLIN, who came to us from Henderson High School was educated at Christchurch Girls' High School and Canterbury University College. After completing a B.Sc. degree she spent many years as a chemist and bacteriologist in the Dominion Laboratory of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. While she was living in Whakatane, her services were drawn on to relieve the "teacher shortage" and she has remained in the profession since.

MR COLDHAM was educated at the Auckland and Mount Albert Grammar Schools, Auckland Teachers' College and the University of Auckland, where he completed an honours degree in Education. Before coming to Rutherford, he spent some thirteen years in the primary teaching service, then taught at Whangarei Boys' High and Auckland Grammar Schools. His interests include hockey, tennis, cricket, athletics and golf. Mr Coldham is still active in hockey administration, holding offices in the University Men's Hockey Club and the New Zealand Secondary Schools' Hockey Association.

MISS SPENCE was educated at New Plymouth Girls' High School, Auckland Girls' Grammar School and the University of Auckland where she completed an M.Sc. degree. She has taught at Henderson High School, at two Grammar Schools in Suva, Fiji, at a London Grammar School and at an International School in Switzerland. She has represented Auckland and the North Island in Basketball, and this year was appointed Coach-Manager of the University Basketball team which toured Australia.

MR GALE took up an engineering apprenticeship with the New Zealand Railways, after being educated at Seddon Memorial Technical College. He has gained three Diplomas and a Trade Certificate. He worked his way around the world, gaining a wide range of experience and skill in draughting and tool-making. While in Melbourne

Mr Gale played rugby, but he is now more interested in deer-stalking. He has taught at Seddon Memorial Technical College, Penrose High School and Northland College.

MR MONDS attended the Otago Physical Education School in Dunedin, where he gained a Diploma of Physical Education. After this he spent a year at Auckland Teachers' College, and he is at present studying for a B.A. at the Auckland University. He has entered in the discus, shot-put and hammerthrow events at University tournaments and gained a University Blue in athletics. He was an Auckland Provincial Representative in the National Athletics Championships on several occasions. He has taught at Northland College and at Henderson High School.

MR PRYOR joined the staff direct from Auckland Teachers' College. He was educated at Sacred Heart College, Auckland, and at the University of Auckland, where he majored in French. His main sporting interests are tennis and skiing.

MRS WARREN was educated at Wellington Girls' College and Victoria University of Wellington gaining a B.A. degree in 1960. She attended a postgraduate course at the Auckland Teachers' College last year and is at present completing a thesis for a Master's degree in English. Mrs Warren is a member of the United Nations Organisation and has a lively interest in Chinese culture. Her sporting interests include basketball, athletics and boating.

MR MOORHEAD came into post-primary teaching with a background of seventeen years spent in the primary service. He was educated at Auckland Grammar School and completed his Diploma of Teaching at Auckland Teachers' College and Auckland University College. Mr Moorhead has a wide range of sporting interests which include tennis, swimming, cricket, hockey and rugby. As a hockey player he gained representative honours in Auckland.

MR EVANS was educated at Avondale College and the University of Auckland where he gained a B.A. degree. While at University he took an active interest in the musical and sporting clubs there. After a postgraduate course at Auckland Teachers' College he joined the staff of Mount Albert Grammar School. Mr Evans has a wide range of interests which include music, sport and photography.

MISS BREWER is a staff member to whom we say hail and farewell almost in the same breath. Miss Brewer was educated at Titoki District High School and at Whangarei Girls' High School. From there she attended Auckland Teachers' College for a special course in Mathematics and Science teaching. In congratulating Miss Brewer on her appointment to the staff of Tamaki College, we wish her well and regret that her stay with us was so short.

MR HERBERT was educated at Northland College before attending Auckland Teachers' College and Auckland University College, where he gained his Diploma of Teaching. He taught in Primary Schools in Auckland, before joining our staff. He has gained representative honours for Auckland in yachting and has a wide interest in other sporting fields.

MRS REINHEIMER graduated with honours in Latin and French from Victoria University College, and after attending the Wellington Teachers' College, she taught in Somerset, England, at Wellington College and at the Presbyterian Ladies' College in New South Wales. She then spent five years as a Child Welfare Officer, after which she taught at Henderson High School and then at Avondale College. Her main leisure interest is music. She plays the piano and the organ, and has been a member of several well-known choirs.

It was with regret that we farewelled Mr Finigan in May when he left us to take up a Rotary Scholarship overseas. We hear news of him from time to time and an article he wrote for "Rutherford" appears elsewhere.

PRIZE AWARDS 1961

FORM PRIZES

- 3 Language 2: J. R. Pugh.
- 3 Language 1: Robin Brown.
- 3 Science 1: Barbara Nixon.
- 3 Science 2: M. Pook.
- 3 Technical: D. P. Lewis.
- 3 Commercial: Sandra Prichard.
- 3 Modern: Mavis Cooney.
- 3 General: K. G. Hilton.

SPECIAL AWARDS

- Prepared Speech Prize: Barbara Nixon.
- Impromptu Speech Prize: J. R. Pugh.
- Art Prize: Lynnette Johnston.
- Magazine Prize: R. H. McMannis.
- Typing Prize: Robyn Thompson.

SPORTS

- Girls' Athletic Champion: Marianne Sinclair.
- Boys' Athletic Champion: P. Carman.
- Girls' Swimming Champion: Marianne Sinclair.
- Boys' Swimming Champion: T. Beaton.
- Most Promising Cricketer: A. M. Learmonth.
- Most Promising Softball Boy: A. Creed.
- Most Promising Rugby Player: J. R. Pugh.
- Most Promising Softball Girl: Jill Ferguson.
- Most Promising Basketball Player, Colleen Hagan.
- Most Promising Soccer Player: W. Jones.
- Most Promising Hockey Player: P. Lyon.
- Hobsonville Trophy for Inter-house Competition: Wilding House.

CERTIFICATES OF EXCELLENCE

- 3L Art: Janet Coates.
- 3S1 English: Marianne Sinclair.
- Social Studies and French: Maryann Brosnan.
- French: Marilyn Williams.
- 3S2 Social Studies and French: M. McVicker.
- Mathematics: M. P. Sinton.
- Science: T. Beaton.
- 3 Technical
- English and Woodwork: D. D. Pocock.
- Social Studies: A. S. Moore.
- Mathematics: A. M. Learmonth.
- Science: P. S. Dyas.
- Technical Drawing: H. E. Franks.
- All round ability in Technical subjects:

B. A. Kennedy.

- 3 General
- Social Studies, Course Maths: English: G. Colcord.
- Woodwork and Engineering: C. R. Gregory.
- Science: R. M. Irvine.
- Technical Drawing: E. A. Roff.
- 3 Commercial
- English: Rae Wilson.
- Course Mathematics: Barbara Hale.
- Science: Elaine Hill.
- Bookkeeping: Erin Faulder.
- 3 Modern
- Clothing: Janice Winchester.
- Homecraft: Grace MacVicar.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Diary of Our Second Year

- FEBRUARY—**
 6th School Opened, Roll 403.
 14th School Swimming Sports.
 26th Evenings Classes began.
- MARCH—**
 7th School team took part in Girls' Inter-Secondary Swimming Sports.
 9th School team took part in Boys' Inter-Secondary Swimming Sports.
 14th-15th School Athletic Sports.
 24th School team took part in Inter-Secondary Yacht Races.
 28th Traffic Department officers visited the school.
 29th Parents' evening.
 31st School Team took part in Girls' Inter-Secondary Athletic Sports.
- APRIL—**
 7th School team took part in Boys' Inter-Secondary Sports at Northcote.
 11th School went to Henderson Theatre to see the Olympic film.
 28th School participated for first time in Inter-Secondary Competitions in Rugby, Basketball, Hockey and Soccer.
- MAY—**
 2nd Headmasters of contributing Primary Schools visited us.
 4th School closed for May holidays. Farewell to Mr Finnigan.
 22nd School resumed. Mrs Reinheimer and Mr Herbert joined staff.
 25th Opening of a series of ballroom dancing lessons.
 28th Drama Quartet visited the school.
- JUNE—**
 1st School party went to National Orchestra Concert.
 26th }
 27th } Half year Exams.
 28th }
- JULY—**
 19th Concert for "Save the Children" Fund. Fourth Form Parents' Evening.
 20th Visit to Industrial Safety Exhibition, Henderson.
 24th Debate 4L v. 4S1, won by 4S1.
- 25th Meeting with Form 2 teachers from contributing schools.
 28th Miss Spence appointed Manager-Coach to N.Z. University Basketball team to tour Australia.
- AUGUST—**
 10th } School entertained visiting sports
 11th } teams from Dargaville.
 12th }
 15th Work began on new "H" block.
 17th School photographs taken. End of Second term.
- SEPTEMBER—**
 10th Third term began.
 15th School team entered Rhythmic Dancing Contest at Y.M.C.A.
 17th Opening of Science exhibition in Library.
 18th }
 19th } Enrolment of next year's third form-
 20th } ers.
 19th Boys' Road Race.
 29th School team took part in Boys' Inter-Secondary Steeplechase.
- OCTOBER—**
 1st } Series of talks by Miss Young, repre-
 2nd } senting the N.Z. Wool Board.
 4th P.O. Mobile Van open for inspection on our premises.
 13th School team took part in Inter-Secondary Relay Meeting.
 26th Talent Quest in aid of "Save the Children" Fund.
 23rd }
 24th } Inspectors visited the school.
 25th }
 26th School Speech competitions.
- NOVEMBER—**
 20th Luncheon for people who have helped the school.
 26th }
 27th } End of year examinations.
 28th }
- DECEMBER—**
 11th Prize giving.
 12th End of term.

SPEECH COMPETITIONS

The school spent an interesting and informative afternoon on Friday, 26th October as audience for the speech contests. Most forms had put forward a nomination for either the prepared or the impromptu speeches and it was necessary to conduct an elimination round earlier in the week.

Although it was evident that many speakers were acutely nervous, and that the acoustic properties of the hall do create some difficulties, the

overall standard showed an improvement. We are indebted to Mrs G. Barlow, who acted as adjudicator, for the stimulating criticism she provided.

Results were:—
 Prepared Speech: R. Orton 1, Marilyn Williams 2, Barbara Nixon 3.
 Impromptu Speech: J. Pugh 1, T. Shadbolt 2, Diane Wolfsbauer 3.

National Orchestra Concert

One day in the middle term a party of us left by bus for the Auckland Town Hall, to go to the National Orchestra School Concert Festival. It was a pleasant change to leave behind all the worries of school for a couple of hours.

On arrival we were pleased to find that the Rutherford group was to sit in the balcony. While waiting for the concert to begin we surveyed, from our vantage point, the many different secondary schools represented.

At length, the orchestra appeared on the stage and began to tune up. For many of us, it was the first time we had witnessed a full orchestral concert. We had learnt quite a lot about instruments of the orchestra, and composers and we had had records played to us. But now we were to appreciate the real thing. Eventually the conductor, Mr John Hopkins, appeared, and after a round of applause he announced the programme, telling us a little of how the orchestra worked.

The orchestra struck up for the first piece. It was the "Prelude to Act 3 of Lohengrin" by Wagner. This somewhat moody piece, demonstrated to us right from the beginning, the amazing teamwork and intricate timing of an orchestra. It went a long way to showing the diverse harmony and blending achieved by the use of different instruments in a multiplicity of ways.

Next came the "Hebrides Overture", or "Overture to Fingal's Cave" by Mendelssohn. This impressive piece showed us just how an orchestra can so realistically simulate the sounds of other things. In this case it was the suggestion of the on rushing sea and of the wind beating into a cave.

PARENTS' EVENINGS

On three occasions this year the school has been host to parents. During the first term an open night was arranged at which parents, after a welcome in the Assembly Hall, sorted themselves out into "form" groups and circulated round the school following the timetable of their sons or daughters. For many parents this was a first hand introduction to the subjects with which pupils are concerned each day, and it was an excellent opportunity to meet staff members and exchange information with them.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We would like to thank the many parents who have donated books to the library this year. Our thanks also go to Mr G. H. York for his gift of a cricket bat and to the R.N.Z.A.F. Whenuapai

"The Clock Symphony" (No. 101) by Haydn came next. This piece was very appropriately named because of the obvious "tick-tock" effect in the background. Then came the piece that most appealed to us, "The Concerto for Orchestra" (2nd Movement) by Bartok, which was called the "Game of Couples". In this composition there are intervals where two instruments play together, "chasing" each others through the octaves at a great pace, and conveying the impression that the whole thing is a great musical game of "Hide and Seek". It revealed the versatility and range of an orchestra.

Finally came Rimsky-Korsakov's "Fourth Movement from Scheherazade". This was another moody piece, springing into life in snatches, mounting to towering revelling climaxes, then darting off at tangents, to recede again into thoughtful interludes. One of the novelties in this piece was the point at which the music ascended to a great crescendo, the major climax, then the almighty resounding boom of an immense gong, which marked the end of the storm-tossed ship in the theme, sealing its doom! This piece gave us some idea of the tremendous power of the orchestra, and some conception of the way it can create an atmosphere in which it tells its story.

This was an experience we enjoyed thoroughly, and to those of us for whom it was the first concert, it seemed a pity to have to go back to the mundane atmosphere of the Maths class after revelling in the joy, the soul stirring of orchestral music.

P. Gill, 3L.

The final occasion on which we welcomed parents to the school was to join us in the culmination of the school year, at Prize Giving.

for the Dux Litterarum award of £50, to Mr J. W. Manifold for £5 for a swimming prize, and to Kidd Garret Ltd. for a set of drawing instruments.



THE LIBRARY

Last year in the magazine the library was described as "a quiet little retreat" in the midst of

DRAMA QUARTET

On Tuesday, August the 28th there was a buzz of excitement at Rutherford High School, and a welcome break in the normal routine of solid work, as we looked forward to seeing the New Zealand Theatre Company's Drama Quartet in action. To all of us it was a very pleasant and enjoyable morning's entertainment and our sincere thanks go to the leader, Eric Wood and his team

Early this year the Student Voluntary Services Organisation better known as the "S.V.S.O." was formed. Under the guidance of Mr White, a group of us who were prepared to make our services available for all manner of extra duties round the school came together and, directed by our Chairman, Graeme Scott, we have generally made ourselves useful.

Our services have been called on many times. From our ranks come the school librarians, the pound keepers, the "lab" boys, the bookroom attendants, the pepsi-machine brigade, and a var-

the bustle of school life. This year has seen it transformed into such a busy centre of school activity that the seating accommodation during lunch time is at a premium.

Those empty shelves which depressed us last year are rapidly filling. Many good new books have been accessioned and these, with the School Library Service loans, have allowed us to satisfy most of our readers' demands. A feature which has become very popular this year is the "reserve" system which we hope to extend to request cards next year. With next year in mind some 250 books have already been purchased to provide the nucleus of a senior section. In addition, through the generosity of parents and friends of the school some 85 books have been donated during the year.

Exhibitions of various kinds are becoming part of our library practice too. This year they have included displays of books, magazines, models and posters dealing with such topics as travel, music, dancing, hobbies, motor-cars and South East Asia. Another exhibition which attracted wide interest was a display of science models entered in a library competition which was won by R. Macmillan of 4L.

All this activity has been due largely to Mrs Parker and her team of twelve volunteer librarians for whose services we are most grateful.

of actors. The well chosen and very interesting plays, or extracts from plays, that made the performance such a success included "Androcles and the Lion" by Shaw, "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" by Bertolt Brecht and the "Tarawera Tragedy" by Sandra Dain and Shirley Hoar of Wairarapa College, Masterton.

Meridee Jordon, 4S1.

S.V.S.O.

ity of other groups which collectively take away from staff members many time-consuming tasks.

Ours is a popular organisation with about eighty members. Administration is carried out by the following committee members:—Anne Butler, Kay Smart, Meridee Jordon, Shirlene Diver (Secretary), C. Gregory, T. Medcalfe, G. Scott (Chairman). The committee is planning a metal badge to be worn by members and we hope that in the future more of our pupils will seek the distinction of being able to join this worthwhile and progressive organisation.

G. Scott, 4S1 and S. Diver, 4L.

OUR SPONSORSHIP SCHEME

Like Topsy, we "just grew". The first class to sponsor a child was 4C who adopted a little Hong Kong boy. They were going to show the rest of the school a thing or two, they were! They did! 4GM. very quickly followed, adopting a pretty Hong Kong girl. In March, 3C. and 4S1 sponsored little Greek girls, and 3S2 a very poor boy from Hong Kong, whose father is in an advanced stage of T.B., and whose mother is mentally unbalanced. In the second term 4S2 sponsored a British boy living in India, Arthur Steele, whose father is paralysed. At the beginning of the third term 4L and 3L join the scheme and adopted a little boy and girl from St. Simon's kindergarten in Hong Kong. Recently, 3S1 joined and they are at present helping to support 4GM's girl.

To finance our scheme we ask our members to pay 3d a week and this is the main source of our revenue. Our minor money-raising activities are needed to subsidise classes with less than thirty members, and to provide Christmas presents for "our children". We have to give our special thanks to Bill Matthews and his band who ran a very successful concert and donated the proceeds to our fund. It was a pity to let so much obvious ability go to waste, so we asked Bill to run a Talent Quest. This was an hilarious success! Particularly successful and hilarious was the uninhibited singing of the "choir boys". We must make special mention of the remarkable and hitherto unsuspected talents of the judge, Mr Barton. We must also thank Grant Wadsworth and Clive Gregory for taking charge of the newspaper collection, and Susan Mitchell and Jennifer Longville for organising the collection of tea coupons.

A recent appeal that we have received from the St. Simon's kindergarten suggests that this particular organisation is limited in the work it can do towards the supporting of pre-school children, for lack of funds. They asked us if we would like to help to provide sufficient money to allow this kindergarten to extend its scope, thereby giving some small boy or girl a better start in life. We are investigating the idea of donating milk powder, with the co-operation of the Amalgamated Dairy Company, which will allow us to make payment through them.

The Save the Children Fund is the organisation through which we work to sponsor our children, and whenever possible we help their very important work. We hope to sell £200 worth of their Christmas Cards! The profits from the sale of these cards will go towards maintaining a mo-

bile clinic in Greece. Our chief "Salesmen" here are M. Glowacki, W. Jones, B. Prior, P. Gainsford, M. Cooney, C. Chappell, P. Thackway.

The orders were made up and recorded by L. Abbott, P. Ainsworth, J. Bennett, C. Dwyer, D. Ellice, S. Haslam, J. Graham, M. Langdon, A. Lever, L. Nicholls, M. Shields, D. Smith and J. Taylor.

Typing and duplicating for our scheme and the SCF was done by L. Clayton, D. Ellice, F. Hagan, E. Hill, M. Langdon, D. Smith, R. Thompson, F. Marcroft and M. Clarke.

Some beautiful clothes have been knitted from wool supplied by the SCF and CORSO. We are so pleased with the high standard of craftsmanship, that we intend to have a display of work before the clothes and blankets are shipped to Korea. People who have helped here are L. Abbott, P. Ainsworth, M. Brosnan, B. D'Anvers, D. Dorricott, J. Fergusson, E. Frew, J. Graham, M. Griffin, C. Harold, S. Haslam, J. Leggatt, L. McGregor, F. Marcroft, S. Mitchell, M. Moase, B. Prior, A. Rae, J. Rounthwaite, H. Sawyer, J. Scott, B. Sinton, D. Smith, A. Taylor and R. Thompson.

We have decided not to accept donations from parents and friends. We feel that this our effort and it is up to us to keep going something that we have started. Perhaps next year we may be able to extend the scheme further and give more children food, warm clothes, education and the feeling that we care for them.

We have received very interesting letters from our children. Here are some extracts:

"Thank you very much for the lovely jigsaw and car. It is the first parcel I have ever received."

"My father has died and my mother is detained in a labour camp in Canton. We got no news from her and I don't know whether she is still alive or not."

"Thank you for your lovely postal note. I bought some biscuits, sweets, peanuts and pork."

"My father has no work and my mother is an invalid. I have a younger brother and four younger sisters. My family condition is very poor indeed."

"You would like to know that this whole family often speaks in the kindest terms of your considerable help. He is now studying in a chinese evening school." (The little boy in question is 6.)

"Love from my grandmother, my brothers and sister and lots of love from me."

D. Miller.

A Glimpse of India

(Extracts from an article sent to us by
Mr Finnigan—Ed.)

There were 180 boys in the classroom, only you wouldn't have thought it, they were so quiet. And really, they were such an assorted muster. Some were Sikhs, Sikhs never cut their hair, and until they are old enough to wear a turban the boys wear their hair in two plaits tied up over the top of their heads with a ribbon. So, when they are squatting on the floor, it's difficult to tell Sikh boys from girls. They were all squatting cross-legged on the concrete floor to hear about Rutherford High School and — time permitting — to learn "Pokarekare".

Well, as it happened, they didn't learn "Pokarekare" that day, or any day yet. (Though we did have time to learn "Waltzing Matilda" before breaking up for the long vacation. They are now singing lustily about the "jolly swugmun" and his "tuckabug", and next term we'll try some real music.) Three-quarters of the hour was taken up with Rutherford High School and a comparison between that and Our Lady of Perpetual Succour School, Chembur, which I'll tell you about in a moment. The last quarter-hour went in handing out the addresses of pen-friends that I had brought from New Zealand, and teaching laboriously the correct spelling of "Ruddafod" and "Finikin".

I was going to tell you about the differences between your school and this one. In the Punjab recently it was ordered that school hours be extended from 10 - 4 to 9 - 5. School hours differ all over the country, some starting even at 7.30 a.m. But in Chembur, which is a suburb of the large (4½ million) city of Bombay, the hours are much the same as they are in New Zealand. But look at some of the subjects that the poor pupils — not to mention the teachers — have to cover, and you will see why they are so tired that they must have Thursday as a holiday and go to school on Saturday. They learn, starting long before our third form, English, Hindi, Marathi and Gujarati (regional languages), Maths, Science, Latin or Sanskrit, French, Civics, Cultural Activities, Physical Education, History, Geography and some others. Imagine the homework!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editor wishes to thank the many pupils who offered contributions to the magazine, and the Commercial girls who worked so hard preparing the copy for the printer. Many thanks too,

I like to go there on Saturdays and take a singing class, a far cry from French. In fact the singing I produce is usually a far cry from anything, especially the original tune. At least, if we perform a Maori ditty in the next concert we can claim that it'll be a howling success.

I have been seeing other parts of India too. I visited Delhi, went on to Chandigarh, the new capital of the Punjab which was begun only in 1951 and is still being built. It is full of weird box-like houses and row upon row of apartments. It reminded me of "Brave New World" or "1984", if you've read either of those books. There are no street names or numbers, just "sectors". You live in Sector 2 if you're a Cabinet Minister, Sector 6 if you're a wealthy businessman, Sector 17 if you're a poor worker and so on. And furthermore, if you live in Sector 17 you stay in Sector 17, theoretically, where you have all your own shops and amenities, and needn't go near those of another sector. It really isn't as bad as that but this is the impression the place makes. After Chandigarh I went up in a bus to Simla. In a few weeks' time Simla, which is 7000 feet up, will be buried under tons of snow but just now it's lovely, with warm sunny days and cool nights.

The Save the Children Fun has two homes there for Tibetan refugee children between the ages of 2 and 6, and it happened that while I was there, the Dailai Lama himself came up from Dehradun to open them. I wangled an invitation and, somehow a seat in the front row, but by then it was too late to start learning Tibetan, so I didn't learn much. However I did pay a couple of visits to one of the homes and never anywhere have I seen so many completely happy children. Except at Rutherford. And seeing wasn't enough. The moment they notice you they mob around at about ankle height in a gay laughing horde and begin to climb up your legs like Hillary on Everest. None of them actually reached the summit though one did come close to dislodging some of my teeth. Apart from the children there are lots of Tibetan refugees in Simla. You can tell them immediately by their Chinese features, hard and rather dark leathery skin, and the very heavy boots and coats that they wear.

D. D. Finnigan.

to the staff who assisted, particularly to Mrs Warren and Mr Pryor for their work in collating and compiling material. (P.M.C.)

ORIGINAL

CONTRIBUTIONS

"In a world so profoundly creative, what is not in creation withers away . . ."

Joyce Cary

TIME

Time is an abstract element in which every-one lives, and from whose clutches no-one can escape. It is the bond of life to which we must all, without exception, adjust ourselves. It determines everything on earth — it rules us — it is our master forever.

It can be agony, worry, anxiety and frustration; it can be hope, happiness, peace and contentment. It brings on us physical changes all through life; it is ever providing new knowledge and opening new channels to us. Time is the promoter of wisdom, the captor of foolishness. Finally, at the end of our lives, time dispenses with us from this world.

Time is the past, time is the future, but most of all time is the present. And to live not in the past or in the future, but in the present, is life, the life of time, the time of life. Memories of the past are bridged by that ever-increasing gap of

time. Prospects of the future can be brought only by time. Time is to be used, to live in, to enjoy, not to be wasted.

Time marks the progress of men, and time reveals their mistakes. Time can do or bring anything. Time well used now is the basis and foundation of a better life in the future.

Time is us, and time makes us. So what shall we make time? Shall we make it good and worth while? Time now will never be time again. Time wasted and squandered on useless things now, can never be replaced. It is a space to be filled with worthy things and greater knowledge; with the achievements of today, the influence of tomorrow.

Only time can bring to us all our aims and intentions. It is the duration of our assignment in life.

P. N. Gill, 3L.

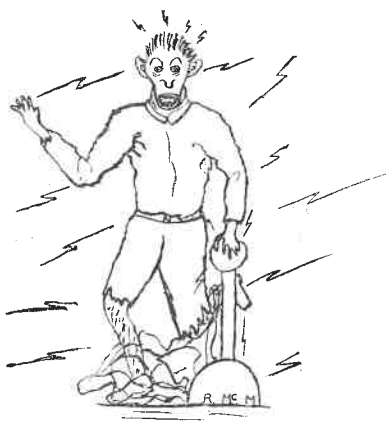
This article has been awarded the
Magazine Prize, 1962

WOOBOO!

Do you know what a wooboo is? It is a mammal which I discovered in the depths of Brazil this year when I took the opportunity to go on a jungle exploration expedition. Deep in the centre of the South American continent there is a plateau of dark damp jungle not known to man before we came across it recently. I was with a party of four explorers, Lord Russell, John Hammond, Bruce Thai and Phil Manock. We set out from Rio late last year and started into the mysterious land of which one quarter has yet to be explored. Our ten native boys left us at Xariki, a small town on the outskirts of the deep jungles, and we five had to continue alone.

After three months of excitement, dangers, thrills and frights we reached the plateau set on flat rolling land fading away in parts but mostly of the deepest, darkest, dampest growth we had ever seen. I was a little hesitant of entering but my other experienced companions couldn't wait to start on inside. At sunrise next day we set off into the steaming, crying, moaning, luring death-trap of tall great Kooboo trees covered all over by deadly poisonous Wangant vines. In the rest of the forests we had passed through, monkeys and all animals thrived. Here the monkeys, parrots, jaguars were missing; all was silent. A chill was sent up my spine when an anicater snake with poisonous fangs swung in the trees just ten feet above. It took us five hours to hack through four hundred yards until a clearing came into our

SHOCK TREATMENT



On entering the squalid place
After putting a gas-mask over my face,
I looked around both here and there —
Apparatus everywhere.

reach. We were exhausted. Phil cooked us a meal and seemed the liveliest of us all. I felt the most tired. I sat on a tree stump by the forest side.

Suddenly an animal about the size of a wombat came soaring out into the clearing. I shouted to the others as the thing stood, startled. It was like a wombat but had a black hide. Its head was similar to that of a cat except for the sharp keen ears which stuck up like horns. Its legs were short and stubby and feet flat — built to walk on swamps. It had no tail but a stump. On its head it had a pair of horns no bigger than a pen top. Don and Bruce dived at the creature. They held it for a second before it leapt away but not before Phil our camera man, took a flash of it. We had never seen an animal like it before. Lord Russell assured us that we had found an animal not known to civilisation before us.

We saw no more of this creature but continued our expedition, happy in the fact that we had been the first to find such an animal.

When we returned to London, the British Museum authorities studied the photograph, puzzled over it, and finally, after consulting their huge filing rooms, identified "my" animal as a "rexne terrae marisque". Only half a dozen had been reported. They said it was an extremely rare animal found only in deep rain forests.

G. Yates, 3 L.

Chemicals on shelves up high;
Junk on the floor — it looked like a sty!
Cobwebs entangled with dust and grime;
The rats and mice had a wonderful time.
A sign on a cupboard said: "DANGER

WITHIN",
Too late — I tripped, and knocked down a tin.
It now felt as if I was trying to jive,
For I'd tripped on some wires — they were alive!
Sparks and flashes, and scorching pain —
In my panic I tripped again.
I turned off a switch — I was still alive,
But covered in Uranium 235.
The safe it had come from was made of lead,
And this had landed right on my head.
I made for the door — the light went out —
I was so startled I let out a shout.
My gas-mask was suddenly torn away,
And looking for the light switch in the fray
I tripped and landed upon my head.
I woke — I'd fallen out of bed!

R. A. Macmillan, 4 L1.

RUNNING WILD

A year ago the little black colt, pointed with white socks, was never far from his mother's side. It was now time for him to go and find a herd of his own to run with, time for the great challenge with the stallion to run him out.

Galloping away from his mother's herd, his tail in the air and clouds of dust rising from his flashing hooves, he went off to look for a suitable herd.

Down in a lovely green valley, about fifty mares with foals at foot were grazing peacefully. With hills on two sides and a river at one end running down from the hills, there was only one suitable entrance.

A loud whinny echoed in the valley, resounding against the sides of the hills. The call was answered and the two stallions galloped towards each other.

Grass-stained teeth and fiery eyes blazed. Next moment, on their rear legs, they were pawing at each other and teeth were snapping at neck and windpipe.

The battle lasted for threequarters of an hour and then both stallions went away to nurse their wounds. The former leader tried to come back to his herd but the other had his eye on him and attacked him again.

The dust rising off the ground made it look as if there were a stampede of cattle in the valley. Here and there were pools of blood which ran from the stallion's wounds.

The elder stallion, dust covering his wounded body, knew when he was beaten. He limped off up the valley to the "mouth" and disappeared. The black stallion then gave a shrill whinny of triumph and trotted down to his herd.

Janice Taylor, 3 C.

HOPEFUL HISTORY

William the Conqueror ten - sixty - six,
Won Quebec with a bundle of sticks,
Sailed round the world in his ship Endeavour,
A land of spices and gold to discover.
Sir Malcolm Campbell won the race,
When the Pilgrim Fathers searched for space.
Julius Caesar achieved great fame,
Racing Bluebird (a daring game).

FLOWERS

The snowdrop with her drooping head,
Sees the elves and the grass they tread;
It grows so sweet in the wood,
Would grow in a garden if it could.

The rose is the prettiest of all flowers,
It grows quite sweet in summer bowers;
Its petals are mostly of lovely red,
"The queen of the flowers," a fairy said.

The daffodil is a flower of spring,
And blooms when the birds begin to sing;
It has a trumpet made of gold,
And is a glorious sight to behold.

The violet has a lovely hue,
Of purples and white and the prettiest blue;
It has a sweet and unusual scent,
And its little fragrant head is bent.

The tulip is a bright, gay flower,
That grows so well in sun and shower;
Its pretty bloom is full at noon,
And if not plucked will fade, quite soon.

Mary Griffin, 3 C.

M. Pook, 4 S1.

LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

Men have long wondered whether life on other planets exists. The mind immediately jumps to the conclusion that by the words, "other planets" Mars, Jupiter, Venus or one of the planets of our solar system is intended to be visualised. This is not so. Our sun is one of millions upon millions of stars which are as old as, if not older than, our sun and quite capable of existing as a sister planet to earth.

The way to find out if a sister planet could exist, is to look at the way earth was formed. Not many years ago the accepted theory was that the earth was formed by the "crash" method, which was that two stars had collided, when the galaxies were more closely knit and had formed the solar system, but it is now believed that the earth and all other planets were formed by the aggregation of small particles which revolved around the sun. It is possible, even probable, that another star could have had similar particles around it, and a similar system to our own developed.

In the Old Testament, in the book of Ezekiel, it is mentioned that four angels descended from the sky. Modern theologians now believe that this was not a vision, but a visit from a very advanced race of people. Ezekiel describes them at some length, saying that, "there came a great cloud and a fire . . . and there came out of the midst the likeness of four creatures . . . each had the likeness of man . . . their feet were straight feet . . . the four sparkled like burnished brass . . . their four wings were joined . . . they had the face of a man in front and the face of a lion on the right and they had the face of an ox on the left side . . . their wings were stretched upwards . . . and they turned not when they went."

The words "straight feet" could refer to the spacemen's boots, affixed to his spacesuit which was what sparkled in the sun. Their "wings" which stretched upward were probably rotor blades used for transporting them from the spacecraft encircled by the cloud of fire. The lion's and oxen's heads pertain to the spaceman's helmet. How else could this primitive man explain a space helmet?

There is no definite proof, and the answer to the question, "Is there life on other planets?" must be left entirely to the reader.

Stephen Perkinson, 3 L.

EXPENDABLE

The enemy is advancing his first guns;
His horses are charging fast.
The English are waiting; no man runs;
They are going to fight to the last!

Now there is chaos and blood runs,
They forget the rules of Parade.
Men flail to the enemy's big guns.
And murder and hack until slain.

They charge o'er bodies to the surrendered,
Not proud; just pitying their friends;
Those friends, once laughing — now dead.
Doctors the maimed attend.

And now comes the so-dreaded roll call,
When long silences come between names:
By that pause we know he has fallen;
In the cause of this day he's won fame.

Now go the fortunate homewards,
The few, those unhappy few
Are silent with thoughts turning inwards;
Dreams of peace for a while will come true . . .

G. McMillan, 4 S1.

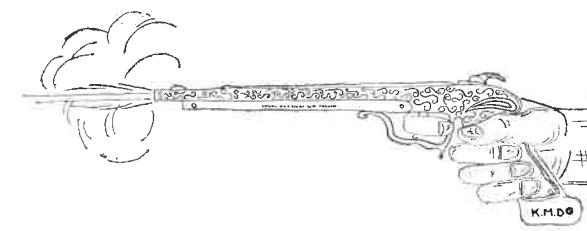
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IT'S EASY

Here I've sat for quite a time,
Trying my best to make things rhyme,
The lesson is set at twelve lines no less
With eight to go and already a mess.
Some fellows write poems like eating a dinner,
If this were my living I'd get thinner and thinner,
If this were a test that included some sport
I'm sure I could get a much better report.
But I'll hand this in and hope for the best,
It'll be compared no doubt with the rest.
That's all I can write so please be kind
When marking this poem keep it in mind.

M. Sinton, 4 S1.

AMBUSH



Handel's Copse was a small clump of trees on the road to Surrey. In the soft moonlight one could perceive the gnarled oak trees casting dark shadows across the road. It was a still, clear night and the midnight stage was due from London very soon. The copse was dark and silent when the muffled hoofbeats of a horse approaching disturbed the stillness. The horse halted near the edge of the wood and only the silhouette of a horse and rider could be seen rather indistinctly in the moonlight. In the distance the stage could be heard approaching Handel's Copse.

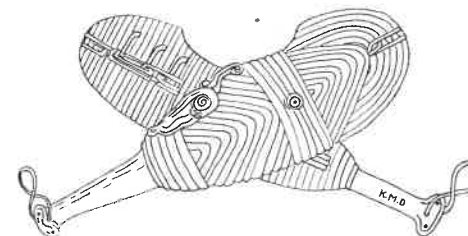
Just before the stage drew directly opposite, the horse and rider galloped onto the road, the rider brandishing a pistol and ordering the coachman to "Stand and Deliver".

The coachman reined the horses, too terrified to offer any resistance. Ignoring the coachman, the robber turned his attention to an iron bound box on the roof of the stage. He clambered up on to the roof, still menacing the coachman with his pistol. After throwing the heavy box down, he was preparing to follow, but, made careless by his easy success, he did not notice the coachman's stealthy movements. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out, the smoking ball missing the highwayman by a hair's breadth.

He jumped down and ran to his horse, intent on escaping before the coachman's aim became more accurate. Another shot rang out, but it went wide and the highwayman was already on his horse galloping away into the darkness.

Shirlene Diver, 4 L2.

THE CHALLENGE



In a Maori village in the heart of the Wai-poua forest there was great excitement amongst people for they knew that their old chief of the Nga-Puhi tribe was soon to die and one of his three sons was to take his place. His wife, Hine, was sick with grief for her husband and though she knew which one would follow in his footsteps, she kept it to herself.

Chief Perene Tukariri summoned Hine and asked her to call their people to his Whare for the meeting of the elders. It was decided that his three sons would have to go through several tests of skill. The three men, Wiki, Mirangi and Tui did as they were bid, and the elders decided that Mirangi and Wiki would be the ones to go forth to battle the dangers together. Mirangi, however,

was very jealous of Wiki who was very handsome, had the strength of a tiger and was popular amongst his people. Mirangi decided that he would murder Wiki when he found his first chance on the trip.

Before they departed for the trip Tama the Tohunga summoned Wiki to his side and gave him something that would play a very important part in his life.

Wiki and Mirangi and their faithful followers were soon walking on the path that led to the old shattered landing place.

The pa was built at the mouth of the river Wanaka, a portage river to go northwards, upstream towards the tip of Northland to Cape Reinga. Wading out across the shallow part of

the river mouth towards the open sea, the big canoe above their heads, was easy for these strong warriors. The tide was in and not a breeze stirred the calm water. In a short time the canoe "Wanganui" was skimming along the satin smooth water.

After a while Wiki and his companions left the sea and turned into the mouth of a strange river, paddling deeper and deeper into an unknown land. Only the monotonous splash! splash! of the paddles broke the silence of the deep forest.

Finally they came to a stop by a clearing where pigeons were busy calling each other, and the chatter of the fantails seemed to fill the air with sweet pleasant music. Silently, Mirangi was plotting against Wiki, who was busy with the men, dragging up the canoe on shore and unpacking the provisions. Wiki began to rub two sticks together to make a fire, waiting patiently for a spark to set alight to the heap of dry leaves. They settled down to a good meal, and they decided that during the night they would take turns in guarding the canoe and watching the provisions in case of thieves. Meanwhile Wiki wandered away to scout around the river. As he prowled round in the silent night, he could hear faintly the snoring of his men. In his hand he held a taihaia* in case of emergency.

Mirangi had seen that Wiki was walking in the direction of the river. He seized his opportunity and as quietly as he could he followed his older brother. Suddenly he tripped up on a vine and he fell flat on his face. Scared that Wiki might throw his taihaia he lay flat on the ground for a few moments before getting up again.

However, Wiki did not stop or turn round. Mirangi cursed himself silently as he stood up, and slowly and carefully started again to follow Wiki who was standing near a muddy swamp dotted with mangrove trees.

But as he took cover behind a giant Kauri he stood on a twig and it snapped. Suddenly Wiki turned and faced his foe not knowing it was Mirangi. He heard a swish of a taihaia being thrown at him, but he dodged it and it passed within inches of his ears. He threw himself on his opponent and tried to strangle him from the back. Mirangi kept on rolling about trying to defend himself, but in vain for Wiki had his hand on Mirangi's throat. His scream was muffled as

Wiki's hand tightened round his neck like a iron clamp. It was not until he turned the limp body around, that Wiki found to his amazement that it was his own brother. But then Tama had said to beware of one of his men, for it would be jealousy that might cause death.

Suddenly he realised that Mirangi intended to murder him. He went back to the camp with a heavy heart and told two of his warriors to go and throw his brother's body into the swamp, then the small party gathered at the edge of the swamp for karakia*. After karakia Wiki and his warriors started back to the camp and settled down again to sleep, though by this time it was almost daylight.

Later in the morning after having breakfast, Wiki gathered his men and told them that he wanted them to pack all their provisions and load them into the canoe. After this Wiki and his men climbed in one by one and started paddling homewards. Every stroke brought them nearer and nearer to the pa and Wiki could not bring himself to be patient. When they arrived at the landing place, the whole village was there to welcome them saying "Haere mai* Wiki". After a few words with his warriors he climbed up the ladder to the top of the pa and as he approached his whare, his mother came out crying and asking for Mirangi. Wiki put his arms around her and gently led her back inside, to where the elders had gathered.

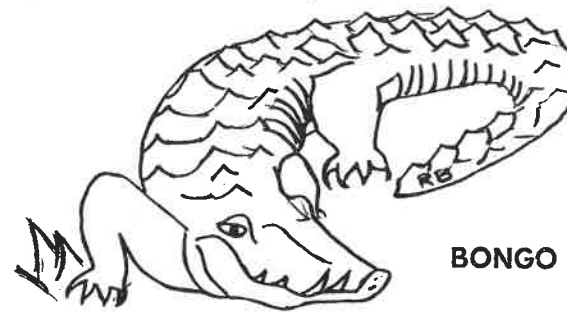
There was silence as Wiki told his father about Mirangi, about the makutu* taihaia that Tama had given him and the great help that it had been to him.

The chief took his son's hand. For many years he had known that Mirangi was jealous of Wiki, but he had never thought that Mirangi would try to kill his own brother. Although his pride was hurt, the chief, with his elders, congratulated Wiki and said that he had proven himself to be a worthy chief who would be courageous and loyal to his people.

Clara Matthews, 4 C.

Glossary

Haere mai: Welcome home. Makutu: Magic. Tohunga: Medicine man. Taihaia: Spear. Karakia: Prayers.



I walked home from school clutching my schoolbag and followed by an alligator on a piece of string. On the doorstep I paused a minute to give Bongo a final polish before I made, or rather we made, an appearance, for I was most eager that my new friend should create a good impression. Somehow I rather thought he might not!

My conclusion proved right when I was not greeted as usual with a friendly "Hullo", but instead by a sudden piercing shriek and my mother making straight for the table, displaying a sudden burst of speed. Pandemonium reigned for a few moments amidst my mother's shouts, telling me to get that object out of the house, and my attempts to tell her why I should keep it. My eight younger brothers and sister were a little wary of Bongo at first and they, too, thought I might do well to get rid of him until—until I casually mentioned that I might keep him in the bath. At once there was a unanimous change of opinion by eight little members of the family who didn't like having baths anyway and thought it a fine idea to have something else continually occupying the dreaded bathroom. "Now here you have a charming animal. Look at that fine fawn colouring," I asserted. The children, picking up my cue, remarked how impressive his skin was; what lovely white teeth he had, and proposed that they would try to keep their teeth as clean as his.

Mum became vaguely interested when I pointed out that unwelcome visitors would be sure to make a speedy exit when they saw an alligator with a most ferocious stare peering around the corner at them.

"Just think of the respectful glances I would get walking to school with an alligator! If, by any chance, I hadn't done my homework, an imposition, or any tiresome, chore I would soon find eager volunteers if I casually mentioned I

might set my alligator loose if they didn't oblige. I might even get curious little boys wanting to take Bongo for walks, or blackmailing their friends by the presence of my pet—all for a small fee, of course!" I said. "You could have a new alligator skin handbag once a year when Bongo sheds his skin," I encouraged my mother. "That's something you've always wanted. Mrs Jones hasn't got one, but you would have."

Visions of luxury handbags won the day and Bongo was permitted to stay.

The next morning was bright and sunny and I saw a fine chance for a peaceful Saturday with the children out walking with Bongo. They all marched out the door and at my request paraded down to "Wong Chong's Chinese Restaurant" for some bamboo shoots for Bongo to nibble on.

Very shortly they each arrived back clutching huge bundles of the required refreshment and said they had got extra so they could decorate the bathroom and provide natural surroundings for the revered alligator. There were sticks of bamboo here, there and everywhere. As soon as my brothers and sisters had decorated the bathroom, so thick that you couldn't get through the door without crawling on hands and knees, they were told to remove it by an angry mother.

They were most anxious for the bath to be filled for Bongo and when I returned to the bathroom five minutes later I couldn't even see my small relatives for steam. Demanding an explanation I was told by the youngest occupants of the room that, as Bongo came from the tropics, he would be cold, so they had filled the bath with hot water. After closer observation, I asked what the white powder was and to my surprise I was told that Tommy thought alligators lived in salt water, so he had emptied his mother's new bath salts in to make the water salty.

When Monday came, my friends and I soon enjoyed the privacy of the whole school swimming bath when Bongo appeared. One reproachful stare was enough to chase the others out.

Staggering home after a tiring day, I was greeted by Jack who said that Mrs Jones was "hopping mad" because Bongo swallowed her favourite canary. He continued that it couldn't have been a very good canary because Bongo was crying (alligator tears!) and that it must have given him a stomach ache.

These are only a few of the events that made life more interesting during Bongo's stay, and we are looking forward to many more in the future.

Robin Brown, 4 L.

THE LONG JOURNEY DOWNWARDS

With one last straining burst of confidence, I gathered myself up, braced myself, took a deep breath and practically threw myself out of the aeroplane. I did a midair somersault, which must have looked a tangle of arms and legs, and when I recovered to a steady fall, began to count. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," and then pulled the ripcord.

I waited. Then what I had been waiting for came, with a rude ribcracking jerk and a thud above my head. Suddenly I was not falling any more, I was just drifting downwards.

It was only then that I dared to open my eyes and release my breath. First I ventured to look upwards, but all that met my eyes was a mass of glaring white silk from which I was suspended by a complicated array of cords and a leather harness. This view did not afford any interest. So I looked down, and I saw another mass of glaring white, this time consisting of a layer of cirrus cloud a few hundred feet below me. I became aware of the cool breeze whistling around me. It felt good after the hot clammy atmosphere of the club plane.

But it was all over now. I had made the jump, the most difficult part of all, and I had made it successfully, even if not correctly. Now all I could do was settle down and wait for the landing part. I had been so very worried that I would not jump correctly and would be caught in the slipstream of the plane and be dissected by the fin, or decapitated by the tailplane, or something equally drastic. But now the plane had gone droning away back down to the field.

As it was my first jump, I was naturally dubious about it. I wondered why I had not gone in for something safer, rugby or soccer or something. But no! Silly me had to go and join a parachuting club, and now this was the result. On the way up in the club plane I had talked to the pilot, who was an experienced "jumper" or parachutist himself.

I had told him what I thought, and I told him of my fears of getting "minced up," to put it mildly, by the plane as I jumped out. I had told him of my uncertainty about the whole operation.

He had chuckled, and tried to reassure me by saying, "All first timers are the same, but the first jump usually works out all right and from then on you are as right as rain. I remember I felt like it myself on the first drop, but all went well and since I've done three hundred jumps.

And as for getting caught up in the slipstream and getting sliced—well it's never happened in this club before. Don't worry, you'll be right—just keep calm and remember all the dope. Don't worry, mate, you'll be right!"

I knew that he was talking from experience. He had been parachuting for fifteen years, but that did not help. I had checked my pack at least half a dozen times to see that it was packed correctly. But it was too late then, and I was determined not to "chicken out" at the last minute and go through all the embarrassment of telling the pilot and returning to base with him and then facing up to all the club members. And there would always be some unfeeling oaf among them who would yell out "waste of fuel" or "another greenie." I had seen it happen. So I was determined to go through with it. But was I a worried novice?

But now I was just descending merrily. I had made my jump, although rather ungracefully. But I had done it—and they say that "Well begun is half done." Now I wondered why I ever felt so nervous because I was doing things quite well.

I began to appreciate the dropping feeling, a queer sensation which effects its presence in the bottom of the stomach and in the spine. It gives a deceptive feeling of well-being and cheerfulness, rather like being drunk. I did not know whether I liked it or not, but finally I decided I did. It gave me the impression that I was experiencing my own era of peace of mind, satisfaction and relief from all worldly ailments. The feeling soon passed. I was glad in a way, because although this feeling is known to every jumper at some time or other, it has been known to have a permanent effect on people.

I looked down. The cloud layer was closer now. I wondered what it would be like going through it. I had often wondered that. Suddenly I was in it. I had been closer to it than I thought. But to anticipate altitude is a foolish thing to do anyway, at that height, because height can be very deceptive. I was suddenly enveloped in a mass of dark greyish steamy vapour, and it was very wet. I was soaked already. I only hoped that it did not soak my parachute, making it useless.

I felt alone, horribly alone, in this eerie, dull, grey, wet world. It was strangely silent, and being rather emotional while alone, I experienced an acute desire for company, not because I was scared—far from it, but because I had nothing to do. I always thought that nothing was a silly thing to do, so I never did it. I usually found something else a little better and not quite so

monotonous to do. But now I had to be content with doing nothing—physically anyway. I reverted to meditation, and I launched into a mental equation, a very simple one, which consisted of wondering when I would get out of this swirling damp environment into my usual element.

On and on I fell, hoping that soon I would emerge through the cloudbase. It was having an effect on me as it did on many other parachutists. I began to see visions, and have very mild hallucinations. I was on the verge of going slightly mad, when just as suddenly as I had entered the cloud, I was out of it again.

My first instinct was to look down. There, spread out like a carpet below me were the green fields and flat plains of my area. The sun shone down on them from above my cloud and made them look very welcoming. I looked at my watch. I was surprised to find that I had been descending for only four minutes. How slowly time seemed to go.

I saw a quiet country road winding its way along, and to the right the lake shimmered with all of its usual inspiring dignity. And about twenty-five miles away I could see the city which was the centre for our great flat farming district.

Directly below was a dairy farm, and I could see the faint dots of cows grazing in the fields. It was a great sight from such a vantage point, and I realised that there are certain things which the camera cannot record with even a fraction of the justice due to beauty and reality. I was quickly drying off now, after my damp unexciting encounter with the cloud. I began to swing my feet, but I abruptly discontinued this unorthodox practice when my harness indicated, by a series of protesting, loud creaks, that it was under heavy strain from this motion for which it had never been designed.

It was getting rather turbulent now, even though on the ground it would be quite calm and sunny. Suddenly, a heavy blast of cold air hit my face with a violence that made my cheeks tingle and my eyes water. I was winded for a moment. Then all trace of turbulence was gone. I knew what this was. I had heard the club members talk of it. It was merely the result of two airpockets colliding. Although this particular one had quite finished, the operation was supposed to be able to go on for at least five minutes, and at such time the poor parachutist just has to take the blows and remain at the mercy of the atmosphere until the action stops.

Now my ears began to pop and I got a horrible sinking feeling in my stomach. My lungs began to strain and I could feel the pulse at my temples. I was expecting a debacle complete and absolute. But no! I felt all right again; the nauseating feeling left me. This was just the effect of depressurisation—falling quickly with the atmospheric consistency always changing.

I could pick out all the land-marks below now, quite plainly, so I decided it was high time I mentally revised my landing procedure. "When I hit I must bend my knees to take the shock, and then quickly side step so that the 'chute does not settle on top of me and smother me. Remember to approach in a relaxed condition. Quite easy!" When I was satisfied that I had it, and that I knew the impact drill, I began to look for the place where I could alight. It would be just my luck to land in a clump of trees, or the river or even the lake. But no! I could see where I was going to land—right in the middle of a nice large flat treesless field, with only a few cows dotted around it. "Ideal!" I thought.

The ground was very close now, and I took up my relaxed impact position. Then I hit. I bent my knees, folded up, then leapt aside. My 'chute slowly and lackadaisically settled beside me.

I had done it. Suddenly I was confident, I felt like a virtuoso as I remembered the pilot's words of about seven minutes before: ". . . All first-timers are the same, but the first jump usually works out all right and from then on you are as right as rain. I member I felt like it myself . . ."

How true were those words. I stood in triumph beside my 'chute for a minute or two, thinking that you never know whether or not you can do a thing, until you try—and if you make up your mind to do it, you have every chance of succeeding.

Then I unbuckled the harness and gathered up my parachute. I was going straight back to the airfield to get into that plane and get up there above that cloud for another jump just as soon as I could.

My departure was hastened by nature. While I had been standing there thinking just how clever I was, one of my preconceptions of a few grazing cows, had walked right up behind my back and now was charging along three feet behind me with his horns, HIS horns, acting as boosters to my already highly athletic body. Well, I certainly prefer parachuting to BULL-FIGHTING.

VI-ET ARMIS

P. N. Gill, 3 L.

THE SUN'S FAREWELL

Casting golden rays on all around,
The sun sank gently behind the hill.
Though almost out of sight herself,
Her breathless beauty lingered still.

Her farewell rays swept over the sky,
To rest softly upon a cloud.
It was changed from white to a crimson hue,
And with orange and purple endowed.

From paler shades to fiery colours,
The sky around, soon grew.
I watched the wonder with the greatest awe,
Only I and the birds, observed the view.

The sky and clouds increased in brilliance,
The birds burst into song.
Their chorus filled the clear, pure air,
T'was a moment I cherished long.

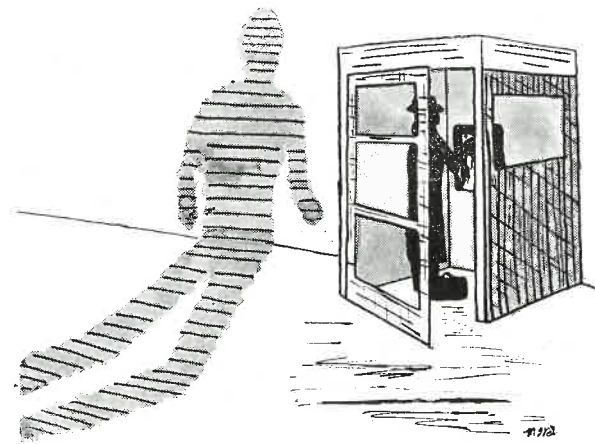
As if regretting that she had to depart,
She stretched her rays over one and all.
Not one little corner was left untouched,
Her searching rays discovered them all.

Then, reluctantly, she withdrew her rays,
And slowly the colours fled.
But a feeling of peace rested in my heart.
The sun had gone to bed.

There are many who don't have time to look,
While watching Jane and Freddy.
And making sure that father's tea,
Is waiting when he's ready.

Yet I love the magnificent, wondrous sight,
The restful, peaceful views.
When the sun bids farewell till she rises again,
To sparkle the morning dew.

Diane L'Amie, 3 L.



THE SHADOW

There were only two of us staying on the top floor of the hotel. I first met him on the way down to the first floor in the lift. I was about to push the button when he called out to me. He had come out of his room and now after carefully locking his door, he hurried towards the lift where I was waiting, slightly impatient, but most curious as to what my new neighbour would be like. He was a man of about forty, heavily built and approximately six feet tall. He watched me from behind, all the way down, and I felt his eyes boring into my back, analysing and finally cataloguing me in his mind as the lift stopped. I was glad to get out after that careful scrutiny.

That night as I stepped out of the lift at my floor, I noticed that the door of his room was ajar and a strip of light was coming from it. Being curious by nature, I glanced in as I went by.

My heart leapt and I suddenly went cold as, through the doorway, I saw another man standing over my very dead new neighbour. He looked up as he wiped the brightly stained blade of his knife on the dead man's pocket. He could see me clearly from behind the desk lamp where the man was slumped, but I could only see blur. I didn't feel like staying by the door way all night so I shot back to the lift in about half the time I usually take to sprint there when I'm late for the office. The lift seemed to take ages to reach the bottom floor, but as it did I was out and running for the street.

Then I pulled up and frantically tried to reason the situation out. Since there was no pursuit so far, he may expect me to come out into the street, and from a window of one of the empty top floor rooms that overlook this side of the street, could be waiting to shoot me as I came running out. If I telephoned from the hotel booths and went up to my room, sitting there all night covering the door with my old service gun until the police came, I might have a better chance. The question now was whether he had guessed I was telephoning; then going out, or doubling back to my room. I would probably get away with one scheme, so I decided on the latter.

I got through to the police station, and as I was telling the desk sergeant what was happening, I suddenly found myself wondering whether the man, knowing now that I was telephoning, would come down to the lobby and try to stop me, permanently; or try to make his get away. My heart froze and my brain suddenly went numb as I saw a dark black shadow slide slowly up across the telephone set on the wall. It was the shadow of a man—my killer? I realised my hand was shaking slightly and I had broken into a cold sweat. Then the shadow slipped away to my left and I spun around, expecting a bullet to rip into me any second. That the man must have been waiting to telephone and had now given up this booth and gone searching for one out in the street was now apparent to me.

I sighed with relief and slumped against the wall of the booth.

The sergeant must have jumped to the same conclusion as I did, for he was now yelling in my ear. I told him I was all right so far and after listening for a while, I hung up and stepped out of the booth, heading towards the stairs.

They would be quieter than the lift. I reached the top to find that the dead man's door had been shut and only the hall light was glowing as usual. Somehow I made it to my door without making too much noise, and turned the handle slowly. I opened the door and found my shadow cast on the wall opposite the door. If the murderer had stayed behind to kill me, he would have done it by now. I started to close the door

before turning on the light switch but saw with horror, that now there were two shadows on the wall.

I jumped aside quickly and the murdered followed, closing the door and turning on the light switch. We stood facing each other, and now I could see him clearly. He was a big foreign looking man, snug-fitting suit, scar on his left hand, dark hair and dark brown eyes. The eyes of a killer—deep, cold, and deadly. I decided to stall but while I was frantically trying to think of something, anything to say, he told me, "I'm sorry to have to kill you when I've got nothing against you, but I've got to." He didn't look sorry through those cold, dead eyes so I didn't sympathise.

"I should have kept looking behind me when I was coming in but I thought if you were there you would be in the room, or out on the landing or the fire escape there."

"You did the unexpected and so did I," he replied.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door and he looked at me, suspiciously, confused at the interruption. While he didn't know what to do I pressed home an attack.

"It's the police I called for," I said, worrying him. "They will be in, in a few seconds, so I'll make a bargain, if you don't shoot me, and make your get-away down the fire escape, I'll hold them at the door until you get to the bottom. If you shoot me you won't get out on to the balcony before they would be in here." The knock was repeated louder and that persuaded him. "All right," he said, "but if you double-cross me, you'll get the first bullet," he said, as he swung one foot over the window sill. "Remember what I said," he threatened; and with that the swung his other foot over the sill and dropped. I turned away, not wanting to hear the piercing scream that cut the air, or to see the look on his face when he found that there was neither a balcony nor a fire escape adjoining my window.

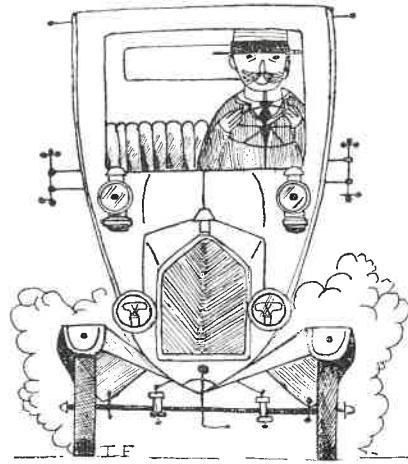
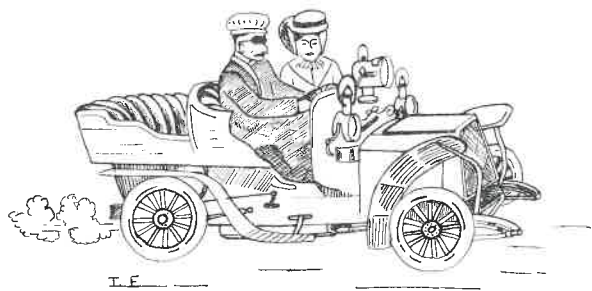
Geoffrey McMillan, 4 S1.

HOW A CAR ENGINE WORKS

A car engine functions on a combination of electricity, compressed petrol, air gases and a number of mechanically devised movements. Petrol is pumped from the tank by a mechanical or electrical fuel pump and is delivered to the carburettor fuel bulb. Petrol and air are drawn in from the carburettor to the firing chamber through the intake manifold. When the inlet valve is open, then the piston goes down on the suction stroke. On completion of the suction stroke, the inlet valve closes and the piston comes up on the compression stroke.

When the driver turns the ignition key a current flows from the battery through the ignition switch to the coil. The coil builds this current up and delivers it through a high tension lead to the distributor. The distributor distributes the spark through the spark-plug leads to the plug points in the firing chamber. This spark ignites the compressed gas in the firing chamber, driving the piston down. The connecting rod transfers the power from the explosion to the crank shaft which revolves, this power being transferred to the car wheels through a clutch, transmission gearbox, drive shaft, differential gearbox and finally to the wheels through the axles. As the piston reaches the bottom of its firing stroke the exhaust valves open, allowing the spent gas to escape through the exhaust manifold to the exhaust pipe and then out to the atmosphere.

J. Browne, 3 T.

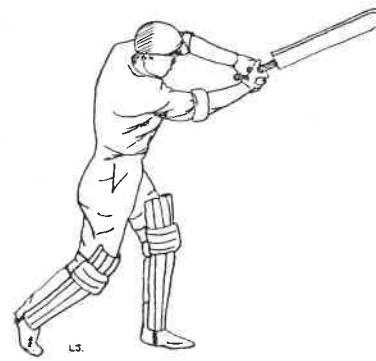


ECHO

Echo always liked to have the last word in everything and one day while having her say she offended the goddess Juno. To punish her Juno said that as she liked to have the last word Echo would only be able to repeat the last words of anything she heard. Echo was very ashamed and she went and hid in the forest. One day a young golden haired man called Narcissus was separated from the rest of his friends while hunting in the forest. Hearing a sound in the bushes he called out, thinking it was one of his friends. Echo came out of the bushes. The young man, seeing it was a stranger, turned abruptly on his heel and walked away. After that Echo never showed herself again and in time she faded away completely leaving only a voice that mocked what people said, making a lonely place seem lonelier than ever.

Sandra Straker, 3 D.

SPORTS



BOYS' INTER-SECONDARY SWIMMING

Rutherford made its first venture into this competition this year, entering teams in Intermediate and Junior "C" grades.

Beaten won the Intermediate 55 yards Backstroke and McVicker swam into the finals of the 55 yards Backstroke and Breaststroke. Pugh reached the Breaststroke final. Among the Juniors, Maurice dived will to get a 3rd placing in this open event.

Intermediate Team: T. Beaton, M. McVicker, J. Gomas, G. Colcord, J. Pugh.

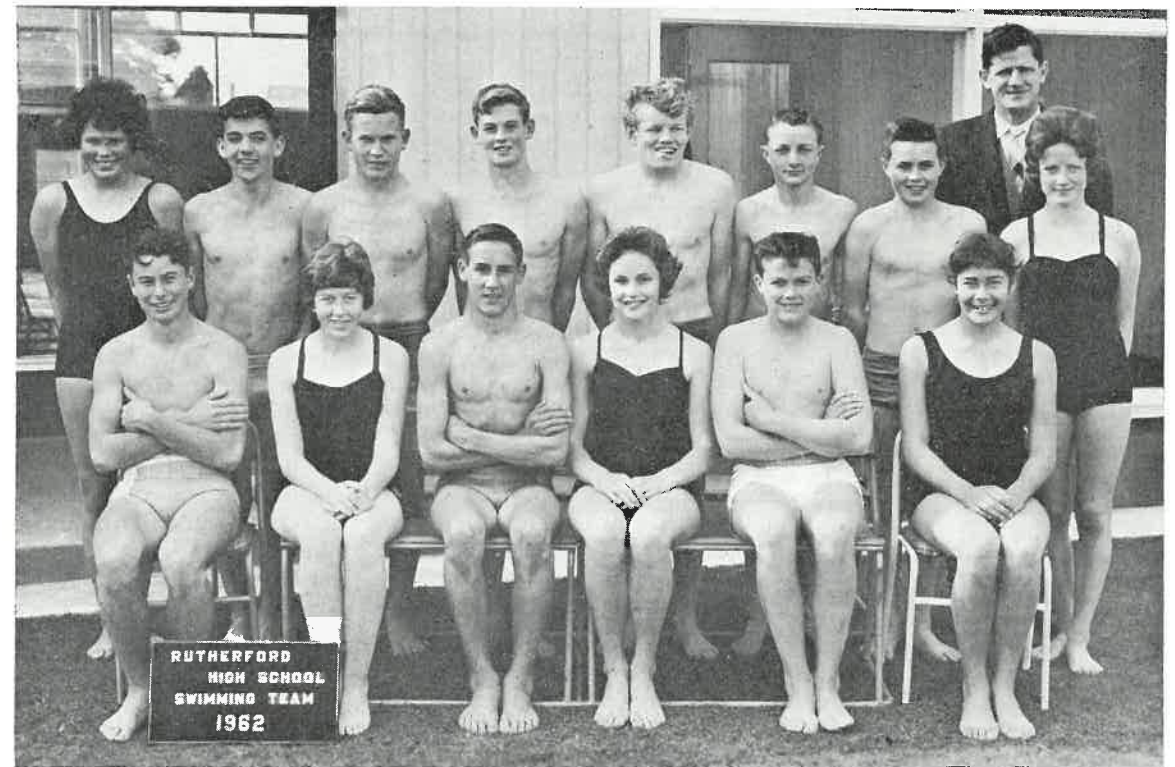
Junior Team: K. Allen, C. Brady, B. Gulliver, T. Moorhead, S. Maurice, L. Tierney.

GIRLS' INTER-SECONDARY SWIMMING

Rutherford entered a team into the Girls' Inter-secondary Sports for the first time this year. The team on the whole did very well. Denise Kelsall swam a good freestyle race, Marianne Sinclair won her heat of the Junior Breaststroke but was not placed in the finals.

The team consisted of: Denise Kelsall, Marianne Sinclair, Meridee Jordan, Lesley Mager, Janice Taylor.

Marianne Sinclair, 4 S1.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: Denise Kelsall, J. Pugh, T. Moorhead, T. Beaton, G. Colcord, C. Brady, G. Gulliver, Mr Berridge, Lesley Mager.

Front Row: J. Gomas, Meridee Jordan, M. McVicker, Marianne Sinclair, S. Maurice, Janice Taylor.

ATHLETICS



Back Row: Mr. Morton, Annette Rehm, J. Pugh, T. Beaton, K. Dunn, T. Newlove, T. Moorhead, Jennifer Garrett.

Second Row: B. Anderson, Cheryl Lockie, M. Shepherd, Robyn Wheeler, A. West, Jennifer Wylie, M. Pook, Lynne Drummond, M. McVicker.

Front Row: G. Moore, Jennifer Blakely, C. Clayton, Marianne Sinclair, J. Gomas, Linda Currie, M. Sinton.

BOYS' INTER-SECONDARY ATHLETICS

On Saturday, 7th April, our Athletic team entered the "C" section of the Athletic Championships at Northcote College. We were eager to get going until we saw the boys from other school teams, for we soon found that we were so small a group that it was hard to find each other.

In the morning at about 8.30 the tracks were wet and discouraging for barefoot runners. The events were run off fairly quickly except for the jumps, in which P. Carman gained Rutherford's only points, coming 3rd in the High Jump final. We hope for better luck next year.

Intermediate Team: J. Gomas, P. Carman, T. Beaton, A. West, J. Pugh.

Junior Team: T. Moorhead, C. Clayton, M. Pook, K. Dunn, G. Moore, M. Shepherd, A. Anderson.

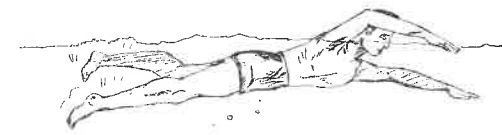
M. Pook.

GIRLS' INTER-SECONDARY ATHLETICS

The day was sunny with a gentle cooling breeze. The place was the Olympic Stadium, the fixture the Inter-secondary Girls' Athletic Sports.

Rutherford had entered a team of ten girls in Junior and Intermediate events, but it seemed to be our day for fourths. The Junior relay team came in fourth in the final, the Intermediate relay team were fourth in their heat and Marianne Sinclair were fourth in the High Jump.

The team consisted of: Linda Currie, Jennifer Garrett, Jennifer Blakely, Jennifer Wylie, Robyn Wheeler, Cheryl Lockie, Lynne Drummond, Wendy Reiman, Marianne Sinclair, Annette Rehm. Marianne Sinclair.



SECOND ANNUAL SWIMMING SPORTS

Rutherford High School's Second Annual Swimming Sports were held at the Avondale College swimming pool on Tuesday, 13th February. The first 39 events, the heats and novelty races, occupied the morning and in the afternoon the championship finals were swum.

The Intermediate Boys' Champion was M. McVicker (20 points) and the runner-up T. Beaton (17 points). The Junior Boys' Champion was S. Maurice (9 points) and the runners-up were T. Moorhead and A. Matthews (6 points).

The Girls' Intermediate Championship was won by Lesley Mager (10 points), followed by Maryann Brosnan (8 points). The Girls' Junior Champion was Marianne Sinclair, last year's champion (17 points), with Denise Kelsall scoring 14 points for second place.

After a bad start in the heats Williams House emerged victorious with 216 points for the day, Wilding followed with 175.

Intermediate Boys:

Breaststroke: M. McVicker. Backstroke: M. McVicker. Underwater: T. Beaton. Freestyle: M. McVicker.

Junior Boys:

Backstroke: T. Moorhead. Breaststroke: S. Maurice. Underwater: A. Matthews. Freestyle: C. Brady.

Intermediate Girls:

Breaststroke: Rae Wilson. Backstroke: Mary Ann Brosnan. Freestyle: Lesley Mager.

Junior Girls:

Backstroke: Marianne Sinclair. Breaststroke: Marianne Sinclair. Underwater: Marianne Sinclair and Susan Morris. Freestyle: Denise Kelsall.

The Boys' House Relay was won by Williams House and the Girls' by Wilding. Form 4 Technical won the form relay. The final race of the day, the staff versus pupils' relay, was won, the staff regret to say, by the boys' team.

SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS

The second annual Athletic Sports were held on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning, the 14th and 15th March. As our own grounds were not ready for use, the sports were again held at Te Atatu Park. Quite a large gathering of interested parents was present to watch the events and their encouragement contributed to the success of an extensive programme.

Results:

Intermediate Boys' Championship

100 Yards: P. Carman 1, J. Gomas 2, I. McGregor 3.
220 Yards: J. Gomas 1, J. Cox 2, J. Pugh 3.
440 Yards: T. Newlove 1, P. Carman 2, J. Gomas 3.
880 Yards: T. Newlove 1, T. Beaton 2, G. Scott 3.
Mile: T. Newlove 1, T. Beaton 2, L. Teirney 3.
High Jump: P. Carman 1, L. McCullough 2, P. O'Leary 3.
Broad Jump: J. Gomas 1, P. Carman 2, L. Teirney 3.
Discus (1.5 kg.): A. West 1, R. Irvine 2, M. Skilton 3.
Shot (10lb.): J. Gomas 1, R. Irvine 2, G. Midgley 3.

Intermediate Girls' Championship

75 Yards: Wendy Reiman and Lynne Drummond 1, Ann McClellan 3.
100 Yards: Wendy Reiman 1, Mary Smith 2, Ann McClellan 3.
220 Yards: Margaret Gudsell 1, Lesley Mager 2.
High Jump: Marie Drummond 1, Carol Dark 2, Eileen Frew 3.
Broad Jump: Wendy Reiman 1, Leonora Phyn 2, Ann McClellan 3.
Shot Put (8lb. 13oz.): Linda Currie 1, Mary Smith 2, Carol Cater 3.
Discus (1 kg.): Diane Jones 1, Leonora Phyn 2, Lynette Johnston 3.

Junior Boys' Championship

100 Yards: C. Clayton 1, M. Pook 2, T. Moorhead 3.
200 Yards: C. Clayton 1, W. Black 2, T. Moorhead 3.
440 Yards: K. Dunn 1, G. Moore 2, M. Weston 3.
880 Yards: K. Dunn 1, C. Clayton 2, M. Weston 3.
High Jump: N. Rawlins 1, S. Maurice 2, K. Wiltaker 3.
Broad Jump: T. Moorhead 1, C. Clayton 2, M. Pook 3.
Shot: M. Pook 1, M. Shepherd 2, I. Milne 3.
Discus (1 kg.): M. Shepherd 1, B. Anderson 2, R. Compton 3.

Junior Girls' Championship

- 50 Yards: Robyn Wheeler 1, Jennifer Wylie 2, Myfanwy Fleming 3.
 75 Yards: Marianne Sinclair 1, Jennifer Wylie 2, Jennifer Blakely 3.
 100 Yards: Marianne Sinclair 1, Jennifer Blakely 2, Fay Mitchell 3.
 High Jump: Marianne Sinclair 1, Wendy Sayer 2, Lesley Clayton 3.
 Broad Jump: Marianne Sinclair 1, Jennifer Garrett 2, Lynette Wilson 3.
 Shot (6lb.): Judith Bridge 1, Carol Sayer 2, Wendy Sayer 3.
 Discus (1 kg.): Marianne Sinclair 1, Wendy Sayer 2, Judith Bridge 3.

Intermediate Boys' Grades

- 100 Yards: D. Hamilton 1, R. MacMillan 2, L. King and L. Ryan 3 equal.
 220 Yards: D. Hamilton 1, R. MacMillan 2, D. Eades 3.
 440 Yards: D. Hamilton 1, I. McGregor 2, D. Eades 3.

Intermediate Girls' Grades

- 75 Yards: Eileen Frew 1, Jill Ferguson 2.

Junior Girls' Grades

- 50 Yards: Annette Rehm and Diane Berridge 1 equal, Denise Kelsall 3.
 75 Yards: Annette Rehm 1, Dianne L'Amie 2, Cheryl Lockie 3.
 100 Yards: Annette Rehm 1, Cheryl Lockie 2, Dianne L'Amie 3.
 House Relay, Junior Girls: Lovelock 1, Wilding 2, Williams 3, Batten 4.
 House Relay, Intermediate Girls: Batten 1, Lovelock 2, Williams 3, Wilding 4.
 House Relay, Junior Boys: Wilding 1, Lovelock 2, Williams 3, Batten 4.
 House Relay, Intermediate Boys: Wilding 1, Lovelock 2, Williams 3, Batten 4.
 All-in House Relay (8 x 110): Wilding 1, Batten 2, Lovelock 3, Williams 4.

Junior Boys' Grades

- 100 Yards: A. Vickers 1, A. Ryan 2, R. Compton 3.
 220 Yards: J. Duke 1, R. Compton 2, M. Donaldson 3.
 440 Yards: M. Donaldson 1, J. Duke 2, R. Jones 3.
 880 Yards: J. Duke 1, R. Jones 2, W. Sullivan 3.

Athletic Champions

- Junior Girls: Marianne Sinclair (Bn.).
 Junior Boys: C. Clayton (Bn.).
 Intermediate Girls: Wendy Reiman (Bn.).
 Intermediate Boys: J. Gomas (Wg).

House Points

1-Batten	204
2-Williams	181
3-Wilding	160
4-Lovelock	137

SECONDARY SCHOOLS' RELAY CHAMPIONSHIP

Our team had a most successful day at the "C" grade meeting of the Relay Championships held on 13th October. Despite the fact that there had been little opportunity for practice, our Junior team gained 35 points to come fourth, and the Intermediate team, with 31 points, was also placed fourth.

Detailed results:

JUNIOR

Shot Put	2nd
4 x 110	2nd
4 x 220	3rd

JUNIOR TEAM

A. Vickers	G. Yates
R. Compton	R. Jones
M. Shepherd	W. Sullivan
T. Moorhead	A. Mathews
H. MacVicar	B. Milham
M. Donaldson	

INTERMEDIATE

Medley	3rd
4 x 220	3rd
Three 4th places	
One 5th place	

INTERMEDIATE TEAM

J. Gomas	C. Clayton
J. Pugh	J. MacDonald
M. Pook	G. Scott
M. Sinton	S. Maurice
L. Teirney	

SECONDARY SCHOOLS' CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

On Saturday, 29th September, the cross-country team took part in the championships held at St. Kentigern College. Running against fourteen teams in the Intermediate B section, our team faced fierce competition, since the pace of the race was set by experienced harriers. Although the team amassed a high penalty score and as a result did not gain a place in the competition, there is always the thought "We'll have to be fitter, next year!" and the memory of a race well run.

The team consisted of: T. Beaton, M. Sinton, M. McVicker, P. Thackwray, T. Shadbolt, L. Teirney.

TENNIS



Back Row: Miss Hodges, Jennifer Garret, A. Ryan, Dianne L'Amie, K. Collins, Sandra Hills, S. Maurice, Sandra Prichard, P. Hunt, Mr Pryor.
 Front Row: R. Maurice, Barbara Nixon, D. Hunt, Marianne Sinclair, C. Brownlees, Diane Wolfsbauer.

At the beginning of this year with four tennis courts available at school for practice, and sufficient enthusiasm shown by the pupils, teams were entered in the Inter-Secondary Schools' Tennis Competition for the first time. Rutherford entered a boys' team and a girls' teams in the Junior C Grade and each suffered only one loss in the first round. The second round of the competition saw the girls enjoy similar success but the boys lost two games. However the good start would seem to promise well for the school tennis in the future.

Boys' Team: D. Hunt (captain), K. Collins, A. Ryan, C. Brownlees, R. Maurice, P. Hunt, S. Maurice, S. Milne.

First Round: Played 4 games, Won 3, Lost 1, Won 1 by default.

Second Round: Played 3 games, Won 1, Lost 2. Won 1 by default.

Girls' Team: Marianne Sinclair (captain), Dianne L'Amie, Sandra Prichard, Jennifer Garrett, Barbara Nixon, Diane Wolfsbauer, Sandra Hills, Jennifer Wylie.

First Round: Played 4 games, won 3, lost 1, won 1 by default.

Second Round: Played 3 games, Won 3 won 1 by default.

GIRLS' CRICKET

Although cricket is a relatively new sport among the girls, enthusiasm is increasing. Our skill in batting, bowling and fielding is being developed by constant practice. There is a group of about twenty-two players which makes two teams for practice, but there are not enough players from any one house to have competition matches. The games are enjoyed by all who take part and we are hoping that our numbers will increase next year, and that we may branch out into match play.

Colleen Hagan.



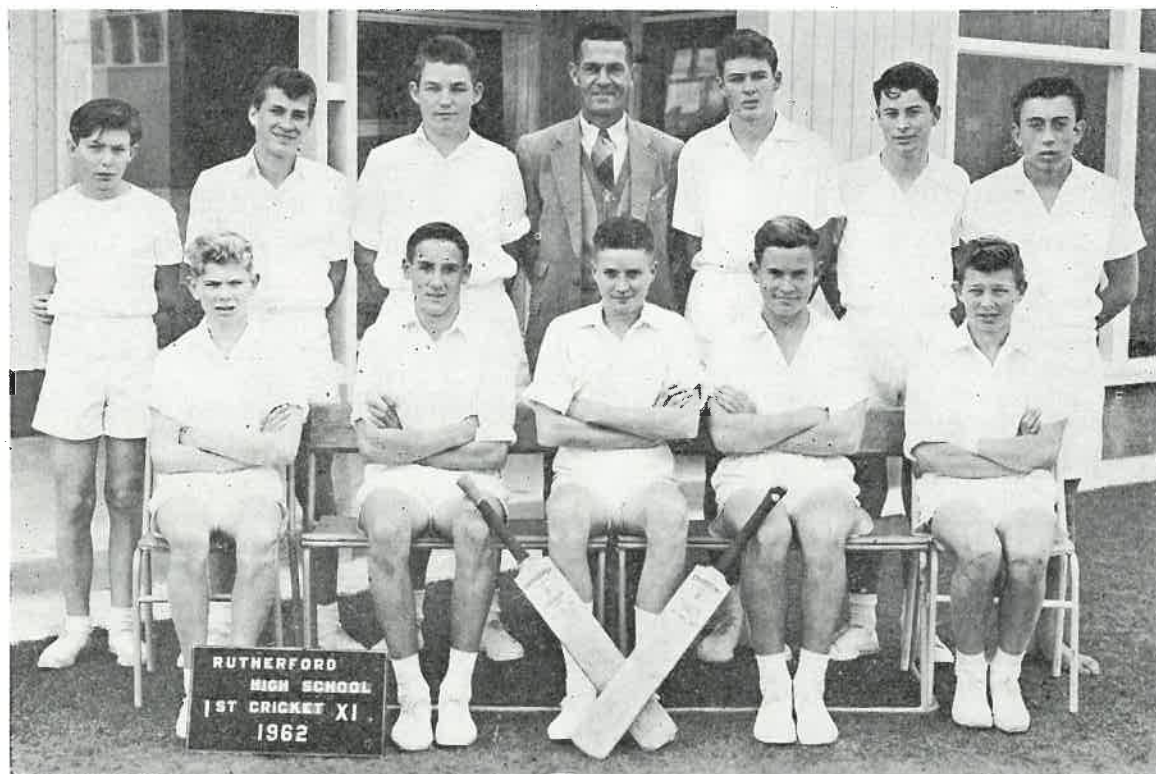
1st CRICKET XI

The School 1st XI made a good start in the 5th Grade inter-school Saturday competitions this season. Under the coaching of Mr Moorhead we were able to field a strong team, entering our first game with a certain amount of confidence. We played four matches, maintaining an unbeaten record. Top scorers were A. Learmonth (17.1 average) and W. Jones (16.8 average). The best bowling averages were recorded by W. Jones and G. Stainton. The team's most consistent all-rounder was T. Moorhead.

We wish to record our appreciation of the work of Mr Jones and Mr Moorhead who so often provided us with transport.

Team members were: W. Jones (Captain), M. McVicker (Vice-captain), J. Gomas, G. Stainton, K. Borich, T. Moorhead, A. Learmonth, J. Reid, G. Copestake, K. Jones, D. Lewis, T. Newlove (reserve), I. Milne (reserve).

W. Jones.



ROAD RACE

"There's a long, long trail a-winding . . ." But this was no melody sung around a camp fire! This trail was formed by Rutherford boys running the Road Race on Wednesday, 19th September. Divided into Junior and Intermediate sections, they raced (or plodded) the courses, which for the Juniors was a little over three miles and for the Intermediates somewhat less than four miles.

Results:

Intermediate: M. Vicker, 27m. 32s., 1; M. Sinton, 27m. 37s., 2; T. Beaton, 29m. 10s., 3.

Junior: P. Thackwray, 24m. 7s., 1; R. Jones, 24m. 13s.; G. Hughes, 24m. 13s., 2 (equal).

28

2nd CRICKET XI

This team was formed half way through the first term, when more boys became available for Saturday play, and as a result has played only two games.

Results: R.H.S. v. Auckland Grammar School—R.H.S. won by default. R.H.S. v. Selwyn College—Selwyn 76, R.H.S. 19 and 80 (G. Wadsworth 29, I. Milne 25).

The team thanks the coach, Mr Evans, and its thanks go to parents who supplied the transport to and from the games.

Team: M. Chappell (Captain), D. Hamilton, G. Murdoch, G. Wadsworth, J. Browne, M. Hollis, A. Strid, R. Woodard, W. Crisp, I. Milne, G. Turner, G. Yearbury.

J. Browne.

SOFTBALL

With the increased numbers playing softball in 1962 it became necessary for the girls to take over the whole of Rutherford Primary School area while the boys travelled up to Te Atatu Park. This year has seen a marked improvement in the basic skills of the game and the development of much better tactical play. Competition is always keen, particularly when top house teams meet one another.

Results: Lovelock 15 wins, Wilding 14, Williams 11, and Batten 6.

RUGBY



3rd GRADE

A rather disappointing season was experienced by the 3rd Grade team, the best result being a draw against Mt. Roskill "C3" team. Several other games were very closely contested, but lack of age, weight and experience generally told by the second half of each game.

It is hoped that next year larger numbers of players will allow the school to enter more grades of the competition, permitting players to play in the more appropriate grade.

The players' thanks go to Mr Berridge and Mr Smith (an interested parent) for their coaching and advice and to those parents who supplied transport and spectator support which was very much appreciated.

Dargaville Visit:

The season's highlight was the game against Dargaville High School 2nd XV.



FIRST FIFTEEN

Back Row: Mr Berridge, T. Earl, R. Smith, R. Orton, I. McGregor, M. Sinton.
Second Row: C. Homer, M. Shepherd, P. O'Leary, M. Skilton, M. Earl, G. Scott, J. MacDonald, K. Dunn.
Front Row: J. Cullum, T. Moorhead, A. West, M. McVicker (Captain), J. Pugh, B. Milham, M. Nobilo.

29

This was a very closely-fought game with the result in doubt until the last minute. Dargaville scored first from a good movement to lead 5-0 at half time. A rearranged team saw better play from Rutherford in the second half, McDonald crossing the line to bring the score to 3-5. Pugh then scored a good try from chain-passing, making the score 6-5 in our favour. Dargaville were not to be denied, however, and scored again near the posts to win 10-6.

M. McVicker.

5th GRADE

The 5th Grade team entered in the "C" division and commenced the season by playing a drawn game with Lynfield College. All the team members were keen as was evident by the number of emergencies who turned out for each game. Top scorer was C. Barrie (vice-captain), followed by G. Stainton and M. Chappell (captain). K. Borich played well in all games with C. Strid doing excellent work as hooker. Many thanks go to our coach, Mr Moorhead, for his services.

Results: Played 7 games, won 3, lost 3, drew 1.

Team: M. Chappell (Captain), C. Barrie (Vice-captain), G. Stainton, K. Borich, D. Eades, A. Strid, C. Strid, E. Wimpory, A. Shekell, P. Kuhn, C. Brownlees, G. Gulliver, D. Honey, P. Bridge, H. Vansitter, P. Nickless, R. Manifold, M. Laycock, B. Morris.

C. Barrie.



BASKETBALL "A"
Back Row: Colleen Hagan, Molly Clarke, Marie O'Leary.
Second Row: Marianne Sinclair, Miss Spence, Eileen Frew.
Front Row: Sheryl Sparnon (Captain), Marilyn Williams.

DARGAVILLE VISIT

Although Friday, 10th August, was a gloomy miserable day it was cheered by the arrival of one football and two basketball teams from Dargaville High School. After showing them around our school, the billetes took the visitors home and prepared them for the following day's events.

On the Saturday it was drizzling but the games were not affected. The basketballers played two exciting games in which the A team was defeated by the visitors 20-17, but the B team drew 11-all.

BASKETBALL

For our first year in competitive basketball, we members of the first Rutherford High School basketball team feel we have established a good beginning to a basketball career. We won every game in our section of the Collegiate grade except one, in which we were defeated 10-9 by Auckland Girls' Grammar School.

However, this loss did not lower our spirits and we played successfully in the remaining games. We congratulate Marilyn Williams, Colleen Hagan and Molly Clarke on their selection as Auckland representatives in their grade.

The B team also made a splendid start this season, tying for top of their section of the Collegiate grade with Kelston High School.

We would like to thank the parents who provided us with transport, and Miss Spence, our coach, for her help throughout the season.

B Team: Pamela Gainsford (Captain), Carol Marshall, Lynette Wilson, Denise Kelsall, Sandra Hills, Jennifer Wylie, Judith Bridge.

Sheryl Sparnon and Pamela Gainsford.

After a buffet tea at school a most enjoyable and exciting social was held in the School Assembly Hall. The Master of Ceremonies for the evening was Mr Monds and the school band made its first appearance.

All pupils present were very appreciative of the efforts of Miss Hodges, Mr Monds and the other Staff members who helped make the function a success.

Next morning in the midst of the hustle and bustle of exchanging thanks and souvenirs, the Dargaville people boarded their bus and were soon setting out down the drive on their way homewards. Rutherford is already looking forward to a return visit next year.

Sheryl Sparnon and M. McVicker.

SOCCER



Back Row: P. Ockleford, M. Pook, T. Medcalf, R. Macmillian, T. Shadbolt, W. Crisp.
Front Row: J. Reid, B. Lawrence, W. Jones, J. Gomas, C. Turner, G. Hughes.

This was the first year that the School entered teams in the Secondary Schools' competition.

The two teams—one in the Intermediate Grade and one in the Junior—enjoyed about eight games against schools in the Western Zone.

The Intermediate team, coached by Mr O. I. Jones, won three matches and gained 4th place in the Zone.

The Junior team, coached by Mr White, did not perform as well, but all their matches were stoutly contested.

Intermediate Team: Played 7 games, won 3, lost 3, drew 1.

Junior Team: Played 8 games, won 2, lost 5, drew 1.

Intermediate Team: J. Gomas (Captain), W. Jones, R. MacMillan, G. Hughes, T. Medcalf, J. Reid, W. Crisp, P. Ockleford, C. Turner, B. Lawrence, M. Pook, T. Shadbolt, P. Thackway.

Junior Team: B. Wiblin (Captain), M. Donaldson (Vice-captain), H. MacVicar, P. Donaghue, D. Carroll, G. Yearbury, R. White, K. Collins, J. Main, W. Crisp, R. Compton, J. Browne, P. Johnston, M. Higson.

J. Gomas and W. Jones.

HOCKEY



Back Row: Mr Evans, S. Maurice, P. Dyas, A. Ryan.
Front Row: L. Ryan, R. Beare, R. Callinan, R. Jeffs, D. Palmer, G. Wadsworth.

BOYS' HOCKEY

This year a team was entered in the 3rd Grade —“B” Section—of the Auckland Secondary Schools' competition. Throughout the season the team played well, but failed to win a game although better finish work in the circle would have seen several narrow defeats changed to draws, possibly to wins.

The team was: R. Jeffs (Captain), G. Wadsworth, G. Carter, A. Moore, R. Beare, N. Poad, R. Callinan, S. Maurice, A. Ryan, L. Ryan, J. Palmer, P. Dyas, S. Milne.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

With all the keen basketball players around, we are pleased that at least some girls have turned to hockey. This year there have been enough girls for two complete practice teams. Unfortunately transport problems made it difficult to muster sufficient girls for Saturday games against outside teams, but we have played several practice matches against the boys and these have done much to raise the standard of our play.

Next year should find us ready to take part in inter-school competition.



RHYTHMIC DANCING

A group of seven girls, trained by Mrs Warren, entered the Team Rhythmical Section of the Auckland Secondary Schools' Gymnastic competition. We had one compulsory series of rhythmic exercises to do to Dave Brubeck's "Take Five", and voluntary series for which we did exercises with batons to "In the Mood".

We practised in every spare moment until we were tired of hearing the music. Eventually we all managed to keep in time and keep our formation.

We decided to wear a short black tunic with each skirt lined with a different colour and belts

to match the lining. The day of the competition, September 15th, finally came, and we were all excited. We were the only ones using batons and our costumes were different from all the others. Although we did not get a place, it was a thrilling experience, and as a result others in the School have become interested and the group is now a large and popular one.

The team consisted of: Lynette Johnston, Janet Scholz, Dianne L'Amie, Dianne Berridge, Betty Richardson, Susan Whittle and Kay Smart.

Kay Smart.

HOUSE POINTS

	Basketball	Rugby	Swimming	Athletics	Road Race	Softball	Soccer	FINAL POINTS
Batten	12	18	8	16	9	3	4	70
Lovelock	24	6	4	4	3	12	12	65
Wilding	6	12	12	8	9	9	8	64
Williams	18	24	16	12	12	6	16	104

HOUSE LEADERS

BATTEN:

C. Clayton
Anne Butler

LOVELOCK:

G. Midgley
Janet Coates

WILDING:

J. Gomas
Colleen Hagan

WILLIAMS:

P. Carman
Rae Wilson

The Hobsonville Trophy for Inter-House competition has been won this year by Williams House.

SCHOOL ROLL

(Names marked * are of pupils who left during the year.)

FORM 4L

Form Teacher: Mr White

Barbour, N. S.
Collins, K. F.
Copestake, G. J.
Gomas, J. E.
Hunt, D. M. Langdale
*McMannis, R.
MacMillan, R. A.
Medcalfe, T. W.
Murdock, G. J.
Ockleford, P. J.
Pugh, J. R.
Thackwray, P. M.
Hamilton, D. H.
Hawkins, R. J.

Brown Robin
Hills, Sandra
Jarza, Carreen
Johnston, Lynette
Nixon, Barbara
Smart, Kay
Williams, Marilyn
Coates, Janet
Diver, Shirlene
*Gudsell, Margaret
Hagan, Colleen
Sparnon, Sheryl
*Thackwray, Colleen
*Williams, Carol

FORM 4 S1

Form Teacher: Mr Morton

Beaton, T. E.
Clasby, P. J.
Homer, C. J.
James, R. E.
Kay, W. H.
Lawrence, B. S.
McDonald, J. R.
McGregor, I. D.
McMillan, G. R.
McVicker, M. J.
Mathews, W. J.
*Newlove, T. L.
Pook, M. R.
Scott, G. I.

Brosnan, Mary Ann
Butler, Anne
Fleming, Suzanne
Gainsford, Pamela
Green, Dianne
Jordan, Meridee
Methven, Penelope
*Reiman, Wendy
Sinclair, Marianne
*Young, Karen
Shadbolt, T. R.
Skilton, M. R.
Strid, B. D.

FORM 4 S2

Form Teacher: Miss Spence

*Carmen, P. A.
Chappell, M. D.
Clayton, C. S.
Cox, J. L.
Dodkin, C. N.
*Dyas, P. J.
Eades, D.
Earl, T. H.
Glowacki, M. A.
Hills, W. J. D.
*Hollis, M. E.
Jones, K. J.

Lockie, Cheryl
*McClellan, Ann
Mager, Lesley
Mennie, Sheana
Moase, Marilyn
Rehm, Annette
Rumble, Jennifer
Scholz, Ann
Jones, W. O.
*Laycock, M. M.
Turner, C. T.

FORM 4 C

Form Teacher: Mrs Warren

Burney, Carol
Clarke, Molly
Clayton, Lesley
D'Anvers, Beverley
*De Jong, Celia
Drummond, Lynne
*Edwards, Heather
Faulder, Erin
Ferguson, Jill
Frew, Eileen
Hagan, Faye
Hill, Elaine
Kruyff, Marie-Louisa
Marcroft, Faye

Matthews, Clara
*Morgan, Gaye
Pearman, Brenda
Prichard, Sandra
*Priestly, Janice
Scholz, Janet
Smith, Mary
Smith, Sheryl
Taylor, Alma
Thompson, Robyn
*White, Jeanette
Wilson, Rae
Wolfsbauer, Diane

FORM 4 T

Form Teacher: Mr Coldham

Brady, C.
Dyas, P. S.
Franks, H. E.
Garrett, D. K.
Holland, W. J.
Jeffs, R. J.
Johnson, B. W.
Kennedy, B. A.
King, L. D.
Learmonth, A. M.
Lewis, D. P.

McCullough, L. D.
Midgley, G. A.
*Moir, J. E.
Moore, A. S.
O'Leary, P. J.
Orton, R. A.
Pocock, D. C.
Reid, J. A.
Rutledge, B. D.
Willering, R. P.

FORM 4 GM

Form Teacher: Mr Reid

*Baker, W. T.
Callinan, R. K.
*Creed, A. R. N.
Davis, R. S.
Gregory, C. R.
Hilton, K. J.
Irvine, R. M.
*Joblin, P.
*McKean, M. J.
*Poad, N. J.
*Roff, W. G.
Schuler, R.
Wadsworth, G. P. L.

*Whitaker, M. J.
Adams, Colleen
Cooney, Mavis
*Drummond, Marie
Harris, Rowena
Hilton, Maureen
*Hopkins, Shirley
*Jones, Dianne
MacVicar, Grace
Quick, Judith
*Robertstein, Nancy
Winchester, Janice
West, A. R.

FORM 3 L

Form Teacher: Mr Pryor

Chalcraft, S.
Compton, R.
Crisp, W.
Earl, M.
Gill, P.
MacVicar, H.
Mathews, A.
Maurice, P.
Moorhead, T.
Mortensen, T.
Perkinson, S.

Austin, Mary
Finlay, Andrea
Fleming, Myfanwy
Forster, Kathryn
Hewetson, Gay
Irvine, Susan
L'Amic, Dianne
McGregor, Leigh
Marshall, Carol
Yates, G.

FORM 3 S1

Form Teacher: Mrs Reinheimer

Burney, A. R.
Carter, G. R.
Delgross, R. F.
Duke, J. J.
Hunt, P. R. Langdale
Milne, S. W.
Nickless, P. D.
Nobilo, M.
Russell, B. C.
Stainton, M. G.
Sullivan, W. E.
Vickers, A. N.
White, R. M.
Wiblin, B. M.
Yearbury, G. S.
Young, Sandra

Berridge, Diane
Homer, Margaret
Hudspith, Sheryl
Kelsall, Denise
Luckens, Raewyn
McClellan, Carolyn
Macmillan, Helen
Morris, Christine
Morris, Susan
Rounthwaite, Jillian
Sawyer, Heather
Sinton, Brenda
Stevenson, Jillian
Stewart, Marilyn
Wilkinson, Cherie
Wombwell, Noni

FORM 3 S2

Form Teacher: Mrs Sharplin

Adcock, D.
Barrett, R.
Brownlees, C.
Byrd, I.
Donaldson, M.
Johnston, P.
Jones, R.
Maurice, S.
McCarroll, G.
Milham, B.
Milne, I.
Moase, J.
Morris, B.
Ryan, A.
Strid, A.

Udjur, M.
Battersby, Robin
Brawn, Kay
Chappell, Christine
Collins, Anne
Drummond, Linda
Flynn, Thelma
Geary, Lorraine
Mager, Maureen
Moors, Gaye
Murray, Sandra
Papps, Donna
Simpson, Faye
Wilson, Lynette

FORM 3 S3

Form Teacher: Miss Brewer

Beare, R. N.
Brogden, W. K.
Cullum, W. J.
Davis, J. A.
Donoghue, P. T.
Gulliver, B. J.
Honey, D. C.
Hughes, G. J.
Jones, M. D.
Kevey, A. B.
Maurice, R. L.
Sinclair, B. M.

Dodd, Beryl
Durrant, Heather
Hayes, Susan
Jolly, Sylvia
Lyndsay, Rosanna
O'Leary, Marie
Phyn, Leonora
Sculpher, Paula
*Wehi, Elizabeth
Whittle, Susan
Wylie, Jennifer
Wass, J. S.

FORM 3 C

Form Teacher: Mrs Miller

Abbott, Louise
Ainsworth, Pamela
Bennett, Jane
Blakely, Jennifer
Brosnan, Patricia
*Donaldson, Judith
Dorricott, Drena
Dwyer, Christine
Ellice, Doreen
Garrett, Jennifer
Graham, Judith
Griffin, Mary
Hamilton, Jane
Harold, Cheryl
Haslam, Sylvia
Hughes, Pauline
Langdon, Marie

Leggatt, Josephine
Lever, Ann
Longville, Jennifer
Mitchell, Fay
Mitchell, Susan
*Morete, Dorothy
Nicholls, Lynette
Over, Janette
Rae, Adrienne
Sayer, Carol
Scott, Judith
*Shields, Myrene
Smith, Diane
Taylor, Janice
Williamson, Kay
Young, Janet

FORM 3 T1

Form Teacher: Mr L. T. Gale

*Allen, K. D.
Anderson, B. A.
Andrews, G. A.
Barrie, C. R.
Barrie, T. A.
Bernard, D.
Borich, K. N.
Bracey, I. C.
Browne, J. G.
Dawson, I. T.
Dunn, K. M.
Farlow, T. S.
Hunt, K. G.

Jones, D. I.
Kwasniewski, D.
Lancaster, J. V.
Maras, K. J.
Merson, D. A.
Murray, P. G.
Neilsen, B. L.
Paxton, A. J.
Quick, W. A.
Shepherd, M. F.
Vansitter, H.
Wood, P. W.
Woodard, R. W.

FORM 3 T2

Form Teacher: Mr Herbert

- *Black, W. Manifold, R. P.
- Bridge, P. A. McArthur, A. A.
- Chambers, T. S. McTernan, C. M.
- *Colcord, G. Moore, G.
- Dorset, A. G. Robinson, D. I.
- Faithfull, H. C. Schuler, C.
- Freestone, C. S. Shekell, A. S.
- Higson, M. K. Smith, R. K.
- Hohenburger, D. J. Stedman, R. M.
- Jones, C. R. Wakefield, D. J.
- *Joyce, L. Whitaker, K. R.
- Kuhn, P. J. Wiseman, R. J.
- Maitland, T. J. Worthington, K. A.

FORM 3 D

Form Teacher: Mr Moorhead

- *Abbott, F. *Bennett, Marilyn
- Barnes, R. A. Bird, Dianne
- *Coop, J. Bridge, Judith
- Dye, J. E. Cameron, Barbara
- Fabian, D. F. Clements, Margaret
- Hakaraia, T. F. Currie, Linda
- Hart, P. R. Daines, Karen
- Lang, K. M. Dark, Carroll
- McCurdy, J. R. Gill, Elwyn
- Nixon, J. R. King, Louise
- Palmer, D. J. Pauling, Linda
- Ryan, D. L. Paxton, Judith
- Strid, C. Schuler, Shirley
- Upson, Glenis Shields, Eileen
- Wheeler, Robyn Straker, Sandra
- Wilkinson, Shirly Stockman, Lorraine
- *Wright, Dawn Turner, Sheryl

FORM 3 E

Form Teacher: Mr Evans

- Carroll, D. Cuthers, Augustine
- Dale, R. P. Goffin, Margaret
- Drummond, S. Kay, Karaitiana
- England, R. G. Leach, Janette
- Fenton, S. Reber, Christine
- Hunter, L. E. Rosenberg, Karen
- Jones, C. B. Prior, Brenda
- Lang, J. P. Richardson, Betty
- Mayne, J. H. Sayer, Wendy
- Pratt, T. W. Wayper, Mary
- Rawlins, N. Wilson, Judith
- Robertson, B. Rowan, M. H.
- *Weston, M. Smith, M.
- Williamson, A. Tide, R. J.
- Wimpory, E. Warren, J. W.