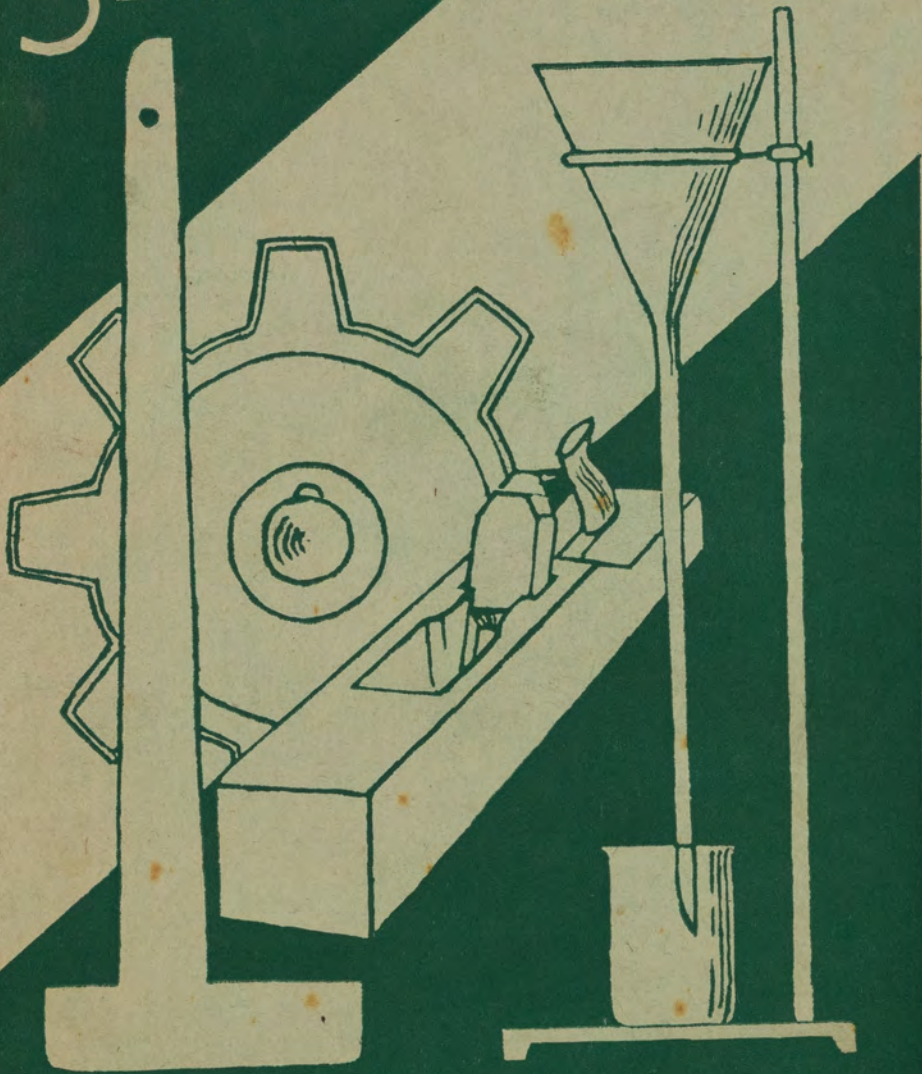


# SEDDONIAN



1944

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The  
**Seddonian**  
1944

Being the Annual  
Journal of the  
Seddon Memorial  
Technical College  
Wellesley St. E.  
Auckland, N.Z.

*“Vita Non Scholae Discimus”*

## STAFF, 1944.

*Principal, Secretary and Treasurer:* MR. G. J. PARK, B.COM., F.R.E.S.

### Heads of Departments.

*Industrial:* MR. B. M. DAVIS, M.Sc.

*Engineering and Trades:* MR. E. S. CLOSS, B.A., A.M.I.E. (MECH. E. LONDON).

*Commercial Subjects:* MR. H. A. JONES, B.COM., A.R.A.N.Z.

*Science and Crafts:* MISS E. I. WRIGHT, DIP. H.SC., DIP. IN DIETETICS (NEW YORK).

- Mr. A. G. Adams, B.Sc.  
Miss M. F. E. Adams, M.A., M.Sc.  
Dip. Ed.  
\*Mr. L. E. Adams, M.A.  
Miss L. Anderson, Dip. Fine Arts,  
N.Z.  
Miss A. M. Bell.  
\*Mr. J. Brooke, B.E.  
Mr. C. T. Brooking, B.A., Dip. Ed.  
Mrs. B. C. Brown, B.A.  
\*Mr. W. M. Brown, B.A.  
Miss N. E. Burley, B.H.Sc.  
\*Mr. J. L. G. Carnachan, B.A.  
Mr. F. D. Choate.  
Miss T. H. Clough, A.R.A.N.Z.  
\*Mr. A. J. Dallimore.  
Miss E. M. Davis, M.A., Dip. Journ.,  
Dip. Ed.  
\*Mr. J. F. deLisle, M.Sc.  
\*Mr. B. I. Fulton, M.A.  
Miss J. Galloway.  
Mr. W. Gemmell.  
\*Mr. E. H. Halstead, M.A., B.Com.  
Mr. I. Hayman, B.E., A.M.I.E.E.,  
A.M.N.Z.I.E.  
Miss D. O. Henderson, B.A., Dip.  
Ed., Dip. Journ.  
Mr. H. W. Hollies, Medallist (2)  
Wembley Exhib.  
Mr. A. R. Howie, Dip. Mus. (Univ.  
of N.Z.), L.R.S.M.  
Miss G. B. Hughes, B.H.Sc.
- Mr. E. L. M. James, Handicraft  
Teacher's Cert., M.I.A.E.E.  
Mr. H. W. James, M.A.  
\*Mr. H. A. Jenkins, B.Sc.  
Mrs. E. M. Joseph, B.A., Pitman's  
Shorthand Teacher's Dip.  
\*Miss P. M. King, B.A.  
Mr. H. P. Leeves, A.P.E.S., Physical  
Culture Instructor.  
Mr. L. M. McKillop, M.A.  
Miss L. Maloy, M.A.  
\*Mr. C. L. Maloy, M.Sc.  
Mr. A. B. Ohlson, B.A.  
Mr. F. Parker.  
Mr. C. H. Sayers, M.A., Dip. Ed.  
Mr. F. Schlup.  
Mr. J. M. Scobie, B.A., B.Com.  
Mr. J. W. Sinton.  
Mr. A. A. Smyth, M.A.  
Mr. W. M. Smyth, M.A., A.R.A.N.Z.  
Mr. C. M. Taylor, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E.,  
A.M.N.Z.I.E.  
Mr. L. E. Titheridge, M.A., A.E.  
Mech. E., Dip. Ed.  
\*Mr. K. Turtill, M.A.  
Miss C. J. Vickery, N.Z. University  
Book-keepers' Diploma.  
\*Mr. R. B. Waddell, B.Sc.  
\*Mr. F. Wilkins.  
Mr. E. C. Wooller, M.A., Dip. Ed.,  
Dip. Journ.

\*On War Service.

### Temporary War-Time Staff.

- Mr. N. F. Bradley.  
Mr. A. J. Campbell, A.M.I.E.E.  
Miss J. Campbell, M.A.  
Mr. J. H. Clarke, B.Sc.  
Mr. W. F. Dunsmore.  
Mr. E. G. Ferriday, A.S.C.E., B.Sc.  
(Eng.), Birm. M.A.C.I.  
Miss E. Moyle, M.A., Dip. Ed.  
Mr. I. Moses, B.Com.
- Dr. G. P. O'Shannassy, Ph.D.  
Mr. G. P. Ryan, M.A.  
Mr. A. G. Stevenson.  
Mr. R. L. Williams.  
Mrs. M. W. Williamson, N.Z. Univer-  
sity Book-keepers' Diploma.  
Mrs. D. G. Winstone, B.A.  
Mrs. B. R. Webster, M.A.

### Part-Time Staff.

Mr. A. S. Bullen.                      Mrs. V. Hunter.  
Miss M. L. Gourdie.

### Relieving Staff.

Mr. D. R. Hay, M.A., Dip. Ed.      Mr. C. A. Morton.  
Mrs. E. Herring.

### Board of Managers.

Chairman .. .. .	Mr. F. G. Fowler.
Deputy-Chairman .. .. .	Mr. F. C. Pace.
Representatives of Local Bodies .. .. .	Mr. J. Donald. Mr. A. St. Clair Brown.
Representatives of Auckland Education Board ..	Lt. Col. W. H. Fortune (on active service) Mr. C. S. Morris.
Representatives of Association of Employees in Local Industries .. .. .	Mr. A. H. Dixon. Mr. J. W. Mitchell.
Representatives of Parents of Technical High School Pupils .. .. .	Mr. A. H. G. Basten. Miss B. E. Carnachan. Mr. F. C. Pace.
Representative of School Committees .. .. .	Mrs. F. McBride.
Secretary and Treasurer .. .. .	Mr. G. J. Park.
Representatives of Association of Employers in Local Industries .. .. .	Mr. E. Aldridge. Mr. F. G. Fowler.

### Office Staff.

Senior .. .. .	Miss E. Laking.
Accountant .. .. .	.. Y. A. Pinhey.
Assistant Accountant .. .. .	.. G. Kelway.
Evening Records .. .. .	.. N. Horspool.
Book Room .. .. .	.. J. Wilderspin.
Day Records .. .. .	.. R. Smeal.
Librarian .. .. .	.. O. Rudman.
Crippled Children Society Records Clerk } .. .. .	.. G. Fletcher.
Caretaker .. .. .	Mr. H. Colclough.

### Girl Prefects, 1944.

Head Girl: Colleen F. Kennedy.      Deputy Head Girl: Pauline Becker.

#### Prefects:

Margaret Crum.	Enid Longden.
Lillian Groome.	Ruth Miller.
Leona Murray.	

#### Sub-Prefects:

Merle Anderson.	Leta Lott.
Tui Biggs.	Maureen Fielden.
Myrtle Ferris.	Beryl Taylor.

#### Boy Prefects.

Head Boy: Menzies, M.      Deputy Head Boy: Botica, I.

#### Prefects:

Fiddes, V.	Simons, P.
Gatfield, K.	Stackpole, J.
Henry, R.	Valentine, E.
Norgrove, O.	Wells, J.

#### Sub-Prefects:

Evans, R.	Nelson, R.
Gow, J.	O'Malley, M.
Jillings, B.	Seagers, J.
Kelway, G.	Taylor, R.
Kewish, C.	Webb, R.

# The Seddonian

1944

## EDITORIAL.

### EDUCATION FOR A NEW WORLD.

In many ways which are generally known, and in other directions that are still secret for security reasons, there have occurred, in the realm of science applied to production, developments of a most remarkable nature. We may be sure that when the war is over, these new products and processes will be applied to the general benefit of mankind. It is not too much, then, to say that the generation now coming forward in our schools will enter a new world as compared with the pre-war world. It will be a smaller world by reason of the developments in air travel and radio communication. Nations will be nearer to one another, and conditions of existence of people in any part of the world will affect the remainder. There must follow an enormous uplift in the standards of living even among the less advanced countries.

Fortunately, productive processes will be speeded up by the aid of wonderful new machines and by the continued use in peace-time of more women's labour, now harnessed to war purposes.

New materials will be used, for shortages due to the war have been met by synthetic substitutes which, in many cases, will continue to be produced—such as synthetic rubber and synthetic fuels. There will be new methods of mining. There will be a revolution in housing construction, due to the discovery of new materials, tough glass that will be elastic and can be moulded to any shape, plastics that will replace timber and be as impervious and as durable as stone.

Factories and homes will contain many new devices for heating, lighting, air-conditioning, for washing and cleaning. In the field of radio-location alone, application of recent discoveries to peace-time living is bound to be far-reaching, and of greater significance than any other developments, the science of electronics will revolutionise many pre-war methods in industry, medicine and other fields.

In the fields of chemistry and medicine, too, enormous strides have been made. Nutritional value of foods will be stepped up, and the use of new drugs, such as the sulphur group, penicillin and vivicillin, are only in their infancy. Besides being directed to the curing of ills, research has made great progress in the natural sciences and in the growth of foodstuffs.

All concerned in the education of present-day children, parents and teachers alike, must realise that educational methods cannot stand still. These must move forward to be in harmony with the giant strides now being made in science and industry. We appeal to parents to give thought to the needs of our young people during their formative years, to prepare them for the New World that lies before them.

### STAFF NOTES, 1944.

We have welcomed back to the staff during this year Miss L. Anderson, Miss Wright and Mrs. Webster after sick leave; Mr. Choate, Mr. Scobie and Mr. C. M. Taylor, after service with the forces; also, as new members, Messrs. Brooking, Bradley, Morton, Clarke, D. R. Hay and Howie.

At the end of 1943 and during 1944, farewells were regretfully said to Mr. Burley, on retirement after long service to the school; to Miss Stubbs, on her resignation; to Miss Lamason, who left to be married; as well as to Mr. Webber, appointed to take charge of the Department of Engineering at the Nelson Boys' College; Mr. Sayers, on appointment to the Inspectorate; Mrs. Winstone, resigning to rejoin her husband; also Mr. R. Taylor, resigned.

With the deepest regret we record the death of Miss Phyllis Phillips, who during her short period with us as Drill Mistress had won the regard and esteem of staff members and pupils alike.

Flight-Lieutenant J. Edwards, formerly a member of the staff, after an initial report of "Missing on Operations" which gave to his many friends here the hope that he might nevertheless yet be safe, was recently reported killed on operations.

### FAREWELL TO MR. W. E. BURLEY.

At the end of 1943 both staff and school felt very real regret in farewelling Mr. W. E. Burley, B.A. During the many years of his service here Mr. Burley had become an outstanding figure of the College, one who shouldered many burdens, smoothed out many problems, gave to all generously from his store of wisdom and experience.

Mr. Burley had a remarkably long period of service as a teacher, commencing in 1891 at the public school, Lyttelton. The considerable period of seven years was served in the Sydenham primary school—a school in those days with a headmaster well-known and much respected, especially by unruly boys! In 1911 Mr. Burley joined the Seddon

Memorial Technical College in the days when the College occupied very modest premises in Rutland Street. His service in the College was not continuous, however, for in 1914 he was appointed instructor in charge of the secondary department of the Feilding District High School, followed in 1918 by a period of four years in a similar position at Stratford. Both these District High Schools had very good reputations in the southern districts. Mr. Burley was engaged very largely in physical science and in agricultural science work. In 1922 he was again appointed to the Seddon Memorial Technical College, and served continuously until his retirement in December last. Even then he was not finished, for he came back during the first term for relieving work.

To few teachers belongs the privilege of fifty-four years of teaching service, and twenty-two years in one College. Not many have seen as great changes in methods of organisation and in the philosophy of education as has been the experience of Mr. Burley.

It is impossible to convey in any adequate measure our debt of gratitude to Mr. Burley, but our memories of his friendly presence here in the school remain, and the very best wishes of all are with him and his family.

#### SOME UNUSUAL AWARDS TO S.M.T.C. PUPILS.

Of three awards to Auckland girls presented to the Prime Minister, Mr. Fraser, at a rally of the Girls' Life Brigade in the Albert Hall, London, two went to College pupils. An International Friendship Trophy for an essay was won by Lillian Groome, who tied with a London girl for first place in this international competition.

A distinguished service medal was also received by Mr. Fraser on behalf of Naida Low, who showed great courage when rescuing a girl from drowning between Cornwallis and Laingholm, on the Manukau Harbour, early last year.

Naida Low is an ex-pupil of Seddon Memorial Technical College and Lillian is a pupil in Form VI. this year. An extract from her essay appears in a later section of the magazine. Our congratulations to both these girls!

#### SCHOOL WAR RECORD.

##### Died on Active Service.

Archibald, A. H. P.	Lund, M.
Brewer, K.	Lynch, G. J.
Brough, R.	Malone, C. H.
Buckley, W.	Marbeck, A.
Bartlett, L. J.	Meiklejohn, A. B.
Bassett, T. N.	Moisley, W. R.
Blackman, D. A.	Morgan, E. M.
Blow, A. I.	Morris, A. K.
Booklass, J. G.	Mulvihill, H.
Booth, H. P. (D.S.M.)	Munns, B. R.
Box, D. G.	Murfitt, T. R.
Bracegirdle, J.	Murray, A. L.
Caldwell, C. D.	McAlpine, J. D.
Caldwell, J. R.	McAuley, H. B.
Carter, W. G.	McCarthy, W. F.
Clark, R.	McChesney, I.
Clayton, D.	McCormack, E. J.
Collins, J.	McGregor, I.
Collins, W. J.	McPherson, C. B.
Cummins, I. F.	MacWilliam, C. S.
De Maus, W. R.	Negus, N. B. (M.M.)
Dreaver, B. C. (D.F.C.)	Newbold, N. J.
Dustin, F. H.	Parker, H. D.
Edwards, J.	Pearson, W. J.
Flynn, T. H.	Pepper, C. S. (M.C.)
Galloway, D. M.	Piggin, S. F.
Gee, A. R.	Pike, H.
Gibbons, W.	Platt, J. S.
Gifford, E. A.	Rewa, D. O.
Grainger, C. K.	Rich, W. J.
Hamon, N. F.	Robertson, F. N.
Harris, D. W.	Robertson, T.
Harrison, W.	Shepherd, H. S.
Healey, M. W. B.	Smith, P. S.
Henley, D. C.	Speed, L. E. W.
Hislop, S.	Tarrant, R. M.
Hultquist, A. G.	Thode, L. R.
Hunt, J. F.	Thomas, R. C. A. J.
Inglis, W. H.	Thompson, A. N.
Irvine, I. H. (D.F.M.)	Todman, A. W.
Jackson, L. G.	Tong, H.
Jarvis, M. J.	Wallace, U. W.
Johnson, N. F. (M.M.)	Watkin, D. L.
Jones, F. J.	Watson, J. W.
Jury, J. L.	Weaver, F. A.
Knight, J. G.	Westcott, E.
Keane, O. A.	White, I. R.
Land, A.	Whitwell, H. C.
Laurie, E. C. (D.F.M.)	Wilson, E. R.
Lord, L. M.	Wilson, N. W.
Lowther, D. A.	

**Missing.**

Archibald, D.  
Baulf, I. H.  
Breckon, G. F.  
Bridson, A. (D.F.C.)  
Button, K. A.  
Calvert, J. W.  
Carrigan, J.  
Churches, E. W. G.  
Clark, H. C.  
Cross, A. E.  
Dare, C. F.  
Duncan, C.  
Edwards, J. A.  
Ellis, S. U.  
Hamblin, D. C. W.  
Jenner, A. J.  
Krause, A. C.

Leigh, R. E.  
Little, K. J.  
Lomax, J. G.  
Lund, C. P.  
McCook, N.  
Oldnall, H. R.  
Parsons, J. A.  
Pedersen, V. A.  
Philpot, R. J.  
Pybus, J.  
Ralph, J. C. (D.F.M.)  
Steedman, J. J.  
Stehr, W. B.  
Taylor, L. R.  
Tibbits, C. F.  
Yeoman, D. H.

**Decorations.**

M.M.—Aro, R.  
M.M.—Bear, F. H.  
D.S.M.—Booth, H. P.  
D.F.C.—Bridson, A.  
D.F.C.—Buck, P.  
D.F.C.—Davis, A. E.  
D.F.C.—De Willimoff, J. J.  
D.F.C.—Dreaver, B. C.  
M.C.—Goodsir, J. A.  
D.F.C.—Hardy, O. L.  
D.F.M.—Irvine, I. H.  
M.M.—Johnson, B.  
M.M.—Johnson, N. F.

O.B.E. and D.F.C.—Kay, C. E.  
D.F.M.—Laurie, E. C.  
D.F.C.—Milne, C. O.  
D.F.C.—Moon, S. H.  
M.M.—Negus, N. B.  
M.C.—Pepper, C. S.  
D.F.M.—Ralph, J. C.  
D.F.M.—Runciman, W. J.  
D.F.M.—Scott, W. J.  
M.C.—Skinner, C. F. (M.P.)  
D.F.C. and Bar—Smith.  
D.F.C.—Whaley, N. P.  
M.M.—Worthington, B. A. W.

**Prisoners of War.**

Barker, J. F.  
Barry, J. E. G.  
Carder, L. G.  
Carnachan, J. L. G.  
Carson, A. L.  
Chitty, F. P.  
Clist, G. L.  
Craddock, N. S.  
Culleton, R. M.  
Dare, C. F.  
Glass, S. J.  
Graham, J. R.  
Grogan, R. I. H.  
Hassett, C.  
Hilton, F. W.  
Hollis, R. R.

Kitching, L. W.  
Lamond, H. W.  
Lee, K. L.  
MacWilliam, R. T.  
Mayall, J.  
Newby, C. B.  
Proud, V.  
Renfrew, C. T.  
Sims, N. M.  
Sutton, E. W.  
Tansley, H. G.  
Taylor, H. S.  
Turtill, K. S.  
Upton, F.  
Watson, J. P.

**NOTES FROM EX-STUDENTS OVERSEAS.**

"We were pleased to meet **J. C. Carr** (1935) on furlough. He met **M. A. Morris** (1935) at Mersa Matruh, a meeting which has developed into a firm friendship."

**D. C. Findlay** is now a Sub-Lieutenant, and has travelled extensively—Colombo; Durban; Port Elizabeth; Suez; Alexandria.

**Flight-Lieutenant Cameron** (1937) joined the R.N.Z.A.F. and received his Commission in Canada.

**Flight-Lieutenant Davis** is serving with the Second Tactical Air Force in a Spitfire Squadron.

**Victor Davis** (1936-39), a leading Radio Mechanic, was on H.M.S. "Leander" in action at Kolombangan.

**Bruce Davis** (1938-40) is a Flight Mechanic in the R.N.Z.A.F., and is serving in the Pacific area.

**Sergeant R. C. Turley** is serving in the Middle East. It has been a pleasure to read his detailed account of a holiday in Palestine.

**PATRIOTIC FAIR, 1943.**

At the end of the year it was decided to make a special patriotic effort by means of a School Fair, and by the willing co-operation of staff and pupils an outstanding success was achieved. For several weeks ahead, collections of material were made, so that on the day the hall presented a gay appearance, with stalls of all kinds—sweets and cakes, magazines, books, woodwork, plants, stationery and so on. Business was brisk, both inside the hall and at the side-shows organised outside. During the afternoon a College Baby Show was arranged, and the judging of this event aroused a great deal of interest. There was a large entry of beautiful babies, who seemed to enjoy the occasion as much as anyone. The Fair resulted in £265 being raised.

During the year 1943, the College raised nearly £750 for Patriotic Funds by various means, such as picture benefits, direct contributions by pupils, farm efforts and so on, besides assisting materially in the city collections by providing up to one hundred collectors on the days required.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

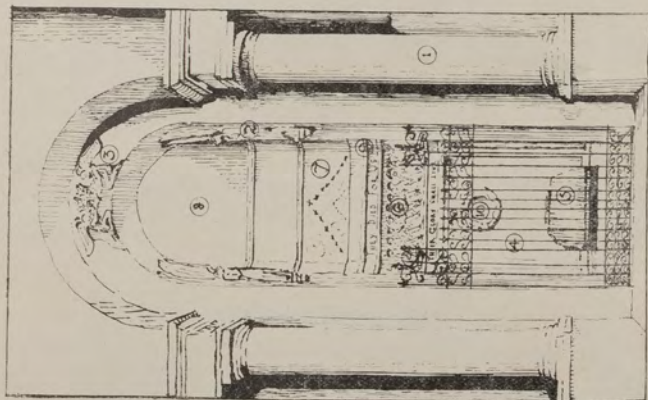
The Seddonian Committee acknowledges with thanks exchange copies of New Zealand and overseas School Magazines. To some by whom exchange copies have not been received in 1943, we offer our apologies, as under war conditions our publication, renewed last year for the first time since 1938, was a limited one. This year we hope to make good many deficiencies, and take pleasure in again being able to reciprocate.

**SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE.**

Suggestions based on Edinburgh's Shrine.

SITE: To open into East side of Assembly Hall.

1. Greek pillars.
2. Figures of St. George & St. Michael.
3. School Badge.
4. Wrought Iron gates.
5. Granite block bearing Roll of Honour.
6. Bas-relief, figures of men in uniforms of different branches of services.
7. Panel: Symbolical flight of aeroplanes.
8. Canopy, green and gold mosaic.
9. Panels at sides bearing regimental and other coats of arms.
10. Laurel wreath.



Scale in feet:—

0 2 4 6 8 10 12

**A SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE.**

After five long years of war, recent events on the far flung battle-fronts justify the anticipation that the end is not far off. Behind one's satisfaction with the improved outlook is the sombre background of the price paid for victory in the lives of our gallant men in all parts of the world. It is not too early to be turning our thoughts to the problem of the most fitting form of memorial to be erected to perpetuate the memory of those associated with the College who made the supreme sacrifice. Letters from the boys at the front and conversations with returned soldiers leave no doubt that, in whatever part of the world they may be, memories of their old school are constantly in their thoughts, and that it has been a delight to meet old schoolmates and talk over the days they spent at Seddon. It is very fitting, therefore, that in their old school, to which they were bound with ties of affection, there should be erected a symbol of that old association and of the esteem in which they in turn were held by the school.

Memorials to the soldiers who fell in the last war are all too often regrettably inadequate, hence my desire that careful thought be given to our task this time. I trust that no hearing will be given the specious claim that memorials of this kind should have a utilitarian value. All too often they are, in reality, devices for exploiting a noble sentiment to save an expenditure of public or private moneys on buildings or services which should otherwise be provided for.

Let their memorial be a thing of beauty, an object of veneration, fitted to its purpose as perfectly as the art and craft of man can shape it. Other and better ideas may be put forward, but I am venturing to propose a Shrine of Remembrance—a shrine conceived and executed in a spirit of reverence and pride that will stimulate the youth of the future to noble thoughts, a source of inspiration to all, and a fitting testimony to the dead.

I am no draughtsman, but, with the assistance of a young friend, I have prepared the accompanying sketch, which may suggest to those more skilled in these matters than I am, ideas for a Shrine that, when completed, will do justice to its purpose.

—H.A.J.

**SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.****CADET BATTALION.**

Thanks to a generous allowance of equipment as far as weapons, including rifles, Bren guns, Vicker's machine-guns, and the two-inch mortars are concerned, the Battalion has been enabled to make a great deal of progress in its training this year. An important factor also has been the help given by the experienced officers who have returned to the school from the armed forces, and the enthusiasm of a group of N.C.O.'s, led by C.S.M. Matthews and Sgts. Melsaac, O'Connor, Heron, Vesey, and Chambers. These boys have run a class for prospective N.C.O.'s on Tuesday and Thursday mornings before school, with the result that a splendid pool of future N.C.O.'s has been created.

A period of three days' consolidated training was held during the first term, and a similar period will be devoted to military training at the end of the second term. Each week a full hour's training has been carried out, followed by a good hour's massed P.T. under the excellent

leadership of Capt. H. P. Leeves. This year every boy has had an opportunity in school time to carry out his range practices at the newly constructed ranges at Craig's Quarry, and great hopes are held of winning the Weekly Press Shield this year.

An innovation to the Battalion is the establishment of a 25-pounder battery, which has been enthusiastically taken up by the boys. In fact, this unit has a long waiting list, and is regarded as the crack unit of the Battalion. It is almost certain that the boys will take part in a "live shoot" before the year ends.

A most welcome piece of news to the Battalion, and particularly to the harassed Armoury Staff, is that the former Boy Prefects' Room has been made available as an Armoury. This should do away with the bottleneck in the issue of equipment, and make for great improvement in the standard of training. Lastly, a word of thanks must be given to our capable Area Instructor, S/Sgt. Eglinton, who has given us excellent service, and has been at all times a tower of strength to the 3rd (C) Battalion.

#### SHOOTING.

As the College does not possess its own range, and since other ranges have not been available, the cadet shooting has been put off until a new range was made. The new range is in one of the Mt. Eden quarries, and has a maximum range of 25 yards. Each of the three mounds, which has its own butt, is sufficiently long to take eight boys, firing in the prone position. The rifles which are being used this year are .22 calibre, S.M.L.E.

Each boy is issued with thirty rounds. Ten rounds are used in grouping practices so that the cadet can become accustomed to his rifle, and the remainder of the ammunition is used in the actual shoot, which consists of ten deliberate and ten rapid. As the period allotted to shooting is only one and three-quarter hours per class, the weaker cadets cannot be coached very much. Despite this the school average has been quite encouraging. Up to the present time Simons, of P.E. 5, is the top scorer with a percentage of 86. He is closely followed by Bain, of Acc. 5, with 85 per cent. to his credit. Davies, of W. 4a, is third with a score of 82. This year the cadet shooting is under the command of Staff Sergeant Eglinton, of Area 1.

#### THE AIR TRAINING CORPS.

The A.T.C. at Seddon Memorial Technical College is now the largest school unit in New Zealand. Including attached members, it has a strength of over 300 cadets.

Opportunities for training have been reduced this year, owing to a restriction in the time available weekly, and also in the last few months, to lack of suitable parade grounds. The three days' training course, held at Blandford Park during the first term, was interrupted by bad weather, and a further course was therefore held in August.

During the May holidays, and again in the second term, vacation short-course camps were held at Whenuapai, where over a hundred cadets attended each camp and gained some experience of Station routine.

This year considerable progress has been made in aircraft recognition training and other service subjects, such as the theory of flight, armaments, bomb aiming, and others. In this work the unit has been

greatly assisted by the increased number of Staff Instructors made available by the R.N.Z.A.F. This instruction has been supplemented by the showing of several very interesting Air Force films.

This is the first year in which no differentiation has been made in the A.T.C. between the training of air-crew and ground-staff. It was found that too early specialisation led to a lack of adaptability. The more general course aims at a greater versatility on the part of the trainee, so that should a temporary shortage occur in either branch of the Service, personnel can be directed where required with a minimum of disorganization.

Of the 1943 Cadets, many are in Town Units, mostly N.C.O. rank, showing the undoubted value of the initial training in the school Unit. Many from previous years are now mobilised and have gone overseas.

The A.T.C. is still, as in previous years, a section of the school Military Cadets, and will probably remain so in the post-war organisation, and at present there is a proposal to accept only those boys who have had at least one year's training in the Army Cadet Battalion. This will ensure that only a suitable type of trainee finds his way into the Air Force.

#### LITERARY CLUB.

List! not a sound but the scratch of the pen,  
 Issues from Room 40 each now and then.  
 Those who're inspired, they write madly away,  
 Each here and there a girl's thoughts seem to stray.  
 She looks round the room for an idea that's bright;  
 Why is it that all such thoughts should take flight?  
 But thoughts come of homework still to do—  
 And yesterday's work is all in a stew.  
 Calling the mind to order once more  
 Loud comes the traffic's outside roar,  
 Undoing all of my strenuous thought,  
 But if this doesn't read, well, it certainly ought!

#### KNITTING.

The Patriotic Knitting Circles for 1944 are in the charge of Miss Bell and Miss Galloway. The record of garments knitted by the girls and their home helpers is a good one, including up to the present: 132 balaclavas, 24 pairs of sox, 7 pullovers, 16 pairs of glove mitts, and 72 scarves. By the end of the year we hope to have increased this total by a good deal, and all are working hard with this in view.

#### BOYS' CRUSADER NOTES.

The Boys' Crusader Group meets weekly in the school, all boys being invited. The group has for its leader Mr. T. C. Askin, a student of the Bible Training Institute, and assistant leader, Mr. I. Kemp, of the University. Our group has had many opportunities of hearing about the work in mission-fields, and we have heard missionaries from China, Egypt, Africa, and the Pacific Islands, also many prominent citizens of our own city, who have spoken on the Christian faith and life.

We should like to remind pupils and parents that camps are held regularly in the holidays.

**GIRLS' CRUSADER MOVEMENT.**

"Crusaders," an interdenominational movement, has been functioning in this College for fifteen years. It is at present under the capable leadership of Mrs. W. Martin, an ex-prefect of S.M.T.C. Our average attendance of about fifty is addressed by a variety of speakers.

We have our meetings in Room 37 at lunchtime on Wednesday, and all girls are welcome.

**SIXTH FORM STUDENTS OF 1943.**

Several of last year's sixth form have gone on to studies at Auckland University College, where Betty Ah Chee is taking the Commerce course, and Rita Salmon is studying for an Arts degree. Kerry Jackson and Symmons are studying architecture: Speedy, engineering; and Leslie Arnold and David Powell, science. Keith Watson, who is now in Wellington in the Public Service, is attending Victoria University College, where he is furthering his accountancy studies.

Three of last year's sixth are now attending professional accountancy classes at this College. They are Ronald Cooke, who is now on the staff of the Hospital Board's office; Barry Morley, in an accountant's office in the city; and Len Annan, at present employed in the office of Kolyos Ltd.

Lorin Millett, after five years in New Zealand, has returned to Suva, Fiji, where she has a position in the Government Service. Douglas Norrie is draughting at the Tasman Airways; Neil Laurie is in a surveyor's office, and Griffiths is in training with the Air Force in the South Island.

**VIOLIN CHOIR NOTES.**

The violin choir, so called because it consists of violins only, is a small group of girls who meet in the music room on Thursday afternoons. For an hour from 2.30 to 3.30, we practice music specially chosen by the supervisor, Miss Adams, with a view to the individual ability of each girl.

At present nine girls attend. We have hoped to have the boy violinists to swell our numbers, but unfortunately they have military drill on a Thursday afternoon. What we are doing now is only the nucleus of what we hope to achieve by the end of the year, when perhaps we may be able to present some items at a school concert.

**SPORTS.****RUGBY.****FIRST XV. NOTES.****INTER-SCHOOL GAMES.**

These are the games and trips which all the boys look forward to, and this year we travelled to Hamilton and Stratford, and we were visited by Pukekohe and Hamilton Technical High Schools.

Hamilton—This trip was very long, but it did not have any ill-effects, for we played an outstanding game in all departments. The conditions were heavy, but this did not slow up the game, for the handling was good and the defence sound. Wells was our outstanding forward, and Stackpole in the backs ran with confidence and defended solidly. The scoreboard at half-time showed that the score was 8-3 in Hamilton's favour, but after we changed around we livened up and our backs got their share of the ball.

Rikihana scored two unconverted tries. The final score was 9-8 in our favour.

Pukekohe Technical High—Because of Pukekohe's having a team with an average weight of 10 stone 7lbs., it was a game for the First XV. The boys arrived late, and since time was short the spells were made 25 minutes. This allowed us to make it fast all the way, and we again came out on the winning side. For us, Webb and Cutler scored, Wells converted one and Stackpole kicked a penalty. The final score was 11-3 in our favour.

Stratford Technical—This was the best trip of the season, thanks to the hospitality and sociability of the Stratford people. Everything was in our favour, and we were beaten by a much smaller team, the final score being 6-3. Ball scored a try after playing an outstanding game.

We have to congratulate both Menzies and Wells on gaining places in the Secondary Schools' representative team selected at the end of the season.

**THE TEAM.**

Forwards: Menzies (captain), Matthews, Wells, Evans, Simons, Cutler, Webb, Edge, Pederson, Irvine, Faulkner.

Backs: Stackpole (vice-captain), Peae, Godley, Ball, Rikihana, Lamb, Kewish, Botica.

**GRADE MATCHES.**

King's College—This match was the first of the season, and the condition of the ground and the size of the opposition finally told on our fitness. The score at half-time was 3-all; the final score being 19-11 in favour of King's. For us Godley scored a try which Menzies converted. Menzies also kicked two penalty goals.

In the second round the condition of the ground was in favour of King's, and they proved too fast for us and finally won 25-3. Menzies kicked a penalty.

Auckland Grammar—In this match our forwards played an outstanding game and excelled as a pack in all types of play. After leading Grammar 3-0 at half-time and until half-way through the second spell, we finally lost 15-3. Grammar backs broke through and scored three converted tries. For us Menzies kicked a penalty.

We met Grammar in the second round, and Grammar had a runaway victory, 40-5. In this game Ball scored a good try and Menzies converted.

Takapuna—This game found us in a very bad position, for five of our regular team were out, and their places were filled by second-grade boys, but even under these conditions we were not disgraced, being beaten by 15-6. Stackpole was the outstanding player on the field, and scored a brilliant try. Menzies kicked a penalty.

In the second game we managed to turn the tables on our opponents. The weather was fine for a change, and we played with more confidence and threw the ball about more freely. Stackpole played another good all-round game and was well helped by his inside backs. The forwards played a solid game. For Technical, Ball scored two good tries, while Lamb and

Menzies also scored; the latter also kicked a penalty and converted two tries. The game ended 19-11 in our favour.

Sacred Heart—These boys proved to have a back line which was far too fast and tricky for our line, and we were beaten by 19-0. The forwards played a good game and gave the backs a fair share of the ball, but many opportunities were lost.

Second Round.—This was the surprise of the season, for we took the lead from the start and never looked like being defeated throughout. Both backs and forwards played an outstanding game, both on defence and attack. An exciting game ended with the score 13-9 in our favour. For us Ball, Godley and Menzies scored, and Menzies converted two.

Otahuhu—This team was new to the competition, and our boys were quite confident of victory, but although territorially we had the better of the game we were beaten by 5-3. Otahuhu got a runaway try from their own twenty-five, and Cutler scored our only points.

Second Round.—This day we played our worst game, and a draw looked likely right up to the final whistle. Just on time Rikihana cut through brilliantly to score between the posts, which Menzies converted. Menzies also scored a try.

#### SECOND XV. NOTES.

The school Second XV. played in the secondary schools' Third A competition, with a weight limit of 10 stone. The teams in this grade usually play fast and keen football, and this year was no exception, with nearly every game evenly contested.

The team performed very creditably, and had a good deal of success, winning more games than it lost. Probably the best game was against King's, where we scored near the end to win 5-3, Walker converting with a magnificent kick.

Outside the competition we played three other games, and won them all. We had a pleasant day's outing to Northcote, where a team of mixed Firsts and Seconds defeated Northcote D.H.S. by 25-18 after an exciting game. Then there was the trip to Hamilton, where we defeated Hamilton Tech.—the Second XV. by 6-3 after a very even game. Pukekohe visited us, and we beat their Seconds fairly easily by 11-0.

The team this year was a well-balanced one, with a fast, even set of forwards and a capable line of backs.

Among the forwards, Edge, Moulder and Walker were usually prominent, though all worked well as a rule. In the back line Tierney gave good service at half, while Rikihana and Pai made a very dangerous pair of five-eighths. Peachy was very sound at centre, while Sorby, on the wing, was quick to attack and sure in defence. Reggie Wah Lee, after a shaky start, made a safe full-back.

Games played:

v. Grammar	..	Lost 8-22 and 0-9.
v. King's	..	Won 5-3.
v. Otahuhu	..	Won 25-3 and 22-3.
v. Sacred Heart	..	Lost 8-11 and won 18-3.
v. Mt. Albert	..	Drew 0-0 and lost 3-11.
v. Hamilton	..	Won 6-3.
v. Pukekohe	..	Won 11-0.

The team: Tierney (captain), Pai, Rikihana, Moulder, Walker, Peachy, Sorby, O'Malley, Gow, V. Thompson, Edge, David, McKenzie, Kendall, Wakelen, Wah Lee, Jillings, Morris.

#### SECOND GRADE B RUGBY

After a shaky start the Second XV., playing in the B Grade, settled down into a very eager and willing team, and finished the season as runner-up of the grade.

The games played resulted as follows:

First Round:

v. A.G.S. B.—Lost 3-9.

v. Mt.A.G.S.—Lost 0-17.

v. A.G.S. C.—Won 5-0. A forwards' game that showed a great deal more punch and spirit. The score by Gardiner was converted by Lambert. This was the first score of the season, and greatly encouraged the whole team.

v. King's—Won 15-0. Played at the Domain on a Tuesday, the team had ample support from the sideline. Todd and Lambert both scored. Morris kicked one penalty, while Lambert kicked two.

Second Round:

v. A.G.S. B.—Won 9-3. Exceptionally good handling by the backs made possible a score by the centre, Smith. The other two scores were obtained by forwards, Anderson and Clough.

v. King's—Won 12-8. All the points were gained in the first half. Jones-Pritchard, the winger, scored within the first few minutes of the game. Also, Smith scored. Lambert kicked two penalties. The team-work became very sluggish in the last half, allowing King's to score eight points.

v. Mt.A.G.S.—Lost, 5-15. The only score by Jones-Pritchard was made well out, and Lambert converted with a beautiful kick worthy of senior football. This Mt. Albert team is unbeaten save for a draw against A.G.S.

#### RUGBY VI.A. NOTES.

Team: Delgrosso (captain), Walters, Gadsby, Quayle, Hinsley, Norton, Dodd, Hotchen, Robinson, Bloomfield, McGee, Jones, Gordon, Hanson, Smith, Adamson.

The team was unable to gain a place in the championship, but had a series of hard games. A number of players show great promise, particularly the following:—

Delgrosso, a good all-round player.

Hanson, a wing with plenty of determination.

Gadsby, a hard-working forward.

McGee, a nippy half-back with good hands.

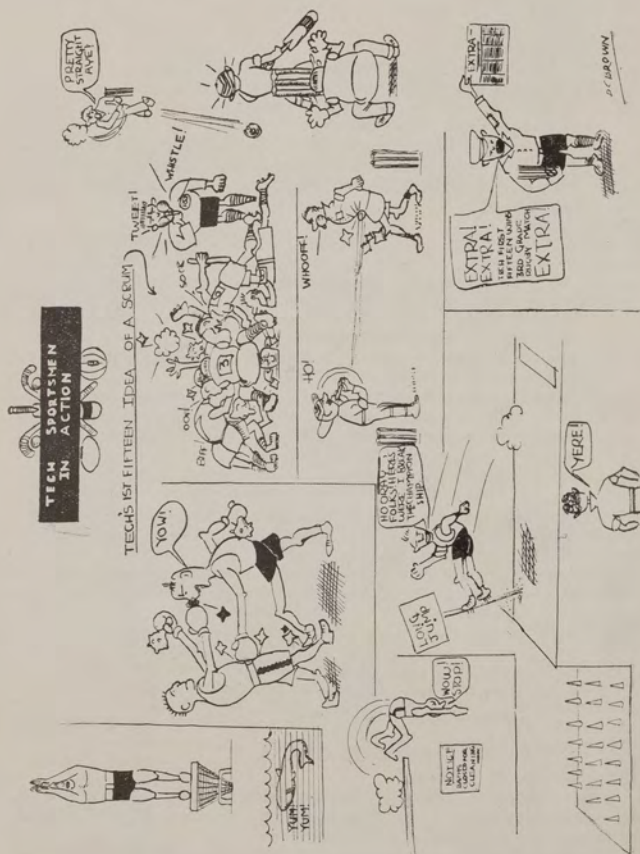
Smith, a reliable full-back.

#### FOURTH GRADE B.

Coach: Mr. H. W. James.

Team: Jamieson (captain), Larkin (vice-captain), Reeves, Dustin, Richardson, Mrkusich, North, Reid, Sycamore, Wanles, Pearson, Riddell, W. Taylor, Brewer, Stevenson, Cross, Olliver.

The team started well, winning the first games against Mt. Albert and Otahuhu. Our luck changed against Takapuna and Sacred Heart, when we lost by a narrow margin. We suffered a defeat playing Auckland Grammar B, but we avenged this later. Richardson scored a fine try while playing this team. Another outstanding try was scored by Jamieson, the left winger, who, receiving the ball while playing Mt. Albert, ran through the opposing backs to score between the posts. He



also does good work in the defence. Larkin, too, has gained some excellent tries and difficult place kicks. North is a reliable and much-improved full-back.

Great improvement has been noticed in our pack of forwards, particularly Pearson, Riddell and Stevenson. Taylor worked like a Trojan, and was always up on the ball. Stevenson, too, played some very good games and scored some excellent tries.

Mr. James took over the team from the beginning of the season, and his work and enthusiasm are much appreciated by the team.

#### First Round.

- v. Mt. Albert—won, 11-3.
- v. Otahuhu—won, 20-3.
- v. Takapuna—lost, 0-3.
- v. Sacred Heart B—lost, 0-3.
- v. Auckland Grammar B—lost, 3-17.
- v. Sacred Heart C—drew, 8-8.
- v. Auckland Grammar C—won, 21-0.
- v. Auckland Grammar B—won, 9-0.
- v. Takapuna—lost, 3-12.
- v. Sacred Heart B—still to be played.

#### VI. B. RUGBY.

The following were the most interesting games played by the VI. B Rugby team. Against Otahuhu Technical the score was 22-3 in our favour. The next, against Sacred Heart College, resulted in a win for us, 16-0.

The most outstanding tries scored during this season were by Loneragan, Mathieson, McKay and Murphy.

The most improved players were Bines, McLean and Symmans. Bright, who was always present, was a most useful team-man.

The most spectacular and consistent players in the team were Loneragan (first five-eighth), Mathieson (half-back), Peacock (second five-eighth), Bines (wing three-quarter) and Murphy and Turner (forwards).

#### FIFTH GRADE RUGBY A TEAM.

Defeated by only two teams in very hard-fought games, the Fifth Grade A team of 1944 had a very fair measure of success. The team, captained by Ross, was fortunate in possessing a strong pack of aggressive forwards and a set of fast-moving backs. Among the forwards, Hanlon and Sunchell excelled in line-out work, while Maurice proved most valuable as a hooker. As a whole, the forwards presented a tough opposition and contributed largely to the team's successes. Gibson, as half-back, showed speed and initiative and worked well in conjunction with first five-eighths Ross, whose play was characterised by skill in handling the ball and powerful kicking. Birnie showed up well as a fast and determined wing three-quarter.

The team as a whole showed a very good spirit, and on no occasion was it ever handicapped by a player failing to be present, either at a match or a practice.

The members of the team were: Forwards—E. Hanlon, D. Jeffries, M. Sunchell, G. Elmsly, B. James, J. Patterson, A. Polkinghorne, D. Maurice; Backs—H. Nielson, A. Osborne, R. Teague, G. Birnie, D. Ross, E. Haskell, R. Gibson and G. Eather.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL V.B. TEAM.

With one game to play, against Sacred Heart, our team is at present second in the grade. The results of the matches played are as follows:

v. Auckland Grammar C .. .. .	Lost 3-0.
v. Sacred Heart B .. .. .	Won 20-0.
v. Dilworth B .. .. .	Won 6-0.
v. Auckland Grammar B .. .. .	Lost 4-0.
v. Otahuhu Technical High School B ..	Won 51-0.
v. Mt. Albert Grammar B .. .. .	Won by default.
v. Auckland Grammar C .. .. .	Lost 5-3.

Among the outstanding tries scored during the season are the following:

In the match against Dilworth, the score was nil up to the last ten minutes of the game, when M. Mason (wing) intercepted a pass in his own half of the field and with pace and determination scored a try between the posts.

L. Helsby (full-back), in the second game against Auckland Grammar B, gathered a clearing kick and from the Grammar twenty-five ran straight for the corner. When he was very close to the line he passed to McMillan, who had backed him up, thus scoring a try.

All the players have shown keenness and improvement. Renwick (vice-captain), Jawsey and Hogan in particular. The most noteworthy feature has been the excellent team spirit throughout the season, due in no small measure to the captain, N. Surtees.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Four teams competed in the Inter-Secondary Schools' competition, i.e., Senior, Intermediate A and B, and Junior. All four teams gave a good account of themselves, though hampered by lack of playing fields.

## (1) Senior Competition.

After several rearrangements, the school team settled down to a good season's football.

Norgrove and Fiddes were an efficient combination, while Walker and Gatfield, in the half-line, were both hard workers. Harris, our goal-keeper, saved many goals in dashing style.

This year the Senior team went to Hamilton Technical High School, where no effort was spared to make our visit a most enjoyable one. The Hamilton team played with fine spirit, although our team defeated them, 10-0.

An outstanding game was that against Mt. Albert Grammar School in the second round of the knockout competition. As the final result was a draw, extra time was allowed, and after a most exciting game Mt. Albert won the laurels with a score of 1-0.

Two members of our team, Norgrove and Walker, were selected for the Secondary Schools' representative team. We desire to congratulate these boys upon this distinction. Our thanks are due to Norgrove for the capable and conscientious way in which he led the team.

## (2) Intermediate Competition.

The Intermediate "A" team, after several exciting games, drew for second place in the Championship. It was unfortunate that the team was beaten in the first round of the Knock-out by Mt. Albert Grammar, who won 3-2 after a hard and thrilling game.

The outstanding players were Armour (captain), Wills, Stonham and Glennan, the latter proving himself a reliable goal-keeper.

The two outstanding players in the "B" team were Baker (captain) and Pennington.

## Results:—

A Team	-	Won, 6; drawn, 1; lost, 1.
B Team	-	Won, 4; drawn, 0; lost, 4.

## (3) Junior Competition.

The Juniors played some good games, and on several occasions were beaten only by the odd goal. Brown (captain), Henderson, Wood and Sheridan showed promise, and with more experience should develop into good footballers.

## Results:—

Won, 3; drawn, 1; lost, 4.

## FIRST XI. CRICKET

For the season 1943-44 we fielded a fairly strong side. We were successful, however, in only one match, though in several others the margin was narrow.

In the first match, against Takapuna, our batsmen had had no previous practice except on the asphalt in the playground, and consequently found difficulty in timing. Our bowlers, however, were in good form and our figures in the second innings were superior to the opponents'.

Against Sacred Heart, our bowlers, Stackpole and Botica, were completely on top and dismissed their whole side for 39 runs. We won easily on the first innings.

The two matches against Mt. Albert were disappointing. In the first game we were quite unable to shift two of their batsmen, but good batting in our second innings saved an outright defeat. The second match was fairly close, but the opponents made a good effort at a critical time.

We lost the Otahuhu match by one run. In this game the luck was definitely against us, and we know of plenty of ways in which that run could have been saved. And, finally, Sacred Heart had their revenge for the previous defeat.

As to individual players, Mackie, Norgrove, Fiddes, Menzies and Harris batted well at times, while Botica is a powerful hitter with a good eye. Botica and Stackpole were accurate bowlers, and sometimes dangerous, while Harris, with a good off-break, made a useful change bowler. The fielding of the team was, on the whole, good, except for one or two regrettable lapses which proved expensive.

## Results:—

v. Takapuna Grammar—	T.G.S.: 165 and six for 51. S.M.T.C.: 65 and 138.
v. Sacred Heart—	S.H.C.: 39 and six for 87. S.M.T.C.: 121 and 109.
v. Mt. Albert Grammar—	M.A.G.S.: Two for 250. S.M.T.C.: 96 and four for 60.
v. Mt. Albert Grammar—	M.A.G.S.: 184. S.M.T.C.: 110 and two for 88.
v. Otahuhu Technical—	O.T.H.S.: 118. S.M.T.C.: 117.

v. Sacred Heart—

S.H.C.: 204.  
S.M.T.C.: 96 and 84.

Team (April, 1944): Norgrove (captain), Stackpole, Fiddes, Botica, Menzies, Harris, Quintal, Thompson, Little, Wells, Gatfield, Moulder. Captain (November-March), Mackie. Scorer, C. Thompson.

### GIRLS' ANNUAL SWIMMING SPORTS.

February 29th, 1944.

#### JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

- 331-3 Yards Breaststroke—  
1st, J. McKay (B); 2nd, S. Durrant (W); 3rd, M. Harvey (H).  
331-3 Yards Overarm—  
1st, B. Muir (S); 2nd, I. Roderique (H); 3rd, J. McKay (B).  
331-3 Yards Backstroke—  
1st, M. Harvey (H); 2nd, J. McKay (B); 3rd, S. Durrant (W).

#### SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

- 331-3 Yards Breaststroke—  
1st, I. Russell (B); 2nd, P. Becker (W); 3rd, J. Marsden (S).  
331-3 Yards Backstroke—  
1st, M. Jamieson (W); 2nd, I. Russell (B); 3rd, N. Treweek (W).  
662-3 Yards Overarm—  
1st, I. Russell (B); 2nd, N. Treweek (W); 3rd, K. Hardley (W).

#### AGE RACES.

- Under 13—  
1st, M. Crum (W); 2nd, L. Buckley (B); 3rd, I. Jackson (H).  
Under 14—  
1st, G. Lowe (B); 2nd, I. Roderique (H); 3rd, V. Watson (H).  
Under 15—  
1st, J. Cunnold (H); 2nd, S. Partridge (S); 3rd, B. Muir (S).  
15 and Over—  
1st, M. Jamieson (W); 2nd, N. Treweek (W); 3rd, T. Biggs (W).  
100 Yards Open—  
1st, I. Russell (B); 2nd, M. Jamieson (W); 3rd, M. Fielden (B).  
Plunge Race, 662-3 Yards—  
1st, I. Russell (B); 2nd, K. Hardley (W); 3rd, V. Johnston (H).  
Neat Jump—  
1st, E. Jolly (B); 2nd, B. Bennett (S); 3rd, V. Richards (B).  
Neat Dive—  
1st, J. Cunnold (H); 2nd, E. Jolly (B); 3rd, J. McKay (B).  
331-3 Yards Open—  
1st, I. Russell (B); 2nd, P. Fitt (W); 3rd, N. Treweek (W).  
Learners' Race—  
1st, N. McCullough (S); 2nd, P. McLeod (W); 3rd, S. Taylor (H).  
Potato Race—  
1st, J. Scott (H); 2nd, M. Stanaway (H); 3rd, J. Lett (W).  
Tandem Race—  
1st, M. Lovatt and M. Jamieson (W); 2nd, M. Harvey and I. Roderique (H); 3rd, J. McKay and M. Webb (B).  
Dressing Race—  
1st, C. Malam (W); 2nd, N. Bradshaw (B); 3rd, S. Taylor (H).  
Junior House Relay—  
1st, Hindley; 2nd, Binns; 3rd, Wellesley.  
Senior House Relay—  
1st, Wellesley; 2nd, Binns; 3rd, Seddon.

### FORM RELAYS.

- Third Forms—  
1st, III.E. Com; 2nd, III.A. Com; 3rd, III.D. Com.  
Fourth Forms—  
1st, IV.B. Com.; 2nd, IV.A. Sc.; 3rd, IV.E. Com.  
Fifth Forms—  
1st, V.A. Com.; 2nd, V.B. Com.; 3rd, V. Sc.  
House Points—  
Binns, 65; Wellesley, 61; Hindley, 41; Seddon, 19.  
Junior Champion: J. McKay (B).  
Runner-up: M. Harvey (H).  
Senior Champion: I. Russell (B).  
Runners-up: M. Jamieson and N. Treweek (W).

### BASKETBALL.

Two teams were entered in the Auckland Association matches played at Windmill Road on Saturday afternoons. At the end of the first round the Grade III.A team was leading in their grade, and we hope that they will be able to hold the lead until the end of the season. The Second B team at the moment are well above the half-way mark in their grade.

Northcote v. S.M.T.C.—Basketball and football teams played at Northcote. All three games resulted in easy wins for S.M.T.C. This we felt was in no inconsiderable extent due to the smaller number of girls attending Northcote. After the games were over we were treated to a very appetising afternoon tea, much enjoyed by all.

Otahuhu v. S.M.T.C.—Four S.M.T.C. basketball teams visited Otahuhu, the "A" and "B" and two first year teams. Upon arriving at Otahuhu, it was not long before we began our games. After about five minutes, the rain began to come down very heavily. We played in the rain for a while, but were called off, with the exception of the "A" team, which had started first and therefore had only a few more minutes to play before the end of their first half. Although the rain eased off a little, it hardly stopped while the games were in progress. The two senior matches resulted in wins for Otahuhu, the scores being: "A," 17-10; "B," 18-13. However, in the other two games, S.M.T.C. teams made this up by winning both.

Pukekohe v. S.M.T.C.—On Tuesday, 25th July, two Pukekohe teams played us. The visitors did not arrive until well after 2 o'clock. We had to commence almost immediately, the "B's" starting first. Our "B" team seemed to be easily the better of the two teams, and the finishing score was 20-4 to us. Our "A" team was not so fortunate, although the two teams were evenly matched. Pukekohe ended by scoring 14 goals to our 11.

Hamilton v. S.M.T.C.—August 1st! At last the day had come for our teams to go to Hamilton. The "B" team played first. Both teams were evenly matched, and at first Hamilton was in the lead, but we played up and won the game by 12-6. The "A" game was very fast and exciting. After the first half Hamilton was winning by a good margin, but during the second half Seddon played well, bringing the score up to 9-all. From then on the game moved swiftly. With but a few minutes to go the score was 11-10 to Hamilton. Our team put up a good fight, but in the end was narrowly defeated, the score being 13-11. After afternoon-tea we had to make our way back to Frankton. We arrived back in Auckland at 9 o'clock, departing on our different ways, feeling exhausted but full of good spirits at the end of a thoroughly enjoyable day.

## GIRLS' TENNIS NOTES

During the first and third terms a large number of girls, under the supervision of Miss Adams, go to tennis at Windmill Road. In the winter term a smaller group of girls, under Miss Clough and Miss Hughes, go to the Mt. Eden courts.

Owing to the weather conditions, the Inter-Secondary School Tennis Championships were held this year at St. Cuthbert's College. The players in the singles events were Kare Naera, Valerie Johnson, Lucy McDonald, Maureen Fielden and Beryl Taylor, while in the doubles the following pairs took part: Kare Naera and Valerie Johnson, Lucy McDonald and Enid Longden, Dawn Parry and Yvonne Warner, Maureen Fielden and Beryl Taylor. The girls enjoyed their matches and the experience of inter-school competitive play.

## TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1943.

These were played at Windmill Road. In the Senior Singles, Kare Naera defeated Lucy McDonald in the finals, and in the Junior Singles Valerie Johnson defeated Naomi Heron in the finals.

In the Doubles, Valerie Johnson and Naomi Heron defeated Lucy McDonald and Kare Naera.

## BOYS' TENNIS, 1944.

With tennis balls still in such short supply, the school championships were again limited to one grade—an open championship. The tournament, lasting but one day, was played in March on the Auckland Tennis Association courts in Stanley Street.

Botica dominated both singles and doubles events, so the issues were never really in doubt. His experience in match play in outside tournaments always proved a distinct advantage. His success, too, in the Secondary Schools' Championships was well merited. Last year he reached the final and lost; this year he was successful, but only after a long, well-contested match. Partnered by Williams, he also reached the final of the doubles, but went down to a pair from Auckland Grammar.

The following are the semi-finals and finals of our school championships:

## SINGLES—

Botica	}	Botica	}	Botica 6-3, 6-0
Pearson		9-2		
Walker	}	Walker	}	Botica 6-3, 6-0
Williams		9-6		

## DOUBLES—

Walker - Pearson	}	Walker - Pearson	}	Botica - Williams 6-3, 6-4
Harrison - Richardson		9-2		
Gow - Hickman	}	Botica - Williams	}	Botica - Williams 6-3, 6-4
Botica - Williams		9-4		

## BOYS' SWIMMING SPORTS.

February 29th, 1944.

We were again fortunate in having perfect weather for our annual swimming sports on 29th February.

For the first time the system of school championship on aggregate points was abandoned, and this had the effect of encouraging boys to enter only for those events for which they had some talent. Another innovation was that non-competitors were permitted to attend only the finals, so that the work of the officials was greatly lessened and we were able to handle a record muster of competitors.

A very fine display of swimming was provided by C. Davidson, who shows great versatility and should go far in New Zealand swimming. Davidson (a first year boy) was first in four Senior Championship events (three records), third in another and first in the 440 yards open. M. Menzies established a record for the 50 yards freestyle, and credit is due to R. G. Brown for all-round achievement as a Junior swimmer. J. Boreham and W. Sorby gave a notable exhibition of corfu diving.

Our thanks are due to the manager and staff of the Olympic Pool for their assistance and courtesy.

## CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS—SENIOR.

- 50 Yards Freestyle—  
1st, M. Menzies; 2nd, C. Davidson; 3rd, G. Engel.  
Time, 28 1-5sec. (a record).
- 100 Yards Freestyle—  
1st, C. Davidson; 2nd, G. Engel; 3rd, P. Simons.  
Davidson's time in heat, 1min. 6 3-5sec. (a record).
- 220 Yards Freestyle—  
1st, C. Davidson; 2nd, G. Engel; 3rd, P. Simons.
- 50 Yards Breaststroke—  
1st, C. Davidson; 2nd, E. Senior; 3rd, B. Nash.  
Time, 40 3-5sec. (a record).
- 50 Yards Backstroke—  
1st, C. Davidson; 2nd, J. Stackpole; 3rd, E. Senior.  
Time, 34 4-5sec. (a record).
- Plunge Dive—  
1st, E. Senior; 2nd, W. Greig; 3rd, B. Yerex.
- Dive—  
1st, J. Stackpole and W. Kelsall (equal); 2nd, C. Davidson;  
3rd, M. Russell.

## CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS—JUNIOR.

- 50 Yards Freestyle—  
1st, W. Osborne; 2nd, M. Peacock; 3rd, W. R. Brown.
- 100 Yards Freestyle—  
1st, R. G. Brown; 2nd, W. Brown; 3rd, R. Tegue.
- 220 Yards Freestyle—  
1st, R. G. Brown; 2nd, W. Brown; 3rd, M. Peacock.
- 50 Yards Breaststroke—  
1st, R. G. Brown; 2nd, W. Bovaird; 3rd, N. Surtese.
- Dive—  
1st, N. Surtese; 2nd, A. Douglas; 3rd, J. David.

## NON-CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS.

- 220 Yards under 19—  
1st, D. Robb; 2nd, L. Jenkins; 3rd, H. Peachey.
- 440 Yards under 19—  
1st, C. Davidson; 2nd, J. Stackpole; 3rd, L. Jenkins.
- 100 Yards under 19—  
1st, R. Bowman; 2nd, D. Pengelly; 3rd, L. Jenkins.
- Neat Header—  
1st, B. Long; 2nd, R. Thompson; 3rd, H. Peachey.
- Corfu Dive—  
1st, J. Boreham and W. Sorby (equal).
- Pyjama Race (Senior)—  
1st, T. Channings; 2nd, G. Reber; 3rd, T. Wah Lee.
- Pyjama Race (Junior)—  
1st, T. Robertson; 2nd, J. Dee; 3rd, R. May.
- 50 Yards Scratch, under 13½—  
1st, R. Pascoe; 2nd, E. Mellor; 3rd, R. Buer.
- 50 Yards Scratch, under 14—  
1st, R. Lonergan; 2nd, P. Neal; 3rd, R. Pearson.
- 50 Yards Scratch, under 14½—  
1st, G. Straffon; 2nd, B. Mathews; 3rd, R. May.
- 50 Yards Scratch, under 15—  
1st, J. Summerhayes; 2nd, D. Pengelly; 3rd, R. Beaven.
- 50 Yards Scratch, under 15½—  
1st, R. Bowman; 2nd, D. Robb; 3rd, J. McIsaac.
- 50 Yards Scratch, under 16—  
1st, G. Reber; 2nd, T. Channings; 3rd, D. Edkins.
- 50 Yards Scratch, over 16—  
1st, I. Morris; 2nd, H. Peachey; 3rd, L. Jenkins.
- 50 Yards Breaststroke, under 19—  
1st, R. Bowman; 2nd, C. Levene; 3rd, V. Fiddes.
- Third Form Relay—  
1st, III.C. Gen. Engineering; 2nd, III.C. Woodwork; 3rd, III.B. Gen. Engineering.
- Fourth Form Relay—  
1st, IV. Motor Engineering; 2nd, IV. Prof. Engineering; 3rd, IV. Agriculture.
- Fifth Form Relay—  
1st, V.A. Accountancy; 2nd, V. Prof. Engineering; 3rd, V.A. Gen. Engineering.

## BOYS' ATHLETIC SPORTS

With the largest entries in the history of the College, due to the abolition of the points championships this year, a very heavy preliminary programme was commenced at Sarawia Park on 14th March. This was curtailed by bad weather and, after postponing the final day to 24th March, the extensive programme which had been organised by Mr. Wooller was run through to schedule.

The outstanding performances were recorded in the field events section, where M. Menzies put up two first-class efforts in achieving a distance of 91ft. 5½in. for the discus throwing, and of 37ft. 8½in. for the shot putting. In addition, the discus throw of Nelson, 94ft. 3½in., in the Intermediate Section, and of Hunter, 83ft. 9½in., in the Junior Section, are recognised as records. In his heat of the Intermediate 100 Yards Championship, Irvine equalled the record of 11sec.—a surprising, but good run on a sodden track.

## CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS.

## SENIOR.

- 100 Yards—  
1st, Pittman; 2nd, Seagers; 3rd, Menzies.
- 220 Yards—  
1st, Pittman; 2nd, Seagers; 3rd, Menzies.
- 440 Yards—  
1st, Downey; 2nd, Pai; 3rd, Yerex.
- 880 Yards—  
1st, Downey; 2nd, Yerex; 3rd\* Peachey.
- One Mile—  
1st, Downey; 2nd, Tierney; 3rd, Peachey.
- 120 Yards Hurdles—  
1st, Pere; 2nd, Pai; 3rd, Valentine.
- High Jump—  
1st, Leathart and Tierney (equal); 2nd, Sommerville.
- Long Jump—  
1st, Menzies; 2nd, Sommerville; 3rd, Pittman.
- Putting the Shot—  
1st, Menzies; 2nd, Sommerville; 3rd, Pere.  
Distance: 37ft. 8½in.—a record.
- Throwing the Discus—  
1st, Menzies; 2nd, Simons; 3rd, Henry.  
Distance: 91ft. 5½in.—a record.

## INTERMEDIATE.

- 100 Yards—  
1st, Irvine; 2nd, Pai; 3rd, Jamison.
- 220 Yards—  
1st, Pai; 2nd, Irvine; 3rd, Reeves.
- 440 Yards—  
1st, Reeves; 2nd, Jillings; 3rd, Sorby.
- 880 Yards—  
1st, Jillings; 2nd, E. Haskell; 3rd, Byers.
- 90 Yards Hurdles—  
1st, Pai; 2nd, Hilton; 3rd, Lamb.
- Long Jump—  
1st, Pai; 2nd, Reeves; 3rd, Jillings.
- High Jump—  
1st, Little; 2nd, Pai; 3rd, Vincent.
- Putting the Shot—  
1st, Irvine; 2nd, Little; 3rd, Bettis.
- Throwing the Discus—  
1st, Nelson; 2nd, Green; 3rd, Webb.  
Distance: 94ft. 3½in.—a record.

## JUNIOR

- 100 Yards—  
1st, Osborne; 2nd, Sweetman; 3rd, Harding.
- 220 Yards—  
1st, Sangster; 2nd, Sweetman; 3rd, Haggard.
- 440 Yards—  
1st, Sweetman; 2nd, Hunter; 3rd, Davison.
- 880 Yards—  
1st, Sweetman; 2nd, Hunter; 3rd, Bentley.

- Long Jump—  
1st, Hunter; 2nd, Knowles; 3rd, Sweetman.  
High Jump—  
1st, Western and Harding (equal); 3rd, Reed.  
Putting the Shot—  
1st, Bishara; 2nd, Matthews; 3rd, Heron.  
Throwing the Discus—  
1st, Hunter; 2nd, Matthews; 3rd, Davison.  
Distance: 83ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.—a record.

**HANDICAP EVENTS (Open)**

- One Mile—  
1st, Haskell; 2nd, Jillings; 3rd, Hanlan.  
Hop, Step and Jump—  
1st, Senior; 2nd, Rikihana; 3rd, Leathart.  
120 Yards Hurdles—  
1st, Wah Lee; 2nd, Brown.

**OVER 16.**

- 100 Yards—  
1st, Seagers; 2nd, Shanks; 3rd, Sommerville.  
220 Yards—  
1st, Shanks; 2nd, Davison; 3rd, Kelway.  
440 Yards—  
1st, Hanlon; 2nd, Morris; 3rd, Botica.  
One Mile—  
1st, Haskell; 2nd, Jillings; 3rd, Hanlon.  
High Jump—  
1st, Fausett; 2nd, Bain and O'Malley (equal); 3rd, Sommerville.  
Long Jump—  
1st, Menzies; 2nd, Sommerville; 3rd, Pittman.

**UNDER 16.**

- 440 Yards—  
1st, Haskell; 2nd, Stephens; 3rd, Wolfenden.  
High Jump—  
1st, Rehe; 2nd, Vincent; 3rd, Harding.  
Long Jump—  
1st, Salmond; 2nd, Sommerville; 3rd, Pere.

**UNDER 15.**

- 440 Yards—  
1st, Beggs; 2nd, Wells; 3rd, Sutherland.

**SCRATCH EVENTS**

- 100 Yards—  
13 $\frac{1}{2}$  Years: 1st, Bines; 2nd, MacFarquhar; 3rd, Granich.  
14 Years: 1st, May; 2nd, Williams; 3rd, Watkins.  
14 $\frac{1}{2}$  Years: 1st, Morling; 2nd, Masson; 3rd, Harmington.  
15 Years: 1st, Brown; 2nd, McMillan; 3rd, Engel.  
16 Years: 1st, Smith; 2nd, Pranghy; 3rd, Harris.  
Over 16 Years: 1st, Gordon; 2nd, Gatfield; 3rd, Setty.  
Throwing Cricket Ball—  
1st, Norgrove; 2nd, Little; 3rd, Wickenden.

**INTER-FORM RELAYS**

- Third Forms—  
1st, G.E.C.; 2nd, G.E.B.; 3rd, Metalwork.  
Fourth Forms—  
1st, Typographical; 2nd, W.B.; 3rd, G.E.B.  
Fifth and Sixth Forms—  
1st, V.I.; 2nd, A.V.A.; 3rd, V.P.E.

**GIRLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS**

Carlaw Park, 17th March, 1944

**JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS**

- 75 Yards Skipping—  
1st, S. Kerr (W); 2nd, G. Lowe (B); 3rd, C. Warren (W).  
100 Yards Flat Race—  
1st, S. Kerr (W); 2nd, D. Layden (W); 3rd, G. Lowe (B).  
220 Yards Flat Race—  
1st, S. Kerr (W); 2nd, G. Lowe (B); 3rd, D. Layden (B).

**SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.**

- 75 Yards Skipping—  
1st, M. Goddard (H); 2nd, S. Horscroft (W); 3rd, N. Anlezark (H).  
100 Yards Flat Race—  
1st, J. Walker (H); 2nd, M. Goddard (H); 3rd, S. Horscroft (W).  
220 Yards Flat Race—  
1st, J. Walker (H); 2nd, M. Goddard (H); 3rd, S. Horscroft (W).

**OPEN EVENTS**

- 75 Yards Skipping—  
1st, M. McPike (S); 2nd, B. Firth (B); 3rd, S. Moselen (B).  
Egg and Spoon Race—  
1st, E. Williams (H); 2nd, N. McCullagh (S); 3rd, M. Speedy (B).  
Potato Race—  
1st, B. White (B); 2nd, P. Tolich (H); 3rd, J. Burnett and Z. Bryant (B), equal.  
Age Race, under 13—  
1st, J. Conaghan (W); 2nd, M. Crum (W); 3rd, I. Jackson (H).  
Age Race, under 14—  
1st, S. Kerr (W); 2nd, G. Lowe (B); 3rd, D. Layden (B).  
Age Race, under 15—  
1st, G. Gilbertson (B); 2nd, J. McRae (H); 3rd, N. Anlezark (H).  
Age Race, 15 and over—  
1st, M. Webb (B); 2nd, A. Russell (B); 3rd, A. Nesfield (W).  
Sack Race—  
1st, D. Drayton (B); 2nd, Z. Bryant (B); 3rd, J. Belsham (S).  
Stilt Race—  
1st, T. Skipper (H); 2nd, A. Walters (H); 3rd, T. Lamont (W).  
Three-legged Race—  
1st, N. Harrison and S. Halliday (S); 2nd, E. and N. Robertson (H);  
3rd, A. Belloc and B. Brown (S).

## HOUSE EVENTS

Bean Bags, Junior—	1st, Wellesley; 2nd, Seddon; 3rd, Binns.
Bean Bags, Senior—	1st, Binns; 2nd, Wellesley; 3rd, Seddon.
Flag Relay, Junior—	1st, Binns; 2nd, Wellesley; 3rd, Seddon.
Flag Relay, Senior—	1st, Hindley; 2nd, Wellesley; 3rd, Binns.
Overhead Ball, Junior—	1st, Binns; 2nd, Wellesley; 3rd, Hindley.
Overhead Ball, Senior—	1st, Binns; 2nd, Hindley; 3rd, Wellesley.
440 Yards Relay, Junior—	1st, Binns; 2nd, Wellesley; 3rd, Seddon.
440 Yards Relay, Senior—	1st, Binns; 2nd, Seddon; 3rd, Wellesley.
Circular Ball, Junior—	1st, Hindley; 2nd, Wellesley; 3rd, Binns.
Circular Ball, Senior—	1st, Seddon; 2nd, Wellesley; 3rd, Hindley.

## HOUSE POINTS

Binns	- - 103	Seddon	- - 40
Hindley	- - 74	Wellesley	- - 95

Junior Champion	- S. Kerr (Wellesley)
Runner-up	- G. Lowe (Binns)
Senior Champion	- M. Goddard (Hindley)
Runner-up	- J. Walker (Hindley)

## COLLEGE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The 1943 Championships attracted an increased number of competitors. The boxing was of its usual high standard, good sportsmanship and clean boxing being much in evidence.

The preliminary bouts were held in the Gymnasium, and took two days to complete, while the finals, held in the Assembly Hall, attracted a record number of parents and friends.

We again wish to thank the officials of the Auckland Boxing Association for their valuable assistance in providing us with qualified judges and referees.

The results were as follows:—

Mosquito Weight	.. 6st. and under	.. ..	Moggach
Midget Weight	.. 6st. 7lbs. and under	.. ..	C. Meyle
Bantam Weight	.. 8st. 9lbs. and under	.. ..	B. Meyle
Feather Weight	.. 8st. 7lbs. and under	.. ..	C. King
Light Weight	.. 9st. 9lbs. and under	.. ..	C. King
Welter Weight	.. 9st. 7lbs. and under	.. ..	J. Wells
Middle Weight	.. 10st. 9lbs. and under	.. ..	J. Wells
Light-heavy Weight	.. 10st. 7lbs. and under	.. ..	K. Jackson
Heavy Weight	.. 11st. and over	.. ..	M. Menzies

The Burke Memorial Cup for the most scientific boxer in the tournament was presented by the donor, Mr. H. Burke, to B. Meyle, the audience standing as a mark of respect for Mr. Burke's son, an old pupil of the College.

The medal for the best loser was won by R. Davidson.

—H. P. Leeves.

## SECONDARY SCHOOLS' SPORTS

## OUR REPRESENTATIVES

## Seniors—

Downey, W. E.; Menzies, M.; Seagers, J. H.; Thompson, C. R.; Leathart, M. C.; Pai, J.; Pitman, K. H.; Sommerville, D. W.; Tierney, M. P.

## Intermediates—

Haskell, E. W.; Jameson, G. D.; Little, R. S.; Irvine, J. E.; Jillings, B. C.; Pai, C.; Reeves, M. R.

## Juniors—

Harding, N. S.; Morling, R. J.; Sangster, E. I.; Hunter, L.; Osborne, W. J.; Sweetman, M. M.; Western, J. D.

The Titheridge-Webber coaching combination has been broken after many years, but we have been well served by the return of Mr. Wooller from the Armed Forces.

Although the points were not very high, those we managed to attain were well earned. Good performances were put up by the following:

In the Junior section we were rather unfortunate in the individual events, but as a team we did much better and managed to win the relay. The Intermediates showed more promise in the individual events, for Little won the high jump and C. Pai ran second in the 220 yards and third in the 100 yards, while J. Irvine ran third in the 220 yards. Excitement ran high for Technical supporters in both the Senior shot putt and the Senior mile, for, in the Shot, Menzies established a new record with a Putt of 4ft. 6½in., which was nearly a foot above the existing record. Then came K. Downey, who ran a mile in fine style, and after leading the field all the way was beaten down the straight and was unlucky to gain only third position.

## HOUSE NOTES.

## BINNS HOUSE.

So far this year Binns House has been very successful. The first scene of our triumph dates back, perhaps, to last year, when on Prize Day, Binns House, to its extreme astonishment and elation, received the Seddon Sports Cup, held by the winning House for the year.

## Swimming.

Our success here was largely due to the tireless efforts of our house-mistresses in persuading the majority of our girls to enter for the races, and to their able choice of the two relay teams. We had rather bad luck, however, as several of the girls in both teams were absent on the day of the sports. At the last moment, however, we lined up with two fairly strong though untried teams and came second in the Junior and Senior events. Thanks are due also to our Senior Champion, for the second time—Irene Russell—and to the Junior Champion—Jean McKay—who swam magnificently, and brought us endless points; also to those who came 1st, 2nd or 3rd in their heats, etc. The day finished with Binns House having 103 points to Wellesley House's 95 points. We were doubly pleased to come before Wellesley House with such a substantial majority, as they beat us last year by only one keenly-fought point.

## Athletics.

In the Athletic sports we did not expect to achieve very much success. We had no champions, but we didn't need them, for there

were many agile sprinters, especially in the junior house, who came second and third in almost every event, thus gathering up for us a substantial number of points. Before the team-games we stood in third position, but after the triumphant efforts of all the teams we literally "shot out, well ahead." Our thanks to all the girls who took part in any event, whether singly or as a team, and also to that group of seniors who so expertly organised practices, as well as to those who attended them as competitors and emergencies. Now, in the second term, basketball is in full swing, tennis continues, and the points are still mounting up—we hope!

#### HINDLEY HOUSE.

Hindley House has not been so successful as in previous years, but we have some promising juniors in our midst who we are hoping will bring the performance of the House up to its usual standard. At the Athletic Sports, even with the good work of Molly Goddard, Senior Champion, and Joan Walker, Senior Runner-up, we managed to secure only third place. However, we gained top position in a few of the House events. To take third position seemed to be the best effort Hindley could make this year, for we maintained this position in the Swimming Sports also.

Joan Cunnold and Betty Harvey proved to be enthusiastic and good swimmers who brought the points of the House up considerably. Our juniors were also successful in winning their House Relay. At winter tennis, as usual, we are in third place. However, when summer tennis is here we have an outstanding player in Valerie Johnson, who has also won many championships outside the school. At basketball we are doing considerably better, so far having a close run with Binns for top place.

#### SEDDON HOUSE.

Our house this year seems to have been dogged by misfortune.

At the swimming sports we had a really creditable performance from some of our Juniors, and although the tide gradually turned against us, this did not stem the wave of enthusiasm which inspired us all. Although we did not display many brilliant qualities we maintained a fairly even keel throughout, and even if we were not as successful as we could wish, nevertheless, we still kept smiling and thought, "better luck next time."

The athletic sports came next, and we greeted them rather anxiously, for, as I have said, we did not at all know how our new genius was going to show itself. In this branch of sport we were rather more successful than at the swimming sports, and although we were last, it was by no means an inglorious defeat. We had a number of leading places in the more amusing races, and were quite successful in the straight-out running. But misfortune was soon on our track again and showed her unwelcome face in the Senior flag-relay; our team was doing very well in second position when one of our number fell over half-way down the course, and our rivals gained on us by one runner. Here again it was the Juniors who put up the best performance of the day.

It is in basket-ball that most of our talent shows itself. We have quite a number of girls representing us in the school teams, and some of them play also for the school on Saturday afternoons. In the Tuesday afternoon basketball matches we really have done well, as it is not only our higher teams which carry off not a few victories, but our lower teams too are a credit to their house. Altogether we feel that we have made a creditable performance throughout the year, more so than our points would indicate.

#### WELLESLEY HOUSE.

This year again the girls of Wellesley House are doing their utmost to win the Cup. Their, and the House Mistresses' untiring efforts, were rewarded when Wellesley House came second in the Swimming and Athletic sports. We are proud to announce that a Wellesley House girl, S. Kerr, is the Junior Athletic Champion, and that M. Jamieson and N. Treweek are the runners-up for the Senior Swimming Champion's Cup.

Though our successes (?) at basketball are best not mentioned, we can quite honestly say that at tennis we are making satisfactory progress.

As the Tennis Championships are held during the third term, we are, at the moment, unable to state our tennis achievements, but we hope to maintain last year's standard, when we succeeded in gaining the first place, and a Wellesley House girl, K. Naera, carried off the Senior Singles Championship.

Even if we do not succeed in winning the cup we shall feel that we have done everything in our power to uphold the honour of Wellesley House. —P.B.

#### FORM NOTES.

##### SIXTH FORM ROUTINE, 1944.

On arriving at the College, the super Sixth sidles stealthily into the Assembly Hall, as  
 "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred."  
 The Principal steps on to the stage, saying:  
 "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears,"  
 and he conducts the assembly.  
 At the end the Sixth Formers amble along to the first period classroom,  
 "A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,"  
 where the English Mistress awaits them,  
 "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."  
 After two drastic periods there is a dive for milk—  
 "Where the bee sucks, there suck I."  
 And a teacher boots us from the girls' corridor,  
 "Light she was, and like a fairy,  
 And her shoes were number —."  
 After recess our attention is directed towards botany diagrams,  
 "Look upon my works ye mighty and despair."  
 Our concentration is interrupted by sounds of chastisement along Room 16 corridor. We all sympathise with the unfortunate victim,  
 "Teach me to feel another's woe."  
 A grinning, grubby boy from the workshop, enters,  
 "Who is this that cometh clad in shining raiment?"  
 This angel in disguise brings news of a lecture from the careers' master,  
 "A man he was to all the College dear,  
 And passing rich on — pounds a year."  
 After this we go into our "spacious" grounds for lunch,  
 "Alas, regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play."  
 The head girl stalks by in all her majesty—  
 "A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine."  
 Our next period Master has results of a recent test,  
 "Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget."  
 The afternoon drags by,

"Work! work! work!  
My labour never flag."

But at three o'clock sounds of the choir float up to Room 79,  
"But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

At ten past three one boy can bear it no longer, so he flees—  
"Stone walls do not a prison make."

Half-way down Wellesley Street, he meets his Form Master, who greets him:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit."

He returns to school until three-thirty, when

"There was a sound of revelry."

Hence he made his way home, and

"A sadder and wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn."

#### V.A. COMMERCIAL.

Aided and abetted by our Book-keeping Instructor, we diverted our thoughts from Carter's "Accounts" to the pressing problem of Form Notes.

It is no Asset to be a member of a fifth form. Among the Liabilities to which one is subject is strong pressure to write an article for the "Seddonian."

Now our form is a Non-trading concern, and we get along quite happily with an Accumulating Fund of knowledge and a General Reserve of humour. While we appreciate the compliment implied in being asked to write an essay, we are inclined to Depreciate our ability to produce the Goods.

We are a happy Partnership, and between staff and ourselves a relation exists, having in view an increasing Profit from the lessons given. Some of us (Enid and Tui, for example) are only Sleeping Partners. We are not unmindful of the fair name of the Commercial Department. With a minimum use of Floor Space, yet we show satisfactory Returns. This year two of our girls (Leona and Marie) are preparing to sit for the P.S.C., 130 words per minute in Shorthand, and 50 words per minute Typing examination. Their success would be a Capital achievement for the Day school.

Our studies take us into weird and wonderful places. Who, on entering the course, would imagine that they would become experts on Self-Balancing Ledgers? We more often find our Balance to be Irrecoverable and have to resort to the Furniture and Fixtures for support. We are not lacking in Goodwill; in fact, we possess quite a "Lot-t."

These notes, I am afraid, are not very full of Promise, and I would willingly Exchange my post as notes writer with anyone. Such as they are, however, I dispatch them to you in the full expectation that they will be conveyed by the Editor to the waste paper basket.

#### V.B. COMMERCIAL.

C is Commercial, to which we belong,  
O is for Odd, which you may think this song;  
M is for music, which we are taught,  
M is for manners; we're told we have naught!  
E is for earnest, which we try to be,  
R is ridiculous; our lessons, you see.  
C is for competent, for — I wonder what?

I — impositions, essay or long-tot.

A is for angry, our teachers do get.

L is for late, which we haven't been yet?

F is for fun, of which we've a lot,

I is industrious: are we, or not?

V is for volumes of "Shakespeare" we read,

E the encouragement we certainly need.

B is for banished, some say we should be,

So ends the tale of Commercial V.B.

#### V. SCIENCE ROLL.

Bradshaw Noeline is first, with dimples and curls,  
Well-known and well-liked amongst the girls.  
Crum Margaret is tall, our Prefect so bold,  
Her own Form, of course, she cannot scold!  
Cummins Avelon is short, and laughs a lot,  
When there is mischief she's right on the spot.  
Fielden Maureen's a sub., of that we're proud,  
At tennis she often astounds the crowd!  
Hewitt Myrtle's Class-Sergeant, and a fourth year,  
She works in the library, the books to repair.  
Jones Muriel's our blonde, often quite clever,  
Does she shine as a cook? Oh, no! Never!  
Maoate Ivy's our tallest, at sports excels,  
On the subject of history she seldom dwells.  
Naera Kare's the tennis champ., on music she's keen,  
Quiet her voice, her manner serene.  
Pointon Margaret's the youngest, and brainy, too,  
With her the class can never be blue.  
Russell Anne's a good sport, our basketball star,  
Her wily defence gives opponents a jar.  
Trigg Claire croons the airs of soft cowboy songs,  
To prairies and horses she surely belongs.  
Venn Elaine wields the pen in these classic rhymes,  
With the help of the rest—and the hindrance sometimes.  
MacDonald Elsa's just entered, a newcomer here,  
We welcome her in to share our good cheer.  
Johnston Loreen is little, and so very plucky,  
This is our wish for her—be happy and lucky.

#### V. ACCOUNTANCY FORM NOTES.

We are going to give you a few glimpses of our daily routine. On Thursdays we start off with some singing, so the twins make a special effort to be punctual and are frequently seen even before 9.15 a.m.

Then we go to maths. We just get started when the Prefects, as befits their station, arrive some minutes after everyone else, and are received in an atmosphere of icy disapproval. This just wears off when in comes M—, but our teacher refrains from further comment. These formalities having been concluded, business starts. The athletic section in the third row make gallant attempts to maintain their prestige, and the presence of "honest Colin" usually tides them over the more difficult moments. N—, however, being at the other end of the row, gets

into some tough spots in geometry, despite S—'s brilliant suggestions. In front is W—, a spent force, having used up all his energy in agitating for an extra mark for last week's homework.

We append a few additional personalities of the class:

Name.	Appearance.	Character.	Ambition.
Joy Cole	Robust	Young Innocent	Opera Singer
M. Menzies	Head Prefect	Charming Chap	Board of Managers
June Hall	Bette Davis	Cute	Housewife
C. Thompson	Sleek	Honest	Barman
R. ("Iky") Bain	Bob Semple	Argumentative	Prime Minister

#### V.B. G.E. FORM NOTES.

This year of 1944 has been for V.B. a great football year, as we have representatives in the following teams: First XV., Second XV., Third XV., Fourth XV. (Rugby), and in the Senior Soccer. We have also one Prefect and two Sub-prefects and, owing to the combined efforts of these Prefects and the Class Sergeant, our Form has been kept in perfect order with strict discipline. Owing to this, trouble has not visited us unduly. We were also well represented in the athletic sports.

The other day a master was trying to persuade us to write something for the "Seddonian," and one small bright lad, by the name of Don O—, said he thought it would be a good idea if a Form photograph was taken and published with the Form Notes. Poor Mr. "X" nearly fainted on the spot. When he recovered, he said that if the school did not know us, they probably would not want to after they saw our picture. However, we still rather favour the idea.

So much for this, and so on to History. Our Form has increased in wisdom owing to the unselfish devotion of our masters, who, despite such a hard job, have succeeded in thumping something into our thick craniums.

Once one of our lads showed one of the masters that we were not all as thick as he thought us. This master threatened "Eddy" that he would buy him half-a-dozen threepenny ice creams if he did a certain thing correctly! To his amazement (and ours), "Eddy" did it, and the master kept his promise.

#### IV.A. SCIENCE.

##### METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

General weather report for the last seven months in the vicinity of IV.A. Science:

- February**—Stormy, with dark clouds round Room 40, and with flashes of fierce lightning.
- March**—Bright and cheerful, with N— and S— bringing sunny days into the month with their swimming.
- April**—Fine in the sports field, but a hurricane in class.
- May**—Best weather yet, as holidays were in sight.
- June**—A real winter month under the heavy snows of examinations.
- July**—Fine and clear, with A— and S— bringing light into the month with their music and singing.
- August**—A storm with destructive damage to test tubes and desks, but with the bright weather of holidays in sight.
- September-December**—Time will tell.

#### IV. AGRICULTURE.

As we are the last form of Agriculture in the College, it is impossible to conceive how the school will carry on without us, for this course has played such an important part in the past that decay and total destruction seem inevitable. To the regret of everyone concerned, our "haven of rest" at Remuera has been taken over by people unknown, and our excursions to this place will soon come to an end. However, we have been promised visits to other farms as a substitute, so things aren't so bad after all.

We have been well represented on the field of sport. There are among us boys in some of the most promising football teams of the College, not to mention some promising swimmers and athletes. Both last year and this, we have been the backbone of the school choir. This goes to prove that our form, at least, does not just go around the corridors, yelling for the sake of yelling. Of course, our frequent sojourns at the farm give us plenty of opportunity for practice (???) be it harmonious or otherwise, and puts us a jump or two ahead of the other forms, in volume at any rate.

As with all the other forms, we are amply blessed with certain outstanding "characters." Our lab. boy goes a little light-headed on occasions, and causes a great amount of amusement. S— is a corporal in the N.C.O.'s and might be termed the mascot of the battalion. It is impossible to get lost in assembly, for J—, with his six feet odd, stands out like a beacon.

Earlier in the year we had several tadpoles in the lab, endeavouring valiantly to grow up into frogs. Little did they know their fate, for one day they were found lying on the bottom of their bowl, stone dead. It was later rumoured that E— had "murdered" them by adding bluestone to the water. We are happy to relate that these tadpoles have been the only fatalities around the lab. so far.

It will be with sad hearts that we leave the College, with the knowledge that there is no lower form of Agriculture to carry on our good name. However, we will be aware that our little form, and its predecessors, have gone down in the history of this College, and that is an honour indeed.

#### IV.A. COMMERCIAL.

Realising how close a bond there is between our English books, our Library periods and our usual day's work, we picture ourselves in our daily response to the usual subjects:—

**1st Period**—Arithmetic: "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

**2nd Period**—Shorthand: "Dost in these hazy lines their artless tales relate."

Recess: "A poor life this if full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare."

**3rd Period**—Dressmaking: "Stitch, stitch, stitch, seam and gusset and band."

**4th Period**—Dressmaking: "Stitch, stitch, stitch, seam and gusset and band."

Lunch: "Beau-ootiful Soo-oop, Beau-ootiful Soo-oop, Soo-oop of the evening. Beautiful, beautiful Soo-oop."

**5th Period**—Typewriting: "Work, work, work, with fingers weary and worn."

**6th Period**—Book-keeping: "In vacant and in pensive mood."

**7th Period**—English: "I sat engaged in guessing,  
But not a syllable expressing."  
Music: "I heard a thousand blended (?) notes."  
Detention (sometimes): "Alone, alone, all, all, alone."  
Another day is further enlivened with:—  
Art: "Drawing, stretching and fainting in coils."  
History: "Buried in the sands of time."  
Sports: "Water, water, everywhere."  
And, of course, all ends up with the welcome dismissal bell at 3.30.  
"Come, dear children, let us away "  
But, alas! Homework has yet to come.  
"Continuous as the stars that shine."

#### IV.A. G.E. FORM NOTES.

We are proud to say that we are represented in the First XV, and also in several other grades of school football. Outstanding in athletics is our Class Sergeant, who won several events in the school sports and who represented our Form in the Inter-Secondary School sports.

Our Form master, mathematics teacher and chief homework giver, not being very well satisfied with our patriotic efforts, recommended us to hold a "Bring and Buy" in our Form room. To his and our amazement this brought in the large sum of approximately £5. On this riotous occasion F— was observed curled up in a chair amid a pile of eggshells, orange skins and lemon peel (not to mention cake crumbs).

A carefully-laid plot to exterminate the Form bandsman was made by our "Stinks" master, Mr. —, but happily it failed owing to the fact that at the moment when the heavy light shade fell, S— had moved away to engage in a lengthy conversation with his partner in crime, W—.

#### IV.B. GEN. ENG.

As a form we may not be brilliant, for, rather than having a few fluky geniuses, we are a class of steady average students. We have our highlights, of course: the athletic members, notably our class sergeant; the experts in their own fields; and, of course, the one who is a final arbiter in an argument, usually a general knowledge fiend. Nearly every one of us has a hobby—radio, or painting, or model aeroplane building. Here I must mention our yachting genius. His sole aim is the pursuit of his hobby, and as such it dominates everything, including school. A great deal of his time is spent in a coma, from which he has to be aroused forcibly. The forces are well represented, A.T.C. and N.C.O., Signallers and a large sprinkling of Band members.

#### IV.B. COMMERCIAL FORM NOTES.

Oh, IV.B girls are fine girls, and IV.B girls are rare,  
And IV.B spirit's a right spirit, and all are free from care,  
And busily goes the work there, and clever grows the mind,  
And C.IV.B of all forms is the best you'll ever find.

Oh, IV.B girls are fine girls, where gallant work is done,  
We've learnt about a metaphor, a simile and pun,  
We try to learn our phraseograms, and make our shorthand neat,  
But we find it's not so easy to make out a balance-sheet.

In sports we hold the champions, and runners-up as well,  
In running and in diving, we other Forms excel.  
We won the swimming relay, and the sports at Carlaw Park,  
And in the field of basketball we hope to leave our mark.

And then, on Friday mornings our pennies we unite,  
By our patriotic effort we help to win the fight,  
We're busy packing parcels for those across the sea,  
To whom go the best wishes of the girls of C.IV.B.

Then, hey for all the fun we've had, grand times in C.IV.B,  
That our record is a good one, we think you'll all agree,  
For of all girls in the College, no keener Form you'll find,  
And C.IV.B, of all Forms, we'll be sad to leave behind.

#### IV.B. SCIENCE FORM NOTES.

A is for Allen, she sits near the back,  
B is for Betty, her tongue's never slack;  
C is for Claire, and Clarice as well,  
D is for Desna, with troubles to tell.  
E is for Ethel, and Elva, I'm told,  
F is for Forrest, not young and not old;  
G we have none, and it's all alone,  
H is for Heagren, who likes to moan.  
I is for Irene, who left last year,  
J is for Jenny, let's give her a cheer!  
K is for Kiri, so big and tall,  
L is for Lorna, who is slight and small.  
M is for Margaret, and Maureen, it's true,  
N is for Noelene, of which there are two;  
O is for Oliver—that to me belongs,  
P is for Pat, she's fond of strange songs.  
Q is for Queen, she's our teacher, you know,  
R is for Rosemary, she's a long way to go;  
S is for Shirley, who's leaving quite soon,  
T is for Thomas, who arrives about noon!  
U we have none, so it's all forlorn,  
V is for Violet, never first in the Form.  
W is Wigmore, with blonde wavy hair,  
X Y Z we have none. But you will see,  
A fine lot of girls are Science IV.B.

#### IV.C. COMMERCIAL.

A small class of six girls and twenty-one boys, we find school life very different this year. Last year we were an Accountancy Form, but owing to the closing of that course we are now classed as a Commercial Form. This brings us into the girls' part of the school—much to the women teachers' joy—for our form is known to them all. We have, in the past two terms, often run into trouble, and have tried our teachers' patience sorely with our misconduct and lack of attention. But do not get the impression that we cannot behave! The iron rule of our class sergeant, Richard Stonham, sometimes succeeds in keeping us quiet.

During this year our class has gained distinction. At the boys' swimming sports one of our number attained fame by winning his age race and being placed second in the novelty race. At the athletic sports two boys distinguished themselves: L. Hunter broke the record in the Junior Throwing the Discus, while J. Western was placed first in the Junior High Jump. These boys represented the College at the Inter-Secondary School Sports. We have one representative in the Senior Soccer XI which recently went to Hamilton, and three in the Intermediate "A" Soccer team. Some of our boys represent the College at Rugby and cricket.

In our form, too, we have a Company Sergeant-Major and three Corporals. These boys attended the N.C.O. Camp at Narrow Neck in the holidays.

A little about the girls. They have done quite creditably at sports, and have, on the average, outdistanced the boys in general school work. One of them came out top in the recent examinations.

We are sometimes treated to humorous incidents. The other day we were locked in 76—the lab. We were having botany, when suddenly a pounding came on the door. It would not open! About half the second period was spent by members of the staff trying to prise open the lock. We fervently hoped the door would not open—we would gladly have missed shorthand. But, alas! luck did not favour us.

#### IV.D. COMMERCIAL FORM NOTES.

You should see us at our work,  
We toil with all our might,  
And never, never think to shirk—  
When teachers are in sight!

The beginning of the year found our Form-room filled with forty students of all shapes and sizes, and although we regard ourselves as charming people, we regret to record that some of our number have since decided to desert us.

As we claim no relationship to fish of any description, we did not excel on the day of the swimming sports, but our fine relay team gained second place—we mean second to last, of course. On the day of the athletic sports our reputation was upheld by one of our class members. After a gruelling race, Shirley Haliday, aided by her partner, Norma Harrison, stumbled over the finishing line to gain first place in the final of the three-legged event. Audrey Hills and Dawn Humberstone are members of the Senior B basketball team. Clem Downie is an emergency for the Senior A.

#### IV.D. G.E. FORM NOTES.

Dear Reader,

As a Form we need no introduction. Moderate is the adjective that describes us best. Moderate the amount of work we do, moderate our numbers—though moderate is hardly the word for the amount of noise that we can produce at times.

IV.D. has suffered a sad loss in the leaving of "Mac," who has been promoted to III.C. to be Class Sergeant, and no doubt to boost up their morale.

In our budding artist, Tucker, commonly known as "Grub," we have a master. No one can wield the brush as he can. His masterpiece is a sketch, in character, of Mr. Sinton's workshop.

We are among the few second year Forms to be represented in the First XV.

#### IV.E. COMMERCIAL FORM NOTES.

"This is C.IV.E calling.

Hello, everybody. Here is our latest news bulletin.

All is quiet on the Room 40 front, which is most astounding news.

On the general front the troops are dug in, and find the ground around Arithmetic very heavy going.

The allies are advancing steadily in the Commercial sector, and are gradually encircling the town of Shorthand, retreating only in most difficult places. In the city of Book-keeping they are having a very heavy battle, but in places have managed to get through the enemy lines. Typewriting has been captured, and progress is good.

Privates V. Johnson and N. Anlezark went on special manoeuvres in the Sports region, where they were most successful. The rest of the regiment had not completed their training, and had to stay behind the lines and tackle smaller tasks.

The C.IV.E Sergeant is proud to report that in this small section of the S.M.T.C. army, Private V. Johnson has achieved the distinction of being Girls' Tennis Champion, while Private J. McKay acquitted herself with honour in the Swimming Sports.

The troops have been complaining about their uniforms lately, and wish to have the privilege of wearing natty ties, but the Generals do not approve.

This is the end of the news, and the station is now closing down."

#### IV. M.E. FORM NOTES.

Hello, everybody! This is the annual report of the fourth ship of the Motor Engineering Squadron, sailing under the able leadership of Captain C— on a voyage across the tempestuous sea of learning. When we commenced this voyage our crew numbered forty-three; now, owing to circumstances beyond our control (ahem!), our complement has dwindled down to thirty-seven.

We are very glad to report that we have so far weathered every storm—even the exams. In the sports sections we have also done well. We congratulate G. Engel on his excellent showing in the swimming; also M. Sweetman in athletics. M. Reeves and G. Jamieson, too, did very well.

We are very well represented in the school football and cricket teams. The boxing and cross-country have not yet been held, but we hold high hopes of coming fairly well up in the list of winners.

But, just as all other good things must come to an end, so must this report. Thus, hoping to head our next report M.E. V., we bid you adieu.

#### III.A. COMMERCIAL.

Com. III.A. is a class of forty-four girls, ranging at the beginning of the year from eleven to fourteen years of age, and since we have been here we have decided that the Seddon Memorial Technical College is a wonderful place. Many do not realise what splendid things happen behind the old grey walls. At first we were uneasy and rather lost in the big building, but now we feel at home and are accustomed to the routine of our school work.

III.A. houses many athletic girls, including the runner-up for the Junior Athletic Championship. Other girls hold certificates for swimming, while five out of the form are in the Junior Representative Basketball team.

A humorous happening took place one day during book-keeping. When told to stop our work, we leaned back thankfully. Suddenly there was a loud clatter from the back of the room, and we beheld a chair, a table and a girl, all lying on the floor. The girl had been leaning on the table behind, which had collapsed under her weight. She was rescued and found to be unhurt, but exceedingly embarrassed. She at least has learned the lesson not to swing on her chair.

Some of us are very musical. When Mr. Howie asked what musical instrument we would like to play, some chose the flute, oboe, clarinet, mouth-organ, violin and cornet, but most of us decided we would like to play the drums. This, we thought, would give us an outlet for our energy. If we all volunteered to learn and play for the school orchestra, there would certainly be a surplus of drummers.

**III.A WOODWORK FORM NOTES.**

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

Beware, stranger, beware! Cross not this fatal threshold.

See ye not the number of awful omen inscribed above the portal of this abode?

Hear ye not the sounds of the innocent meeting their unjust punishment?

You dare, stranger! You dare to cross this fatal threshold! Then look! see ye these cowering figures? They are the good and diligent; the boys of Woodwork III.A, the denizens of Room 13 (alias "Hades"), who are being taught to sin a little. See you the teacher towering above the snivelling creatures, coaching them in wickedness and evil. Watch while the well-behaved and obedient, writhing in agony, are goaded on in the gentle art of ink-throwing and coached in rowdiness and destruction. As homework collection begins, swoopeth down the teacher like a vulture to its prey on the junior devils who fail to produce evidence of their ten nasty deeds of the previous night.

Leave, visitor, leave, but be not alarmed: for here is the reason for the strange sounds that issue daily from Room 13.

**THE EPISTLE OF THE III.B. COMMERCIALIANS.**

1. And it came to pass that a certain lady came unto the multitude of 3 B. and begged for silence.
2. She was come unto a noisy class, where the noise overpowered her.
3. And lo! the multitude was silenced, for that certain lady was there for to deliver her speech unto them, but as she spake, the multitude spake also.
4. And behold! she threw up her hands with much despair, and declared that III.B. should have a special gathering later that same noon in Room 40.
5. For, she said, "I am weary of talking; my throat is dried; and mine eyes fail; whilst I wait yet for your homework."
6. And I tell you of a truth, there be some in that Form, which went not to the gathering of the multitude that afternoon.
7. And the teachers, when they knew of it, followed them, and received them, and spake unto them, with soothing tones, and brought them back.
8. And, I say unto you, truly there is joy in the presence of teachers!
9. And when the teacher asked for the work, one said, "Teacher, it is done as thou hast commanded."
10. And it came to pass, that when it was time to depart for home, the teacher turned and said unto them, "Upon anyone who in future doeth not her Homework, punishment shall be inflicted."
11. Yea, verily I say unto you, the homework is done now by every child in the multitude of the class 3 B. Commercial!

**III.C COMMERCIAL.**

This is the tale of Commercial III.C,  
 We're very hardworking, as teachers agree?  
 In typing we all do our best to excel,  
 The main disadvantage is we cannot spell.  
 In Bookkeeping, balances never come out,  
 And many a face has a frown and a pout,  
 In Shorthand we sit there for ever so long,  
 But our outlines and rules always seem to be wrong.  
 The Athletic Sports showed that we could not run,  
 In Swimming Sports? We all had plenty of fun,  
 But although we were there as just one of the crowd,  
 We distinguished ourselves by our cheers long and loud.

**THE CRUISE OF THE SUBMARINE P.E.3.**

February 2nd, 1944, was a day of excitement for the numerous recruits to the S.M.T.C. Fleet. The quays at Wellesley Bay were crowded with eager "men." On the following day, forty-four boys were assigned to His Majesty's Submarine, P.E.3. All the next week supplies of sherry and stout, together with other provisions, were taken on board, and the deep-water craft was detailed to report to its depot ship, R.77.

The P.E.3 then set out on its long journey. Its commander was Captain W. M. Smyth, while we had for Petty-Officer, a Clarke. While it sailed through R. 93rd Parallel, an enemy cruiser, Technical Drawing, was attacked. A short battle ensued, the submarine getting the better of it. A little later, in latitude R. 92, two destroyers, History and Composition, were challenged. When they failed to answer, the P.E.3 attacked and quickly disposed of History, but was very badly damaged by Composition. After this battle the menu was reduced to Millet. After disposing of Metalwork, the submarine met its next serious reverse at the hands of three destroyers, Electricity, Magnetism and Physical Science. After attacking several times, the badly damaged P.E.3 was forced to retire from R. 12 and R. 13 Bays. In R. 14 Fiord the destroyer Examinations was sent to sink P.E.3. The gallant craft fought tenaciously for four days until it had destroyed the aggressor. The P.E.3 managed to struggle home to R. 77 in Wellesley Bay. The crew's needs were attended to by the building of a Ward near the Southgate of the Town. After a short while His Majesty's Submarine P.E.3. set sail, and when last heard of was operating with the S.M.T.C. Fleet.

**BOOK REVIEWS.**

**"BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN"**—Vincent Sheean.

Vincent Sheean, an American journalist and correspondent, spent the years from 1935 to 1943 travelling round the world after news. This book, published in 1943, is the description of his travels and meetings with leading politicians, statesmen and business men. The account covers the period during the Battle of Britain, the German attack on Russia and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour.

During the years before the declaration of war, Vincent Sheean met and talked with many English leaders and journalists. Discussions with Mr. Churchill, who stayed at the same place in Southern France, are particularly interesting.

Since he spent some time in Florence, the author saw the rise of Fascism and he gives some insight into the real feelings of the people towards the new regime.

He was in Paris, which was enjoying the loveliest summer it had had for many years, during the time of the French campaign, and he saw its terrible results. He watched from the cliffs of Dover the hordes of German bombers heading for London, and the ensuing fights when the few Spitfires dived on them as they crossed the English Channel. He saw the plight of the Londoners amidst the wreckage of their homes. He visited naval units and travelled aboard an English cruiser on convoy duty. Some of these episodes provide the most interesting part of the book.

Then follows a tour of the United States of America, where he noted the apathy of the Americans and their disbelief in the possibility of war. A visit to China and some Pacific Island strongholds are described and at this time Vincent Sheean was urging America to prepare

for an attack by Japan. His belief that war was imminent prompted him to join the American Air Force, where he now holds the rank of major.

There are many parts in this book where the narrative is extremely interesting, though there are occasions, too, when the interest flags somewhat, but nevertheless it is one well worth reading, if only for its information about conditions that existed in Europe and the Pacific.

R. Henry (E.VI.)

**"THE SOONG SISTERS"**—By Emily Hahn.

This is an excellent biography of three sisters who have seen China through revolution and counter-revolution, through civil war and invasion.

Eling, Chingling and Mayling, the charming daughters of Charlie Soong, secret revolutionary and friend of Sun Yat-Sen, were educated at the Wesleyan College for Women in Georgia, U.S.A., at a time when few women received a higher education. Returning to China, they followed widely divergent careers, which have led them to become three of the most powerful and popular women in China to-day.

Mayling, the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, is the energetic first lady of war-ridden China. Representing a powerful commercial class, is Eling, wife of the Chinese Finance Minister, Dr. Kung. The idol of Chinese communists is Madame Sun Yat-Sen, widow of China's revered leader.

The story of these remarkable sisters is the story of modern China, which Emily Hahn knows and likes. Her friendship with the intelligent, courageous and beautiful Soong sisters has enabled her to produce a most interesting and unforgettable book.

—Pauline Becker (Form VI.)

**"BACH", "HAYDN", "MOZART"**—Wheeler and Deucher.

Music has always been a welcome visitor to the Technical College, but not until 1944 did he really come to stay. In the School Library there are many books which deal with this interesting subject, and among these are three which cannot fail to appeal to all who read. Their illustrations are realistic, the language is simple, while occasional glimpses of the music of the masters hold the interest of the reader.

"Bach" is the first complete life story of the famous musician ever written for children. Life at first was not easy for Sebastian Bach, and on one occasion, so great was his desire to learn music that he walked two hundred miles to join a choir. Not only was Bach a lover of music, but also of children. Whether he was to live in a palace or in a humble home, he was generally accompanied by his large family.

Haydn, the never-to-be-forgotten composer, was born in the little market town of Rohrau. The merry little peasant boy who was always full of mischief first amused himself, by using two pieces of wood as a make-believe violin. Such was the beginning of the musical career of a boy who was later to play at Windsor Castle before the King and the Prince of Wales. Equally strong as his passion for music was his love for his country, and there was a touching scene when he returned to his native village to retire.

Mozart, a prodigy performer at the age of six and a composer at seven, was truly a wonder boy. Never were two children so honoured by kings, queens, and noblemen at all the great courts of Europe as Mozart and his sister were. "Mozart," like the story of "Haydn" and of "Bach," will win its way into the heart of every reader, for it, too, is told with all the understanding, sympathy and appreciation that the two authors have to give. To the reader the three masters still live just as their music does. Their deaths are never mentioned and no harsh thought mars the beautiful and simply written pages.

—Ruth Miller (VI. Acc.)

**"VINCENT"**—By Julius Meier-Graefe.

This is the revealing biography of the man who to-day is sometimes called the father of modern painting. In this intimate and fascinating study, the tragic life of Vincent Van Gogh is revealed to us, as only up to the present, a deep and sympathetic understanding of his paintings could have revealed it.

The opening chapter of the book tells us of Vincent's childhood spent in a small rectory somewhere in Holland, of his early career as an art-dealer, his life in London, and his desire to become a preacher. But though Vincent showed no talent for either drawing or painting in his youth, he was not destined to become an art-dealer or a preacher, but a painter. He suddenly became aware of his desire to paint. Moving to Paris he began his life as a painter.

Vincent Van Gogh was a most industrious and conscientious worker. He struggled hard to gain that perfection of colour and line, that his later pictures show.

The happiest years of his life were perhaps spent in the yellow house at Arles with his friend, the painter Gauguin. But that happiness was not lasting. A grave illness overcame him. Through sudden fits of insanity he came to be looked upon as a dangerous person. Nobody was more aware of Vincent Van Gogh's condition than himself. Theo, his brother, with his everlasting patience, continued to love and believe in him. He knew that Vincent's art was outstanding, although almost all important people of the time looked upon it as the art of a madman.

For a short time Vincent found peace in the cloister of Saint-Remy, but the lasting peace and happiness he so very much desired, he could only find through death.

Mr. Meier-Graefe has in this striking but tragic tale created a living being. And if, after reading this story, you do not admire Theo, and are not slightly fascinated by that undoubtedly "queer fellow" Vincent, I shall be very much surprised.

—Pauline Becker (VI. Acc.)

**THE PAST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**

The Auckland Technical School was commenced in 1896 by a group of enterprising and generous citizens. It provided for evening students only, and in 1904 the roll numbered 637. These were housed at various places ranging from Rutland Street (the building now occupied by the electrical firm of Messrs. Turnbull and Jones) to part of the old Wellesley Street School, and other odd rooms in Wellesley Street. The Newton Manual Training School was used to accommodate the Woodwork and the Cookery Departments, and a large "tin shed," situated about where the boys' parade ground now leads out past the caretakers' quarters, was the engineering workshop.

In 1906 arrangements were put in hand to acquire a permanent home for the now flourishing Technical School, and it became known as the Auckland Technical College. From the inside, one may read the Auckland City motto, "Let Auckland Flourish," inscribed in the coloured lead-light windows over the front door.

By the year 1913, the first three floors of the present main building were ready for use, and in that year the Seddon Memorial Technical College opened with a day roll of 345 (of which the writer was one), and 938 evening students.

August of 1914 saw the commencement of the first World War, and also marked the end of an era as far as one body of Past Students is concerned. Staff and students responded gallantly to the call of

the Empire. The Roll of Honour erected in the College Entrance Hall bears testimony to those who gave their lives in the great cause. In addition seven members of the teaching staff and 958 students left New Zealand on active service. The following distinctions were won by past students of the College:

V.C.	1
C.G.M.	1
M.C.	8
M.M.	32
D.C.M.	5

Arrangements are now well organised to place on record the names of those who serve our Empire in this war and carry on the tradition. It is hoped sincerely that those who can will assist by forwarding all necessary details to the registrar, or to the office, so that, when the facts are recorded of those who paid the supreme sacrifice or who served with distinction, no name will be missed.

On the afternoon of the first Saturday in July each year, this pre-war group of past students holds a re-union in the College Assembly Hall. They assemble and have an informal meeting and talk. There is a minimum of organised programme; indeed, the chief delight of the whole function is its informality. Later they collect together in groups, bring out old photographs and prospectuses, and generally revive the good old days. They then repair to the cookery kitchen for afternoon tea. Here letters from absent ones are read, and sometimes one of those present can account for and give particulars of others who should be present, and are not because life has led them to distant parts.

Since 1922 a later body of the Past Students of the College has formed clubs for the promotion of social intercourse and for lending assistance, where possible, in promoting the interests of the College. For a time the Association grew apace under a succession of enthusiastic and energetic controlling bodies. Various affiliated clubs flourished, and in making a name for themselves reflected honour on the College.

The amount of good that can be done by a really active Past Students' Association should stir the mind and the imagination of every girl and boy passing through our great institution. The good comprises such things as establishing once more a family of sports clubs, not only as centres of sport, but of friendly sociability, backing up the sports activities of the College, and seeing that our College is at least equal with other institutions in the facilities it provides. Be assured it will take much thought and work, not only on the part of one or more enthusiasts, but rather on the part of many. A paid full-time secretary, backed up by a President and a representative committee, of energy, ability and vision, is the solution to the situation. Doubtless time will produce the required persons, but let us hope that that time is not far distant.

—E.L.M.J.

#### S.M.T.C. PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Parent-Teachers' Association have been continued over the past year, and quarterly meetings, which offer opportunity for parents and teachers to meet informally, have been quite well attended. Addresses at these have been given by Messrs. B. M. Davis, C. Sayers and A. H. Kirk.



#### PREFECTS, 1944.

**Back Row:** R. Taylor, J. Gow, M. O'Malley, B. Jillings, Myrtle Ferris, Leta Lott, Merle Anderson, J. Seagers, G. Kelway, R. Evans, K. Webb.  
**Middle Row:** Ian Biggs, J. Wells, Maureen Feilden, K. Gatfield, Margaret Crum, P. Simons, Edil Longden, V. Fiddes, Marie Jamieson, J. Stackpole, Perry Backley, R. Taylor, Leona V. Murray, O. Norgrove, Colleen F. Kennedy (Head-Girl), Mr. B. M. Davis.  
**Front Row:** M. Menzies (Head-Boy), Lillian Groomer, E. Valentine, Ruth Miller.  
**Sitting:** R. Nelson, C. Kewish.



**FIRST ELEVEN.**

**Standing:** R. S. Little, K. M. Gattfield, G. T. Moulder, J. N. Wells.  
**Middle Row:** M. Menzies, V. A. Fiddes, O. R. Norgrove (Capt.), J. R. Stackpole,  
 Mr. L. M. McKillop.  
**In Front:** S. F. Harris, R. P. Thompson, R. G. Quintal.



**HINDLEY SCHOLARS, 1944.**

**Back Row:** Pauline Becker, O. Norgrove, K. Gattfield, J. Stackpole, Lillian Groome.  
**Front Row:** Ruth Miller, M. Menzies (Head Boy), Mr. B. M. Davis, Colleen Kennedy (Head Girl), V. Fiddes.



**BASKETBALL A TEAM, 1944.**

**Back Row:** Anne Russell, Lucy McDonald, Josette Melrose, Nellie Anelzark.  
**Front Row:** Leonora O'Callaghan, Irene Russell, Valerie Bezar (Capt.), Valerie Johnson, Kathleen Hardley.



**BASKETBALL B TEAM, 1944.**

**Back Row:** Dawn Humberston, Clem Downie, Jozie Blazey, Sadie Partridge,  
 Ngaire Carter, Audrey Hills.  
**Front Row:** Leona Murray, Ailsa Nesfield, Joy Harvey (Capt.), June Spenser,  
 Dawn Conway.



**FIRST FIFTEEN, 1944.**

Back Row: P. Simons, J. Irvine, R. Evans, G. Pederson, R. Faulkner, R. Lamb.  
 Middle Row: I. Botica, C. Ball, R. Webb, D. Cutler, J. Godley, D. Edge.  
 Front Row: Mr. A. B. Ohlson, T. Pere, J. Stackpole (Vice-Capt.), M. Menzies (Capt.), C. Kewish, C. Rikihana, J. Wells.  
 Absent: D. P. Matthews.



**SECOND FIFTEEN, 1944.**

Back Row: R. Wah Lee, B. C. Jillings, T. A. Wakelin, E. L. Kendall, B. G. McKenzie, J. W. David.  
 Middle Row: I. G. Morris, W. D. Sorby, M. T. O'Malley, J. A. Gow, V. Thompson, D. E. Edge.  
 Front Row: C. Rikihana, J. Pai, G. T. Moulder, M. P. Tierney (Capt.), I. H. Walker, H. K. Peachy, Mr. L. M. McKillop.



**FIRST SOCCER ELEVEN, 1944.**

Back Row: R. Nelson, A. B. Williams, R. Leathhart, K. M. Gatfield, G. F. Reher.  
 Middle Row: F. Harris, T. McKinstry, V. A. Fiddes (Vice-Captain), O. R. Norgrove (Capt.), L. M. Cooke, Mr. R. L. Williams.  
 In Front: G. Port, F. B. Davis.



**V.B RUGBY FIFTEEN, 1944.**

**Runners-up in Fifth B Championship.**

Back Row: L. Helshy, R. A. Wallis, W. L. Hogan, M. Maxwell, G. Martin, A. Jowsey, W. Huston, M. D. McMillan.  
 Front Row: A. Codlin, W. Wangford, W. Renwick (Vice-Capt.), N. G. Surtees (Capt.), M. Mason, D. Preest, Mr. J. H. Clarke.  
 In Front: R. Moggach, K. McIntosh.



**SECOND B RUGBY FIFTEEN, 1944.**  
**Runners-up Second Grade B Championship.**

**Back Row:** R. L. Bowman, T. A. Atkins, I. G. Morris, D. T. Gardiner, C. V. Dane, R. J. Hellriegel, S. D. Smith.  
**Middle Row:** W. J. Osborne, R. G. C. Waddingham, R. F. Bell, R. E. Stokes, D. E. Willis, P. S. Lockley.  
**Front Row:** J. M. Todd, M. R. Mayhill, R. H. Clough (Vice-Capt.), J. G. Lambert (Capt.), D. W. Sommerville, R. C. Faulkner, Mr. N. L. Bradley (Coach).  
**In Front:** E. A. Leyland, G. C. Jones-Prichard.



**V.A. RUGBY FIFTEEN, 1944.**

**Back Row:** H. Nielson, E. Hanlon, D. Jeffries, M. Sunckell, G. Elmsly, B. James, J. Patterson, A. Osborne.  
**Front Row:** A. Polkinghorne, R. Teague, G. Birnie, D. Ross (Capt.), D. Maurice, E. Haskell, Mr. A. G. Adams.  
**In Front:** G. Eather, R. Gibson.

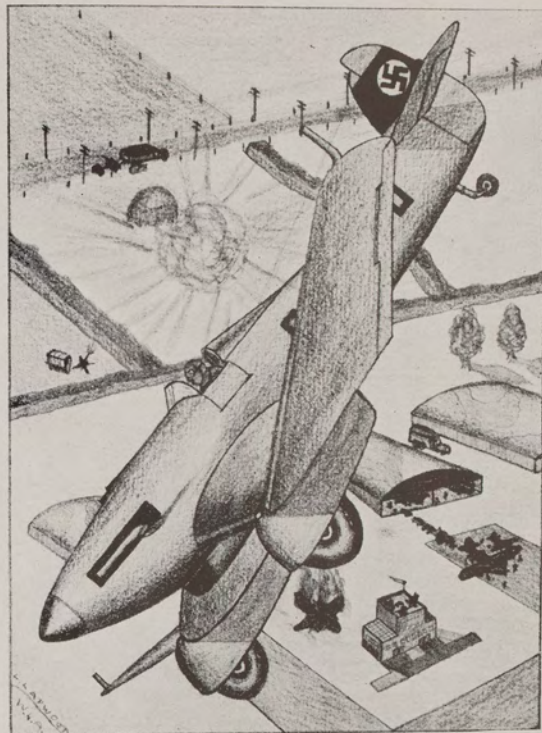


D. C. BROWN (Typo. IV.)

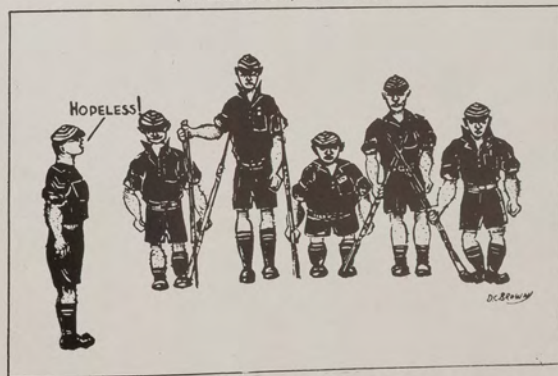
PENCIL DRAWINGS



FIRST PRIZE  
D. C. BROWN (Typo. IV.)



SECOND PRIZE PENCIL DRAWING  
(L. LAPWOOD, Wdk. IV.A.)



"You're Telling Me."  
FIRST PRIZE CARTOON  
(BROWN, Typo. IV.)



**SALUTE THE  
SOLDIER**



*Invest in the*  
**Victory Loan.**

D. C. BROWN  
Typo IV.



FIRST PRIZE LINO CUT.  
(SWAVELEY, Typo. III.)



SECOND PRIZE LINO CUT.  
(LUSH, Typo. III.)

The following comprise the Executive: Mr. R. M. Gatfield (Chairman), Mesdames Groome, Watson, Jordon, McBride and Brown, Misses Carnachan, Basten, Wright, Adams, Messrs. Pace, Blow, McKillop, Davis and Moses.

The Parent-Teachers' Association affords a valuable opportunity for parents and teachers to meet informally and to work together for the good of the school and its pupils. It is hoped that more parents will avail themselves of the opportunity to participate in the activities of the Association, and thus take a more active interest in the education of their children.

I.M.M.

#### COLLEGE COURSES OF INSTRUCTION FOR 1945.

(1) **SCIENCE AND CRAFTS COURSE.**—This course is open only to girls who have completed courses in Forms III. and IV. at an Intermediate or a Secondary School, or to girls from the College Commercial Course, IVth. Forms. It is intended that attendance at the Seddon Memorial Technical College Science and Crafts Course will enable young women to have a reasonably good preparation for such vocations as nurses, dental nurses, teachers of Home Science subjects, dietitians, masseuses, occupational therapists, etc. The immediate objective will be to take the School Certificate Examination, the subjects being selected from English, History, Dressmaking, Homecraft, General Science (Biology), Home Science and Embroidery. It will be noted that no first year post-primary school pupils are accepted for this course, the intention being that Senior girls only are accepted.

(2) **COMMERCIAL COURSE.**—This course is available for boys and girls wishing to take up clerical or warehouse duties with commercial or professional firms or in the Public Service. The subjects of instruction are dependent upon new regulations about to be issued for post-primary schools, but they will almost certainly include the following: English, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, with a domestic subject for girls and a handwork subject for boys. The immediate objectives will be the School Certificate Examination after three years, and the Public Service Commissioner's Examinations for shorthand-typists. Pupils are recommended to continue at Evening Classes to qualify for the higher certificates.

(3) **ENGINEERING COURSE.**—The Engineering Course caters for several groups, namely:

(a) Those desirous of taking a full-time University course in Engineering, or those desiring to enter Government or Local Body Offices where the University Entrance qualification is demanded. These boys must attend the College for four years in the day school in order to permit them to qualify for the University Entrance Examination. This course is given the name of Professional Engineering.

(b) A second group of boys desiring to enter into apprenticeships. Here the general aim is to prepare for the Common Preliminary Examination of the various Engineering Institutions, viz., Mechanical, Electrical, Motor, etc. The subjects of the course are English, Mathematics, Physics, Mechanics, Mechanical Drawing and Engineering Shop Work. These boys usually enter into apprenticeships at 16-17 years of age. Alternatively, those students who desire may take the School Certificate Examination. In their fourth year, students of this course may commence studies leading to the "A" section of Associate

Membership Examinations of these Institutions. This course is given the name of General Engineering.

(c) A third group of boys prepares for positions in the motor industry, their subjects for the first two years being similar to (b) above, but with more specialised work in the third year. Boys who are not able to benefit by instruction in the theoretical subjects are given more practical work in their timetable in both Motor and General Engineering where examinations are not involved. This course is given the name of Motor Mechanics.

#### (4) INDUSTRIAL COURSES:

(a) Science Course—This course emphasises the study of the sciences necessary for New Zealand industries. There are such rapid changes taking place in industrial processes that no boy will have much prospect of rising to an executive position unless he has a sound education in those sciences which relate to industrial work. This course is very much like an engineering course, but it has a sufficient body of scientific work to ensure that good boys could follow up their Technical School course by taking University Degrees in Science or Engineering. At the same time they have training in engineering drawing and workshop practice which represents the difference between the course offered in this College and those offered at Secondary schools. This Science Course should lead to positions in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, in the laboratories of almost all industrial establishments, more particularly in the newer industries—plywood, plastics, glass, rubber, brewing, baking, plant research, paper. It will also give an education suitable for those who wish to become teachers of science.

(b) Metalwork Course—This course is intended to provide the basis necessary for the many branches of metalwork other than Fitting and Turning. There are large numbers employed in Sheetmetal work, Plumbing, Panel-beating, Boilermaking, Coppersmithing and other industries dealing with metals. In this course, emphasis is given to the necessary sciences and to the Geometry and Drawing necessary for these trades. Boys are also given practical instruction in Woodwork and Metalwork.

(c) Woodwork Course—This course is intended for boys who will be builders, cabinet makers, motor-body builders, boat builders, etc. Scientific methods have made such progress in recent years that no boy would be wise to prepare for a lifetime to be spent in a wood-working trade unless he has a sound general education. On account of scientific progress these industries may be revolutionised in the near future. The only protection against unemployment for such boys is a good education. Boys therefore should, wherever possible, carry their courses through at least to the end of a third year. The course provides instruction in General Knowledge, Mathematics, Mechanics, Drawing and Design, Book-keeping and Woodwork Practice.

(d) Printing Trades Course—Few parents realise the many opportunities offering in this important industry, particularly for boys with artistic gifts. The Printing Trades Course has been arranged in consultation with leading members of the printing trades in Auckland. It gives instruction in General Knowledge, Practical Mathematics, Book-keeping, Printers' Science, Art Design and Art Crafts, Compositors' Work and Letterpress Machinists' Work. 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.

## TECHNICAL AND GENERAL.

### MUSIC AND THE WAR.

When great trouble comes, such as war, we often find out what heroes ordinary people can be. As with people, so with things and their value. Where there is much suffering, many things show up as useless, while others take on fresh value under these conditions.

One of the "heroes" of this war is music. Have you read how when the blitz began in London in 1940, and British people came to know what fear and suffering were, instead of saying, "Let us put aside peaceful things like music until peaceful days come again," people found instead that they needed it more than ever: needed it to keep cheerful in uncomfortable air-raid shelters, needed it at home during the blackouts, needed it while they worked in factories, and gobbled their lunches so as to be in time for lunch-hour concerts provided by famous artists. In fact, musicians and other artists were unofficially mobilized, and found themselves the busiest of war-workers.

I met a soldier who had tramped through hundreds of miles of difficult and dangerous country in Yugoslavia after escaping from prison in Italy. He said that in the Yugoslav villages he passed through, the people were short of food, short of clothing, short of winter fuel, and in frequent danger, yet they were always singing. It is said, also, that Marshal Tito's Yugoslav guerillas, when through lack of medical supplies they have to have operations without anaesthetics, sing their patriotic songs on the operating table to help them the pain. However, I should say that if anyone were to appear at such a moment with a bottle of chloroform, even the toughest Yugoslav hero would be glad to observe a few bars' rest.

When, in 1942 and 1943, the city of Leningrad was under siege, with daily bombardment from German guns, one of the city's emergency firemen was a man called Dmitri Shostakowich, one of Russia's famous composers. (You may have heard his "Song of the United Nations" in the film "Thousands Cheer"). Instead of laying aside his manuscript paper and pens until German bombs and shells no longer blasted his city, he produced an immensely important work known as his "Seventh Symphony," or "Battle Symphony," which you may be sure every soldier in the Red Army has heard, and every worker, too, because music is as necessary to them as bread. Famous conductors in America, such as Stokowski and Toscanini, entered into competition to see whose orchestra was to be allowed to give the first performance of the symphony in America. Since it has not yet been recorded, we in New Zealand have not yet heard Shostakowich's "Seventh Symphony."

The International Red Cross, who always try to make our prisoners in Germany as happy as possible under the circumstances, have in many cases sent consignments of musical instruments with food, clothing, soap, "smokes" and other comforts and necessities to German prison camps. I know of one New Zealand officer who spends practically all his time as a prisoner of war in coaching an orchestra. I can think of no better way of spending time if you happen to be a prisoner.

And I believe that goes for free men, too.

—A.R.H.

## NOTES ON SOME COMMON INDUSTRIAL MATERIALS.

Certainly one of the most useful, and perhaps one of the most abundant of Nature's gifts to industry is oil, but not in the form so common to us as users of it. It forms in enormous quantity underground, not necessarily in lakes, but rather in saturated shales and sands, and is pumped or forced, or oozes or gushes to the surface in states differing widely one from another. Here it is dark and sluggish, there a thin fluid resembling dirty water. In other cases, especially in new tappings, it is an almost invisible gas. Each state requires special treatment to render it suitable for our immediate use, and the purpose of refineries is to split it up into groups of constituents, most of which are mutually dissolved in the original, natural liquid, and to which characteristic names have been given.

Oil is composed especially of carbon and hydrogen, groups of carbon and hydrogen being chemically combined to form the above-mentioned constituents, which, by a simple distilling process, can be recovered intact, one might say, though perhaps contaminated by impurities such as sulphur, which is removed in a more progressed refining operation. A little oxygen is sometimes present also. Benzine is a group of constituents which are mutually dissolved and display similar characteristics. So is kerosene, mineral turpentine, and even the white solid wax so useful in candle-making, or the black viscous bitumen used on roads and in paint. Yet all or any may be present in the original oil.

Chemists are now able to separate the carbon from the hydrogen, and, indeed, to combine them again in almost any desired proportion, so that industry is able to add artificially to the already long list of natural products contained in the oil.

Fats and greases are also compounds belonging to the same large family, though greases are better considered as products manufactured from the original ingredients, by adding compounds to give the final industrial value. Then there are greases made tacky and stringy, others more solid (including lime or soda for grease cups), and others yet more solid for resisting water, both fresh and salt.

When we churn milk, we separate the fat from the cream and call it butter. Butter itself is a grease, a compound of glycerides, and when the acid in the glycerine breaks away from the compound, probably due to some organism, the residue becomes rancid. In some animal fats the acid is solid; stearic acid, for instance. This is obtained mostly from tallow or lard, which is boiled under pressure with water and a little lime. The glycerine dissolves in the water, and the solid stearic acid removed mechanically or by distillation. From this acid high quality candles are made.

Mention has been made of recovery by distillation. If ordinary wood is heated in a closed vessel, usually big enough to hold ten to fifteen tons stacked on low slung trucks, a heavy gas is liberated which, when cooled, condenses to Stockholm tar, on the top of which a dark watery liquid floats. This is a complex mixture of wood spirit (methyl alcohol), acetic acid, a constituent found also in citrus fruits, or vinegar and acetone, as used in welding. When lime is added to this dark liquid, acetate of lime is formed, so that when another distillation is effected only methyl alcohol and acetone (with water) are collected. The water is easily absorbed by quicklime, after which another distillation separates the alcohol and the acetone. The alcohol is a splendid solvent in the manufacture of varnishes, and one volume is added to about nine volumes of spirits of wine to make the familiar methylated spirit.

The processing of oils and greases, preparation of tar and recovery of acetate of lime, acetone and methylated spirit are being conducted in Auckland, and the courtesy of manufacturers enables any boys from this college to see these plants in operation.

The present day large scale recovery of aluminium by electrolytic methods has provided a prodigious tonnage of this essential metal in a state of almost complete purity. The pre-war winning of aluminium was a slow, costly and complex process, and the product was then only "commercially pure." Pure aluminium is a very soft white metal of little mechanical strength, and it is the presence of other metals or metalloids alloyed with it that gives it the characteristics needed in the majority of industries. To the presence of minute quantities of some elements, aluminium is extraordinarily sensitive, so when the basic metal was available only commercially pure, that is, when impurities were present as much as 1½ per cent. or even 2 per cent. by weight of the aluminium, the potential value of the metal as an industrial element was heavily limited. Moreover, its use usually necessitated a pre-analysis of its actual composition, so that in final proportioning, the contents of the commercial alloy could be regulated. To-day that has changed. To-day, aluminium is readily available, pure. In the United States of America enormous aluminium processing plants have been erected, and the amount of electrical current used makes the main generating stations in New Zealand seem very small. Every pound weight of aluminium requires something over twelve kilowatt hours of electrical energy to produce it.

—E.G.F.

## HOMECRAFT TEACHERS' COURSE.

Towards the end of a school-year many girls are faced with the difficulty of deciding on a future trade or profession. To those girls who are interested in Home Science I hope the following notes will be helpful.

The Homecraft Teachers' Certificate Course was inaugurated in 1943 by the Education Department, and is a plan intended to train Home Science teachers without the customary four years' study at Otago University. The course does not replace the degree or diploma in Home Science, as it is by no means as extensive, but it does give Home Science teachers a Training College background.

The period of training stretches over three years, the first two terms of which are spent at Dunedin Training College, the next four at an approved Technical College, and the third year as a probationary assistant at various schools.

The examination qualifications for applicants are matriculation or school certificate, but before the student is fully qualified she has to pass also in biology, home management and laundry work (in the first year), and domestic science, dressmaking, foods and nutrition in the second year. The Homecraft Teacher's Certificate, which is the culmination of the three years' training, enables the candidate to apply for positions in Manual, Technical, and District High Schools.

The two terms at Dunedin are chiefly devoted to general College subjects, but, because of examinations in November, periods of biology, physiology, and first aid are included. The other subjects, with the exception of laundry work, which is left until the third term, are taken at night classes. Although the homecraft students stay at College only two terms they are included in all normal College activities, and may be members of the Choral Society, Dramatic Club, the Students'

Christian Movement, and teams for Saturday afternoon games—hockey and basketball chiefly.

The four terms at a Technical School are the real testing-ground, however, for here, with the help of the staff, we observe, take lessons and generally learn by our mistakes.

In a school such as this, where the Science course paves the way so well for future Home Science specialization, I feel sure there are girls who will eventually become Homecraft students. To them, "Good Luck," and may all enjoy the course as much as I have.

K. BAILEY,  
(An ex-Pupil).

### NEEDLEWORK AND EMBROIDERY.

"Needlework ornamentation in textile and other materials goes back to a remote period. Actual fragments of Egyptian decorative stitchwork of the 15th and 16th centuries B.C. are preserved, and its general use in the other ancient civilizations may be inferred from wall paintings and reliefs."

Embroidery was known to the Greeks and Romans, and the richly embroidered altar hangings and vestments in some of our churches to-day are closely related to the Italian 17th century work used for the same purpose—to enrich and beautify by means of gloriously coloured silken threads combined in embroidery.

#### Tapestry.

Perhaps the most continuous form of needlework which has lived through all the centuries of the history of civilized man is that known as tapestry. This is usually of stout materials for hangings, curtains, coverings and upholstery. In Flanders a great textile industry sprang up about the 16th century, and eminent artists, of whom Raphael was one, designed wall hangings of a religious nature for adorning the walls of churches. A hundred years later the most famous of all tapestry factories was founded in France. This was a combination of several small factories which were bought and controlled by a family of brothers named Gobelin. Again the leading artists were employed to design the tapestry pictures and direct the weavers, who were mostly skilled men from Flanders. Wall hangings, composed of garden scenes with figures in the foreground and surrounded by trees and flowers, were the most popular subjects for their designs. On the Continent in the Middle Ages hand-made tapestry was a profitable domestic art, and has continued so to be until the present day. Probably its popularity lies in the fact that it is serviceable and requires little skill if the designs are procured already stamped on the canvas.

#### Lace Work.

This craft hardly dates further back than the 16th century, and has provided employment and a livelihood for a great number of women with dainty fingers. The finest work before the war was produced in Belgium, France, and the British Isles—each country specializing in its particular variety. For instance, Brussels lace is rich and heavy in pattern, while Irish lace is of a light and dainty design on a net background. A great deal of the work was done by the peasant girls in their own homes, and bought by dealers, who again sold it at no small profit to the shops. The amount the workers received was very trifling compared with the price paid by the final purchaser.

#### Home-crafts.

The reviving interest in home-crafts and needlework and embroidery, opens up possibilities for every girl as an occupation for spare time, which would otherwise be wasted, or alternatively as an escape from boredom—as it is a well-known fact that only people who do not know how to occupy their time are victims of this complaint! There is also a certain amount of satisfaction in designing and carrying out one's own ideas, which, if they are well thought out in regard to colour and suitability, can add so much to the attractiveness of the home.

L.A.

### SEDDON MEMORIAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

#### An Appreciation.

##### By a Training College Student.

Recently it was my privilege to attend the Seddon Memorial Technical College for a few weeks as a student teacher. Perhaps because I am a student of history, I looked forward to seeing some outward signs of the influence of Richard Seddon, whom the College commemorates. I must confess that, apart from a bust of this great man in the main entrance, there seemed to be very little evidence of the school's connection with him. Six brief weeks at the College, however, were sufficient to dispel my first impression—superficial as it was—and to impress upon my mind a deeper, more subtle understanding of the true spirit of the school.

Most of my time was spent in the Commercial Department, where I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the practical courses at which girls were working. The most outstanding organisation was the canteen. With very little "outside" assistance, the cookery classes cater for and manage this excellent service, which is unsurpassed by any which I have yet seen in a secondary school. Nutrition, hygiene, economy, public service; all these most important factors of everyday life were a part of the work connected with the canteen. In the dressmaking and typewriting rooms, I witnessed further evidence of the very practical nature of a technical education.

Several weeks of my "section" passed, but apart from the sight of hundreds of boys pouring into the gates each morning, I was hardly aware of their existence in the school. Then on my last day at the College came the very kind offer from a member of the staff to show my fellow-students and me over the Industrial, Engineering, Printing, and Woodwork sections of the school. The impression made upon us by the verbal or written description of the courses was insignificant in comparison with that gained during our tour of these departments. We saw huge rooms filled with machinery, physics laboratories, printing-presses, a model theatre operated entirely by students, and all the equipment necessary for such practical courses as woodwork, printing, and engineering demand. And we were amazed at the narrow limits and inadequacy of our own academic education. Here, within one college, we saw fifteen hundred students being educated to lead useful and practical lives in a modern community.

The spirit of Seddon, that progressive, far-sighted, social spirit, is alive and ever present in the education of the College, and we are all very grateful for the opportunity of studying a Technical College at work.

STUDENT TEACHER (1944).

## INSIDE THE WILSON HOME.

Over the door of the Girls' Ward, and facing the main entrance of the Wilson Home for Crippled Children, hangs a large drawing. It shows a red shield with a gold cross, and a pair of crutches. On the scroll beneath the shield are the words: "Endure to Conquer." This becomes the badge and motto of every child who enters the home for treatment. Many of the children are too young or too handicapped to read and understand it; nevertheless it is the rule of each child's life.

When the weather is fine classes are arranged outside, under the trees; otherwise the wards serve as schoolrooms. Even the children on frames are dressed and their beds are moved out of doors by a special bed-carrier. Some are propped up in spinal chairs, while those who can walk are seated at tables. School life is subject to many interruptions, but goes on in spite of them. After afternoon school the children are free to play until the tables again come into use for the evening meal.

Tea over, everyone is undressed and washed, to be ready for bed. Babies are soon asleep. Older children have singing for an hour on two nights of the week, and they sing beautifully. On the other nights they have handwork classes on a rota. All the night-classes are held under the auspices of the N.Z. Crippled Children Society's Auckland Branch, which helps the home in other ways.

A walk through the building in the evening is interesting. We pass a darkened room where more wee ones sleep, and go into the small girls' ward. In the "Big Boys'" ward, we find lads who are reading, listening to the radio, or playing games. One of them, the possessor of a badly crippled arm, has recently become quite a proficient swimmer. He was taught, like so many others, on a special stand in the hot water swimming pool by a nurse who is an excellent performer. His success has depended on his persistent and continuous efforts to acquire the art.

Next door are the "Blue Boys." Half the beds are empty, but we find the boys seated round a table in the adjacent ward, busy with their hands. By the walls are beds, and in each bed a child bound firmly to a frame, head lower than feet. In this position they manage to do a surprising amount of handwork. Close to the door is a spinal chair. Plaster from feet to chest does not prevent its occupant from joining in the general activity and conversation. One little fellow at the table has his back supported by a brace. His legs are useless, but his chest and arms are filled with life. On the corner bed is a small, pale-faced child. A few weeks ago he was up and about, walking with the help of crutches. But he slipped and undid the work of months, and was returned to a frame for a lengthy period. He accepted without a murmur this renewed limitation of his freedom of movement. Diagonally opposite is a dark-haired, rosy-checked young giant, who obviously enjoys life and seems never to be quiet. He answers questions readily, as do all the children. He has been on the frame for over a year. He has tubercular trouble. He will be on the frame for another two years, in all probability. He will then have special splints fitted to his legs and will walk with the help of crutches until such time as massage and his own efforts make further assistance unnecessary. While we are talking a boy at the table has slipped to the floor. He is a spastic paralysis case. During the last year he has learned to control his muscles sufficiently to be able to talk and to walk a little. The ordinary person has difficulty in appreciating the enormous concentration required

to achieve this result. We lift him back to his place and continue down the corridor, passing on the way a nurse who is pushing a trolley laden with cups of milk, and fruit, the children's supper.

In the "Big Girls'" ward, someone is playing the piano. We walk between the double row of beds, with their pale green blankets, and find, when we come via the Massage Department to the bathhouse, why so many beds were empty. Here a busy group is modelling clay, with as tutor a nurse who is an expert.

Many such visits serve only to confirm first impressions. The children are as lively and happy as any others. They have all the faults and fine characteristics of ordinary children. They are lovable, they are sometimes naughty, but they are not depressed. They accept their measure of pain cheerfully. They must suffer feelings of repression which come from enforced restriction of movement, but they rarely complain. Even the toddler early learns that his cure or improvement depends as much on his own efforts as on those of masseuse, nurse or doctor. The child on the frame keeps his prostrate position willingly; the spastic puts his maximum effort into saying every word; the tubercular child faces another operation cheerfully. The children come and go, but they all "Endure to Conquer."

E.M.

## VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE FOR GIRLS.

A most interesting section of vocational guidance work is that which has come to be known as follow-up. It provides a very necessary survey of the results of vocational guidance and begins at the point where a boy or girl leaves school to take up a career. It often proves helpful to the boy or girl concerned, but its greatest value lies in the wealth of information it brings to the vocational guidance worker.

Here is a brief account of follow-up work in connection with the girls of this school. Some of it is carried out by officers of the Vocational Guidance Centre, and some falls to my share as a Careers Teacher.

In attempting to estimate a girl's success in her career one should know:—

- (a) What the employer thinks of the girl and her work.
- (b) What the girl herself feels about it; about the firm which employs her, the conditions under which she works, her prospects, and her measure of satisfaction and happiness.

Officers of the Vocational Guidance Centre deal systematically with (a), obtaining reports from the employers of girls placed by them or granted permission by them to enter any form of "unessential" work. Such reports are available to Careers Teachers. But not all the girls who leave this school pass through the Vocational Guidance Centre, and with only a limited time for careers work I cannot hope to seek reports from the employers of all the rest. I do, however, keep a report of the type of work each girl takes up, and the name of the firm employing her. For some girls my follow-up can at present go no further, though I seize whatever opportunities arise for making enquiries about them, especially from employers seeking to engage other girls.

As far as (b) is concerned much depends on the girls themselves. Many have written to tell me of their work and I am always glad to have their letters. Others visit the school if they can find a suitable time to do so. I come across our old girls in shops, offices, workrooms, wherever I go on business of my own. They meet me in the street or sit beside me in the tramcar and tell me what they have done since they left school a short time ago, or perhaps as long ago as five or ten years.

Some of them hold toddlers by the hand or carry babies in their arms as they speak of the work they used to do and their newer work as mothers and housewives. Some have husbands on active service. Most of them can give me news of their own contemporaries at school, and I do a certain amount of follow-up work thus at secondhand. Though it is of particular interest to me and a vital part of my work as a Careers Teacher, it is shared by other members of the Staff from whom also much of my information comes.

This follow-up work is directly concerned only with our old girls, but from it there is much to be learned of great value to present girls. It indicates, for instance, the many types of work into which our girls go. It provides a vast store of information about numerous firms and businesses, giving an insight into their working conditions. It helps me to know where a capable girl will have the chance to progress, or where a nervous and diffident girl will be given thoughtful consideration until she feels more confident. It illustrates the tremendous value of that fifth form year which too many girls reject. Unsatisfactory reports, a small percentage of the total number, show that lack of success is nearly always due, not to poor ability, but to defects of character or temperament such as laziness, carelessness, selfishness, or lack of consideration for others. The willing girl who is steady and conscientious is bound to succeed. Numbers of our old girls are married a few short years after leaving school. This surely emphasises the need for such training at school as will lay the foundations for home life as well as for a business career.

We can take pride in the achievements of our old girls, for so many of them have done so well, not only in offices, workrooms, and shops—their three main avenues of work—but also in the nursing profession, the Teachers' Training College, the University, in libraries, banks, laboratories. Their success has helped to pave the way for present girls who, in preparing for their own careers, can well profit from the experiences of their predecessors.

—M.F.E.A.

#### IN TRAINING AT DUNTRON.

I have come to Australia with many pleasant memories of my friends in New Zealand. Ranking very high among these friends are those I made while I was attending the good old S.M.T.C. To these—teachers and fellow pupils—I send my warmest greetings and best wishes.

The Royal Military College, Duntroon, is about two and a-half miles north-east of Canberra. It is situated on the slopes of Mt. Pleasant, which is about as high as Mt. Eden, and overlooks a fairly wide valley through which the Molonglo River flows. This valley can be very beautiful at times, but seldom in summer, when everything is parched and dry.

The subjects taught at the College now are in two groups, namely civil and military. The former consists of Military English, Maths. (including Mechanics and Plane Trigonometry), Physics, and Chemistry. The military subjects are more numerous and include all arms of the service.

The training we get in these subjects is both theoretical and practical. We go out on fighting patrols and live on "bully-beef and biscuits" (Army biscuits). Later on we will do "arty" and many other kinds of treks, each lasting several days. These treks, with physical training, go to make us healthy and fit, keeping us in top condition to play sports.

At present it is the football season. The college has entered four football teams in the two football competitions. Two of the teams play Rugby Union, and the other two Australian rules. This game is played on a cricket oval with four goalposts at each end and with no cross-bar. The team consists of eighteen players, and the game is something like a cross between American basketball and Rugby. One or two rules and names of positions in Rugby over here are different from those in New Zealand, but apart from that the game is exactly the same as our national sport. Here I pause to mention with pride that our first fifteen broke the Duntroon record to-day by winning a match, seventy—nil.

Our winter sports also include a hockey team and three basketball teams. Beside these main sports there are running, tennis, and several others. The summer sports include cricket, tennis, and swimming.

During the week-ends we have day-leave to visit Canberra. The year is broken in two by ten days' leave, and again for about four weeks at Christmas. These two half-years are broken again into two by long week-ends in April and September, when we go to recreation camps, either on the coast or in the country. All these leave periods are looked forward to by the whole Corps. In June, Australians who live no further away than Adelaide or Brisbane go home; the rest of us, including the Kiwis, stay with friends or relatives. At Christmas, however, all of us go home. Last June I went to Sydney. I was amazed to find it (the city proper) very much like Auckland. In fact, if you take Auckland and expand it to take about three or four more Queen Streets, you have Sydney. There I saw the sights, went over the bridge in a tram, round the harbour in a ferry, to the Zoo at Taronga Park, and to hosts of other places. The thing that impressed me most of all was the hospitality the Australians extended towards us. All you had to do was to mention that you were a New Zealander and Sydney was yours. In Manly, where some of the New Zealanders were staying, people would ask us if we were Australians, and when we explained where we came from we were invited everywhere.

On my way over I had a glimpse of Adelaide and Melbourne, but beyond that I haven't seen very much of Australia at all. I have hopes of seeing a great deal more of this country before I finally come home to New Zealand in about three years' time.

JOHN WRAY,

Left S.M.T.C., 1943.

#### PHOTOGRAPHY IN GENERAL.

(For non-professionals only.)

A very interesting and fascinating hobby is the study and practice of photography. You may be puzzled at some of the proceedings taken in producing photographs, so I am endeavouring to give you a vague outline on the subject. First I shall discuss the subject of sensitized film. Some people make their own, but this is a very rare practice as machine-made film turns out far better negatives. The film, after being placed in the camera, is in total darkness until the shutter is operated, allowing a stream of light rays to be cast upon the sensitized face of the film. All the light which is used in taking a photograph is reflected light and not direct light.

When a photograph of some object or scene is taken, the light rays are reflected more readily from the brighter than the darker objects. It is in this way that photographs are created, for when light falls on sensitized film, the surface is stabilized in direct proportion to the in-

tensity of the light falling upon it, and when bright objects reflect more light than the darker ones, the scene is reversed on the negative. Bright objects in the scene now become dark, and vice versa. After the film has been developed it is dipped in a fixing solution to stabilize the surface.

Once the negative is obtained, any number of prints or photographs may be taken from it and also enlargements of the original. To make a print, a piece of specially prepared paper is taken (in a dark-room) and the negative placed on top of it with the glossy side up. Some prints are developed in sunlight, but usually some means of artificial lighting is used. Like sensitized film, the surface of the paper when acted upon by light is stabilized in direct proportion to the intensity of the light-rays falling upon it. Where the negative is lightest, the most light rays are able to penetrate to the paper and this causes the scene to be transposed once more to its original shading. After undergoing this treatment, the print is washed in water and dipped in what is called a "fixing" solution to prevent its fading. Often the photograph is glazed with a cellulose compound to give it the desired gloss and sheen.

I presume many College students would like to do a little experimenting in making their own photographs and blueprints, so I shall suggest a formula I have tried and used with great success. This formula is not exactly meant for photography, but it serves the purpose admirably. The formula is as follows:—

Potassium Ferricyanide: 1 part to 5 parts water.

Iron and Ammonium Citrate: 1 part to 5 parts water.

The two constituents are mixed in equal amounts, but should not be combined until ready for use, as the mixture deteriorates in a matter of a few weeks. Keeping the solution in the dark, swab a little on a sheet of white drawing paper with some cotton-wool, and allow to dry. Now take a box or board and place the paper face upwards upon it. Then take the negative and place it, glossy side up, on the paper with a thin sheet of glass over it to keep it flat; being careful not to shift the negative, place the paper out in direct sunlight for about nine or ten minutes. The sheet of paper may now be taken and a jet of water played on the exposed surface, which is then allowed to dry. The photographs will be blue and white, but still they are quite effective.

Tracings made in Indian-ink on transparent paper also make quite good blueprints, and novelty Christmas cards made by this method always prove well worth the trouble.

—Neil A. Hickman (V.B. G.E.)

#### SUBMARINES.

As early as 1596, John Napier, of Merchison, in a paper published June 7th, speaks of "devices for sailing under the water which he hopes to perform." Also a man named Robert Fulton—first successful steam navigation engineer—designed an under-water craft for Napoleon which he refused. This unsuccessful vessel, when submerged, was rowed, and when on the surface was propelled by a sail.

As time went by and engines were invented, man began to copy the fish, to emulate it in lines and behaviour, until now, deadly and swift, submarines manoeuvre out of sight at speeds which were impossible even for surface craft fifty years ago.

The submarines of to-day, attaining a speed of over twenty knots, are driven by diesel engines while on the surface, and when submerged, are driven by electric motors which are supplied by means of huge accumulators. The reason for having two types of power is that if the diesel engines were used under the water, the fumes would be too great. Again, if the fumes could be dispersed by means of forcing them out of

the craft, the enemy could see the bubbles breaking the surface and hence would know if submarines were about. On the other hand, with the electric motors, there are no fumes to cope with, so that the submarine has no fear of detection from bubbles. The large accumulators are charged by means of generators coupled to the diesel engines and so never run flat.

Although in warfare, submarines are looked upon as cowardly weapons, likely to hit when least expected and then run, the men who man them have to be daring and courageous, showing a high degree of initiative and skill.

M. R. Colhoun (IV. General Engineering).

#### 1944 LITERARY AND ART AWARDS.

##### SERIOUS VERSE SECTION—

- 1: "Two Pictures" .. .. . M. Ferris (V.A. Acc.)
  - "Sunderland Patrol" .. .. . P. Andrell (V. P.E.)
  - 2: "Pipes of Pan" .. .. . P. McDowell (IV.A. Comm.)
  - 3: "Solitude" .. .. . R. Roseman (III.A. Comm.)
- Highly Commended: "The Secret" .. K. Hollis (III.A. Comm.)

##### HUMOROUS PROSE—

- 1: "Payment Deferred" .. .. . E. T. Smith (V. P.E.)
  - 2: "Pea-picking" .. .. . C. Kennedy (Form VI.)
- Highly Commended: "They Also Serve" .. P. Becker (Form VI.)
- "Cutting a Pattern" .. .. . P. McLeod (IV.A. Sc.)
- "My Experiences With a Goat" .. L. Cooper (III.A. Comm.)

##### SERIOUS PROSE—

- 1: "Marionettes" .. .. . C. Levene (Form VI.)
- 2: "Watchman Rock" .. .. . B. C. Wilson (Form VI.)
- 3: "Faith, Hope and Charity" .. .. A. R. Edmonds (V. P.E.)

##### HUMOROUS VERSE—

No award.

#### ART COMPETITION RESULTS.

##### Cover Design—

- 1st (used on cover), Massey (V. Acc.); 2nd, Rita Appleton (IV.A. Com.); 3rd, Foster (Typo IV.)
- Highly Commended: Bow (III. Typo.); Brown (IV. Typo.); Valentine (VI. Eng.)

##### Lino Cut—

- 1st, Swaveley (III. Typo.); 2nd, Lush (III. Typo.); 3rd, Shore (V. Acc.)
- Highly Commended: Feather (III. Typo.); Keesing (III. Typo.)

##### Pencil Drawing—

- 1st, Brown (IV. Typo.); 2nd, Lapwood (IV.A. W.W.); 3rd, Farley (V. Acc.)
- Highly Commended: Grieg (III. Typo.); Bow (III. Typo.)

##### Poster or Illustration—

- 1st, Brown (IV. Typo.); 2nd, Bow (III. Typo.)
- Highly Commended: West (III. Typo.); Tuck (III. Typo.)

##### Cartoon—

- 1st, Brown (IV. Typo.); 2nd, Harvey (IV. Typo.)

Extracts from prize-winning essay by Lilian Groome.

### THE COUNTRY I WOULD MOST LIKE TO VISIT AFTER THE WAR — AND WHY.

From my tiny corner of three islands, coloured red on the map of the world, I think immediately of Europe, then perhaps particularly of other islands coloured red on the map—our own mother, England.

Loudly the Continent calls for consideration—France, Switzerland, Italy . . . What visions the word "Orient" conjures up . . . I pause to reflect upon America, our sister Dominion, Canada, and Sunny Africa, but I slip the globe around and find myself back to Europe again. England, red on the map as is our Dominion, smiles at a native of a land of her own children. . . .

Why have I chosen England? Perhaps, I think through stories told me as a child, always the delightful stories of a family home at Mitcham. . . . These descriptions have made an old English home, an orchard, a garden swing, a little goat-and-cart-that-used-to-be, real friends of mine, have told me of walking tours in England, of little rural villages, "of double-decker" buses, of the Tower of London. . . . So, England, I'm coming soon!

My relatives' hearts were in England. I heard from them stories of a peaceful land. I hardly know what to expect in the post-war England. But I know this, however England may be bomb-scarred, she will be forever England.

### TWO PICTURES.

I sat in the gathering shadows  
And I looked to the west away,  
Where the hand of an unseen artist  
Was painting at close of day,  
A strange and beautiful picture  
That filled my soul with awe,  
And made men think of the city  
No mortals ever saw.

"Paint me, O wonderful artist—"  
I cried, when the shadows came  
And hid the marvellous glory  
Of the western hills aflame—  
"Paint me the face of an angel!"  
And lo, before my eyes  
Was the face of my sainted mother  
Who dwells in Paradise.

"Paint me the face of a sinner!"  
A darker shadow swept  
Down the hills, and in the twilight,  
I thought the unseen artist wept;  
And, lo, from a magical pencil,  
A face in a moment had grown,  
The sad, white face of a sinner,  
And I knew it for my own.

—Myrtle Ferris (V.A. Acc.)

### PAYMENT DEFERRED.

I must tell you my trouble. There is nothing like another person's trouble to cause hilarity on the part of the multitude; that is, provided the multitude is not mixed up in the trouble.

This is my trouble: I was walking down Wellesley Street a few evenings ago, when I met a gentleman who would insist on selling me some matches. I did not want the matches; I told him so. But he told me that I did want them. He had such a persistent way with him that I finally came round to his way of thinking, and I bought the box of matches. I put my hand in my pocket, took out a penny and gave it to the gentleman. He gave me the box of matches. He put the penny in his pocket. I put the box of matches in my pocket. And we separated right there and then.

As I left him, I heard him say: "Ah! Heaven will reward you twentyfold for that generous action!"

I thought: "Well, if heaven is going to give me twenty pence for every penny expended, I am willing to stand the reward right here and now."

Then I started off about my business.

I had not taken more than half-a-dozen steps when the matches caught fire in my pocket, and burned the leg off a twenty-five shilling pair of trousers. The moment I saw the blaze, I got scared and started to run. There was a taxi passing by; the driver saw the blaze and looked at it instead of the road. A lady and gentleman were in the taxi. The taxi ran into a tram-car. That smashed the taxi. It broke the man's leg, the woman's ribs, the driver's neck, and wrecked the taxi's fare-meter, so that it was not known how much to charge the passengers.

They sued me for five thousand pounds damages. I lost the suit. I also lost a twenty-five shilling pair of trousers and a penny box of matches.

And now I have to wait until I go to heaven to get that one-and-eightpence.

—E. T. Smith (V. P.E.)

### SOLITUDE.

The lonely sunset flares forlorn;  
Its brilliant hues the seas adorn,  
And lordly mountains desolate  
Are still as death and stern as fate.

The lonely sunset flames and dies;  
The monster mountains scrape the skies;  
The giant vales engulf the night,  
And eager stars are diamond-bright.

Then, flashing there against the moon,  
The seabird cries its ancient tune  
That echoes back from height to height,  
Piercing the silence of the night.

Let not the bird's sad cry express  
Thy heart's continual loneliness,  
But let the peaceful evening be  
A comfort and a friend to thee.

—Rita Roseman (III.A. Comm.)

## MARIONETTES.

You may like to know how the name marionette originated. One day in Venice, in the year 944, twelve young maidens went from their homes to marry twelve young men at the church of Santa Maria della Salute. Suddenly a band of Barbary pirates attacked the crowd, and in the confusion, carried off these twelve beautiful maidens. Immediately the men of Venice sailed after them, overtook the pirates, and brought their brides back safely. From that day it was the custom in Venice to celebrate the anniversary of this event by a great festival. On the last day of the festival, twelve beautiful young women married twelve handsome young men. The wedding gowns and dowries were paid by the State from the public treasury. After a time this led to much jealousy and quarrelling amongst the young men and women of Venice. They then decided to substitute life-sized wooden dolls for maidens. Venetian toy-makers were not slow in making smaller wooden figures exactly like them. These were named "little maries" or marionettes.

It is very fascinating to read the history of the theatre and to notice the important position marionettes have attained. Some say their home is in India, whence they went to Persia. Through the Arabs they are supposed to have made their way into Europe, but this theory may be contradicted by proofs of the existence of puppet-shows in ancient Greece. In the old Greek cities, puppets were very much at home. They interested older people as well as children. Greek boys and girls enjoyed wonderful marionette shows. Such cities as Athens and Ephesus were rivals, and as a result many marvellous puppets were made. The great Archimedes, it is said, made such a life-like marionette that it seemed to move by itself. The plays were either satires ridiculing popular personages of the day or popular scenes from the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The Romans also used puppets for the presentation of ironic parodies. The Javanese had mechanical figures to portray princes and gods who could not be mimicked by human actors. Authors who used puppets in those days had more in mind than just pleasing their audiences. Usually they had some point to drive home.

In Italy and France in the sixteenth century, a new type of marionette was invented. The Italians called them "fantoccini" and the French "marionettes a la planchette." Two wooden figures were made to move by a single string passed through both. One end was attached to a fixed pole, and the other to the leg of the showman. The string was stretched at both sides. The feats these puppets could achieve were amazing. There was no dance they could not execute. The marvel was that only one string was used, and that was worked by a showman moving his leg. This showman also accompanied the marionettes with a flute, a tambourine or the bagpipes.

The seventeenth century saw the popularity of the "mitten" puppet or "burattini." The period in which Punch flourished in England was the eighteenth century. He and his wife, Judy, together with dog Toby, have become the most famous members of the marionette family. He seems, however, to have taken a rather round-about way to reach England, instead of coming direct from Italy. Whether the Stuarts brought him back from France at the time of the Restoration, or William of Orange brought him from Holland is not certain. However, he appeared after the Revolution of 1688 to become, with his dog Toby, a great favourite of the English people. Judy appeared at the end of the century, and soon became a permanent member of the troupe.

To-day marionettes do not enjoy the prominent position they once did. Performances aim solely at the entertainment of the audiences. It is true that they may point some definite moral or caricature and taunt some prominent person, but they are mainly used for amusement. George Bernard Shaw said of puppets: "I always hold up the wooden actors as instructive object lessons to our flesh-and-blood players. The wooden ones, though stiff, are continually glaring at you with the same overcharged expression, yet move you as only the most experienced living actors can."

—C. Levene (Form VI.)

## SUNDERLAND PATROL.

It's five o'clock on a misty morn,  
A Sunderland's moored in the bay,  
The crew go aboard, the motors are warmed,  
With a roar they get under way.

They are gathering speed, they are up on the step,  
They are air-borne at 0518,  
They're off on a long anti-U-boat patrol,  
That's all they've been doing of late.

They've plotted their course, the second takes charge,  
The engineer watches his dials,  
The armourer checks his depth-charges and bombs,  
While the Sunderland drones off the miles.

They pass o'er a ship, a destroyer, then two,  
A convoy goes sliding astern,  
And then they're alone in the sky once again,  
Except for a seagull or tern.

And soon even these can no longer be seen,  
They're alone with the sea and the sky,  
The horizon's an unbroken circle around,  
With not even a cloud floating high.

But five pairs of eyes are scanning the sea,  
Watching for U-boats below,  
And pity the raider they catch on the hop,  
As more than one sinking can show.

But it isn't till long after noon that they see,  
As they roar out from under a cloud,  
A U-boat has surfaced directly below—  
Alarm bells begin ringing loud.

Below, on the raider, machine-guns are manned,  
Ack-Ack guns start banging away,  
The Sunderland banks for her first bombing-run,  
The bombs are run out from the bay.

But just as they level to start the attack,  
A two-inch shell rips through the nose,  
The bombs stir up fountains of spray well away  
To the left of the bows of their foes.

The attacker banks round for a second assault,  
Midst a hail of hot steel and H.E.,  
And this time depth-charges fall square on the sub,  
And she settles and sinks 'neath the sea.

The Sunderland circles the great patch of oil  
That is all that is left of her foe,  
Then heads to the East till a motor gives out,  
When they've two hundred miles still to go.

From that moment on, it's a fight for the crew,  
For the rudder is nearly all gone,  
And to make matters worse a head wind starts to blow,  
And at sundown they're still battling on.

It isn't till long after eight that the 'plane,  
With an improvised patch on her hull,  
Comes limping to base with her gas about done,  
And comes down on the bay like a gull.

And so do the 'planes of the Coastal Command,  
Leave at sunrise and fly out to sea,  
To hunt out the raiders that lurk in the depths,  
To make the seas safe for the Free.

—P. Andrell (V. P.E.)

#### PEA-PICKING—MY HOLIDAY WAR EFFORT.

Once again the call for pea-pickers rang through the room, but I wasn't enthusiastic. One bitter experience was enough for me. I'd been pea-picking before.

With pitying eyes I watched those noble, patriotic girls rushing to put their names on the list; and then I received a most horrible shock. Joyce said: "I'm going pea-picking, and I've put your name down, too. The first two weeks before Christmas for you, young lady!"

Ah! What trials and tribulations we go through for our friends. I became resigned to my fate after a short time.

At the first crack of dawn on the 18th of December, then, I arose and armed myself for the fray. At least I was determined to get a good strong tan on top of my aching back. I set off carrying the following in a huge kitbag:—

- One pair of shoes (very heavy, very strong and very old).
- One colossal sunhat (with a large handkerchief pinned on to the back).
- One pair of sunglasses.
- One pair of gloves.
- One pair of socks (father's best).
- One jar of sunburn cream (very large).
- One small light (?) lunch, and—at least one gallon of liquid refreshment.

The journey to the pea-farm was free (I appreciated that!) even though it was very uncomfortable. I went in an Army truck from Grafton School with a silent group of total strangers from other schools and colleges, but I certainly broke that "frigid silence" when I sailed gracefully up the little steps at the rear of the van and promptly collapsed in an inelegant heap on to the floor! How was I to know that

there were four steps instead of three? After the company's raucous laughter died down, and I gathered all my goods and chattels together, we introduced ourselves. Speculation was rife as to what the farm was going to be like. I promptly told a quite unverified anecdote about last year and the pea-farm. It concerned a "very majestic teacher, a group of naughty girls, a trip-up with a foot, and an undignified spl-as-sh into the horse trough!"—Sensation.

Meanwhile the truck was continuing its merry way through Newmarket, Epsom, Royal Oak, Onehunga and over Mangere Bridge, taking us further away from leisure and ever nearer slavery and the pea-farm. We tootled gently up hill and down dale, smelling the sweet country breezes—between whiffs of petrol—and gazing at the delightful vista of Nature—endless rows of dusty vegetables taking ominous shape before us. Ah, yes! the joys of Nature!

We were due to arrive at the farm at 9 a.m., but as that hour drew near and no farm appeared, we realised that we were lost. After what seemed an endless journey, the driver stopped, and we jumped out, saying: "Is this it?" "Have we arrived?" "Where are we?" "Are we found?" and suchlike. But the driver shook a bewildered head, blew his nose on a huge handkerchief, and then said emphatically: "The farm's been moved! Lock, stock and barrel! It's not where it was last year!" And he was right, too. Then——

"Oh, no!" came the voice of a smiling land girl behind us. "The gate's been moved, that's all. Go back about half a mile, turn right and go straight ahead for two miles. You'll get there," she finished, kindly.

The driver muttered under his breath, started the engine, and we piled in again (this time I got there safely), and the truck moved off. At last we arrived at the farm, to be greeted by the derisive cheers of the other girls and their jolly drivers. We were only an hour and a-half late.

Undeterred, we enrolled while watching groups of girls being driven off to their respective tasks.

"This is good," I thought. "At least we don't have to route march to the pea-patch!" But, oh no! As I was mentally choosing the truck that I thought would carry us to the peas, out came the teacher in charge of our group, loaded with sixteen large, cumbersome hoes. We were to hoe a small field of tomato plants, and—we were to walk there!

I stole a look at Joyce, and cheered up a little when I saw how happy she wasn't over her patriotic effort—and mine. At least I was getting my revenge. But—those tomatoes! They were in no small field. That field was a young farm on its own. Imagine the Auckland Domain under cultivation, with a tomato plant in every square foot, and you will have a picture of the area of the small field, as I saw it.

Words cannot describe the first day. It was too disillusioning—so were the other fourteen days. On the second day we hoed rhubarb and weeded endless bean rows. On the third day and for the rest of the time we picked beans.

—And still they called it pea-picking! Somehow that hurt. It was worth it, though, for the fun, laughter and jokes that we enjoyed. The pay was very good, the hours were easy; and I know that if pea-pickers are wanted this year my name will be very near the top of the list—and this time I'll volunteer for Joyce, too!

—Colleen Kennedy (Form VI.)

## PIPES OF PAN.

Long, long ago I met an aged old, old man,  
 Playing a pipe. Did he steal it from Pan?  
 For surely no mortal such song could have made  
 As trilled forth the music that filled the green glade.

He captured the beat of Earth's heart in the Spring,  
 He played me the song that the wind doth sing  
 To the sleeping trees by pale light of the moon.  
 From the gold of the sun he wove me a tune  
 That set my feet dancing till I could drop,  
 Yet, try as I would, I never could stop.

The music swelled louder, and yet he played on,  
 I closed my eyes; when I looked he had gone.  
 Now often I think of that bearded old man  
 Playing a pipe. Did he steal it from Pan?

—Pat McDowell (IV.A. Comm.)

## THE MASSACRE OF "WATCHMAN ROCK."

It is early evening and I am sitting on the sands of Karekare beach, just a few miles from Piha. A short distance from the thundering surf, there is a rock which probes the sky several hundred feet above me. The last rays of the parting sun tip the edges with gold, and now I can see in silhouette, the perfect outline of a warrior gazing seawards.

Now I recall, that this peaceful spot was once the scene of a brutal Maori massacre and that the roaring surf once brought Hongi Hika and his tribe of ruthless warriors, to attack an enemy who had their pa at Karekare.

After a brisk engagement with Hongi on the beach, the defending tribe gave way until they had reached the cover of the bush fringing the shore. However, Hongi sent his bloodthirsty warriors to surround his opponents, but he was too late—they had retreated again, this time up into the bush-clad heights. The attackers were not going to chase their foe all over the Waitakere Ranges, so with Maori craft, Hongi edged his enemy into a gorge where there was only one way of escape.

The quarry was desperate! With yells of defiance, they dashed into some large caves which penetrated the side of a very steep slope.

Every time one of Hongi's men dared to come near the cave, he was clubbed and speared with "tiahas," but this was also the fate of any of the besieged who attempted to venture outside. Hongi was furious and he made up his mind he would not wait for days until hunger drove them out. There was a hurried discussion among the elders of the tribe and a few minutes later, green tea-tree brush had been set alight at the entrance. Dense, white, choking smoke welled into the caves and soon the victims came rushing outside with streaming eyes and dashed blindly out of the gorge, back to the beach again. This was truly a rout!

There was but one place where they could make a final stand—the mighty "Watchman." The remnants of the broken people met on the highest peak, ready for their ruthless foe, who crept higher and higher.

The end was not long in coming. There was a courageous stand, but Hongi's men were far superior in number and training. They were struggling now just a few feet from the precipice. It was the finish!

It was their choice to be struck to the ground with meres and spears, or—! Yes, the majority leaped to a horrible death two hundred feet below! As the last scream had died away, Hongi smirked boastfully. He had conquered again.

Some years ago when Karekare was being explored, clubs, mats and spears were found in the caves, while after excavations at the foot of the rock, dozens of battered skulls and skeletons were revealed, a convincing proof of this story!

Maori legend tells us that one woman managed to escape in the turmoil of the pursuit. It is said that she took a quantity of greenstone belonging to her murdered tribe and hid it in the hills, rather than let Hongi have it, for you see, in the old days, the Maoris' treasure was greenstone.

It is dusk now, and as I glance up at the rock, that face, as it stares across the water, seems to darken in expression, to breathe a grim determination, as if in recollection of bygone days.

—B. C. Wilson (Form 6.)

## THE SECRET.

Beyond the farthest river,  
 Beyond the farthest seas,  
 Beyond the farthest mountain,  
 Are rows of tall oak trees.

And there was a secret.

There in the seventh tree,  
 Along the seventh row,  
 Right on the highest branch,  
 Where all the winds do blow,  
 Right there was a secret.

No longer it's a secret,  
 For all the winds about,  
 That blow the highest branch  
 Have let the secret out.  
 But what was the secret?

Up in the highest branch,  
 There in its tiny nest,  
 There is a baby robin  
 With little scarlet breast.  
 And he was the secret.

—Kathleen Hollis (III.A. Comm.)

## "THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

All arts have to be developed. Even you, who possess just the average amount of "dumbness" can develop an art—the art of waiting. (N.B.—Persons above the average need not, of course, bother).

Why do we wait? Because the shop assistant has fallen asleep (shop-assistants, like medicine bottles, always have to be shaken up before use!) or because on seeing a queue we feel we have to join it, because we think we cannot live another minute without the article

obtainable in a shop a mile away, or perhaps again because we are civilized (?)

If you ever told me that waiting is boring, I should say that you have not the art of waiting. But, of course, you can and must learn. There are naturally different methods by which the job can be done. I know them, and just strictly between you and me, here they are:

- (1) Chew your cud.
- (2) Read a newspaper.
- (3) Stare hard at every passer-by.
- (4) Start a conversation with your neighbour (if he has not done so first).

Number one is only for the professional person who can display the latest American methods, or, like the cow, manage to keep an intelligent (?) look on his face.

If you can read a paper in any position with many lookers-on, or are born to wear a bowler hat, pince-nez and carry an umbrella, number two should be your choice.

Do not attempt number three unless you can stand much opposition. Often you will find people staring at you until you realize that you are doing the same. Though perhaps it does show you how silly the human animal is and looks, it may again reveal just a bit too much of yourself to you.

The above is only for people who possess some talent. Number four is just for the plain dumb like you and me. A broad smile sparkles on your face; a remark to the effect, "Lovely day to-day, isn't it?" or "Isn't it cold?" will always accomplish number four. You may then hear everything about everything, and one of you is sure to depart with a knowledge of the other's family history.

Time passes on. You will notice that I have not asked "When do you wait?" because you are most likely waiting for something at this very moment, if only for me to finish this discourse! You see, you have to wait for everything. Therefore, try the above while spending the rest of your life—waiting!

—Pauline Becker (Form VI.)

#### ROOM 40.

Room 40 is an awful room!  
 It fills each soul with sickening gloom,  
 Girls at half-past three sit there,  
 Biting pens and ruffling hair,  
 Watching others pass the door,  
 And knowing they must stay till four.  
 "What is the opposite to lowly?"  
 "Goodness! Doesn't time go slowly?!"  
 Adding sums with aching head,  
 "The clock hands must be made of lead."  
 Learning verse with dizzy brain,  
 We say it o'er, and then again.  
 Then one advancing opes the door;  
 "Marvellous! It's really four!"  
 We pack our books, push in each chair,  
 Hurrah at last for sun and air!  
 So out we go in eager sortie  
 With no regrets at leaving 40!

—Ngaire Robertson (Com. IV. D.)

#### FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Ever since the times when the Knights of St. John carried out their crusades from its rocky shores, Malta has had a colourful and romantic history. However, this small island's real glory did not come until the fateful year of 1940, when the whole of the free world seemed doomed to slavery before the triumphant march of the armies of Fascism. It was in this year that the population of Malta as well as the people of London, Coventry and Dover, defiantly "carried on," despite the constant air bombardment which mercilessly pounded their towns and cities into smoking ruins. It was their undaunted fighting spirit in those critical times, that won for their island home the coveted award of the George Cross. Of course, all these facts are well known throughout the British Empire, but something not quite so well known, is that it was a flight of three biplanes that saved Malta and its people from annihilation.

In May of 1940, just before Mussolini saw fit blindly to plunge his oppressed country into war, Malta had no fighter planes whatsoever with which to protect herself. Britain had the R.A.F. Fighter Command to hold off the Luftwaffe and thus foil Hitler's invasion plans, but Malta did not.

When the news was released of Italy's entry into the War, the officials in charge of Malta's defences began to look around in a vain search for fighters to defend this important island against the inevitable assaults of enemy bombers. The only things resembling a fighter force, were four large Gloucester crates in a wharf shed, containing four Gloucester Gladiator biplane fighters, en route to Alexandria, where they were to be assembled as replacements for the Fleet Air Arm. These were immediately taken over by R.A.F. mechanics, uncrated and assembled.

The next problem facing the authorities was who would fly them, and in response to a plea put out by the Government, six R.A.F. pilots volunteered to form a fighter flight, which came into being on June 4th. But these six pilots were from Coastal Command, and were used to large, slow flying boats, not the temperamental ways of speedy fighters. Nor did they have much time to "get acquainted" with the peculiarities of their new machines, for on June 11th, the first wave of Italian bombers struck at Malta's towns.

The pilots' feelings can well be imagined, as they hurried out to their waiting planes, wondering how good Mussolini's much vaunted Regia Aeronautica would prove itself in action.

From this first battle only three of the four Gladiators which had taken off, returned, and it was decided by the pilots, to christen them Faith, Hope and Charity. During the next eighteen days these three were the only obstacles between the hordes of bullying bombers and Malta's military and civilian objectives. On June 28th, however, the immortal trio were joined by four Hawker Hurricanes, a few more of which arrived within a few months. Although the defenders had thus been strengthened by more modern equipment, the three Gladiators continued to fly and fight for a considerable time. During the first five months after Italy declared war, Faith, Hope and Charity, with the small force of Hurricanes, intercepted seventy-two formations of enemy bombers and fighters and destroyed or damaged thirty-seven air-craft.

On September 3rd, 1943, Faith, the sole survivor of the four gallant Gladiators, was presented to the people of Malta by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Keith Park.

Had it not been for those three gallant little biplanes and their courageous pilots, there is no doubt in my mind that Malta would have been invaded by, and fallen to the enemy, thus providing a severe setback to the Allies in their large scale offensive in the Mediterranean. Malta was of extreme importance as an air and naval base in the invasions of Sicily and Italy.

When Mr. Churchill made his famous speech in praise of the fighter pilots of the R.A.F. he may well have meant that praise for those six heroic flying boat pilots. It could truly be said of them that "Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few."

—A. R. Edmunds (P.E.V.)

#### SEDDONIAN EFFORT.

Against my wish I have to do it  
But I've put all my effort to it;  
Now it's done, you must agree  
'Tis a dreadful verse writ by me.

—Barbara Firth (III.B. Com.)

#### CUTTING A PATTERN.

Early on Monday morning, Science IV.A. gather within the cheery atmosphere of Room 41, and, having been told they are to cut a pattern, proceed to fly around the room armed with scissors, three-foot rulers, pieces of paper and goodness only knows what beside!

Casting our eyes around the room, we have only to look at some of the expressions to interpret clearly the agonised looks on different girls' faces. Joyce, for instance, is looking as though she is suffering the most acute pain from some internal ailment or other, but we know immediately that she is anxiously asking Anne if she thinks her (Joyce's) measurements can possibly go into the piece of paper before her. After her friend's somewhat doubtful reassurance, she sets to work with a will and a beaming smile, thinking that perhaps she is not so large after all!

Miss —, taking a tour of inspection round the room, gives vent to many faintly audible gasps at the ideas some of us have of drafting a pattern. Here is Lillian insisting that she has a 42 waist! She is looking on the wrong side of the tape measure, need I add? Over on the other side of the room we have Alice peaceably, almost angelically, "cutting her dart out," while at the back of the room we find another, poring over a pattern that looks rather more like an amateur's drawing of a horse's head than anything else. This is her pattern nevertheless! After one period has crawled past and Clarice and Pat have got their patterns completely mixed and have had to disentangle them, there are thirty or so "quite good"? patterns waiting for inspection.

Miss —, quite exhausted no doubt by now, has the idea firmly fixed in her mind that at the earliest possible moment she will resign from the trials of teaching once and for all. However, she gathers sufficient strength to tell us we may go on now with our needlework as we haven't our material with us, and slowly, we all revive together.

Thirty minutes later the period bell rings, and everything is crammed unmercifully into the owners' respective bags, and instructions and orders blithely forgotten, children run out to freedom and happiness. Miss — leaves the room slowly with a determined air which bodes ill for Science IV.A.'s next lesson.

—Pat McLeod (IV.A. Science.)

#### A DAY-DREAM.

If I were Disney's Mickey Mouse  
I'd buy my Minnie a little house,  
With windows five and a little back door;  
We'd live so happily ever-more.

We'd have a dog and children three,  
Perhaps a pool, an orange tree,  
A figure small of Peter Pan,  
Pipes upheld in tiny hand.

But alas, alack! it cannot be,  
It's all too costly, far, for me,  
And Minnie and all will have to go  
Back—to Disney's studio.

—Jennifer Mouldey (IV.B. Science).

#### HOW THE MORE-PORK GOT ITS NAME.

Several years ago, a strange flat-faced bird, sat listening to the tuis singing.

"Ah! How I wish I could sing like that!" he said.

"You could if you wished," said an evil voice, and looking around the bird saw a big brown weta crawling from his hole.

"How?" exclaimed the bird excitedly.

"Well, you just have to kill a tui and wear its skin, and instantly you will be able to sing sweetly."

"Many thanks," said the flat-faced bird.

When nightfall arrived and the tuis had gone to roost, the strange bird crept up and killed one. He then flew to the ground with his victim, and pulled off the skin, which he hurriedly donned. Then he began singing, but his voice had not changed, and he knew the evil weta had tricked him and, worse still, the noise of his singing had awakened the tuis. Seeing this murdering "wolf in sheep's clothing," they instantly attacked. He flew into a hollow-tree where he was safe, but every time he tried to come out, the tuis were waiting for him.

Now his mate had seen all this, and went to get him food. Having found a dead pig, she carried pieces of pork back to her husband. As she could carry only small pieces, he kept up the monotonous cry, "More Pork, More Pork," the name he bears to-day.

—B. Harvey (III.A. Woodwork).

#### THE WIND.

A great wind strides across the sea,  
To ease parched lands of misery;  
It brings the precious water sweet,  
To feed young rice and ripen wheat;  
It fans hot lands with breezes cool,  
It darts light shivers o'er the pool;  
It brings relief to men at work  
In London's grey and foggy murk;  
O'er the land of the Lama it strolls,  
Through Suez Canal—without paying tolls—  
From North to South, from East to West  
He travels on, though cursed or blest.

—Joy Preston (IV.A. Sc.)

## I WONDER—

When each morn I quickly rise,  
And splash the soap into my eyes,  
My breakfast down my gym I spill,  
And take my coat against my will;  
I sometimes wonder if it's true  
That schooldays are the best for you.

When down the road I quickly sprint  
With cheeks a fiery reddy tint,  
And run to catch the morning train  
—To find my sprint was all in vain,—  
I sometimes wonder if it's true  
That schooldays are the best for you.

I get to school after the bell,  
And after school my tale I tell,  
I miss my train and reach home late,  
Am told I mustn't slam the gate;  
So I often wonder if it's true  
That schooldays are the best for you.  
—Shirley Haire (IV.B. Com.)

## THEN AND NOW.

Six years ago in 1937 I had departed from this troublous life, but one day in December 1943, I was invited to join a party to have a peep at the old world again. Our numerous friends waved farewell to us as we set off across the well-known river "Styx." In my pocket I had six pounds besides many memos., which were to help me to buy Christmas presents for the rest of my relations and friends.

We arrived in Auckland early in the morning. Imagine our dismay at finding no taxis waiting to convey us to Queen Street! The trams were full but at last we found ourselves in the huge store of "W—Ltd." The first article in my notebook was a girl's watch for my twin sister. I had 12/6 in my hand and so with this I proceeded to try to buy one. Up and down beside endless counters I walked, but not a watch could I see. "Perhaps they are out of stock," I thought. "Anyhow I'll get the other things." Next on the list was a cup and saucer for which I had put aside the sum of ninepence. Ah! at any rate there would be plenty of these to choose from; but alas! only three hideous "cups" remained on the crockery shelf, each priced at 2/6!

I was thoroughly disgusted with the shop, so decided to try next the "F— Trading Company." Here I purchased desperately a pair of towels 14/11; a shirt 17/6; a scooter for my nephew £3/1/6; three torches without batteries 15/-; and some cigarettes!! I dipped my hand in my pocket to see how much I had left, and on finding there three pennies I nearly died—for the second time!

Never have I been so glad as when we recrossed the good river Styx that night. I did not have the faintest idea of how I was to break the news about the dreadful prices to my friends. Why, I hadn't bought half the things! What was I to do? No one would believe that a watch cost £6, if obtainable. However, the rest of the party had experienced the same fate and with their help I finally convinced everyone that where we lived was really much cheaper than Auckland.

—Ruth Miller (6 Acc.)

## LUNCH TIME AT THE CAFE.

The time is nearing 12.15,  
Hunger on faces can be seen;  
Anxiously, all the bell await,  
Our teacher can decide our fate.

From the kitchen savoury odours come  
And beat against each empty tum;  
Of hot roast meat and apple pie  
We take one sniff and heave a sigh.

Oh, teacher, teacher, can't you see  
We really are so "hung-ery";  
Now there's but one minute to go,  
Please say, "Pack up and quietly go."

But no, her voice goes on and on,  
She does not see the look upon  
The face of each poor Cafe lass;  
There goes the bell! alack, alas.

And with the bell, there goes our dream,  
The dinner that we held supreme;  
Now once again for Cafe we're late—  
That always seems to be our fate.

Yet now we do not sigh nor groan,  
Nor think our teacher's heart of stone;  
Instead, we only smile and say,  
"May better luck be ours next day."

—Gladys Tremaine (V.A. Commercial).

## MY EXPERIENCES WITH A GOAT.

When we lived on a farm, we had a billy-goat called Jock. He was fairly old, with sharp horns and a long beard, and was indeed a most irritating yet humorous animal.

One day, when Mother had finished the washing, she hung it out to dry over-night in the cool, fresh air. You can imagine her surprise next morning when she saw the clothes-line empty except for a few pegs. We ransacked the house for the clothes, thinking Mother might have been absent-minded and forgotten to put them out after all. When searching proved of no avail, we turned to accusing the neighbours (though why they should play us such a trick I couldn't imagine). Hostility rose to such a height that for a while few people would speak to us. But one day, when I was cleaning up the yard, I saw, strewn in various odd corners, the remains of some buttons! We drew our own conclusions.

Everything went well again until one of our neighbours, a Maori, was pushing a wheelbarrow full of kumaras along the road towards his home. The next moment the wheelbarrow was upside down, the kumaras all over the road, and Jock greedily taking his fill of the juicy vegetables. It was really rather funny to see the unlucky owner jumping up and down, waving his arms in the air (at a safe distance), stopping now and then to shake his fist at the innocent-looking animal, and

shouting at the top of his voice and in his own tongue something I couldn't understand—which was probably just as well. Jock, however, seemed to understand, for he raised his head, shook it and his beard as if to say with very pronounced disapproval, "No, no!"

That was funny, but when one day my Grandfather, who had come to visit us, was butted into a muddy pond, that wasn't considered funny at all. Grandfather was just bending down looking at the soil somewhere near the edge of the pond when, before you could click your fingers, he was in the middle of it, covered in mud. He picked himself up and started to chase Jock, but before long the tables were turned and Jock was chasing Grandfather. When the goat caught up with him, then Grandfather was really heroic. He turned round and took the bull—or rather the goat—by the horns. In so doing Grandfather was swung round and round, still hanging on to the horns of the goat. Suddenly, however, he let go, and was flung down hard on the ground. When he got up (we had got the goat away for the time being), he made one dash for the back-door, which he succeeded in reaching and shutting before Jock could join him. Grandfather, in a very bad mood, went away, vowing never to come near us again.

Time passed without anything more serious happening, until one day the blow fell. Jock died. Why he did, no one knew. We buried him at the bottom of the yard, and while we mourned for him other people rejoiced, which was really most unsympathetic of them.

Although we missed Jock, we realised that as far as the neighbours went we would have a much better time, and that everyday life would perhaps run smoothly for a change.

—Lois Cooper (III.A. Comm.)

### THE HAT TRICK.

Now, listen, girls, to my new tale,  
No doubt you'll find the meaning stale;  
Remember, that if neatly dressed,  
Of schoolgirls all you'll be the best.

The point I want to make is that  
Of tilting up your neat School hat;  
**You** know the way in which I mean—  
So like your favourite Hollywood queen!

Then there's the matter of glam'rous curls,  
Which so appeal to many girls;  
Because of fashion's latest craze  
Back go our hats—the latest phase!

But this, alas, won't satisfy,  
So a tuck appears (catching teacher's eye),  
The crown is brought to half its size  
(And never escapes the mistress's eyes).

If you would be in the School's good books,  
Adjust your hat from the way it looks!  
And if your homework's hardly quite—!  
Your neat appearance may help a mite.

—Makita Nicholson (V.A. Com.).

### "THE JERVIS BAY GOES DOWN."

The old sea-rover had gone into retirement. He'd been in every port on the map, but now his roving days were over and he was just passing the time somewhere south of Singapore.

Came an Official Telegram from the British Admiralty, and Commander Fogarty Fegen was on the high seas again, heading for England, at this time taking a severe hammering from the German Air Force. England was short of food-stuffs and raw materials, the Admiralty had not the Senior Officers to command her merchantmen; further-more German submarines had been taking a heavy toll of British shipping. Reporting to the Admiralty Office in London, Commander Fegen was instructed to take over the command of the "Jervis Bay," a large merchant ship now converted into an armed merchant-cruiser, and to proceed to a rendezvous where he would supply the necessary cover to a large convoy consisting of thirty-eight ships.

After meeting the convoy, the "Jervis Bay" started on its outward-bound journey, leading and protecting the great convoy. The days passed uneventfully until the morning of November 5th. It was overcast, and upon the bridge of the "Jervis Bay" paced the ever-watchful Fogarty Fegen, when suddenly a look-out sighted some smoke, which proved to be coming from one of Germany's powerful pocket-battleships.

Commander Fegen immediately withdrew his ship and made straight for the enemy, bringing his ship between the raider and her prey, thus enabling the rest of the ships to scatter.

For an hour the "Jervis Bay" withstood the mighty onslaught put forth by a greatly superior enemy. Crippled almost at once, with flames raging from stem to stern, and hit many times by heavy salvoes, H.M.S. "Jervis Bay" held out. One explosion followed another, till finally the "Jervis Bay" slid beneath the surface of the sea, taking with her the brave Fogarty Fegen, by whose efforts it had been possible for thirty-three of the original convoy to reach port safely.

Although H.M.S. "Jervis Bay" went down she succeeded in her mission, to protect the convoy at all costs. For this action so widely beyond the call of duty, Commander Fogarty Fegen, R.N., was awarded posthumously the Victoria Cross.

—J. E. Irvine (IV.A. Gen. Eng.)

### THE SKYLARK.

The sun shines from a cloudless sky,  
The heavens seem so blue,  
The Skylarks sing their songs and fly  
Far up till lost to view.  
I lie and watch and wonder why,  
And wish I were a Skylark too.

But, Skylark, in the stormy night,  
When tempests drive the sea,  
While I lie tucked up warm and tight  
And dream of joys to be,  
Ah, Skylark, then I think you might  
Wish you were just a boy like me!

—Bruce Ecclesfield (IV.C. Com.)

## SOME 1944 HOWLERS.

1. "The city told its own story—the salava had poured down and covered it."
  2. "Monopoly was a sport the people of England played in Elizabethan times. It was bear baiting and cock fighting."
  3. "Warren Hastings was accused of taking brides from the Indians."
  4. "The people hated him (Cromwell) for his cruelty. He was a true Protestant."
  5. "One of Shakespeare's comedies is 'Ferdinand the Bull'."
  6. "The boiling lather overflowed and poured down the streets."
  7. "It was plain to see—the old altar which stood out because of its size, its greyish colour and the small bowl which had been cemented in it."
  8. "Oliver Cromwell was a very stricked man and a stornch Puritan."
  9. "The father of English poetry was Chorser."
  10. "He gazed at his companion with a viscious look."
- Best 1944 howler from a neighbouring school:—  
Question: "Which is the political party at present in power in New Zealand?"  
Answer: "Manpower."

## ARMADA 1940.

The night was dark and the mist hung low,  
The sea was rough, the tide not slow,  
As long grey shapes slid out to the sea  
To cross the Channel to set men free.  
Ships of the Navy, Merchant ships, too,  
Rough fishing boats, veterans for crew,  
Gay pleasure yachts, which for happy years  
Had cruised up the Thames—no thought then of fears—  
Now shed their cloaks of languor and sleep  
And sped through the fog to follow the fleet.  
As the fog lifted, swift as blade of a dirk,  
The first of the line came on to Dunkirk.  
With one sole idea through danger they came,  
To deliver her heroes to England again.

—Maureen Lovatt (V.A. Com.)

## SPICK AND SPAN.

A family of fashion were gathered together,  
All of them deeply considering whether  
They ought to stay in on account of the weather.  
"Rain," said the mother, "would ruin my feather."  
"Dust," said the father, "would dim my shoe-leather."  
"Sun," said the brother, "though out but an hour,  
Would probably wither my button-hole flower."  
And thus they concluded, agreeing together,  
There's danger to clothing in all sorts of weather.  
So they bought a big band-box, together climbed in it,  
Shut down the lid, and they're there to this minute.

—Noeline Peach (H.A. Com.)

## FIGHTERS.

The mechanics roll her out on to the tarmac. She is a lovely plane, her long nose housing a leviathan of power, her broad elliptical wings spreading out from a smoothly streamlined fuselage. The polished perspex of the cockpit gleams in the morning sunlight. The eight small replicas of Iron Crosses painted just below the cockpit symbolize the spirit of the plane and her pilot.

He is a young man, scarcely out of his teens, but his face shows a rugged strength beneath the tanned skin. Above the left pocket of his uniform is the violet and white striped ribbon of the D.F.C., undoubtedly won in some shattering combat, far from the eyes of earth. As he puts on his flying suit we notice that the material is slightly charred. Across one shoulder is a rip which he tells us was caused by a bullet from the guns of a Messerschmitt, before he sent it crashing down to earth.

Over high forehead blows dark, curly hair which he has some difficulty in tucking under his helmet, for the mechanics are starting the motor and in the slipstream it blows wildly. Finally he buckles on his parachute and climbs into the small cockpit, where he settles himself comfortably. For the next two hours this is to be his position.

Suddenly the motor roars, as only an aeroplane motor can. The machine moves forward over the bumpy ground and takes up station on the far side of the field. Then the motor roars again, the plane races across the field, lifts, and heads for the upper atmosphere—there to hunt its prey, there to swoop, guns blazing, there to watch it stagger under the onslaught and there to see it tumble out of the sky, a wreck of twisted metal and flames.

So this boy and his plane guard England's sky-ways, making the land safe for women and children to live without fear of terror and destruction from the skies. His is a man's job; his plane, a man's plane.

They are Fighters, both of them!

—R. Evans (P.E. 5.)

## MRS. MALAPROP.

If I were Mrs. Malaprop  
I would be just the same,  
For I'm the same as that old top,  
In everything but name.  
I always mix my words up,  
Mistakes I make galore,  
Invariably cause a "bust up"  
And raise a laugh or roar.  
And when I'm doing home-work,  
It comes out, even then,  
I'm always tangled in my work—  
It's worse from seven till ten!  
So now you've read my tale of woe  
I hope you'll sympathise;  
Yet Mrs. Malaprop, you know  
Brought laughter to the wise.

## A MODERN IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

In pre-war years, a traveller using the services of the K.L.M. to travel by air from Amsterdam to Sydney, found his last stop in Europe was Athens.

The City of Athens is about five or six miles distant from the Tatoi Aerodrome, at which the plane generally arrives early in the afternoon. On the way to the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, at which all passengers of the K.L.M. stay, one passes through the main streets of Athens, and finds that it is a city of many fine modern buildings, although the majority of the streets are narrow, as in most southern cities. On arrival at the hotel the stranger is welcomed by many guides, who want to show him the ancient sights of Athens, the most famous of which is, of course, the ruins of the Acropolis, which still dominates the city.

The Acropolis, which is built on a flat-topped mountain 500 feet above sea-level, can be reached from Athens by a splendid road, which leads up to the main entrance, called the Propylaea, a wall of Pentelic marble with five gateways. These gateways are still well preserved.

After having paid a small entrance fee, we find before us the prospect of climbing up many steps of marble. This is done with great enthusiasm, for we feel we cannot lose another minute before seeing that marvel of beauty, the Parthenon, by which the mountain was crowned in 439 B.C. Simplicity and harmony are the key notes of the Parthenon, which, with its stately Doric columns, was built by Pericles and Phidias with the marble of Mount Pentelicus. You enter the still stately building by ascending four or five steps, from which, at places, stones are missing. These stones can be found lying nearby. Before looking at the famous fragments of the frieze, the guide points out to you holes made by the cannon balls of the Turks, when they attacked Greece in 1824. After having passed two Doric columns, one enters what once must have been a great hall. The sight touches all, because little has survived through the centuries—only the floor and a few pillars. The guide tells us that the gems of sculpture which once adorned the buildings were transported by Lord Elgin to the British Museum in London at the beginning of last century. Lord Elgin's intention was to preserve these wonderful pieces of art, though Byron, in his poem, "Childe Harold," bitterly denounced this "piece of vandalism," as he described it.

Leaving the Doric Parthenon, we go to see the Erechtheum, with its delicate Ionic pillars. The well-known Porch of Caryatids, suggesting both calm and strength, is an impressive sight. The Porch, worn by age, again reminds us that all this was built two thousand years ago. It is dangerous to enter the Erechtheum, because most of the floor has fallen in, and one can look down below into the deep cellars which were often used as prisons.

From the Acropolis we turn to the south-west, to visit the theatre of Dionysus, God of Wine, and patron of the theatre. This, unlike the Shakespearean theatre, is round, with a stage in the centre. Not much remains of the marble seats.

Finally we visit fifteen gigantic Corinthian pillars, which to-day bear the only witness to the existence of the largest Greek temple ever built, the temple of the Olympian Zeus. This temple was completed by Emperor Hadrian in 129 A.D., and had originally 104 of these great pillars.

A feeling of sadness comes upon us when we leave this proud city, which, like many another to-day, has suffered destruction through the ravages of war, though earthquakes and the passage of time have also wrought their changes in ancient Athens.

—Pauline Becker (Form VI.)

## AT THE BARRIER.

## Lining Up Trout for Ova.

The sight of hundreds of trout, ranging in weight from 4 to 8 lbs., wriggling, rearing and splashing en masse in a rivulet for spawning, is surely one to stir the heart and appetite of angler and layman alike, and would create endless happy dreams for any unlucky angler.

The scene was the Tongariro Fish Hatchery of the Internal Affairs Department near Tokaanu. The day was the inauguration of the season's stripping of the eggs from the fish for hatching in the up-to-date State hatcheries.

What a picturesque spot was chosen by the department for its hatchery, and for the residential quarters of its staff and curator. The buildings are placed alongside a beautiful stream, amid kowhai and other native trees, and lined by neatly trimmed sward. Below the hatchery a barrier is erected in the stream. It is at this barrier that male and female trout are netted from the hundreds of lively fish which have come up stream from the lake to spawn.

Expert hands squeeze from the female trout her eggs, and alternately, milt from the male trout, all of which goes into sizeable pans held in readiness for the operation. It is a great spectacle seeing the mass of fish leaping, splashing like horses at the barrier eager to start in a race.

It is interesting, too, to watch how deftly the men handle the fish while stripping them, and how passively they submit. The eggs are next transferred to hatching pans. As they lie cosily in the pans taking the ever-flowing water, they resemble "hundreds and thousands" on a birthday cake.

In a short while these eggs will be hatched into millions of fry and these desporting themselves about the boxes will delight any visitor to the hatchery.

When ready for liberation, off the trout are taken, to the rivers and lakes of the Rotorua district.

—R. Clough (V. Ag.)

## AFTER THE RAIN.

Oh! how the blackbird gaily trills,  
To see the clouds flee o'er the hills;  
So with glad song the air he fills—  
After the rain.

The lambkins skip in ecstasy;  
Once more I hear the busy bee  
Buzzing in the cherry tree—  
After the rain.

The earth seems pure and fresh and sweet,  
Where daisies lift their heads to greet  
The bright sunshine and gentle heat—  
After the rain.

The shy-eyed deer has drunk his fill;  
The brooklet ripples faster still;  
Young mushrooms dot the distant hill—  
After the rain.

—Thelma Lamont (IV.A. Com.)

## THOSE TESTS.

Fourteen Science girls in silent dread  
 Await the test—the room is dead.  
 Twenty-eight eyes on the teacher rest:  
 "Will I, or won't I, do well in this test?"

"Attention!" says Miss —, "The first question will be —"  
 There's a knock at the door and whom should we see  
 But a welcome intruder, who lessens our grief—  
 There runs through the room a sigh of relief.

She waits for a moment and holds the door wide,  
 The barrier is shut, and with teacher **outside!**  
 There rises an uproar, we haven't a care,  
 The door slowly opens—we're met with a glare!

"I don't expect that!" the angry one says,  
 And everyone wishes 'twas the end of her days.  
 "Detention. In Room 40. To-night will be best!"  
 Oh! one would have rather completed the test!

—M. Pointon (V. Science).

## GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND.

## Story of Bracken's Hymn.

Every New Zealand school-boy and girl is familiar with our own National Anthem—"God Defend New Zealand"—but although written many years ago it did not become the official anthem until adopted by the Centennial Council before the recent exhibition.

Until comparatively recently, the song seemed to be forgotten, but with the advent of radio, and the introduction of music into all the schools, it seems to have been revived. But of its composer and lyric writer little is known to most of its singers.

Thomas Bracken, the writer of the lyric, was a very romantic figure in the early history of New Zealand. As a child, he was left orphaned in the care of his uncle, a chemist, in Clunes, Ireland. He served in the shop until he was a young man, but the tedium of his quiet life did not satisfy his yearnings for adventure. The gold rush was at its peak in Australia when Bracken decided to try his luck at mining. From what little we know of him, his adventures here were numerous, and after spending many years on the goldfields he took to sheep-shearing. It was during this stage of his life that a natural gift for poetry-writing asserted itself and many of his verses were printed in Australian newspapers and journals.

The gold-fever again proved irresistible, however, when news of fabulous discoveries in Otago flashed across the Tasman Sea. Bracken immediately sailed to New Zealand, where he had a most chequered career. His versatility was remarkable—miner, hotel-keeper, journalist, poet, member of Parliament—all work came within his scope. Many tributes have been paid to him both as a writer and as a worker. Sir Robert Stout says: "This may be said of him—Bracken need not be ashamed of his efforts. When the history of our literature is written, his poems will not be forgotten, and in the future will not the labours of the writer be ranked as high as the work of the statesman or warrior?"

Many who knew Dunedin in the 1890's will remember Bracken, who for some years edited "The Saturday Advertiser," a Dunedin news-

paper which was published weekly. It was in this newspaper that "God Defend New Zealand" really came to light, for although it had been published previously as "A New Zealand Hymn," only in 1875, when a competition was inaugurated by the "Saturday Advertiser" for a musical setting of the words, did it really become known to the public. In order to attract the best musical talent in the Dominion, a substantial prize was offered, and three of the leading musicians in Australia were appointed to be the judges, each to make his decision independently.

A young man named John Woods, a schoolteacher in Lawrence, Otago, read of the competition and its offer of a prize to the successful competitor. Although it was already late, that very night he sat down at the piano and did not leave it until he had composed the score. All three judges awarded Woods the prize, and with Bracken's permission words and music were united and our National Anthem (to be) was complete.

The words of "God Defend New Zealand," were originally published in a collection of Bracken's poems, entitled "Musings in Maoriland," dedicated to Alfred, Lord Tennyson, for whom the author had a sincere admiration. Little more can be said of these two men. Woods outlived Bracken by thirty-six years. He died in 1934 at Lawrence, where he had been town-clerk for many years. As to the original manuscript: it is interesting to note that it was said to be filed in London, next to the National Anthem of Germany; but the Auckland Public Library has recently claimed the honour of possessing it.

—Colleen F. Kennedy (6th Form).

## ON HAVING TO MAKE A SPEECH.

Two days before the awful occasion took place, I was preparing a speech on a subject of which I knew nothing. Books and Encyclopaedias were piled up on the table, by then almost invisible, while my head was swathed in wet towels to prevent complete brain-fag. At last I had prepared my speech, and I began to learn it off "by heart."

During lunch hour of the fatal afternoon, I sat in the warm sun in Albert Park re-memorising my speech as I ate my lunch. I began to wonder if it would be a good idea to "play sick" and try to be permitted to go home, or whether it would be best to "get it over." My friends sat around blithely telling me it was quite easy to stand up in front of a class and make a speech; but I was dubious. However, when the assembly in the playground finished and the classes went to their various rooms, I was still there with my class.

After marking and correcting the homework, all the class except the boy who was to make the speech, sat back comfortably in their chairs while I, the victim, waited very nervously looking over my paper. The time came and I was called upon to speak. My legs seemed to be made of jelly as I stumbled out from my seat to the front of the class. There I stood looking at that sea of faces not knowing what on earth the first words of my speech were. A ripple of suppressed laughter swept over my audience, but after a quick glance at the paper in my hand, I managed to pick up the thread. Once I began to talk, the nervousness left me and I was able to finish my speech with only a few glances at my notes.

The great ordeal over, I returned to my seat happily with my head held high and also very relieved to think I had given my speech and would not make another for some time to come!

—B. C. Monahan (G.E. V.B.)

## THE RIGHTEOUS SCHOLAR.

Marmaduke Archibald Augustus Snort  
 Was a clever scholar who sat and thought  
 About the mysteries of the world;  
 And when some chalk at him was hurled  
 By mocking boys some desks away,  
 He'd lift his head and slowly say:—  
 "Algebra is interesting, Geography great,  
 Mathematics enjoyable, and History first-rate;  
 I'd like to study night and day,  
 I don't know why you fellows play;  
 These lessons are a source of joy  
 To any normal healthy boy!"

Then Snort would put his specs on straight,  
 His doleful face would light,  
 He'd settle back to study hard  
 Contented, smug and right!

—C. Millett (IV.B. Comm.)

## A MAORI WEDDING.

The marriage was to take place on a small island off the coast, and we Pakeha guests arrived by launch shortly before mid-day, the time appointed for the ceremony. Maori guests had apparently been in occupation for several days, and the pah was as busy and almost as noisy as a city market.

After the official welcome, on making a tour of inspection, we noticed what seemed to be boiling pools and steam vents, but proved to be huge Maori ovens, where quantities of roast potatoes, kumara, whole pig (the latter dressed with strips of dried eel), were being cooked on hot stones. To my Pakeha eye, the task of some twenty or more Maoris in charge of these open air kitchens, on a broiling mid-summer's day, appeared no enviable one.

Beyond the ovens, in front of the meeting-house where the actual ceremony was to take place, elders of the contracting tribes rivalled each other in fierce harangues. The story seemed lengthy, perhaps because this wedding was to close an ancient feud between the two tribes.

At 2 p.m., when the Pakehas were feeling the need of a long-delayed lunch and even the Maoris seemed listless, the eloquence died down. By some pre-arranged signal the platform of the Whare-puni cleared, and a wide lane opened up through the throng. A wailing chant was heard; the crowd stilled its chatter; and one hundred yards away appeared the bridal procession. The marriage ceremony was very short. All the guests—Maoris in order of precedence, and Pakehas straggling along behind—paraded in turn to congratulate the bride and groom.

And then the feast! The meeting-house was small, and the four-hundred-odd guests were crammed in, in three sittings. My pakeha friends and I wilted, and poked haphazardly at the profusion of viands. The Maoris just ate and ate. The bridal party were served again at each sitting, and, miraculously, survived.

At five p.m., having been courteously farewelled, we Pakehas were escorted back to the launch, which slipped her moorings in the gathering dusk and chugged back to the mainland.

—R. McClinchie (IV.C. G.E.)

## MUSIC THROUGH THE DAY.

One of the developments from the recent changes in the Secondary School Syllabus is the importance given to music in the school curriculum. Music in some form is heard every day of one's existence.

The creation of man-made music is comparatively new in the world's history. Not even song existed at first, for biologists tell us that ancient man's vocal chords could not be employed in sustained breathing such as would be required in the process of singing.

Music, the child of Nature, can also be created by man. There is the music of wind sighing through treetops, of water slipping over smooth stones. Songs of birds delight us. Rhythm is a guiding influence in man's life. In rhythm man walks with even steps on alternate feet; in rhythm night follows day. Man has a natural tendency to produce rhythm, which in its turn produces harmony.

In the history of the world we reverence great composers just as we marvel at great conquerors. Conquerors may come and conquerors may go, kingdoms rise and wane, but written to a musical score, a musician has given the world a priceless bequest, "a thing of beauty," which "is a joy forever."

As he opens wide his bedroom window, a student of this College hears music from lively birds happily sounding the reveille of another school day. He frantically attempts to learn his work in the train, while the wheels sing in an irritating monologue: "You don't know it! You don't know it!" At nine-five a.m. a truly musical signal rings the commencement of the day's activity. During morning Assembly the student is given the opportunity to create music with his own vocal chords, aided by music from piano and violin. Perhaps as he goes past the hall the strains of a lively tune, the drill girls' march, may catch his ear. The pupil's telephone shrills—did someone say harmony is the result?

During the lunch hour our pupil may hear musical recordings being played in the boys' playground. In the girls' playground can be heard the sweet (?) music of many maiden voices. After lunch, on an errand for a teacher, he hears on the girls' floor the clash of typewriters played to the accompaniment of music—and such music! In the workshops the engines throb out a ceaseless measure. The choir gathers each afternoon. In a special half-hour each day, the student puzzles over the theory of music and feels envious of others who can play instruments and read musical scores. Sometimes he reads from books in the library the lives of great composers.

On a Thursday afternoon the strains of the orchestra drift up from Room 16. The school band stirs us with martial airs. After school, strains again come from the hall. Here pupils are learning to observe different tunes of music and to dance different steps to different metres. Going home in the train the wheels again sing. Their farewell refrain is: "Another day gone. Another day gone."

—Lillian Groome (VI. Acc.)

## TRIOLET.

The trees so bare  
 In Winter time;  
 In Spring they're fair,  
 The trees so bare  
 With freshness rare,  
 Both oak and lime;  
 The trees so bare  
 In Winter time.

—Margaret Pointon (V. Science).

## CHINESE LEGENDS.

The very first hero of Chinese legend was P'an Ku. He was known to the Chinese as the "First Man" and was said to have worked for eighteen thousand years to bring order to the world. He helped people even by his death, for, legend tells, his head turned to a mountain and his breath to the wind and to clouds, and his voice became the thunder. As for his body, all the insects which fed on it became people! After P'an Ku came the "Heaven Kings," then the "Earth Kings" and lastly the "Man Kings," this last particular line having the heads and faces of men but the bodies of dragons. Dragons have always been very popular with the Chinese, and their country is sometimes referred to as the "Dragon Land."

A man, says another legend, whose name means "Producer of Fire," discovered fire for mankind, by watching birds pecking at trees and thus making sparks. His name was Sui Jin. Yu Chao, "Dweller in Nests," it was who built the first house.

During the reign of the Emperor Yao, the Yellow River burst its banks and the bewildered Emperor asked the people to find from among them a man to relieve the universal suffering caused by the great river's change of course. He offered to the successful one his daughter in marriage and promised him power to do whatever he must, to stop the torrent. The people chose Shun, a skilful engineer, who succeeded in saving the situation. Yao made him his heir and when he died Shun ruled in his stead.

Other leaders of interest are Yen Ti, or Shen Nung, and Huang Ti. Huang Ti was the first warrior hero, whose wife, Lui Tai, introduced the making of silk, since when, about 2500 B.C., Chinese Emperresses have been recognized the world over as the patronesses of the silk trade. Before Huang Ti, was Yen Ti, mostly a figure of legend and known as the "Divine Husbandman" and the God of Agriculture. Besides, too, he made great discoveries in medicine. Ancient legend tells that he had a glass front to his body, so as to see exactly how his digestive organs worked!

—Aureole Verrall (IV.A. Science)

## INCIDENT IN THE BLACK-OUT.

When I lived in England I had a habit of taking my dog, Paddy, for a walk every evening. I used to let him run along by my side and we had great times together.

On this particular night I had left it rather late and we had already "blacked out" and lighted the lamp. I decided, however, that I would just take Paddy round the block and come back. If you have never been out in England in a black-out you cannot imagine what it is like. It is really pitch-black and one cannot see a thing. I took Paddy out and closed the door.

As we went down the road I whistled and talked to him all the way. I met some of my friends and they all asked me who my companion was. When I said it was Paddy, my dog, they went on their way.

I went on talking hard all the time. Not until I returned home did I find I had accidentally shut Paddy inside the house as I went out. Then I realized that I had gone all the way round the block, talking hard—to myself!

—E. Peacock (IV.A. Com.)

## SPRING.

Spring has come in her golden gown  
To deck the fields and cheer the town;  
The flowers are nodding their pretty heads  
Awakening from their wintry beds.  
A daffodil in the meadow green  
Raises her head—a radiant queen;  
The lark's on the wing, the thrush in her nest.  
The full-throated blackbird is singing her best.  
Children are happy at their play;  
The sun shines bright throughout the day;  
By evening, to a child's delight,  
The moon comes out and stars shine bright.

—Merle Gardner (IV.E. Comm.)

## MY HOLIDAY WARTIME WORK.

In the holidays I spent my time on a farm at Rotorua helping to do the milking and other farm work. Feeding calves was part of my work, and I certainly had some badly bitten fingers in the process of getting the new calves to drink from a bucket. As they grew older they often became so tame that I could pick them up.

Several ducks were also my charge, and each morning I gathered the bluey-green-and-white eggs, finding many new nests, over which I was greatly excited. There were also many horses on the farm, and I enjoyed giving the hay out from a sledge, which seemed always to stick in the gateways. Once, however, on going up a hill, I slid with the hay off the horse, which did not wait, but disappeared over the top of the hill. Painfully I climbed after it.

A hot pool nearby was a great comfort, as few farms have them, and this one could also be cooled by cold water from a nearby creek. After some years a solid crust from the mineral water had formed on the inside of the bath, making its walls very smooth and hard.

At Christmas time the farmers helped one another with their harvesting, and on one neighbouring farm were hundred-acre fields, from which many stacks were made. When the stack was finished the men on top often came down on the "grab" part of the stacker, but the last one down was usually left in mid-air for a while, holding desperately on to the grab, which can be swung away from the stack without coming right down.

In such pleasant fashion did I combine my war-work and a summer holiday.

—A. Forrest (IV.B. Sc.)

## NOSTALGIA.

A soft breeze glides across the sea,  
Bringing a breath of memory—  
The scent of a lovely English rose  
Far away from these biting snows.  
And my heart is weary for that land  
By soft caressing breezes fanned.  
And I think, as I look at these foreign skies,  
Of a gentle sun which, as it dies,  
Leaves behind a world at rest.  
And a longing aches in my homesick breast.

—June Hall (V.A. Acc.)

## THE "DUMBO BOYS."

During this second great war, many stirring tales have been told of the men in blue, the pilots who rule the air. Mr. Churchill and many other great statesmen have sung the praises of "the few who have done so much for so many," but little has been heard of a small important branch of the Air Force, namely, the air-sea rescue service.

This service was first formed in England at the time of the big blitz. It developed out of the Air Force Salvage Section, in that it salvaged human life and valuable aircrews, not valuable aircraft. The object was to pick up all English fliers who had been forced to abandon their aircraft over the Channel, or in Air Force language, made a "ditching." At first this service consisted of motor patrol boats, but as the tide of the air-war turned in Britain's favour, more operations meant more casualties, and consequently more pilots down in the "ditch." This meant the expansion of "dumbo ops," as the airmen have nicknamed the rescue service to embrace Coastal Command Sunderlands and Lerwicks. These still remained in the Command, but were under orders from the head rescue-controller. Then came more expansion and these flying boats were absorbed into a new branch of the service incorporating launches and aircraft.

When the air-war spread to the South West Pacific area there was an urgent need for an air-sea rescue service. To meet this necessity a New Zealand Catalina Squadron was requested to detail a number of its aircraft to this purpose. At this time many American bomber and fighter squadrons were operating from Guadalcanar against Japanese bases on Bougainville and against the then important Japanese naval base of Rabaul. The large area of sea to be covered meant that many air-crews made sea landings. However, thanks to the efficient patrols maintained by the New Zealanders, not many airmen had to spend more than twenty-four hours in the briny.

This job isn't as easy as it may sound. The weather and sea conditions seldom are perfect and the success of the rescue may depend on them. One Catalina spotted a Liberator crew tossing about on a six-foot ocean swell which was coming slightly cross wind. The flying-boat captain decided to attempt the difficult landing, as it was near nightfall and he would lose touch with the survivors. He managed to get down safely by ignoring the swell and pancaking the machine down into the wind. Then owing to the high seas the rubber boats had a difficult time getting to the Catalina. Next came the difficult task of getting the overladen craft airborne. This was accomplished, but not before one wing float and numerous rivets had been sheared off by the vicious waves.

People of New Zealand, when you read of the epic deeds of our fighter and bomber squadrons, don't forget the "dumbo boys," who offer the means of salvation to our men of the air who have been forced to take to the sea.

—D. Gardiner (V. P.E.)

## THE MOON.

From under a fragile filmy veil,  
She daintily steps, alone and frail;  
She casts her delicate light, and flies  
Across the void of star-studded skies;  
Until the dawn when wan and pale,  
The morning sun's bright glow she'll hail.

—Barbara Williams (III.C. C.)

## THE EVOLUTION OF WAR WEAPONS.

Man's natural weapons are puny as compared with those of most other animals, so for countless years he has had to use his brain to develop some method of defending himself. Results proved very successful; in fact, so successful that soon he turned them against his fellows with the idea in mind of getting some of their possessions for his own use.

Now, let us look back into the past and see how he first turned his thoughts towards developing a method whereby he could hit his enemy harder than the foe could hit him back. His first weapons were the sticks and stones which lay at hand. But man found that the trouble with this stone-throwing was that if you missed, your opponent promptly bent down, picked up your stone and threw it back—with vigour! This is where genius showed itself. Some unknown person strapped his stone to the end of a bough, thus increasing the hitting power of his club and also retaining his stone. For many years after this the blunt type of weapon reigned supreme, but then a thinker of those days of old conceived the idea of sharpening one edge of a stone.

This could be used far more effectively than a blunt instrument. Sharp pointed sticks, fore-runners of the spear, also came into use. Then came the bow and arrow, the arrow being really like a small spear which could be propelled over a long distance with telling results.

The discovery of metals was made. This completely revolutionized war weapons. Spears, knives, and battle-axes of bronze and iron won many a battle. A battle-axe was a very effective weapon, but it was unwieldy. It was for this reason that the sword became popular. Yes, even back in early times, man was thinking of easier and swifter methods of dispatching his fellow creatures to the happy hunting grounds. During this time large siege catapults were brought into use. If your enemy would not come out and fight you could bombard him with very large pieces of rock and bring his castle down on his head.

Centuries followed, during which war was waged with sword, axe and spear. But again the restless mind of the inventor was at work. The result—the only too well-known gunpowder and like explosives of to-day. The first guns produced resembled a large piece of piping and were as much danger to the firer as to his enemy. Slowly man harnessed this dangerous force, but he was still far from perfecting an ignition system. For many years flintlocks and wheel-locks were the standard fire-arms. Then came the answer to the soldier's prayer. It was a reliable method of ignition. Right up to this present day the percussion cap is still in use. Next the old muzzle loader went out of use and the breech loaded gun came into action. This was due to the production of bullet, charge and percussion cap as a single unit. Closely on this followed the machine gun, and large cannons which fired explosive projectiles became popular.

Man saw great possibilities in the internal combustion engine. Here was a light and reliable method of increasing the mobility of an army. Tanks, great battle-ships of the land, came into use. Guns took to the air and under water. Explosives continued to be used for the destruction of human life, till at the present time it seems just one mad race to see who can produce the most deadly and devastating weapons.

What the future holds in store for us we do not know, but judging by the past we can feel sure that it, too, will leave its mark on history, giving further proof of man's increased control of Nature and, let us hope, increase in civilization, and in the well-being of men everywhere.

—M. Cowley (V. P.E.)

## BUSINESS QUALITIES.

It is wise for young people studying accountancy to know something of those business qualities which will help them to realise their ambitions.

The average person is singularly lacking in the power of concentration. You will say that it is easy to concentrate on something interesting, but it takes a strong will to force the mind to exclude pleasanter irrelevant thoughts and to concentrate on facts which may be dull and uninteresting. The ability to concentrate, coupled with deliberation and forethought, are qualities which enable one to surmount most difficulties.

Deliberation is, of course, useless unless it is a preliminary to action. We may conceive the most brilliant scheme and think out the most original plan, but unless there is the determination to see it through, one's energy is wasted. Thoughts have been well termed the seeds of acts.

Two much confused terms are decision and determination. Decision is the art of being able to form an opinion on an important matter of the moment and to carry it out. On the other hand, determination may become an obstinate, reckless, narrow-minded impulse, leading to the promotion of ideas that may be either right or wrong. Lack of decision, even in the well-trained and controlled mind, may lead to an inferiority complex, with its consequent lack of mental resolve, ambition and optimism.

Individual good health is essential for business efficiency. We must remember that with good health come courtesy and optimism. Some people are said to be unapproachable, but who can resist the influence of courteous attention? The value of a pleasant manner is undisputed, and civility is in itself a charm that attracts all. Studied or affected politeness is not pleasing, for it creates an effect conducive to unfriendliness and has an air of arrogant condescension about it.

Foremost among necessary qualities is honesty, which consists in fulfilling one's obligations to others as fairly as possible. It is right for people to use their capabilities to obtain profits, but consideration for others must be taken into account. The customer has a right to expect sufficient quantity and quality for a reasonable price, and any wrong inflicted in this manner amounts to theft and should be considered as such.

Striving to attain these characteristics mentioned, will result in an all-round quality desirable in every walk of life—excellence. Perfection is rare, but in a steady, constant desire to excel there is a virtue which every business man should work towards. Competition is good for all, and excellence in all things is an ideal each person should have before him.

—I. T. Harper (VI. Acc.)

## THE SLAUGHTER.

The knife went in; and came out red,  
I then decided he was dead.  
I watched him lying without sound,  
Slowly he fell down to the ground.  
I seized upon the fourth and last,  
The knife went in; he gave a gasp!  
With reddened hands I cast the lot  
Into the waiting, boiling pot.  
I did not care; I gave no hoot,  
A pickle rare is red beetroot!

—Pauline Gould (IV.D. Com.)

## IN SPRINGTIME.

The golden flowers that light the Spring,  
To saddened hearts sweet laughter bring;  
Happy voices fill the air,  
Children go singing everywhere;  
Birds compete with golden bees,  
Fresh green leaves bedeck the trees;  
Rabbits frisk and play in fun,  
Happy brooks through meadows run;  
Blossoms fair, small faces lift;  
Gently down their petals drift;  
To saddened hearts sweet laughter bring  
The golden flowers that light the Spring.

—Myrtle Ferris (V.A. Acc.)

## WORDS — NEW AND OLD.

New editions of the Oxford Dictionary will contain many additions, for new words and phrases often come to us through war and science.

As time goes on, words change, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the word "aircraft" takes precedence over "aeroplane." One term will always be remembered by the people of England. It is that of "flying bomb," or the other names by which it is called, namely "Rocket Plane" and "Robot Plane." London has at times been heavily bombed, but Berlin would be hard to describe after American "Flying Fortresses" have been over. Two ways in which an aircraft may be destroyed or damaged are by "ack-ack" fire and "flak."

In connection with naval activities there are also many new words. Many Allied landings, especially on the Normandy Coast and in the Pacific, were made by "landing-barges." From "aircraft carriers," aircraft carrying "depth charges" have greatly reduced the submarine menace, so great at the beginning of this war.

"Axis," "Nazi," "Fascist," and "Gestapo" are political terms. Closely connected with the Gestapo are the "S.S. Troops," who are a protective squadron, being a branch of the Nazi Party Army. "Ersatz" is German for substitute, and is used to denote substitutes for raw materials and foodstuffs. Just as the actions many years ago of a Captain Boycott gave us the word "boycott," so to-day, through a treacherous Norwegian major by the name of "Quisling," we get another. After the fall of Norway in April, 1940, Quisling was appointed head of the puppet Government set up in Oslo by the Germans. Previously he had greatly assisted the Germans in the preparations for the seizure of Norway, and this accounted for the high position he held. However, as his administration received no support from the people he resigned, and from then onwards "quisling" has become a by-word for one who responds to the treacherous, methods used by the Nazis in conquering foreign resistance.

In the Spanish War, 1936-1939, while the Nationalists under General Franco attacked in four columns from the outside, organized resistance was taking place within the Republican ranks. These men who helped the Nationalists were known as "fifth columnists." During the present war too, much use has been made by the Germans of Nazi agents, or "fifth columnists," who prior to the occupation of Holland, Belgium and Norway, lived in these countries and thus gained valuable information for the enemy.

"Blitzkrieg" is German for "lightning war," and during 1939 to 1941 the practice by the Germans of dealing one or two concentrated blows before entering a new country proved highly successful. However, the air "blitzkrieg," during the Battle of Britain and after, failed miserably, and now we speak somewhat ironically of the "blitz."

During the past year the word "penicillin" has been frequently used, with the result that most people know the invaluable work it has done, together with other drugs like "sulphanilamides." Septic wounds which formerly took months to heal, and which were frequently fatal, now take only a few days when "penicillin" is used.

What is a word? A few letters to be sure, but just think: our whole life depends on it; for from words come sentences; from sentences come paragraphs; and thus our written language is evolved.

—Ruth Miller (VI. Accountancy).

#### ENFORCED EXERCISE.

One afternoon after some rather vigorous games of Basket-ball at Windmill Road Courts, we found to our dismay that we had to walk back to Symonds Street. Trams were out of bounds for us! We set off on our journey—not in the highest of spirits. Most of the way we were sorely tempted to board one of the passing trams. A woman passing asked us why we were walking. We told her, and she laughed. We thought it was not in the least bit funny. As we drew near to Symonds Street we felt that really people have no manners. All seemed to be staring their eyes out as though they had never seen Seddon Memorial Technical College girls before. People from the trams stared hard at us also, although we tried hard to give them the impression that we habitually take long walks for good of our health!

#### CLOUDS.

There are the little fleecy clouds  
That can be seen at break of dawn,  
And tiny trailing wisps of white  
Which being lost, seem quite forlorn.

There are clouds so thin and winding  
They entwine the sky with ribbon,  
And foolish fluffy clouds that fly  
O'er England, France and Nippon.

There are the dainty lace-like clouds  
As of shining cobweb made,  
Which, being blown about too much,  
Their outlines quickly fade.

As well the greyish mass of cloud  
Which gives but leaden light,  
Which promises mother earth more rain  
And change from weather bright.

Again are dark and frowning clouds—  
Fore-runners of stormy night—  
Which wildly rush across the sky,  
An ominous angry sight.

—Muriel Routley (V.A. Acc.)

#### DATES — NOT EDIBLE!

In fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two,  
Columbus sailed the ocean blue;  
That's a date we all know well,  
But if we don't—exams. will tell.

In fifteen-hundred-and-eighty-eight,  
I s'pose you all remember that date,  
Drake finished his bowls and went to fight,  
Spain's ships were burnt and put to flight.

In sixteen-hundred-and-sixty-six,  
"Black Death" had worked his ugly tricks;  
The Fire of London burned the town,  
And brought some ancient buildings down.

In seventeen-hundred-and-sixty-nine,  
When Captain Cook had crossed the "Line",  
He saw the mighty "Long White Cloud"—  
This land of which we're all so proud.

And then, in eighteen-hundred-and-five,  
When great Lord Nelson was alive,  
Trafalgar's triumph came along,  
We English won—couldn't go wrong.

And then, in nineteen-hundred-and-thirty-nine,  
The "Vaterland's" armies were fit and fine;  
But their losses now are far too great,  
And so to-day, they dread their fate.

But this is nineteen-hundred-and-forty-four,  
In which we hope to end the war,  
And when our troops have won the peace,  
D'you think then learning dates might cease?

—Lorna Moore (III.A. Com.)

#### THE LOVELIEST THING I EVER SAW.

As our lives unfold we will meet perhaps sorrow and sadness; but we will have our share of happiness as well. When the day is dark and nothing seems right, we will find that a smile and a song will help us on our way. A smile is the loveliest thing I ever saw.

Their home was not large. A small cottage set amidst a grove of trees, with a little patch of garden where flowers bloomed all the year round. They were not "well off," but they lived a very happy life, although they worked hard. Their only child, a young man of twenty, worked with his father at the mill. One day, when they were having their evening meal, he broke the news to them that he had joined the army. At first his parents were stunned by the shock that their boy was to leave them, but they soon realised the country's need was greater than theirs. Before many months had passed their son had crossed to the Middle East and thence to England.

Then came Dunkirk. In all the Allied countries the suspense was terrific. Were their sons in the midst of that terrible retreat? The whole nation prayed for their safety, and as if in answer to their prayer came the miracle of the evacuation. The parents of our hero were among the many, and days of anxious waiting passed. Had their boy given his life for freedom? Was he still alive? Those questions were in many other hearts.

Then came the telegram. His mother opened it, and as she read her face became white, and the paper fell from her nerveless fingers to the ground, where the words stood out black against the white of the paper. "We regret to inform you that your son, Private Jack Smith, has given his life in the battle of Dunkirk. We are pleased to say that he lost his life in rescuing one of his comrades, and for this deed of bravery he has been awarded the Military Medal."

The mother's eyes filled with tears but upon her lips there rose a smile. A smile infinitely tender, which chased away all the lines of care and worry which had settled on her brow. The light of pride and love transfused her face, and her eyes glowed with a soft light. It hovered round her lips, making her face beautiful and serene. It was a calm, gentle smile, that held in it a mother's love. She was proud of her son.

Day by day, as we travel life's road, we see all about us beauty and loveliness—in trees and flowers, in hills at sunset, when all around is touched with elusive shadings of amber, crocus and rose; and too, in the smile conquering grief, like this one.

—M. Fielden (V. Science).

#### RAPID RHYMES.

We've a prefect at school called T——  
Who rather resembles King Louis;  
She roars our heads off,  
If we even dare cough—  
Does T——, who looks like King Louis.

There was an old man called Ghandi,  
Whose legs were so dreadfully bandy,  
Young children in threes  
Could walk through with ease;  
How bandy! that old man called Ghandi.

There is a young lady at Epsom,  
Who stops all the dogs and pets 'em;  
She stopped one day,  
An Alsatian, they say!  
And now she's in plaster at Epsom.

There was a young man named Sandy,  
Whose clothes were all made of organdie;  
He went to the pole,  
And there lived like a mole,  
For the breeze was too cool for poor Sandy.

#### "A HERO OF THIS WAR."

One of New Zealand's best-known heroes, a man who has had some of the most exciting adventures, is Sergeant Jack Denvir, of Christchurch.

He left New Zealand with one of the first echelons, living through the nightmares of the campaigns in Greece and Crete. When the list of casualties came out after the Greek campaign, Jack Denvir was missing, presumed dead; but this was not so. After tramping for months over rough mountainous country, he escaped to Yugoslavia, where he joined the "People's Army of Liberation," under the leadership of Marshal Tito. For months he fought the enemy, living the life of a guerrilla fighter and creating havoc in German out-posts. Because of sabotage and resistance shown to Nazi oppression, Germany has had to maintain a great number of divisions of soldiers in Yugoslavia, to keep the people in submission, and this leaves fewer men to send to the other fighting fronts. Denvir was welcomed amongst the people, and showed his ability as a fighting man, together with the courage which is symbolic of his race. He was given command of a Partisan division by Marshal Tito himself.

A few months ago, when thousands of Yugoslav refugees arrived in Egypt, Jack Denvir was with them. He arrived in New Zealand not long ago, where he became a figure of interest, admiration and pride to his fellow New Zealanders.

For his bravery he has been decorated by the British and the Soviet Governments, and he also wears on his uniform the badge of Tito's army. Denvir knows Marshal Tito personally, has had many experiences, and has picked up a good deal of the Slav language. When interviewed by the Press, he said that he could not tell anything in detail of the happenings in Yugoslavia, as his information might be detrimental to the people he had left, so that he must not reveal information till after the war.

Although New Zealand is the homeland of many heroes of this war, Jack Denvir is one of those most admired by all the people who are in the fight in their own homelands, against Fascism and its horrors.

—Julena Ciprian (V.A. Com.).

#### HOLIDAYS!

The school-bell tolls the knell of parting day,  
The chatt'ring girls go quickly down the stairs;  
The schoolboy homeward plods his hungry way,  
Forgetting all his worries and his cares.

Now fades the frowning building from their sight,  
And all the air a joyful noise does hold,  
Save where some prefect casts a silent blight  
And quotes the rule that silence may be gold.

No more his maths test brings him worry dull,  
Nor typing test concern her any more;  
No longer do they knowledge have to cull—  
The term it ends this very day at four.

—Muriel Routley (V.A. Acc.).

*The School Song.***THE GREEN AND GOLD.**

When school-days long we've left behind,  
 When bygone memories crowd,  
 What friendships once again we find,  
 Relive what victories proud.  
 Though scattered far our friends may be,  
 Or dimmed those triumphs bold,  
 With kindling eye we freshly see  
 On high the green and gold.

**Refrain:**

And through our lives we'll keep it there—  
 Our standard of old—  
 Brave sign of all that's fine and fair  
 Will be the green and gold.  
 The motto we remember stays  
 As well for life, as youthful days,  
 By it to greater fame we'll raise,  
 On high the green and gold.

To those who know her high grey walls,  
 School for a symbol stands,  
 And since she joys and griefs recalls,  
 She binds with loving bands,  
 When on in real life's stress and whirl  
 She still doth us enfold  
 Within this aim: wide to unfurl  
 On high the green and gold.

*“ Vitae Non Scholae Discimus ”*

