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SEDDONIAN

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SEDDONIAN

1946



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The Seddonian, 1946

Annual Magazine of The

Seddon Memorial Technical College, Auckland, New Zealand

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Ronald Evans, VI Eng.	Ellison Armour, VI Com.
Brian Jillings, VI Wdwk.	Garth Port, VI Com.

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Nessie Nicholas
Shirley Child
Betty Sandilham
June Spencer
Doreen Carne
Annie Belve
Marion Taylor

GIRL SUB-PREFECTS

Ngairé Heaps
Nola Dickey
Noelen Peach
Helen Ross

Editorial

AFTER a long period of distinguished service to education culminating in nearly 24 years of service as Principal of our College, Mr Park retired in July. Mr Park carried with him the good wishes and gratitude of thousands of parents and students and the goodwill of the professions, businesses and trades of the city and environs which have benefited so greatly and so intimately through the excellence of the work done by him through the College. During his period here Mr Park saw the roll numbers of the Day School nearly trebled while those of the Evening School more than trebled. Through his foresight and planning, the College gathered together a staff unexcelled in the Dominion, and obtained comprehensive equipment and apparatus of an extent and value which would be a surprise to most of our citizens were they to inspect what the College can offer its students.

Coincident with Mr Park's departure there are the beginnings of most important changes in the policy of our technical education as it concerns the larger, senior colleges such as our own. This year

in the day-time in addition to the students of the technical high school there have been older students, many of them adults and returned servicemen, taking advanced courses such as those for the examinations of the British Professional Engineering Institutions (I.M.E., I.C.E., I.E.E., etc.), for the training of teachers of practical subjects (Homecraft, Woodwork, Metalwork), and for senior commercial accountancy examinations. An amendment to the Apprenticeship Act makes the way clear for the training of apprentices in their working hours. All these developments mean that, gradually perhaps, the College will take on senior status. It is surely appropriate that in a city of our size there should be such an institution, comparable with the Polytechnics of the Mother Country. In this way the College will continue its policy, teaching "for life and not for school," but in an increasing degree to the older student, helping him to give of his best to his vocation and to live a full and happy life, a worthy citizen of our Dominion.

Vitae Non Scholae Discimus

NOW THAT the day has come when I must leave school I feel that the future is a mixture of fear, hope and uncertainty. In looking back over the activities of my past years at College, I cannot help but regret opportunities which I have let slip unheeded. Nor is it encouraging to know that many hundreds of boys and girls traverse the course of school education without once seeking an opportunity to advance themselves. Opportunities to display one's character appear at every turn. In such a large school as this, leadership is essential and if a boy or a girl is willing and persistent, he or she will receive recognition, whether in the sports field or in the classroom, on the parade-ground, or in the gymnasium, matters little.

To first year boys, the senior students would say "Profit by our mistakes and never let an opportunity pass by because of some impulsive action or some brief enjoyment." Many opportunities offer in the cadet Battalion, in the gymnasium and on

the sports field. Always remember and try to uphold the School's reputation by your conduct in public and your loyalty to school representative teams. Nothing is more discreditable to a pupil than failure to uphold his word or his promise. By this I mean the deserting of a school team at any moment or the unwillingness to use a natural ability for the benefit of the college. Furthermore, never willingly forfeit any opportunity to study and to widen your knowledge for surely "Knowledge is Power."

When you leave Seddon, remember that there does exist a real and active "Old Pupils' Association" to which it is the duty and pleasure of every sincere Technical Old boy and girl to belong. This association is for your benefit and can function only by your support. Therefore apply for membership as soon as possible and keep in touch with the College which gave you your start in life. Still another and perhaps more material recognition of

your school days may be left behind in the form of a book presentation to the school library. In it is inscribed on an appropriate bookplate your name and years of attendance at the College. Not only will this be of benefit to your successors, but also a lasting record of your name when you have passed on to the highway of life. Take this motto

Retirement of Mr Park

AFTER twenty four years as Principal of S.M.T.C., five years of service to education, Mr G. J. Park said farewell to the school on 28th June 1946. A prominent figure in Technical Education in New Zealand, an outstanding organiser and a headmaster well known to many thousands who have passed through the College between 1922—1946, Mr Park has also given his keen support to the work of the Society for Crippled Children. It has been his policy to foster the teaching of crippled children in the College, and among those who most deeply regret his departure from us as Principal, are the crippled pupils of the school who owe so much to his kindly guidance and his interest in assisting them to equip themselves to become capable, self-supporting citizens. Mr Park continues his work as Secretary to the Crippled Children's Society and will thus still retain contact with many of the young folk of New Zealand. Staff and pupils alike wish for him and his family many years of happy retirement.

Pupils' Farewell

ON the 28th of June, 1946, all of the present day students of the College gathered in the Assembly Hall, to bid farewell to their retiring principal, Mr G. J. Park.

The students of the College completely organised and conducted the farewell ceremony, for they wished to express their gratitude and appreciation to one who had rendered twenty-four years of unflinching service to the development of the college, and the educational welfare of many young citizens of Auckland.

At eleven o'clock, the school rose as the official party consisting of Mr and Mrs Park, the Head Girl, Dawn Parry, the Deputy-Head Girl, Nessie Nicholas, the Head-Boy, Brian Jillings and the Deputy-Head Boy, Ron Evans, entered, and took up their positions on the stage. The remaining prefects of the College were seated on the stage, behind the official party. A bouquet of flowers was presented to Mrs Park by the smallest girl and the smallest boy of the College.

The Chairman, Brian Jillings, then gave in his introductory remarks a brief survey of the progress and outstanding achievements made during Mr

with you.—
"This they all with a cheerful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind,
Play up, play up and play the game."

B. C. JILLINGS,
Head Prefect, 1946.

Park's term of office, and also made suitable acknowledgment of his work for the benefit of the students in the Industrial Department. These remarks were followed by an item by the School Orchestra, under the baton of Roy Stokes, one of the College prefects. Nessie Nicholas followed with an appreciation of Mr Park's work on behalf of the girls of the College, both past and present. A musical item was then given by the whole school. Ron Evans, as the representative of the Engineering Department Pupils, then paid tribute to the work which Mr Park had done in developing the Engineering Courses in the College.

As Mr Park was known to be a keen angler, the students considered a rod and reel to be an appropriate presentation on such an occasion. The Chairman, before asking the Head Girl to make the presentation, asked Mr Park if, in receiving the rod and reel, he would look upon it as a token of gratitude from all the students who had passed under his supervision in the last twenty-four years. Dawn Parry then made the presentation, after which Mr Park delivered his last address to the pupils.

Mr Park dismissed briefly his past educational activities. Rather he preferred in his reply to give some friendly advice to those seeking fame and fortune in the future.

"Young people must learn to look ahead," he said, "and equip themselves to compete in the ever changing world of the future."

The highlight of Mr Park's speech came at the conclusion, when he proclaimed a half holiday for the whole school—a last and most benevolent gift to the pupils. After the thunderous approbation had subsided, the Chairman thanked Mr Park once again on behalf of the students and wished him every success in his future undertaking of humanitarian work for the Crippled Children's Association. The school then rose and sang the National Anthem, after which Mr Park and the official party left the platform amid the applause of the school.

Parents-Teachers' Farewell

This gathering was held in the College Assembly Hall on August 13th. Representatives of other educational institutions, parents, pupils, staff, a number of ex-members of the staff and friends, attended.

Staff and Board Farewell

THIS function was held in the College Library in the afternoon of 3rd July. Besides present members of the College Board, Staff, Office Staff, other friends of Mr and Mrs Park attended. Mr Pace, Chairman of the Board, welcomed the Guests of Honour, Mr Park, Mrs and Miss Park. Addresses were given by Mr Closs, Acting Principal of the College, and by Mr Sayers, Head of the Industrial Department, and a presentation was made to Mr and Mrs Park of a beautiful mahogany desk and china cabinet. This very lovely piece of workmanship seemed a fitting memento of the happy relationship between those assembled. The afternoon concluded with musical items, afternoon tea and much pleasant conversation.

Mr Hector Bolitho

ONE OF the occasions of the school year was on June 26th when Mr Hector Bolitho, distinguished Old Pupil, spoke to the assembled Staff and Pupils. The brief report given below will give to past pupils and other readers, we hope, some impression of the interesting and stimulating address he gave.

During the early months of the war, Mr Bolitho was in the Air Ministry. There were about fourteen people sleeping in the room in which they also worked. Pilots going to London often used it; there were a few spare bunks, and during the blitz they were able to come in and take these. One night he wakened up and realised that in the bunk next to him was a man sitting and holding his head in his hands. He asked if anything was wrong, if there was anything he could do. But the stranger lay back and, he hoped, went to sleep. Next day he learned his story.

He was a pilot who had been on one of the first bombing raids over Germany and on the way back his aircraft had crashed into the sea. It was night and they were about two hundred miles from land. He was unconscious when the aircraft hit the water, and he came to and climbed up on the fuselage, realising that his ankle was broken. He looked out on to the dark water and then he found the rubber dinghy and threw it out on to the water. Suddenly the petrol in the water burst into flame and there was a crescent of fire near the dinghy. Two of the members of the crew who had already climbed in, said, "There is no paddle and we are drifting towards the flames." So he took a rope over his shoulder and, as best he could with his broken ankle, swam with the dinghy against the tide till the flames died down, and then, unconscious, he was lifted into the dinghy with the two others and they waited all night long. Towards dawn the searchlight of a destroyer moved over the water and found them. They were brought back to the coast and the pilot was in hospital with a nervous break-down for four

months. He had then come to Air Ministry to do some work there as he was taken off flying. Mr Bolitho got to know him very well—they were great friends. He was jolly and amusing and they both hated the blitz. They used to go out at night, terrified. Mr Bolitho said his hands used to sweat with fear but they knew that this was now to be the habit of their lives, so they used to go out about 6.30 before the air-raid warnings sounded, to get used to it. Then came a night in April—one of the most terrible nights of the blitz in London, when the Thames ran scarlet from the reflection of the flames upon its banks. He went out with the pilot. They walked through the streets all night while the blitz was on, and then dawn came and the enemy bombers went back again. Then there came to London that astounding silence of the morning, with that extraordinarily pungent smell in the air that came after bombing. And as morning came to London, they were able to see where buildings that had been standing the day before, now lay toppled across the city streets.

So London wakened to another day. The message boys on their bicycles were weaving their way down the streets between the rubble; people were going to work, and Mr Bolitho said to his pilot friend, "Before we go back to the Air Ministry, let us walk up and see what has happened to the flower-market in Convent Garden. It would be rather pleasant to see some flowers being carried in after all this." So they went and there, walking down the streets amid all the rubble and destruction of the roads, were the Cockney porters carrying great trays of spring flowers on their heads, because their market, or some part of it, was still there and business had to go on.

They went to a little coffee-shop and while they were there, a Cockney, a little shrivelled man in his seventies, with a cap squashed down on his head, came in with his wife. The little man told

them his story. He said that the night before, they had been in their house and then the bombs had begun to fall; and he said, "We thought of our daughter alone in her house along the road and so we went along to be with her during the bombing. We sat with her all night and when we came back to our house it was gone. There was nothing left, so I brought my wife along here to be warm while I go to work!"

The woman sat down in the corner and the little man went to work, and Mr Bolitho walked back with the pilot to the Air Ministry. On the way back to the Air Ministry, the pilot said, "That has made up my mind. When I flew the first time, it was because it was an adventure. Directly I go back to the office, I am going to set about flying again." He said, "I am going back to do a little bombing just because of that Cockney couple," and within a few weeks he was dropping his bombs on Germany again.

Mr Bolitho told us that three generations ago in New Zealand, his grandmother had crossed over Queen Street when it was a stream with a wooden bridge. He was very proud of that, and he wanted to say that with all the cries to-day about new orders, rights and emancipation, and all the ideas which people discovered as if they were something new, that no New Zealander to-day or in the future could ever be greater than those people who landed here in the 40's and 50's of the last century—those people who forged ahead with dauntless courage never even realizing the magnificence of what they did. There was an idea abroad that England was an old country, tired! "Other countries," said Mr Bolitho, "may grow in strength and in new ideas, and freedom may prosper in many lands, but the spiritual example of Britain is to me more important than any power or any possible strength in any other country to-day. I saw it grow during the war. I remember the first week, when unprepared, that small island dared to declare war on

Five Per Cent?

THE WRITER'S INTEREST was roused some years ago, by a statement in Henry Ford's biography—that "only five per cent of those in industry had the ambition to be anything more than a 'straw boss.'" This term one assumes to be the equivalent of our "sub-foreman," or "leading hand." The statement coming from a man who has done so much to revolutionise industry, and who has come into close personal contact with his operatives, immediately challenged attention.

Instinctively one asked the question—"is that correct?" At that particular time, some one hundred and ten Railway apprentices were under my control, attending Day Classes in the Technical College. The opportunity thus presented itself of making some investigations as to the accuracy of the above observation. The results were rather

Germany, not knowing whether any other country in the world would back her up. That was the pioneer spirit; that was not decadent or tired; it was a valiant, tremendous thing to do, and I think historians will realise it when they write about it three hundred years hence.

With June came the end of the war over Dunkirk. The soldiers came home, and suddenly in England there was an awakening which was terrific. They were alone. It was like life in Elizabethan times when our island was standing alone and there came to all a great awakening of the spirit. Perhaps the greatest event in British history is the Dunkirk episode. Then this amazing thing happened—this island declared itself and you know what followed—the Battle of Britain. There was a story written across the skies of that country which will claim the admiration of human beings, as long as history can be read.

"The English are a curious race to understand," said Mr Bolitho. "They have a sort of aloofness that is pride, and their pride prevents them from complaining. That is the great thing I would leave you to remember to-day, that for England, though the bombing is over, the war is not over. The island is hungry, I would not say starving. There are still some going without food. One day a week, they are able to eat meat and no more. Do they ever complain? You hear other countries in the newspapers complain, but do you hear a moan from England—no, they are too proud to moan."

You may think that because you live on another island you are independent of the old lands, and I know that you are growing up with all the faults, all the feeling of unsettlement, all the wonderful hopes of being young. Yet I would like to feel that you, here, are preparing to take your place in life, appreciating other countries, appreciating England's example and being at the same time yourselves true New Zealanders."

startling, and somewhat disconcerting to one who up till then, had held the opinion that, naturally, young men in industry did look for advancement to administrative status. But when the boys were questioned as to their attitude to their own future, some unsuspected features showed up.

By far the greater number said that if they received the standard wage, and held "a steady job," they would be content. Quite a number held the view that administrative positions would take them away from that close contact with the actual "job" which they liked. Some indicated that they would not care to have to give orders. The figures given by Ford were substantiated, in that only seven or eight young men proposed a desire to reach leadership positions.

One wondered was this attitude due more to the



PREFECTS 1946

BACK ROW: G. S. Bonnici, J. W. David, G. E. Engel, T. E. Armour, D. R. Bray, G. R. Port
 THIRD ROW: R. Wah Lee, Marion Taylor, Doreen S. Carne, Nola D. Dickey, Elizabeth G. Sandham, Helen M. Ross, Nolen M. Peach, M. M. Sweetman
 SECOND ROW: F. W. Ball, W. D. Sorby, S. V. Mrkusich, D. McCarten, R. E. Stokes, W. J. Osborne, J. E. McIsaac
 FRONT ROW: J. E. Irvine, June A. Spencer, R. G. Evans (Deputy Head), Dawn M. Parry (Head Girl), Mr A. B. Ohlson, B. C. Jillings (Head Boy), Nessie B. Nicholas (Deputy Head), S. B. Matthews, Shirley J. Child
 ABSENT: Annie O. Bellve, Ngaire P. Heaps, K. H. Byers



HINDLEY SCHOLARS

BACK ROW: Brian C. Jillings, Ellison T. Armour, Garth R. Port, Ronald G. Evans
 SEATED: Shirley J. Child, Mr A. B. Ohlson, June A. Spencer

inexperience of youth, and to lack of realisation of what opportunities lay ahead, than to a lack of ambition? Since then and through the years, this attitude on the part of young trainees has interested me, so the question has naturally arisen—"If this percentage is correct, (and observation and experience have provided much in corroboration,) does it also necessarily indicate the number who are able, by virtue of mental ability, to reach administrative status?" To that question the answer must be an emphatic, "No." Wherein does the weakness lie then, in this matter of developing the technician to the point where he naturally assumes a position as leader?

Is it not due to the fact that while we have very effectively and fairly efficiently provided the Technical Knowledge such a position calls for, we have not taken stock of the training necessary in "Human Relations." Is this not again a matter of training, and have we not as great a responsibility here as in any other field of our more recognised activities? There is to-day a definite lack of leaders qualified to take the initiative in industry. In this connection one views with much satisfaction the growth of the

N. Z. Institute of Industrial Administration. This should provide just that feature at present lacking in a Technical training. If we can develop a group of young men, trained in Technical Science, who will also qualify by a course in the science and art of leadership, we place an outstanding "Top" on our advanced classes. Potential Instructors in Industrial Administration are at present being trained in the technique of leading discussion groups in the problems of administration. These young men meet in the College, and Works' Managers, Engineers of standing, leading technicians in Auckland, are giving freely of their experience and rendering real service in this sphere of progress.

To them we offer our sincere thanks. We ask Instructors to bring the formation of this Institution to the notice of our senior students, and to urge them to take advantage of the training now being offered.

We also urge all technicians to become members of the Institute, and suggest that this will provide interesting and necessary training in the art of developing leadership in industry.

E. S. C.

College Courses

District

Any pupil who has reached the stage of Form V (completed two years at a post-primary school) may be enrolled from any district.

The following is a summary of the position with respect to enrolment as applying to pupils entering at the Form III (first year) stage, directly from Intermediate or Primary School:

- (a) Enrolment can be accepted from any district for the Typography Course.
- (b) Enrolment can be accepted for the Nursing & Homecraft, Commercial, Engineering, Metalwork and Woodwork Courses from "our district," the boundaries of which are Greenlane on the south, Mt. Albert and Gladstone Road on the West, and the waterfront on the North.

Note. In the case of the Nursing & Homecraft Course enrolment is accepted only on the understanding that the pupil will remain at the College at least to Form V.

Boys from the Pasadena Intermediate School desiring any of our Trades Courses will enrol with us. Pupils from Avondale or Kowhai Intermediate Schools will not be enrolled if they live in or West of Gladstone and Mt. Albert Roads.

Pupils in our district living on the South Railway Line who can conveniently attend Otahuhu Technical School will not be admitted.

- (c) North Shore pupils desiring our Engineering Course will be enrolled.

Courses for Girls

Commercial: This important course which has trained thousands of girls for a business career in the city and suburban centres provides a three or four years' course of instruction. Subjects are English, Social Studies, Music, Art, Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Commercial Practice, Homecraft and Dressmaking. The average girl will be able to sit for the School Certificate Examination in her third year and may proceed to University Entrance Examination in her fourth year or take the special Senior Business Course at an advanced stage. Girls who wish to remain only three years will then be fitted to take up positions in the commercial world.

Nursing & Homecrafts: This course is available for girls who wish to receive in their post-primary school years a good preparation for such vocations as nursing, dental nursing, teachers of Home Science, dietitians, masseuses, occupational therapists, home service and commercial kitchen work. Pupils may take the School Certificate Examination in the third or fourth year. Subjects apart from the essential requirements of the regulations include Physiology, Hygiene, Dressmaking, Crafts, Cookery, Laundrywork and Needlework. A limited number of pupils will be accepted in Forms III and IV who must be prepared to continue to Form V, but there will be no restrictions on the admission of Forms V and VI girls.

Courses for Girls and Boys

Senior Business Course: This course is available to both girls and boys who have completed two years' post-primary education. The course includes the subjects Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Commercial Practice, taught by specialist instructors with comprehensive equipment both for Typewriting and for Commercial Practice. The time given to such subjects as Shorthand and Typewriting is such that rapid progress in speed is made. Careful attention is given to English as an essential basic subject and appropriate diversity is provided—Dressmaking for girls and Crafts for boys. In this way the course combines the advantages of an ad hoc training similar to that given in private business colleges with the other advantages of equipment and staff which avoid the difficulty of making the course too narrow and specialised. Students wishing to take School Certificate will be able to take subjects required by the regulations. At the end of the year students who are adequately prepared may sit for the Public Service Commissioner's Shorthand Typists' Examinations (Junior and Senior) and the New Zealand Society of Accountants' Book-keepers' Certificate of Proficiency. The College also awards special Diplomas for distinguished work and Certificates for those who have completed the course with credit.

Courses for Boys

Engineering: This course is arranged for boys who intend to enter Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Structural, Motor or Marine Engineering. The first year is largely exploratory, a decision as to the branch of engineering to which the student is best suited being deferred until his work and aptitudes have been studied for twelve months.

The fundamentals, viz., mathematics, science, technical drawing, engineering shop-work, English and social studies, in addition to the "core" subjects prescribed for all post-primary schools, comprise the syllabus taught.

At the end of the first year students will be advised as to what lines their future studies should take. Those who wish to become Motor Mechanics join the Motor Engineering classes, while those who wish to become Professional Engineers will proceed to concentrate on those School Certificate subjects which, when passed, will provide exemption from the Joint Preliminary Examination of the Institutions of Civil, Mechanical, Electrical and Structural Engineers. This leads directly to the higher examinations for the Associate Membership of the foregoing Institutions.

Boys who succeed in passing the School Certificate Examinations are then prepared for University Entrance in subjects essential for a Degree in Engineering or the Physical Sciences, and for special Engineering Bursaries, tenable for five years

at a University School of Engineering.

For those boys not wishing to proceed to an examination, provision is made to devote more time to shop work and drawing.

The minimum time necessary to attain School Certificate standard is three years, while University Entrance requires a further year beyond School Certificate.

The Motor Mechanics Course covers a three year period in the day school, being offered to boys desirous of taking up motor apprenticeships.

As stated above, all first year Engineering Course boys study the same subjects but, for Motor Mechanics, in the second and third years a bias is directed towards Motor Engineering.

Senior Engineering Course: A day-time course is conducted for boys who have reached the School Certificate or the University Entrance standard, and who wish to undertake further study leading either to the "A" section of the Engineering Institutions Examinations, or to do more advanced work in the Physical Sciences and Mathematics prior to entering the University.

Details of this Course, as well as of similar courses conducted in the Evening School, will be found in the Continuation School Prospectus.

Woodwork: This course is designed for boys who intend to become builders, carpenters, joiners, cabinet makers, motor body builders, boat builders, etc. The course includes a sound general education which, to-day, is more essential than ever, along with those subjects which are basic to the above trades. Besides general subjects, this Course gives instruction in Technical Drawing, Design, Building Construction, Commercial Practice, Mechanics and Workshop Practice. The courses in Drawing and Building Construction are being brought into line with modern building practice, and boys who are prepared to stay from three to four years have an opportunity to sit for the School Certificate Examination, and, later, if they wish to enter the architectural profession, for the University Examination.

Metalwork: This Course leads to instrument-making, electro-plating, copper-smithing, plumbing, sheet-metalwork, welding, panel-beating, boiler-making. It combines a sound general education with subjects necessary to form a basis for the many branches of metal-work other than fitting and turning. In Auckland there are large numbers employed in sheet-metalwork, plumbing, panel-beating, boiler-making, coppersmithing and other industries dealing with metals. These are skilled trades, not overcrowded, which offer scope for ability. In addition to general subjects, the Course includes subjects such as Technical Drawing and Design (including developments), the chemistry of metals, commercial practice, and practical in-

struction in metalwork which composes sheet-metal-work, soldering, some light lathe-work, the shaping of metals by beating and spinning, and electro-plating. As the trades calling for this training are closely associated with building, the prospects for pupils in such a Course should be good.

Printing Trades: The fact that printing is one of the biggest and most important industries in New Zealand is generally overlooked by parents. Many opportunities are offering in its wide range of processes, and boys with artistic ability would be well advised to consider the possibilities in this

highly skilled and interesting craft. The Course has been arranged in consultation with leading members of the printing trades in Auckland. Besides a good general education it includes Art, Design and Layout, Book-binding, the Chemistry of Printing, Materials, Compositors' Work and Letterpress Machining. The 1946 edition of "The Seddonian" has been designed and printed by pupils in this Course. When apprentices are being appointed, the printing trades have promised that employers will give preference to boys who have completed a third year in the Printing Trades Course at this College.

Past Students' Association

THE Annual General Meeting of S.M.T.C. Past Student's Association was held on August 15th 1946 in the College Assembly Hall. There had been previous meetings of a small group of enthusiastic supporters for the revival of the Association. This group consisted of Mr Pace, Chairman of Board of Managers, Mr Sayers, Mr Hector Cooper representing the Technical Old Boys' Football Club, and Jack Stackpole. To this loyal band, the Association owes its revival. A new Constitution was drawn up so that the Association could function as before but on new and improved lines. Over one hundred ex-students attended. Mr Pace was in the chair and the following officers were elected.

Patrons: Mr H. M. Scott, Mr F. Pace.

President: Mr A. Moon.

Deputy President: Mr C. McLean.

Vice-Presidents: Misses R. Forrester, Doreen Johnson, Mr C. Strong, Mr E. James.

Hon. Vice-Presidents: Messrs G. J. Park, W. E. Burley.

Hon. Vice-President: Mr W. J. Murray.

Secretary: Jack Stackpole.

Minute Secretary: Denis Brown.

Treasurer: Miss Dawn Conway.

Executive:

Eric Smith, R. Evans, Jack Wells.

Shirley Hyde, Pat Healy, Doreen Johnson.

Clubs assuring the Association of their support, include the Football, Athletic and Girls' Basketball Clubs. The Association is catering as widely as possible for the interests of all members in that its following groups are now proceeding to foster their respective interests:

1. Orchestra.
2. Choir.
3. Dramatic Club.
4. Public Speaking and Debating Club.
5. Social Club.

Other proposals are to form a Tramping Club and a Hobbies Group, and to hold each year a "Student's Day" when Past and Present Students will be rivals on the sports-fields. Each Group is under an expert leader. Membership is growing daily and a record for all time is expected by the end of next year.

Already the Association is well established. On the 13th of November a reception is to be given the new Principal, Mr Scott, who has already assured the Association of his support and has visited the Executive while in Committee. This support is greatly appreciated and his encouragement is indeed a stimulus to success.

Note to Present Students

Present students who will be leaving school this year are advised to join the Association before they actually leave school. By doing so they will be in touch with it from the outset.

All students who have completed one year at the College are eligible for membership. The official badge will be on sale to members in 1947 and it is hoped that the official blazer with badge may be obtainable.

To become a member of the Association:

Contact the Secretary, Jack Stackpole.

Put your name down for membership.

N.B. Annual subscription 5/-.

Further information may be obtained from Mr E. James, one of our own former Vice-Presidents and a member of long standing, Mr James having been an Executive member of the original Association.

The aims of the Association are the mutual benefit of both Past and Present Students and the furthering of the interests of our fine College. Your co-operation will be appreciated and you can help to carry the traditions and the honour of our great College even higher.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream'

DURING some six months before the performance, the cast of the play worked consistently, devoting much of their own time, before and after school, to rehearsals. Three groups (Greeks, Clowns, Fairies) were trained separately, and when they had reached a reasonable degree of proficiency in speech and dramatic action, the three groups were built into a well-knit whole with the co-operation of Mr Howie, who provided the theme of the orchestral score by means of his fiddle, and Miss Davis, who devised novel dance steps and movements to suit each situation. A band of twenty professional musicians had begun rehearsing Mendelssohn's lovely music early in the year, and under Mr Howie's direction were able to provide a full score which tied together most pleasingly the loose threads of Shakespeare's drama. This background of music, and the exquisite pieces played between the scenes were greatly appreciated by the audience.

Audibility was favourably commented on but in the producer's opinion, diction was on the whole the most serious weakness of our performance. These are faults not peculiar, of course, to this cast or this school, but a great improvement is possible.

In addition to the cast and understudies, who worked with splendid loyalty, and performed with spirit and enjoyment, great credit is due to R. E. Stokes of Form VI Engineering, and to his fellow electricians, who carried out and operated a complicated lighting system with great thoroughness; and to K. H. Southgate and other boys of Form VB Engineering, who devised the mechanics of difficult shifts of scene, rehearsed them carefully, and effected the transitions with speed and efficiency.

The originality, beauty and variety of the costumes were due to Miss Galloway and the girls who worked under her direction; all the more so

because many of these were economically pieced together from costumes which had seen service in earlier school productions. The following N. Z. Herald criticism gives an outside view of the production:

"A very successful production of Shakespeare's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was presented by the pupils of Seddon Memorial Technical College before an enthusiastic audience last night. Shakespeare is too rarely seen on the stage in New Zealand, but the young cast gave a uniformly high standard of performance.

"The college hall has excellent acoustics and the voices were all clearly audible. The players gave an intelligent rendering of the blank and rhymed verse, and made the most of the humour, particularly in the clowning scenes. As the clown Bottom, Wallace McLeod was excellent, and the parts of Puck, Helena, Titania and Hermia were also very well played.

"The music of Mendelssohn for the play was handled very effectively by an orchestra conducted by Mr R. Howie, and the stage direction was particularly good. The scenery and the stage settings were excellent, and the whole production made the audience hope for further efforts in the future."

The Cast in order of appearance:

Nola Dickey, Alan Crickett, Bruce Matthews, Martin Faithful, Patricia Astle, Noeline Peach, Garth Port, Thomas Armour, Joy Walker, John Pickering, Richard Chase, Wallace McLeod, William Sorby, Graeme Wrigley, Warren Osborne, Lomas Matheson, Claire Crawford, Dawn Collicot, Cedric Walker, Ngaire Heaps, Gwen Bowen, Pauline Pfeffor, Shirley Clews, Jacqueline Priestley, Avroul Drummond, Eluned Jones, Ailsa Cumming, Joan Keesing, Joan Skeen, Laurie Stanborough.

M. Brown, J. L. G. Carnachan, H. A. Jenkins, K. S. Turtill, R. Waddell and F. Wilkins. Joining the staff at the commencement of this year were Miss P. Davis, Mrs. Shaw, Mr R. N. Stevenson and S. McL. Wallace. Miss King left at the end of last term to be married and is now making her home in Wellington. Mrs Shaw's resignation, unfortunately on account of ill-health, took place at the same time and Mrs Keyworth has now taken over the cookery room.

Departures since the end of 1945 have been numerous as permanent staff members returned from Service. Among those who left us were Mrs Brown, Miss Jessop, Mrs Joseph and Messrs J. H. Clark, H. J. Haigh, I. Moses, R. L. Williams, G. Rattray and Rev. D. R. Hay.

Annual Concert

THE 1946 Annual Concert of the Seddon Memorial Technical College was of more than usual interest to pupils and friends, in that its programme (school produced) bore, under an interesting old woodcut of an itinerant musician, these words: "This programme is dedicated to our retiring Principal Mr G. J. Park, who encouraged us thus to develop music in the school."

Friday 19th July was the great evening, and the Town Hall was filled, the combined choir of some one thousand voices occupying the stage and overflowing into the sides of the gallery and the front rows of the body of the hall.

The School Song (orchestra and choir) was followed by three Folk Tunes, and these by attractive renderings by 1st violins of "Le Cygne" of Saint-Saens and Jenkinson's "Elfentanz." The full orchestra then received well-merited applause for "Intermezzo" of Bizet and again later for the very difficult "Concerto in A minor" (1st movement) of Grieg. Very appealingly sung were "Skye Song" and "Now on Land and Sea Descending" by the Girl's Choir, who gave also the humorous air, "I'm Ower Young to Marry Yet."

A Highland Reel was performed by four graceful dancers to the accompaniment of a spirited piper. The School then sang most effectively "Vesper Hymn" (4-part with organ) next, and in most striking contrast, "There is a Tavern in the Town" (4-part and descant). Later came perhaps one of the most successful items of the Full Choir in "King of Majesty Tremendous" from Mozart's Requiem.

Boys' voices alone were heard in Schumann's martial "Two Grenadiers" and in the delightful Cumberland Folk Song, "Because I were Shy."

Maori culture was well represented in an interesting bracket of action song, chant and haka by Maori students of the College. The Boy Soprano sang, unfortunately reduced in number by sickness, sang very sweetly "Alleluia" from Mozart's "Laudate Domino."

One of the most ambitious and successful parts of the programme was an excerpt from Benjamin



Britten's modern opera, "Peter Grimes." Solo parts were taken by Mme Cornwall, Miss Weir, Mrs Raudon, Mrs Howie, Mr Bowman, Mr Errington, Mr Ramsay and Mr Williams. The effective singing of these visitors spurred the choir to its best efforts and the combined effect was excellent. To Mr Howie and Mr Gemmell, to Miss Lineen, Mrs Raudon and many more of the staff, besides Mr Owen Jensen and Mr Trevor Sparling, we feel that this most successful of our concerts owed much.

Rhythmic Movement, an Interpretation of "Allergretto" from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, was charmingly presented by a group of girls. The conclusion of the concert, with "And the Glory" from Handel's "Messiah" (five-part adaption) provided a fine climax, both from the point of view of performers and audience.

Parents' and Teachers' Association

THREE general meetings have been held during the year. On April 9th the speaker was Mr J. Carnachan who gave a most interesting account of "Technical Education in England."

On July 23rd, at a public farewell, sponsored by the Association for the retiring Principal, Mr G. J. Park, a programme of music and dancing was provided by pupils of the College. During the evening tribute was paid to Mr Park's work by educational leaders in the city.

On August 13th the prefects of the College were re-

sponsible for an entertaining variety programme. The interest and the co-operation of the pupils in our evenings has been one of the most pleasing features of the year's activities.

An Executive social evening was planned for October 9th for the dual purpose of welcoming the new Principal Mr H. M. Scott, and farewelling our very able Secretary, Mr Sayers, to whom we extend the heartiest congratulations on his appointment as Principal of the Palmerston North Technical High School.

Staff Notes

1946 has been a year of changes for the College being marked by the resignation of Mr G. J. Park. Until Mr Park's successor was able to take over his new duties, Mr E. S. Closs, Head of the Evening School, was Acting-Principal. Mr H. M. Scott, who succeeds Mr Park, joined us at the commencement of the third term. We welcome him back to the College and wish him all happiness and success in his work here.

The congratulations of the Staff are extended to Mr Sayers, Head of the Industrial Department in his appointment to be Principal of Palmerston North Technical College.

A pleasant feature of the year's events has been a welcoming back to our midst after some years of service in the Forces, of Miss King, Messrs W.

The Band

IN 1945 our Drum and Trumpet Band achieved the highest ambition of all the bands of Secondary School units in the Northern Military District. The S.M.T.C. band won the Championship cup. All those of our friends who were inclined to mock at our efforts, please take note! The boys in the band were very proud of their success. They were however, very disappointed when the day for the presentation of cups arrived, and no cup was available. The success of the band was due to the painstaking and capable instruction given by Mr O' Connor, and the excellent leadership and teaching of the Drum-Major, Senior. Senior set a very high standard which it will be difficult to maintain. This year, the band had the honour and privilege of playing the Last Post and Reveille at the Cenotaph



College Theatre

THIS YEAR, the theatre has been somewhat inactive, owing to the fact that the school projector's sound system has been out of commission since the end of last year. We have managed however to keep our silent screenings going and have put through sound screenings for a few months, thanks

Dancing

DURING the second term of 1946, two dancing class groups were formed under the supervision of Miss Davis. Those of the pupils who desired to learn the more intricate steps came under the heading of the Advanced Dancing Class while the actual learners were taught the fundamentals in the Junior Dancing Class.

Classical dancing is taken as a ballet group, also under the tuition of Miss Davis. This group took part most successfully in the Annual School Concert and provides the dancers for the October production by the College of the play, "Midsummer Night's Dream."

on Anzac Day both for the A.I.F. Dawn Parade and for the R.S.A. ceremonial at eleven o' clock. Both the Australian Returned Soldiers' Association and our own wrote to us and congratulated our boys on the standard of playing. The R.S.A. secretary said that his association thought that the playing was the best since the years immediately after World War I. So, we boast and are proud! But we do not always feel proud. We sometimes wonder why boys join the band, when they have so many other outside activities. This year we have lost much time through the claims of orchestra, football, and athletics. It has been a rare occasion on which we could muster a full band. We are grateful to the College authorities and to the Army for providing us with gear and equipment. Perhaps, we shall win that cup again!

to Sergeant Carlyon and the Army Educational Film Department.

Our hopes have been pinned on the arrival in May of a brand new projector from America. And also on a grant for some alterations to the theatre, however everything is in the lap of the Gods as yet.

Of course, we have had our brighter moments. Friend—was discovered one lunch hour coolly switching off the projector, to find four hundred feet of film on the floor. Then there was—who, on lifting his head by the screen so nearly collided with a coloured light bulb. The funniest incident was when—but we'd better not tell you that one. The master in charge of the theatre this year has been Mr Wooller, as also at the end of last year.

Operators:

F. L. Feilding (Head Operator).
A. M. Hile (Deputy Head Operator).

Third Year Operators:

B. J. Henderson, S. J. Goodsell, C. J. Oliver.

Second Year Operators:

Maskell, Nicholson, Seal, Carleton, Maddock, Yearbury.

First Year Operators:

Hempleman, Stilwell, Colcord, Borely, Lemon.

Crusader Union

THE BOYS' crusader Union meets weekly on Tuesdays at luncheon, in its newly gained sanctuary, Room 15. The group has for its leader this year Mr M. Platt, a student of Auckland University College. We have had a wide range of interesting speakers this year and during the second term it was decided to hold a study group on Thursdays. This has proved both helpful and popular. Our social activities this year, so far, include a hike to the Cascades (Waitakeres) and a "squash" or social held in the hall of the Mt Eden Baptist Church.

We should like to remind all parents and pupils of the excellent holiday camps held regularly during the holidays and greatly enjoyed by those fortunate enough to attend.

The Signals Platoon

WITH the reorganisation of the military training scheme for senior cadets, came the introduction, among other activities, of signal training, and the 3rd Cadet Battalion (S.M.T.C.) commenced operations with a strength of two platoons.

In the early days we obtained instruction and drew stores from Northern District Signals which were then located at Mountain Road, but towards the end of 1944 two huts were supplied and erected at the end of the area behind what was then the Wellesley Street School. One was fitted out as a lecture and exercise room and the other as a store and small ante-room. The College supplied paint and we painted the interior, making the rooms look clean and bright, and later the Military authorities had the outside walls painted also.

Next came a very liberal supply of modern signal equipment and stores, and we were able to embark on a comprehensive scheme of training. The interest of all concerned was roused and held, and it was not very long before some of the boys had passed tests for certain badges. We introduced a Third Class badge, a single flag, for four words per minute reception of morse signals plus certain other elementary knowledge, and a Second Class badge, on which a star was super-imposed over the flag for a rather higher standard of attainment. These were steps on the way to signaller in Divisional Signals. The tests are given by the body who also issue the insignia.

This year we have two boys who have qualified for their "Crossed Flags," and have passed 15 more Third Class candidates to make a total of 31 and 5 more Second Class making a total of 11 in that grade. Many more have made partial passes to their credit, so considering our small numbers and the rapidity with which some boys leave the College, the record is no mean one.

Each year we send our full quota to the refresher courses held at one of the military camps. It is here that our young N.C.O.'s receive their training, and now is an appropriate time to mention the debt we owe to our non-commissioned

Magazine Club

ON THURSDAY in the library,

A famous few you all may see,

Who work on sonnets, odes and tales,

Of Seddon's laughs and Seddon's mails.

Thus they write for the magazine,

Of things they've heard and (sometimes) seen!

They strive in every possible way,

To offer a new "Seddonian" gay,

One that's sure to please the eye.

Just watch and see their pencils fly!

And when they look quite at their ease,

You may be sure their efforts please,

For otherwise they'd not relax.

But frowning would their genius tax,

Until they'd rectified the error,

And made their meaning somewhat clearer!

So spare a thought for the noble few,

Working diligently for you.

officers. Truly in our present organisation they are the backbone of the whole set up, and so long as we continue to produce such N.C.O.'s we should continue to make the good progress achieved in the past. Special mention should be made of our storeman Q.M.S. Cunliffe, who has worked tirelessly in the organisation of the equipment and its maintenance, and has been a tower of strength in all our schemes. It should also be mentioned that all of these N.C.O.'s have followed in the footsteps of worthy predecessors to whom recognition is due. Last year our unit came first for the Auckland District and was beaten only by Whangarei in the competition for the "Daughter of the Empire" Shield.

Our signal work includes Morse telegraphy by key over land line, by fullerphone, by lamp and by wireless; the transmission of the spoken word over the field telephone, as well as over the radio, and the operating of a field exchange. Signallers are also instructed in the laying of land lines as well as the very necessary testing and maintenance of the same.

Two well attended and keen hobbies classes have been conducted on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Besides satisfying the demand for another useful type of hobby, the classes have proved a fruitful recruiting ground for new members of our signalling platoons. Since all recruits from this source were required to pass their Third Class test before gaining admission to the signallers, they proved to be very desirable entrants and helped to lift the standard of the whole unit.

Every lunch hour, enthusiastic signallers can be seen down at the huts training under the guidance of one or more N.C.O.'s who have volunteered to undertake the extra work under a roster system.

One will readily form the conclusion that our signals training is assisting materially to make better and more self-reliant men of our boys, and at the same time is teaching them something which may be very useful to them in every day life.

Swimming Team

THE A TEAM for the first inter-secondary-school relay, for the McIndoe Cup, consisted of Davidson, Engel, Fitness and Brown. A.G.S. beat S.M.T.C. by a touch and clocked 2 mins. 12.25 seconds, the fastest time any secondary school team had ever done.

After our swimming sports we were able to strengthen our A team by including Panapa, and so won the Schisca Cup, beating our old rivals A.G.S. by a comfortable margin of six yards. Clocking 2 mins. 8.25 seconds, four seconds faster than Grammar, we created a new record.

Our next race was a challenge relay which we accepted from King's College, and which was swum in their school baths. Otahuhu Technical High School also took part. We won this race in 1 min. 12 seconds (a small bath) beating Kings by about 8 yds. Sorby replaced Fitness in this team on this occasion, and came third in their race.



Table Tennis

TABLE TENNIS for pupils of the College has not yet been introduced, but those who are interested in this winter sport, next year will probably have an opportunity to play regularly.

However, some of the prefects have practiced on tables set up in the Assembly Hall after school, on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Some of these players represented our College in the Auckland Inter-Secondary School Table Tennis Championships held at the Royal Akarana Yacht Club rooms.

The results of the championships were as follows: Boys' Singles event won by J. W. Taylor (A.G.S.) who defeated G. Port (S.M.T.C.) in the final, 21-19, 12-21, 21-10, 21-9.

Girls' Singles Championship won by Betty Sandham (S.M.T.C.) who defeated Dawn Parry (S.M.T.C.) 21-18, 20-22, 21-16.

The tournament attracted a large number of entries in the boy's side, although fewer girls entered. Next year we hope to provide more entrants and to enjoy wider competition.

Tennis

THE SCHOOL enjoyed another successful season, the chief contributor being White. The important title of Secondary School Intermediate Singles fell to his skill and he is to be congratulated on a sterling performance.

Final result of main Inter-Secondary matches: White, (S.M.T.C.) beat Renolds, (A.G.S.) 6-1, 6-1.

School Championship (finals).

Senior Singles: Goldfinch beat White, 6-4, 6-3.

Senior Doubles: Goldfinch and White beat Henderson and Smith, 6-2, 6-4.

Inter. Singles: White beat Goldfinch, 6-4, 6-3.

Inter. Doubles: Goldfinch and White beat Poka and McQuoid, 6-2, 6-2.

Junior Singles: Keenan beat Anderson, 6-2, 6-4.

Junior Doubles: Wilton and Keenan beat Wilkins and Grubb, 6-0, 6-2.

Girls' Tennis

ON ACCOUNT of there being no weekly sports afternoon this year, there has been little opportunity for the girls of the College to play much tennis. However it was arranged for tennis enthusiasts to practise on the University courts on Friday afternoons.

Early in March, S.M.T.C. boys and girls competed in the Inter-Secondary Schools Tennis Championships held at Windmill Road and Mt Eden courts. The girls' team comprised: Dawn Parry, Betty Sandham, June Spencer, Lynley Heslop and Noeline Mathieson. These girls enjoyed good matches, although they were unfortunate in meeting in the first rounds, the winners of the competition.

The 1945 S.M.T.C. championships resulted as follows: Senior singles—June Moody; Runner-up Leta Lott. Junior Singles—Noleen Valentine; Runner-up Noeline Mathieson. Doubles Championship—Noleen Valentine and Noeline Mathieson.



Cadet Battalion

THE Cadet Battalion has performed very creditably since the last issue of the "Seddonian". The Battalion was judged the most efficient unit in the Northern Military District for schools with a roll-number exceeding 500, thus winning Section 1 of the competition for the Imperial Daughters of the Empire Cup.

The S.M.T.C. Band under the able tutelage of Dr O'Shannasse and Mr O'Connor, developed into an excellent combination and won the trophy awarded for the champion band. The Engineer Platoon became the first winner of the trophy for such sub-units, but will have Avondale Technical High School disputing possession this year. The Signal Platoon, thanks to the ever-green enthusiasm of Captain E. James, almost obtained the premiership for signal platoons and we wish them luck this year.

Thanks of the Battalion are due to the O.C., Major Woolter, and his officers, as well as the excellent group of well-trained and enthusiastic N.C.O.'s led by R.S.M. S.B. Matthews and C.S.Ms. Hilton, McIsaac, Rickerman and Armour. The school suffered a great loss when W.O.2 Eglington went off to Papakura with the J-Force, and the Sergt-Major wishes to thank the boys for the smoker's stand which was sent to him. In his place we have Sgt. Cameron from Area 1, who is carrying on the good work.



THE ORCHESTRA



BOTTOM'S COMPANY OF ACTORS

BOTTOM: I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove.

Warren Osborne, Richard Chase, John Pickering, Graeme Wrigley, Wallace McLeod and William Sorby

Boys' Annual Athletic Sports

ONCE AGAIN the Boys' Athletic Sports were held at the Olympic Stadium, Newmarket, the numerous entries in all sections requiring a preliminary afternoon as well as a full day to get through the programme.

In the Senior section Jilling's established a record of 2min. 9 and 2-5 sec. in the Half Mile, while Tierney hurdled very well to reduce the 120 yards Hurdles records to 17 and 2-5-sec. The outstanding competitor in the Intermediates was May, who made a record long jump of 18ft. 11ins. and sped over the 100yards to equal the previous record of 11 secs.



SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

100yds: Irvine 1, Bonnici 2, Sorby 3.
220yds: Irvine 1, Tierney 2, Engel 3.
440yds: Reid 1, Ball 2, Jilling 3.
880yds: Jillings 1, Byers 2, Evans 3. Time: 2 min. 9 2-5 sec.
Record.
Mile: Jillings 1, McCarten 2, Davidson 3.
120yds Hurdles: Tierney 1, Matthews 2. Time: 17 2-5 secs.
Record.
High Jump: Tierney 1, Cowley and McCarten 2 equal
Long Jump: Maskell 1, Byers 2, McCarten 3.
Putting The Shot: Cowley 1, Irvine 2, Matthews 3.
Throwing The Discus: Byers 1, Cowley 2, Matthews 3.
Throwing The Javelin: Lees 1, Tierney 2, Sorby 3.

INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

100yds: May 1, Risbridge 2, Rowe 3. Time 11 secs. equals record.
220yds: May 1, Risbridge 2, Rowe 3.
440yds: Knowles 1, Risbridge 2, Southgate 3.
880yds: Knowles 1, Brownhill and Southgate 2.
120yds Hurdles: May 1, Cebalo 2.
High Jump: Knowles 1, Cebalo 2, Goldfinch 3.
Long Jump: May 1, Henderson 2, Barrow 3 (18'11" Record).
Putting the Shot: Clarke 1, Knaggs 2, Brown 3.
Throwing the Javelin: Rogers 1.
Throwing the Discus: Gordyne 1, Nicholson 2, Paterson 3.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS:

100yds: Breed 1, Anderson 2, Dowden 3.
220yds: Breed 1, Parker 2, Cargill 3.
440yds: Child 1, Toomer 2, Stewart 3.
880yds: Wilton 1, Patterson 2, Child 3.
100yds Hurdles: Breed 1, White 2.
High Jump: Barnett 1, Moselen 2, Wilton 3.
Long Jump: Parker 1, Gregory 2, Patterson 3.
Putting the Shot: Lemon 1, Lahikainen 2, Toomer 3.
Throwing the Discus: Crabb 1, Styants 2, Anderson 3.
Throwing the Javelin: McQuillan 1, Patterson 2, Childs 3.

OPEN—HANDICAP EVENTS

One mile: Jenkins 1, Patterson 2, Black 3.
Hop, Step and Jump: May 1, Fenley 2, Armour 3.
120yds Hurdles: Tierney 1, Hilton 2.
OVER 16—
100yds: Brewer 1, McIsaac 2, McCarten 3.
220yds: Farnham 1, Smith 2.
440yds: Mason 1, Warnock 2, Williams 3.
880yds: Dodd 1, McClure 2, Bartley 3.
High Jump: Mason 1, Dodd 2.
Long Jump: Maskell 1, Port 2, Jones 3.
UNDER 16—
440yds: Southgate 1, Coyle 2, Baxter 3.
Long Jump: Barrow 1, Munro 2, Crabb 3.
High Jump: Paterson 1, Munro 2, Dorman 3.
UNDER 15—
440yds: Mitchell 1, Jay 2, Lee 3.

SCRATCH EVENTS—100yds:

Under 13 yrs: Davis 1, White 2, Keyte 3.
Under 13½yrs: Hallis 1, Thompson 2, McIntosh 3.
Under 14yrs: Buchan 1, Peters 2, Jay 3.
Under 14½ yrs: Trotman 1, McWatt 2, Laxon 3.
Under 15 yrs: Parr 1, Nicholson 2, Maxwell 3.
Under 16yrs: Panapa 1, Cunningham 2, James 3.
Over 16 yrs: Bonnici 1, McCarten 2, Mason 3.
Small Boys' Race: Baxter 1, Hitchen 2, Cargill & Hallas 3.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL—

Senior: Lees 1, Whyte 2, Kendall 3.

INTER-FORM RELAYS—

Third Forms: Metalwork 3A 1, M.E. 3A 2, W. 3C 3.
Fourth Forms: E. 4C 1, Typo 4 2, W. 4B 3.
Fifth and Sixth Forms: E. 5A 1, W. 5A 2, E. 6 3.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL RELAY—

Third Forms: Industrial.
Fourth Forms: Engineering.
Fifth and Sixth Forms: Engineering.

Girls' Athletic Sports

AT ASSEMBLY 'twas said at ten past one
On Wednesday last, when lunch was done,
"Be at Carlaw Park at five to nine,
To-morrow morning if it's fine."

At six o'clock I was up with the lark
To spend the day at Carlaw Park.
Our Athletic Sports were there to be held
To find in running who excelled.

At nine o'clock we arrived "on the dot"
('Twas plain to see the day would be hot).
We started off with a "seventy-five",
We wonder now we are still alive!

The second race on the day's programme
Was the skipping race, so off all ran
To the starting post for all their ropes,
Everyone's heart quite full of hopes.

The starter gave the word to go
And off we skipped all in a row.
The race was won by Shirley Kerr;
The Grandstand rang with cheers for her.

Races for young and races for old,
That egg in spoon was hard to hold!
And tho' 'twas watched, it was often dropped,
Till the race was won and efforts stopped.

Then came the relays, a team a form,
The juniors all did very well,
They seemed in sports quite to excel.
4A came first; the fifths did mourn!

Three girls ran in the final race
And Oh! excitement, as all kept the pace!
Then at the first corner the fifths pulled ahead
And close to the finish the other two led.

We ended the day both stiff and sore,
But as for fun, who could wish for more?
The seniors went home with very swelled heads
And in this condition retired to their beds!

RESULTS

Senior Champion: Shirley Kerr 24 points
Runner-Up: Colleen Malone 15 points

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS:

100yds Flat: C. Malone 1, S. Kerr 2, M. Wood 3.
75yds Skipping: S. Kerr 1, C. Malone 2, M. Wood 3.
220yds Flat: S. Kerr 1, G. Lowe 2, M. Wood 3.
Junior Champion: H. Nicholas 27 points
Runner-Up: D. Atkins 12 points

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS:

100yds Flat: H. Nicholas 1, D. Atkins 2, S. Borrett 3.
75yds Skipping: H. Nicholas 1, E. Jones 2, S. Borrett 3.
220yds Flat: H. Nicholas 1, D. Atkins 2, E. Jones 3.

HOUSE EVENTS:

Bean Bags: C.3B. 1, C.5A.-2, M. & N. 3.
Flag Relay: C.5C. 1, C.4A. 2, C.2C. 3.
440 Relay: Senior 1, Middle 2, Junior 3.
Circular Ball: C.4A. 1, C.5C. 2, C.3B. 3.

Overhead Ball: C.4B. 1, C.3D. 2, C.5C. 3.
Potato Race: S. Kerr 1, J. Guphill 2, N. Ball 3.
Sack Race: D. Drayton 1, B. Bennett 2, E. Hill 3.
Stilt Race: J. Elder 1, M. Brien 2, S. Adamson 3.
Three-legged Race: M. Williams & J. Bradshaw 1, M.
Crum & A. Drummond 2, J. Guphill & J. Goodman 3.
Open Skipping: N. Ball 1, M. Owen 2, J. Anderson 3.
Egg And Spoon: J. Spencer 1, J. Lett 2, S. Mosen 3.
Age Race under 14: H. Nicholas 1, D. Mitchell 2, D.
Atkins 3.
Under 15: N. Ball 1, J. Downs 2, J. Guphill 3.
15 and over: C. Malone 1, L. Heslop 2, C. Leaf 3.

Boys' Swimming Sports

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

220yds: B. Davidson 1, M. Fitness 2, B. Nash 3.
100yds: B. Davidson 1, M. Fitness 2, D. Pengelly 3.
50yds Breaststroke: B. Davidson 1, A. Wood 2, F. Cowley 3.
50yds Backstroke: B. Davidson 1, D. Pengelly 2, W.
Osborne 3.

Diving: M. Fitness 1, L. Cogle 2, B. Nash 3.
Plunge Dive: R. Fordyce 1, N. May 2, A. Crieckett 3.
50yds: B. Davidson 1, G. Engel 2, T. Panapa 3.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

220yds: J. Mazoleni 1, J. Child 2.
50yds Breaststroke: M. Rainbow 1.
Dive: B. Cole 1, M. Rainbow 2, J. Child and K. Lemon 3.
50yds: J. Child 1, J. Mezoleni 2, O. Woolhouse 3.

NON-CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

440yds Freestyle scratch race under 19: M. Fitness 1,
B. Davidson 2.
100yds under 19: B. Grant 1, Nicholson 2, D. Preest 3.
50yds under 14: S. Buchanan 1, G. Hellins 2, D. Merritt 3.
50yds under 13: H. Wickliffe 1, R. Stewart 2, B.
McDonald 3.
50yds under 14: N. McWatt 1, W. Skipworth 2, R.
Anderson 3.
50yds over 16: B. McClure 1, R. Rooke 2, G. Warnock 3.
220yds under 19: B. McClure 1, M. Tierney 2.
50yds under 13: L. Cogle 1, O. Lomax 2, K. Jowsey 3.
50yds under 15: B. Grant 1, R. Baggott 2, R. Halpin 3.
50yds under 16: N. May 1, J. Robertson 2, W. McLeod 3.
Neat-header: D. Mosen 1, C. Whittaker 2, A. Mitchell 3.
Feet-first Senior: D. Lees 1, C. Rogerson 2, A. Jones 3.
Feet-first Junior: G. Wrigley 1, M. Rainbow 2, R.
McIntosh 3.

FORM RELAYS

Third Form Relay: 3 Metalwork 1, 3C Engineering 2, 3B
Woodwork 3.
Fourth Form Relay: 4B Woodwork 1, 4 Motor Engineering
2, 4C Engineering 3.
Fifth & Sixth Form Relay: 5A Engineering 1, 5B Engi-
neering 2, 5 Woodwork 3.
Third Form Dog-Paddle Relay: 3 Typography 1, 3A
Engineering 2, 3 Industrial Science 3.

Girls' Swimming Sports

ON 14th MARCH (a day so fine)

S.M.T.C. in one long line
To Shelley Beach Baths its way did wend,
The day a-swimming there to spend.

We donned our suits and felt the cold,
But tried to look both brave and bold;
When someone said "Now take your place,"
I knew 'twas meant for the dressing race.

Girls came in skirts both light and dark,
And waited for the word to start.
Then with a splash they all jumped in,
While those who watched made equal din.

In between races, splashes and squeals
Came laughter gay in joyous peals;
And some folk there just sat in the sun
Laughing and joking, enjoying the fun.

You've not seen a tandem quite the same
As the one we put on just for the game;
One swam with arms, the other with feet
And if they swam hard, two others did beat!

Our best neat-jumpers did look rare
As each took a jump into the air—
Then down they'd go into the green
And swim back again faces a-beam.

When the final race was swum
A rather dark shadow covered the sun
And with noses sunburnt, we homeward then
trekked

Our champions with glory and honour bedecked.

RESULTS

Senior Champion: J. Goodyer 1, H. Ross (runner-up 2,
J. Lett 3.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS:

662-3yds Overarm: J. Goodyer 1, H. Ross 2, M. McAllister
3.
331-3yds Overarm: J. Goodyer 1, H. Ross 2, M. McAllister
3.
331-3yds Breaststroke: J. Lett 1, H. Ross 2, N. Sowerby 3.
331-3yds Backstroke: L. Sowerby 1, M. McAllister 2, H.
Ross 3.
Neat Dive: J. Lett 1, J. Goodyer 2, M. Carill 3.
Junior Champion: H. Rang 1, S. Adamson (runner-up)
2, D. Wilcox 3.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS:

662-3yds Overarm: D. Wilcox 1, S. Adamson 2, H.
Rang 3.
331-3yds Overarm: D. Wilcox 1, S. Adamson 2, H. Rang 3.
331-3yds Breaststroke: L. McGregor 1, H. Rang 2, S.
Adamson 3.
331-3yds Backstroke: H. Rang 1, S. Adamson 2, L. Mc-
Gregor 3.
Neat Dive: H. Rang 1, S. Adamson 2, S. Clews 3.

OPEN EVENTS:

662-3yds: R. Jane 1, B. Emmerton 2, G. Lowe 3.
Neat Jump: B. Bennett 1, D. Edwards 2, G. Lowe 3.
331-3yds: P. Keesing 1, L. Griffen 2, M. McKinley 3.
Beginners' Race: M. Sibun 1, J. Clark 2, M. Wintere 3.
Neat Dive: D. Edwards 1, B. Bastings 2, J. Keesing 3.
Age Race under 14: P. Keesing 1, M. Masson 2, M.
Chaele 3.
Age Race under 15: D. Smith 1, J. McDougall 2, J.
Crawshaw 3.
Age Race 15 and over: J. Nodder 1, S. Child 2, A. Parke 3.
100yds: J. Goodyer 1, S. Child 2.

NOVELTY EVENTS:

Potato Race: V. Clark 1, S. Child 2, B. Emmerton 3.
Dressing Race: B. Hollands 1, J. Crawshaw 2, N. Smith 3.
Tandem Race: G. Lowe and L. Buckley 1, J. Lett and H.
Ross 2, J. McDougall and B. Malyon 3.

FORM RELAYS:

Third forms: 3B 1, 3C 2, 3A 3.
Fourth forms: 4A 1, 4C 2, Medical and Nursing 3.
Fifth and Sixth Forms: 5B 1, Senior Business 2, 5C 3.
"Champion form" Relay: 4A 1, 5B 2, 3B, 3.

"SEDDONIAN" AWARDS

Awards have been made as follows for the various
sections of the 1946 "Seddonian" competitions:

Serious Prose:

1. Ruapehu Visited.—B. A. Bartley, Eng. 6.
2. The Old Jubilee.—S. B. Matthews, Eng. 6.
3. My First Voyage.—T. Boulton, Eng. 5A.
Highly Commended: The Shawl.—June Spencer,
Snr. Bus.

Humorous Prose:

1. Egbert of Egypt.—J. Bayliss, Woodwork 4A.
2. Tramping.—E. Fielding, Eng. 5A.

Serious Verse:

1. Soliloquy.—Jocelyn Evans, Snr. Bus.
2. No Time.—Jocelyn Nodder, Comm. 5B.
3. Red Pohutukawa.—Connie Brander, Comm.
4A.

And My Photograph.—Billie Ollif, Comm. 4B.
No award was made in the humorous verse
section.

Musical Composition:

Lorna Moore, Comm. 5A.

Art Section:

Cover Design: D. McCarten, Typo. 5.
Lino Cuts: 1, R. Lush, Typo. 5, 2, B. Ireland,
Typo. 3.
Posters: 1, J. Laxon, Typo. 3, 2, W. Moore,
Typo. 3.
Highly Commended: J. Lasher, Typo. 3, F.
Stewart, Typo. 3.

First Fifteen

This season we won just over half the number of games played. An excellent spirit of Sportsmanship and "Esprit de Corps" held the morale of the team at a high level all the season, and defeat did not discourage the team to any degree. We were unfortunate to lose various players at critical stages in the competition but the rest pulled their weight and this did not greatly affect the results.

The team was as follows:

R. G. Evans (Capt.), G. Engel (Vice-Capt.), W. Sorby, W. David, F. Cowley, B. Davidson, G. Bonnici, F. Ball, L. Brownhill, L. Helsby, B. Matthews, D. Willis, J. Brewer, A. Woolley, D. Preest, J. McIsaac, B. Henderson, G. Nicholson.

versus KINGS:

Played at Showgrounds. The fitness of the King's team proved to be the deciding factor and although they only led 5-0 at half time, they gained a further 13 points in the second half. At times the School team showed quite bright play but inability to hook from the set scrums, and weakness in the back line, gave King's every opportunity to score. Helsby played a very good game, not once letting his man through, and always taking the ball well, although we lost 18-0 it was a good clean game and showed us where to improve the team.

versus SACRED HEART:

Played out at Sacred Heart on a soft ground. The teams were evenly matched on the whole, but with Seddon's weak back line many scoring opportunities were lost. However at half time the score stood at 3 all, our points coming from a penalty kick by Bonnici and Sacred Heart's by an unconverted try. In the second half our hooking again handicapped the team, the opposing scrum gaining possession in nearly all the scrums, thus giving them every opportunity to score. Although the back line did some solid tackling they eventually broke through. Bonnici kicked another penalty goal which, considering the length of the kick and the greasy state of the ball, was no mean effort and the game finished 14-6 to Sacred Heart.

versus MT. ALBERT:

Played out at the Showgrounds on a very soft ground, the game resolved itself into a series of forward tussles, with now and again the backs entering into the picture. Both sides were hooking the ball and both sets of backs were throwing the ball around but our handling was not up to the Mt. Albert standard and at half time they led 9-0. The second half was much the same as the first except that Mt. Albert's inside backs found an occasional gap in our defences, and although he did very well, Helsby at full-back could not stop them every time and eventually they scored, the final score being 20-5. Our points coming from a try by Irvine.

versus OTAHUHU:

This game was remarkable for the number of casualties caused. Towards the end of the game, usually after a loose scrum there would be seen at least one player holding his

head or his legs. It was unfortunate that it always seemed to be an Otahuhu player that was injured. In the mud, constructive play was limited and again it was up to the forwards. After a very scrappy first half the second opened lively with an interception by Sorby, but he was tackled before getting very far; however later on he got another chance right on our own 25yd line and ran hard the whole length to outpace everybody and score just to the left of the posts. The game ended 15-6.

versus TAKAPUNA:

This match played out at the Showgrounds on a good field resulted in another win for us. In all fairness, it must be stated that the Takapuna team early in the competition lost about six of their players, including their captain. However our backline had improved considerably and handled the ball well. The forwards worked with enthusiasm and in the forward rushes carried the ball some considerable lengths. At half-time we had 13 points up, and were, for once, quite confident in the team. The second half found us playing against a strong wind practically straight down the field, this making kicking difficult, however the forwards took the ball at their toe and in the second half 9 more points were added. Solid tackling by the backs stifled Takapuna's efforts and they were unable to cross our line.

versus AUCKLAND GRAMMAR:

Again played at the Showgrounds on a good field. The team was unlucky in that Bonnici the 1st five eighths was unable to play owing to boils. The forwards playing hard right from the start bustling the Grammar side and were superior in every way. Several mishaps in front of the posts just prevented us from scoring. The first half ended. In the second half we were unlucky to miss several tries by the wingers through them either being forced out or from forward passes. One notable incident was a long run by Sorby, down the line and a long pass infield to Davidson who had backed him up. Davidson went over to score a try but the linesman had his flag up so a line-out was ordered about 5 yds from the Grammar goal-line. From then on, play as we might we could not cross their line and the game finished 17-8 to Auckland Grammar School.

It is interesting to note that this was the only time that we have ever got a good word printed about us in the evening paper.

SECOND ROUND

versus KINGS:

This game was played on our own field at the Domain, resulted in an outright win for Kings, 27-0. Superior in all aspects, they dominated the set scrums, thus giving their backs every possible opportunity to score. However solid tackling by the whole team was the main factor in preventing the score from being higher.

versus MT. ALBERT:

Played at the Showgrounds. The forwards, bustling Mt. Albert from the start kept their opponents on the defensive and only occasionally were they out of their own half. It

was exceptionally unfortunate that Engel, the vice-captain got a dislocated shoulder about 15 minutes after the game started and with his help we may possibly have held Mt. Albert. The first try came when after a short passing movement, Irvine scored between the posts. Just before half-time Mt. Albert crossed our line and converted the kick leading 5-3 when the whistle blew. Again taking the offensive, our forwards kept Mt. Albert worried time and time again, but we just could not score. Two scrums right on their line went astray and we again lost opportunities. With about 15 minutes to go Mt. Albert owing to bad tackling in the backs gained another converted try. With this added confidence they continued to throw the ball about and in the last ten minutes gained 10 more points. The game then finishing with the score at 20-3. On the whole a very hard fought match.

versus OTAHUHU:

Again at Showgrounds, and in very thick mud. During the match it rained frequently, this combined with a strong wind and the sloppy mud of the field contrived to make conditions most unpleasant, and for the major part of the game the only thing to do was to kick the ball and hope for the best. Smart following up of the forwards often bustling the opposing side. The only score of the match came from a try by Priest from a scrum right on Otahuhu's line.

versus SACRED HEART:

Played at Sacred Heart College on a very muddy field, the game again resolved into a match for the forwards. Early in the game Bonnici converted a penalty kick thus giving us a three point lead. We held this lead till about half-way through the second half, when after a kick through, a Sacred Heart forward dived on the ball under about four Seddon forwards. Near the end a determined effort by the forwards nearly gained a try and again later Sorby very nearly crossed the line but was forced back. Taken all round the team played well with some good tackling by the backs and forwards and we were just unlucky not to scratch the few winning points.

versus AUCKLAND GRAMMAR:

Played in very soft mud, in which the Seddon forwards revelled. Starting full of confidence our team took the offensive from the very start and had Grammar on the alert all the time. Half way through the first half Grammar in a determined effort forced their way into our 25, where a penalty goal put them 3 points ahead. However the School team were not affected and kept up their offensive till half-time. Starting right from the kick-off again, the Seddon forwards ploughed through the mud, like ducks and controlled the ball well.

Keeping Grammar penned in their 25, restricted their opportunities and we put on 6 more points. When the final whistle blew we had beaten Grammar again for the second year running and only the second time in the College history.

versus TAKAPUNA:

This game was played at North Shore on a good ground. The team was not at its best and as a result the game was very scrappy and no really good play was seen throughout

the game. At half-time the Takapuna team were fortunate that the whistle blew as a good kick by the School side put the ball out just about a yard from their line. Playing short halves owing to the necessity of our team having to get back to town, the game finished early giving us another victory, 15-9.

VISITING GAMES

versus HAMILTON TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL:

This year it was Hamilton's turn to visit us and on a fine day but with a wet field we met them on the Domain ground. Hamilton cracked on the pace from the start and for a while the Seddon team was on the defensive, with only solid tackling preventing the opposing side who had a very good winger from scoring. However, the Seddon team rallied and settled down to playing a solid game. The Hamilton team, playing with the wind in the first half scored in the corner but it was unconverted. This opened the scoring, but Bonnici after cutting in, passed the ball out, and after going the whole length of the back line, Irvine scored and a good kick of Bonnici's put us two points in the lead. Seddon in the second half played with the wind and used it to good advantage with high kicks, the forwards who followed up smartly, took it well down the field. Seddon was Hamilton out of their 25, and in this half Seddon put on 12 more points, the game finishing 19-3 to Seddon.

versus PUKEKOHE:

Also played at the Domain, Pukekohe were lucky in the first half in that in the first five minutes from an offside in front of our goal they were awarded a penalty which they had no difficulty in putting over. With this added confidence though only a light team, they put up a good showing. However the Seddon combination triumphed and several runs by the backs broke through and a good score was made. The game ended with another win for Seddon, the score being 17-3.

versus TUAKAU:

This was a match that was arranged by the Tuakau captain for us. Both teams had a bye that particular Saturday, so after negotiations it was arranged that we would travel there to play them and perhaps later in the season arrange a return match in Auckland, but owing to lack of grounds this was impossible. Mr Matthews kindly offered to drive us down in his truck, and accordingly 18 of us piled into the truck and set off. After changing in what appeared to be the Town Hall we again got into the truck and set off for the field. The ground appeared to be quite good, the only drawback being several deep puddles lying in the hollows. Tuakau who possessed a fast winger kicked off and scored practically in the same movement. The wing who had followed up took advantage of a bad pass by our team and romped over in the corner. However a penalty kicked by Bonnici equalised and at half time the score stood at 3 all. The second half was very hard fought, both teams fighting hard. The Tuakau team scored between our posts and converted, and a try by us made the score 8-6 to Tuakau. The last quarter of an hour was solid the whole way, the Seddon backs

tried repeatedly to break through but to no avail, eventually we scored, though we failed to convert, it gave us the winning point and the game finished 9-8. Afternoon tea was supplied by the Tuakau team and after words of thanks and general appreciation had been said, our team piled into the truck, accompanied by soft drinks, fish and chips, chocolate and a big bag of peanuts.

VERSUS STRATFORD:

This was the match looked forward to from the beginning of the season. As the time drew near the Stratford trip was the sole topic of conversation and many and varied were the questions asked of those who had been down before. The proposed trip up the mountain was apart from a subject which was well discussed and conjectured on. We knew that a good time was awaiting us, but the hospitality and friendliness of the Stratford people surpassed our wildest expectations. Everything possible was done to make our stay enjoyable and both the basketball and football teams are very deeply indebted to the people of Stratford for the very fine time given us there.

The day before the match, was fine but the field was rather soft in places with a large patch of water in the middle of one side line, however we were assured that with the Tararangi soil and the Tararangi weather the field would be alright if it stayed fine. Sure enough when we came to play the field, although soft in places was on the whole in good condition. With the whole Stratford High School on the sideline and our Girls' Basketball Team, both teams trotted out onto the field. Stratford won the toss and elected to play with the wind. Here it might be said that the home team had some most unfortunate luck in that their captain, E. Kiang went down with the 'flu on the night before the match so their vice captain who was just recovering from the 'flu and who had not intended to play took the field although not having practised for over a week. But a substitute half-back filled the captain's place and although inexperienced did well.

The Stratford team, although lighter, in the first half kept Seddon on the move and only solid tackling all round prevented several tries. Although the Seddon pack gained the ball from quite a few scrums the ground did not suit the backs and after several mishandlings by the backs the forwards took control and in loose rushes gained much ground. Stratford opened the scoring with a penalty goal then later a good pass out to the wing, who went over in the corner. The forwards then took the ball up to Stratford's line and determined runs by the backs ended with first Sorby being forced out and then Irvine. The half-time score stood at 6-0 to Stratford. From the kick off the Seddon forwards went hard and after a melee on the line, Priest dropped for a try. Bonnici failed to convert. Using the extra weight the Seddon forwards sometimes hooked the ball and carried 8-10 yards before breaking up and making a dribbling rush. Bonnici equalised with a penalty and a few minutes later Brownhill forced the ball and a well directed kick by Bonnici made the score 11-6. For a time the Stratford forwards, still going hard kept us on our 25 line till a penalty goal awarded for an offside and kicked by Cameron brought the score to 11-9. Taking charge again Seddon forwards worked well so that Stratford had to work hard to stop us breaking through but

their defence held and we were unable to score. When the ball went out about half way the whistle blew for time with Seddon the winners 11-9.

The remainder of our stay was well filled with the never-to-be-forgotten trip up Mt. Egmont and playing basketball against Stratford Girls' Basketball Team at which we were beaten 7-5. We left there at 8.30 on Friday night after a thrilling week, leaving three of the team who were staying and many friends, old and new. After many farewells had passed among the four teams we at last had to board the train, then all we had were most pleasant memories and a fixed determination to see Stratford town again.

Special thanks are due to Mr Matthews who has been an ardent supporter all season. At every match he considerably supplied us all with oranges and also drove us to Tuakau, and home in the truck. We should also like to thank those masters and students who supported us all season.

Secondary Schools' Athletic Championships

ONCE AGAIN Eden park was the venue of the Annual Championships of the Auckland Secondary Schools' Athletic Sports Association. Fortunately the weather lined up for the finals on Saturday, April 13th, 1946, but a strong following wind from the Sandringham end prevented some exceptionally fine athletes from having records recognised.

This year the S.M.T.C. Athletic team put up some very good performances. Actually the best individual effort in the meeting was that of N. R. May, S.M.T.C., who beat a fifteen year-old record by covering 201.2 ins. in the Intermediate Long Jump. This athlete also filled third place in the 100 yards sprint. At the close of the day, the hearts of the Technical supporters were gladdened by the wonderful effort made by the Intermediate Relay Team consisting of Knowles, May, Rowe and Risbridge who gave a first-class exhibition of baton changing to win their race by fifteen yards.

Amongst the Seniors, the most successful performer was F. Cowley who won the Shot Putt with an excellent putt of 40ft. 91-8ins., a distance which only two years ago would have gained him a record. Brian Jillingans ran well to gain third place in the Half-Mile, while Bonnici was right up near the place-getters in the Senior 100 yards which was won in 101.5secs. The best Junior from S.M.T.C. proved to be W. H. Wilton, M.E.3, who ran a splendidly judged Half-Mile to win the race. A very promising Junior, G. A. Breed gained third place in the 100 yards, but in the heat of the Junior Hurdles was unlucky enough to fall and spike himself when in a winning position. He was unable to take his place in the Relay Team which suffered thereby.

The thanks of the team are due to the coaches, Messrs Woolter and Stevenson, who were very well pleased with the performance put up. Another hard-working official on the day, was Mr. E. James, with his team of efficient Signallers who looked after the telephone system on the grounds, while our thanks are also due to Mr. Hayman, who controlled the anemometer.

TEAM.

Senior: Ball, Bonnici, Byers, Cowley, Engel, Irvine,

Jilling, McCarten, Maskell, Mason, Matthews, Sorby. Intermediate: Brownhill, Cebalo, Rowe, Goldfinch, Henderson, May, Risbridge, Southgate, Knowles.

Junior: Anderson, Barnett, Breed, Child, Moselen, Parker, Patterson, Trotman, Wilton.

Congratulations are offered to the following boys who were awarded a Representative Badge for Athletics: Jillingans, May, Risbridge, Knowles, Rowe, Wilton.

SECOND GRADE B RUGBY

THE 2B Team had a successful season, being runners-up to Mt Albert B, a much older and heavier team. Although we lost several players to the 1st XV, by the end of the season, we had developed into a match-winning combination. A pleasing feature was that we had emergencies for every match. We not only owed our success to good team work, but also to fine leadership on the part of our Captain, R. Brown. W. Poka played many fine games. He was our chief scorer. On occasions his kicking was excellent. Against Mt Albert C at a crucial stage of the game, when the score was 8-8, Poka kicked a penalty with a heavy ball, 10yds. out-side the 25 and on the side line. Mr F. W. Lucas, the All Black Selector, who saw the kick, said that it would have done credit to an All Black. G. Breed scored after—on two occasions running over half the length of the field.

The forwards although lighter than their opponents went well, winning more than their share of the ball. R. Carleton and W. Nicholson worked well. Before promotion to 1st XV, D. Priest was a great help to us.

Unluckily we lost our first game to Mt Albert B 3-11. Later we had two hard matches against them. There was only a penalty goal between us, the scores being 0-0 and 0-3. The weather was most unkind for these two games.

Our backs had too much pace for Auckland Grammar C, whom we defeated 25-3 and 34-5. They defaulted the third game.

Our games against Mt Albert C, were most interesting. We won the first game more easily than the score 13-3 showed. In the second game we were leading by 8-0 within the first five minutes. After half-time our play slumped, and with ten minutes to go, Mt Albert scored the equalising try. We pulled ourselves together, and as the result of an excellent penalty by W. Poka and a good try by B. King, we won 14-8. Mt Albert defaulted in the third round.

Results: Games played	9
" won	6
" drawn	1
" lost	2

Points for	89
Points against	33

THIRD GRADE A RUGBY

OUR 3A Team this year contained some keen and promising players, but we did not have much success in the competition. The opposing teams appeared in most cases to have considerable advantage in weight, but in spite of this our forwards invariably played with energy and vigour. Our back line, however, while containing one or two good individual players, lacked polish and initiative.

In our annual matches against Pukekohe and Hamilton we had much more success, winning handsomely by 17 nil and 19 nil respectively. In these games we were re-inforced by a few members of the 2B team, to constitute the school second fifteen. The added weight and the presence of the two useful inside backs, from this source, made a big difference, and the team on these occasions played attractive and aggressive football.

Individual players worthy of mention were—May and Southgate on the two wings, both strong runners and hard to stop; White, a very sure full-back, and Mrkusich, who made a capable and reliable captain. We had several good forwards, the most useful probably being Patterson, the McIntosh brothers, Carlyon, and our hooker, Mazzoline.

Though on the whole, luck did not favour us, we had an enjoyable season's football. The third grade A competition is a keen and hard tussle for supremacy, but it was played with the best of spirit, by the competing teams.

THE TEAM.

Mrkusich (Captain), May, White, Southgate, James, Davis, Taggart, Peacock, Patterson, K. McIntosh, T. McIntosh, Carlyon, Mazzoleni, Finlayson, Maxwell, Masson, Lawrence.

RUGBY 3B TEAM.

Backs: Smith (capt), Jowsey, Panapa, Naera, Wallis, Fletcher (vice-capt), Wilton, Hopa.
Forwards: Skipworth, Lamb, Herring, Cannell, Penny, Dale, Leif, Parr, Estrop.

We started off the season comparatively well with a draw with Takapuna Grammar, 3 all. This was a fast open game. Our points came from a fine solo effort by Fletcher who out-paced the opposition for a grand try. Takapuna Grammar scored shortly after and there was no further score. Lamb played well in the forwards.

The next match was with O.T.H.S. and when no time was sounded, the score was 23-6. S.M.T.C. 23, O.T.H.S. 6. Tries were scored by Fletcher (1), Naera (1), Dale (2) and May (1). As we were short—a common occurrence—we played N. May, a 3A player and lost this game on protest. However, we in turn won on protest.

Our next game was with Kings B, won by Kings, 30-0, which speaks for itself.

Against A.G.S.C.'s we were defeated 5-3 after a hard game on a muddy field. Our points came

from a penalty kick by Smith, our captain. Fletcher and Emith in the backs, and Cannell and Lamb, forwards, were outstanding in this match.

Against A.G.S.B.'s we did not have the combination of their backs and forwards and consequently lost 18-0, a score not indicative of the game we had. Fine solo efforts were made by Lamb, Fletcher and Smith, and they were unlucky not to score.

Our last game with S.H.C., we were definitely unlucky not to win. Our points came from a fine following up run by Fletcher who scored near the post. S.H.C. 5—S.M.T.C. 3. The kick missed. With twelve minutes to go and S.H.C. being outplayed in all departments the whistle went. This was due to the muddy state of the ground and some heavy showers which fell throughout the game.

Outstanding in the team were Lamb, Cannell (who revels in the slush) and Dale. In the backs, Smith, Fletcher, Naera, and Panapa all played good Rugby, tackling well and running straight and hard. Smith played well at full-back while Fletcher was a good strong-running first five-eighths.

With more combination we might have done better in the competition.

Our coach was Mr E. D. Choate, who gave us many valuable hints and great encouragement.

FOURTH GRADE RUGBY

OUR TEAM won only two matches in the competition; but we are sure that no other team in the College enjoyed the season more than we did. On two occasions we could not muster a full team, owing to the wet weather; but our chaps were generally loyal. They turned up in great style and played a hard game of football. When the team was beaten by a big margin, everybody said, "I enjoyed that game, I wouldn't have missed it." A "B" team always suffers from the fact that if a very good player is produced by practice and experience, he is claimed by the "A" team, and we lose his skill and have to search for someone to take his place. We sometimes feel, therefore, that we are the Cinderellas of the football world.

Our captain, McCracken, was a tower of strength to us and Bradley, the vice-captain helped greatly, on the field and off, in training and collecting players to make up the team. We don't mention other players; because it would be unfair to praise one boy more than another. All did their part. We feel sure that some of our 1946 team will eventually find their place in the College First Fifteen.

FOURTH GRADE A RUGBY

ALTHOUGH the results of the season's play were not exceedingly good, the teams enjoyed every game, everybody playing good, clean, hard football. The main disadvantage was, that most of the other teams of the same grade, were considerably heavier than ours, this counted quite a lot in the scrummages. But even against heavy packs we received a fair share of the ball, thanks to our hooker, Maurice.

All of our forwards played well but Morgan,

Maurice, Lemon and McArthur were slightly better than the others.

Out-standing among the backs were Hansen, fast with a good sidestep, Brown a hard worker and very good on attack, and Williams, a fast and determined winger, who unfortunately did not get very many chances.

We hope to do better in the championship next year. This season if enthusiasm had been the main factor, S.M.T.C. would surely have headed the ladder.

Thanks are due to Mr Halstead, the coach, for the splendid work he has done in training the team.

FOURTH GRADE "B" TEAM

The commencement of the season saw this grade with a strong team both at batting and bowling and this combination was reflected in the results of the games played. The first match against Sacred Heart College provided an outright win, and was notable for some excellent bowling by R. Webb who completed a hat trick by taking eight wickets for 8 runs and also by C. Whittaker with six wickets for 7 runs. R. G. Brown gave an excellent batting display with a good score of 41 runs.

Weather interfered with later games but the final game against S.M.T.C. "A" gave the team an undefeated season's play with another outright win. Throughout the games, the team was ably captained by R. Lee who did good service at the wickets.

FIFTH GRADE RUGBY

AT THE beginning of the season we had enough players to field two teams, one in the A section and one in the B section of the inter-school competitions.

Injuries and sickness depleted our ranks later in the second term and the two teams were merged, but even then there was always some difficulty in obtaining a full team each Saturday.

Two of our members were selected for the combined Secondary Schools Representative 5th Grade team—Black from the forwards, and Cuthbert, our star winger. Others who played very sound games during the season were Scoffin, as half and breakaway, Smith, C. J. as full-back, McQuoid as back row and Fleming as first five.

Next season we promise better results.

FIFTH GRADE "A" TEAM

This grade maintained a high standard of play, due in no small measure to its efficient captain, Jones, whose bowling was always dangerous. They opened the season by defeating Sacred Heart College—an outright win—this game showing some excellent bowling by O. Hill-Dale (hat trick) and by Jones. However, the highlight of the game was the three excellent catches taken in each innings by L. Wilson. C. Breckon batted well to be top-scorer with 19 and 23 runs.

Against St Peter's College the team scored a win on the first innings, R. W. O'Brien batting ex-

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"



OBERON: There lies your love!



THESEUS: Either to die the death, or to abjure forever the society of men!

ceptionally well, with bowling honours to Jones and Hill, with Wilton and Dale doing good work as relief bowlers.

The third game of the season resulted in a win against Otahuhu Technical High School—the notable feature of the game being the splendid score put up by Jones who scored over half a century, 51 runs (no small feat in such limited batting time and in poor weather) and with his eye well and truly in, went on to score 22 in the Second innings.

That game concluded a successful season's play with three well deserved wins.

SIXTH GRADE RUGBY

"A" TEAM

THE A TEAM experienced some unfortunate withdrawals by key players early in the season and, as a result, met with little success in the competition. However, the team played some keen games, particularly in their first meetings with Mt. Albert and Otahuhu.

The team was very ably led by McGee who showed up as one of the outstanding players in the whole A section. The best of the forwards were McDonald, East, Jenkins, Lowe and Mitchell, but the forwards as a whole were too light. The back-line suffered too many changes but Drumgool and Fowler played well throughout the season.

"B" TEAM

THIS TEAM had an interesting and enjoyable season in spite of many defeats, a pleasing feature being the improved standard of play as the season progressed. This was reflected in an excellent win against Mt. Albert Grammar School 6—3.

White as captain and half-back of the team showed good promise and played all games with determination. Cook, Duddy and McIvor were also prominent in the back-line.

Nichol, Eglinton and Seal were solid workers as forwards.

First Soccer Eleven

WE BEGAN the season with a fair return from last year, as seven players came back, around whom a solid well-balanced team was built. We were fortunate in having Port, our captain, back again to lead the team. Last year two of our team, Port and Twiname, gained Auckland Representative honours while this year they, as well as Armour joined the Auckland team. We ran out, at the end of the competition, runners up in both the championship and knockout.

The Team: G. Port, (captain), E. Armour, (vice-captain), L. Twiname, A. Jones, P. Risbridge, M. Faithfull, J. Letcher, J. Anderson, R. Drake, M. Mason, G. Maskell, J. Davies.

In our first game, although showing a lack of combination, as might be expected, we registered an easy win over Auckland Grammar "B". The same result, with a higher score, 14—0, came from the next game, played against a weak Mt. Albert "C" team. Our shooting in this game was powerful and well directed, while on the day the full-backs and goalie had little or nothing to do.

Our first defeat came when we met Otahuhu Technical, and were defeated by 3—1. It was the first wet day experi-

enced, and as a consequence, the ball was slippery and hard to control. The backs played well but the vanguard could not cap off the movements with the necessary goals. On the run of play, we had the better of the game, but we just could not score goals. However, Otahuhu deserved its win. Our next game was against Auckland Grammar, and the score of 2—2 was a fair indication of the run of play. Both sides played good football, with the ball changing ends at a furious rate. Outstanding in Grammar's goal was Wareham, who saved time and again with great anticipation. In this game, our forwards combined very well, nonplussing the opposition with short passes and pretty combination.

Easy wins were registered against the lower grade Mt. Albert teams, until we ran into the final of the championship against their "A" team. The fast Mt. Albert forwards were responsible for a win of 3—0. Our team was shaded, while our tricky inside forwards were bottled up. Risbridge played well, but had little show with the shots which went into the net. So we lost the final, to become runners up in the championship.

Much the same occurred in the knock-out competition. In the first game we disposed of a Mt. Albert "B" team, to play Auckland Grammar in the semi-final. In the championship we had played a hard even game, but this was not now the case, as we ran out winners by 4—0, after a one-sided game in which the score should have been higher. Wareham again saved his team from a worse defeat, and but for him, the scoring would have been much higher. This game was, I consider, the one in which the team reached peak form. As a consequence of this win, we again had to play Mt. Albert "A", this time in the final knock-out.

This game was hard and furious, and after the ordinary hour's play, the score was 1—1, Wocks scoring for Albert and Anderson for Seddon. Anderson's shot was one of an expert, as he kicked the ball from the sideline two feet from the goal line, to beat the goalie and score a perfect shot. Extra time was played but to no avail, as at the end of half, play was much the same, with no score. The second quite an improvement on our part, compared with our previous match. The replay was arranged and for the first half, play was much the same, with no score. The second half, brought a sustained attack upon Mt. Albert, as we used the wind to advantage. We did everything but score. Later, from a misunderstanding between the backs and the goalie, Mt. Albert scored, 1—0. This was an extremely lucky opportunist goal, but nevertheless a goal. The score was the same at the final whistle, although we hit the cross-bar on several occasions and missed goals by bare inches. So we were runners up in the knock-out too.

Risbridge in goal played consistently throughout the season, to cap it off with a grand performance in our last game. His taking of high shots was particularly clean. Mason and Maskell, fullbacks, kicked with good length and direction, but were a trifle slow at capitalising on our opponent's mistakes. Outstanding in the half-line was Twiname, who was a tower of strength both on attack and defence. He justified his inclusion in the Auckland Rep. Team. Letcher and Faithfull combined well with the inside men, but were inclined to keep the ball in play, instead of kicking it out, when the team was out of position, and the other side attacking. On the right wing we had one

of the best players in the team. Jack Anderson, who although only 14 years of age, made determined runs, and scored a host of brilliant goals. This lad has a future before him in the game. The three inside forwards, Port, Armour and Jones combined well in a fashion which brought many goals, and placed two of them in the reps. Without a doubt, these were the best inside men in the competition, and the forward line as a whole was the fastest and most tricky in the competition. On the left wing, Drake made many solo runs which had the defence in trouble.

Nine members of our team gained Auckland honours this season, this being a record for the Auckland Secondary Schools.

Auckland Open Grade "A" Team:—
Port, Twiname, Armour.
Auckland Open Grade "B" Team:—
Jones, Drake.

Auckland Intermediate Reps:—
Risbridge, Mason, Anderson, Maskell.

Our deep and earnest thanks go to Mr Steel, our coach, and also to Mr A. A. Smyth, both of whom looked after us in a fatherly fashion. No small measure for our success, we feel, goes to them.

SOCCER INTERMEDIATE TEAM

THE Seddon Memorial Technical College Intermediate Team has not had very many games this season but the boys of the team, in spite of bad weather on nearly every

occasion have enjoyed their games. The boys named below played in the early games for 1946 but several of our best players have since left school and this was one of the chief causes of our lack of success as the season advanced.

S. B. Cogle, (Captain), W. Turner, T. Armiger, D. Cathy, Rattcliff, Tabb, Hayes, Gin, Thompson, Barlow, Hood.

ASSOCIATION INTERMEDIATE B. TEAM.

Although we had quite a good team we did not gain many points in the competition. Altogether we have had a very unlucky season which began with playing against intermediate A teams. The team on a whole played together well, and we found a great deal of sport in it. In one game only did we fail in fielding a complete team, and this was due to the decreasing number in our A team. Towards the end of the season we were prevented from playing by the weather.

The players were: Tabb, Mason, Taylor, Hill, Carey, Roulston, Morley, Small, Bosson, Brassell and Cox (captain).

v. Takapuna Grammar A.	Lost	3—1
v. Otahuhu A.	Lost	3—1
v. Avondale A.	Lost	3—0
v. Mt Albert Grammar B.	Lost	3—0
v. Otahuhu A, (2nd round).	Lost	3—1

centre forward, broke his collar bone. At half-time the two vacancies were filled by Fordyce and Goodsell, who borrowed sticks and rushed into the fray, not without avail.

v. Otahuhu Technical College. We lost 2—0
Otahuhu had previously defeated only one team, but they deserved to beat us.

v. Mt Albert A.
This was postponed on account of the weather, and our eagerness not to play our depleted team. Then came our second bye. Here again we had no trouble.

v. Mt Albert B. We won 4—0
v. Auckland Grammar School. We lost 2—1
Our full XI being beaten, proved we had been rather lucky in our first game.

v. O.T.H.S. We won 5—3
v. M.A.G.S. "7—1"

Once again this was played on our lucky ground at Papatoetoe. It was probably the best match the team played in the series, while their captain scored all of the seven goals.

At the time, weather had rendered the knockout competition impossible and the position was A.G.S. two losses.

M.A.G.S. and S.M.T.C. two losses each and one match to play. The deferred game M.A.G.S. v S.M.T.C. was played during the week, which we won by a penalty corner and a misunderstanding.

The final between A.G.S. and S.M.T.C. was a draw, at two all, so we finished joint winners in the Secondary School Competition.

Games with visiting schools.

v. Hamilton Technical High School We won 3—1
This match was played in the Domain, as the footballers had generously suggested that we play in their area. The ground was extremely rough and we were fortunate to win.

v. Pukekohe Technical High School We lost 6—4
This day we were beaten in a game which we had been looking forward to, and we hope is going to be an annual fixture.

These notes would not be complete without our expressing our extremely grateful thanks to Mr Sutherland, Manager of the Auckland Savings Bank and President of the Auckland Rugby Union, for his very generous gesture in allowing Mr F. Welbourn, the New Zealand Hockey Rep., to coach our team.

We should also like to thank Mr Ireland for coaching our juniors in particular, and also his interest in our teams in general.

SECOND HOCKEY ELEVEN.

THE TEAM commenced the season badly, owing to inexperience and absence of players, but rapidly

Boxing

THE 1945 CHAMPIONSHIPS attracted a total of ninety four boys, forty-two competed in the Senior Division and fifty-two in the Juniors. Both the competitors and non competitors displayed their usual keen interest in this important annual event.

Senior Championships.

Bantam Weight: L. Jenkins beat Leys. Feather Weight: Howles beat Ash. Light Weight: League beat Tierney. Welter Weight: Vivean beat Smith. Middle Weight: Larkin beat David. Light Heavy Weight: Sorby beat Simans. Heavy Weight Counsell beat Wells.

Junior Championships.

Flea Weight: C. Jenkins beat Skein. Mosquito Weight: Brown beat Mitchel. Midget Weight: Howles beat Ash. Paper Weight: Scoffin beat Duffee. Bantam Weight: Baxter beat Thomas. Light Weight: Adams beat Thorpe. Welter Weight: Clarke beat Barnett. Middle Weight: Morgan beat Poka. The boxing was well up to our usual standard, most boys displayed a good knowledge of a straight left and right cross, the footwork showed a decided improvement.

The Burke Memorial Cup awarded to the most scientific boxer went to Larkin, winner of the Middle Weight class.

The medal awarded for the Best Loser went to M. Tierney.

We wish to thank the officials of the Auckland Boxing Association for their valuable assistance.

improved. Under the guidance of our joint coaches, Mr Ireland and Mr Carnachan, we were successful in winning a number of our matches, although we did not gain a place in the competition. The team was also handicapped by the loss, at various intervals of three of its best players Ireland, Guy and Stewart, who were promoted to the 1st XI.

Following is a summary of the matches played.

First round.

v. Mt Albert Grammar A	Lost	11—0
v. Mt Albert Grammar B	Won	6—0
v. Avondale Tech. High School	Lost	5—3
v. Auckland Grammar A	Lost	7—1
v. Auckland Grammar B	Won	3—1

Second Round.

v. Mt. Albert Grammar A	Lost	6—0
v. Mt. Albert Grammar B	Won	4—0
v. Avondale Tech. High School	Won	2—1
v. Auckland Grammar A	Cancelled	
v. Auckland Grammar B	Lost	3—1

Knockout Competition.

Cancelled due to bad weather.		
v. Pukekohe Tech. High School	Won	2—1

JUNIOR:

Junior Flea Weight: Cole, B. Junior Mosquito Weight: Church, D. S. Junior Midget Weight: Butcher, R. G. Junior Paper Weight: Lasher, J. Junior Bantam Weight: Keenan, P. J. Junior Feather Weight: Munro, G. Junior Light Weight: Barnett, R. Junior Welter Weight: Panapa, T. H. Junior Middle Weight: Mazzoleni, J. Junior Cruiser Weight: Skipworth, H.

BOXING PRIZEWINNERS

Senior Mosquito Weight: McDonald, B. Senior Paper Weight: Smith, C. J. Senior Bantam Weight: Smith, C. J. Senior Feather Weight: Port, G. R. Senior Light Weight: Port, G. R. Senior Middle Weight: McArthur, N. Senior Light Heavy Weight: Twiname, L. J. Senior Cruiser Weight: Sorby, W. D. Senior Heavy Weight: Engel, G. H. BURKE MEMORIAL CUP. (Most scientific boxer) Keenan, P. J. COX CUP. (Best loser). Brown, B. A.

OBITUARY

JIM BOREHAM LATE OF M.E.V., 1945.

It is with deep regret that we record the death on 7th October, 1946, of one of our most promising boxers during his school days, 1943-44-45.

In each of these years he won a College Championship and in the 1945 Tournament he was successful in winning both the Light and Welter Weight championships. The Burke Memorial Cup awarded to the most scientific boxer in the Tournament.

To his parents, brothers and sisters we express our sincere sympathy.

"A" BASKETBALL TEAM

Centres: Joan Lett, Colleen Malone, Jean Guptill.
Goalers: Betty Bennett, Lynley Heslop, Grace Brown.
Defence: Francis Sumich, Moya Crum, Ngaire Siddell.
WE REJOINED the Basketball Association this year, playing every Saturday at Windmill Road courts, but however we were to play two grades higher. After having been shaken in our first match against Otahuhu we regained our pride by winning 13-5 against Auckland Grammar.

Besides Saturday matches we played inter-secondary school matches, the first being against Pukekohe. This was a very fast and grilling game. The half-time score read Seddon 9 Pukekohe 8 but during the second half Pukekohe made a lead and retained it, defeating us 21-13.

Our next match against Otahuhu was rather a disappointment as two of our girls were unable to play. We played the game under very wet conditions and were finally defeated 5-3 by our hostesses.

Hamilton Technical High School were our guests this year and the match was a very even and exciting one. The half-time score saw us winning by a fair margin, but the next half saw Hamilton at its best and we had to fight to retain our lead and finally win by 22-20.

On the 18th August our team departed from Auckland, by the New Plymouth express, bound for Stratford. During our most enjoyable time there we were taken for a trip up the mountain. Most of our girls not having seen real snow before it was a great thrill and experience. Skiing was tried—in vain in most cases sadly to say. We were also entertained at a dance in the 'Old Town Hall'. The match took place on the Tuesday, and below is an account by the daily paper. "Playing in bad weather, and with a ball made greasy by drizzling rain, Stratford Technical College beat S.M.T.C. Auckland by 25-18. Despite unfavourable conditions, the match was played at an extremely fast pace, both sides gave a display of excellent passing and neat footwork, and the game was close throughout. There was not a great difference in the merits of the two teams, Seddon being a good team and on a dry day would have possibly have shaken the Stratford team."

We thoroughly enjoyed the game and our stay at Stratford. We hope that when Stratford teams return to Auckland we shall show as good a hospitality as they showed us.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Davis for coaching us and for arranging these games which we have thoroughly enjoyed.

"B" BASKETBALL TEAM

Goalers: June Spencer (Captain), Beth Bason, Clare Crawford.
Centres: Gloria Lowe (Vice-Capt.), Neta Ball, Jocelyn Bradshaw.
Defence: Lois Buckley, Shirley Greenhalgh, Kathrine Hepi.

This year two teams from Pukekohe Technical High School played us on our own basketball court. At half-time the "B" team was winning and was still winning when the whistle blew for the end of the game. The final score being 19-3.

Three teams from our school visited the Otahuhu Technical High School. The weather was against us as it usually is when Seddon plays Otahuhu at Otahuhu. We had to play in the rain and Otahuhu proved too good for us; the final score being 10-8.

Hamilton High School visited us this year and arrived by bus at 12 o'clock being treated to a lunch at our cafeteria. After lunch the game was played. It was a fast game. Usually our match with Hamilton is a fairly equally matched game, but this year we won by a good margin. At half-time we were leading by seven and still proved too good for our visitors. The final score was 20-10 in our favour.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Davis for her untiring efforts as our coach and our successes have been due to her coaching.

Girls' First Eleven

FOR THE first time in the history of the school a team was entered in the Junior Section of the Auckland Women's Cricket Association. This team did very well, being runner-up in the Junior Grade. They were beaten for the first place by "Maybelle" who led with six points ahead.

The team consisted of A. Nasfield (Capt.), B. Mayo (Vice-Capt.), C. Malone, J. Guptill, M. Carllil, E. Audain, L. O'Callaghan, I. McCarron, N. Ball, F. Everest, N. Siddle, M. Turrell.

"Hat-trick" badges were won by A. Nesfield and C. Malone. Nita Ball was unfortunate not to have won the "Hat-trick" badges, as she proved a good steady slow-pace bowler and twice had three wickets in one over.

The first game was against "Childswear," another team new to the game, but just as eager as we were to learn "all the tricks in the trade." In the first round all played well and at the end of it we had been beaten only twice, once by Y.M.C.A. and once by the championship winners, "Maybelle."

The second round, which was played during the school holidays when most of the team was away, was not quite so successful for us, as the first. A. Nesfield retired for the remainder of the season after an operation, and B. Mayo captained the team successfully in her absence. Both A. Nesfield and B. Mayo had good batting and bowling averages and an outstanding batsman and bowler was discovered in C. Malone. J. Guptill was also a fair bat as well as a good "man" in the field.

M. Carllil surprised all, for a very good catcher, she proved. Put her in the slips and there were not many to slip past her. "Leo" O'Callaghan was the pride of our team, our wicket-keeper and a good steady batsman, often making a good score. Many a game was saved by "Leo." N. Siddell and F. Everest were both good in the field and good batsmen too, once they settled down to the bowling of the other side and E. Audain and I. McCarron filled useful places in the teams.

Our many thanks go to Miss Rona McKenzie, Captain of the Akarana team and selector of the Auckland Representative team, who gave up her Tuesday afternoons to coach a very amateur team. We would besides thank the boys of the First Eleven, who gave us many encouraging ideas for our batting and bowling, Mr. McKillop and Mr. Brookings, and last but not least our Coach, Miss Galloway.

We also hope that in future years S.M.T.C. will continue to be represented at Melville Park in the A.W.C.A.



FIRST FIFTEEN

BACK ROW: G. S. Bonnicl, J. W. David, B. E. Davidson, F. W. Ball, B. S. Matthews
MIDDLE ROW: D. E. Willis, L. H. Helby, W. D. Sorby, F. Cowley, W. J. Nicholson, D. S. Priest
SITTING: Mr A. B. Ohlson, J. E. Brewer, G. H. Engel (Vice-Captain), R. G. Evans (Captain), B. J. Henderson, J. E. Irvine, L. A. Brownhill
SITTING IN FRONT: J. E. McIsaac, E. E. Woolley



FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN

STANDING: J. Brewer, W. Sorby, D. Airey, D. Willis, G. Breed
SITTING: R. Wah Lee, J. David, G. Moulder (Captain), G. Port (Vice-Captain), E. Armour, Mr C. T. Brooking
IN FRONT: F. Ball, R. Hansen



The Unconquerable Will

WE HAVE just emerged from a second world war and have all thrilled at the manner in which our Mother country, Great Britain, fought and won that life and death struggle.

From the very first day that war was declared, the British, as their sturdy forefathers had done in years gone by, vowed that never would they submit to foreign tyranny and the evils for which it stood. And defend their home they did. Neither blockade by sea nor bombardment from the air weakened their high morale, which blazed like a beacon, strengthening and guiding all in the cause which they knew to be right and which some day would surely over-ride Nazi and Fascist tyrants alike and bring back peace-time serenity to a world where democracy would rule and where man would again be his own master as far as is ever possible in human life.

The year 1940 saw Britain at the lowest ebb. By day and by night the Luftwaffe dropped death and destruction from the skies. Bombs whined through the air, then burst, showering rubble and setting blocks of London's buildings ablaze; search-lights traced weird lurid patterns of probing lights across the sky: anti-aircraft guns sent up an incessant barrage of shells, while 'strafed' German submarines had taken heavy toll of Britain's merchant navy, and her people existed on the meagrest of diets. But they did survive, thanks in no small measure to the gallant deeds of the Royal Air Force. Churchill said of them unforgettable words—"Never in the history of Great Britain has so much been owed by so many to so few."

Meanwhile Germany and Italy continued their plans for world domination. Country after country fell beneath their sway, and to many a people it seemed as if Nemesis pursued relentlessly. Then came the worst of weapons—the flying bomb! For weeks it did its evil work, unpredictable and invisible till too imminent to be avoided, its victims falling in violent death brought out of seemingly clear skies.

Britain, however met this danger as she had the rest, undaunted. At last, aided by her dominions, steadily helped by America and Russia, and upheld by the unconquerable will and courage never to submit, she turned back the tide of dictatorship and tyranny, restoring peace and security. May the United Nations guard that Peace closely, remembering at what cost it has been won.

VALERIE WHITE, SENIOR BUS.

The Shawl

MY great-great-grandmother had worn it since she was only a young girl and it had meant a great deal to her. It was a hand-crocheted shawl, a beautiful piece of hand-work. According to "Great-great-grandmama" it was the only one of its kind and very precious—priceless—was her word.

Once she left it at a ball and great was the anxiety the loss caused her. She had everyone searching. When it was finally discovered she laid it in her drawer, fragrant with the perfume of lavender and rose leaves, and there she left it, fearing to wear it again in case of ever really losing it. There the shawl lay idle until after she died, when it was handed down to "Great-grandma."

"Great-grandma" appears to have been a very prim and proper person, judging by her portrait, and in her time the shawl was worn only to church; never did it see a ball in that lifetime! With the greatest care did she launder it, much as lace was laundered and cared for by the ladies of "Cranford." In her diary is a note which reads "... and at Church to-day Mrs Jones and Mrs Brown greatly admired my shawl." I do not expect she was supposed to be listening, but she evidently heard and was pleased. Yes, "Great-grandma" really prized that shawl as much as "Great-great-grandmother" had done, although she wore it on different occasions.

The beautiful cobweb next became grandmother's property. In her youth she was a "gay young thing," one who went to parties and balls every week. So the shawl saw the gay lights of the ballroom and heard once again the lilt of the dance music. Grandma was a keen lover of more serious music, too, and the shawl accompanying her to many operas and classical music recitals, was introduced to the best that the musical world could offer. Of course Grandma wore the lacy wrap only in her youth, as shawls become old-fashioned. So there it lay carefully tucked away in tissue-paper and slowly turning yellow. It now belongs to mother, who never wears it but cherishes it nevertheless. Sometimes she considers "making something useful" of it because she says it will never be worn as it is. However I, who have been promised it next, argue that it should not be changed in any way, as really only "Great-great-grandma" was its rightful owner and she, I know, would want it unchanged.

It still seems to reveal in its soft, shining folds her loving care, and I should like to look after it just as carefully. Perhaps one night too, like her, I shall wear it to a grand ball, for how swiftly fashions change! I have a feeling that if I ever do wear it, it will be a particularly happy occasion for me.



JUNE SPENCER, SENIOR BUS.



New Zealand Bush

HIGH above the bush the majestic Kauri, King of New Zealand bush-lands, rears its head. Lending colour to the scene is the Rata, beautiful but treacherous, growing round another tree, strangling it by slow degrees and itself gaining strength. In Spring the golden bell-like flowers of the Kowhai—New Zealand Laburnum—provide sweet nectar for the tuis, who, in their haste to obtain it, often tear the gay blossom to pieces.

Near to Christmas the pohutukawa bursts into crimson bloom. Because it is often found with branches trailing in the sea, this tree was given its name, meaning "dipped in the salt sea spray." It belongs to the myrtle family and is sometimes known as New Zealand's Christmas Tree. In the late Spring, the starry white flowers of the clematis lighten the bush. The Maoris called this plant Pau-Wahanga. When the flowers die, the plant does not lose its beauty, the long silken plumes of the seeds being as attractive as the flowers.

Covering the hill slopes, or growing anywhere it can take root, is the Manuka or tea-tree, with dainty blossoms, ranging from snowy white to the deepest pink. In very early times in N.Z., ships bearing provisions for the settlers were few and far between. As a result tea often ran short before more could be obtained and the settlers found the aromatic leaves of this tree as near to tea as it would be possible to get. Therefore the plant was given its English name tea-tree: which must not be confused with ti-tree, the Maori name for the cabbage tree.

Adding to the beauty of the native bush further afield, are the many birds, some plentiful, some rare—the Kaka, easily recognized by the brilliancy of its plumage; the Tui or Parson bird with its queer call, which commences sweetly and ends with a sound not unlike that of a cork being removed from a bottle; the shining Cuckoo (Pipiwahararoa); black and pied Fantails, (Tewakawakas) and the Whitehead, (Popokotea) now almost extinct, but whose noisy chirrups once rang throughout all the northern forests.

The ferns—now emblematic of New Zealand—though some may be small, do not pass unnoticed, for their beauty is distinctive, as in the maiden hair, that dainty and apparently frail little plant that, like many of the fern family, thrives in the damp shade, clinging to the banks of the bush streams.

The great beauty of New Zealand bush is probably its variety, ranging from the stately giants of the forest, through a world of fresh green undergrowth to a carpet of ferny green beneath.

N. VEALE, COMM. 4A

Two Christmases

CHRISTMAS is, in peace time, connected in most minds with the singing of carols in the snow, and with blazing log-fires casting shadows over tables laden with roast turkey and other Christmas fare. This is of course the English way of celebrating the 25th of December, which falls there in the height of England's winter season.



Although New Zealanders also celebrate with the traditional turkey and hot Christmas pudding, this is not done because such food is in keeping with the season of the festival in our country.

In England the trees at Christmas are laden with thick white snow, with here and there a bare black bough making a gaunt appearance from under its frozen mantle, while in New Zealand at the Antipodes pohutukawa trees flaunt their flaming red blooms against a background of brilliant blue sunny sky.

JENNY ROGERS, COMM. 4C

An Old Vase

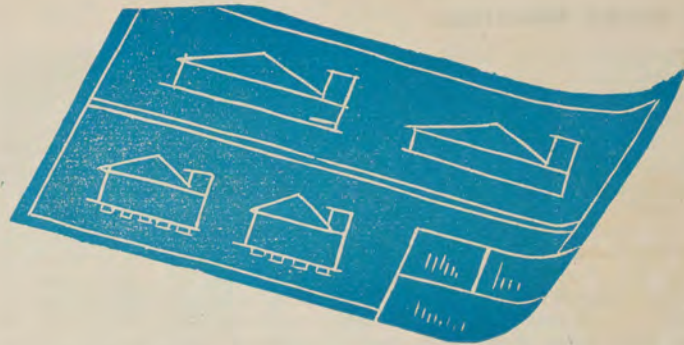
IT HAS stood there in that same corner of the room for as long as I can remember, yet never have I troubled to ask whence it came or from whom. There it remains, tall and slender, mystic blue, its story entwined around its base clearly, yet indefinable to the eyes of the unappreciative.

Those figures—were they patterned around it by some ancient potter, that the scene might live after him, or stamped there by a mere machine along with dozens of the same? It has the air of an earlier period than the modern. For whom are those supple maidens dancing, their flowing robes of gossamer swaying gently with each graceful movement? Dark haired and lovely, they move rhythmically in one long line along the edge of an unruffled silvery pool. Perhaps they dance before their King, who reclines, breathing the sweet air of the Aegean as he leisurely watches his evening entertainment.

Moving the vase slowly round, I behold an entirely new scene, although the atmosphere of peace and calm remains. I see before me now a cool and shining river, bordered along one side by tall stately bulrushes, which shade the water's edge from the pale gleam of the moon. Why has the artist transferred his story so quickly from the colour and gaiety of the dancing maidens, to the sombre stillness of the river? Could this be where Moses was hidden as a tiny child amid the sheltering bulrushes or had the artist some quaint fancy of his own that only he could decipher for us from the scene portrayed?

One day, perhaps, I shall find out its origin, and if either history or fate will reveal it, I may even learn the story woven round its base. I wonder how my speculations will then compare with the record of the vase.

JOCELYN EVANS, SENIOR BUS.



Blue-print Making

MOST PEOPLE do not fully realize the stages a drawing must go through before the final blue-print is ready for use by engineers in their workshops. First the drawing of the particular instrument or of a part of a machine to be dealt with is made on tracing paper. It is then painted over with black paint. Special Pherix blue-print paper is then required. If this is not kept in a completely dark place the light will expose it, and spoil the final print.

In making a blue-print three different machines are used. The first is a cylindrical glass-case about four feet long and two feet in diameter. This can be swung on a supporting pivot, so that it can be in either the horizontal or vertical position. Two canvas covers fixed at the back and fastened when needed in the front keep the tracing and paper together on the round case. An arc mechanism is the second. It has two carbons, the bottom one fixed, while the top is adjusted automatically by a rod passing through a solenoid. This arc mechanism is lowered by the third machine. A length of wire connected and wound round a drum lowers the arc down the centre of the long cylindrical glass case. A switch at the side controls the electric current.

From the roll of pherix paper a piece identical with the tracing is cut. The tracing and paper are placed together on the glass case. (A good worker will try to do at one operation as many tracings as possible.) They are next covered firmly with the canvases and the case swung on the axis so that it is vertical. The carbons are lowered through the centre of the cylinder. The arc is struck by turning on the switch. Looking at the arc for any length of time has a dazzling effect upon the eyes. Meanwhile some chemical developer is poured into a tray. When the arc has finished its run, the mechanism is rewound to the top. The print is removed from the case, washed under clear water, put through the developer, washed again and left to dry.

If the print is trimmed a better effect will be obtained. Thus the finished blue-print enters the workshop for service by our metalworkers.

I. PALMER, ENG. 5A

A Sticky Situation

This story was told us by a returned soldier and prisoner of war. As most people know, or perhaps you don't, the prisoners used often to barter with the German peasants for food. The German guards used to spring surprise-raids on the men, but they usually were able to hide any food which they had obtained. Just before they came up from the mine in which they had been set to work, word was passed that there was to be a raid. Immediately the food was disposed of, that is all but one man's supply. He did not hear in time and had to just hope for the best. The prisoners stood at attention while the guards proceeded with their search. The rest of the men, who knew that their friend had been unable to hide his food, wondered what would result. The guard finally came to him and while passing his hand over his tunic, discovered a paper bag of flour. With this he slapped the lad on the head and after the cloud of flour had dispersed a little, the bystanders saw to their extreme mirth, a stream of yellow egg trickling stickily through the lad's hair and down his face. Then they realised what he had hidden inside his prison hat! They were doubled up with laughter at seeing their friend standing so meekly at attention, the eggy mixture mingling sluggishly with the flour. Meanwhile, the spluttering officer obviously saw nothing more amusing in the situation than did the victim.

MARGARET CHICHESTER, COMM. 4A

A Primitive Dwelling

DURING THE HOLIDAYS a friend and I went for a tramp in the hills beyond a seaside resort about twenty miles from Auckland. It was a broiling day and we were eyeing the distant sea-shore longingly when we met a farmer herding sheep. After we had sufficiently admired the view, and he had pointed out several local features of interest, he asked us to deliver a message to a man who lived on the edge of the bush. To us one direction was as good as another so we agreed.

After walking for about ten minutes in the direction indicated, we came upon a wooden coop about four feet square containing a furiously-barking mongrel-dog; another step or two brought us to a similar coop, while a few yards further on stood the hut itself.

It was the most primitive dwelling place that I have ever seen. How anyone could live in it I do not know, but a man apparently existed there for years. The walls were made of punga trunks with the space of about half an inch or more between each, while on the windward side against the wall, some sacks had been fastened. The roof was thatched with leaves and tree-tops.

We opened the rickety, ill-fitting door, fastened only by a wire hook, and looked inside. In a corner lay a sack mattress, on the earth floor; along one side was a small shelf, upon which were standing four biscuit-tins, obviously containers for food. The fire-place was an open space on the ground at one end of the hut, and as there was no chimney of any kind the smoke escaped, apparently, through the many chinks in walls and roof. The other end of the hut, which was partitioned off, was in a horrible state of filth as it had obviously been used as a fowlhouse; how the owner fared when the wind blew from that direction I cannot think!

We did not see the inhabitant of this queer dwelling, but I imagine that his appearance would not be unlike that of the celebrated "Wild Man from Borneo"

C. SHERRY, ENG. 5A



Tramping

TRAMPING may well be defined as a 'pastime' whereby the uttermost athletic powers of a human being, male or female, are used to create enormous personal discomfort, physical hardships and mental disappointment.

For this vigorous pastime one is correctly equipped with a thick shirt, and a still thicker and decidedly "tough" pair of pants, usually reinforced by various multicoloured patches on the rear. This handsome garb is accompanied by a pair of boots which should be heavy and should be much too large for the feet. The boots are surmounted by a pair of bright socks, which for the complete success of the trampler, should at all times be well displayed. There are two other essential items—if not actually needful to the convenience, definitely assets to the general bearing of the complete trampler. A large pack, as full of various tramping equipment as is possible, should be worn over the shoulder. The other required piece of impedimenta consists of a stick or staff with which the trampler can freely lash out, in the presence of shrubs and any other vegetable matter.

The course taken by the experienced trampler should of course be difficult, and for complete enjoyment should be undertaken on the hottest day possible; by doing this one loses an indefinite amount of perspiration and returns in a happy state of utter exhaustion. Alternatively a rainy day may be chosen, and as a great measure of healing coolness results from steady driving rain, a cold day afterwards is the usual happy result.



I am told that trampers should travel as a party, and that female trampers should be encouraged therein. This I think is a point open to discussion. But although the sport seems ridiculous, more people every year cheerfully volunteer to undergo its tribulations. Even I, this very moment, am about to tramp forth—to Room 92!

F. FIELDING, ENG. 5A

My First Voyage

BOARDING SHIP did not present any difficulties to me. My method was both simple and hazardous. I stood by the working crane, waited for the upswing of the grab, then threw myself off the wharf, landing upon the sand in the hold. As I staggered to my feet, shaking off sand as a dog shakes off water, the Ferry-Building clock chimed the hour of six. Darkness closed in some hours later and the light chug of slowly moving badly-fed pistons gave way to a more purposeful, vigorous, "thump, thump, thump." A bell clanged insistently, guttural orders were banded to and fro, and midst seeming havoc the screw shot around, the water near the stern being transformed into wildly frothing cream. Gradually the old scow drew away first from the inroad, and then from the whole waterfront, bows firmly facing nor-nor-east.

A cup of scalding "cawfee", one last look over the great expanse of beautifully serene sea, at winking red and green lights, and then to bunk! The bunks were arranged one on top of another. I coiled up in a bottom "layer", and despite the throbbing of the engine close to my head, almost immediately dropped off to sleep.

A stockinged foot waved wildly near my face and someone swore saltily as I opened my eyes to behold the three deck hands grouped about a small table upon which stood an iron bread tin, a bread-board and two loaves. Several fearsome bug-like insects were chasing one another over the bread which the sailors were eating with gusto!

The engine was no longer turning over. I wondered if there had been a breakdown. "Has something gone wrong next door, Snow?" I asked.

"Eh!" ejaculated one of the seamen. "Orp's awake! No, we're here. This is the place."

"Awanui," supplemented Ben. "Want some bread and syrup?"

"What are those things on the bread?" I asked, pointing to the insects.

"Them?" A disinterested glance, "Cockroaches."

I rolled out of bed to be handed a great piece of bread, liberally covered with syrup and "bogged" bugs. This constituted my breakfast. Breakfast was a haphazard affair. A man would come in, grab a piece of bread, take one bite, and seemingly forget all about the remainder till hours later! All day long the men laboured upon the winch—the deck hands, the engineer, my father, and the captain himself. The grab rose and fell, and as the sun rises in the heavens, so slowly but surely did the pile of sand in our hold grow. At noon I made a cut kerosene-tin full of "Cawfee", and handed mugs round to the workers. Later in the afternoon the winch broke down. This was a regular occurrence, the men having their pipes on hand "for when Winnie goes on strike."

Finally however, the grab made its last journey, and the men began to troop away to the fo'c's'le. The screw revolved in place of the winch, the bow of the "Waik" swung southward, and in the fo'c's'le, a general atmosphere of joy prevailed. Work was ended, and there remained only pleasure in the shape of a pack of cards. With the foul smell of burning oil in my nostrils I dozed off, dreaming fitfully of cockroaches.

THOMAS BOULT, ENG. 5A



GIRLS' CRICKET TEAM
BACK ROW: Jean Guptill, Edna Audain, Nita Ball, Irene McCarron, Ngaire Siddell, Fay Everest
FRONT ROW: Colleen Malone, Lenora O'Callaghan, Barbara Mayo, Ailsa Nesfield (Captain), Mary Carill, Miss J. Galloway



BASKETBALL "A" TEAM
BACK ROW: Colleen Malone, Francis Sumich, Moya Crum, Grace Brown, Ngaire Siddell
FRONT ROW: Jean Guptill, Betty Bennett, Joan Lett (Captain), Lynley Heslop (Vic.-Captain), Miss P. Davis (Coach)



Spring in New Zealand

IT IS DIFFERENT from England's—this New Zealand spring. Instead of bluebells, like some thick carpet in a fragrant woodland, there are kowhai blossoms, great golden splashes against a clear blue sky. There are clematis vines, those waxy masterpieces of Nature, so delicate that, once picked, they quickly wither away, their frail beauty lost.

Spring in an English wood seems as though the earth has awakened from a long slumber, and is just beginning to live again. Winter's bareness is forgotten as new buds appear on giant oaks, and primroses grow in great clumps, where once lay a blanket of snow.

What a delight to watch young lambs, gambolling over fresh green pasture, in the sheer joy of existence. How touching to see day-old foals struggling to get used to the length of their spindly ungainly legs.

Our New Zealand bush does not lose its foliage in winter, as do English woods, so we do not see the bare trunks of giant trees. The sight and scent of fresh spicy apple blossom, a wealth of gay Spring bulbs and changeful days that mingle sunshine and shower are among the delights of a New Zealand spring.

LORNA MOORE, COMM. 5A



The Last Race

BANG! The runners in the school three mile championship were off. Every boy there was determined to win and all had trained vigorously for this race. Eager spectators craned forward to see the leaders after the first lap. The foremost boy was Bates, Jennings was next, and then came Roberts, the smallest boy in the race. He was running gracefully in easy even strides. It was the last race of the day, but the best runners were in it. Everyone was keyed up with tense expectancy. The finish should be brilliant.

Roberts wondered to himself as he loped along who would win. He completed the first lap almost mechanically, deep in his thoughts. As the second lap came, he gloated in the feel of the soft springy turf beneath his feet. He was running beautifully, his chest a little forward, arms swinging freely. His breathing was even and he felt quite fresh.

He glanced at the grandstand and was amazed by the mass of people and the mingling of colours. Reds, blues, greens, yellows, dazzled his eyes, and a thousand voices and sounds filled his ears. The fourth lap came and went, and he began to feel the strain. Gradually Jennings dropped back from his second place. The pace was telling. Roberts felt, as the fifth lap began, as though some unknown force were making his legs drag unaccountably. He was perspiring and his breathing was beginning to be irregular.

The last lap! In the grandstand, the spectators leaned forward and a thunderous cheer broke out. Roberts forced himself ahead of the now flagging Bates. He was first for the present anyway. His breath was coming in great gasps, and his mouth tasted queerly. Forgotten were the crowd, the colours, the cheering. He must win! he must! This thought throbbled through his tired head. Nearer came the gleaming white tape. Nearer... He felt himself faltering. He stumbled on. After what seemed an age, he breasted the gleaming white tape. He had won! Roberts, the winner, then fell down in a heap. The white mist in his eyes had closed upon him.

As he came to, he realised with a great thrill of elation, that he was champion of the "three miler." He then got up and stood shakily on his feet with a happy smile on his face. People were shaking him by the hand, and patting his back. Cheer after cheer echoed from the grandstand. Roberts was really proud of himself and he did not care who knew it.

D. M. FORSYTH, W. 4A



Exploring the Arapuni Diversion Tunnel

THE Arapuni diversion tunnel, which takes surplus water from the Arapuni Lake in winter, is constructed of reinforced concrete. It is about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and from eighty to a hundred yards long.

During the Christmas holidays I took the opportunity of exploring this while I was staying at Arapuni. The tunnel empties out into a very deep ravine, and to get to the mouth of it we had to climb down a steep cliff. We managed this without mishap, but on reaching the tunnel, one of my friends slipped on some slime and water-cress, and sat down with a splash in three inches of icy-cold water. We helped him out, and continued on our way.

As we went further up the tunnel, it grew darker and darker, till everyone had to feel their way along the walls. Here and there water dripped through cracks in the roof, but except about two inches of water in the bottom, the tunnel was perfectly dry. In one place the guards who have been on duty here during the war, had made a hole in the roof, and the floor underneath this was covered with empty tins and other refuse. There was an eerie silence, broken only by the echo of wet feet, and the sound of dripping water.

At last we reached the end of the tunnel. In front of us was a huge door constructed of steel about a foot thick. This door was really a flood-gate, for the pressure behind it must have been equal to hundreds of tons. A hundred feet above us, some day-light was coming through a large and very dusty sky-light, and by it we could see vertical ladders going up and up. Water was falling down in large drops, so after climbing a quarter of the way up we decided to come down again, most of us looking as though we had been out in heavy rain.

By this time very wet, we decided to leave the tunnel for that day, and come back some other time with our raincoats. That story I am unable to relate, as somehow that day has never come.

D. HAYWARD, ENG. 5A

Book Reviews



Merchant of Alphabets

REGINALD ORCUTT, THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK, IS the representative of a great New York Linotype Company. He travels the world with his typesetting machine, and in all his interesting encounters with men of the publishing world, with potentates, with simple honest men and with charlatans, with people of all creeds, cultures and tongues, he is keenly conscious of the printed word. He regards it as the only possible means of ever reaching a common goal of understanding between nations. His travels take him "from Iceland to Patagonia, from Borneo to Lapland." Lowell Thomas, himself no mean traveller, has said of him, "Nobody else is familiar with so many lands and so many peoples."

The chapters of this book have no captions, and though at first this seems strange, it becomes obvious as we read on that they are unnecessary, so naturally does the traveller narrate his experiences, his conversations and his impressions.

Leaving Switzerland in 1940 on the eve of a proposed journey through Germany, Denmark and Norway he makes his way back with difficulty to Portugal. On the night of departure for America he reflects, "Let them burn books in the Maximilian Platz in Munich. Let them wipe out libraries with incendiaries. The printed word is the corner-stone of civilisation itself."

The Story of New Zealand

THIS BOOK, AS ITS TITLE SUGGESTS, MAKES A STORY of the history of our country. Its aim, says the writer, A. H. Reed, is "to interest the general reader and the youth of our land, and those to whom New Zealand history has not perhaps made a very strong appeal. Its purpose is to foster increasing esteem of our goodly heritage."

Three hundred million years ago perhaps, says Mr Reed opening his story, New Zealand lay at the bottom of the sea, above it a waste of waters. The concluding chapter discusses the present Government's Social Security Scheme, and gives an account of the life and work of New Zealand's first Labour Prime Minister, the late Mr M. J. Savage.

In its five hundred pages of clear and simply told facts the book recounts the main events of our history and we feel that it is a story of life, vigour and achievement—one that makes us realise the spirit of the founders of New Zealand—our great-grand-parents.

The many small sketches, and the end-of-chapter cross-word puzzles are a welcome and interesting addition to this story of our own land.

DAWN PARRY, COMM. 3A

No Spaghetti for Breakfast

THOSE WHO ENJOY STORIES OF ACTION AND ADVENTURE should read this book. It gives a stirring account of the Sicilian Campaign and a vivid picture of the assault on the beaches at Salerno. The book is dedicated to the officers and men of the Royal Navy and the United States' Navy, who made the invasion by sea at Pantellaria, Sicily and Italy a reality. In it are told many stories of individual heroism. The authors, Alfred Waggoner and David Brown, experienced two different sides of the Campaign and this makes their account of the Italian armistice negotiations a full, interesting one, even if the authors regard it contemptuously as a move dependent on "no greater motive than food."

The Young Lincoln

I AM NOT GIVEN TO READING BIOGRAPHY, BUT I DO admire Abraham Lincoln. So it was with rather mixed feelings that I opened Esther Meynell's book *The Young Lincoln*. Any doubts I had, quickly vanished. The personality of this great man shone out and was there for all to see. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, it is said, could fell a tree faster and better than any three men. I learned of his early life as the son of a pioneer, how he struggled against the handicaps of poverty and lack of education, to become a lawyer and later to lead the United States through one of its darkest hours.

I sympathised with his unhappy home-life; I was amused by his stories; I admired his great wisdom and endurance. Esther Meynell told me of his friends and relatives. I met Mary Lincoln, his hard conventionally-minded wife, and too, Lincoln's first and it is said, only love—Ann Rutledge.

I sorrowed over the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, that tall, awkward and ungainly log-cutter who became the much-loved President of

Gunner Inglorious

RECENTLY I READ "GUNNER INGLORIOUS" BY JIM Henderson. It is one of the best books I have read and definitely the best war-book.

Henderson joined the 2nd N.Z.E.F. shortly after the first call was sent out. After training in the artillery he went overseas as a gunner. As we all know these men went to Egypt and it is there, while he is driving through the desert towards the front line, that our story begins.

In his first action, which he describes very vividly, Henderson received a wound in the thigh and another in the ankle. He was picked up by a German ambulance after spending many uncomfortable hours in the desert. He was next taken to a German casualty clearing-station, being under the care of a very interesting doctor who spoke English fluently.

From there he was sent to Italy and, along with other injured P.O.W's, went to the Hospital at Bari, where they had a really 'tough' time. These events he relates without much sentiment,

the United States of America, and I felt as I put the book down that here was a man whose simplicity made him unforgettable.



but because Italian doctors seemed to believe in amputations rather than the conventional treatments, Henderson lost his leg.

The greater part of the book is about life at Bari Hospital, its staff and its unfortunate inmates. It also tells of the very odd hospital matron and the crafty officer in charge, who used systematically together to go through the prisoners' Red Cross parcels to take 'their share.'

The book finishes with two or three characteristically written chapters describing the P.O.W. camp to which he was later sent, and finally it describes his repatriation.

No matter what type of book you enjoy I think you cannot fail to like *Gunner Inglorious*. In fact I think that everyone should read this book. As you read it, the soldier amputee author seems to bring clearly before you those unfortunate inmates of the P.O.W. hospitals in Italy who, with a little proper medical care, might have had their four sound limbs today.

DON AIREY, ENG. 5A

Conquest of the English Channel

CONQUEST of the English Channel has lured swimmers for the past seventy years. Many unrecorded attempts to swim that treacherous twenty mile strip of dangerous tides and roaring currents have been made, but only five persons, all men, had by 1926 succeeded. As early as a week before Miss Ederle triumphed, another American girl had failed by two miles; Miss Ederle herself had failed twice the previous year.

On August 6th, 1926, there took place the greatest recorded athletic feat by a woman in the history of the world. Gertrude Ederle, nineteen-year-old daughter of a New York butcher, succeeded in swimming from Cape Griz-Nez, France, to Kingsdown, England, in fourteen hours and thirty one minutes, two hours twenty three minutes faster than the former record.

Gertrude Ederle was a member of the New York Women's Swimming Association, the home of water champions. She had already attracted attention by being the first woman to swim the twenty-one mile stretch from Battery, New York, to Sandy Hook. After having tried and failed to conquer the Channel, she went to France to train under William Burgess, an Englishman, who had succeeded in the swim in 1911 after having failed eighteen times.

The Channel from Cape Griz-Nez to Dover is only twenty miles, but tides and currents add from ten to twenty miles for the swimmer. Anyone who has crossed in a boat knows how rough it is, but a swimmer is at the mercy of the waves, which buffet and toss, lifting and dizzying the swimmer. The first time Gertrude Ederle tried she had to give in when she became sea-sick!

On August 6th Miss Ederle entered the water after first being well greased with olive oil. On top of this a coat of oil was smeared and finally a thick heavy mixture of vaseline and lard. A tug accompanied her, carrying her father, her sister, her trainer, newspapermen and photographers.

The story of the crossing is one of grit and stamina. Frozen, exhausted, battered and sickened, she never thought of giving up and never once complained. When she had been in the water eleven hours, and the sea was raging so furiously that her trainer advised her to give in, she doggedly kept on.

At last the struggle was over, and she was walking up the English beach in the glare of glowing bonfires while the ring of welcoming voices fell on her ears, and radios and cables the world over, rang with the news of her great achievement.

It was a curious thing that someone that same day had written: "In contests of physical skill, speed and endurance, women must forever remain the weaker sex". In those days between two wars, Gertrude Ederle showed us that courage, training, will-power and indomitable spirit, provide weapons against seemingly unconquerable obstacles.

PATRICIA ASTLE, COMM. 4A



The Heirloom

ATATTERED PIECE of lace, a tinder box, and a piece of flint—to the casual observer they would signify not a thing, but to the Stewarts they stand as a symbol of courage, the triumph of a young girl over the Roundheads. Every member of the family thrills with pride at the memory of this ancestor. The story was told to me by an old servant, as I stood, meditatively, before the glass case which contained the three rather shabby objects.

Many, many years ago during the wars between King Charles I and the Roundheads, Sir Geoffrey Stewart, with his sons, Hugh and Edmond, and his daughter Elizabeth, lived on a large estate near London. The whole family personally supported the royalists in their struggle against the Roundheads, sacrificing their jewels and wealth to the cause.

One night Sir Geoffrey and Hugh left to take an active part in battle, leaving the hall in the care of Elizabeth and Edmund with a handful of retainers who were too old to fight. After many days Elizabeth received word that her father was coming home with a few guests whose presence must remain a closely guarded secret. There was no doubt in Elizabeth's mind as to the identity of the guests. It was the King and his closest followers who were coming.

Preparations were begun. The little that remained of the family plate was brought out of its hiding place and polished brilliantly. The table was set for twelve—all was in readiness. Suddenly there was a sound of hooves, a hammering on the door and a voice imperatively demanding entrance. With a pale face Elizabeth unbarred the door and faced the Roundheads. They pushed their way inside and the Captain with a glance at the tell-tale table remarked that those expected had not yet arrived.

Turning to Elizabeth he asked who were the expected guests. When she replied "no one," he asked an explanation of the table prepared for twelve. Coolly, Elizabeth replied that her invalid mother always insisted on the preparation of food for anyone who should happen to pass by. As they moved away to search the house, she asked them not to enter her mother's room as the shock might be dangerous to her, then slipped quietly away to her own room.

Knowing that her absence would all too soon be discovered, she threw a dark cloak round her shoulders and climbed out of her window into an old tree that grew there. Within a few minutes she was on the ground cautiously edging past the soldiers. As soon as she was out of hearing distance, she fled towards the hill where the beacon stood.

Frantically she scrambled up the stony hillside until she reached the top and after several efforts succeeded in lighting the beacon. Down in the valley the Royalists saw the flame—in time! They turned away from the house and made their escape. Several hours later Elizabeth, safe at home again, heard the voice she knew so well. It was the King, who when he left the hall at dawn, took a piece of the lace frill from his cuff, and gave it to her as a token of appreciation of her brave deed.

Although many generations have come and gone, the three articles remain as mute witnesses of a young girl's courage and loyalty to her King.

SHIRLEY CHILD, SENIOR BUS.

Cautionary Tale

There was a maid called Tillie Chaucer,
 Who always drank out of her saucer
 Whether she was home or out
 That she did this there was no doubt.
 To boarding school they then did send her,
 Thinking of her ways to mend her.
 Her mother wrote the Head-Mistress,
 Telling of her great distress.
 Head-mistress said, "I'll cure her way—
 If it takes me till Doomsday!"
 When tea-bell rang and all sat down,
 Tillie on her place did frown.
 Her tea was poured into a glass
 While all the others in her class
 Were drinking from a rosebud cup,
 And she from plain thick glass did sup.
 All the girls at her did stare,
 She thought it rude, but back did glare.
 At breakfast-time no tea she drank,
 She'd teach them not to play this prank!
 For weeks she would not drink her tea,
 'Til one fine day on bended knee,
 She asked for her own rosebud cup,
 And from that day to this did sup.
 That is the tale of Tillie Chaucer
 Who never now drinks from her saucer.

LORNA MOORE, COMM. 5A

Riddle-Me-Re

My first is in people and also in pear
 My second is in donkey, but not in mare
 My third is in legal and also in reign
 My fourth is in fetters but not in chains
 My fifth is in bottom and also in top
 My sixth is in sound but not in pop
 My seventh is in govern and also in rule
 My last is in stream but not in pool
 My whole is a form the best in the school.

W. HALLAS, ENG. FOUR A

The Red Pohutukawa

Along the margin of her beaches
 On her wide-spread yellow sands
 Stands the red Pohutukawa
 Symbol of our native lands.

High above the houses towering
 Crimson in the summer sky
 Stands the red Pohutukawa
 Symbol that will never die.

Waving in the summer breezes
 Bending in the winter blast
 Stands the red Pohutukawa
 To the rocky cliff clamped fast.

In the parks a picture making
 Striking one and every eye
 Stands the red Pohutukawa
 Towering to the bright blue sky.

Along the road a carpet making
 Crimson like a path of flame
 Stands the red Pohutukawa
 Xmas tree its festive name.

CONNIE BRANDER, COMM. 4A

Me

I'm just a Form III Schoolgirl,
 At home I'm called a Pest.
 My teacher says I'm not so bad—
 Compared with all the rest!

I never miss a lesson,
 I love to draw and sing.
 In shorthand and arithmetic,
 I seldom know a thing!

I wish I could learn quickly,
 I wish I could sit still,
 But this is quite beyond me
 Though I try with all my will.

I hope you like my writing,
 I've tried to make it rhyme.
 Perhaps I could do better,
 But just now I haven't time.

BERYL HASTINGS, COMM. 3C



FIRST HOCKEY ELEVEN

Joint Winners Secondary School Intermediate Championship
 STANDING: A. Cricket, B. B. James, G. P. Hilton, R. F. Fordyce, D. J. Lees,
 E. L. Nash
 SITTING: Mr J. L. G. Carnachan, F. J. Stewart, E. D. Malatios (Vice-Captain),
 K. H. Byers (Captain), K. Jowsay, W. A. Wilson, Mr T. N. Ireland
 FRONT ROW: B. W. Ireland, K. E. T. Guy, D. A. Jenkins ABSENT: R. Collins



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL SENIOR TEAM

Runners Up in Senior Secondary Schools Championship and Knock-out
 STANDING: J. A. Letcher, M. W. Faithfull, M. R. Mason, L. G. Maskell, L. J.
 Twiname, K. V. Drake
 SEATED: P. J. Risbridge, D. J. Anderson, T. E. Armour (Vice-Captain), G. B.
 Port (Captain), A. O. Jones, J. K. Davies, Mr A. A. Smyth



Portrait Study

FLICKING over at random the pages of a magazine, I beheld the face of an old Maori Chieftainess. I glanced at it and turned to the next page, but the picture so fascinated me that I was compelled to turn back and look again.

At first glance there seemed nothing unusual about it but on closer inspection the bold green lines of the tattoo seemed to stand out as if supported by some hidden spirit within. I looked hard and long at the face and then began unconsciously to imagine some of the adventures of her life of the days long before the white man came to this country.

Perhaps, I thought, her father had been the chief of a large tribe deep in the bush of the King Country miles away from the troubles of war, when one day at dusk a strange young Maori and his followers, about twenty, came to the village. When the formal tribal greetings were finished, a great feast was prepared and all was eaten. All the warriors of the tribe soon fell asleep but the young Maori guests were still wide awake. When all was quiet they began to creep quietly away, and caught up the sleeping princess, taking her back to their village to be their leader's wife.

When the young Maoris reached their own village with their food and the young bride-to-be of their leader, a great surprise awaited them, for out from the track jumped the old chief and his warriors, who captured the prisoner along with her kidnappers. Back to their village they went, and the young Maori was shut up in a whare to be punished by death the next day, but the Maori maiden so pitied the young chief that she set him free. They escaped to a friendly tribe in the South Island and there later she became his wife and they lived very happily.

I wonder if her life was in any way like my imaginings. I am sure at any rate from her face that she was courageous, humorous too, and sometimes very happy.

MARGARET MCALLISTER, COMM. 4A

Westfield as I saw it

TOS IN New Zealand, a continual plea has been made for the provision of food for Britain and Europe. This cry has been answered through the freezing-works of our country. Bearing this in mind, I, like many other youths, set out this summer to try to get work at Westfield.

The Works are situated on the Great South Road, on the Auckland side of Otahuhu. As I approached Westfield in one of the special army trucks, which run from town to the works every day, I noticed first the strong smell which is blown off the mud flats. Having been given work, I was taken to the store-room where working clothes and a pair of clogs were issued to me. I found that a very efficient laundry service is operated at the works, so that the employees may have their issued clothing cleaned at regular intervals.

I was employed in the Trimmers' Department, where all second and lower graded meat is trimmed, cut up and put on escalators which take it to the next floor, where it is put through a slicing machine. The meat is then cooked and sent to the cannery department.

A large canteen service is run at the works, for meals are in great demand at all hours. A very well-equipped First Aid station is maintained, with a nurse in constant attendance.

One of the most interesting processes, I think, is that of killing the animals. These come from the trucks straight to the guillotine, and are then attached by hooks to a moving chain which slowly moves them towards the refrigerating rooms, a quarter of a mile in area.

During the short time I was at the works I was very happy. The foreman and department managers especially, were very patient in explaining and answering the many questions which were put to them by the students employed there.



My Photograph

Daddy told me just to look
At the little picture book;
Sit quite still and wait, while he
Counted slowly one-two-three.

Though it was just like a game
Yet it was not quite the same,
For he said I must not laugh
While he took the photograph.
See me here as good as gold,
Doing just as I am told.

SHIRLEY RYAN, COMM. 3B

Summer Days

I am so glad that summer's come at last,
And all the dreary winter days are past
Now the drab trees are fresh and green,
And newly wakened leaves take on a sheen.

I am so glad that summer's come once more,
And sparrows chirp by every cottage door,
And little birds now sing in tree-tops high,
Beneath a cloudless, brilliant summer's sky.

I am so glad that summer has come, for
We go once more to sunny, sandy shore
And frisk beside a sparkling, clear blue sea.
Once more in open air and sun we're free.

MARGARET VEALE, COMM. 4A

Soliloquy

No graven image set here in my stead,
No statue grand to mark my place of birth
When I have gone.

For either one of these I do not ask—
That all may heed my stone and on it oft
Coldly, unfeeling gaze.
I am but one of that great multitude
That lives, loves, then passes far beyond
To peace serene,
Who, in that fraction of the world he chose
And cherished for his own, throughout brief years
Did reign supreme.

As once man was created from the dust,
To dust shall he return when life's long scroll
Doth end unfurled.
For those who mourn, time soon must heal their
wounds.

Sad memories fade as time slips silent by.
Oh, callous world!
What are we all but many puppets stiff
Propelled each by the mighty hand of Time
Which doth command
Our timid entrance to the stage of life,
To play our part, then on to distant wings
Beyond remand?

JOCELYN EVANS, SENIOR BUS.

Ballad

It is an ancient school teacher
That stoppeth all of thee,
And asketh in a frosty voice
"Pray show your work to me."

We look to left, We look to right,
But no escape is near.
We turn and see that angry face,
We stand and shake with fear.

Her voice rang out, our blood ran cold
For oh! the words she said,
"To room 40 you will go"
Our beating hearts stopped dead.

She holds us with her fleshy hand,
No token this of love
And motions us to hated room
A lion she—no dove.

She holds us with her glittering eye,
We three stand very still
And listen like three frightened lambs,
The tutor hath her will.

At length it came to 4 o'clock,
The time for us to go
But no one came to tell us that
So how were we to know?

There passed a weary time, each hand
Felt like a lump of rock,
When looking westward I beheld
That it was four o'clock.

When we found 'twas time to go
We rushed out through the door,
We yelled along the passage way
"It's four o'clock, it's four."

MARGARET VEALE, COMM. 4A

Before and After

TO BE COMPLETE my title should be "Before, during and after the School Certificate examination." To those who are about to sit, the "Before" is the all important word but to those who have passed (or otherwise) the title brings back vivid memories of that fatal month—November!

For my part the "Before" covers nearly three years. On entering this school, "School Certificate" was somewhere in the dim, dark future. After two years had passed it became the key to all schoolwork. Hours of study—the despair of ever remembering everything one was required to know—and then suddenly, it all lay behind! The die was cast! Our fate was sealed, for entries had been handed in—there was no drawing back!

In due time we received the blue identification slip which was to prove the bane of our lives, and with it the examination timetable. That blue slip! How many times it contrived to lose itself. Only those who have suffered from it can fully understand the feelings of a nervous examinee on finding "that slip" missing at some critical moment! The frenzied turning out of pockets and the wild shaking out of handkerchiefs, books, etc.—the relief on finding it reposing serenely, after all, in one's pencil-case, where one put it for safety less than ten minutes earlier!

Again I can visualise, as if it were yesterday, that Monday morning in the middle of November, when we sat our first paper. On arriving at school, feeling that my mind was a complete blank, the first person I saw was J—, murmuring to herself in maddening singsong, with a feverish light in her eyes, "Debit what comes in—Credit what goes out!" A few yards away sat A— muttering also to herself about Debits and Credits. When we had all arrived, we stood watching the clock as it crept nearer and nearer to "zero" hour. We went in a body inside the University doors and were then ushered into a large room where we sat and waited!

At last we were told we might begin, and we settled down to a three hour Book-keeping paper. A jubilant expression on one face, a sigh from someone else, a rapid scratching of pens, indicated that there were some questions, at any rate, within our powers.

If someone had informed me a week beforehand that three hours could pass in a flash, I would have laughed at them. But they did! After putting down my pen to read my effort I glanced at the clock to find it lacking but five minutes to the finishing time.

After handing in papers, putting chairs in place, moving in rather mechanical fashion outside, everyone began discussing this, that or the other on the paper. Here and there someone would remember something left out or done wrongly, but the majority said, to quote "I've done my best—they'll have to take it or leave it!" Back to school we trooped to let our teachers and friends hear how we had fared.

This process continued over a period of two weeks, interspersed with hours of "swotting" in preparation for the forthcoming papers. These gradually diminished in number until we had but one left. Then came peace and relaxation! However, two long months of waiting, at times hopeful, at others despairing, lay ahead. Day by day December and January slipped away. Many hundreds of times I said to myself, "Have I passed or not? Will this month never end?"

Then the day came, the pass list was out! At four o'clock as I was going down Queen Street, in a tram I saw several people clustered round a boy with a newspaper while others were rushing to buy. From the varied expressions on their faces I felt at once that I was soon to know my fate. On reaching home I sat and waited for the paper to come. When it did I quickly found the list and then

holding my breath I looked down it. A—B—C. Yes my name was there. I had passed! All that 'swotting' had been of some avail, after all. As soon as my fate was decided, I began looking for my classmates' names and was pleased to see most of them there.

Now to those who intend sitting this examination, you will at times feel like giving in but remember that you cannot expect to pass without some work. You may think your teacher is working you too hard but he or she has taught many others beside you and knows exactly how much effort is needed to cover examination requirements. So keep on keeping on and good luck to you.

SHIRLEY CHILD, SENIOR BUS.



The Cry

PASSING a deserted house one evening, I was arrested by the sound of a baby's frantic cry. Knowing that nobody lived in the house, I wondered who it could be. Tiptoeing up the avenue of trees, scarcely daring to breathe, hardly knowing what to expect, I opened the door. The shrieks grew louder—what was it—who was it? The moon cast an eerie light over the deserted dining-room. The noise was in the fire-place, up the chimney! Knees knocking, I tiptoed over. Would I ever find it? No, the noise came from downstairs now. How could I ever go into that yawning pit below? Something brushed at my skirt—I couldn't scream—my lips were too dry. Were those stealthy footsteps? But no, only more terrible shrieks! Perhaps it wasn't a baby, perhaps I'd find a crazy person down there. What would I do? I'd run away run, run, run! No! I couldn't—it might be a baby just as frightened as I was myself. So pulling myself together, I tiptoed down the stairs. Would I never reach the bottom? I went over to the coal-bin, pulled—and something furry brushed past me! Then at last I did scream. Something purred at my feet, brushed my legs; the screams had stopped. It was only a cat after all! I walked calmly out of the house with the cat gratefully following. Only then did I realize how silly I had been.

CAROL MAYN, COMM. 5C

Elegy written in a College Schoolroom

The school-bell tolls the start of one more day,
The pupils to their classes slowly go;
The master classward plods his weary way,
And starts upon the work which brings us woe.
Now fades bright joy from every pupil's eye
And all the air a straining stillness holds,
As now the maddened teacher strains his tie,
And searches for his 'specs among its folds!

In every student's heart then dread descends
While all their minds 'gainst their hard fate
complain,

'Tis such a trying teacher! And they bend
Their wills to break his solitary reign.

Th' unconscious victim then begins to talk,
Which does not meet the approval of the class.
One perky lad is sent for a long walk
The others hope that time will swiftly pass!

In such a state of tension, Time does pass,
While one and all the students give attention.
The surly master looks around his class,
To see which boy he'll have at his detention.

But what is this? One lad looks at the hour
Then all around the class a wink he gave;
Which told the members th' inevitable hour
In ten brief secs would pass into the grave.

At last the time is up, the school bell rings,
While students copy down their work forlorn
A tinkle which release to bright boys brings
A rest from their harsh fate until next morn.

So teachers all, this is a timely warning,
That kindly you should daily greet your class,
Or else they may not come tomorrow morning
But in jollier scene their fleeting moments pass.

GARTH PORT, ACC. 6



No Time

No time in the Spring time bright
To watch the swift birds' homeward flight,
To see the violets that spring,
To hear foxgloves on hillside ring.

No time to watch pale summer sky
Change to rose as night draws nigh,
To see the sun then steal away,
To rest serene at end of day.

No time in the Autumn mellow
To watch the leaves turn red and yellow,
To see the bracken bronze and red
Or trees that mourn the year now dead.

No time after Winter cold
To watch the spring flowers peeping bold,
Green buds on dark bare boughs of beech
Across the frozen lake that reach.

If you have no time to see
These lovely things, to all men free,
You will find when you grow old
That days are long and life is cold.

JOCELYN NODDER, COMM. 5B

School Concert— Before and After

From room eighty-three music drifts down
It echoes far across the town.

The violins in room fifteen
Play a note that's in between
A very high c and a very low d
It sounds quite dreadful in forty-three.
The orchestra starts with a whizz and a clang
The drum below gives a tremendous bang.

We in here sit still and wait
And think of school musicians with hate
But when on the town-hall stage we stand
We swell with pride when on walks "the band."
No ugly strains now pierce the ear
The music is a joy to hear.
The violins so soft and light
Were clear and true on that great night.

What price now our tribulation?
We here express appreciation.

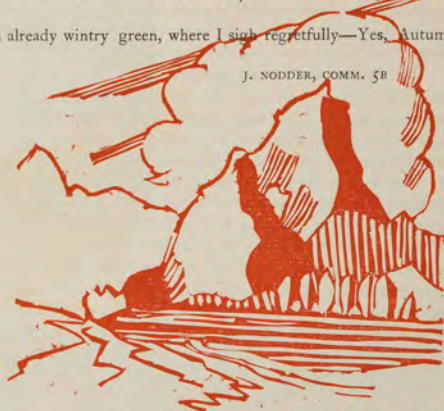
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Autumn

IT IS almost light and yet I can see no trees or green fields for I am surrounded by a soft white
mist thinning to a blue dome above.

I look again after ten minutes and the veil has vanished, and I can see that the flowering cherry
tree's leaves have turned red overnight, and under the pines among the bracken's bronze stalks, red
and white toadstools have appeared. My small world is brighter now and in the dusty ake-ake
hedge, a spider has a rainbow caught in her web. The mist rolls away to the low valleys and the
sky now shows a pale frozen blue.

Beyond the fields is the sea, an already wintry green, where I sigh regretfully—Yes, Autumn
has come!



J. NODDER, COMM. 5B

The Pioneers

IN EARLY DAYS before modern conveyances and comforts were invented, the pioneer colonists
who emigrated to New Zealand had a very hard life. These people came here to build a country
where their families could have complete freedom. Before they could win this freedom and peace
they had to conquer the Maori and to till the soil to grow food.

And so they began the long tedious struggle. Only their brave hearts and unconquerable cour-
age enabled them to survive. They built their homes out of roughly hewn timber, traded goods
with the Maoris and grew crops of grain and stored food for the winter. Out of these relations
with the Maoris there grew a comradeship and loyalty which lasted through the years.

The immigrants turned barren and bush-clad lands into plentiful fields where wheat and apples
were grown and dairy farming was carried on. They made a great number of their own implements
and used them to open up gold-fields and sources of other minerals, which served to enrich the young
country and to gain the interest and respect of other countries.

When all the major difficulties were overcome the settlers began electing representatives for the
government of their own country. So these pioneers laid the foundation of the productive and pro-
gressive country which we now enjoy.

LORRAINE MCGREGOR, COMM. 4A

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Music from a Wire

WHAT, fencing wire, telephone wire, clothes line wire? No, it's a steel wire as fine as a hair. You may not believe it but I've heard it, heard a radio programme, a favorite tune, even my own voice recorded and reproduced faithfully by a wire recorder.

They say "Nothing is new under the sun." That's true in a way in regard to this new promising means of storing sound, because it was invented at least forty years ago by a Danish scientist named Poulsen. Of course our present day knowledge of sound-amplifiers and electronics has made a great difference to the quality of reproduced music and speech.

In 1938 the B.B.C. recorded quite a number of their overseas programmes on steel tape recorders, the forerunner to the steel wire recorder.

The "know how" of this system is more or less a matter of electricity and magnetism but it may be explained simply by saying that sound is caused to rearrange the atoms of the steel wire in such a way that when the wire is run through the machine as a reproducer the prearranged atoms cause a corresponding magnetic variation in the pickup. These variations represent the original sound recorded and they are amplified and reproduced by a loudspeaker in the normal way.

Just imagine the possibilities of this new recorder. On a reel of this fine wire, which will run for hours, a business man may record his daily correspondence for his stenographer to type. When he returns home he may listen to a radio programme recorded automatically while he was at his office. In school the teacher's work can be enhanced by the use of recorded lessons. Various subjects such as music, languages, science, speech training, benefit from the use of wire recorders and there seems to be no limit to the usefulness of this new medium in education and entertainment. Sooner or later you will hear your favourite singers, perhaps your own voice recorded on wire.

LEIGHTON CARRAD, ENG. 4C



Purple Handkerchief

ONE DAY as we sat in the tram gazing into space as usual, we slowed down at a crossroad to wait for a traffic-inspector to give his signal to go on. We watched him without much interest until he pulled an enormous purple handkerchief from his pocket. The size and colour of it intrigued my friend and me and we gazed entranced. Unfolding it slowly, he grasped the middle between his fingers in careful readiness to blow his nose. However a great gust of wind was faster than he, and before you could wink, the handkerchief had been whisked from his grasp and completely enveloped his head. Many cars were there waiting, and with fumbling hands he pulled at the handkerchief only to find that it was entwined around a button on his shoulder. With a complexion now nearly matching the handkerchief's bright hue, he eventually pulled it off, stuffed it in his pocket and hurriedly proceeded to direct the traffic. And then we went on.

JUNE ELDER, COMM. 4A



INTER-SECONDARY SCHOOL SWIMMING
"A" RELAY TEAM
Runners Up: McIndoe Cup Winners: Schicka Cup
W. Sorby, R. Brown, G. Engel, T. Panapa, B. Davidson
(Captain)



SECOND HOCKEY ELEVEN
STANDING: F. J. Stewart, B. D. Pearce, R. P. Voltz, M. G. Frith, E. J. Goodsell,
K. E. T. Guy
SITTING: Mr T. N. Ireland, H. Baumgarten, J. W. Sullivan (Vice-Captain),
R. F. Fordyce (Captain), G. P. Hilton, B. W. Ireland, Mr J. L. G.
Carnachau
FRONT ROW: K. G. Rudman, W. E. Maney, D. L. Baker, C. L. Morris
ABSENT: L. G. McGuire, C. Cromwell

Activities of the Applied Heat Laboratory

VERY FEW day school pupils know anything of the equipment in the newly developed heat laboratory in room nine. It is to be mainly used by rehabilitation and night school classes, and comprises mostly engines and vapour or gas-pressure apparatus. We now have an 'Anderson' 2H.P. petrol engine and an 'Austin Seven' engine with chassis in running order; a model heat engine, and two steam engines to be assembled and installed. With these engines, brake horse-power tests, indicator horse-power tests, heat loss from radiator and exhaust-gas, are all measured with gear that has been made mainly within the school.

Pressure and vacuum gauges can be checked and calibrated from standard gauges and manometers with apparatus made entirely from pipe fittings, rubber and glass tubing, and plenty of wooden stands etc. Pressure indicated by water manometers in pipes of different diameters, flowmeters and the like have all been made in the laboratory.

To do this the tools and machines available have had to be worked overtime, but thanks to the assistance of the machine and motor-shop instructors we have so far overcome all our difficulties.

B. E. ROBERT, ENG. 6



Cafeteria

THE BELL was clanging, but for the past five minutes people have been racing up the stairs like a herd of cattle, all eager to be first in the queue for their dinner.

After tripping three times and falling twice on my face, I managed to reach the tail end of the queue all the time thinking how unlucky the class at the end of the stairs was, still patiently working.

I was greeted with a roar of chatter as I took up my well-fought position, then as a well-known figure casually appeared around the door, the noise subsided to a mere whisper.

Five minutes had elapsed, when I awoke from my reverie, to find I had moved two or three places forward, and now was being 'instructed' by a harrassed prefect.

After having a further struggle for a dessert, (or two!) I made my way to the cashier and can you imagine my embarrassment, as I hunted and fidgeted for my missing shilling, to find it still sitting calmly in the palm of my other hand?

I hurriedly produced this cause of much inconvenience, and after forfeiting it scrambled off to enjoy my well-earned meal.

JEAN GOODMAN, COMM. 4A

The Old "Jubilee"

ON SATURDAY MORNING I was strolling along the waterfront taking the sun and admiring the peaceful appearance of the Waitemata harbour. When I reached the Western wharf I stood for a moment watching an old hulk being towed past Bayswater by an energetic tug boiling like a kettle. Then seeing sitting on a coil of rope an old man who had obviously been a sailor, I went up and spoke to him in the hope of finding out something about the slowly moving hulk and its hard-working consort.

"It is that," he said, in answer to my remark on the fineness of the morning, and at the same time taking his strong smelling pipe from his mouth.

"And that be a fine-looking ship. Leastwise it was in its heyday. It's an old sailor, the Jubilee." He paused thoughtfully, so I remarked that it looked of thoroughbred lines.

"Aye, she was a thoroughbred. I sailed on her when I was a young feller, afore the mast," he added proudly. "I was fourteen then and a year started on my apprenticeship. Let me see. That must have been over sixty-five years ago.

"She was built in the fifties by the Workington Yards in Cumberland. In my station as seaman boy I had to polish her builder's nameplate," he explained with a slim chuckle.

"I was on her for nine years, until she was bought for a refrigerating ship. During that time we were on some interesting runs, and some hard ones. The worst was from South Australia to England. We used to carry wool and go home by the Horn. The stench from the unwashed wool and the heavy weather of the strait! But we were tough in those days and put up with it for the sake of a penny a day extra, paid us if we came home with our cargo dry. Another run was from Chile carrying nitrates, but the best one from our point of view and the owners' too, was a trip to South America with a cargo of arms and ammunition for a Latin state during one of its periodical revolutions. We got bonuses of three times our normal pay for this, and spent it all in two days at New York where we interrupted our run home to take on a cargo of wheat. Aye! They were great days, and she was a great ship. I can remember lying on my back watching the Southern Cross between the top-gallant and the royals, listening to the sea and to an old salt, my "sea-daddy." So we called the experienced seaman who taught me my knots and helped me learn to be a sailor. He had been on the Jubilee since her maiden voyage and was spinning a yarn about the China seas.

"The old ship had been in the tea trade and was a clipper in every sense of the word. He told of how some Chinese hoodlums tried to steal the ship's bell because they liked its tone! and of how they were given a dip in Hongkong harbour for their pains. Another yarn was of this country, New Zealand. At that time I had never been here and that story fired my imagination and I determined to come and see it for myself. Well the next year we took a run down here and I liked it so much that I decided to settle here when I gave up the sea, as I was a wanderer and had no home. I came to New Zealand a number of times on other ships after that and have never wandered since. For many years now I have been in the habit of spending a couple of hours at least every morning on the waterfront watching familiar scenes and recalling old times, sometimes with another old matey or sometimes with a young feller like yourself. Aye, and I've seen many once proud clippers towed into "Rotten Row" and degraded to coal hulks, and then when too old even for that taken and beached on Rangitoto like the poor old Jubilee."

As if to emphasise the sadness of his conclusion, he slowly and mournfully knocked out his pipe on a horny, rope-hardened palm. Feeling a little depressed at the thought that this fine old salt did not have long to go before he too would be beached somewhere, I bade him a cordial good-day, and with my mind still full of the romantic picture he had painted of the old "Jubilee's" career, continued my stroll.

S. B. MATTHEWS, ENG. 6



A Message to "Seddon"

RECENTLY three Dutch boys from Java joined us (Eng 5B). They came here with other evacuees to recover from the bad times of Japanese occupation of their island home. They liked New Zealand very much, so they stayed here and came to this school to finish their studies.

Two of them came from Bandoeng, a mountain-city in the middle of the western part of Java, and one from Batavia, the capital. They told us about the schools in Java; for example, they start work there at seven o'clock in the morning and have one interval at ten-thirty, lasting for a quarter of an hour. They finish at twelve-thirty. They work on Saturdays too. The examinations are also quite different. For an examination approximating to University Entrance, eight subjects are compulsory. This is for the technical branch.

When the Japanese invaded and conquered Java, they stopped all schools, burned the school-books and used the schools for garrisons. From then on school was strictly prohibited and every teacher who taught was prosecuted and put in gaol. So none of the Dutch children went to school for three years.

These three boys are naturally very glad that they can finish their studies here. They send this greeting:

"Wij groeten de Nieuw-Zeelandse jongens en danken hun voor hun vriendelijke ontvangst."

"Our greetings to the New Zealand boys and we thank them for their kind reception."

Ruapehu Visited

In P. M. on Friday May 17th found our party making a hurried disembarkation from the three o'clock express, at National Park Station. We numbered six boys and six girls, with two leaders, "Fiddles" and Bill of the Junior Section of the Auckland Tramping Club, and Ian a young trumper from Wellington. We were transported in two 'bus loads to Whakapapa hut, in the grounds of the Chateau which was to be our headquarters for eight days.

Our aim was to get the whole party to the summit of Ruapehu, weather permitting, or if this was impossible and conditions reasonable, to attempt it with a small party of two leaders and four boys.

Saturday and Sunday were to be used in getting settled in, and acclimatised by small trips in the afternoons. Monday we set off up the road to Salt Hut, then up the pole-marked track to the Ski Club Hut at 5,800 ft where we found our first snow. Just a little bit, about a yard square. The girls made a dash for it, and hey presto, it vanished.

We had lunch outside the Glacier Hut, a small iron shed containing nine bunks and an iron stove, and situated about fifty yards from Ski Club Hut. After dinner we climbed to the glacier at 7,000 ft and spent the afternoon in snow-fighting, sliding over the icy surface of the snow, and then in the tramp back to the Chateau.

Tuesday was to be an easy day with a short trip, while on Wednesday we were to make the first serious attempt at the summit. We were all up before day-break and ready with packs, ice-axes for the boys, two climbing ropes and several pairs of crampons by 9 a.m. Crampons are six or eight two-inch steel spikes arranged on a frame which clamps on to the sole of each boot; they are for use on ice where hobnails cannot hold. We were to travel to Salt Hut in a truck which makes daily visits, but as luck would have it, it chose this day of all days to break down. This came as a big disappointment after the feverish excitement of getting ready, but as the weather was somewhat doubtful it was decided to make the attempt the next day, so again a short trip was arranged.

We woke early on Thursday to find the wind was blowing a gale. After a short conference it was declared unfit weather for climbing, so Thursday was declared an open day to do as we wished. A dance was arranged in an old cook-house, the music being singing to the accompaniment of a pair of home-made drum-sticks plus Tom "and his bones".

Friday too dawned windy and wet. We were beginning to feel desperate as we had to go home on Saturday night, but as the morning advanced, showed signs of easing, so it was decided to take our gear up to the Ski Club Hut, to spend the night there and then if the weather was at all passable, at least a small party of boys could try the ascent.

The Ski Club Hut is very comfortable, being entered by two small "ante chambers," where boots are removed, thence to the main room, about 30 feet by 15 feet, with a big cooking range at one end and six bunks, while in the other room are another six bunks. All modern amenities are provided, including a small library. When we arrived, we found the living room occupied by five prefects from Fielding High School under the leadership of a master. The girls of our party took up residence in "Snake Gully," the bunk room in the hut, while we retired to the "ice box," the afore-mentioned Glacier Hut. About 6.30 p.m. when the Fielding boys were having dinner, (roast meat with baked potatoes and pumpkin) we heard much calling and fuss outside. Dashing out of the "ice box" we instantly saw the cause. Ahead of us the huge Pinnacle Ridge, towering nearly two



thousand feet above us, had changed from dark grey to the richest red. Behind us the girls were standing silhouetted against a cloudless sunset. We hurriedly joined them and viewed the whole panorama for ourselves.

What a sight! The sun, a huge orange ball, was settling behind a line of coastal hills, while Egmont, to the left, like an iced cone, rested lightly on a sea of low-lying cloud. We stood watching till all was bathed in darkness.

The "ice box," though its nick-name might not imply it, is the cosiest of huts and a restful night was spent by all.

Up next morning at 5 a.m. we breakfasted at the Ski Club Hut, and with full equipment were off by 7-30. Enthusiasm waxed high. The weather was perfect, with cloudless sky, no wind, and a real snap in the air. We had a two minutes rest every hundred feet, our pace being one thousand feet an hour. 10 a.m. found us at the snow line, all in good spirits and moving well.

The snow was of the coarse icy type, known as "sago" snow, and as it was still early morning, it had a frozen crust making the going comparatively easy. Once on the snow, we smeared zinc ointment on all exposed parts to prevent snow-burn, while those who were troubled by the glare put on their snow-goggles. These are an essential part of one's equipment to prevent snow-blindness, which, strange as it may seem, is most common in misty weather.

We kept steadily plodding till about 10-20 when we reached the head of the glacier, a saddle in the crater edge, with the peak Paretaitonga on the right. Here we are at last on the summit of Ruapehu, with the roar of steam escaping from the boiling lake and from pools further down in the crater. We chose a nice flat spot for lunch, with a long smooth slope leading up behind. The snow here was very fine, having fallen just the day before; so, while waiting for the alpine cookers to boil the snow for tea, we participated in the great sport of "stomach glissading", that is, speeding head-first down the slope on a ground-sheet for a tobogan.

About 1 p.m. it was decided to try to climb Paretaitonga, the second highest peak, but when we got to its lower slopes, we found conditions very icy, making it necessary to rope the party and

Which Form could this be?

I AM a new pupil who arrived at Seddon Technical College a few days ago, and I am meekly sitting at my desk by the window in Room 35. I am chewing my pen trying to finish puzzling out an English exercise.

Hark! Do I hear thunder? No! As I look out of the window I see the sun shining brightly over the nearby roofs. I look round the classroom but no one seems greatly concerned, so I proceed with my toil. There is that same rumble again, only it's coming closer and closer till it seems deafening. At last, unable to bear it any longer, I rush out into the corridor. A burst of laughter greets my arrival and I see forty-four dishevelled girls with bright, eager faces bearing down the corridor towards me. I leap aside with a startled yelp when I feel the sudden jab of a pin from behind, and I peer somewhat suspiciously over my spectacles at a small dark girl who, I can see at a glance, is very good at drill. I have seen this girl playing basketball in the school teams and Saturday teams already, and I think she is an excellent player, apparently of tricks too, as well as of games.

She is scuttling down the corridor now to join her friends, and I follow. As I near the door, I hear the laughing voice of the class sergeant calling politely, 'Please be quiet, girls,' and almost immediately afterwards a much more heart-felt 'Shut up, all of you.' I am now looking into Room 33 and the scene which meets my eyes is truly terrible. It appears that this nice quiet little class of girls has just come back from drill, and I see several students rapidly pulling up stockings, putting on shoes and combing their hair before tiny hand-mirrors.

One girl is sitting on top of her desk reading. I think, from what I can see, that the book is *The Moving Finger*, by Agatha Christie. Her friends dance around her trying to distract her attention but soon, irritated that she takes no notice, they snatch her book, passing it rapidly from one to another. She calmly picks up their bags and empties them in a heap on the floor, then, snatching up her own bag, flies to a distant corner of the room.

Others are sitting down in a little group talking vigorously, and I can hear scraps of their conversation. One girl is saying, 'Oh, I just howled and howled when the horse was killed!' and the reply 'Yes, but didn't Roddy McDowall act the part well?'

'Here she comes!' come the stentorian tones of a 'scout', who then flies to her desk, breathless. Almost immediately there is silence. Desks have miraculously been put to rights. Conversation ceases, combs and mirrors are whisked away, and a very sedate class awaits the lesson.

The mistress walks into the room and looks searchingly at the forty-four quiet girls. 'Where ever did that dreadful noise come from?' she asks. The darlings looked blankly at one another and at the gentle inquirer. They haven't the faintest idea.

I walk back to my room, with my head in a whirl. I ask a passing girl who those others were, and she answers, 'Oh, don't you know? Why they're—. Everyone knows them.'

They would, I thought.



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RAINE SANDERS, COMM. 4A

cut steps with the ice-axes. To do so would have taken more time than we could safely allow, and added to this was the fact that mist was beginning to rise as it usually does about 2 p.m. in this area. Even with the guidance of a skilled mountaineer like Bill, the mountain in mist can be very dangerous. With visibility only about ten feet and every rock looking much larger than usual and the same as every other, there is no indication of direction except compass and map. Owing to lack of experience, two men lost their lives on Ruapehu some time ago through bearing too far to the west when caught in the mist.

The descent was uneventful. The snow had become much softer and we sank at times to the waist. At one part the visibility was down to one hundred feet. However when we reached the Ski Club Hut it had improved considerably again. It gave everybody a great feeling of something difficult achieved to have climbed to the top as we had set out to do.

As Bill said, this was the nineteenth time he had climbed Ruapehu and only once before had he experienced such perfect conditions. How lucky we had been after a week's bad weather to have struck this on the last day.

We arrived back at Whakapapa, at the Chateau by 4.30 p.m., and by 11.30 p.m. had packed and boarded the train, tired but very contented at having "bagged" Mount Ruapehu—nine thousand, one hundred and twenty five feet.

B. A. BARTLEY, ENG. 6

Anzacs

Where Zeus once rode his horse of gold,
Where Achilles fought in days of old,
Where tales of ancient valour are told,
The Anzacs suffered war and pain,
The lion challenged the tiger's roar,
When Germany launched a second world-war,
The whole world looked on in awe.
The Anzacs took up arms again.
We teach to our sons the lessons they taught,
We fight 'gainst tyranny the fight that they fought
We seek now, the kind of peace that they sought,
That they may not have died in vain.

SHIRLEY KERR, COMM. 4A



31

A Picture

The silver of clematis blooms,
Like fabric from the fairies' looms,
Beneath a stately Kimu's shade,
Flowers within a bushy glade.
A lovely song rings through the air,
A Tui's melodious call so rare.
By dark green bush and shady fern,
The stream winds past, each twist and turn
Revealing some new lovely sight
O'er plain and gully's bushy height.
I stopped beside the bubbling stream
And then, as if in some strange dream,
I seemed to hear it telling me
Of things it saw from spring to sea.

BILLIE OLLIFF, COMM. 4B

What a Day

Up at eight,
Close the gate.
Board the tram.
The centre cram.
"Into Hall,"
The Prefects bawl.

Then to Ten—
The "dungeon" again
Next Ninety-Two,
For you know who!
Then the bell
We know so well.

Then our lunch,
In the park we munch.
Next the Gym;
We enter with vim.
Out once more
Though rather sore

Then to twelve
In science we delve
Again the bell
And how we yell;
"What a day,
For E. 4A!"

B. BROAD, ENG. 4A



Auckland

Guarding the harbour of our town
A lovely cone looks gently down
On glistening waters which display
A host of sails on summer's day.
From a hill-top high, before us lies
Blue reflected from the skies.
Then fields, trees, houses paint a scene
That makes our home, of cities queen.

PATRICIA ASTLE, COMM. 4A.

Tears

Somebody speaks out curtly
And we weep tears of sorrow
Tears that hurt for the moment
But dry before the morrow.
You trip, fall and hurt your knee
The graze is only slight
You soon may laugh again with glee
The tears were those of fright.
One moment tears of disappointment—
The next they're tears of joy,
Perhaps the postman didn't come,
Perhaps 'twas "Ship ahoy!"
Someone dear is called away
With heartache sad we mourn
For these are the tears we never forget—
Alone in silence they're borne.

PAT ASTLE, COMM. 4A

Limerick

There was a young lad from Seddon,
Bananas he liked to be fed'n,
He let the skin fall
In th' Assembly hall
For his Geography master to tread'n,
There *was* a young lad from Seddon.

A. BLACK, W. 4A



BASKETBALL "B" TEAM
BACK ROW: Catherine Hepi, Lois Buckley, Shirley Greenhalgh, Clare Crawford
FRONT ROW: Jocelyn Bradshaw, Nita Ball, June Spencer (Captain), Gloria Lowe (Vice-Captain), Miss P. Davis (Coach) ABSENT: Beth Bason



BASKETBALL "JUNIOR" TEAM
BACK ROW: Beverley Parker, Mona Owen, Rona Jane, Margaret Chaasef
FRONT ROW: Miss P. Davis (Coach), Beverley Henderson, Heather Nicholas, Joyce Anderton

Some Overseas Impressions



The following articles come from various Staff members who have been good enough to record for the "Seddonian" some of their experiences and observations likely to be of interest to pupils

A Legend of Capri

LYING on the fringe of the Bay of Naples is an island of great beauty and enchantment which rears itself steeply from the pellucid blue water. A road winds up the cliff face and trailing creepers of exotic colours festoon the terraced gardens and cool white villas perched high above the sea.

For centuries immortalised in song and story, the island was for a time the home of the famous Swiss doctor Axel Munthe, who wrote from his villa of 'San Michele', the reminiscences of his life.

The visitor to Capri learns much about 'San Michele' and usually leaves the proud possessor of a little silver bell about which a charming legend is related.

Once upon a time a little shepherd lived in a poor hut with his widowed mother and a tiny sheep, which he used to pasture on one of the hill-slopes. One evening, as it was becoming dark, the boy lingered to pick flowers and when he turned to call the little sheep she had gone. What would now happen to him and his Mother?

At that moment he thought he heard the sheep bell ringing feebly in the distance. Careless of pebbles and thistles, his feet sped along until, at the edge of a ravine, a sudden flash of light stopped him. Wrapped in a golden beaming light and splendour on his white horse, St Michael appeared before him.

"My boy," said the Saint, taking a small bell from off his his own neck, "take this and always follow its sound; it will keep you from all danger."

The shepherd boy, overjoyed, ran home to his Mother. Ever afterwards his life was filled with happiness and every one of his wishes was satisfied.

On the scene of the apparition a villa was built which was called 'San Michele'. The miraculous bell has, ever since, been reproduced as a tiny amulet or talisman of luck and success.

P. K.

"Rose-Red City Old As Time"

ONCE visited some New Zealanders who were working in a strange setting. We came across the first detachments at the historic port of Akab on the Red Sea. To get to Akaba we had to travel 300 miles across the Sinai desert from Suez. We left Suez at 3 o'clock in the morning and climbed up the Sinai plateau through the jagged red ranges which tumble down to the pastel blue waters of the Red Sea. All that day we crossed a desert of sand and small stones with hills looking like jagged knives protruding from the smooth waving desert surface. In the late afternoon of that day we crossed one of the most amazing plains I have ever seen. The surface was smooth and hard: we travelled mile after mile with the 'speedo' at the 75 m.p.h. mark. Around the edges of the plain were purple jagged mountains—it was just what I had always imagined the interior of one of those moon craters would look like. The whole country had a lunar appearance—the plain was black and the mountains were purple, while beyond the encircling mountains one could see a painful jumble of rock and sand. You felt this country—it was too much for the eyes.

We ran off the plain into a gap between the hills and came to an Egyptian Police Post which had a gate stretching across the track. Beyond the gate we saw that we had reached the edge of the plateau, and beyond was the most terrible contouration that I have ever seen. The plateau just fell away in tumbled rocky hills down into blackness. We could not see the bottom of the valley we were dropping into. We could see high mountains on the other side. They were the mountains of Saudi Arabia and the awful gap we were looking into was the Gulf of Akaba—a part of that tremendous depression that runs from the Akaba branch of the Red Sea up into the Jordan Valley. As we dropped down three thousand feet from the frontier post of el Nakeb we felt as if we were dropping into hell! We did most of the dropping in about eight miles—the steepest road I have ever seen. It was dark when the grade slackened. At one stage we saw horizon stars below us—it made us feel that we were falling.

At last we were on the flat—we had come down that hill in low, with brakes working overtime. We reached some low buildings and found ourselves surrounded by Arabs armed to the teeth. Actually they were Bedouin Auxiliaries of the Arab Legion—good fellows, full of dignity and pride. They escorted us to the New Zealand camp.

Akaba was Lawrence's base during the last war. In peace time it is a small Arab village of about 400 Moslems, whose chief occupation is fishing. There is an ice factory belonging to the fish merchants who freeze the fish and market it in Palestine and Transjordan. Palm groves line the shore and the land rises gradually behind these palms to the foot of the high hills to the east and west. To the north runs the mighty depression of the Wadi Araba which drops down to the Dead Sea. Behind the town on the high ground, overlooking the whole scene, is the neat new fort of the Arab legion. Before the days of the Hedjaz railway, Akaba was on the route to Mecca and in ancient times the trade route from the Mediterranean passed through this region. Trade still passes through Akaba from Saudi Arabia to Transjordan and Palestine.

We found an Anzac job in progress in southern Transjordan. Up on the plateau Australian engineers were busy on railway construction while down the escarpment and through the valleys to the Red Sea New Zealanders were building a modern road, wide, curving and beautifully graded. On the coast they were developing a wartime port. At the port, they gave New Zealand names to

the shipping while queen of the fleet of tugs was the "Wahine." The local Bedouin were amazed at all this activity but it was work and money for them. They remained cheerful and chanted to "Allah" to help them in their work—they sing "Oh Allah help us with these big stones."

The clatter of pile drivers and the roar of excavating machines certainly provided a twentieth century background, but the chanting and the clothes of the natives reminded me that here in the Middle East where a generation is but yesterday, life and habits have changed little. The tribesmen went to work proud and dignified, every man with an ornate knife at his side. They posed for the cameraman with the dignity of kings, and then turned to heave at the stone that was holding up "George", the big New Zealand bulldozer.

One day I stood on the edge of the Transjordanian plateau and looked back towards the Red Sea over a panorama of tumbling red hills with sweeping valleys and tablelands which stepped down to the long valleys which ran through the hills to the coast. Along the graceful ribbon of road thousands were working, while here and there could be seen the familiar New Zealand hats of the foreman and the driver of the road-making machinery.

While I was in this part of the world I was able to pay a flying visit to Petra—the ancient "rose red city" that figures in most travel books of the Middle East. Ever since I read H. V. Morton's book, "In the Steps of the Master", I have had the desire to visit Petra. I felt elated on that misty Spring morning when our party set out on horseback from the Arab Legion police post of Wadi Musa towards these mysterious red rocky hills that hid the valley of Petra. The valley which leads to Petra is called Wadi Musa—the name Musa is common in this part of the world for the children of Israel came through here on their way to the Promised Land.

As we descended the valley past the scanty orchards and the meagre crops of the Bedouin, the rocky hills pressed in on us. We saw huge obelisks that marked the gateway to the city and then we entered the narrow ravine of the Sik, a cleft in the hillside which could not be seen from more than two hundred yards away. Petra is well hidden and its approach is well protected. Our party proceeded for over half an hour through the ravine, so narrow in some parts that with arms outstretched we could touch both sides. Suddenly, framed at the end of the ravine, was the facade of a building carved in the red rock face of a wider ravine, running almost at right angles. It was a magnificent sight with the sunlight playing on the upper carving of the building. This was Hazneth Pharooum—the treasury of Pharaoh. In the upper work there is a big Roman vase which is pitted with bullet



marks. It is said that Arabs shot at the vase to break the rock so that the gold coins which were supposed to be stored here would flow out.

We dismounted and went into the treasury building marvelling at the huge rooms carved out of the living rock. We could see the tool marks on the walls. From the treasury bearing right we rode down this wider ravine until it opened out into a wide valley surrounded by sheer cliffs. This is the valley of Petra. On the left slope we saw the remains of a Roman amphitheatre cut out of the rock and consisting of thirty three tiers of seats. It once provided accommodation for four thousand people. We climbed the cliffs opposite the amphitheatre alongside rock tombs covered with ornate carving. The carving and the sculpture work which we saw is mainly Nabatean. The Nabateans developed the Valley of Petra after replacing the earlier Edomite civilisation—the Edomite of the Old Testament. Egyptian, Assyrian and Greek influences are revealed in Nabatean art. There are also the remains of Roman buildings. The city reached its greatest prosperity in the first and second century, under Roman protection.

We got our best view of Petra from the Mount of the Obelisk which rises 6,342 feet above the sea level. Its flat top was once the high place of Baal—a place of sacrifice. We saw a huge stone pulpit and the sacrificial altar of Aaron the priest. On a rocky peak near by we saw the ruins of a crusader's castle, another civilisation which touched Petra. On the valley floor itself we passed through heaps of debris, the remains of buildings in which the people probably lived.

The cliff face was kept for public buildings and tombs. There is one magnificent cliff building which was once the administrative building. As we climbed up to this I saw a black-draped Arab woman scuttling away. That is all Petra is today—a refuge for modern cave dwellers. It was oppressive. Against the cliffs even a cameraman's exposure meter would not work. You could imagine thousands of people living in this valley floor with their dead surrounding them in the cliffs and their evil God of Baal smiling wickedly down on the whole scene from his high place on the mountain top. There is another mountain at the end of the valley—the acropolis—which dominates it in the same way and looks very much like the 'Mountain of the Moon' in 'Shangri-La' the picturised dream valley of Hilton's 'Lost Horizon.'

When we turned to go back to the Police Post of the Wadi Musa the sun was passing its zenith, the heat was upon us, the outlines of the cliffs and hills were clear and oppressively near. It was a relief to get back to the meagre greenness of Wadi Musa. That night in an Australian Officers' mess at Ma'on we told them all about it—they were living forty miles away and had never been to it.

The war has brought New Zealanders to new lands, new places and new situations, but it was surprising to see the number of New Zealand names that appeared in the visitors' book at Petra.

E. H.



San Marino

TO BE the smallest and oldest Republic in the world is the proud boast of the tiny Republic of San Marino. In spite of this distinction, few people seem to be aware of its existence. Situated in the Appenine Mountains in the heart of Italy, near the city of Rimini, it has a population of about 16,000, is only 32 square miles in area and is truly an interesting and picturesque territory.

A stone-cutter, named Marino, who came from Dalmatia to Italy, took refuge on the huge and rugged Mount Titanus about the year 300. He led a simple life of work and prayer, and later, a wealthy lady from Rimini made a gift of the mountain to Marino and his followers.

Marino became a Saint, leaving, when he died, the small dominion as a haven for all free men of his time. From such a small beginning, San Marino was founded and became a Republic. To govern the Republic, a Sovereign Grand Council of sixty members is elected every six years. This Council elects a Committee of twelve to act as Supreme Court, and each six months they in turn elect two Regent Captains who are at the head of the Republic, hold the executive power and represent the State in relations with other countries. The election of these Captains takes place amid pomp and ceremonies which have a splendour of ages long past. There is also a Secretary of State for Foreign affairs and Finance, and Consuls are appointed to most countries in the world.

The tiny capital of San Marino, which also bears that same name, lies on the very top of the Titanus Mountain 2500 feet high, and is a veritable fortress. Sheer rocky cliffs fall straight down to the base of the mountain on most sides, while access to the city is gained either by an electric railway or by a road which winds round and round the more sloping part of the mountain, doubling back on itself many times.

As space is limited on the mountain-top, the buildings are close together and the streets in some cases are too narrow for even a small car to negotiate. In spite of this, many fine and imposing public buildings have been erected.

Standing as if in a row, on the topmost part of Titanus, dominating the entire national territory, are the three fortresses or towers of San Marino. In one of these towers there is the State Prison, but owing to the infrequency of crime, it stands empty practically all the year round. In the highest of these towers is located a cage of eagles which are freed from time to time to circle the crags and towers. The view from any of these towers is magnificent and one looks down from these giddy heights on ant-like people, working in the fields below.

During the recent World War, San Marino declared her neutrality which was respected by all other countries. San Marino issues its own currency and its own stamps, the latter being in demand by collectors all over the world. It has its own army and could, in the case of emergency call on an imposing force of about nine hundred men. Three newspapers are published in San Marino and it issues its own automobile registrations and number plates. Agriculture, stone-cutting and stock raising are practically the only industries, but woodwork, artistic potteries and laces can be bought at any of the few shops in the tiny capital. This tiny republic is one of the few countries in the world which can grow and raise enough to supply its entire population.

F. W.



Malayan Journey



AS A BOY, I can well remember gazing at the map of Asia and that long stretch of tropical coastline which extends down the Bay of Bengal and along the Eastern fringe of the Indian Ocean from Calcutta to Singapore. The romantic names of Calcutta, Chittagong, Akyab, Ramree Island, Rangoon and Mandalay all seemed to me to merit a visit and to offer a full field of excitement and adventure. I felt sure, too, that further south, old Moulmein with its pagodas, Mergui, Alor Star, Penang with its Snake Temple, Malacca, and finally, the hub of the far East, Singapore, had something to offer me. So from an early age I was confident that some day, some time, and somehow I would travel the old mystic trade routes of the Far East.

My chance came in 1940 when after wandering around the many strange lands of the old European world I found myself in the R.A.F. and stationed in India. At last my wish became a reality; Calcutta, Rangoon, Penang and Singapore were no longer dreams and soon Malaya became a country I was to know well from the land, sea and air in 1941. Dame Fortune smiled again when I managed to return to the Far East in 1945 with Lord Louis Mountbatten's Invasion Force and this time Chittagong, Akyab and Mandalay were all added to the list of places visited.

Some of you will wonder what an "occupation" is really like and just how we found the former wealthy British territory of Malaya after over three and a half years of Japanese occupation and domination.

The British Occupation Force landed in Singapore on the 5th September, 1945 and many long days were spent gradually and carefully reoccupying first town and then the Island. There were tens of thousands of exhausted and starving prisoners of war to be released and many Japanese war criminals and collaborationists to be "gathered up" and imprisoned. Finally, the Japanese formally surrendered to the SUPREMO on 12th September, 1945. Malaya was ours once more!

I received instructions to proceed as best I could by car on a tour of the Malayan Mainland, as yet unoccupied by our troops excepting in key-spots.

Our first problem was to secure a reasonably serviceable car. We promptly seized one from some protesting Japanese Staff Officers. It proved to be of no use and we soon became tired of pushing it in an endeavour to start it. However we were fortunate enough to secure another V8—this time a tourer, with graceful lines, bad tyres and a disconcerting habit of slipping out of gear. Eventually we paid several visits to an airfield where we "liberated" the cars the Japanese Commander had left. Our sweep produced three, a modern Chevrolet with an unserviceable second gear, a Willys in fair order, and a tattered and battered V8 Mercury Tourer, with a motor that purred softly like a contented cat. With five cars in hand we surveyed the position which now looked reasonably promising, and recommenced our search, this time for the tyres and inner tubes, so necessary to a journey of some 2,500 miles through jungle and over Malayan tropical mountains. We did pretty well in the tyre business and worked feverishly, jacking up derelict cars and extracting tyres, wheels and any other necessary parts, until one day we returned home to find that some similarly-minded person had, in our absence, jacked up our prize Willys and removed all the wheels. There was the Willys, high and dry on four piles of bricks. However, eventually we were "all set" for the trip.

Our petrol and oil we hoped to secure from Japanese Military units and air fields en route; our food had to be carried in the inevitable tins and we hoped to buy or "scrounge" the odd bunch of bananas, pineapples and coconuts on the roadside. Armed with an array of revolvers and tommy guns and tins of unappetising bully beef, we set out.

We raced away to a false start, as after five miles, the Willys began to slow down, until finally, with a strong smell of burning rubber it petered out and refused to pull further. The clutch had burned out and we returned home in disgust, towed by a Japanese truck!

We were away early next morning in the Mercury V8 Tourer. One started it like most Japanese owned cars, by fumbling under the dash for odd loose wires. The procedure was to select the two most likely loose ends, join them together amid a haze of sparks and sizzling, and hope for the best. This method proved successful in nine cases out of ten. The tyres caused us no end of trouble and after sixteen punctures and blowouts in fourteen days, we decided that surely no expedition had ever left on any mission as badly equipped as ours!

We travelled north across Bukit Timah Hill where the British had been forced to surrender to



the Japanese on 15 February, 1941, to a Prisoner of War Camp where our half-starved and ill prisoners were still living in their attap huts, herded together like animals but cheerful as they awaited relief and hospital ships to carry them home. We checked out with the guard at the causeway that famous causeway something less than a mile long and joining Singapore Island to the mainland. The Japanese had filled in the breach we had blown in on the retreat south and so we crossed easily to Johore and proceeded along the Straits Road over a route I had watched through field-glasses several years beforehand as the Japanese prepared to cross to attack Singapore itself.

All along this road the surrendering army was moving northward to its concentration area. I had seen several retreating and defeated armies but none looked so sorry for themselves as did those "Nips" retreating into the temporary jungle confines. Originally they had used every car and truck they could muster to transport their men. These trucks had been liberally and ironically plastered with red crosses as a pretence that they were moving only sick and wounded. But now hundreds, even thousands, were to be seen on foot marching the odd hundred miles to Bata Pahat where they would be encamped awaiting transport by sea to an island home specially selected for their comfort some miles south of Singapore.

Our main job was to get them off the island. They marched north with swags on their backs, some pushing others pulling little hand carts or trucks loaded with an indescribable mass of gear. Some were in orderly groups, marching under the control of officers; others, exhausted, staggered along the jungly roadside or rested in the long grass. It was not difficult, with memories of many a friend killed by torture and starvation, to harden one's heart as they passed by. Some squatted in little groups in the jungle, around small fires as they cooked a meal of rice, others rode in old cars, carts, some on motor cycles or even on push bicycles. A few rode on horseback. It was most gratifying to see though that the majority were plodding slowly and wearily on their own two flat feet—in the tropical heat of the mid-day sun.

W. A. B.



2B RUGBY TEAM
BACK ROW: C. Marshall, R. Seal, J. Brown, R. Carleton, D. Bray
MIDDLE ROW: R. Humkin, D. Preest, B. Bartlett, D. McCarten, W. McLeod, W. Nicholson
SEATED: J. Havell, B. King, W. Poka (Vice-Captain), R. G. Brown (Captain), G. Breed, S. Nepa, Mr C. T. Brooking.
ABSENT: R. Rogers, R. Cowley, E. Robinson



3A RUGBY TEAM
BACK ROW: T. I. McIntosh, B. C. Finlayson, I. D. Paterson, N. R. May, R. J. Maxwell, W. G. Lawrence
MIDDLE ROW: J. Mazzioleni, C. J. James, K. A. McIntosh, S. V. Mrkusich (Captain), K. H. Southgate, N. T. W. Whyte, Mr L. M. McKillop
FRONT ROW: O. P. Reweti, A. A. Taggart, M. D. Peacock, G. B. Masson



THIRD GRADE B RUGBY
 BACK ROW: T. A. Leaf, M. Naera, J. Estrop, G. Lamb, G. Parr, J. Hopa
 FRONT ROW: T. Panapa, A. Herring, L. Wallis, G. Fletcher (Vice-Captain),
 G. Canell, Mr F. D. Choate
 ABSENT: N. Smith, A. Jowsey, W. Skipworth, D. Dale



FOURTH GRADE RUGBY A TEAM
 BACK ROW: G. Breckon, N. McArthur, K. H. Lemon, B. Styants, B. Olliver,
 I. Anderson
 MIDDLE ROW: M. O. Osborne, D. H. Lahaikinen, J. Child (Vice-Captain),
 E. G. Hansen (Captain), L. Morgan, E. N. Williams, Mr E. H. Halstead
 FRONT ROW: M. Thompson, A. D. Crozier, R. Gregory, B. Brown
 ABSENT: R. Maurice

Off the Coast of Japan

IN MARCH 1944 H. M. N. Z. S. *Achilles*, after a short refit in Auckland, set sail for Sydney to join the newly formed British Pacific Fleet assembling there. That trip across the Tasman was noteworthy in this respect that the ship maintained twenty knots all the way in the teeth of a Westerly gale. On occasions she would dive head on into a large sea until the forward gun turrets were parting the water. Actually the strain of this voyage on the ship was responsible for our being sent home for repairs just at the moment that the Japanese surrendered resulting in H. M. N. Z. S. *Gambia* entering Tokio Bay instead of *Achilles*.



On arrival in Sydney we found that the 'Fleet' had left for Manus in the Admiralty Isles. In haste we shipped some Bofors guns and much new radio telephone equipment, for '*Achilles*' was intended to be a Fighter Direction ship. In other words with our Radar we were going to assume the duties of 'Ground Control Station' so that if the fleet was attacked at sea by shore-based aircraft we would be able to 'Vector' our fighters to enemy targets.

Whilst we were in Sydney H. M. A. S. *Australia* arrived, from the forward area. All her three funnels had been shorn down by a 'Kame Kaze' whilst great dents and black marks on her sides indicated the places where the human moths, in their desire to join their ancestors in a blaze of glory and destruction, had missed the ship's bridge, their usual objective, and crashed head on into the ship's plating! The *Australia* had been hit by five of these 'Divine Winds of Heaven' and had lost about fifty men, mostly by being badly burnt. This type of attack was regarded as of the most serious kind. Not only were Bridge personnel killed but the burning petrol caused many casualties amongst men in open gun positions and created great havoc by running down the huge ventilating-shafts into engine rooms, thus starting great fires, extremely difficult to subdue.

Sydney was soon left behind and at speed we proceeded to Manus. Here we joined up with the carriers and their escorts including the battleship *King George V*. So as soon as the process of fuelling and watering was over, we set sail with the fleet to rendezvous with the Americans at a point 300 miles off the coast of Japan. The journey took us nine days but the time was usefully employed. Aircraft from the carriers would tow 'drogues' past to give our air gunners practice. On occasions single aircraft would make a 'dummy' Kame Kaze run on us. The carriers towed small targets behind them to enable their fighter aircraft to practice diving with guns blazing. There was seldom a dull moment!

Obviously one of the Fleet Air Arm pilots was a 'Digger' who knew some one in *Achilles*. For



every morning a Seafire would cross our quarter-deck so low that he made us run for shelter. He was in fact lucky that he did not get a burst of A.A. as the Captain was somewhat touchy about aircraft diving on the ship in these waters.

Very early one morning we picked up the American fleet on our Radar. What a sight that fleet made! The whole horizon was broken at intervals by the profiles of carriers, battleships, cruisers, and destroyers. The fleet was in the process of fuelling from the Fleet train. This complicated operation involving nearly two hundred ships in all was accomplished in one or two days and was always done at a speed of not less than eleven knots, that is slightly faster than our harbour ferries travel. This operation included the loading of heavy bombs for the carriers, great shells for the battleships and A.A. ammunition for all ships. Naturally all our food supplies were received in the same manner. Incidentally our mail used to reach us via the Fleet Train in a matter of three weeks from New Zealand, whilst the English mail used to arrive within a fortnight of leaving the Old Country. The Fleet Train was a great credit to American organisation and was a story on its own.

Within twenty-four hours we were on our way to Japan. The following morning when I awoke the planes had left on their first mission. From then on we were subject to a series of alarms as enemy aircraft approached and were shot down by our own fighters. On some days the score was sixty Japs. So efficiently did the American organisation of radar warning and radio communication work, that we always had about 100 miles warning of approaching 'Bogies' as unidentified aircraft were called. It was this organisation which allowed us to go almost into Tokio Bay and deliver a vicious attack on the city and its airfields, and retire unscathed.

Another great attack was made on the sea communications between the islands of Honshu and Hokkaido. The pilots had a great time sinking junks, small cargo carriers, the invaluable train ferries and great numbers of small surface-craft. All this was done with little damage to ourselves. The final effort was made on the naval base at Kure. Over 1,400 air-craft were sent from the Fleet that day.

What was left of this Japanese Fleet was utterly destroyed and it seems incredible that the Japanese could allow such a fleet to approach within forty miles of their strongest naval base with-

out making a great effort to repel it. Our losses were trifling on this occasion, although the Japanese lost some sixty aircraft.

The real answer to the Japanese reluctance to joining battle on a grand scale lay in their petrol shortage. It was this and the hammering they were taking which made them surrender and caused the *Achilles* to return home to have her propeller shafts relined. The ship had been fortunate in her time of arrival Japan, as by massing carriers, the Americans had found the complete answer to the "Kame Kaze" namely intercepting and shooting him down before he approached the fleet. A great armada such as we worked with, always had fighters available for this work whilst the bombers were away.

In conclusion it seems desirable to mention the classic sinking of *Yamato* off Okinawa, as a vivid illustration of the striking power of the modern navy. In a last desperate effort to stave off defeat, the Japanese mustered a Task Force of cruisers and destroyers to accompany their latest and most powerful battleship, *Yamato*, in a final sortie. They sought to distract the Americans at Okinawa by delivering a series of desperate air attacks on the beaches. One radar screening destroyer in fact suffered twenty-five 'Kame Kaze' attacks. The task force meanwhile intended to steal up to the landing area and shell the vulnerable landing craft. However this Force was interrupted by the American Fleet which dispatched 400 carrier-borne aircraft of all types. *Yamato* and her escorts were completely wiped out in less than an hour, for the loss of four aircraft.

R. W.



The Groucers' Queue

Sidelight on European Food Shortage

TOWARDS the end of the war North Italy was desperately short of food. The position was aggravated by the presence of large German armies retreating with what they could take, and the hottest summer accompanied by the worst drought for over half a century. Venice, Trieste and all towns of any size were thronged with hungry, ill-clad, miserable people. At the best of times there is a great deal of poverty and squalor in the overcrowded cities of Europe. For thousands of poor people who could not pay the exorbitant prices of the black market, food was almost unobtainable, let alone being rationed. These people lived by begging and by their wits.

Our soldiers had tinned foods such as meat, milk, soup and other staple items of a soldier's ration which the hungry civilian had scarcely seen for years. The rich would pay anything to get food.



The poor would take in washing, do odd jobs, or beg. More than a few Italians became mess-hands, wore New Zealand uniforms and travelled with us till we left Italy. But they were the lucky ones out of thousands who would have done the same as long as army rations supported them. This practice was frowned on when the Italian mess-hands turned out to have mothers and sisters at home who were 'starving'; and any Italian volunteer who wanted to take food away for others, lasted a very short time in the job.

Our battalions and regiments, split up into smaller groups such as companies and batteries, were housed and billeted all over the city and along the waterfront road. My unit had the good fortune to occupy a spot like Mission Bay at Barcola, the fashionable sea-side resort of Trieste. Our cookhouse and many other cookhouses were situated right on this lovely marine parade. At meal-times our men lined up and filed past the 'servery' where half a dozen helpers ladled out the various items of the meal. There was usually, but not always, sufficient food for the hundred or so soldiers in the company. There was never a surplus.

The Italians thronged about and gazed at this thrice-daily feast with hungry eyes. They would control themselves till our queue was through. Then there would be bedlam—a clamouring and a yelling and a jostling for the left-overs. Grandmothers and infants, fathers and sons—they all had their billy or pot, unbounded 'cheek' and a commission from hungry relations at home. Have you ever sat down to a feast with a starving multitude looking on? Yet had our men shared the food, the whole population of Trieste would have thronged to our particular cookhouse. In short, army rations had to be reserved for the army and the soldiers had to keep fit. But no one was exactly happy to eat so well before such underfed people—particularly children.

This was a problem which had to work itself out. What took place at our cookhouse took place at every other cookhouse. Our men went through first and the civilian horde was kept out by barbed wire. If there was anything left over our men for the most part abstained from returns and the civilians got it plus scraps from the plates. Soon each cookhouse attracted its own particular 'clientele' and these grousing squabbling civilian queues developed a sort of semi-permanence. They were called 'grousters' queues.' The composition of a typical 'grousters' queue was 'mamma', with no teeth and an advanced guard of half a dozen urchins, 'poppa' with worn out shoes tied up with rag and a pocket full of cigarette butts, miscellaneous kiddies covered in filth and sores. Multiply such a conglomeration by any number at all and you have the average density of a 'grousters' queue.

Our 'clients' became quite friendly and we adopted them willy nilly. One 'old girl' of about sev-

enty and typically toothless always seemed to have wind of an early or irregular meal. Breakfast at three or four a.m. would find her there. After we had shifted to the other side of Trieste and got a new 'grousters' queue she still made her thrice daily trip for her favourite pickings.

Human nature is the same the world over. Some of the 'grousters' were patient, orderly and humble. Others were greedy, pushing and quarrelsome. We dealt them their deserts. Nowhere more than in a 'grousters' queue did humility and meekness pay dividends. I have seen myself interested enough to chase a child who had prematurely snatched the scraps off my plate to give them to the more retiring children. The cooks had their own way of handling any persistent 'grouster' who would not keep out of the cookhouse. The firm fairness of the New Zealanders won not only the respect and affection of the 'grousters', but of Trieste.

L. E. A.



Experiences with UNRRA

(EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM MISS MOYLE,
A FORMER STAFF MEMBER NOW WITH UNRRA IN GERMANY)

THE FLIGHT from Perth to Colombo takes in the longest hop in the world. That I was to be one of the comparatively few women who had crossed the Indian Ocean by air from Australia to Colombo did not dawn on me until the trip was almost completed. On a cool Friday morning, we drove out to Guildford through country that was rather New Zealandish in appearance. That this part of Australia had suffered under a heavy downpour was evidenced by flooded paddocks and swollen streams. At Guildford, we faced the inevitable 'weighing-in' with some trepidation, so emphatically had it been driven home by so many officials that no excess would be taken. To help with our problem, we were all very much over-clad and therefore anxious to be off Mother Earth so that we could dispense with a layer or two; but it was one and a half hours before we climbed the steps into the Liberator, our largest craft to date.

As we settled into our green upholstered seats and attended to a warning that we must move about singly, and looked with interest at the oxygen apparatus and the scanty furnishings, we be-

gan to realize that we were really travelling in a recently converted bomber. And it was as we taxied down the runway and the engines were tested out singly and in unison that we realised our trip to date had been a minor affair. We tore down for the take-off and suddenly saw the earth receding beneath us and I was conscious that this was one of those moments in life that never come again—a thrill of the first order.

At 3.30 p.m., we landed at Learmouth, an aerial outpost established during the war at North West Cape and named after an Australian ace-pilot. The journey north had been made interesting by charming cloud effects which at times wholly, and other times partially, obscured the countryside. The land seemed to be largely desert—sometimes flat, sometimes ridged. Occasionally there were small cultivated areas usually near some muddy winding stream or close to one of the curious circular lagoons that appeared at regular intervals. The earth generally was a peculiar greyish yellow colour. Sometimes before we made our landing, it gave way to reddish sand in which the great black sealed cross of the landing ground looked strangely out of place.

Soon we were once more above the clouds and the coast of Australia disappeared. I peered till not a vestige remained of white beach and rocky headland. The cloud forms were extraordinarily beautiful, especially as they became lit with the glow of sunset. And this was a sunset of unprecedented length and beauty. For two hours we fled westward defying darkness to overtake us as we ran towards the sun. But darkness won and at last every particle of glorious light had faded and we settled down to sleep.

We came down over acres of coconut palms and rice fields, cut by canals, and I noticed immediately the new green of the vegetation of the Orient. Khaki-clad Indian officials escorted us to the pavilion, saw to the formalities, served us with coffee, and led us to our first military truck. The road into Colombo was lengthy and straight and the most interesting my eyes had seen. It teemed with people, with animals, with chickens, with open-fronted shops. There was bright colour everywhere—in clothes, on trees and vines, in the huge bunches of bananas and orange-yellow coconuts in earthen pots, in the house fronts!

V. J. Day! The boats in the harbours of Sicily were gay with flags.

We went to bed because we must arise at 4 a.m. But not the navy! They waited till dark and then celebrated. Air raid sirens, ships, hooters, every type of gun, gramophones, wirelesses—all were called into action, and to provide colour hundreds of rockets and flares were fired.



At 5.30. a.m. on a lovely day, we watched little Augusta disappear, and then saw daybreak in the east behind Etna. Two hours of sea and then Sardinia. Beauty again in rugged coasts, hills and valleys, villages and towns, mountain paths, ribbon roads, viaducts, and in the distance, Corsica's peaks. More sea and then "Viva la France." Here below is a quilt of green and brown that goes on and on, higgledy-piggledy or in regular strips, joined together with hedgerows and roads. The hillsides are terraced. Every valley is cultivated. Here a castle, there a pine wood; snow on the Alps Marseilles on our left, more beaches, more bays. A stream of intertwining channels. Now the Rhone, and spanning it the Pont d'Avignon. So it goes on, the tapestry of France. Hill and valley, shining stream and river, aqueduct and reservoir. Soon we can pick out the bomb craters. Here the beaches of Normandy are. We fly so low that we can see the geese in the fields.

'Seat belts on,' commands our English steward. Ten days out from Auckland we anchor in England! This must be the English Channel.

We had missed the V. J. Celebrations in London. The signs of destruction that we met constantly reminded us that there had been a war. Around St Paul's something like 20 acres was devoid of buildings. From the tops of 'buses we saw the results of the bombing. What amazed us was the tidiness of everything. No piles of rubble, few signs of damaged road surfaces, no gaping craters, neat brick walls marking the boundaries of roads in bombed-out areas. In every ruined spot were pink flowers of London Pride, a weed which had become the subject of a striking poster displayed everywhere and entitled 'Renaissance'.

People told us some of their war experiences, and we heard tales that seemed more than remarkable. One night in Hyde Park we saw a little dog half of whose body was devoid of hair. The dog had been buried for a week when a flying bomb hit his owner's home killing his wife and children. The man told us he had hardly hoped that dog would recover but after months of care she was apparently going to survive—one incident this of dozens, hundreds, thousands! One cannot but respect the courage and endurance of the people of England. . .

My first camp! How dreary the surroundings! Barracks at the foot of a hill, ash-covered ground between the buildings, grubby clothes strung on lines propped with new-hewn saplings, food cooking on outdoor stoves. Yet after two or three visits it seemed less depressing, the people became individuals to help, the whole scene was pitiful, because we were able to do so little. Gradually I sorted out the camps in my mind, as I visited each one, and slowly they assumed their own special characteristics and became units easily identifiable. There was Ziegelmasch where the people were even more unsettled and inclined to lawlessness than in the other camps, and Liminer, with its people housed in the buildings of an ammunition factory. Kaiserhof, once the smartest hotel in the town, is now the home of 250 ex-prisoners of war. The country camps—Klein Freden, Godenan, Elze, where five houses provide refuge for 'Displaced Persons,' the Hungarian boys' camp, perhaps saddest of all, cosy Mehle filled with simple village folk, a happy little community off the beaten track.

I had not been here long before I realised that I had embarked on an experience that I would probably never have undertaken had I known of it fully before-hand yet one that I would not willingly have missed.

Since receipt of these letters Miss Moyle has enjoyed leave in England and has also received promotion in the field, being ranked now Area Welfare Officer.

Pricking That 'South Sea Bubble'

TO THE everyday New Zealander prior to the last world-wide conflict, the mention of the Pacific and its many groups of islands conjured up, in the mind of the adventurous, stories of Ballantyne, such as *Coral Island*, magical isles of sighing palms and golden sands and to those of even a more romantic nature, soft strains of stringed music accompanying the rhythmical swaying of dusky maidens.

As I had occasion to be suddenly whisked away from these shores in the early hours of a grey morning aboard an American Plane heading in the general direction of North, felt that here would be a great opportunity to test out this fixed idea. With the North Cape and Three Kings slipping away beneath and nothing but faint white crested waves as far as the eye could see ahead, it appeared that the first view of these new lands would have to be patiently deferred. In the meantime I became very interested in our American crew and was rather amazed to see that most of them seemed to be more interested in passing the time playing cards or 'snoring off' on a bunk than in the business of flying the plane. Just to make sure that somebody did have some interest in our general welfare I moved forward to find everybody hard at their work—the navigator, not as I would have supposed consulting maps, 'shooting the sun', solving intricate trigonometrical ratios, but with feet stretched full-length across his table—the current issue of the American 'funnies' in his hands and poring intently over Superman's latest heroic deeds. Hardly had I got over this shock when a sound suspiciously like a snore roused me and there, fast asleep across transmitters and receivers, was our wireless operator with, to my fevered imagination, important signals pouring into deaf ears. However, with a shout from the pilot of 'Land Ahead!' my navigator came to life and with a look of triumph in my direction shouted 'We've made it!' and then subsided back into his deep concentration on the classics with the air of a job well done.

After seven to eight hours of apparently aimless flying I would not have been surprised to have seen the snow-capped ridges of the South Pole. However the sight of a mass of reefs, a harbour of ships and a mountain background, gave semblance of some habitation. The plane landed at an important airfield called Tontouta, which is some forty miles out of Noumea, the chief town of this Island of New Caledonia. The airfield was like a huge saucer with runways cutting at right angles, and in all directions could be seen planes of every description under repair or preparing to depart.



Poring intently over 'Superman'



FIFTH GRADE RUGBY TEAM
 BACK ROW: B. Marshall, G. Duphie, K. Morgan, W. Abercrombie, C. McQuoid,
 R. Rowson, R. Stewart, J. Smith, P. Gibbs, D. Bonnici, G. Bines
 FRONT ROW: Mr. K. S. Turtill, N. Cuthbert, R. Fleming, A. Rickleman
 (Captain), E. Copeland, I. Scoffin, A. Black
 SEATED IN FRONT: M. Bowden, G. Stanaway



SIXTH GRADE RUGBY
 BACK ROW: R. Nicoll, A. McLeod, M. Low, R. Kett, C. Dromgool, R. Goodall
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Lasher, R. Smith, B. Broad, B. Bell, R. Eglinton, R. Butcher,
 A. Mitchell
 FRONT ROW: B. Seal, R. Sigglekow, R. Simpson, O. White (Captain), A. Magee
 (Vice-Captain), D. McEvoy, B. McKenzie, Mr. R. N. Stevenson
 FRONT: G. Jenkins, B. Cole



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL—INTERMEDIATE TEAM
 BACK ROW: P. Hood, L. Tabb, A. Thompson, K. Mason, L. Roulston
 FRONT ROW: Mr A. A. Smyth (Coach), R. Brassell, D. Cathey, S. Cox, L. Morley, P. Hayes



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL JUNIOR TEAM
 Runners Up in Junior Secondary Schools' Championship
 E. Bartlett, T. Mahaffie, P. Joy, F. Clark, W. Clarke, I. Anderson
 Mr A. A. Smyth, R. Underwood, J. Clegg, R. Small (Captain), S. Coombes, I. Davies (Vice-Captain), J. Hempleman

A brief stay at Esperitu Santo, New Hebrides, was sufficient to prove that climatic conditions did not improve the white-man's lot. Heavy oppressive atmosphere, humidity extremely high—with beads of perspiration at the slightest exertion and a mosquito which thought nothing of giving you a dose of dengue, a rather unpleasant fever—were the highlights, if you could call them such, of Santos. Swimming could not ease the situation to any extent because of the ever present coral-snake which haunted the coral fore-shores and resented the tread of human feet.

Heading further north our next hop was Guadalcanal where the Japanese received their first real set-back. Japanese transports and submarines off the coast line told their grim tale of defeat. I had occasion to visit one of these deserted hulks, and apart from a rather dark smell of death which pervaded the atmosphere, it was interesting to note the amazing damage inflicted by the American Navy. Mangled and twisted ironwork—completely gutted by fire with not a piece of wood to be seen and gaping holes in the sides, bore grim tribute to the determination of that great retaliation. Climatic conditions on Guadalcanal proved more bearable, mostly because of the drier heat. Even the mosquitoes seemed more friendly.

Vegetation was a dark green in colour and the brighter shades were lacking. I do not recollect seeing a natural red or blue on any Pacific island—always that monotonous dull green and brown—certainly no hunting ground for any artist. Swimming was possible here as the coast-line was broken with long stretches of sand, and coral banks could be avoided. Coconut palms were ever present.

As regards the natives of this area we found not cannibals or head-hunters, but a rather genial friendly type of person ready to give greeting and trade his wares. The Solomon Islanders were introduced to civilisation long before the Pacific war, through the work of the missionaries and local traders but with the tremendous influx of troops, they rapidly adapted themselves to the new situation. At Cape Esperance at the northern tip of Guadalcanal a large missionary station catered for the many needs of the natives and there they received training not only in schooling but also in hygiene, sanitation and general living.

During the intense heat of the day when heavy clothes would be unbearable, the malarial mosquito would retire to the shadows and there prepare for her evening's flight of destruction. Such freedom of clothes during the day permitted the playing of games, and one I particularly remember here was a game of soccer against a team of local natives. Rugby football may be our national game, but until that day I did not realise that we were so far behind in the arts of soccer. From the outset those powerful blacks, with glistening bodies and bare feet harder than any of our football boots, set out to show us how not to play soccer. Tactics and positional play were unknown



Resented the tread of human feet

to them. Their one dogged purpose was to kick the ball and to follow it as a pack of bloodhounds would, and instead of having to deal with one opposing player, suddenly looming up in front there would be not one, but eleven whooping black bodies with eleven big feet ready to pound the ball if not through you, then past you to the goal mouth. With terrific tireless energy careering wildly as a pack all over the grounds, they won the day, and we a wiser band of men were quite content to let the question of racial supremacy remain in abeyance for the time being.

Further north again was the island of Bougainville, in many ways more habitable than Munda, New Georgia or Guadalcanal. Though close to the Equator here, we found the climate was more like a New Zealand hot summer, and the rains, which fell steadily for an hour or two on most days, though torrential, did not cause the same floods as in other islands because of the sand. This rapidly absorbed the rain.

The coastline was a natural ocean beach, and swimming and surfing facilities were excellent. If it had not been for the frequent earth-tremors from the active volcanoes close at hand and the presence of Japanese outside the five mile perimeter at Empress-Augusta Bay, it would not have been difficult to imagine it a typical New Zealand ocean beach during the hot summer months.

Space does not permit of further impressions so I should like to conclude by pointing out the distinct possibilities that the islands offer in the way of trade and tourist traffic. The war has completely opened up the Pacific, and with excellent airfields on all the important islands, roads running far into the interior, ample supplies and equipment, and a more civilised native population, the way is paved for progressive consolidation, but before we can term them "islands of paradise" let us make sure we have eliminated at least some of the drawbacks such as hook worm, dengue, malaria, lack of colours, intense humidity, dirt, flies and—mosquitoes!

R. N. S.

'She Goes To War'

THIS NOVEL by Edith Pargeter tells of Catherine Saxon, a young woman journalist, who realises for the first time just how futile and selfish is the life she is leading when she could quite well be helping England in her desperate battle for freedom. She determines to do something about it, namely by joining one of the Women's Auxiliary Services.

The story, told in a series of letters which Catherine writes to Nick Crane, a soldier wounded in the First World War and perhaps the only person who really understands her, describes the work she does as a teleprinter operator, of the friendships she makes, and of the great happiness that comes



Like a pack of whooping bloodhounds

into her life, only to be taken so cruelly away when Tom Lyddon, the man she loves, is killed during the Crete Campaign.

The authoress of "She Goes to War" is a woman who lived through horrors of war-time England and she gives us a particularly well-drawn picture of the lives of the men and women living in Plymouth at the time when the Nazis were concentrating their main offensive against the miles of dockyards of Southern England, and of the dauntless manner with which they faced these ceaseless aerial attacks.

The poignancy and depth of understanding of human nature which characterise this novel, and the clarity of description which bring the atmosphere of "the blitz" so vividly before us, that we can almost hear the roar of the planes and the whine of falling bombs, and see and smell the acrid smoke that hung nightly over the much battered city of Plymouth, combine to make this a story that is well worth reading by both men and women readers.

V. WHITE, SENIOR BUSINESS

Egbert of Egypt

ALL WAS SILENT and still in the Desert. Only occasional musical sounds, such as a clatter of stacked kerosene tins collapsing, broke the stillness of the night. In his tent Egbert sat, chewing the end of his wig. He was thinking of the next campaign. Unbeknown to him a stealthy figure was stealing towards Egbert's tent. In his hand gleamed a wicked looking toothpick. Inside Egbert sat, reading his favourite book, HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH CATERPILLARS. Silently the Assassin cut a square 12 x 10 out of the back of Egbert's tent. He crept noiselessly in.

A short distance amid the sand dunes, sat a number of swarthy Arabs, astride their camels. The moon glinted upon deadly gun barrels, and lit up hooked noses and beady eyes. The men were waiting for a signal. From out of the darkness came a high pitched scream. Down thundered the Arabs, yelling wild outlandish war cries. Down upon the tents they thundered, hoofs, (the horses) pounding on straight towards the door of Egbert's tent. Then it happened! Standing in the doorway was Egbert! The effect was instantaneous. Men screamed, camels fainted, and in one wild scramble, the Arabs turned and 'hotfooted' back to their camp. Egbert sent two and a half shots after them, bringing down sixty men.

Once over the hill, the Arabs stopped. They were reduced to two thousand men now, and they were holding a conference to see if they would risk another attack. The matter was soon decided, and the Arabs mounted their frightened camels.

Egbert was still sitting in his tent, playing patience now on the dead body of the Assassin. From outside came an unearthly scream. Egbert's wig jumped at least two feet! The Arabs again! Egbert thought quickly. Rushing round to the back of the tent, he hopped into the driving seat of his portable ditch-digger. With a roar he was off, tearing up large chunks of the countryside in his progress. The Arabs were coming nearer, the ditch was getting deeper. Nearer! Nearer! Deeper! Egbert won. Down into the treacherous pit plunged Arabs, camels and all. Egbert of Egypt had won again!

J. BAYLIS, 4A WOODWORK

ROLL OF HONOUR, 1939-1945

Killed and Missing

Several names listed as missing are probably now accounted for, but at publication date they were not checked with Base Records, Wellington.

A
Archibald, A. H. P. (killed)
Archibald, David (missing)

B
Bancroft, Eric W. (killed)
Bartlett, Leonard J. (killed)
Bassett, Trevor N. (killed)
Batterham, Robert J. (drowned)
Baulf, Ivan H. (missing)
Blackman, Douglas A. (killed)
Blow, Alan I. (died)
Booklass, James G. (died)
Booth, Henry P. D.S.M. (believed killed)
Booth, Jack W. P. (killed)
Box, Denis G. (believed killed)
Bracegirdle, James (killed)
Breckon, Graham F. (missing)
Brewer, K. (killed)
Bridson, Allan, D.F.C. (missing)
Brittain, Albert L. (killed)
Brough, R. (killed)
Buckley, Wallace (missing)
Button, Kenneth A. (missing)

C
Cain, Ivan W. (killed)
Caldwell, Charles D. (believed killed)
Caldwell, J. R. (killed)
Calvert, James W. (missing)
Carpenter, Albert J. (killed)
Carrigan, John (missing)
Carson, John J. (missing)
Carter, Wilbur G. (died)
Casey, John E. D.F.C. (killed)
Churches, Edward W. (missing)
Clark, Horace C. (missing)
Clark, R. (killed)
Clark, R. J. (missing)
Clayton, Douglas (killed)
Colley, Roy D. (killed)
Collins, Jack (killed)
Collins, Wilford J. (killed)
Cross, Arthur E. (missing)
Cummins, Ivan F. (killed)
Curin, Ivan J. (killed)

D
Dare, Charles F. (missing)
De Maus, Walter R. (killed)

Dreaver, Brian C. D.F.C. (killed)
Duncan, Colin (missing)
Dustin, Frederick H. (killed)

E
Edwards, John (missing)
Ellis, S. J. (missing)
Emmett, Smith K. (killed)
Erne, E. T. (killed)

F
Ferchitt, Ronald (killed)
Flynn, Trevor H. (drowned)
Funnell, John L. (killed)

G
Galloway, Donald M. (died)
Gee, Alexander R. (killed)
Gibbons, Wilfred G. (killed)
Gifford, Emil Algernon (killed)
Graham, Robert Bavin (died)
Grainger, Clifford K. (killed)
Grey, Murray L. (killed)

H
Hamblyn, Douglas C. W. (missing)
Hamon, N. F. (killed)
Harris, David W. (killed)
Harrison, William (killed)
Healey, Morris W. B. (killed)
Henley, D. C. (believed killed)
Henderson, Ray (killed)
Hislop, Sydney (killed)
Hulquist, Axel G. (died)
Hunt, John Francis (killed)
Henley, William J. (killed)
Horspool, Graham N. (killed)

I
Ingis, William H. (died)
Innes, J. (killed)
Irvine, Ian H. (killed)

J
Jackson, Leslie G. (killed)
Jarvis, Mervyn J. (killed)
Jenner, A. J. (missing)
Johnson, Jack (killed)
Johnson, Noel F. M.M. (died)
Johnson, Thomas B. (killed)
Jones, Frederick J. (killed)
Jury, Jack L. (believed killed)

K
Kalka, William A. (killed)
Keane, O. A. (killed)
Kennedy, George M. (missing)

Knight, James G. (killed)
Krause, A. C. (believed prisoner)

L
Land, Arthur (believed killed)
Laurie, Ernest C. (killed)
Leigh, Robert E. (missing)
Littin, Ivan A. (killed)
Little, Kenneth J. (missing)
Lomas, James G. (missing)
Lord, Lloyd M. (believed killed)
Lowther, Douglas A. (killed)
Lund, Clarence P. (missing)
Lund, Mervyn (killed)
Lynch, G. J. (killed)
Lynch, Athol N. (killed)

M
Malone, C. H. (died)
Marbeck, A. (killed)
Meiklejohn, Arnot R. (killed)
Millar, Jeffrey Alexander (killed)
Mills, M. T. (missing)
Moisley, William R. (killed)
Morgan, Eric M. (believed dead)
Morris, Arthur K. (died)
Mulvihill, Hugh (killed)
Munns, Bertram R. (died)
Murfit, Thomas R. (died)
Murray, Albert L. (killed)

Mc
McAlpine, James D. (drowned)
McAuley, H. Bruce (killed)
McCarthy, Walton F. (died)
McChesney, Ian (killed)
McCook, N. J. (missing)
McCormack, E. J. (killed)
McGregor, Ian (killed)
McLaren, William E. (killed)
McLachlan, Alastair McR. (killed)
McLachlan, Edward G. (killed)
McPherson, C. B. (killed)
McPherson, E. W. (believed killed)
MacWilliam, Cyril S. (killed)

N
Negus, Norman B. M.M. (died)
Newbold, Neville J. (killed)
Norton, John G. (killed)

O
Oldnall, Herbert R. (missing)
Oxley, H. J. (killed)

P
Parker, Harry D. (killed)
Parsons, J. A. (missing)

Pearson, William J. (killed)
Pedersen, V. A. (missing)
Pepper, Cyril S. M.C. (died)
Philpott, Richard J. (missing)
Piggin, S. Frederick (believed killed)
Pike, Henry (killed)
Platt, J. S. (died)
Pybus, Jack (killed)

R
Ralph, J. C. D.F.M. (missing)
Rewa, Douglas O. (killed)
Rich, William J. (died)
Robertson, Frank N. (killed)
Robertson, Trevor (missing)
Rippon, Stanley (drowned)

S
Shellam, Eric D. (killed)
Shepherd, Henry S. (believed killed)

KILLED IN ACTION
Edwards, John
Pybus, Jack

SERVED OVERSEAS

Adams, L. E.
Brown, W. M.
Carnachan, J. L. G. (prisoner of war)

D.F.C.

Andrew, Victor John
Buck, P.
Davis, A. E.
De Willimoff, J. J.
Eagleson, Owen David
Henderson, John Douglas
Kay, Charles
Lye, Campbell Edward
Milne, Cecil Owen
Moon, S. H.
Smith, Irving Stanley

D.F.M.

Runciman, Walter J.
Scott, W. J.

Shorthouse, E. P. D.F.C. (killed)
Smith, Keith E. (killed)
Smith, Phillip S. (killed)
Speed, L. E. W. (killed)
Steedman, John J. (missing)
Stehr, Walter B. (missing)
Strong, Lewis A. (killed)
Sutherland, James (killed)

T
Tarrant, Roy M. (killed)
Taylor, Lawrence R. (missing)
Thode, L. R. (killed)
Thomas, Athol A. (missing)
Thomas, Reg. C. A. J. (died)
Thompson, Alan N. (died)
Thomson, Ian M. (killed)
Tibbets, Clarence F. (missing)
Todman, Alfred W. (killed)
Tong, Harold (believed killed)

Staff

Choate, F. D.
De Lisle, J. F.
Fulton, B. I.
Halstead, E. H.
King, Patricia
Lowry, R. W.
Scobie, J. M.
Turbott, C. G. (wounded)
Turtill, K. S. (prisoner of war)
Waddell, R. B.

Awards

M.M.

Aro, Robert
Bear, Francis Henry
Coster, Milton
Riddell, J. V.
Worthington, B. A. W.

M.C.

Goodsir, James Archibald
Pepper, Cyril S.
Poolman, Fred Herbert
Skinner, C. F.

M.B.E.

Kavanagh, Lawrence Patrick

O.B.E.

Kay, Charles

W

Walker, Alexander J. (drowned)
Walker, E. A. (killed)
Wallace, Utrick W. (killed)
Walls, Bert (missing)
Warring, Robert J. (killed)
Watkin, Donald L. (killed)
Watson, Joseph W. (killed)
Weaver, Francis A. (believed killed)
Westcott, Ernest (killed)
Wheatly, Noel P. D.F.C. (killed)
White, Ivan R. (killed)
Whitwell, Hugh C. (killed)
Wilson, Ernest R. (died)
Wilson, Norman W. (killed)
Wood, Fred H. (killed)
Wright, Robert P. (killed)

Y
Yeoman, Dallas H. (missing)

SERVED IN NEW ZEALAND

Abbott, A. O.
Brooke, J.
Dallimore, J.
Maloy, C.
Noble, P.
Phillips, J.
Eye, A. C.
Taylor, C. M.
Taylor, R. E. C.

D.S.O.

Hawkesbury, George

POSTHUMOUS AWARDS

D.F.C.

Bridson, Allan
Casey, John E.
Dreaver, Brian C.
Shorthouse, E. P.
Whaley, Noel P.

D.S.M.

Booth, Henry P.

M.M.

Johnson, Noel P.

Negus, Norman B.

Served in His Majesty's Forces

A

Adams, Robert
 Adams, Thomas
 Adamson, R. T. S.
 Adams, L. R.
 Adshhead, Samuel
 Ainsworth, Robert John
 Airey, John Douglas
 Aitkenhead, James Kenneth
 Alderson, W. S.
 Allan, Eric Richard
 Anderson, Alfred Vincent
 Anderson, Lucy Edna (Nurse)
 Andrew, Tom
 Andrew, Victor John (D.F.C.)
 Andrews, A. E.
 Appleby, A. A.
 Appleby, Edward
 Andrews, Bernard William
 Andrews, Phillip Leonard
 Angus, R. H. R.
 Ansell, T. C.
 Archer, Fred
 Archibald, Gordon H
 Armiger, Colin Ralph
 Armitage, B. J. C.
 Armitage, Owen K.
 Armstrong, Anthony Maurice
 Armstrong, John
 Aro, Cyril N
 Aro, Robert (M.M.)
 Ashby, Eric Norman
 Ashby, Thomas Milton
 Ashley, William
 Aspin, William Sylvester
 Aston, J. S.
 Atkinson, Alfred Bruce
 Atkinson, Lionel S. N.
 Atkins, Samuel James

B

Baddley, Leighton E.
 Badley, John Warren
 Baguley, Leonard William
 Bailey, Albert Lawrence
 Bailey, Harry H.
 Bailey, James Herbert
 Bain, Alfred John
 Bain, Ernest George
 Bainbridge, G.
 Baird, G. V.
 Baker, Jeffrey
 Baker, Malcolm
 Baldwin, Lawrence
 Ball, H. J.
 Bancroft, E. A.
 Bankier, John Alexander
 Barker, John E.
 Barker, Bruce Howard

Barke, Patrick Hartley
 Barber, T. F.
 Barker, William J.
 Barley, Herbert James
 Barnard, Frederick N.
 Barnes, D. J.
 Barnett, William Albert
 Barracough, Langford Wilson
 Barry, John Edward G.
 Barry, Alan Henry
 Barry, Raymond Richard
 Barry, Terence William
 Bartlett, Jack L.
 Bartlett, Ronald Francis
 Barton, Arthur Moore
 Barton, Frank L.
 Batts, Stanley Alfred
 Bear, Francis Henry (M.M.)
 Beard, Albert G.
 Beard, Norman H.
 Beaton, M. J.
 Beckitt, Desmond William
 Beeby, Eric James
 Beeby, Maurice Malcolm
 Belchamber, L. W. W.
 Bell, C. F.
 Bell, George Frederick
 Bell-Booth, Martin
 Bellini, Ivan Christian
 Bennett, Stuart George
 Bentley, Sydney C.
 Bergmann, F. W.
 Betterton, Edward David
 Bigelow, G. S.
 Bindon, J. R.
 Bindon, William Vereker
 Binsted, William James
 Birch, R. A.
 Birdling, Frederick Noel
 Birley, R. G.
 Bishop, J. H.
 Bishop, Roland Stanley
 Bishop, R. T.
 Bishopric, C. M.
 Blackburn, I.
 Blacker, George William
 Blackwood, L. O.
 Blake, C. B.
 Blakemore, J.
 Blakemore, L.
 Blakeway, Austin
 Blamey, Gifford
 Blaymires, William Henry
 Blofield, Ernest Charles
 Blomfield, Gerald Laurence
 Blomfield, H. E.
 Blomfield, Trevor L.
 Blucher, Leslie
 Blumental, Anthony Joseph

Bodman, G. S.
 Boles, Keith M.
 Bond, Frederick James
 Bond, Warren
 Bond, W. E.
 Blow, Alan Isbister
 Bong, Joyce
 Boles, Franklin Cyril J.
 Bolitho, Hector
 Booth, Graeme Eric
 Booth, H. G.
 Booth, Jack William P.
 Boswell, Jack Lambert
 Bowman, E. A.
 Boyle, Max Fleetwood
 Brady, John Terence
 Brady, Keith
 Boyle, Phillip
 Bramwell, F. Christopher
 Brannigan, O. H.
 Brash, E. R.
 Brash, James Leonard
 Bree, Royan Robert
 Bricknell, —
 Brennan, R. E.
 Bringham, Jack McCrae
 Bright, Alex
 Bright, Gramham W.
 Brittain, Harold Bertram
 Brizzell, Ronald Edward
 Broberg, L. M.
 Brodie, N. R.
 Brookes, Jack Gordon
 Brookfield, Trevor P.
 Brooks, Philip George
 Brown, A. V.
 Brown, R. W.
 Brown, T. C.
 Brown, Thomas Garth
 Brown, William Alex
 Brumby, Harold Edward
 Breening, E.
 Bundock, Arthur G.
 Bundock, Eric W.
 Buck, P. (D.F.C.)
 Bunock, Arthur G.
 Burgess, L. H. G.
 Burgess, Raymond E.
 Burgham, Allen Russell
 Burnett, Rev. H. B.
 Burns, Gibson A.
 Burns, Ronald Allen
 Burns, Sidney John
 Burrell, H. W.
 Burton, Ralph T. B.
 Bush, Charles Eric
 Butler, George Edward
 Byerley, Frederick W. A.
 Byrne, O. L.

C

Caisley, —
 Calder, Daniel
 Callander, C. J.
 Cameron, N.
 Campbell, D. A.
 Carey, Lawrence George
 Cameron, Claude Lewis
 Cammell, Douglas H.
 Campbell, G. G.
 Campbell, George
 Campbell, Harold Richard
 Campin, Lisle
 Carder, L. G.
 Carder, S. G.
 Carlaw, Arthur D.
 Carnachan, J. L. G.
 Carpenter, Albert John
 Carr, James Charles
 Carr, Alan Vincent
 Carson, Alan Leonard
 Carter, B. W.
 Carter, E. C.
 Carter, F. A.
 Carter, Henry Melhuish
 Carter, Leonard
 Carter, Ralph F.
 Carter, Terence G.
 Carter, Warwick St. John
 Carpenter, Allen George
 Carpenter, Ronald Arthur
 Cassrels, Alan
 Catchpole, Audrey D. (Nurse)
 Catterall, Ian S.
 Catterall, Keith Allan
 Chaffe, Bernard
 Chalmers, J. B.
 Chamberlain, John M.
 Chamberlain, S. L.
 Chapman, A.
 Chapman, Cecil
 Chatters, Charles Henry
 Chappell, Raymond Charles
 Chatfield, Arthur Douglas
 Chatfield, Oliver Derby
 Cheadle, J. F.
 Cheshire, L.
 Chipin, W. G.
 Chitty, Allan Charles
 Chitty, Frank Powell
 Christie, A. W.
 Christie, Hugh Keith
 Christopher, Osmond H.
 Churchill, Clifford A.
 Christie, Colin Douglas
 Churchill, Keith W.
 Clanfield, Noel B.
 Clark, David Henry
 Clark, F. J.

Clark, Harold Cedric
 Clark, Ian Stanley
 Clark, Robert John
 Clark, W. G.
 Clarke, David
 Clarke, D. F.
 Clarke, Kevin Arthur
 Clarke, Mervyn John Charles
 Clarkson, Lionel James
 Cliff, Albert V.
 Clinton, David Alexander Owen
 Clist, Edwin Harry
 Clist, George Lionel
 Clist, Noel Richard
 Clotworthy, Owen Leslie
 Clough, Gordon Challinor
 Clover, Wilfred Herbert
 Cockfield, C. R.
 Coles, George Edward Grant
 Collicat, J. E. R.
 Collings, M. T.
 Collins, Desmond George
 Collins, Ellen E.
 Collins, H. E.
 Collins, Harold James
 Collins, Stanford Edward
 Colman, J. H.
 Comber, J. E.
 Comrie, Harold John
 Connell, Theophile Alfred
 Connell, V. G.
 Connolly, Raymond F.
 Connor, Walter James
 Conway, Renfield Edward
 Cooke, T. T. M.
 Cooper, Bernard Leslie
 Cooper, Ivan E.
 Coppins, Nancy
 Corby, John Lindsay
 Cork, Francis Albert
 Cornall, James Alan
 Cornall, John Jolleys
 Corrin, Harold Raymond
 Cosgrove, Charles
 Coster, Milton (M.M.)
 Coster, Ronald Clifford
 Coulan, James Herbert
 Coulter, Douglas
 Covey, C. J.
 Coward, Arthur George Walter
 Coyle, A. W. J.
 Cox, Lawrence Calvert
 Cox, L. G.
 Crabb, Bruce
 Craddock, Noel Stuart
 Crane, Jack Hunter
 Cramer, C. S.
 Cramond, W. E. H.
 Cranston, Richard Neal

Crawford, J.
 Crawford, Leslie George
 Crawford, Neil
 Cross, Jack
 Cross, A. E.
 Cruickshank, James Wilson
 Culletton, Rex M.
 Culpeper, Eric William

D

Clinton, David Alexander Owen
 Clist, Edwin Harry
 Clist, George Lionel
 Clist, Noel Richard
 Clotworthy, Owen Leslie
 Clough, Gordon Challinor
 Clover, Wilfred Herbert
 Cockfield, C. R.
 Coles, George Edward Grant
 Collicat, J. E. R.
 Collings, M. T.
 Collins, Desmond George
 Collins, Ellen E.
 Collins, H. E.
 Collins, Harold James
 Collins, Stanford Edward
 Colman, J. H.
 Comber, J. E.
 Comrie, Harold John
 Connell, Theophile Alfred
 Connell, V. G.
 Connolly, Raymond F.
 Connor, Walter James
 Conway, Renfield Edward
 Cooke, T. T. M.
 Cooper, Bernard Leslie
 Cooper, Ivan E.
 Coppins, Nancy
 Corby, John Lindsay
 Cork, Francis Albert
 Cornall, James Alan
 Cornall, John Jolleys
 Corrin, Harold Raymond
 Cosgrove, Charles
 Coster, Milton (M.M.)
 Coster, Ronald Clifford
 Coulan, James Herbert
 Coulter, Douglas
 Covey, C. J.
 Coward, Arthur George Walter
 Coyle, A. W. J.
 Cox, Lawrence Calvert
 Cox, L. G.
 Crabb, Bruce
 Craddock, Noel Stuart
 Crane, Jack Hunter
 Cramer, C. S.
 Cramond, W. E. H.
 Cranston, Richard Neal

Dale, Kenneth A.
 Dallimore, Harry
 Daniels, Ernest William
 Daniels, Douglas Walter
 Darbyshire, Leslie
 Dare, Charles Frederick
 Darrach, Philip William
 Darrow, K. B.
 Darvill, Vivian C.
 D'Audney, W. M.
 Davers, J. S. E.
 Davey, Patrick
 Davis, Jack
 Davies, Keith F.
 Davies, Norman William
 Davis, A. E. (D.F.C.)
 Davis, Cameron McKellar
 Davis, George R.
 Davis, Stanley Percy
 Davison, Cecil J.
 Davison, Eric Marshall
 Davison, Joseph William
 Davison, Walter Sidney
 Deane, Reginald Roderick
 Dear, Thomas Gordon
 Derry, Godfrey William
 De Grave, Reg. A.
 Dempsey, C.
 Denning, Austin C.
 Denning, Percy
 Dennis, R. L. G.
 Denton, Harold
 Derig, Robert
 Derby, Richard
 De Sizo, Ernest William
 Deverick, C. V.
 Deverick, E. I.
 Dewar, J.
 Dewar, S. W.
 De Willmoff, J. J. (D.F.C.)
 Dillon, Roy David
 Dobbs, A. G.
 Diver, Jack
 Diver, R. E.
 Donohue, James M.
 Dohrn, Frederick Murray
 Dormer, George Jonathon
 Dormer, Wilfred St. Clair

Served in His Majesty's Forces

Douglas, Wycliffe
Dougan, Neil
Douglas, Percy Richard
Dove, Hector
Downey, K. J.
Drake, R. W. D.
Drew, Alfred Sydney
Dryland, Walter
Duffin, William Owen
Duncan, J. R.
Duncan, Stanley Logan
Duncomb, H. W.
Dunningham, Noel
Dunmore, H.
Dunsmuir, Frederick Donald
Durrant, Thirstane
Dyer, E. M.

E

Eaddy, Jack
Eaddy, John Bertrand
Eades, Warren
Eagleson, Owen David (D.F.C.)
Ebrey, Leslie
Eddy, Richard Herbert William
Edge, Cecil Albert
Edwards, William Samuel
Ekman, V. E.
Ellis, V. R.
Emus, H.
Ennor, David Harrold
Erne, G. W.
Evans, B. W.
Evans, Edwin G.
Evans, Gordon
Evans, Jack Bolton Trevor
Evans, Raymond W.
Evans, Robert P.
Everson, Emil Edward
Eviatt, John Murray

F

Fagan, Richard
Fahey, Harold D.
Fairhead, Percival George
Farmer, Albert
Farmer, Cedric Oswald
Farmer, J.
Farrelly, James Eldred
Farrelly, Oliver G.
Fell, A. L.
Fergusson, George Frederick
Fergusson, George Harvie
Fergusson, Leonard John
Fergusson, Stanley Francis
Ferris, Frank David Roche
Fieldsend, Lloyd Clarence
Findlay, Douglas Colin
Findlay, Roderick Basil
Finlay, —
Fisher, Gore Victor

Fisher, Roy Lewis
Fitness, Desmond George
Fleming, Victor
Fletcher, B.
Fletcher, Norman Richard
Fletcher, George Henry
Flyger, Allan L.
Flyger, Edgar Clifford
Fogden, M. E.
Foote, D. B.
Forgie, —

Forrest, Thomas James
Fowler, Brian
Fox, Eric Wilfred
Fox, J. N.
Francis, Leslie Albert
Franks, G. C.
Frenzy, William Bruce
Freshney, C. J.
Fry, H. J.
Fry, T. A.
Fry, W. A.
Fuller, Charles
Fuller, Leslie John
Fuller, John Alex
Furness, Fred G.
Furness, John

G

Gager, Raynor Charles
Gallagher, G. A.
Galloway, Malcolm N.
Galloway, Robert Henry
Galvin, Maurice Raymond
Ganley, Neil M.
Garratt, G. S.
Garratt, Ivan
Garrett, Raymond
Garrett, Trevis W.
Garton, Wallace G.
Gascoigne, Bruce Harcourt
Gascoigne, Jack Bennett
Gatfield, L. A.
Gatfield, Robert Edward
Gee, Arthur A.
Gee, Leslie Walter
Gentles, Wallace
George, Edward Lloyd
Gerlach, Cedric
Gibson, H. K.
Gibson, Roy
Gilbert, H. G.
Giles, Keith
Gillanders, Norman Vincent
Gillard, E.
Gillespie, K. D.
Gladding, C. E.
Glass, S. J.
Glenny, Ivy M. A.
Glover, A. H.

Goble, Eileen Constance
Goble, Valance Randolph
Goddard, Maurice
Goff, Bruce Charles
Golding, Ken M.
Goldsbro' P. W.
Gooch, John E.
Goodsir, James Archibald (M.C.)
Goodwill, Donald
Goodwin, E.
Gordon, N. J.
Graham, Clyde Raymond
Graham, John Robert
Graham, R.
Grainger, A.
Grainger, Doreen Mary Olive
Hariss, Harold Huxley
Granwall, John Robert
Gray, E. J.
Gray, R. H.
Gray, T. S.
Green, T. W.
Greenough, C. C.
Greenwood, Ian
Greenwood, James
Greig, George Paul
Gribble, William G.
Griffan, John Perrett
Griffiths, Desmond William
Grimmer, Charles John
Grimmer, R.
Grimson, Arthur Godwin
Grimson, Herbert
Grimson, John W.
Grimson, J. W.
Grindrod, C. J.
Grinter, Cambra Jack
Grogan, Robert I. H.
Groves, Geoffrey Vivien
Groves, Mervyn Wilfred
Guest, Keith Rylance
Guilland, Louis P.
Gullivan, Frederick James
Gully, W. H.
Gully, Raymond G.
Gwyer, William Owen

H

Hadfield, Bryce Couldrey
Hadfield, Robert
Hadrup, Norman Victor
Hagan, Campbell Leslie
Hairu, Reginald Alexander
Haliday John Randal
Halliday, John
Hambllyn, Desmond Harold
Hambllyn, D. C. W.
Hamilton, Jack Wallace
Hamilton, John Malcolm

Hamlin, C. C.
Hammond, Cecil William
Hancey, J.
Hancock, J. F.
Hancox, E. R.
Handisides, H. K.
Hannan, Matthew Eric
Hanson, A. J.
Hanson, Alan T.
Hardy, Owen L.
Hare, William
Harley, H. M.
Harley, Robert Rex
Harnett, C. S.
Harper, Clarence Gordon
Harper, Claude Henry
Hariss, Harold Huxley
Harris, E. V. R.
Harris, G. D.
Harris, Raymond James
Harrison, Frederick Herbert
Harrison, Norman J.
Harrison-Lee, A. B.
Harrup, Edwin Campbell
Hart, Frederick R.
Hart, Ronald James
Harvey, Herbert James
Harvey, Noel Gordon
Harvey, Leonard Alwyn
Hassett, Clive
Haszard, Robert Clive
Hawkesbury, George (D.S.O.)
Hawthorn, Frederick Lorraine
Hay, Elvin Royce
Haydon, Leonard
Haynes, E. A.
Hayter, Darrell Bingley
Hayward, Roy Colin
Healy, George L.
Healy, Kenneth Raymond
Heaphy, Eric E. T.
Hegh, Charles Menary
Hegh, Douglas
Helleur, Norman Thomas
Henning, George H.
Henderson, Alfred Edward
Henderson, John Douglas (D.F.C.)
Henry, John Curtis
Henshall, Ralph
Herbert, Bryan
Herd, E. A.
Hibbard, Sydney Delmar
Hibburt, M. W.
Hickey, J. P.
Hicks, Frank George Nelson
Hicks, Owen Rundle
Hicks, Ronald Walter
Hickson, Peter Patrick
Higgins, Warwick D. H.
Hill, Jack Leslie

Served in His Majesty's Forces

Hill, Ronald St. Clare
Hilton, Frederick Walter
Hipwell, N. A.
Hirst, Ian Henry
Hitchens, L.
Hodder, Bingley Henry
Hodgkinson, Leonard Ford
Hodgson, Arnold
Hodgson, Jack
Hodgson, Robert W. V.
Hodgson, Thomas
Hoeft, W. L.
Holland, D. C.
Holland, John
Holland, Rodman Ian
Holley, Roy Douglas
Holles, Clem
Hollis, Ralph Raymond
Hooker, Leslie Thomas
Hope-Ede, Leo D. M.
Hopkins, H. R.
Horn, Otilie Ethel Elva
Horne, Frank E.
Horne, Trevor Morris
Horner, Stanley George
Horsfall, W. J. W.
Horspool, Graham
Hosken, Stephen
Hotchin, G. B.
House, Alfred George
Housego, Wallace
Howard, Kenneth Vincent
Howe, C. E.
Howells, James Courtney Robert
Howlett, George Edwin
Hoy, E. F.
Hughes, Colonel
Hugo, V. J.
Hulea, Bernard Joseph
Hull, H.
Humphrey, Alan Delves
Humphrey, A.
Humphreys, D. M. F.
Humphreys, H. R.
Hunter, Earnest Hemphill
Hurley, Desmond Wilson
Hurley, Raymond Rhodes
Murphy, J. R.
Hutchings, James
Hutchinson, Alan John
Hutchinson, G. Rowland

I

Impey, James
Impey, Neil
Ingham, Wallace
Ingram, Reginald G.
Inwood, E. V.
Irwin, William Keith
Irvine, Ivan Edward

J

Jackson, E. W.
Jackson, Earle Esmond
Jackson, Russell James
James, Kenneth
James, Stanley B.
James, William Ellison
Jameson, Roy Alexander
Jameson, William Fraser
Jeanes, Robert Frederick
Jeeves, A. J.
Jenkins, Jack
Jenkinson, D. V.
Jensen, I. A.
Jessen, Allan
Johnson, B.
Johnson, C. W.
Johnson, Eric F.
Johnson, Wentworth Augustus
Johnston, B.
Johnston, B. R.
Johnston, John
Johnston, Russell Robert
Johnstone, Andrew Galbraith
Johnstone, Horatio Nelson Douglas
Johnstone, J. C.
Johnstone, J. S.
Jonas, M. P.
Jones, Albert H.
Jones, Ernest Frederick
Jones, F. A.
Jones, Frederick John
Jones, William Edmond
Jones, Sidney James
Jones, William Edward
Jonsen, Donald Campbell
Joy, R. H. K.
Judd, Walter Dudley
Jury, Francis Raymond
Jury, Jack Leslie
Jury, N. G.

K

Kasper, Herbert Charles
Kasper, Raymond
Katters, R. E.
Kavanagh, Lawrence Patrick (M.B.E.)
Kay, Charles (O.B.E.), (D.F.C.)
Kay, C. E.
Kay, Ian Arthur
Keates, John Henry Dennis
Keefe, Victor Francis
Keen, Ronald George
Kell, Douglas William
Kelleway, Cyril T.
Kelly, Vincent Owen
Kelsall, Ronald Pilkington
Kendrick, W. Bruce
Kennedy, George M.
Kennedy, Daniel

Served in His Majesty's Forces

Kennerley, J.
Kennerley, Keith M.
Kent, G. E.
Kerkin, John Norris
Kerr, Jack McLauchlan
Kibblewhite, Malcom
Kidd, E. S.
Kinred, Noel
Kirby, M. H.
Kirk, James
Kirkup, Ronald A.
Kitching, Colin Francis
Kitching, Leonard Wynston
Knauf, Desmond Harold
Knox, Charles Edward
Krause, A. C.
Krause, Paul Ivan

L

Laing, B. R.
Laing, J. N.
Laing, Robert Reegmond
Lamb, Albert Rae
Lamond, Alexander Stanley
Lamond, Henry William
Lang, Gordon Dudley
Langford, Philip
Langton, Leonard Frank
Larney, Brian Lindsay
La Roche, L. C. H.
Latham, Thomas Rutherford
Lavers, Frederick
Lawford, Carlton
Lawson, David Wilfred
Lay, Basil
Leaming, Harold William
Leaning, A. H.
Leaning, C.
Leaning, K. E.
Leaning, Ronald Edward
Lee, Kenneth Leslie
Lee, Leonard George
Lees, H. P.
Left, M. P.
Leigh, Martin Morgan
Lendrum, Richard William
Lenny, Rex
Leslie, John Ward
Leslie, William Allen
Leslie, William Bruce
Lewis, H. M.
Lewis, Jack Douglas
Lincoln, Charles Frank Hugh
Lincoln, Warren D.
Linehan, —
Lisk, George William
Littler, John
Liversedge, J. H.
Livingstone, Douglas James
Lloyd, T. G.

Logan, John S.
Lord, C. K.
Lovegrove, Arthur Robert
Lovell, Maurice W.
Lowther, Raymond Edgar
Ludwig, W.
Lye, Campbell Edward, (D.F.C.)

M

Mackie, Katherine
Mahon, Owen George
Maltby, A.
Maltby, Frank
Manning, Howard
Manning, Langley Frederick
Mansell, Clyde Leece
Mansfield, Charles Francis Howard
Marbeck, A.
Marbeck, H.
Marson, John A.
Marson, Lewis William
Marten, Frederick, G. W.
Marten, Leo F. W.
Martin, James Dunbar
Martin, Joyce
Massefield, E. D.
Mason, G. R.
Massicks, Joan
Massicks, Kenneth Stewart
Matheson, N. M.
Mathews, Reginald George
Mattison, D. V.
Maxwell, A. R.
Maxwell, George
Maxwell, George W.
May, E. R.
Mayall, J.
Mayall, M.
Mayes, Lloyd J.
Mead, Wilfred Ernest
Mecks, Reginald Thomas
Megson, Colin Arthur
Mellars, Cecil Frederick
Mellars, Ronald French
Melling, T.
Mellis, Gordon William
Meltzer, Norman
Metcalfe, Cedric David Bassett
Middleton, Frederick C.
Middleton, Rex Thomas
Middleton, William Arthur
Millar, Donald Stuart
Millar, Roy Stanley
Mills, Geoffrey
Millar, J. A.
Millar, Norman F.
Miller, W. A.
Milligan, A. W.
Mills, Alan R.
Mills, Kenneth

Milne, C. D.
Milne, Cecil Dunn
Milne, Cecil Owen, (D.F.C.)
Milne, D.
Milne, Derych
Mitchell, Jack
Mitchell, N. R.
Mitchell, Raymond William
Mitchell, William
Moir, Norman
Montague, E. A. J.
Montgomery, Owen Edward
Moon, S. H. (D.F.C.)
Moon, Walter Gerald
Moore, Thomas Henry
Moore, Leslie John
Moore, Stanley Mecer
Moorhead, G. A.
Morrill, K.
Morrill, Keith
Morrill, Murray
Morris, Albert
Morris, Cyril
Morris, Herbert Norman
Morris, Ivan J.
Morris, J. G.
Morris, Walter Ernest
Morrison, George Victor
Morrison, Kenneth B.
Morrison, Roger Ormond
Morrison, Trevor Henry
Morse, Albert Edmund
Mortimer, Donald Albert
Mortimer, John Edward Alfred
Mortimer-Jones, John B.
Morton, Kenneth Frederick
Morton, Lewis Cooper
Moss, R. M.
Moyes, Victor
Moyes, William
Moyle, Terence Arthur
Mullins, J.
Munro, Harold William
Munro, Hylton N.
Munro, L. T.
Murphy, William John
Murray, Alan Victor
Murray, Henry Bruce
Murray, James Richard
Murray, Walter John
Muscott, Bruce

N

Neave, Leslie William
Neely, J. B. R.
Neeve, Eugene
Neil, R. A.
Neithe, Desmond W.
Nelmes, Winstone Hubert

Served in His Majesty's Forces

Nelson, Max K.
Newby, Cecil "Bill"
Newman, Raymond Arthur
Newton, G.
Nichols, B. W.
Nichols, Dom. E. G.
Nichols, G. K.
Nichols, Lionel Gordon Talbot
Nichols, Thompson Wayne
Nixon, J. R.
Noonan, Laurie N.
Norris, Frederick Percival
Norris, John David
Norton, P. F.
Norton, Richard Roy
Nudds, Leslie Robert
Nunnerley, L. S.
Nunns, Alexander Harold
Nunns, Francis Aitao

O

Ohlson, A. B.
Oliver, E. A.
Oliver, R. W.
Olson, Gordon Mervyn
O'Meara, Ronald Edward
Orams, Frank William
Orams, Thomas George
Ord, Kenneth Stuart
Osborne, —
Osborne, Bruce Tasman
Osborne, G. A.
Osbourne, R. T.
Owens, Philip Frank
Oxley, Ben
Oxley, Benjamin
Oxley, Herbert John
Oxley, William Reid
Oxley, W. R.

P

Paice, Leslie Ivan
Palmer, H.
Palmer, Norman William
Palmer, Roy Hubert Whelan
Pankhurst, J. A.
Pardington, Thomas James
Parfitt, Bevin Thomas
Park, James Andrew
Parker, F. A.
Parker, Leonard P.
Parnell, Henry Thomas
Parnell, Stewart
Parnell, Walter Clifford
Parsons, Donald David
Parsons, Edwin Ernest
Parsons, John Alfred
Partridge, Donald James
Patererson, Colin A.
Paton, Harold G.

Patterson, Alan C.
Patterson, Ian
Patterson, Maxwell John
Patterson, R. A.
Paul, Desmond Harvey
Payne, Aileen Mary
Payne, D. J. F.
Payne, Philip Edward
Peach, Arthur Edward
Pearce, Arthur H. D.
Pearce, T. B.
Pearson, John Rochford
Peck, William J.
Pellett, T. A.
Penalligen, Eric Charles Russell
Perkins, William Graham
Perry, Leonard Valentine
Perry, W. J.
Petchell, G. L.
Peterkin, G. N.
Petersen, Charles
Petersen, Charles Samuel
Peterson, William Joseph
Pettford, Trevor Francis
Phillip, Alan T.
Phillips, John R.
Phipps, Ronald Kenneth
Pieterston, James Lindsay
Pieterston, John Noel
Pilkington, J. C. E.
Pilkington, K. M.
Platt, Frederick Charles
Pollard, Darcy Frederick
Pollitt, William Albert John
Pomeroy, Donald
Poninghaus, H.
Poole, Lance Randall
Poolman, Fred. Herbert (M.C.)
Poor, James Lanyon
Pope, Roy
Pople, Rodney Gabriel
Porteous, D. G.
Powell, Leonard A.
Pratt, L. H.
Prenter, Albert
Prentice, Graham
Prescott, John
Prier, Gordon A.
Prince, Raymond Clarence
Prior, A. E. M.
Prior, Keith
Proctor, I. M.
Proud, V. G.
Pryor, Donald James T.
Pryor, Allan William George
Purvis, Harold Leslie
Purvis, Robert McCreight

Q

Quayle, Frank Thomas

Quensell, C. A.
Quinton, Alan Pearson
Quinton, Keith Palmer

R

Rac, Ken A.
Raethel, Ian McGregor
Rafferty, Colin George
Rafferty, Nolan
Rambaud, W. F.
Rambaud, Percy Huia
Randall, H. J.
Randall, Neil Dudley
Randrup, P. R. M.
Rankin, Ian Keith Don
Ratcliffe, Basil
Ratray, G. C.
Ratray, George
Ravenhall, R.
Rawlins, Stanley Brandrick
Rawnsley, Lloyd Thaxter
Rayner, Charles F.
Redgrave, Colin William
Reece, W.
Reed, Frederick Donald
Reid, Gordon
Reid, Henry James
Reid, Lawrence
Reid, Robert Thompson
Reid, Ronald Alexander Kirker
Reid, William Angus
Renfrew, C. F.
Renton, N. G.
Reynolds, E. J.
Reynolds, T. A.
Revell, E. L. G.
Rhodes, Ernest James
Rhodes, Lewis Henry
Rice, H. K. L.
Rice, Henry Russell
Rich, A. B.
Richards, Brian Tannahill
Richards, Bruce Dudley
Richards, Colin McDonald
Richards, Geoffrey Grant
Rickman, G. A.
Rickman, O. P.
Riddell, J. V. (M.M.)
Riddell, Robert
Ridley, J.
Reid, Bruce Hamilton
Rikys, Gordon Cyril
Roberts, Bryn D.
Robertson, Charles
Robertson, G. R.
Robertson, V. F.
Robinson, J. W.
Robson, E. W.
Roper, Frank Silkstone
Roscoe, E. V.

Served in His Majesty's Forces

Rose, E. V.
 Rose, John Desmond
 Roseman, Noel
 Rosenfeldt, Frank N.
 Ross, George Arthur
 Rothery, Albert Hector
 Roughton, Ernest John
 Rous-Marten, John
 Rowe, Alan Gordon
 Rowe, Douglas
 Rowe, Edward Goulstone
 Rowntree, John Patrick
 Roy, Gerrard Aplin
 Rugg, Robert Errol
 Runciman, Walter J. (D.F.M.)
 Rusden, H. J.
 Russell, Duncan James
 Russell, Garnet G.
 Russell, Ian
 Russell, Kenneth
 Russell, Leo A. C.
 Russell, Robert Patrick
 Rutherford, Norman John
 Ryan, Desmond James

S

Sage, George Buchanan
 Salmund, Gerald T.
 Sanders, Rex Keith Russell
 Sandilands, George Victor
 Sarney, John H.
 Sarney, Norman Wilbur
 Savage, A. S.
 Scatter, I.
 Schischka, J. F. V.
 Schubert, Maurice Stanley
 Schubert, Norman Alton
 Scott, Arthur Donald
 Scott, Frederick Douglas
 Scott, N. W.
 Scott, Robert Laird
 Scott, W. J. (D.F.M.)
 Setters, J.
 Shackleton, J.
 Shaw, Arnold
 Sheppard, Athalie Helen
 Shilling, Sydney Harley
 Simmons, Francis Frederick
 Simpson, —
 Simpson, A. C.
 Simpson, Brian J. E.
 Simpson, George William
 Simpson, John
 Simpson, H. R.
 Simpson, William Thomas
 Sims, Noel Murdoch
 Skeen, Reginald Edward
 Skellon, R. V.
 Skinner, C. F. (M.C.)
 Skinner, Henry R. G.

Smerdon, Athol Douglas
 Smith, Albert Tristram
 Smerdon, Ernest Vivian
 Smith, Aubrey Ernest James
 Smith, Herbert Reginald
 Smith, Irvine Stanley, (D.F.C.)
 Smith, Keith A.
 Smith, Kinnear Grey
 Smith, Lancelot Edgar
 Smith, N. E.

Smith, Marjorie Winifred
 Smith, Norman Edward
 Smith, Norman E.
 Smith, Ronald Frank
 Smith, Sydney
 Smith, William Zephon
 Smith, Selwyn
 Smithers, Alan
 Smithyman, W. Kendrick
 Sole, Desmond
 Smyth, John M.
 Sole, George
 Soljak, Paul Francis
 Soljak, L. A.
 Solomon, I. S.
 Spalding, Owen
 Spencer, E. T. Stephen
 Spencer, John Ralph
 Spick, Frederick R.
 Spraggon, Percy William
 Squire, J. I.

Sperdie, Edwin H.
 Stables, Robert Arthur
 Stacey, Harold Clark
 Stacey, Harold Trevor
 Stancliffe, T. H.
 Stanley, Trevor Samuel
 Stanley, H. R.
 Stark, H. E.
 Steele, J. Trevor
 Stratham, Eric
 Steven, Norman Wilson
 Stevenson, Alan Edmund
 Stevenson, Clifford Denis
 Stevenson, F. S.
 Stevenson, J. C.
 Stevenson, R. M.
 Stewart, Cyril Stewart
 Stewart, Eric George
 Stewart, E. M.
 Stewart, N.
 Stitchbury, Colin
 Stone, L. McN.
 Stirling, Wilma
 Stowell, A. R.
 Strange, Alfred W. G.
 Strid, Douglas Robert
 Stuart, John
 Stubbing, Arthur Rawhiti
 Stubbing, Donald Gary

Sumich, Ivan
 Sutcliffe, Allan
 Sutcliffe, G.
 Sutton, E. W.
 Swallow, Bruce
 Swanberg, L.
 Sweet, R.
 Sykes, Alan John
 Syms, Allan W.

T

Tait, J. G.
 Tait, L. R.
 Talbot, John David
 Tansey, Gordon Eric
 Tansey, Herbert George
 Taplin, Foster Malcolm Neill
 Tarrelly, Oliver Goodfellow
 Tate, Arthur Frank
 Taylor, —
 Taylor, D. McC.
 Taylor, Horace Stanley
 Taylor, Jack
 Taylor, Joseph R.
 Taylor, Thomas Dodson
 Taylor, L. M.
 Theyers, Wallace W.
 Thom, Roy F.
 Thompson, A. D.
 Thompson, Colin Fort
 Thompson, Bruce Stuart J.
 Watson, Eric St. Hill
 Thompson, Frederick Thompson
 Thomson, Malcolm
 Thorburn, H. O.
 Thorpe, Cecil
 Thorpe, Mac
 Thow, R. H.
 Thwaites, Ivan William
 Tilsley, D. G.
 Tilsley, Robert John
 Tinson, William Herbert
 Tocher, James Edward
 Todd, Gordon Alexander
 Tounlin, George
 Tonkin, William Enoder
 Townsend, William John Richard
 Trebilcock, S. A.
 Trevarthen, Douglas Edwin
 Trewbella, Harold James Dean
 Tucker, Oswald Claude
 Tugby, Desmond Lloyd
 Turner, Carl Desmond
 Tweedie, Alan D.
 Tweedie, L. E.
 Twiname, Bruce Alexander
 Twiname, O. A.
 Tye, Walter Lisle
 Tyler, Charles Warren

Served in His Majesty's Forces

Ure, Colin J.
 Upson, T. H.
 Upton, F.

U

Vaughan, K. J.
 Vause, Reginald Harry
 Vella, Ian Stephen
 Vranges, Frank

V

W

Wade, Keith G.
 Wadman, D. N.
 Walker, Mrs C.
 Walker, Alexander James
 Walker, Clarence Verdun
 Walker, E. S.
 Walkley, Robert Henry
 Wallace, Murray Lachlan
 Wallace, Bruce McL.
 Wallace, John William
 Wallwork, James Hilton
 Wangford, William Bennett
 Warin, S. U. T.
 Warring, Philip George
 Warner, Keith Angus
 Waters, A. E. G.
 Watkins, Ernest Frederick
 Watkins, Edwin Ralph
 Watson, John Pierce
 Watson, R. L. G.
 Watson, William Archibald
 Watt, Norman Kenneth
 Watters, James

Watters, Owen H.
 Webb, Edward
 Webb, Frank Neville
 Webb, Jack L.
 Weir, David
 Weir, James Ingram
 Welch, John Henry
 West, J. R.
 West, Ronald Thomas
 Westbrook, J. E. J.
 Westward, F. L.
 Whaley, T.
 Whaley, T. J.
 Whalley, Cecil R.
 Wheldale, Alan W.
 White, Allan David
 White, Ellis O.
 White, Lawrence W.
 Whitcombe, Herbert Leslie
 Whitefield, M. G.
 Whiteman, Colin Charles
 Whittle, Robert Victor
 Whittome, John Taylor
 Whittome, Russell J.
 Whittome, Cedric A.
 Wickman, H.
 Wilson, Leslie James
 Wiles, Allan V.
 Wilkins, F.
 Willetts, Gordon Alfred
 Wilkinson, Clive B.
 Williams, Harold David
 Williams, Herbert Henry Victor
 Williams, Llewellyn
 Williamson, Jack

Wilmot, Philip Eardley
 Wilson, David
 Wilson, Donald
 Wilson, F. G. A.
 Wilson, Frederick Gordon
 Wilson, J. L.
 Wilson, R. A.
 Wilson, Stanley Henry
 Winsor, M. I.
 Withers, Fred R.
 Whitten, Raymond Charles
 Wood, A. S.
 Wood, Frederick H.
 Wood, Hector Reginald
 Woodbury, V. S.
 Woodlock, William Blythe
 Woodrow, E.
 Woods, Edward George
 Worthington, B. A. W., (M.M.)
 Wright, Arthur Lansbury
 Wrathall, Lloyd George Asquith
 Wright, John Leslie
 Wright, James Desmond
 Wright, Mark W. J.
 Wright, R. M.

Y

Young, D. S.
 Young, Alexander
 Young, Alan Edward
 Younger, E. L.
 Yule, Ian Ashley

Z

Zainey, John Royce

