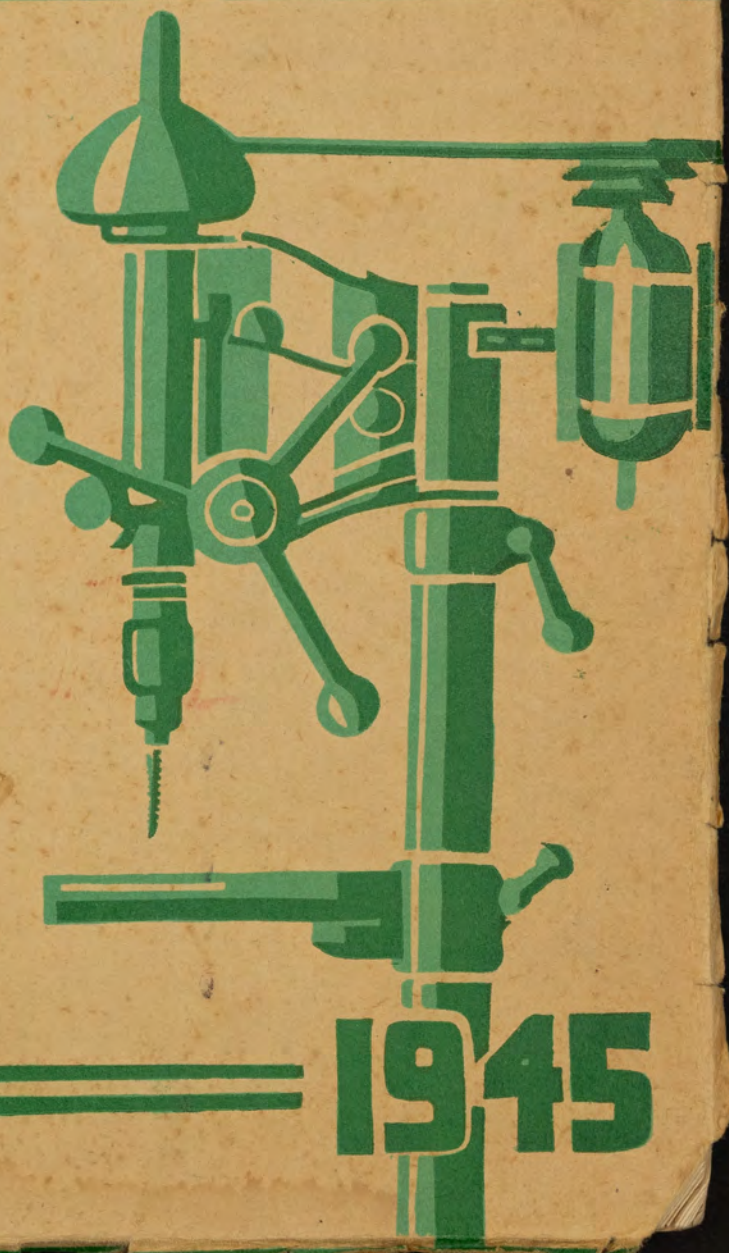
SEDONIAN



1945

THE SEDDONIAN

BEING THE ANNUAL MAGAZINE OF THE
SEDDON MEMORIAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE

WHOLLY SET UP, PRINTED AND BOUND
IN THE COLLEGE PRINTING CLASSES, 1945

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Sub-Prefects:

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Brian Jillings
William Renwick
Ronald Evans
John Irvine
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THE SEDDONIAN, 1945

ANNUAL MAGAZINE OF THE

SEDDON MEMORIAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, AUCKLAND NEW ZEALAND

Editorial

THIS ISSUE of the "Seddonian" reaches its many readers as we embark upon a new era, for this year has at last brought us final victory, and many have been the happy re-unions as fathers, brothers, relatives and teachers have returned to their accustomed places. Next year we shall face the most momentous years of youthful lives, years perhaps of struggle but undoubtedly years when character and purpose, as truly as sound educational preparation for life's work, will serve us well.

It is far from easy for young readers to get a proper picture of their environment. Their knowledge and experience are not sufficient for them to know much of the very complicated world in which they live or of the progress or stagnation of conditions. Many of the facts of material advancement do not escape the school-boy; he may even understand that progress in industrial matters will make his life very different from that of his father; indeed, that in our time of this second Industrial Revolution there will be a real revolution in our ways of life, like that brought about by the steam-engine and countless other inventions of a century and a half ago.

Most of our readers will recognise some of the consequences of six years of desperate effort by the nations of the world to destroy one another. They will have fairly definite ideas about dictators and their systems; they will understand why Hitler and Mussolini have left the world's stage, though Churchill's change of place may be more dimly understood. They will realise warfare's toll taken in lives, in health and in destruction of material resources. They will see clearly that hard work will be wanted for a long time; that wars must be abolished or civilisation will go. Before all considerations, however, will come realisation of the privilege of paying reverent honour to the old boys of this College who have given their lives in this great war: to them and to their comrades, all will know, we owe the survival of our country, our Empire, our British way of life. Staff and pupils alike will pay them the honour that is their due, such honour as a great school should feel. They will honour, too, the many old boys whose acts of courage and endurance have been given recognition by the King.

How many can look beyond the aftermath of war and detect those more intangible trends which promise to make the world a safer place in which to live? Should nations plan now to develop their peoples and their resources in new ways, as our enemies attempted to do? Will the abolition of private profit help, as one of our Allies has thought? If the future of the world depends upon the abolition of wars, can you see a way to lead to that? In your own field, should we plan your education as something which will make you wealthy, seeing that taxation, because of war, has grown so heavy as to prevent people from becoming wealthy? Should we plan our education for the benefit of our country rather than for ourselves alone—as Nazi youths were taught to do? Not very many have the knowledge or the wisdom in their teen years to give thought to such questions which, as citizens later, they must try to answer in life.

I am sure that all will believe that the road of education is a long and difficult one, and I hope also that all will agree that a sterling character and a good

education bring lasting benefits to life. I hope we shall learn to regard this College as so designed and arranged that all may discover their best gifts, that here all may have such encouragement and such stimulus as will induce their natural gifts to be developed to the greatest possible extent.

Then shall we know our College truly as our "Alma Mater," and so take pride and joy in using all that is provided here to help us on our journey. This long, long road of education winds in mysterious ways but it leads nonetheless surely towards the goal of full and able citizenship, thereby enabling us in our post-war era to take a worthy place in developing an even greater British Empire—the greatest Empire of all time.

Was It In Vain?

He sailed away with the Second Echelon, a smiling happy-go-lucky young man, without a care in the world, who was just beginning to enjoy life. "Bill"—let that be his name—had not joined up with any ideas of fighting for freedom and the oppressed or for any other noble cause, only with the knowledge that there was a job to be done which someone had to do.

England came first with its historic sights, famous cities and country-side (which reminded him often of New Zealand), interrupted by air-raids, hard training and anxious waiting. Next Egypt, with its heat and sand and more training. Then came a period of waiting for sailing orders no one knew where only that their destinations meant action. At last! Embarkation in small, heavily-laden troops-ships. Greece was to be the land in which their thorough training would be put to the test, a land from which many would not return.

Soon after Germany's declaration of war on Greece, the New Zealand Division took up their position on the slopes of Mount Olympus. The "Kiwis" dug in and

waited for the oncoming enemy. It was plain now that they must be defeated, and that many would never leave alive; but their task was to hold the enemy for as long as possible and this they were determined to do. The New Zealand line was in danger of a rear attack if the enemy could force a coast road, so one thousand infantry-men and four 25-pounders were directed to hold this highway.

Bill's gun-crew arrived on the coast road with just enough time to establish a gun position and bring up ammunition, before the boom of guns heralded the approach of the enemy. For the last time these men waited—Fire! What a satisfaction to hear, after so long, that first shell whining off towards the oncoming tanks. Orders came that they were to hold the road for twenty-four hours to enable the main body to withdraw. These "poor country lads" held it for sixty-three hours against thirty-five thousand of the enemy.

For thirty-six hours Bill's gun crew fought without rest or break, and when at last a lull in the firing enabled them to take a short rest they lay down under some trees for a sleep. A whine, a roar, followed by a deafening explosion left several lying there silent.

A queer smell and a dazzling whiteness greeted Bill as he opened his eyes nine days later. He was in hospital in Athens, seriously wounded. The war in Greece looked bad. A few days passed and when there was no improvement in the situation it was decided to evacuate the hospital. The wounded were to go to Egypt. At last! Why, in a few months he'd be back in good old New Zealand! But what was this? "Only walking wounded." He couldn't even raise his hand, let alone walk! What would that mean—Germany?

Never in his life had he experienced such a feeling of absolute helplessness as he did while he lay waiting there for the Germans, who were expected at any moment.

About 5 p.m. a telephone rang somewhere down the corridor and it was announced that the town was now in German hands. Early next day Bill was roused by the sound of heavy feet marching along the corridor. The door was flung open and there stood a German corporal who inquired in perfect English if any arms were there. On seeing that the only occupants of the ward were incapable of using arms, he passed on. Next, a German doctor came and inspected wounds. He also spoke good English and chatted gaily as he did the rounds of the ward.

In the next two or three months Bill had many operations, one of his fingers had to be amputated and many shell-splinters to be removed. When he was able to walk he was removed to a convalescent camp. After being there for a month, he, along with the other prisoners, went by ship to Trieste and from there by train, with many others, all crowded together like trucked cattle, and with just enough food to keep them alive. So they reached Stalag VIII B, Germany, where they were to remain for four long, weary years.

The tales of those four years are almost incredible. They tell of Nazi spies in the camp itself; of a secret radio, secured from a guard bribed by fifty thousand cigarettes and hidden in the chimney of their hut; of toiling in mines, in quarries and in factories; of the horrors of solitary confinement and of the desperate suffering of the starved.

It is sufficient to say Bill is home now, and these things but a memory. He is no longer the happy young man who left New Zealand's shores five years ago. What has he to show for those five—only five?—years of his life. Five small red chevrons, a gold wound stripe, a dozen battle-scars, a hand lacking one finger and the honour of fighting in the second "war to end wars."

And are there rumours now of disagreement among the Allies after all this? We must see to it that such sacrifices were not made in vain.

—T. Channings, 5A.

Two Great Days

THE FIRST DAY

THE DAY which we had waited for for six long years had dawned. May the 8th brought the news that hostilities in Europe had ceased and that we were to celebrate the occasion on the following day.

"VE Day" in our house commenced at 1 a.m. when we left our beds to listen to the King's and to Mr. Churchill's warm messages to people of the Empire. Once again at 7 a.m. we leapt out of bed to join the jubilation of bells and sirens. At 9 a.m. we collected streamers and flags and set off for town in a mood of

rejoicing. We found that after a quiet morning the city came quickly to life and by mid-day the number of people had swelled to a large throng eager to express their joy.

Most of the fun-makers were children, youths and girls waving paper flags of Allied Nations—Britain, Russia, China and the U.S.A. Many of them sported ribbons, caps, rosettes, anything in that stirring colour-combination red, white and blue. To the mingled sounds of whistles, hooters, bells, rattles, gongs, was added the tooting of cars and truck-horns and the shouting and singing of people who filled the city with their gaiety.

Trams decorated with flags and covered with chalked inscriptions reading, "Free rides to Tokyo," "All aboard for Berlin," "Tokyo Express,' "The Big Three, Hitler, Tojo, Mussolini," and the like, transported even more people into the beflagged city. Cynosure of all eyes was a small red roadster carrying uniformed cadets of the Merchant Navy. The car was decorated with flags and bunting, and alongside rode boys and girls on gaily bedecked cycles, all making as much noise as possible. Impromptu parades formed and flags were waved madly. Young people linked arms in suddenly formed groups and danced down Queen Street, singing "Ring-a-ring-a-Rosy," "The Lambeth Walk," and many more, with equal gusto.

Most had flags, and the rest soon found them! A large flag disappeared from its original position to reappear as a swathe of colour in the arms of a joyous child. Confetti suddenly appeared in showers. Soon the streets were littered with it. Most people had the multi-coloured fragments sprinkled in hair or on shoulders.

Into Queen Street drifted the singing of hearty male voices from a bar in Albert Street, none the less hearty because everything was "on the house." Hotels and tea-room lounges were packed and bursts of song could be heard from within.

All this exuberance of celebration was stilled in heartfelt thankfulness as we stood to listen to the official proclamation read by the Mayor, Mr. Allum, at the apex of the Town Hall at 1 p.m. Standing there on that wonderful day of victory we remembered, we honoured, we paid silent tribute to the valour of those who have given their lives in battle for our freedom.

THE SECOND DAY

AT 11 o'CLOCK on August 15, the bellowing of a powerful fog horn opened a cacophony of sirens, hooters and factory and train whistles all over the city. This is how our school received the news that Japan had accepted the Allied peace terms.

From church towers bells pealed out their victory message. The sky above the harbour was dotted with tufts of smoke from ships' rockets fired by jubilant crews. Horns of motor cars, buses, trucks, the clanging of tramcar bells, cheering crowds with whistles, bells, tin-cans, squeakers, hand sirens—in fact anything that would produce noise!—all combined to reach a tumultuous crescendo.

Pupils of our school, the boys clad in football jerseys, and the girls displaying school and empire colours and headed by the school military band, flocked into Queen Street and formed singing and marching groups shouting our own special "war cries" and singing popular choruses. Among the crowd were spontaneous outbursts of enthusiasm and many vigorous dances were performed with a spirit and abandon with which I am sure they were never danced before.

Bunting prepared in readiness for the occasion was run out on city buildings, and victory signs speedily appeared. There was hardly a pole without a flag. Paper streamers were draped across overhead wires and bands of confetti throwers roamed at large in search of likely victims.

Fireworks, which had not been seen since the beginning of the war, were a feature of the rejoicings, and sent people jumping and screaming in sudden alarm. Later in the evening coloured rockets for the first time in years were sent flying through the air like red dragons sending forth the fires of Epheran. So, until the end of a long evening proceeded a day which will never be forgotten in our lives.

—Joan Lett, 5A Comm.

UNNRA

STUDENTS of this College were familiar with the name of this work of post-war organisation, but their interest became a good deal more real and personal with the knowledge that Miss Moyle, a member of the Staff well-known to both boys and girls of the College, had been appointed to join UNRRA. Now we know a good deal more of the organisation of UNRRA work, as Miss Moyle, before her departure, told the assembled girls something of the nature of her new duties as far as she had been made familiar with them. She expected within a day or two of making that address, to fly to Australia and from there, again by air, to travel to England and thence to Normandy where she would join a large band of trainees from many lands—all recruits to UNRRA. Training completed, the volunteers would be sent where required and Miss Moyle expected her destination to be Germany. Her appointment, she said, was that of a Welfare Officer and this, she understood, meant residence in any of the big camps that would be established in post-war Europe for refugees—those who are seeking to return to their homes in formerly occupied territories or returning to them from foreign countries and who would necessarily be delayed by lack of transport, roads, or suitable housing in the towns to which they wished to return. Such people would be cared for in the UNRRA camps where they would be fed, accommodated, clothed, entertained and given necessary medical attention. Disease, said the speaker, would be the arch-enemy arising out of such large-scale migration, and the UNRRA would make every possible effort to combat possible epidemics. Miss Moyle concluded by an appeal to the School to do all possible to help UNRRA, and pointed out clearly, how fortunate New Zealand boys and girls are in comparison with the children who will grow up in Europe in the next few years.

A Glimpse of Training College Life

IN OCTOBER each year a large number of secondary school pupils apply for entrance to Training College and among these there are usually representatives from technical schools such as this. It is interesting for future applicants to know something of what lies ahead of them after they have been accepted as student-teachers. The examination qualifications required are Matriculation or School Certificate.

At Training College the student finds a variety of subjects to be studied and at the end of the two year course an examination is held in the following subjects: English, History, Geography, Agriculture —this includes Nature Study and Biology —Art, Music, Handwork, Hygiene, Physical Education, Needlework for girls, and Teaching Method. The last-named is of course an essential factor in teacher training, and as well as receiving lectures on this subject, practical experience is gained by periodic visits to the schools where the student observes lessons and also takes part in the teaching of the class. In this way confidence is developed and helpful advice is received from the class teacher.

Physical Education plays a very important part in the student's training and apart from the daily instruction given in this subject, one afternoon a week is devoted to games. In the summer months all students may play tennis, cricket or baseball, and the swimming pool may be used at any time. During the winter term the women students play basketball or hockey, while the men may choose football, hockey or soccer. A Physical Education Group is included in the hobby groups which meet for a little time each week. The rest of the groups are the Maori Club, Dramatic Club, Music Club, Camera Club, Nature Study Group and Arts and Crafts Group.

The two year course at Training College is followed by a year as a probationary assistant in a primary or intermediate school, after which the student receives a Teacher's Primary School Certificate. If a student has special talent in a subject such as Art, Music or Physical Education, he or she may apply for a third year studentship at Training College and specialise in that particular subject. Specialist training is also given in Speech Therapy and Education of the Deaf.

Should any of you decide to apply for admission to the Teachers' Training College you are assured of a very interesting two years' work administered by expert advisers. I feel sure you will enjoy the two years spent there and I hope you make the very most of your opportunity.

—An Ex-S.M.T.C. Student

"I'll be glad when the holidays are over"

WHY are children sent to school? If school attendance were made voluntary, I feel sure school attendance would not fall very markedly. Even before the age for compulsory attendance, many parents send their children to kindergarten schools. This may be for a variety of reasons, some of them very good reasons, but in many cases, is it not to give the mother freedom from the care of the child?

When primary-school days arrive, the mother "packs the children off to school," and says, "Now that the children are out of the way, I can get on with my housework." Parents know, too, that if their children did not attend school, they would miss valuable instruction, and consequently, they would be handicapped when seeking wage-earning employment later in life.

A GOOD "EDUCATION"

Some parents are apt to expect too much from schooling, and are not prepared for, or even aware of, the vital part they should play in their children's education. Children attend school for instruction in certain subjects laid down in the curriculum. It is true that remarkable instances occur when a child's outlook on life is transformed by the influence of a teacher, and all pupils are influenced to some degree by the general tone and character of the school; one does not to wish to minimise this aspect of school life. Generally speaking, however, the child's main characteristics are derived from its parents and home.

Discussing problems of international education and good citizenship, a writer said recently, "The child's family and home, what they are, and what they stand for, are the foundations on which subsequent ideas are built." —H.A.J.

Telephone Duty

AT LAST the dreaded day came! It was my turn to do telephone duty. Quaking and shivering in my shoes, I arrived at school earlier than usual to take up my position.

After rather timidly asking one of the older boys to bring me down a typewriter, I seated myself before the desk. As the first call is always the worst, I just sat and waited for it. It was not very long before the bell rang sharply and I jumped up immediately, nearly forgetting the pencil and paper, and answered its ringing. When I came out, I breathed a sigh of relief—it wasn't so bad after all! From then on I was to get no peace. If the phone was not ringing, people were wanting to use it, or I had to deliver messages for others.

For one message I had to go down to the basement and just as I was about to knock on the door, the bell rang. Pandemonium broke loose; there were boys everywhere, and I was nearly submerged. I delivered my message and hastily beat a retreat. Another time I knocked on a door, then tried to open it. I turned the handle this way and that, but still it refused to move. At last someone came and opened the door. All the boys thought it a good joke, as the handle was broken, and regularly behaved in this fashion.

By lunch-time, I was so flustered I didn't know if I was on my head or my heels. The afternoon was not quite so bad but the school-bell was the most enjoyable sound I had heard that day! Yet, in spite of being bustled, I had managed to enjoy myself, and am now looking forward to my next turn on telephone duty.

—Maureen Roderique, 5B Comm.

Staff Notes

CHANGES in 1944-45 have been so numerous that it is impossible to publish at all fully the tributes that "The Seddonian" would like to pay to members farewelled during this period.

Mr. Sayers rejoined the College staff at the commencement of this year after a year on the staff of the Inspectorate. Mr. Lowry, and later in the year, Mr. Halstead, returned to us from overseas service. Miss P. King and Messrs de Lisle and Turtill returned to Auckland more recently and we hope that before long they will be joined by Messrs J. L. G. Carnachan, J. M. Scobie, B. J. Fulton, Lindsay Adams, Maurice Brown, R. B. Waddell, T. Wilkins and H. A. Jenkins.

At the end of 1944, Mr. Titheridge was appointed Principal of the new Avondale Technical High School, and Miss Adams became Senior Mistress on the same staff. Mr. Jones, Head of the Commercial Department, resigned early in 1945 and during the second term Miss Davis joined the Staff of the Takapuna Grammar School. All of these teachers had given long and valuable service to the College and its pupils, Mr. Titheridge as Chief Mathematics Master, Careers Master and Organiser of Boys' Sports in the school, Miss Davis in building up the fine College library and Miss Adams in Vocational Guidance work and Girls' Sports. Miss Clough and Miss Hughes also joined the Avondale Technical High School Staff at the commencement of this year. In the latter part of the second term we farewelled also Miss Moyle, who had the honour of being among the few New Zealand appointees selected for Unrra. Other departures were those of Miss Burley to Auckland Girls' Grammar School, Miss Franchi to Epsom Girls' Grammar School, Miss McAneany to take up a scholarship at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, Mr. Ferriday to Professional Engineering, Miss Rudman our former Librarian to a journalistic appointment, besides Mrs. Winstone, Mrs. Webster and Messrs Campbell, Bradley and Bullen. This year we welcome to the Staff Mrs. Lewis, Miss Jessop, Miss McLachlan, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Davis and Messrs Austin, Haigh, Grant, Rattray and Tylee.

THE LATE MR. BRIAN DAVIS

IN THE death of Mr. Brian Davis, M.Sc., the College as well as the teaching service has suffered a great loss. Joining the staff of this College in 1933, Mr. Davis had already seen service in the Technical Schools of Hawera, Westport and Greymouth, and besides, with the Department of Agriculture in Christchurch. We should like to quote the following extract from a tribute paid in educational circles to Mr. Davis—a most fitting tribute to his services to education.

"He gave freely, in both day and evening classes, from his fund of knowledge and enthusiasm. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of his work was the keen personal interest he took in his pupils. He was no crammer of facts; he saw his duty more as a guide and a friend, and sought to foster individual talents and, by encouragement and unstinting personal attention, to awaken interest and ambition.

"His election to the office of President of the New Zealand Technical Schools Teachers' Association in 1941 was a well-deserved honour. He had been under medical treatment for some time, but, in spite of ill-health, continued his duties and general educational activities with unabated energy. Teachers have lost a loyal colleague and a true friend. The cause of education could ill spare the services of one who sought to raise the standard of teaching, to bring it into line with modern needs of developments and also worked diligently to forward the welfare and interests of teachers as a profession.

"To his widow and daughter, we extend our deepest sympathy."

MR. H. A. JONES, B. COM.

THE resignation of Mr. H. A. Jones, B. Com. A.R.A.N.Z., in 1945, was greatly regretted by all. Joining the staff in 1920 after serving in the 1914-18 War, Mr. Jones became Head of the Commercial Department which flourished under his control. Besides taking a broad sincere interest in the affairs of teachers in general, and of commercial teachers in particular, at times representing them in the executive of the New Zealand Technical Schools Association and as a member of the Teachers' Appeal Board, Mr. Jones found time to act as Internal Auditor for the College, and also during the recent war years as organiser of the school E.P.S. scheme. His great interest and pleasure was the compilation of the Official Roll of Honour of ex-pupils who served in the war so recently ended. His pride in this record of the service successes and sacrifices, of past students was a sincere and often a personal one, arising out of his long period of contact with day and evening students. His interest in the school touched many aspects and was deep and real. We feel that it still remains with us. All join in wishing Mr. Jones many happy years of retirement.

COLLEGE WAR RECORD

IT IS not intended this year to publish a Roll of Honour as it would be incomplete. Work is proceeding upon the compilation of a complete Roll of Honour, to be published in next year's Seddonian, when it is proposed to include in the War Service Section statistics and full information concerning the war effort of staff and old pupils of the College who have served in the Armed Forces. Seven members of the teaching staff, and over one thousand ex-students have left New Zealand on active service and the records to date reveal that the following distinctions have been won by them:

One O.B.E., one D.S.O., five M.C.s, fourteen D.F.C.s, one M.B.E., two D.C.M.s, six D.F.M.s, ten M.M.s, and several mentions in despatches.

All who can assist the War Registrar are asked to send in names of students who have served in the forces and information concerning their war effort. Suggestions are also called for a suitable War Memorial. Parents and ex-students are invited to send in their ideas on this subject. One appropriate suggestion was outlined in the 1944 "Seddonian."

The College has had a splendid record in World War II. Old girls and old boys have served in all parts of the world in all four services, and members of the staff have met former students in many strange places. It is hoped that the War Section for next year's "Seddonian" will be a fitting tribute to the fallen and to the wounded, and a souvenir of the services of those who have survived the ordeal.

PATRIOTIC FUND AND CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

FROM the contributions of pupils of the School in 1945 £250 was paid into the Patriotic Fund, and £50 to the Crippled Children's Society. To support these two funds worthily has been the objective of the College in extra school interests and regular collections have been brought by pupils throughout the year. Concerts, entertainments, and "Bring and Buy" fairs held by individual classes have all helped to swell the funds. In addition pupils have supported, among others, efforts in aid of the St. John Ambulance Society and the Auckland Orphanages.

COVER DESIGN AND TITLE PAGE

THE COVER of this Seddonian was designed and cut in linoleum by D. C. Brown, a third-year student in the printing classes. The design on the title-page is the work of J. Croft, a first year student

Letters To The Editress

Dear Madam,

This letter is written to put before the students of the College an idea in which the 1945 Prefects would like to have their support. We feel that many students, particularly senior pupils, would like to leave behind them some memento of their College years. We have decided, therefore, to donate to the school library when we leave, copies of books which we have read and enjoyed. The Library Committee proposes to have inserted into the books donated an inscription book-plate bearing the name of the donor and the year when he last attended school. We hope that our scheme will appeal to other senior pupils and that they will show that this is so, by giving to the College Library a suitable book.

Yours faithfully,
Margaret Crum (Head Girl).
Jack Stackpole (Head Boy).

Dear Madam,

As a pupil of the Seddon Memorial Technical College, I am writing to you to protest about the inadequate area made available in the College grounds for sports. In the first place, approximately five hundred girls are required to play in an area which is little more in size than a basketball court. I feel sure you will agree with me that in a city the size of Auckland, and in a College with a reputation of that of the Seddon Memorial, this amount of ground is far too small.

Every Tuesday afternoon we travel some three or four miles for organised games, such as basketball in Winter, and tennis in Summer. It will readily be seen that quite a considerable portion of our time is taken up in travelling.

May I suggest that your College Board give due consideration to the purchase of property adjacent to the College, where old buildings could well be removed and the area made available to the ever-growing population of the College?

Yours faithfully,
Noleen Valentine.
(A 1945 pupil.)

PARENT - TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

THE ACTIVITIES of the Parent-Teachers' Association have been continued during the past year, and interesting and informative programmes have been provided at the Quarterly Meetings. Mr. A. R. Howie and pupils of the College provided a varied entertainment early in the year, and a second meeting was addressed by Mr. E. H. Halstead, whose position as Official Archivist to the 2nd N.Z.E.F. enabled him to gain access to information which proved to be of great interest. The third meeting took the form of a cinematograph display, and parents were able to see and hear sound films which have been shown in the school theatre.

A further interesting programme has been arranged for the benefit of parents of pupils of the College who, at the Quarterly meetings, have opportunity to meet staff members in a happy and informal way. Inquiries concerning future activities should be adressed to the President, Miss A. Basten, or to the Secretary.

The Year's Activities

"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH!"

AFTER travelling, some of us for two years, some for three, through those bogs that do lie in the Valley of Education, and struggling through the Torrential Storms of Tests and Trials and over the scattered Hills of Minor Examinations, it cometh to us at last to ascend the Mount of Examinations, its summit concealed as yet in stormy thunder-clouds. And our party numbereth four and forty.

Now on looking up we behold the grim figures of Hard Work and Careful Study, beckoning us along a rough road that windeth up and up until out of sight. And all continue the journey up this Mount with good cheer. At regular intervals we perceive the Arch of Sport held aloft by two Spirits, Alertness and Energy. And so inviting is the glance of the eyes of Alertness, that those who pass through the Arch, number more than those who would shun it. These later Pilgrims wander in the opposite way, through the Arch of Can't-Be-Bothered and lo! they behold a bare impenetrable wall and so wisely turn back to join their fellow Pilgrims. For they come from under the Arches of Victory and Defeat and they perceive them to be yet supported by the enduring Arms of Joy.

The path still winds uphill and again it grows narrow, and the only way onward is through the thick woods of Transcription. On entering therein we are befriended by the unreliable Being of Hope who dwells within. He shows us the way but lo! when he beholds the Guardian of Transcription pointing her Arrow of Perfection at his Heart of Mistakes he flees, and leaves us to blunder on alone, until with Joy in our hearts we see a light beginning to dawn. Thus we continue our journey through the wide valley in which flows the deep River of Books. We behold as we stand on its banks, two boats coming towards us, one guided by Concentration and Silence, the other by Talkativeness and Impatience. So loudly do they call and so eagerly do the latter beckon, and so many promises do they make, that half our party clamber aboard their boat, while the rest of us take the other, being drawn by Concentration who briefly bids us come his way saying, "They say, and do not." Then our new friends whether Silence, Concentration, Talkativeness or Impatience, accompany us to the end of our Pilgrimage, so that when we arrive on the other side of the River, we perceive we have new companions with us.

Now it so happens that we come to two paths. One seemeth narrow and slippery as it winds uphill, the other broad and smooth, descending unto we know not what. We espy however a figure whom we take for our guide, and so give ear unto Position. He cometh towards us and calleth unto us saying, "Friends! Ye be but strangers to me; but all needs must know me some day. Why should it not be now! Come." And as he calleth unto us, so doth he beckon. And so pleasant he looketh that though we beg of our friends to bide their time, they betake themselves to follow their new friend, Position, thus leaving us with only one and thirty of our original number.

Thus we go on and as we look about us we behold a store of Aids and the shopkeeper, Ambition, beckons to us saying, "Friends, since ye be not destined to follow the path of your fellow-pilgrims, ye must buy my goods to help ye up the slipping path which lieth before ye." And so we furnish ourselves with stores of Endurance and Patience, and a strong shield to ward off Despair. Thus stand we ready to climb the Mount of Examinations which now loometh very near.

—5A Comm.

Old Pupils' Association

THE PREFECTS have undertaken to revive the Old Pupils' Association. Mr Park has given some very valuable advice, as well as providing copies of constitutions from Dunedin, Christchurch and Wellington Technical Colleges. Thanks are also due to the Parents-Teachers Association, especially Miss Basten, and to Mr Pace, chairman of the Board of Managers. Valuable advice from Mr E. James, who was an active member of the former Old Pupils' Association, has been greatly appreciated.

Plans are under way for a general meeting, to be held early in December, at which the Association will be revived by the election of new officers and committee, and at which a new constitution will be drawn up. At this meeting the aims of the Association will be drafted and any suggestions will be favourably considered.

All past pupils, whether boys or girls, are cordially invited. The Association aims at the affiliation of all Technical College Old Pupils' organisations, such as football, harriers and hockey clubs. It is also intended to form an Old Pupils' Dramatic Club. Concerts will undoubtedly be arranged to raise funds for specific purposes. Other social functions, such as a Victory Dance for the men returned from overseas, are being considered.

The date of the forthcoming general meeting will be advertised in the newspapers on some Saturday shortly.

LITERARY CLUB

L is for Literary Club, a select few,
I is for Industrious, like me and you!
T begins Time, of which we use much,
E is for Essayists, Charles Lamb and such.
R is for Rhymes, of which some are good,
Asked about others, I suppose we all should,
Reply "Not so bad. Even so, I don't doubt
You all could do better and not be put out!"

FOR half-an-hour every Monday, Wednesday and Friday the Literary Club adjourns to the Library. To me this is one of the most pleasant periods we spend during the day, as we sit and try to make up verses, prose paragraphs and limericks, or read stories or plays. In the various school magazines we find interesting articles, form notes and stories, while "Punch" is full of amusement. The books we read contain sketches, ballads, stories, legends and poems. When making up original poems and limericks we are often "stuck" for ideas. Glancing around the room sometimes when these are in the making, some varied expressions—pained and pleased—are to be seen upon the writer's faces. But when the bell rings all expressions are the same, for hobby-period is the last of the day!

—Shirlee Smith.

ANNUAL CONCERT, 1945

THE ANNUAL CONCERT held on August 9th, 10th and 11th, gave evidence of the good work done during the year by the groups of pupils meeting regularly for practice in choir, orchestra, dancing and dramatic hobby groups, chiefly under the leadership of Messrs Howie, Gemmell, James, Miss Jessop and Mr. Ryan.

The programme opened with the school song "The Green and Gold" sung by the pupils, the audience, including many ex-pupils, joining whole-heartedly in the chorus. Some ex-pupils also assisted in the orchestra. The orchestra's renderings of Mendelsohn's March and the later Fugue and Russian Chorale and Overture were much enjoyed. It is perhaps of interest to know that the music of the school song was kindly composed for us by Mr. Owen Jensen, an ex-pupil, to words written by the Literary Club of 1929, while Handel's Fugue was specially arranged for the orchestra by Miss Dorothea Franchi, until recently a member of the College Music Staff.

The Choir offered an interesting and varied programme, combined voices, girls alone and boys alone, giving effectively suitable selected numbers, the interesting "Songs of the United Nations" seeming especially appropriate to these stirring times. The depth and quality of tone of the boys' choir was a noticeable feature of the Concert work, while the lightness and purity of the girls' voices was well brought out in such songs as "O Lovely Peace" (Handel), and "In Derry Vale."

A popular item which received much well-deserved applause was the performance of the Kolo (National Dance of Jugoslavia) by a group of College girls and boys. Wearing valuable national costumes, kindly lent by the Croatian Society of Auckland, these pupils presented a graceful and colourful picture.

A trio for flute, violin and piano, Gossec's "Gavotte," produced finished playing, while the "Song Without Words" played by the 1945 Beginners' Classes, demonstrated the progress made in a short time by pupils who were, at the beginning of the year, quite unfamiliar with the violin.

The one-act Play "Campbell of Kilmohr" was the work of one of the Senior drama groups. It was dramatically and convincingly acted by the principals, while stage setting and costumes were particularly appropriate to place and period. With this item there concluded another successful Annual Concert.

SECOND YEAR SOCIAL

ON THE FRIDAY following the examinations, the second year pupils held their games social in the school hall. Over two hundred boys and girls attended as well as several members of the staff and the prefects.

The social started at seven-thirty, and after everyone had become acquainted, the games went well. During the evening items were given by several of the pupils, giving the audience welcome time to regain their breath before the next game.

Perhaps the most popular and successful item on the evening's programme was the parcel unwrapping, by the unfortunate person to whom a written description —generally highly unflattering—was made to apply.

When we had finished supper and played several other games we were delivered over to the hands of our waiting parents.

THE PREFECTS

TO MANY pupils, the school prefects are just seniors with a silver badge. I should like you to know of the duties and activities which are a prefect's responsibility.

Every year, twenty boys and twelve girls are selected on the basis of ability and character. The boys have ten prefects and ten sub-prefects, the girls have six of each.

The prefects for both boys and girls form the Prefects' Council. Regular meetings are held in the Board Room. Here a chairman is elected, a secretary and a scrutineer. This year, Leta Lott was elected secretary and Stackpole chairman. The Council endeavours, by discussing matters relating to school activities, to further the development of our College life. The school-rules, pupils' outside behaviour, school interests, such as dramatic work, the College library, choirs, concerts, socials and many other topics are discussed.

The Head Girl and Head Boy were elected early in the year to represent the Prefects on the School Social Committee. To the committee we submitted programmes suggested by the boys and girls. The programmes were considered by the Committee and the most suitable suggestions were accepted. At the socials the Prefects gave as much assistance as they could.

In addition, the boy prefects form their own separate Council and the girls do likewise. The Dramatic Group was attended by school Prefects and assistance given to Mr. Howie and others with the school concert. The Head Girl and Boy have also represented the Prefects and pupils at Parent-Teachers' Association meetings.

The hardest task of the Prefect is that of carrying out lunch-hour duties. At least half of the lunch-time is devoted to duties, and I am sure that although this co-operation is appreciated by the staff, many of the pupils do not at all realise the difficulties involved. Not only is school time given up to other duties but also much leisure time. All prefects are active in the sports field and they represent the school on Saturdays, to the best of their ability.

Many of you have had dealings with the Prefects—at times not entirely to your pleasure—but I would like to say to you, don't resent their actions or their authority. They have learned by experience—and so will you.

J. R. Stackpole, (Head Prefect, 1945).

KNITTING

THE Hobby Group for knitting for the Navy League and Commercial 5B—in their own time—regularly knit "garments for sailors." Between the two groups we have made so far this year: 29 pairs socks, 47 Balaclavas, 11 pairs glove mitts, 6 pullovers, 17 scarves. The best individual effort has been made by Doreen Carne in 5B. Another knitting effort has been that of Commercial 5A. The girls gathered together wool in large and small quantities, and all knitted children's garments—the result being a very fine parcel indeed sent to the Red Cross for delivery overseas.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE Seddonian Committee acknowledges with thanks exchange copies of N.Z. and overseas school magazines. To some by whom exchange copies have not been received in 1944, we offer apologies, as under war conditions, our publication has been limited. This year we hope to make good any deficiencies, and we take pleasure in again being able to reciprocate. Exchanges are welcomed from all post-primary schools.

FIRST ELEVEN

BACK ROW: G. Moulder, W. Kelsall, L. Thompson, R. Thompson
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. G. T. Brooking, R. Little (Vice-Captain), J. R. Stackpole (Captain), R. Quintal, J. Wells
FRONT ROW: J. Lambert, G. Port, W. Rennie

THE PREFECTS, 1945

BACK ROW: W. Renwick, R. Little, Dulcie McGarald, Alice Henry, Muriel Routley, Kathleen Hardley, Edna Peacock, Nessie Nicholas, J. Lambert, D. Brown
SECOND ROW: M. Sweetman, W. Walker, Leonora O'Callaghan, M. Tierney, R. Taylor, J. Godley, J. Irvine, Pat O'Callaghan, F. Simons, J. McIsaac
FRONT ROW: Dawn Parry, R. Evans, Leta Lott, J. R. Stackpole (Head Prefect) Mr. A. B. Ohlson, Margaret Crum (Head Girl) B. Jillings, Elaine Venn, B. Mathews
SITTING: A. Armour E. Smith ABSENT: J. Wells, G. Counsell

THE VICKERS' MACHINE-GUN PLATOON

THIS KEEN BAND of machine gunners is under the control of Sergeants David and Hilliam, and Corporals Ryan, Darrock, Ball, Fox and Wangford. Practices are held weekly and the keener of the keen attend a lunch-time parade on the "lower playground." We have had one "live-shoot" and we are expecting another towards the end of the term. The standard of the drill is, we think, above the average, and last year we had the honour of being chosen to represent Headquarters' Company. One of our number, namely R.S.M. Matthews, rose from out these very ranks.

Of course we have our humorous moments too. Before the distribution of uniforms great were the speculations of the ranks as to "what the N.C.O's. would look like in shorts!" They had their laugh! We also have one or two wits in the platoon who are all the time cracking jokes—some think, just to annoy the sergeants. Still, as a whole the platoon earns the R.S.M.'s praise—and that's saying something.

BOYS' CRUSADER UNION

THE BOYS' Crusader Union meets in Room 10 at lunch time on Tuesdays. It is one of over eighty such unions in New Zealand secondary and intermediate schools. This group is under the leadership of Mr Ian Kemp and Mr Murray Platt. Each week we have an interesting talk given by one of the leaders, by one of the boys, or by an outside speaker. This year we have had a lantern lecture on Burma, and talks from several servicemen and business men. Also we have had several Biblical character-studies taken by the leaders and boys.

Regularly we have "squashes," and during school holidays camps outside of Auckland. To these meetings, camps and "Squashes" we invite all boys.

THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

SINCE ITS FORMATION, the orchestra has steadily increased in numbers every year. Last year (1944) it was mainly under the leadership of Miss Franchi who composed for us a lively march naming it "Seddonians on Parade," and who, together with Mr. Howie, orchestrated with much burning of the midnight oil, most of the pieces which the orchestra now plays. At the end of last year we regretfully said good-bye to Miss Franchi who now has a position at the Epsom Girls' Grammar School. This year Mr. Howie is conducting the orchestra. Besides practicing for the Annual School Concert, we have played on several occasions at morning Assemblies. Classes have commenced this year in order to enable the musically-minded to obtain good tuition in such instruments as the violin, viola, 'cello and flute, while other instruments are to arrive soon. These junior people now have quite important parts in the College Orchestra.

GIRLS' CRUSADER UNION

WE ARE a group of girls who meet in Room 37 every Wednesday at lunch-time.

Very helpful messages are brought to us by well-known speakers, some of whom are Rev. L. A. Day, Rev. G. C. Reay and Mr. B. Harper.

The roll number is 60, but we have an average attendance of only 30.

Our leader, Mrs W. P. Martin, is an ex-prefect of this school. Rally round and come along and join the Crusader Union.

All are welcome.

Cadet Battalion

AT PRESENT our Cadet Battalion, ranked as the largest in the Northern Millitary District and probably in New Zealand, consists of a Headquarters Company, three rifle companies, an A.T.C. company and a 25-pounder battery. The Headquarters Company comprises a band, two Signal platoons, an Ambulance platoon, a Vickers machine-gun platoon, and our newest group—an Engineers platoon.

A recent innovation in training has been the substitution of one full day's training each month in place of the weekly hour. It is believed that the full day will prove to be much more efficient. At the end of the first term a period of three day's consolidated training was carried out despite the vagaries of the weather.

The great event of the military year, however, has been the issue of smart khaki uniforms to all boys. A really first-class turnout on training days has resulted, and the return to khaki after nearly twenty years has proved to be a good move towards building up esprit-de-corps.

Once again we would like to record our appreciation of the untiring efforts and enthusiasm of our Area N.C.O., Sergt.-Major Eglinton, who has not spared himself in his endeavours to put our unit "at the top of the pole". It certainly will not be his fault if the S.M.T.C. cadets do not win the Imperial Daughters of the Empire Cup.

The A.T.C. Squadron, with a roll of 130, has functioned efficiently during the last year. Various courses have been followed under the guidance of instructors supplied by the Auckland Wing Headquarters, and a number of N.C.O.'s have had the benefit of intensive courses at Ohakea. Without exception they have scored high percentages on these courses and have been a very great factor in maintaining the efficiency of the squadron. Practically every cadet was able to enjoy a flight in a Tiger Moth during the winter months, and at the Inter-Squadron Radio Quiz, conducted by the Commercial Stations, S.M.T.C was successful in gaining third place with 93.7 per cent.

25-POUNDER FIELD ARTILLERY

THE 25-Pounder Field Battery unit which is now a full battery of three troops (two gun troops and one headquarters troop), has made rapid progress in gunnery and general efficiency since its formation in June, 1944. The cadets have shown great interest in the drill, and many times have gained the praise of instructors for good work. In October of 1944 the battery was given a "live shoot" at Clark's Beach on the Manukau Harbour. Here the cadets were given an opportunity to put into practice their months of hard training. The results were especially good and it was stated by an officer who had seen extensive overseas service, that the salvo fired by the A Troop was one of the best he had ever witnessed. At "Arty" N.C.O. Camps, which have been held in the term holidays, cadets have been able to learn a few of the finer points in artillery. A selected gun team has given many creditable displays in the city during different War Savings Campaigns.

BAND NOTES

ONCE AGAIN we present to you our band notes. Now don't turn over the page, for how can a proud band like ours swank if no one will listen to us? We started the year under a completely new scheme and in our opinion everything is going according to plan.

First Mr. O'Connor, a notable Auckland musician, took over the trumpeters and taught them that by constant practice on scales and triple tongueing, they would produce the rhythmic music demanded from a Drum and Trumpet Band. For the purposes of instruction the trumpeters were graded according to their musical ability. To some, this might seem unnecessary but when all is considered, it will be realised that by this method a certain proficiency is obtained before actual playing begins, and only the experienced players proceed on to the swinging strains of martial music.

In the meantime the drummers, having also turned over a new leaf, are dexterously tackling the job of learning such fundamentals as the "Mamma Dadda" roll or the "Taradiddle." This point will be appreciated when one realises that in the past it was left to the recruit to pick up the rudiments of stick drill and the knack of close rolling. It was also necessary to teach the new boys how to carry a drum properly so that it does not bounce around while they are marching. Progress has been quickly made under the eye of Dr. O'Shannassy who between times has dinned into us the need for discipline, "the backbone of success."

At the end of the first term, Barracks' Week was heralded and with it came the long-sought opportunity of drilling the band as a whole. Up to this period we had not been able to work together on very many occasions, as the instrumentalists were still in the early stage of instruction. Gratefully we took this opportunity of getting used to each other by combining the two types of instrument to produce the required effect. When we settled down to the job we were greeted by the difficulty of controlling the band while it was playing, for, as is known, at that time we possessed no Mace. We endeavoured to continue by using a drumstick (18 inches in length) and to our delight, on Battalion Parades, we were fortunate in procuring a cane from the R.S.M. (27 inches in length) which, though a great improvement on the stick, is still nothing like the real thing. (The present mace is a 54-inch rod on which is mounted a brightly polished fitting 6in. high by 3in. in diameter).

We have been much indebted this year to the Principal, who has consented to our representing the school on numerous occasions. Our first big parade was during our first term holidays when we were asked by the N.P.F.B. to parade in the city. So on the Friday, with polished instruments, we formed up outside the Drill Hall entrance. When we had taken up our dressing and were assured as to what we would play we moved off down Wellesley Street to the Queen Street intersection where we wheeled to the tune of "Furlough" into the main thoroughfare before the crowd of city shoppers. When we had overcome our nervousness we set about showing the public what the "Tech" band could do when it wanted to. From Queen Street we took the ferry to Devonport where we showed the North Shore folk what the city band could do! All this time a group of boys had been skilfully collecting in the well-known boxes, coins of various denominations for the patriotic collection. Whether the money was given to get rid of us or in appreciation of our talents is not known—the fact remains we proved our worth as a source of donations!

On Anzac Day we were invited as official band to the U.S.M.C., which position we filled with much pride. Indeed we will never forget the honour bestowed upon us that day or the pride that filled us as we marched in that long column of War Veterans. This parade is probably the best we have had.

We should like to thank the many members of the staff who have helped us in our effort to become a worthy institution of the College.

Boy's Athletic Sports, 1945

ONCE AGAIN the boys' Athletic Sports were held at the Olympic Stadium, Newmarket, formerly Sarawia Park. Unfortunately, on the main day showers swept across the ground from time to time making conditions very uncomfortable for both competitors and on-lookers. The usual comprehensive programme of events was expeditiously carried out, however, and an excellent day's sport finished at the scheduled time.

The best performances were put up in the field event's section where M. Menzies, who recently won the New Zealand Junior Shot Putt Title, improved on his last year's record figures by putting the shot 39ft 0½in (37ft 8 5-8in, 1944) and throwing the discus 94ft 11in (91ft 5⅜in, 1944). Another record was established in the Intermediate Discus by R. Heron who raised the distance from 94ft 3½in to 107ft 11¾in while the second boy, S. B. Matthews, is also to be congratulated on beating the previous record.

CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

Senior—100yds: Irvine 1, Menzies 2, Godley 3; 220yds: Irvine 1, Reeves 2, Menzies 3; 440yds: Reeves 1, Byers 2, Jillings 3; 880yds: Jillings 1, Haskell 2, Byers 3; One Mile: Haskell 1, Jillings 2, Dusten 3. Time: 5mins. 120yds Hurdles: Tierney 1, Wells 2, Fernie 3; High Jump: Little 1, Tierney 2, Menzies 3; Long Jump: Byers 1, Menzies 2, Godley 3; Putting the Shot: Menzies 1, Little 2, Symons 3. Distance 39ft 0½in (record); Throwing the Discus: Menzies 1, Little 2, Symons 3. Distance 94ft 11in (record).

Intermediate—100yds: Brown, D. C. 1, Sangster 2, Brown, K. 3; 220yds: Brown, D. C. 1, Brown, K. 2, Richardson 3; 440yds: Sweetman 1, Sangster 2, Harding 3; 880yds: Sweetman 1, Hunter 2, Engel 3; 90yds Hurdles: Brown, D. C. 1, Posa 2, Larkin 3; Long Jump: Maskell 1, Potter 2, May 3; High Jump: Brown, D. C. 1, Cowley 2, Western 3; Putting the Shot: Harding 1, Maskell 2, Wright 3; Throwing the Discus: Heron 1, Avery 2, Mathews 3. Distance 107ft 11¾in (record).

Junior—100yds: Knowles 1, Taggart 2; 220yds: Taggart 1, Rowe 2; 440yds: Knowles 1, Taggart 2, Anderson 3; 880yds: Knowles 1, Anderson 2, Taggart 3; 100yds Hurdles: Breckon 1, Bines 2, .Helsby 3; Long Jump: Knowles 1, Barrow 2; High Jump: Knowles 1, Hudson 2, Knaggs 3; Putting the Shot: Clarke 1, Knaggs 2, Vranges 3; Throwing the Discus: Clarke 1, Vivian 2, Knaggs 3.

Handicap Events (Open)—One Mile: Dustin 1, Fuller 2, Vivian 3; Hop, Step and Jump: Hickman 1, Port 2, Rikihana 3; 120yds Hurdles: Wells 1, Hilton 2, Bishara 3.

Over 16—100yds: McIsaac 1, Walker 2, Wyatt 3; 220yds: Smith 1, Walker 2, Bonnici 3; 440yds: Smith 1, Tribe 2, Reid and Bonnici 3; 880yds: Carter 1, Hyde 2.

Under 16—440yds: Mason 1, Balls 2, Osbourne 3; Long Jump: McCarten 1, Thompson 2, Jowsey 3.

Under 15—440yds: Watkins 1, Edwards 2, Thompson 3.

Scratch Events—100yds: Under 13 years: Hollis 1, Bankart 2, Voltz 3. Under 13½ years: Breed 1, Gregory 2, Brown 3. Under 14 years: Harrison 1, Cashmore 2, Kelsing 3. Under 14½ years: Quayle 1, Cashmore 2, Keesing 3. Under 15 years: May 1, Codlin 2, Lonagan 3. Under 16 years: Stevenson 1, Harrington 2. Over 16 years: Bonnici 1, Sorby 2, Reid 3.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—Under 14½ years: Vranjes 1, Taggart 2, Bowman 3. 14½ to 15½ years: Harding 1, Stevenson 2, Renton 3. 15½ years and over: Little 1, Quintal 2, Crosby 3.

Inter-Form Relays—Third Forms: 3C Eng. 1, 3B Eng. 2; Fourth Forms: 4C Eng. 1, 4A Eng. 2; Fifth and Sixth Forms: M.E.5 1, 5C Eng. 2, 5 Woodwork 3; Fifth and Sixth Form Inter-Departmental Relay: Engineering 1, Industrial 2.

GIRL'S ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

MARCH 9th found the sky blue over Carlaw Park and by 9 o'clock all girls were assembled to begin the Annual Sport's day of the Seddon Memorial Technical College girls.

Without delay the races were commenced. All girls in the races were called down off the grand-stand and divided into heats, and these were run off. During the morning, the preliminaries for the Championships were taken and the competitors were cheered on their way by the spectators. Then came, Age Races, Sack Races, Egg and Spoon and Stilt Races. The sack and stilt races were most amusing to the spectators but not so much so to those taking part. Next the three-legged race and the potato race were run off, and at the conclusion of these two events, staff and pupils retired for lunch. One o'clock saw the commencement of the relays and House events, and during the time that those events were being run, no one had a dull moment. The pupils on the stand kept up the spirits of the competing Houses by cheering, shouting and clapping, while even the staff saw fit to do a little barracking. Then the points for the various Houses were announced, Binns being the victor, followed by Seddon, with Wellesley third and Hindley fourth.

At the conclusion of a happy day the pupils gave three loud cheers for the staff, whose work had again made our annual Sport's Day enjoyable and successful.

RESULTS:

Senior Champion, Shirley Kerr (Wellesley); runner-up, Joy Murray (Seddon), Junior Champion, Jocelyn Bradshaw (Binns); runner-up, Lynley Heslop (Seddon).

House Points: Binns 341, 1; Seddon 299½, 2; Wellesley 228½, 3; Hindley 213, 4.

Championship Events, 220 Yards—Senior: S. Kerr (W), 1; D. Leydon (B), 2; G. Lowe (B), 3. Junior: J. Bradshaw (B), 1; J. Conaghan (W), 2; N. Ball (B), 3. 100 Yards—Senior: S. Kerr (W), 1; J. Murray (S), 2; C. Malone (S), 3. Junior: L. Heslop (S), 1; J. Bradshaw (B), 2; N. Mackie (B), 3. 50yds—Senior: S. Kerr, 1; J. Murray (S), 2; C. Malone (S), 3. Junior: L. Heslop (S),1; J. Bradshaw (B), 2; N. Ball (B), 3. 75yds Skipping—Senior: S. Kerr (W), 1; C. Malone (S), 2; J. Murray (S), 3. Junior: L. Heslop (S) and J. Bradshaw (B), dead-heat, 1; O. Thomas (H), 3.

Age Races, Under 13: P. Pfeffer (B), 1; D. Wilcox (B), 2; N. Siddell (S), 3. Under 14: Moya Crum (W), 1; Z. Ryan (H), 2; P. Venn (H), 3. Under 15: C. Malone (S), 1; L. Heslop (S), 2; E. Attwood (S), 3. Over 15: H. Hancock (B), 1; F. Sumich (W), 2; S. Haliday (S), 3.

75 Yards Skipping, Open: M. Crum (W), 1; J. Russell (B), 2; S. Moselen (B), 3.

Novelty Races. Potato: S. Kerr, (W) 1; S. Haire (B), 2; A. Nesfield (W), 3.

Three-Legged: P. Harlick and C. Malone (S), 1; M. Wood and A. Wood (B), 2; C. Taylor and L. Egan (W), 3.

Egg and Spoon: L. Harris (S), 1; D. Marks (H), 2; L. Brewer (B), 3.

Stilt: T. Skipper (H), 1; T. Lamont (W), 2; J. Wing (H), 3.

Sack: D. Drayton (B), 1; J. Lett (W), 2; S. Clews (S), 3.

Inter-house Relays, 440 Yards, circular—Senior: Seddon, 1; Wellesley and Binns, dead-heat, 2; Junior: Seddon, 1; Binns, 2; Wellesley, 3.

HOUSE EVENTS.

Overhead Ball—Senior: Binns, 1; Wellesley, 2; Seddon, 3; Junior: Seddon, 1; Binns, 2; Wellesley, 3.

Circular Ball—Senior: Wellesley, 1; Seddon, 2; Binns, 3. Junior: Binns, 1; Seddon, 2; Hindley, 3.

Bean Bag Relay—Senior: Seddon, 1; Wellesley, 2; Hindley, 3; Junior: Seddon, 1; Binns, 2; Hindley, 3.

Flag Relay—Senior: Binns, 1; Wellesley, 2; Seddon, 3; Junior: Binns, 1; Seddon, 2; Hindley, 3.

Form Relays—V Forms: VA Commercial. IV Forms: IVA Commercial. III Forms: IIIA Commercial.

SECONDARY SCHOOL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE FOLLOWING TEAM represented S.M.T.C. at the Annual Championships held at Eden Park.

Senior: G. S. Bonnici, K. Byers, J. G. H. Godley, E. W. Haskell, B. C. Jillings, G. C. Jones-Pritchard, R. S. Little, M. Menzies, M. R. Reeves, R. W. Smith, M. P. Tierney, J. N. Wells.

Intermediates: D. C. Brown, K. T. Brown, F. C. Cowley, G. H. Engel, L. Hunter, M. H. Inger, L. G. Maskell, B. Posa, D. N. Potter, K. Richardson, E. I. Sangster, M. M. Sweetman.

Juniors: B. R. Anderson, F. G. Barrow, G. F. Bines, G. K. Breckon, L. D. Hudson, J. C. Knaggs, E. R. Knowles, W. G. Rowe, A. A. Taggart.

The outstanding athlete of the team was E. R. Knowles who won both the 440yds and the 880yds in the Junior Section in excellent time and by a good margin from the other competitors. B. R. Anderson who ran second in the Junior 880yds all the way was unlucky to be beaten on the tape. In the Intermediate High Jump, F. C. Cowley jumped 5ft 4in, just one inch behind the winner, who equalled the record. In the Senior Section, M. Menzies had to relinquish his Shot-Putting title to Gilmour of King's College, who proved to be a super-athlete. The four S.M.T.C. Athletes mentioned above were awarded Athletic Representative badges for 1945.

Boxing

A RECORD number of boys entered for the 1944 Championships. As an experiment, the sports committee divided the tournament into Junior and Senior sections. The wisdom of this was proved by the fact that 159 boys competed—93 juniors and 56 seniors. It has been most encouraging to see so many first-year students competing and entering fully into the spirit which these events tend to foster.

RESULTS (1944 CHAMPIONSHIPS):

Senior

Welterweight: Boreham M.E4, beat Clough Ag5. Midgetweight: Jenkins E.4A, beat Winsley E.5A. Paperweight: Moggach M.W4 beat Port Com4. Bantamweight: Davis Ac.5A, beat Scoffin E.4C. Featherweight: Fiddes Ag5, beat Lewis W5. Light-heavy: Engel M.E4, beat Pederson E.4C. Middleweight: Clough Ag5, beat Norgrove Ac.5A. Lightweight: Boreham M.E4, beat Wah Lee E.4B. Heavyweight: Menzies A.5A, beat Counsell E.5A.

Junior

Fleaweight: Boulton beat Thompson. Mosquitoweight: Westin beat Richard. Midgetweight: Matheson beat Lonergan. Paperweight: Williams beat Butler. Featherweight: Anderson beat Wangford. Lightweight: Maxwell beat Sheridan. Welterweight: Wright beat Davison. Middleweight: Baxter beat Bishara. Light-heavy: Sinton beat Sorby. Heavyweight: Davison beat Byers.

The standard of boxing was above the average, most competitors having a good idea of straight hitting, particularly a straight left. The medal for the Most Scientific Boxer was awarded to Boreham, who won the Welter and Lightweight Championships. Scoffin was awarded the Best Losers Medal; his bout with Davis was particularly hard and willing, both lads giving and taking all they had—a very close bout. Once again our thanks are due to those members of the Auckland Boxing Association who came along to act as judges and referees.

Swimming

THE BOYS' Annual Swimming Sports were held at the Olympic Pool, Newmarket, on 27th February, trials having been swum on the preceding Tuesday and Thursday. It is a matter for regret that less than half of the boys of the school were competitors, although there was some compensation in the high standard reached by the participants.

The day was rather cold and threatening, but we managed to conclude the morning's programme without interruption. A very exciting programme of finals was interrupted in the middle of the afternoon by drenching rain, and we were able to carry on only in the intervals between showers, our programme having to be recast to meet this calamity. Spectators were in rather a more sorry plight than swimmers. Just before three o'clock, however, the sun shone forth again with the true brilliance of February, and we were able to conclude the day with the popular form relays, and the still more popular "all in together."

B. Davidson gave another outstanding performance this year, winning four Senior Championship events, and establishing a record of 1m 6 1-5s for 100yds Freestyle. E. Senior also lowered the 50yds Breaststroke record (Senior) to 37 2-5s. M. Fitness is a swimmer of great promise, and his time for the 440yds under 19 (6m 23⅗s) was a notable achievement. Other swimmers who showed more than usual ability were G. Engel, W. Sorby and G. Doubleday.

We are proud to record that our team, consisting of M. Menzies, B. Davidson, G. Engel and J. Stackpole won the Secondary School Relay Swimming Championship (the MacIndoe Cup). Considering the talent displayed at the swimming sports, we regret that we did not enter a B Team also. The members of the winning team have been awarded coveted swimming badges for achieving this distinction for their school.

Senior Championship—220yds: B. Davidson 1, M. Fitness 2, G. Engel 3, time 2.52 3-5s (record); 100yds Freestyle: B. Davidson 1, G. Engel 2, M. Fitness 3, time 1.6 1-5s (record); Dive: N. Surtees 1, W. Sorby and B. Nash equal 2; Plunge Dive: R. Fordyce 1, E. Senior 2, S. Mathews 3, distance 39ft 3½in; 50yds Breaststroke: E. Senior 1, B. Davidson 2, P. Lockley 3, time 37 2-5s (record): 50yds Free-Style: B. Davidson 1, G. Engel 2, M. Fitness 3, time 28 2-5s; 50yds Backstroke: B. Davidson 1, E. Senior 2, D. Pengelly 3, time 36s.

Junior Championship—220yds: P. Hood 1, J. Child 2, G. Doubleday 3, time 3.31 2-5s; Dive: G. Duffee 1, R. Baggot 2, P. Hood 3; 100yds Freestyle: J. Child 1, G. Doubleday 2, J. Drinkwater and D. Delaney 3, time 1.20 1-5s; 50yds Breaststroke: G. Doubleday 1, A. Wood 2, M. Long 3; 50yds Freestyle: G. Doubleday 1, J. Child 2, D. Stewart 3, time 35s.

100 Yards Scratch, under 19: W. Sorby 1, L. Jenkins 2, K. Brown 3, time 1.17 2-5s; 50yds scratch, under 13: T. Macdonald 1, M. Hollas 2, D. Marett 3, time 49 3-5s; 50yds scratch, under 13½: M. Rainbow 1, D. Moselen 2, R. Anderson 3, time 39 4-5s; 440yds, under 19: M. Fitness 1, B. Davidson 2, J. R. Stackpole 3, time 6.23⅗s; 220yds, under 19: G. Reber 1, P. Channings 2, time 3.20 4-5s; 50yds scratch, under 14: N. McWatt 1, W. Nicholson 2, A. Mitchell 3, time 33 3-5s; 50yds scratch, under 14½: R. Scal 1, G. Hogg 2, A. Rickleman 3, time 35 4-5s; 50yds scratch, under 15: A. Swavely 1, J. Simpson 2, J. Pearson 3, time 35 3-5s; 50yds scratch, under 15½: R. Teague 1, J. David 2, I. Bigg-Wither 3, time 32 4-5s; Neat Header: J: Pearson 1, Hellreigel 2, M. Sewart 3; Corfu Dive: W. Smith 1, W. Sorby and J. Boreham equal 2; Pyjama Race, senior: G. Reber 1, D. Jenkin 2, N. May 3; Pyjama Race, junior: I. Bigg-Wither 1, L. Frost 2, B. Poka 3; 50yds scratch under 16: A. Hellreigel 1, R. Crossley 2, J. David 3, time 32 2-5s; 50yds scratch, over 16: G. Reber 1, P. Channings 2, W. Sorby 3, time 29 1-5s.

Third Form Relay: 3C Engineering 1, 3B Woodwork 2, 3D Engineering 3; Fourth Form Relay: 4C Engineering 1, 4D Engineering 2, 4A Woodwork 3; Fifth and Sixth Form Relay: 5A Engineering 1, 6 Form 2, 5 Motor Engineering 3.

First Fifteen

THE TEAM: J. Stackpole (Capt.), J. Wells (Vice-Captain), R. Smith, J. Sorby, J. Godley, M. Tierney, C. Rikihana, B. Davidson, K. Richardson, P. Simons, R. Evans, G. Engel, W. David, F. Cowley, G. Moulder, J. Boulton, B. Mackenzie. Lambert and Riddell played one game each.

versus Sacred Heart:

The first game against Sacred Heart, resulted in a loss 3-11. Sacred Heart received the ball for most of the game so that their backs were constantly on attack and it required good defence to stop them scoring more often. Their score consisted of two penalty goals and a converted try to a penalty goal kicked by Stackpole. The final score was: Sacred Heart 11, Seddon 3.

versus Auckland Grammar:

The team combined well to defeat Grammar after a close game. Grammar landed a field goal early but Wells replied with a good penalty goal. In the second half, Rikihana landed a drop-kick. Sorby and Godley played well and were unfortunate not to score on two occasions. The game ended: Seddon 7, Grammar 4.

versus Mt. Albert:

This was a week-day game played at the Mt. Albert school. Mt. Albert led 3-0 at half-time. In the second half, Wells was hurt and we failed to hook the ball. Evans played a fine game but Mt. Albert added three easy tries and the game ended: Mt. Albert 12, Seddon 0.

versus Otahuhu:

This game was played at Otahuhu and was an open, scrappy game. There was no cohesion between our backs and forwards. Sorby scored a try and Wells kicked a penalty. Otahuhu had the better of the second half, putting on 14 points to win. Final score: Otahuhu 14, Seddon 6.

versus Takapuna:

This was a fast, open game in which our backs were superior to their opponents. At half-time the score was 10-3 in our favour. Takapuna changed their team in the second half and Seddon gained only three more points. Davidson's tackling was weak and only good covering defence by Sorby saved a certain try. Smith, Engel and Evans stood out and the game ended: Seddon 13, Takapuna 3.

versus Kings:

Kings led 6-5 at half-time. Our points came from a try by Tierney, after a cross-kick by Stackpole. Wells converted. Kings were awarded a doubtful try which they converted and later in the game added another try. The game ended: Kings 14, Seddon 5.

Second Round

versus Sacred Heart:

Resulted in a loss by 44-0 after a game which left little to mention.

versus Auckland Grammar School:

This was played at Auckland Grammar. The first half saw tight play throughout. Grammar scored an opportunist try, the ball rebounding from the goal-posts and catching our defenders on the wrong foot. In the second half, Smith, our centre, suffered a broken collarbone and the rearranged team did not function

FIRST FIFTEEN

BACK ROW: R. Smith, G. Moulder, K. Richardson, R. Evans, P. Simons
MIDDLE ROW: W. David, J. Godley, F. Cowley, J. Boulton, W. Sorby, D. Mackenzie
FRONT ROW: C. Rikihana, B. Davidson, J. Wells, J. R. Stackpole (Captain), G. Engel, M. Tierney, Mr. A. B. Ohlson

WINNERS OF SECONDARY SCHOOLS RELAY SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP

STANDING: G. Engel, B. Davidson
SITTING: J. Stackpole, M. Menzies (Captain)
Mr. G. P. Ryan (Coach)

too well. Sorby and Cowley played hard games. The final score was: Grammar 14, Seddon 0.

versus Mt. Albert:

At half-time Mt. Albert led 11-0—two tries, one converted and a penalty goal. The opposing team was superior throughout although after half-time Engel cut through from half-way to score under the posts. Wells converted. Mt. Albert scored again in the second half and just before time, crossed for another try which they converted. The game ended: Mt. Albert 19, Seddon 5.

versus Otahuhu:

From the start Seddon was out to avenge its first round defeat. The first points came when from a passing movement, Tierney crossed wide out. Wells failed to convert. Near half-time O.T.H.S. received a penalty. Half-time score: Seddon 3, O.T.H.S. 3.

In the second half Seddon was right on top and added 16 points to O.T.H.S.'s 3. After a scramble in front of the goals, Simons scored a neat try. Wells converted. Next Wells landed a penalty and later still landed another which hit the bar and bounced over. And finally after a determined run down the line Sorby scored and Wells converted. Score: Seddon 19, O.T.H.S. 6.

versus Takapuna:

Even play in the first half resulted in the score being Takapuna 4, Seddon 3. Sorby scored for Seddon and in the second half Wells landed a penalty goal. Weak defence allowed Takapuna to cross twice and convert. Open play followed, Richardson showing up well, but although Seddon attacked persistently they could not score. Tierney, Moulder, and McKenzie played steady games and Davidson defended better. The game ended: Takapuna 14, Seddon 6.

versus Hamilton.

This was a good open game, the team combining throughout and handling well. Godley crossed for the first try after Stackpole had cross-kicked. The kick failed. Soon after Wells crossed under the posts and converted. At half-time the score was: Seddon 8, Hamilton 0.

In the second half Hamilton scored but did not convert. Tight play followed and Hamilton again crossed but did not convert. Just before the end the backs swept to the Hamilton end and after a good movement sent Richardson in for a try. The kick failed. The game ended: Seddon 11, Hamilton 6.

versus Northcote.

This is a friendly match and our heavy forwards were too good for the light Northcote side. Seddon won 19-3. For Seddon, tries were scored by Stackpole (2), Wells (2), Godley. Wells converted two tries.

versus Stratford.

This is the match to which all the First XV look forward. The conditions were not the best for football, however it was a game we thoroughly enjoyed.

Just after the start Rikihana cut through brilliantly to score under the posts. Wells converted. However Stratford reduced the lead by a penalty by Sykes. Half-time came with the score: Seddon 5, Stratford 3.

In the second half Seddon were on top, and with two brilliant tries by Godley and a field goal by Rikihana put the score beyond doubt. However Stratford was again rewarded when, from a scrum in front of the posts, Sykes scored a try. The game ended: Seddon 15, Stratford 6.

The visitors were the guests of the evening at the School social on the Wednesday evening and were taken for a sightseeing trip on the Thursday. They returned home Thursday night.

Second Fifteen

Team: Lambert (capt.), Wah Lee, Bonnici, Jillings, Sweetmen, Ball, McIsaac, Larkin, Brewer, Matthews, Wright, Riddell, Brownhill, James, May, Stevenson, Taylor.

THIS YEAR the Second Fifteen entered the Third Grade A competition. Spurred on by the keenness and ability of our coach, Mr. McKillop, we finished the season as runners-up of the competition, after many keenly contested matches.

Two very enjoyable trips were made during the second half of the season. One was to Pukekohe Technical High School, where, by omitting a number of regular players and weakening the team, we played an even game, to be defeated by 10 points to 8. The second trip, to Hamilton Technical High School, resulted in a win for us by 15 points to 3. All of the team showed good form in this match.

Backs: Reggie Wah Lee made a sure and safe full-back, always playing a good game. Jillings improved considerably in the latter part of the season and made a fast attacking wing. McIsaac at centre made some determined runs and was sure on defence. Larkin made a sure-fotted five-eighths, with ability to penetrate. At first five-eights Bonnici, a fast, clever player, greatly strengthened the back line. Lambert made a capable captain, and at half-back was very sure on defence and an opportunist on attack.

Forwards: Of a fast set of forwards the best were Riddell, Brownhill and Wright, while in the last few games Ball, playing as rover, was effective in checking the opposing backs.

Results: v. Kings College, won 14-9; v. A.G.S., lost 3-4; v. S.H.C., won 3-0; v. M.A.G.S; lost 0-6; v. T.G.S; won 8-3; v. Kings College, lost 0-9; v. A.G.S; lost 0-14; v. S.H.C; won 4-0; v. M.A.G.S; won 6-0; v. T.G.S; won 25-5; v. Hamilton Technical High School won 15-3; Points for: 178 Points against: 53. Games played 11: won 7, lost 4.

FOURTH GRADE RUGBY A TEAM

The team: Renwick (captain), Ellison (vice-captain), Anderson, Preest, McIntosh, Jowsey, King, Patterson, Clarke, Woolley, Teague, Gordon, Mason, Southgate, Helsby, Ward.

THE TEAM, captained by Renwick, had a very fair measure of success. Of the ten games played, six were won by "the Green and Gold's." We were very fortunate in having a very strong pack of aggressive forwards and some enterprising backs. The forwards were all hard-working but those who were outstanding were Clark, Patterson, Jowsey and Ellison.

The outstanding back was Teague, whose play was characterised by skill in handling the ball and by accurate line backing. Helsby was a very safe and capable full-back while Woolley soon showed that he was penetrating on attack and sound in defence.

The team was rather unlucky not to win the competition, as it had every possibility of reaching honours. The team, however, suffered badly through injuries, and finished up the season in third position.

No small amount of the team's success was due to the conscientious coaching of Mr. Adams who during the whole season never missed a practice or a game.

Games played: v. Sacred Heart, lost 0-20 and 0-26; v. Mount Albert, won 6-0 and lost 6-20; v. Avondale, won 13-6; v. Grammar, won 5-0; v. St. Peters, won 21-0; v. Takapuna, won 15-8; v. Otahuhu, lost 9-17 and won 11-8.

SECOND FIFTEEN

BACK ROW: F. W. Ball, J. F. Larkin, W. Taylor, J. Riddell, B. B. James, S. B. Matthews
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. L. M. McKillop, G. Bonnici, R. Wah Lee, J. G. Lambert, J. E. McIsaac, L. A. Brownhill, B. C. Jillings
FRONT ROW: J. E. Brewer, R. E. Ellison, G. J. Wright, N. R. May, M. M. Sweetman

SECOND ELEVEN

BACK ROW: K. Richardson, J. M. Osborne, D. E. Willis, F. Dickens
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. F. D. Choate, E. G. Wyatt (Vice-Captain), G. E. Counsell (Captain), J. W. Stubbs, B. C. Jillings
FRONT ROW: R. Teague, R. D. Lonergan, A. Magee
ABSENT: M. P. Tierney

SIXTH GRADE RUGBY

TEAM: Backs; Webb (Captain), Adamson (Vice-Captain), Carter, Bines, Ash, Bright, Astrella, Wilson, Elliott.
Forwards; Baxter, Maurice, Duffee, Duthie, Macfarquhar, Scoffin, Crozier, Duncalf, Larsen, Jones, Pelvin, Copeland, MacGuire.

Coached by Mr. Brooking, this team throughout the season showed keen spirit and was never let down by absentees. During the season marked improvement was shown, and because of this the team gained third position in the competition.

Many good movements started from the base of the scrum by Webb were finished off by the speedy winger, Bines, who scored many tries. The Adamson-Carter combination was responsible for many penetrating movements while, as full-back, Ash was a tower of strength. On more than one occasion the brilliant goal-kicking of Duthie won the match.

Prominent among a hard-working pack were Baxter, Maurice and Macfarquhar. Baxter was especially outstanding, being the leader of many rushes.

In all games a marked spirit of good sportsmanship was shown by all members of the team.

SEVENTH GRADE RUGBY

TEAM: Magee (Captain), Moselen (Vice-Captain), Berryman, Mitchell, Dromgool, Wood, Brown, Piper, Jenkins, Parker, Low, Knight, McQuoid, McDonald, Newton, Baulton, Robertson.

We had a very successful season and finished up with the Championship. Magee, Moselen and Robertson played very good football and Parker proved to be one of the most improved forwards in our grade. Mr. Rattray was our coach.

		2nd round
Tech—Avondale Tech	3-0	5-0
Tech—Auckland Grammar	6-3	6-0
Tech—S.H.C.	3-3	3-3
Tech—S.P.	3-3	6-3
Tech—Otahuhu Tech	14-0	21-0

For 70 against 15. Championship points: 17.

BOYS' HOCKEY

The Hockey Association decided to introduce a Secondary Schools' competition this year. Most of the large schools supported the association by entering from two to four teams.

The boys play in the 4th and 5th grades. We entered a team in each. The 4th grade team has done particularly well, and finished the season equal with Auckland Grammar for the championships. Our fifth grade team started the season badly, owing to players letting the team down by failing to turn up regularly on Saturdays. After the first games, however, they settled down more satisfactorily under the capable leadership of Jenkins.

E. Wyatt, who hails from a great hockey family, led the 4th grade most successfully. At centre-half he played a hard game and used good judgment in sending his forward line away. To make further mention of individuals would perhaps be unfair to the remainder.They were a very even team in ability, and the teamwork was splendid.

Fourth Grade

E. Wyatt (Capt), K. Byers (Vice-capt.), A. Crickett, W. Kelsall, M. Hickman, G. Baylers, D. Lees, B. Nash, J. Osborne, G. Sorenson, K. Lloyd. Emergencies: Fordyce and J. Niltin.

Results: v. Auckland Grammar A, win 4-nil; v. Auckland Grammar B, win 6-nil, 9-nil, 4-nil; v. Mt. Albert Grammar A, win 5-1, 4-2; v. Mt. Albert Grammar B, win 4-1, 6-2, 9-0; v. Mt. Albert Grammar C, win 11-0, 14-1; v. Auckland Grammar A, lost 3-0.

Summary: Played 12, won 11, lost 1. Goals, for 72, against 11.

Fifth Grade

Jenkins (Capt.), Jowsey, Jones, Tallantyre, Pascoe, Collins, E. Collins, Mallatioees, Peterd, Lister, O'Connor, O'Brien, Liddle.

Results: v. Auckland Grammar B, win 5-2; v. Mt. Albert Grammar, lost 7-1; v. Otahuhu Technical, lost 5-4; v. Auckland Grammar A, lost 8-1; v. Howick, win 5-2; v. Mt. Albert Grammar, draw 1-1; v. Auckland Grammar B, win 5-4; v. Howick, win 1-0; v. Otahuhu Technical, win 5-4; v. Auckland Grammar, draw 1-1; v. Mt Albert Grammar, lost 5-2.

Summary: Played 11, won 5, lost 4, drew 2. Goals, for 31, against 39.

CRICKET

THE FIRST ELEVEN opened the 1945 season sensationally with two glorious victories over the Takapuna Grammar and Otahuhu Technical High Schools. The bowling was of a high standard and although the batting was not quite so good, there were some very fine innings' by Stackpole, Quintal, Wells and Thompson (L). At times the fielding was good, the result of well-placed fields.

Keenness both at practice and in the matches was a major factor in these victories. Under the guidance of Mr. Brooking and Mr. McKillop our victories were made possible, and the First Eleven takes this opportunity of expressing profound admiration and gratitude for their efforts to further cricket in this school.

v. Takapuna Grammar

After winning the toss, Stackpole decided to take first use of a good wicket. Thompson and Quintal opened the innings, though Thompson was unfortunately run out for 3 with a total of 7 runs on the board—1-7-3. At this stage, Stackpole joined Quintal to commence a great partnership. Quintal was caught out for 37, the partnership realising 73 runs—2-80-37. Wells joined Stackpole but was clean bowled for 3 runs—3-90-3. Little was associated with Stackpole who was at this stage playing a real captain's innings. Little was caught for 13—4-111-13. Soon after this Stackpole was bowled by a ball that beat him all the way. He contributed 53—5-111-53. This was followed by an innings of 29 not out, by L. Thompson. The innings closed for a total of 181, extras being 10, Moulder having made 23, Renwick run out 3, Marevich bowled 5 and Port caught 2.

Takapuna replied with a total of 128, giving us a lead of 53. Little and Stackpole bowled 27 overs each and gained 6 for 40 and 4 for 45 wickets respectively. We replied in the second innings with 48 runs giving Takapuna 101 runs to win in 15 minutes' batting. They failed to do this and we won by 53 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Otahuhu Technical High School

Otahuhu failed here largely as a result of inspired bowling by Little and Stackpole. Otahuhu was dismissed for 27 runs, Little taking 3 for 8, and Stackpole 4 for 12.

Seddon made 138 for 7 wickets declared, Quintal and Wells having scored 74 and 42 respectively and produced a partnership which yielded 121 runs. Both played and batted confidently. In Otahuhu's second innings they made 135, leaving us 31 runs to win. Wells took 2 for 19, Little 2 for 35 and Stackpole 6 for 43. We replied with 5 for 41 to win by 6 wickets and 10 runs.

Batting:

Batsmen	Innings	H.S.	Runs	Av.
Quintal	4	74	111	27.7
Stackpole	4	53	66	22
Wells	3	42	46	15.1
Thompson	4	29*	39	13
Kelsall	3	17*	24	12

* not out

Bowling:

Bowler	Overs	Wickets	Av.
Stackpole	61.5	14	7.1
Little	59	11	7.5
Wells	10	2	2.1

Unfortunately we will miss the services of Quintal, R.Thompson, Kelsall and Marevich, and their places will be difficult to fill, especially as the first three excelled at batting and Marevich at bowling. Nevertheless we look forward confidently to future games.

FOURTH GRADE RUGBY "A" TEAM

BACK ROW: R. Clarke, A. Jowsey, G. Bird, I. Paterson, D. Preest, L. Helsby
FRONT ROW: R. Maxwell, B. King, R. Ellison (Vice-Captain), W. Renwick (Captain), K. Southgate, M. Mason, Mr. A. G. Adams
SEATED E. Woolley, K. McIntosh
ABSENT: R. Teague, G. Gordon, T. Anderson

SIXTH GRADE RUGBY

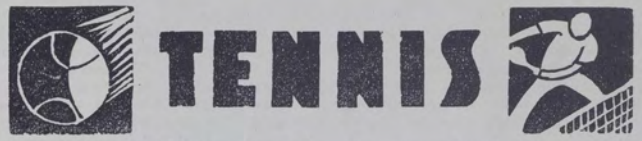
BACK ROW: J. Ash, J. Jones, R. Maurice, D. MacFarquhar, E. Copeland, D. McGuire
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. C. T. Brooking (Coach), L. Wilson, D. Adamson (Vice-Captain), N. Webb (Captain), G. Bines, M. Baxter, D. Elliott
FRONT ROW: G. Duthie, A. Crozier, G. Duffie, I. Scoffin
ABSENT: R. Carter, A. Astrella, A. Bright, L. Duncalf, L. Larsen, J. Peluin

SECOND XI CRICKET NOTES

THE Second XI had a disappointing beginning this season compared with that of last year. Our team consists mainly of players from last year, G. E. Counsell (Capt.), E. G. Wyatt (Vice-Capt.), M. P. Tierney, K. Richardson, R. Lonergan, J. Stubbs, B. Jillings, F. Dickens, D. Willis, J. Osborne, R. Teague, A. Magee, R. Wah Lee. Our coach is Mr. F. Choate.

In the first half of the season, we played three games, against Takapuna Grammar, Mt. Albert Grammar, King's College. We were rather unfortunate to lose against Takapuna, the end of the game making an exciting finish. Against M.A.G.S. we did not do particularly well; our best player was Lonergan, who top-scored and took the most wickets.

The team hopes to do better in the second half and it wishes to thank Mr. Choate for his coaching.



THE 1944-45 SEASON proved one of the most successful seasons experienced by this School for some years. The competition was keen, and with the increase in ball supply, Tuesday tennis activities were extended. There was a particularly well-balanced group of juniors, who performed very well in the Auckland Secondary Schools' Championships. Here Goldfinch won the junior singles title, and, partnered by White, won the doubles. Harrison and Henderson were two other good juniors who reached the final in the Secondary Schools tournament. Walker, in the seniors, did very well to reach the semi-final of the singles.

In our own championships we extended the tournament to seniors and juniors instead of the open tournament held over the last couple of years. The junior doubles, through lack of entries, had unfortunately to be combined with the seniors.

The following are the results of Senior Finals and Finals in the tournament:

Senior Singles—Walker and Rikihana: Walker 9-6; Wah Lee and Cash: Cash 9-1; Walker 6-2, 6-2

Junior Singles—Goldfinch and Harrison: Goldfinch 9-8; Henderson and White: Henderson 9-6; Goldfinch 6-1, 6-2.

Senior Doubles—Walker and Irvine, Smith and Cash: Walker and Irvine 9-2; Rikihana and Evans, Goldfinch and White: Goldfinch and White 9-3; Goldfinch and White 6-5, 6-5

GIRLS' TENNIS

THIS YEAR the girls have played tennis as usual at the Windmill Road, Mt Eden and Nicholson Park Courts.

Early in March, Seddon Memorial Technical College girls and boys took part in the inter-Secondary Schools Tennis Championships held at Windmill Road. The girls' team comprised: Leta Lott, Dawn Parry, Betty Sandham, June Spencer, Noeleen Valentine, Noeline Mathieson.

The girls enjoyed their matches and did very well in the singles. Dawn Parry reaced the quarter-finals, then went down after a hard game. In the doubles, Noeleen Valentine and Noeline Mathieson played a great game, their opponents winning by a very narrow margin. This year's championships have not yet been played, but there is good competition offering, and the girls are looking forward to the matches. The 1944 matches resulted as follows:

Senior Singles Champion: Valerie Johnson.
Junior Singles Champion: Noeline Valentine.
Doubles Championship: Valerie Johnson and Yvonne Warner.

Basketball

DURING the winter term all girls at the College have taken part in the weekly inter-house basketball matches at the Auckland Basketball Association's Courts at Windmill Road. A number of girls play in the Association's Saturday Basketball games, while the school teams have represented Seddon Memorial Technical College in inter-school matches. In the latter we have had very successful results as will be seen by the scores given.

Inter-School Matches:

The Seddon v. Otahuhu matches were played on June 19 at Windmill Road where we entertained the visiting teams and two of their coaches. Mr. Drake, Principal of the Otahuhu Technical High School, also came to see the play. The matches were keen and the scores very even, our A team finally being victorious, 19-18, while the B team was defeated by one goal—score 13-12. The 3rd form A team also won its match, 17-7.

We met two Northcote teams at school on June 26 and had two victories, scores being 17-12 in favour of the A and 21-3 for the B team.

In 3rd form matches against Avondale Technical High School the A team won 10-6 while the B team was defeated by 13-8.

The trip to Pukekohe on July 2 was a most pleasant afternoon for all. We had thoroughly enjoyable and hard games, Pukekohe's A team defeating our A, 16-15, while our B team won its match with a score of 12-5.

The school third form teams played good basketball in most of their matches. Against teams from Kowhai, A's scored 6-2 and B's 6-5.

July 17 very early in the morning, saw the teams setting out for Hamilton. This was a long but highly enjoyable day and again we were successful, final scores being 22-15, (A team), and 16-10 (B team), both in our favour.

Towards the end of the second term Stratford Technical School sent to Auckland for the first time basketball as well as football teams. Members of the school teams entertained the Stratford girls at their homes and arrangements were made to go on excursions and to celebrate finally with a school dance in honour of our visitors. All of these functions were heartily enjoyed. The basketball match provided a keenly-contested and most exciting game, the scores being very close throughout. We were jubilant when, the final blast of the referee's whistle having been blown, we realised that Seddon had gained and kept a small lead, the result being 21-18 in our favour.

We should like to thank Miss Jessop for coaching us and for arranging these inter-school matches. We have reason to believe that our guests enjoyed their visit to us no less than we did ours to them.

The regular inter-house matches have roused keen competition among all teams and final totals are anxiously awaited, especially as the basketball result may well be the deciding factor in the 1945 winning house for the Sports and Athletic Cup. At the time of writing these notes, Binns House had 72 points, Hindley 52, Seddon 70, Wellesley 58.

BASKETBALL "A" TEAM

BACK ROW: Joan Lett, Joy Murie, Jeanette Russell, June Spencer, Leta Lott
FRONT ROW: Hazel Storey, Ailsa Nesfield, Kathleen Hardley (Captain), Colleen Malone, Lynley Heslop

BASKETBALL "B" TEAM, 1945

BACK ROW: Gloria Lowe, Pat O'Callaghan, Shirley Greenhalgh, Lois Buckley, Colleen Malone, Moya Crum
FRONT ROW: June Moody, Dawn Humberstone, Leonora O'Callaghan (Captain), Josette Melrose, Noline Mathieson

Form Notes . . .

ENGINEERING 6

"Truth is the most valuable thing we have.
Let us economise it."—Mark Twain.

NEVER BEFORE in the history of the College has there been a sixth form of such unrivalled brilliance. (Never? well hardly ever). But such outstanding talent has been achieved only through unsurpassed diligence in the field of technical studies. However, one of our many virtues is that of unselfishness. After much consultation we have finally condescended to present the remainder of the school with a brief survey of the method of attaining perfection.

Here is a typical Monday's work:

Weary and fatigued after a terrific week-end of study, the sixth file silently (?) into the hushed (?) assembly hall, while the rest of the school looks on with undisguised admiration. Meanwhile, our distinguished form master takes his appointed station, preparatory to delivering an enlightened address on civic affairs.

Considerably uplifted after having raised its tuneful voice in song, the sixth infiltrates into room 17 for "titters with T—" (Incidentally the time-table specifies arithmetic). Owing to pressing week-end engagements we are able to lighten our teacher's tasks by generously omitting to tender any home-work for correction. (It wouldn't have needed it anyhow).

With brains reeling from strenuous mental exertions, we adjourn to the more sedate atmosphere of room 92, where we delve into the mysteries of English, history and literature. Here, after two periods, we are well versed in the intricacies of the English parliament. Emerging much better citizens we partake of vitiated nourishment in the guise of one—two—three . . . Popular Pies.

Impatiently we await the renewal of our intellectual exercises "avec un grand homme aux cheveux blancs." Here we unleash vast quantities of ergs in correcting the efforts of early amateurs in the field of electrical phenomena. We are often astounded by the frequency of their errors as compared with our calculations.

Obeying our City motto, the now weary workers wend their way up the winding staircase to room 91. Here the master speedily becomes enmeshed in the tangles of Euclid's ingenious arrangements of lines and circles. But he has no cause for alarm—E6 is at hand.

At last the master, having been extricated from his difficulties, the sixth unwillingly take leave of this atmosphere of conscientious toil to further the pursuit of knowledge by playing ping-pong in the prefect's room.

Comments by Their Teachers.

"It is about time you boys began to cultivate a sense of responsibility. You are the senior pupils of the school and the younger boys look to you for example."—(Mr C—).

"Now, what is the trouble? There is not a thing there that you don't know. Now why can't you do the work? Say again—have you attempted it?"—(Mr T—).

"——. There now! Do you follow?" "No sir". "Hmm. Neither do I."—Mr. A—).

"There, look at that. Accurate to one tenth of an inch. Aye, I'm a lad, aren't I."—(Mr H—).

"Now what reasons have you for missing my classes? It's not that I mind missing your smiling countenances, but you might see me first."—(Mr T—).

5B ENGINEERING

PLOMP! Don't worry. That was only a chalk duster forcibly arousing the wits of our class. But when we're roused we're pretty good—sometimes. There's our small "giglamped" mathematical genius and our (small also) English wizard. But he's wise. Our masters love us too. 'Specially the one that lives in room 91, not to mention the favourite, the "bright" one that likes room 17. Much joy is shown by the form on Thursday when we visit room 17 for mechs. According to the master we're more out of the room than in it for the girls have singing in room 16! We hope to succeed in School Certificate this year, though we have somewhat pessimistically been told that in three years we might do it. We also have Threedyce who loves room 92, and—but there's some studying to be done if we're to pass S.C., so we'd better go and do it.

5C ENGINEERING

TO-DAY we are generally known as the vanishing fifth because of our diminishing numbers, already half of our original number having left to take up work in outside life. One, not only our chief wit, humourist and gymnast, but also a Company Sergeant-Major, now enlivens an engineering workshop. Several form members have gained honour for themselves and the class by performing feats in the sports-field, while several others fill positions in the school cadets.

Gone is our hockey and cricket expert who made our English lessons much more interesting with quiet dissertations on these noble games. The staff is often unappreciative of our many virtues and even on occasions, has done us the injustice of comparing us with our spirited juniors—E. 4. D. But are we downhearted? Absolutely, No!

For we know we shall be remembered in the field of sport, in jumping, in kicking goals, throwing the discus, and of course in a free and open rough-and-tumble we are hard to beat.

In the classroom with the exception of our all too few intellectual geniuses, we are mostly just average; but at least we all do our best and we spend very many happy hours together, the memory of which will remain with us always.

5 MOTOR ENGINEERING

HELLO Everybody! This is the annual report of the good ship 5M.E., sailing under the able leadership of Captain S—. So far, we have braved the tempestuous sea of learning—even the examinations! When we began our journey our crew numbered 19; but now, owing to circumstances beyond our control, our complement has dwindled to the so-called unlucky number of 13.

5M.E. has had a sad loss in the leaving of M. Sweetman who has been promoted to 5A Eng. (to boost up their morale according to private information). In the sports section we have done very well and our hearty congratulations go to G. Engel, M. Reeves, and K. Richardson who represented our form in the Inter-Secondary Schools Sports. Also at our own Annual Athletic sports our relay team came out on top, winning with a margin of 100 yards. We are very proud to say that we have three members of the First XV and also some in the First Soccer XI.

The boxing competitions and cross-country run have not yet been held but we have high hopes of gaining some high places in the list of winners.

Just as all other things must come to an end, so must this report. We hope we have not bored you, and bid you adieu.

4A ENGINEERING

HERE are the recorded activities of the form Engineering 4A during 1945.

Among the returning veterans of the conflicts of 1944, were some bright lads from the General Engineering course, who, with those of the old P.E.3 who had survived the examinations were now to be known as Engineering 4A. When the time-tables were issued, there were many downcast countenances when it was seen that a great percentage of the week's work was allotted to the study of Maths. and English.

Not long after this return to their studies E.4A found that the eve of the swimming sports was upon them, and, as they had not warmed

up to their work properly, they did not shine there quite as brilliantly as they might otherwise have done. Though they were only just beaten out of third position in the form relays, Bonnici scored a fairly easy second in one of the sprint races.

Their star athletic performer, Knowles, after attempting to spoil his chances, by falling off the train on the way to the athletic sports, scored three decisive wins in the junior 440 and 880 yards championships and the junior long jump championship. In this last event, another member of the form was placed second. F. Barrow was to have represented the school in the long jump at the Inter-Secondary Schools Athletic Sports till it was found that that event was cut out. Clarke, the heavy-weight prospect, much to his own amazement and that of the critics won the junior shot putt. Knowles was again to the fore during the Inter-Secondary Schools Sports, leading the fields again in the 440 and 880 yards races, to win comfortably from the representatives of other schools. Bonnici upheld the honour of E.4A in the field of football, being their representative in the second fifteen, while Sheridan, an ardent soccer player, was captain of the intermediate soccer eleven.

And now, after being reduced to nervous wrecks by the examinations, both in the middle of the year and at the end of it, many are to pass out of the doorstep of S. M. T. C. as pupils. Others however will return to complete their training.

5 ACCOUNTANCY

Name	Pet Subject	Ambition	Probable Destination
Armour	Football	Junior "B" Team	Orange Peeler
Baker	Fishing	To catch one	Fishmonger
Bush	Billiards	To beat Woolley	Rock College
Cordes	Basketball "A"	Referee	Caretaker Windmill Rd. Courts
Davies	Artillery	Battery Sergt. Major	"Spud Peeler"
Hilton	Military Cadets	Duntroon	Military Defaulter
Hunter	Room 34	To be in there	Detention
Laing	Bag-pipes	Pipe Major	Trumpter in "Tech" Band
McMillan	Blondes	To meet "Pin up" girl	Bell-boy at Y. W. C. A.
Mancer	Radios	To make one that goes	Radio Announcer
Mason	"Wolves"	To meet Betty Grable	Candid Cameraman
Moylan	Sleep	To get to school early	? ? ? ?
Port	Wynyard Arms	To be allowed inside	Bouncer
Stonham	Ballet	To be J. C. Williamsons' partner	Caretaker at "His Majesty's"
Stubbs	Book-keeping	B. Commercial	Bookie
Western	"Dreaming of Thee"	See Mason	Bachelor
Reber	Waiheke Beauties	To live at Oneroa	Beach-Comber
Woolley	"Pitch and Toss"	To own double-headed penny	Ring-keeper at "two-up" school
Acc. 5	Top Floor	To remain at school	Principal's at 3.30 p.m.

AGRICULTURE 5

A is for Agriculture, five of us here,
G is for Gardens that we are always near
R is for Reid, a boy of ambition,
I is for Industrious—Joe's old tradition,
C is for Carter, a lad of renown,
U is for Us, all wearing a crown!
L is for Lambert, prefect of our fold,
T is for Tasks; of their merits we're told,
U is for Unity, our motto of old.
R is for Riches, we all hope to see,
E is for Empty, our pockets do be!

F is for Five—that is our form,
I is for Interest—none ever yawn!
V is for Victory, "dig, save and lend!"
E is for Ever, and this is the End.

5 SCIENCE

S is for Science—the course that we take
C is for Capable—the impression we make?
I is for idle—we none of us are
E's Exams. So near yet so far!
N is for noise—"Quiet for goodness sake!"
C is for Cookery—which we now don't take,
E the Eighteen our form once did make.

F is our Form now thirteen, you know.
I is for impositions, do we do them? Oh no?
V is for Victory bringing world-peace.
E is for end and so here we cease.

Early in the year one of our number was promoted to the sixth form, another joined the Otahuhu Technical High school, having moved from Auckland, and three others began work in the city.

Considering the size of our form, we had quite a good representation of girls in the school choir, five in all, and three as well were in the choir formed by the combined secondary schools for the Music Festival. On July 1st Miss Burley left us to go to Auckland Girl's Grammar School, so we have since lost old Thursday and Friday morning cookery lessons which we so enjoyed. When the Hamilton basketballers came to Auckland to play our team we entertained them in the school, and when Mr. Park invited the women collectors for the Crippled Children's Appeal to have morning tea at the College, 5 Science was called upon to serve tea to the visitors. We also received morning tea—a generous one—for our trouble. Our appetites seemed to amaze all who saw us.

In the class we have the Head Girl of the school besides one other prefect. We had a school representative in Secondary Tennis Tournament, so we feel that 5 Science, though small, is doing its part in the school. Several girls are working for the School Certificate Examination this year.

SEVENTH GRADE RUGBY

BACK ROW: Berryman, McQuoid, Smith, Newton, Parker, Boulton
MIDDLE ROW: Mitchell, McDonald, Moselen, Magee (Captain), Low, Wood, Mr. Rattray
FRONT ROW: Piper, Dromgool, Jenkins, Knight
ABSENT: Robertson, Rainbow

CHANNEL SCENE: PENCIL SKETCH BY D.C.BROWN, TYPOGRAPHY 5

weary wait indeed! They would remind the Supreme Headquarters that "an army marches on its stomach."

Here is a late news item—Attention all listeners! An icy wind recently swept the regions of S.T.C. Surely it came from the Southern Glaciers. But no. It was only the horrified chill in 4A's hearts as they received their reports!

As a class we need no introduction, being known as a very brilliant(?) lot. Teachers rave(!) about our wonderful command of the English language, for we demonstrate this daily "in a continuous stream" of beautiful(?) speech.

Nevertheless our tongues are not the only agile members we possess, 4A having the runner-up for the Junior Athletic sports championship within its ranks, and being as well, represented in dramatics, and other concert activities. A number of girls are entrants this year for the Government Shorthand Typists Examinations.

4B COMMERCIAL

WE ARE poor outcasts of S.M.T.C.,
A source of trouble to "the powers that be;"
We are not even to be left alone,
For from room to room we like to roam!

For English we always have to remain,
We forget our homework again and again;
In maths our books are always returned,
For our work's untidy and duly spurned.

Our shorthand we are slow to get through,
For speed seems to stump us and grammalogues too,
In science we are most keen to learn,
But the teacher's praise we never earn.

Our teacher upon us lectures showers,
To reform seems quite beyond our powers,
But if we gamely keep on trying,
We'll come out yet with colours flying.

4C COMMERCIAL

THIS IS 4C, so ye people—behold!
The worst form of talkers, or so we are told!
Room 40 for us is just merely routine,
And inside its doors, each classmate has been.
The subjects that we would most like to forget,
Are those where our thinking caps have to be set.

On the whole, as a form, we are really good-looking,
But Oh! There's just one thing that's drastic—
Our cooking!
In science we manage to stumble along,
But what smokes! and what odours! when something goes wrong.
At Dressmaking we measure things round the wrong way,
And we find we're unpicking without much delay.

We try hard at typing but fingers won't work,
On cold, frosty mornings, we'd all rather shirk.
At sports, we discover that our form cannot run,
But despite all of this, we're not lacking for fun.
As the exam. days come nearer, we all start to swot,
But when the days come, we'll forget the whole lot!

In History the drawback is only the dates;
We're tired of being the butt of the Fates!
But though we may seem alarmingly bad
We're really well-liked and not at all sad.

4E RECIPE

English—5ozs of Moyle's best.
Shorthand—5 heaped tablespoons of Brown's.
Arithmetic—2 grams of Campbell's and generous pinch of Maloy's.
Book-keeping—3lbs of Joseph's.
Typing—3 teaspoons of McLachlan's and a shake of Moyle's.
History—2 well-packed cups of Henderson's.
Cooking—3 ladles of Burley's and a drop of theory.
Dressmaking—2 dessertspoons of Bell's.
Art—2 pecks of Anderson's.

Method: Mix all these dry ingredients with one cup of music. Roll out a softball pitch and season with running champion (4E brand). Bake slowly in a cold schoolroom at 43 deg. Leave 6½ hours. When cooked ice with sports, softened with detention. This makes a very delectable class-dish.

3A COMMERCIAL

3A COMMERCIAL is a very nice form. I know, because I have been a member of it for about two terms.

We have shown our sporting nature by winning the form relay at the Annual Athletic Sports. We have three members in the third form basketball team. In case anyone may think that we are not good at softball, I would like to say 3B won only by default.

We have many representatives in the choir, and three in the orchestra. Many of the girls do knitting at play time, during lunch and when opportunity offers—under the desk!

C is for cooking; our scones didn't rise;
O is for oral work at which all thought flies.
M is for minutes, so slowly they go;
M the men teachers; only three do we know.
E is for English, three different kinds;
R is for reading, it broadens our minds.
C's for corrections, we do them at night;
I is for idleness, which is not right.
A for arithmetic; it's really not bad;
L is for lessons, enough we have had!
3A is the form which makes all teachers glad?

3B COMMERCIAL

ON Monday morning with faces ashine
3B Comm. pass through the gates at nine;
They fly up the steps as though they have wings,
Then laugh and joke till assembly-bell rings.

When asked for their homework some sweetly smile,
And try to explain that 'twas hardly worth while!
In such ways and others they harass and annoy,
Then retire to the playground more jokes to enjoy.

On Thursday afternoon in room 45,
All rush to the window like bees round a hive,
But when footsteps outside the door they do hear,
They rush to their seats for the teacher they fear.

When other forms behave as they do
The mistresses glare and say, "Yes, you!"
"Why don't you behave? Just listen to me.
And behave if you can like the model 3B."

3E COMMERCIAL

IN 3E Comm. are forty girls,
Some have straight hair, and some have curls,
And others are big and lanky, too,
But most are small like me and you!
We make our shorthand look so neat
But never once we think to cheat.
Detention we have rarely known.
Book-keeping twice need not be shown!
We never talk when we're in line
And always get to school at nine:
Yet somehow (Oh! mysterious fate),
We seem to leave at four—so late!
If we're engaged in friendly chats,
We hide our faces 'neath our hats,
These are our secrets you will find,
But school's so dull without our kind!
The girls of 3E Comm. are we,
A better form could never be.

Typography 3

T is for Tech. to which we belong.
Y is for You who have been there so long.
P is for Printers that some of us will be.
O is for Office that none of us will see.
G is for Girls we have looked at so long!
R is for Right but we always do wrong.
A is for Art at which we are clever.
P is for Printing at which we endeavour.
H is for Holiday in which we have fun.
Y is for Year which is now nearly done.

Typography 4

We work with all our might and main
To please our teacher, but all in vain;
His arm doth swing, the dust does fly,
All because we try and try
To be as good as we can be,
But to no avail 'tis plain to see.

Although at Science and maths we work
The teachers always say we shirk.
We try to keep our work so neat
But only get "Repeat, Repeat"
Until sometimes we must confess
Our zeal for work grows less and less.

Detentions often come our way
And when they come we have to stay
And think of the sins we did that day
Within the towering walls of grey.
Play hours are far and few between
And work everlasting, or so it seems.

One piece of happiness comes our way
When at gym we're allowed to play
The popular game of free-for-all
Known to some as basket-ball.
This kind of work, we all agree,
We would always do most happily.

Typography 5

Owing to nufortunate missbeings our form has diminished to the meger sum of 2. Thes supERMEN of our Printing ouse are naimly Gutenberg Morrison *and* Caxton Brown. Japun the auspicious *eye* off [Diluted by Censor] This 'as been a *Sucessful* year! for the MASTER Comps.*†§* followin find A list *of the* WORK we 'ave *done*? —*§ (Nothing) We Take pride inn our SupaDUPA *way* of getting *and* We assure? you *that* this is★ A a *good* exAMple Of our abbilities? Well- We *Must* STop ALL this folly †*:*an* geT back *to* the process of Printin' thrs—*SUPA* dUPA?-Seddonian*

But for all our woes we must confess,
Even through all strife and stress,
That Typo 4 is still the best
And where we'll find most happiness.
When to old age we all have grown
We'll think of these happy days we've known.

ALMOST!
PENCIL DRAWINGS BY L. S. BOW, TYPOGRAPHY 4

DANCING

ON THE 2nd November last the doors of the College were opened for the last Dancing Social of the year. For the first time for several years, evening frocks were to be worn for the occasion, and the mingling of green, blue, pink, white, lemon and floral added to the colourful and festive scenes.

The highlight of the evening was the dancing competition for a prize donated by Mr Park. The performers were judged on their ability to demonstrate a quick-step and a modern waltz. Twenty couples entered for the competition, which was judged by Mr and Mrs Rout, of Otahuhu, and from these were selected the winners, Dawn Parry and Peter Symons, with Naomi Kuluz and Roy Stokes coming a close second, followed by June Moody and Ellis Wyatt.

An exhibition of graceful modern ballroom dancing was given by Mr and Mrs Joseph—an item much appreciated by all.

A programme arranged by Mrs Joseph followed, and the duties of M.C. were carried out by Mr Gemmell. A popular feature of the social was the taking of photographs by a commercial photographer, who was kept very busy.

After supper a ballet solo dance was pleasingly performed by Rosalind Riggs, accompanied by Miss Lineen at the piano.

There followed then the ever-popular "Hoki-Toki," which was undoubtedly thoroughly enjoyed by teachers and pupils alike.

At 11.15 this enjoyable evening was all too soon brought to a close with a modern waltz, and finally the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

"SEDDONIAN" AWARDS, 1945

SERIOUS VERSE

1 *Summer Thoughts*—Thelma Lamont, 5A Comm.
2 *Across The China Sea*—R. W. Anderson, 3A Eng.
Highly Commended: *Pictures*—Nancy Leece, 3A Comm.

HUMOUROUS VERSE

1 *A Parody*—Muriel Routley, Form 6.
2 *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*— Shirley Adams and Shirley Kerr, 3A Comm. Highly Commended: *If*—Dawn Farrow, 3B Comm.

SERIOUS PROSE

1 *Was It In Vain*—T. Channings, 5A Eng.
2 *Eyes Of The Guns*—D. Gardiner, Form 6 Eng.
Highly Commended: *Te Kaha*—D. Cato.

HUMOROUS PROSE

1 *Sammy the Sea Lion*—Betty Emmerton, 4C Comm.
Highly Commended: *Whistling*—F. Tinson, 6 Eng. *Our Baby*—E. Smith, 6 Eng. *Crime Under Difficulties*—J. Bayliss, 3A W.W.

COVER DESIGN

1 D. C. Brown Typo 5. 2 Rita Appleton Comm. 5A.
Commended: Ah Chee 4 Ind. Science.

POSTER DESIGN

1 D. C. Brown Typo. 5. 2 L. S. Bow Typo. 4.
Commended: D. McCarten Typo. 4.

LINOCUTTING

1 A. G. Swavley Typo. 4. 2 J. Croft Typo. 3.

PENCIL SKETCH

1 L. S. Bow Typo. 4.

COLLEGE COURSES

DISTRICT: In general, the district from which pupils may attend the Seddon Memorial Technical College is bounded by Greenlane on the south, by Mt. Albert and Gladstone Roads on the west, and by the Waterfront on the north. Pupils from any district, however, may attend if they are in Forms V or VI, while Form III boys may also attend if they enrol for (a) Industrial Science, (b) Printing Trades.

COURSES FOR GIRLS

(1) Medical and Nursing: This course is open to girls who wish to receive in their post-primary school years a good preparation for such vocations as nursing, dental nursing, teaching of home science subjects, dietetics, massage, occupational therapy, etc. Their objective will be to take the School Certificate Examination, the subjects apart from "core" subjects being Physiology and Hygiene, Dressmaking, Cookery, Laundrywork, Art Crafts and Needlework. Pupils in Forms III and IV are accepted for this course, only if there is sufficient accommodation, the intention being to accept senior girls in Forms V and VI only.

(2) Commercial: This course provides a four years' course of instruction in English, Arithmetic, General Science, Social Studies, Music, Arts and Crafts, as is prescribed for all post-primary school pupils, with the addition of Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Housecraft or Needlework. The average girl will be able to take the School Certificate Examination in her fourth year and will be able to take up positions in the commercial world after her third year. The only qualification for entry to this course is the Primary School Certificate.

(3) Senior Business: As the policy of the Education Department and of the Seddon Memorial Technical College Board is to make this College a school of higher rank, students from many districts are not accepted at the Form III stage. However, the College is open to any pupil who has completed Forms III and IV in any school. Consequently there can be, at the Forms V and VI stages, concentrated specialist courses in Commercial subjects of the same nature as is given in the commercial colleges.

The Seddon Memorial Technical College is staffed and equipped fully for such work, and it has long experience in commercial, secretarial and accountancy classes to the most advanced stages. In order to build its senior school, it has been decided to offer to pupils with 2-3 years of secondary education, courses which will prepare them rapidly for positions in the commercial world.

These students will receive daily instruction in Book-keeping, Secretarial and Commercial Practice, Shorthand and Typewriting. In addition, adequate attention is given to the study of the "core" subjects for pupils at the Form V stage. Dressmaking and Commercial Art are optional subjects. Tuition in Law subjects can be provided for students at the Form VI stage who wish to sit for public examinations in Accountancy and Secretaryship.

Young persons of either sex are admitted in February of each year. Normally, they should be sixteen years of age and have passed the School Certificate Examination. Candidates who are not so qualified must satisfy the Principal that their educational attainents are sufficient to enable them to profit from the course. Students taking the course can prepare for the following public examinations: Senior and Junior Public Service Shorthand Typists' Examinations, N.Z. Society of Accountants, and N.Z. Institute of Secretaries' Examinations. For pupils admitted to this course school uniforms are not compulsory, but during College hours senior girls will be required to wear a business overall of regulation design.

COURSES FOR BOYS

(1) Engineering: This course is arranged for boys who intend to enter Mechanical, Electrical, Civil, Motor or Marine Engineering. The first year is largely exploratory, and a decision is not made as to which branch of engineering a student is best suited until his work and aptitudes have been studied for twelve months. The fundamentals, viz., Mathematics, Science, Technical Drawing, Engineering Shop Work, English and Social Studies, comprise the syllabus taught, in addition to the "core" subjects prescribed for all post-primary Schools. At the end of the first year students will be advised as to the avenues in which they are most likely to be successful. Provision is made in the time-tables for boys not wishing to take examination courses to devote more time to shop work, with a view to developing as toolmakers, etc. The first examination in the day school is the School Certificate, and the time required for this by the average boy is four years. The School Certificate Examination provides exemption from the Joint Preliminary Examination of the Institutes of Mechanical and Electrical Engineers. Thus it leads directly to the higher examinations for Associated Membership of both these bodies. Engineering trainees desirous of obtaining positions of administrative or organising nature, require the Associateship qualification or a University Degree for which the ablest boys may prepare.

(2) Motor Mechanics: This course covers a three-year period in the day school, and is offered to boys desirous of taking up motor apprenticeships. The subjects taken are similar to the Engineering Course, but the bias is directed to motor engineering, instruction being given in the maintenance and repair of cars.

(3) Industrial Science: This course is intended for boys seeking executive positions in industry. It emphasises the study of the sciences necessary for New Zealand industries. Such rapid change is taking place in industrial processes that no boy has much prospect of rising to an executive position unless he has a sound education in sciences relating to industrial work. This course is very like an engineering course, but it has a bias toward scientific work to ensure that good boys may follow up their technical school course by taking University Degrees in Science or Engineering. At the same time there is sound training in Engineering Drawing and Engineering Shop Work which, by linking scientific principles to their applications in industrial work, give them so much more interest and reality than they can have in schools not equipped for industrial work. This Science Course should lead to positions in the laboratories or other responsible positions in many industrial establishments, but more particularly in newer industries — plywood, plastics, glass, rubber, brewing, baking, plant research, paper. It will also give the best available education for those who wish to become teachers of science.

(4) Metalwork: This course leads to instrument making, electroplating, coppersmithing, plumbing, sheetmetal-working, welding, panelbeating, boilermaking. It combines a sound general education with subjects necessary to form a basis for the many branches of metalwork other than fitting and turning. In Auckland there are large numbers employed in sheetmetalwork, plumbing, panelbeating, boilermaking, coppersmithing and other industries dealing with metals. In addition to general subjects this course includes subjects such as Technical Drawing and Design (including developments) the chemistry of metals, commercial practice, and practical instruction in metalwork which, again, includes sheetmetalwork, soldering, some light lathework, the shaping of metals by beating and spinning, and electroplating. As the trades calling for this training are closely associated with building, the prospects for pupils in such a course should be good.

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

(6) Senior Business Course: See No. 3 under "Courses for Girls."

(7) Printing Trades: The fact that printing is one of the biggest and most important industries in New Zealand is generally overlooked by parents. Many opportunities are offering in its wide range of processes, and boys with an artistic ability would be well advised to consider the possibilities in this highly skilled and interesting craft. The course has been arranged in consultation with leading members of the printing trades in Auckland. Besides a good general education it includes Art, Design and Layout, Bookbinding, the Chemistry of Printing, Compositors' Work and Letterpress Machining. The 1945 edition of "The Seddonian" has been designed and printed by pupils in this course. When apprentices are being appointed the printing trades have promised that employers will give preference to boys who have completed a third year in the Printing Trades Course at the College.

TECHNICAL AND GENERAL

A NIGHT'S PATROL

YOU don't have to leave New Zealand to take part in this war. About the time that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, the Naval Authorities visited my uncle and commandeered his pleasure-launch for coastal patrol work. He was placed in charge of the boat and I was fortunate enough to spend a few nights on board.

With everything stowed down, His Majesty's New Zealand Motor Launch, 'Lady Margaret' headed towards the open sea, leaving the snug harbour of Leigh in possession of two small fishing-boats. We were due at our position by seven o'clock, and with a spare half-hour the men were sitting in the main cabin discussing, over a cup of coffee, their next leave.

Seven o'clock. With most of the crew turned in and one of our engines stopped, we cruised along on our allotted track. There was a moderate swell and the surface was ruffled by a slight wind.

"Hello 28! Hello 28! This is 1... Have a message for you." 28 is the call sign for our boat.

"Hello 1... This is 28. Pass your message."

The message was received, and, starting the other motor, we set off in pursuit of an unknown ship. After twenty minutes we closed and challenged with an Aldis Lamp. This was the critical moment! We did not know whether we should be greeted by a reply signal, or a salvo of shells from an enemy vessel. Tension was heightened by the fact that at first there was no reply, but the second challenge brought a correct signal. The boat proves to be merely the "Kapa Kapa" of the Union Steam Ship Company.

Moving back to our beat we received another coded message to intercept a ship. We went to Kawau, twenty miles south, to find that the boat we sought had given us the slip in the dark. We turned round and raced back. Two hours later a message came through to the effect that another patrol boat had intercepted the elusive craft.

Yet another message came through to locate a ship. It was two o'clock by this time, and the wind had risen to a gale blowing in the opposite direction from the now heavy swell; consequently a

very nasty cross sea was developing. We drove on, the bows smashing into the seas, sending spray flying over the boat in thick, solid, stinging clouds.

A new sound mingled with the roaring of the gale. It was a low thud. On looking round we saw that the dinghy had broken loose. Each time the boat dipped into a trough, the dinghy was left in mid-air, to come down with a bump which if repeated often would split the deck.

Two seamen and I went outside with a coil of rope. We passed the rope under the chock. The boat rolled rather too soon and the bow was swung and left hanging over the side. . A cross-sea smashing on board filled the dinghy and wrenched it free.

At the next roll it slid overboard taking with it a few feet of the hand-rail. It disappeared amid foam and spray. After four hours' pursuit we gave up the chase, and turned for port. The storm increased in violence, but another hour's smashing through the seas brought us to Mokihino where we thankfully dropped anchor.

All the patrol ships, "Fairmiles" excepted, are but pleasure-launches with an average length of forty-two feet—small boats to meet great seas. Only once every six months are they over-hauled. All minor repairs are done at sea, or in harbour during the daytime. Crews are expected to go out in any weather at any time. It is a hard, hazardous life, but these are staunch men, proud to use their staunch little ships in safeguarding New Zealand's shores. —M. Mills. P.E.5.

EYES OF THE GUNS

AMIDST the whine of 2000 H.P. aero-engines, the chatter of machine-guns, and roar of high explosive shells, the hum of a little 90 H.P. engine passed unheard. However the owner of this minute noise, a tiny high-wing cabin-type monoplane, did not pass without notice. In fact both Nazi planes and anti-aircraft units were intent on sending it earthwards in flames.

It may seem strange that all this wrath should be concentrated on a seemingly insignificant plane, until one learns that it and its two occupants belong to an Artillery Observation Unit. These Units consist of Army men specially trained for artillery spotting and equipped with a light sports plane known affectionately as the "Buzzard." These units operate independently of the Air Force, the personnel flying and servicing their own machines.

The official name given to the aircraft thus used is the Taylorcraft Auster. This plane was chosen only after a series of stiff tests with regard to its adaptability and its ability to land and take off, not once but every time, from any terrain, however difficult. One of the tasks it had to cope with during its tests, was to land and take off five times from the corner of an English airfield which had previously been used as a rubbish tip. To make the task more difficult, some unthinking person had added a few truck-loads of broken bricks to the contents of the tip. However, workmanship prevailed, and the "Buzzard" took the air for the fifth time undamaged, and before six months were out, "Austers" had had their baptism of fire.

To some, the act of flying such a slow, low-powered and un-armed plane over recognised battlefronts must seem like a sure form of suicide. That this is not

so must be apparent from the fact that up to the end of 1943, only one pilot had been killed while flying these planes. Their very slowness is the main asset, as it helps to give them a degree of manoeuvrability which far surpasses that of any modern front-line fighter. Against ground fire, the pilot and engine are protected by armour plate.

Many cases are on record of these small machines being attacked in the air and actually turning the tables on their aggressors. One such case happened in Tunisia. A "Buzzard," operating without a fighter escort, was "jumped" by two Messerschmitt 109's. Immediately the Army pilot took his machine down to ground-level. Now, unable to attack him from underneath, the Me. 109's had to dive from above. Meanwhile, the Auster was doing tight vertical banks above a clump of trees on a slight knoll. As the enemy planes came in to attack, the pilot skidded his plane over and down behind the trees. Each time he was attacked he repeated this manoeuvre and the enemy pilots were unable to get him in their sights. At last one Nazi pilot became so annoyed that he misjudged his height and ended up on the trees. His companion, not anxious to meet the same fate, turned tail and fled, leaving the little "Buzzard" to complete its task.

Don't forget as you hear the high-powered fighters and bombers roar overhead that the war also has uses for unarmed planes which some day in the near future we ourselves may be flying, for pleasure in times of peace.

—D. Gardiner, E6.

RADIO-LOCATION AND ITS INVENTOR

RADIO-LOCATION is a familiar term to everyone to-day. We have heard it said that it helped to win the Battle of Britain, yet comparatively few know to whom we are indebted for this invention, nor the years of study and experiment that gave Britain an invaluable weapon in her hour of need. Sir R. A. Watson Watt, the originator of radio-location, first hit upon the idea in 1935, and from that time a group of young scientists worked under his direction to perfect it. He is a Doctor of Science, who gained special honours in electrical engineering.

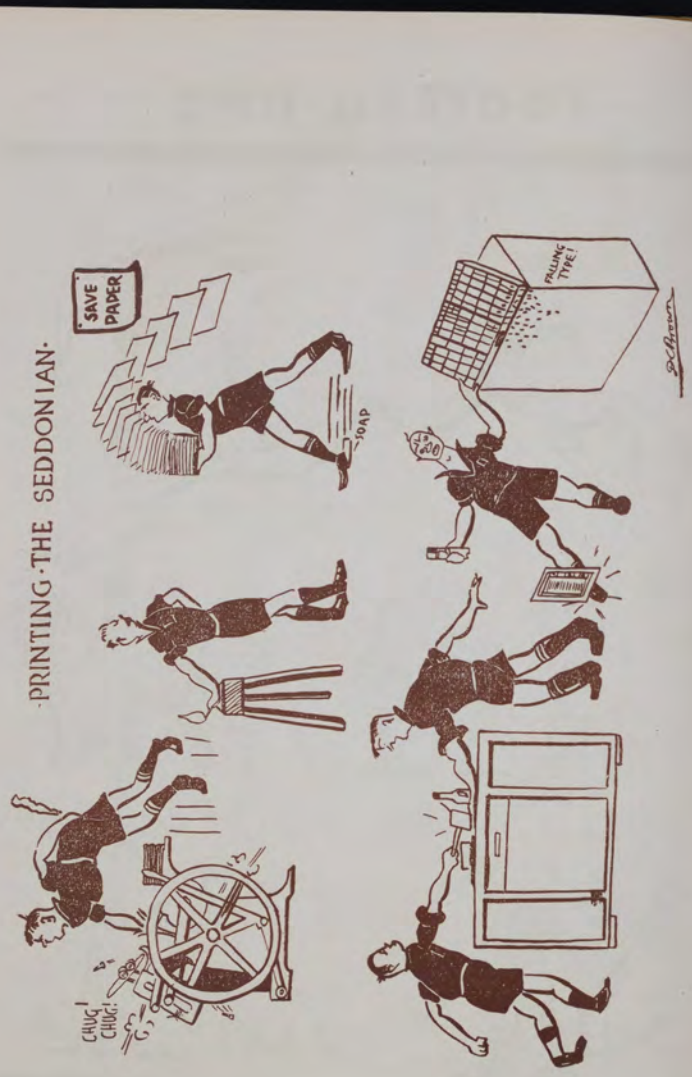
The principle of this marvellous radio development, which can detect such objects as aircraft, ships and icebergs, is that electro-magnetic waves are transmitted, and these travel long distances, to be reflected back to their source by the solid which they strike. The waves pass unaffected through darkness or fog. While we have come to regard it as indispensible in modern warfare, this invention will prove invaluable in peace time as it will help to prevent disasters at sea, and it will eliminate many causes of aircraft accidents. Where disasters do occur help can be sent at the earliest possible moment, because radio-location can direct the rescue party to the exact spot.

Earlier in 1935 Sir Watson Watt investigated the short wave signals received after travelling round the world, and also the echoes, which appeared to be reflected back after going beyond the moon. The Cathode Ray Oscillograph helped him to make recordings of waves reflected from a layer in the upper atmosphere known as the Appleton layer. The recordings revealed spiral-like turns acquired during the journey. His experiments aided in solving the problem of "fading," which was experienced in long distance telephony. Later he gave an account of other layers of atmosphere which reflected radio waves. Were it not for these layers, waves would shoot off the earth at a tangent, to be lost in space.

A fellowship was conferred on Sir Watson Watt in 1941 by the Royal Society in recognition of his valuable services. He was "distinguished for his contribution to radio engineering, particularly in relation to aerial and marine navigation." In this same year he received the C.B. also and in 1942 he was knighted.

—A.R.D.

FOOTBALL SONG



THE PRINTING CLASSES AND THE SEDDONIAN

IT WILL probably surprise many readers that this issue of the Seddonian has been entirely set up, printed and bound by the College printing classes. This, however, is only following the practice of pre-war days. There was indeed a time, following the commencement of the classes some twenty years ago, when the Seddonian was a monthly "newspaper" set up and printed at College.

Where this issue differs from its predecessors, however, is in the large number of lino-cut illustrations, the use of some colour inside the magazine, and the section of the literary pages which have been set by hand. These points of divergence from previous Seddonians will, it is hoped, be further developed in succeeding issues, until the magazine becomes largely hand-set, and something of an example of fine book production each year.

If this aim is to be realised it will be necessary to start printing the first pages early in the year; and contributors will somehow have to be induced to submit a good selection of materials in the first term. The need for this will be seen from the following account of the steps through which a poem, say, must pass before it appears printed on a page of the Seddonian.

After it has been handed in to the Seddonian committee it must be compared with other available material. If it is accepted it will most likely have to be sub-edited, altered and amended somewhat, and probably re-typed.

It then goes to the printing classes, who have to decide from various considerations whether it will be illustrated with a lino-cut, and if so what size the lino-cut should be.

The poem goes next to the art classes, where it is passed round until someone gets the right "inspiration" for it. This inspired person then produces a pencil sketch, which is subjected to vigorous constructive criticism and probably altered accordingly. The design is then by devious means transferred in mirror-image to a piece of ordinary linoleum: and, sometimes with very great skill, cut out in relief. Then a proof is taken, and minor corrections made—a process which may have to be repeated several times if the subject is an intricate one.

The finished lino-cut goes to the woodwork department, which mounts it with

great precision, on exactly rectangular blocks and exactly as high as type.

The poem has meanwhile gone back to the boys of the printing classes, who set it up letter by letter with a patient industry and loving care that must be seen to be believed. This is the stage at which glimpses of the mysteries of this ancient craft can occasionally be caught —sooty looking "devils" "holding it with the nick towards them", muttering mournfully that if it looks like a "q" it's a "p", consigning an odd item to the "hell-box", sometimes almost standing on their heads to read things upside down and back to front, and when the worst comes to the very worst breaking into mutinous complaint about the "Course in Practical Pie".

Eventually the poem is set and a proof taken. Any necessary corrections are indicated with a special set of "proof-readers' marks", and the poem is corrected. A final proof is taken and filed away.

When there are sufficient proofs of different poems, stories, articles and illustrations, a number of pages can be "pasted up on a dummy,"—that is, the pages can be designed as they will appear when printed, and the proofs pasted onto sheets of paper in the position decided upon. Much of the appearance of the finished magazine depends upon the care and good judgment with which this designing of the pages is done. All sorts of factors have to be taken into account; not having too many long articles together; relieving the monotony of solid type with a good bold illustration and some white space; not having a few last lines of one story turning over onto another page; keeping all the sports notes in one section, even when some come to hand at the beginning of the year and some at the end—the complications seem endless, but they must all be overcome.

The greater assortment of proofs the editress has when she comes to design the pages of the magazine, the better can she do her job. This is why it is all-important for the attractive appearance of the magazine that contributions should be sent in early.

When the pages have been designed, they must be made up in type. The various poems, stories and illustrations that have already been set up must be assembled according to the "dummy." This is a very precise operation, especially with hand-set type, which is horribly easy to upset or "pi." The length of the page and the length of each line of type must be accurate to thousandths of an inch, or the pages of type, locked together in sets or "formes" (there are six pages to a forme in this Seddonian) will not print properly.

The forme of pages is now locked up on the flat bed of the big cylinder printing press. Here the real skill of the printer comes into play. First the forme must be "underlaid"—thin pieces of paper, often actually tisue paper, must be placed under any type or illustration blocks that are even minutely lower than the rest; then the cylinder of the machine must be similarly patched with thin paper wherever anything does not seem as black as it should be. This operation, even for an experienced tradesman, is a very slow and delicate business, frequently running into hours for each forme.

Then the position of the pages on the large sheet on which they are printed must be carefully checked and adjusted, the flow of ink must be regulated very precisely, and if the machine has been well oiled in all its bearing (some of which are very inaccessible) the printer is ready to begin.

There are still many difficulties ahead. The printer must feed large flimsy sheets of paper at high speed and very accurately against three gauges. If he "feeds" the paper too far it will wrap itself round the half-dozen inky inaccessible rollers, entailing a long dirty disentangling, and a very thorough hand-scrubbing afterwards. If he feeds the paper in too late he will have to stop the machine, open it up, and scrub and dust the cylinder laboriously to prevent printing the back of the paper with an off-set

mirror-image of the pages. Whatever goes wrong, and there seem to be dozens of things that can go wrong, always means a long stop, and lots of ink and oil on the hands; then another long thorough hand-scrubbing before work can begin again.

When all the pages are printed there is still a long and tedious job to be done in folding the sheets and putting them together in the right order, stapling the pages into one magazine, folding the cover and glueing it on. Finally each magazine has to be carefully trimmed on three edges in the guillotine.

If the boys of the Typography classes sometimes seem dazed and soul-tormented beyond the limits of all human endurance, remember that they have a lot to put up with.

However, they have smaller and simpler machines on which to print the exercises they set up. A start was made this year with a scheme under which each boy was to write, illustrate, set-up and print himself a half-dozen copies of a small booklet on any subject that interested him. Some began printing mother's favourite recipes for her; one began a list of sailing courses for the yacht club to which he belonged; one a history of railway trains; one a book on submarines; one "some short short stories"; another a series of notes on motor maintenance and so on.

Unfortunately there were not sufficiently large quantities of type at the beginning of the year for the scheme to start early; and later the type that was procured was needed for the Seddonian. But in future this activity will probably be the most valuable in the printing course, organising plenty of practice in all sides of the craft into one project which can absorb all a boy's creative enthusiasm.

The year in the printing classes has been one of re-organisation, and we are grateful for assistance from many quarters. In particular, our thanks are due to Mr Aldridge for valued advice and encouragement; to Mr McDermott and assistants (Staladi and Ward), who have made heavy sacrifices of time at night and in the week-ends, in re-assembling the linotype machines and in setting the great bulk of the Seddonian; to Mr Hollies, Mr Underwood, Mr Gemmell, Mr Rattray and Mr Dunsmore for repairs and alterations to equipment; to Mr Choate, who has organised the art work of the Seddonian, and has satisfied our most fantastic demands in this respect; to Mr Schlup, for the solution of some technical problems; to Mr Taylor for electrical repairs; and to Mr Colclough for services too numerous to mention.

THE WORLD AIR ROUTE PATHFINDER FLIGHT

THE wonderful achievement of circumnavigating the globe was under-taken during the second World War by a British Lancaster. The flight took 53 days with a total of 202 flying hours. The Avro Lancaster took off from Prestwick and flew to Montreal via Iceland, then via Washington to San Francisco, then south-west across the Pacific in stages, to Auckland. From Auckland a dog-leg trip via Fiji to Melbourne and on to Adelaide was followed by a double back to Melbourne before continuing on a circuit round the east, north and west coasts of Australia, taking in parts of New Guinea on the way. The homeward-bound journey involved direct flight from Western Australia to Ceylon and on across the Arabian Sea to the east end of the Arabian Hadhramaut; south-west to Aden then northward along the Red Sea to Cairo; followed by a route taking in Cyrenaica, Malta, South Thrace, and thus home to England. The average speed was 206 m.p.h. with an average fuel consumption of 1.28 miles per gallon.

Numerous local or specialised flight records were made en route, during which altogether 41,454 miles were logged. Foremost of these was the passage to England from Australia in elapsed time of 71 hours 45 minutes, speeding up the previous record by more than 50 hours. In addition, Lancaster P.D. 328 holds the distinction of being the first British Service aircraft to fly round the world in potential British air trade-route stages.

The longest non-stop passage in flight was 3120 miles, though thirteen of the stages exceeded 1000 miles and six were more than 2500 miles. Fast-time stages included a trans-Pacific trip from San Francisco to Auckland in less than 60 hours point to point; non-stop Indian Ocean crossing from Australia to Ceylon in 15 hours eight minutes, and a flying time of 67 hours from England to New Zealand via the Pacific Ocean.

Only minor alterations to this heavy bomber had to be effected to make the flight possible. Additional fuel tanks had to be installed in the bomb-bays. Comprehensive navigational equipment, much of it on trial under practical conditions, for future British air-services weighed more than one ton and required no fewer than fourteen radio aerials. These world-wide trials were passed with honours by the Lancaster, indicating the great measure of reliability of the four Rolls-Royce Merlin liquid-cooled 1280 horse-power engines which provide its power.

—I. Palmer.

MECHANIC TO MILLIONAIRE

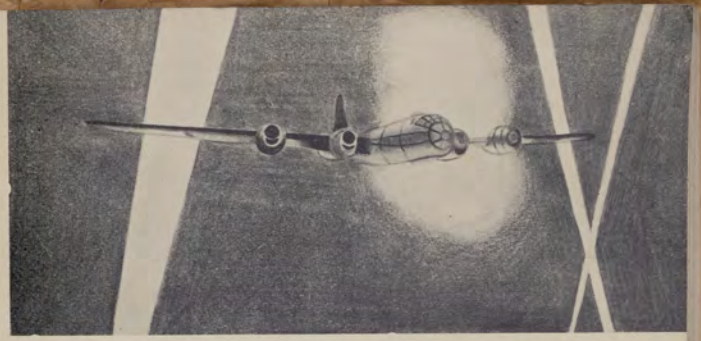
AS he sat there, the cold winter wind rattled the bedroom window, but the large hurricane-lamp on the floor gave forth a steady glow to warm the boy's feet.

His head bent more closely to the work. As he tapped the minute gear-wheel, the clockwork mechanism began to work. Watch-making was becoming easier to young Henry Ford. He had commenced his hobby at the age of fourteen, and the first watch had been mended with a shingle nail, tweezers made from a corset stay, and some knitting needles. Now he had real tools. After school, he was the neighbourhood's watch repairer.

Everyone was enthusiastic about this work, the more so because he did not charge for it! It was not money that interested Henry Ford. Here was an opportunity and he was making the most of it; an opportunity to learn by doing.

Years later, the watchmaker's touch and the creed of precision learned by Henry Ford in those winter nights, were to guide the building of over thirty million vehicles. Moreover it was Mr. Ford's knowledge of watchmaking that prompted the inauguration of the assembly line, so distinctive a feature of Ford manufacture.

—M. D. Peacock, E.4.A.



NIGHT BOMBER: PENCIL SKETCH BY D.C.BROWN, TYPOGRAPHY 5

FIRST SOCCER ELEVEN

(Runners-up Senior Secondary School Competition)

BACK ROW: G. M. Baker, M. W. Faithful, P. E. Plowman, W. W. Walker
MIDDLE ROW: P. J. Risbridge, T. E. Armour (Vice-Captain), G. R. Port (Captain), L. J. Twiname, Mr. F. Schlup
FRONT ROW: A. O. Jones, B. J. Henderson, J. A. Letcher
ABSENT: R. K. Stoneham, G. R. Reber

The Metal Crafts

THERE is, even in this intensely practical age, the man who, with evident satisfaction will say, "I can't drive a nail," although what satisfaction he derives from such an admission of ineptitude will be quite beyond the understanding of the average person. To-day, there should be no such lack in anyone's design for living, for the ability to do things with the hands will pay handsome dividends in the form of pride of accomplishment, banishment of boredom, and widening of the mental horizon.

The majority of thinking people will deplore the decrease in craftsmanship consequent upon increasingly efficient industrial techniques. Not only does the tradesman thus find his scope limited, but he stands in danger of becoming an automaton confined to the narrow limits of specialisation. Of the few remaining true crafts widely practiced to-day, perhaps silver-smithing, metal spinning, and copper beating are the most readily accessible to the student or apprentice. Although the advent of specialised machinery in the sheet-metal industry has brought a large measure of automatic operation to that industry, there still remains a good deal of craftsmanship associated with it.

The essential difference between the crafts and other divisions of industry, is that in the former the tools are used in the hands of the operator and are always entirely under his control, as distinct from tools fixed in a machine, and controlled by the machine. As a part of basic training for any branch of the engineering industry, the sheet-metal and allied trades, the electrical industry and instrument making, craft work is invaluable, giving as it does a first hand appreciation of the behaviour of metals under a variety of stresses, strains, and heat treatments. There is scope too for individual expression of design, especially with metal spinning, copper beating and sheet-metal work.

It may be well now to treat with more detail some of the crafts mentioned, together with a brief summary of electro-plating finishing processes.

SHEET-METAL WORK

THE sheet-metal and allied industries contribute largely to the successful functioning of almost every field of modern life. Wherever we turn, the product of the sheet-metal workshop is to be seen: cans holding preserved foods, thousands of corrugated iron roofs, motor car bodies, refrigerators, aircraft frames, ventilating and heating systems, brewing, cheese and dairy installations, office equipment and domestic utensils, to name but a few.

The rapid wartime development of the light metal alloys, opens up a new and tremendous field to the industry, wherein there will be ample scope for initiative and inventive genius. The tool and die-making departments of sheet-metal concerns, offer fine opportunities for boys to learn what is probably the most skilled of all trades. In many cases, foremen, workshop managers and executives are drawn from the tool room.

Sheet-metal work is a peculiarly satisfying form of training for students, for, in a comparatively short time, a really good and useful project may be completed. Progess is rapid, and boys are often surprised at their own achievements.

The Industrial Department of the College has a well equipped sheet-metal workshop with a capacity equal to any work likely to be encountered. Students' projects have included dustbins, watering cans, tool boxes, galvanised iron baths, buckets, bandsaw guards, electro-plating tanks, radio chassis, pipe vices, garden forks and hoes, steam engine boilers and electric copper kettles. After the basic training is completed, a choice of selected projects is available, each one

giving the maximum instructional value. A project may embrace sheet-metal work, brazing, soldering, drilling, and tapping, screwing, heat treatment, metal spinning, turning and fitting. An extremely valuable feature of this work is that the student's knowledge of geometry finds expression in developing or marking out his pattern. This practical angle is of great assistance to the boy in the understanding of what he often finds an uninteresting subject.

Who can envisage the effect a few terms of workshop instruction may have on the future adult life of the average boy? One thing is certain, he will gain a practical understanding of a hundred and one things which are a closed book to the less fortunate, who have had no serious workshop instruction.

METAL SPINNING

There is a peculiar fascination in the spinning of metals, akin to the moulding of clay on the potter's wheel. The creative imagination is stirred as the metal is seen to flow smoothly into the chosen design, under the tool of the spinner. Here is a very desirable combination, a craft which arouses and holds the student's interest, while giving valuable knowledge and experience of the behaviour of metals while subjected to stress and heat. The basic portion of spinning technique is easily acquired by the young student, and is sufficient for him to produce a variety of artistic and useful objects, such as sugar bowls, powder bowls, ash trays, lamp bases, etc. The more complicated industrial applications do not concern us, as they are highly specialised processes. However, to give some idea of the field covered by spinning, a few examples may not be out of place. Spun articles include aeroplane spinners, aluminium covers up to six feet in diameter, cooking utensils, bomb casings, a large range of silver and plated ware, and a multitude of articles in the brewing and dairying industries. Metal spinning is a means of producing articles of a circular form from sheet metal. The essential equipment is a lathe bed with headstock and tailstock, a hand tool rest, one or two spinning tools, hardwood for formers or spinning chucks, and the necessary sheet metal.

A wooden spinning chuck is turned to the exact shape of the article to be spun, the chuck being then screwed to the headstock spindle, but it must be free to revolve. A disc of sheetmetal of a diameter large enough to produce the article required is softened, placed centrally, and frictionally held between the chuck and the follow block. Leverage is then applied to the disc of metal, while rotating at high speed, by means of a smooth polished tool held in the hands, resulting in the metal being forced to flow into the shape of the chuck. After the trimming of the edge, the project is polished, and given a finishing process such as lacquering or electroplating.

The metals which are the easiest to spin and which lend themselves to the greatest variety of projects are pewter, silver, aluminium and copper. Copper articles may be etched and engraved, while pewter may be hammered, really beautiful work being produced by these means.

First and second year students in the Industrial Department have produced a variety of spun work, and thereby have gained from actual experience a useful knowledge of some of the properties of metal.

ELECTRO-PLATING

The recent installation of an electroplating plant in the Industrial Department of the College, has, to say the least of it, aroused great interest among the students. The shining product of the plating vat has given an urge to all and sundry to have a whole miscellany of articles electro-plated. While it is not pleasant to "turn down" many of those eager young project makers, certain elementary rules must be adhered to before successful plating is possible. Therefore, it is the purpose of this article to give a very brief outline of electroplating processes and their industrial application.

The Processes:

Very briefly and in simple language the process of electroplating is as follows:

It is a fact that if a current of electricity is passed through a solution containing a chemical compound, the latter is often decomposed, two of the constituents being separated, one at the point of entry and the other at the exit of the current. In an electro-plating vat, the current enters the solution via the anode, which is a piece of metal immersed in the solution, and leaves via the cathode, which is the article being plated.

If a suitable vessel is filled with copper sulphate solution, a strip of copper connected to the positive terminal of a battery and suspended in the solution, the article to be plated connected to the negative terminal and likewise suspended near the copper strip, a simple electroplating bath is produced, and the article will be copper-plated.

Immediately the electrical connections are made, current flows via the anode, through the solution and out by the cathode. Some of the copper sulphate solution becomes separated into minute particles of metallic copper, termed cations, which are charged with positive electricity and stream to the cathode, being deposited upon it. The other acidic particles, or anions, being negatively charged, travel to the anode and combine with the particles of copper leaving it, to form a fresh copper sulphate. This, of course, is far from being the whole story, but will serve to give an idea of what happens.

There appears to be a widespread belief that ordinary electro-plating will fill up scratches and blemishes—but this is not so, on the contrary, plating and subsequent polishing will accentuate all imperfections. The article to be plated must be free from scratches, polished and chemically clean, or failure will result.

Industrial Applications:

The industrial applications of electroplating, or electro-deposition, are far too numerous to be encompased within the scope of this article, although many will be familiar to the reader.

The main purpose of electro-plating is to provide a protective metallic coating or skin to articles subject to atmospheric conditions, corrosive action, friction, or any combination of these. Certain of the metals deposited, such as chrome and nickel, are hard to wear—resistent—while others, such as silver, copper and zinc, are soft. A typical example of the use of chrome, is the plating of external motor car fittings, where a hard surface, impervious to weather conditions is required. Gauges and inspection tools used in industrial applications of mass production are chromium-plated, as a protection against wear, thus exploiting the extreme hardness of this metal. The familiar galvanised iron and tinplate, are instances of a soft protective coat. Copper is chiefly used as an initial, or undercoat before depositing other metals. Other applications are the use of gold and silver for ornamentation, steel, by means of which worn parts may be built up, thus saving new parts, brass for protection from corrosion—your brass wood screws may be steel "brassed" over!—try them with a magnet. It is a far cry from a small silverplated ornament in a jeweller's window, to a casting weighing tons; yet such enormous masses of metal are treated by at least one electro-deposition firm in England.

—W.F.D.

ARE YOU A METALLURGIST ?

PRIVATE collections of metals are rarely, if ever, heard of—so anyone beginning to collect metals, and alloys, is on the track of an unusual hobby. Many metals are exceedingly easy to obtain, and we can add to a collection simply enough—for instance: by cutting a small section off the family poker! I don't, however, recommend this method!

Iron, copper, tin and lead can readiiy be obtained for the collection. Metallic calcium, metallic sodium and metallic potassium are, however, not to be found every day. With regard to the last two, care must be taken not to let them come into contact with the air, as they immediately tarnish, and they have a violent action if they are put into water—mettalic potassium taking fire at once.

An alloy, that is a metallic mixture of these two, is a liquid, and is worth inclusion in your collection. Other more or less liquid metals can be formed by adding mercury to these dry metals. Probably the most common alloy is found in solder. This is a compound of several metals, chiefly lead, tin and zinc. A two-inch length from a stick of solder is ample for ordinary collection purposes. Industrial alloys form a large and important group—ferro-chrome, ferro-manganese, and ferro-tungsten being but three of many. These were easily available in pre-war days, although perhaps they are harder to secure at the present time.

Classify your metals and alloys in order, putting the metal first in every case, as alloys are compounds of metals. To find the correct position of an alloy, place it after the metal of which it chiefly consists. Attractive displays can be made with the metals collected. It is most important that the collector should realise the peculiarities of his liquid metals, and handle them with appropriate caution.

—D. Groves, E4A.

FLUORESCENT LIGHT

FIRST introduced at the New York and San Franciso Fairs, fluorescent lighting in two years swept America. For fifty years electric light had been produced by passing a current through a wire which was thus heated until it glowed. Even in the gas-filled tungsten filament lamp 90 per cent of the current is wasted in heat. To discover a more efficient lamp, research men had to start over again on a different track.

Someone finally hit upon the idea of putting ultra-violet light and a suitable fluorescent screen inside a glass tube. The inside surface of this tube was sprayed with powdered willemite stone mixed with an adhesive, electric terminals placed at the ends and the tube filled with mercury vapour, which conducts current. This produced ultra-violet rays transformed by the excited willemite into soft fluorescent light, the colour of which is varied by the fluorescing substance with which the tube is sprayed. Factories in U.S.A. are running night and day to produce the estimated demand for 20,000,000 fluorescent lamps. In time to come it will be used everywhere and there will be softer and brighter light for everyone.

—R. Sellwood.

RETREADING TYRES

TO-DAY, with former sources of rubber not yet returned from enemy hands, we have to develop something to overcome our endless need for this vital material. One of the greatest achievements in this line has been the development of synthetic rubber, and to help the motorists who cannot obtain tyres, we find a new and simple process of retreading old tyres.

The tyre to be retreaded is first subjected to a thorough inspection both inside and out, and if the canvas is sound, the old rubber is stripped off with the spinning buff of steel circular-saws and then finished off with a wire brush. Any dents in the canvas are filled with rubber material so that an even surface is obtained. After this, two coats of vulcanising solution must be applied, each coat being allowed to dry for an hour after application. A thick strip of rubber covering is next fixed round the tyre, which is then placed in position in a steam pressure mould, an inner tube being inflated to press the cover against the mould.

Steam, at fifty to sixty pounds per square inch, is forced into the mould, the heat partly melting the rubber, while the air pressure forces it into the pattern of the mould, as well as into the canvas cover of the tyre. Following this, the tyre remains in the mould for about an hour to allow hardening. After this, the finished model is removed and painted, and a practically new tyre is sent forth at a cost much under that of a new one, even should such be procurable.

Thus we find another way to help the wheels of industry keep turning during days of economy and sacrifice.

—C. Kewish.

GLASS

THE DICTIONARY says that glass is a hard, transparent, brittle substance, made by fusing sand with other ingredients. Modern science has disproved this by making glass as soft as silk and, too, as had as steel. Ordinary glass shatters and splinters easily, because in the process of cooling the outside is chilled much more quickly than the inner part, and therefore contracts more rapidly. When a glass sheet is thoroughly cooled the same condition remains. The outside is in a state of compression and the inside in tension.

Glass which is tempered or case-hardened is useful for a number of things for which ordinary glass plate is unsuitable. Fireplace-guards, electric and gas-stove doors and motor-car wind-screens, are a few of the useful applications of tempered glass. Articles of furniture such as chairs and tables also use tempered glass, and its development for future use gives wide play to the imagination of the most matter-of-fact thinker.

—D. Sheridan, E.4.A.

So You Want To Be An Engineer?

OF COURSE, you cannot really know whether you do or not. It is impossible for you to know until you have become an engineer, just as you cannot know whether you are going to like a new kind of sweet until you have tasted it. But, while it is only the matter of a moment to taste the sweet, and to reject if it is not to your liking, it takes years of study and hard work to achieve the status of a Professional Engineer. Then, if you find your work not to your liking, it is not always easy to change your career.

The term "Professional Engineer" is used advisedly, because it is well known that the word "Engineer" has such a wide reference, that it can include the designer of the Sydney Harbour Bridge as well as the man who operated a lathe to turn out one of its component parts. The engineering world is concerned with the design, construction, operation (where required), and maintenance of machines and structures. The professional engineer is he who designs and supervises the construction of such devices, while the rest of the work is, in general, done by the Engineering Tradesman.

To be able to design, the engineer has to have many years training and experience. He has to know the forces involved and the effects they produce; the properties of materials used in construction; he must be able to convey his ideas verbally, mathematically and diagramatically, clearly and concisely in all these media; he should be familiar with industry, and with economical methods of manufacture; and finally, he should be able to handle men.

All this, as stated previously, takes time and work. It is estimated that, in U.S.A. 60 per cent of those who begin professional studies in engineering fail to complete the course, partly for economic reasons, but mainly through lack of aptitude, lack of interest, or lack of the ability to persevere.

Some, at any rate, of this wasted effort could be avoided if young men could, in some way, have clearly presented to them a picture of what lies before them if they take up a professional engineering course.

How is this to be achieved? Well it is a case for co-operation between the Vocational Guidance authorities and the Engineering Institutions. In U.S.A. and Canada, the various Engineering Institutions have jointly sponsored an "Engineering Council for Professional Development," the chairman of which has supplied the writer of this article with much information of its activities.

This Council publishes Booklets on Engineering Careers, and trains Engineers to act as assistants to Careers' Advisers in dealing with matters relating to Engineering. Also, in conjunction with the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of Teaching, it is preparing a battery of psychological tests that are designed to search for those qualities which are most desirable in an engineering student. These tests will not be ready for a year or two.

In the meantime the tests being used are as follows:

1. *English:* to determine breadth of vocabulary and ability to reason.
2. *Mathematical Ability Tests.*
3. *Spatial Relations:* this is the ability of the student to visualise, to see as vividly with the mind's eye as though there were before him various

structures, machines and other objects.

4. *Mechanical Aptitude Tests.*

One interesting point is that the chairman of the Council specifically states that it "places no material importance on a student's I. Q.," but prefers scholastic aptitude tests, which are tests of Knowledge retained by the student from previous education. This is contrary to New Zealand practice, where much emphasis is placed on the intelligence test.

The tests mentioned above are used to find out if the potential engineering student possesses some of the more important aptitudes for his career. There are many varieties of these tests, a few of which are now being used in New Zealand. The writer has had considerable experience of the Minnesota Spatial Relations Test, which at first sight resembles a simple kind of jig-saw puzzle, but to many it is not so simple as it looks.

In addition, the New Zealand Institution of Engineers is preparing a booklet on Professional Engineering as a career.

The value of tests such as are mentioned above is undisputable. Descriptions of them and their uses may now be found even in the Professional Journals. (*See Vol.* 91, *Part* 1, *No* 40, *Journal of the Institution of Electrical Engineers for April* 1944, *and the Journal of the Institution of Civil Engineers, February* 1944). Of course the results of such tests can be interpreted only by experts in their administration. Also such results are merely a guide to, not an absolute indication of, a student's potentialities.

This latter fact makes many Professional Engineers look rather askance at psychological tests, as they consider the results to be unreliable and unscientific. The tests already in existence are, however, better than no test at all, while continued use will lead to improvements in the tests themselves, as well as in the interpretation of results.

The "Clatter Act" At Ardmore

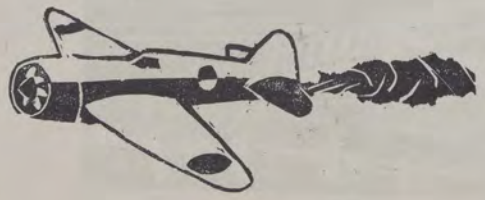
(WITH APOLOGIES TO SOUTHEY)

How do the aircraft fly round at Ardmore?
My little boy asked me,
Thus once on a time.
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him it in rhyme.

"From their hangars built low
To the tarmac they go
Over mountains, over fountains
They ride and they glide.
Then cranking and clanking and banking and flanking
And starting and parting and darting and charting
And verifying and terrifying, millifying and vilifying
And looping and swooping and whooping and
snooping.
Leading and speeding, yet never flack heeding
And bashing and thrashing (or crashing and smashing,
Or dipping and tipping and slipping and ripping!)
Stalling and falling and diving yet surviving,
And strafing and laughing and chaffing and quaffing
And soaring and roaring and scoring and flooring,
And fighting and "skiting" and blitzing and fritzing
And veering and sheering and wheeling and peeling,
Unloading, exploding and holing and burning,
And droning and moaning and rolling and turning,
And booming and zooming and smoking and
choking,
Never hesitating, always devastating,
Then beaching and screeching and bumping and
thumping,
And that's how the aircraft come down at Ardmore!"

3B ENGINEERING

Triolet



Orion strides
Across the sky,
Where Helios drives
Orion strides;
Selene abides
Till morn is nigh;
Orion strides
Across the sky.

DAWN LENDRUM

★ Book Reviews

The Greenstone Door

(WILLIAM SATCHELL)

THIS story of William Satchell's is both interesting and informative, as it is a tale of the Maori Wars.

It is the life of Cedric Tregarthen, who when only a baby, is left without home or parents, after an attack by unfriendly Maoris. He is adopted by a trader who is a friend to the Maoris, and Cedric is given by the Maori chief the title of "Little Finger."

The adventures of Cedric and his foster-sister, the half caste, Puhi-Huia, in their childhood, are told in a very interesting way.

Then, too, the part he plays in the Maori Wars, and his loyalty, divided between love for his Maori brothers and his duty to the white men and his Queen, are described in such a way as to enable one clearly to picture life in these times.

Interwoven with the wars and his association with Governor Grey, is the love story of Cedric and the daughter of the woman who had loved Cedric's father.

Troubles, successes and adventures together, make up a story well worth reading.

LORNA WILDISH, 5A COMM.

The House Of Exile

(NORA WALN)

"THE House Of Exile," belonging to a branch of the Lin family, the biggest house in the Hopei Province, was for a time the home of the authoress, who was the "daughter-by-affection" of Shun-Ko. Regarded as a member of the family, Nora Waln was expected to learn things such as sewing, embroidery, cooking, and painting, all of which a Chinese girl begins to learn at a very early age, these arts being regarded as essential in the Chinese wife.

It is the custom that a wife should record the weather for each day by painting a tree and shading the blossoms according to the weather. The same thing is applied to the harvests. In this way Nora Waln learnt more of Chinese life than by reading any number of books. Interesting, indeed, are the descriptions of the spring sacrifices at the Palace for the worship of Confucius and the Dragon races in the Summer Solstice Festival.

Other features of the story are chapters dealing with Sun Yat-Sen and Chiang Kai-shek and their struggles in connection with the Chinese Republic, which existed only in name for so many years.

SHIRLEY CHILD, 5A COMM.

Mr Lincoln's Wife

THIS IS a novel describing Mary Todd who married Abraham Lincoln. Its tragedies, joys, disappointments make a most moving story and all the reader's sympathies are for poor Mary Todd, the wife of a great man, yet in many ways quite inadequate to fill that position.

"Mr Lincoln's Wife!" The whole world knew her by that title. Those who hated Abraham Lincoln and who wanted to strike at him, found a wonderful target in Mary. She was the most talked-of woman in Washington. They wrote about her, photographed her, interviewed her, and criticized her. She was a Southerner and when her three brothers were killed fighting for the Confederacy, she was frightened to mention their deaths in her letters to her sister, because she had already been accused of being a spy.

When Mary married Mr Lincoln, she married Fate too. Mary is no heroine, but a person you or I might have known, full of good intentions, of mistakes, impatience and tenderness. She had her moments of happiness and her moments of disillusion.

This is a well-written novel about a woman who felt that she had failed lamentably to make her husband happy and who found out when he died, that he had not consciously needed her nor anyone else to help him in his brilliant career.

JOSETTE MELROSE, 5A COMM.

Cranford

A SHORT TIME AGO I opened, for the first time, Mrs Gaskell's "Cranford." I glanced through it, reading several paragraphs here and there, and felt that I was likely to be rather disappointed in it. It did not seem to contain any thrilling or exciting incidents but appeared to be an almost boring account of a very dull little village. Then I settled down and began to read in earnest.

Gradually there came into my mind a picture of that quiet little English place. I met the characters and loved them. I learnt of the very rigid rules that governed the conduct of the upper, lower and middle classes of Cranford. I laughed with the rest of the villagers at the antics of Miss Betsey Barker and her cow. I rejoiced with Miss Mattie at the return of her brother; I was shocked and yet forgave Lady Glenmire for committing the sin of marrying, and renouncing her title, for that of "Mrs Higgins, wife of the village doctor."

Yes, Cranford is a very ordinary village, I thought, and the people in it as human as they could possibly be and yet, or maybe because of that, I found that I enjoyed Mrs Gaskell's book "Cranford."

PAT MCDOWELL, 5A COMM.

The Story of Bellman

(BARKER)

THIS is a story of a beagle. A beagle is a hound of about fifteen inches, and is tan and white in colour.

Bellman's story begins when he is but a puppy, living with his mother and brothers and sister. His mother's name was Bonny Bell, while his sister's name was Bellmaid. Bellman's best friend was his master, Dean. The story shows plainly the love and respect that existed between man and dog.

Because Bellman was heading the other hounds in the hunt, he was sent away to the fell-country where he met Stormer. Stormer and Bellman became friends at once, and in every hunt would always keep together. It was not until Stormer ran after some sheep, that trouble began for him, and he was punished severely. A few weeks later when Bellman was hunting with the pack, he caught his foot in a hare-trap. He finally managed to loose his foot but all the pack had gone. He then had to find his way back by himself, and on his way he met with many adventures.

First he was ill-treated by a poacher; then Ben, a sheep-dog, came to befriend him. He might have remained where he was, but he was a hound, and hunting was in his blood. How he got back to the fell, what happened to Stormer, and to Bellman's brothers and sister, I will leave you to find out in this interesting animal-story.

ELSIE BLACKBURN, 5A COMM.

All That Swagger

(MILES FRANKLIN)

IN the story of "old fearless Danny Delacy" and his descendants, from his carefree boyhood in County Clare, Ireland, through his adventurous new life in the Murrumbidgee, Australia, we find an Australian woman's vivid picture of the rapid growth of her country. The book begins with early pioneer life—it ends in a modern world of air transport and feminine polo-players. The domestic hardships and tragedies of the Australian pioneer's wife, the sadness of Danny's farewell to his beloved Ireland, the courage and endurance and honesty of purpose of the hero—all become real before us as we read. Outstandingly, the importance of character in life is stressed in the book, and we finish it feeling that the character of its pioneers was surely the foundation of the success of the new country.

A Picture

Silent the birds; the sky
Darkens, before the gloom
Covers the world in silence.
The trees, quivering in the breeze,
Wait for the oncoming storm:
Like sentinels grim they stand
'Gainst their dim dark background,
The sky.

NANCY LEECE, 3A COMM.

CATS

CATS ARE QUEER THINGS! Their main objects in life are to eat, sleep, and scratch. A cat would eat you out of house and home if you would only give her a chance. Her capacity for eating is only exceeded by her capacity for sleeping. Open a linen press; lift a few blankets on your bed; look on the top of the kitchen table after your back has once been turned; glance on top of the bird's cage; try to sit on a newspaper which happens to be lying on an armchair; the result will inevitably be the same. You are bound to find underneath a little 'ball of fur'. Give the so-called 'ball of fur' a big poke, stand back at a respectful distance, and watch the 'ball of fur' suddenly change into an arched mass of spikes, with scratching paws and fiery eyes. She then proceeds, in a haughty, ruffled manner to jump from the temporary haven, and retire to an equally comfortable, (but also forbidden) spot.

A cat will eat anything that is fresh, but fresh it must be—for cats are very fussy. Birds, fish, rats, beetles, lizards, will disappear with amazing rapidity.

If your cat, like mine, has a queer name, then she will in all probability have a queer temper. The least little thing annoys her. If you stroke her under the chin, she will purr like a well-oiled engine, but if you in any way thwart her designs, she will turn and scratch like a wild thing until you are forced to flee for your life.

So if any of my readers want to have a pet, my advice is to get a budgie. At least there are bars between you!

VELMA OLIVER, 5A COMM.

Enchantment

Down in a bay neath the golden sand
Reigns the King of a Magic land.
His stories lure young children there.
And while they play with ne'er a care,
He tells them fables of the past,
And stories that forever last.
Quiet lie the waters of ocean there;
Loose waves the sea-maiden's floating hair;
Great sea-monsters go drifting by;
Pale is the light from the far-off sky;
Sweet is the music the sirens sing
In that quiet realm of the ocean-king.

JENNY ROGERS, 3D COMM.

Riddle

My first is in pot and also in pan;
My second is in woman but not in man;
My third is in hand but not in nail;
My forth is in purchase but not in sale;
My fifth is in mantle and also in coat;
My sixth in funnel but not in boat;
My seventh is in chicken but not in egg;
My next is in table but not in leg;
My ninth is in flowers but not in bee;
My tenth is in land and also in sea;
My whole is a handsome N. Z. tree.

SHIRLEY KERR, 3A COMM.

Four-Footed Fighters

MANY PEOPLE have had to work in new positions and sometimes under difficult conditions brought about by the war, but they have adapted themselves cheerfully to their tasks. The dog has had his share of war-work too and has proved himself invaluable as messenger, sentry, scout and mine-detector on the battlefield.

The Germans had highly trained dog-armies, mainly consisting of "police dogs" which were in use before the war. When our soldiers landed in Normandy, they found numbers of these dogs working in the Nazi defences, but they have now been taught to recognise their new masters, and are very useful to us.

Britain and America have formed organisations specially for the training of "war-dogs" and many people have offered their "pets" for war service. Great care is taken in selecting the dogs for their various tasks, as only first-class animals will prove worthy of the extensive training they must undergo.

Bold, powerful dogs are used for guard-duties and the Alsatian and similar types are trained as sentries. Their keen senses can detect the presence of an intruder minutes before a man can. Often sabotage is prevented and paratroopers are caught, through their alertness. As guards on R.A.F. stations, dogs are taught to obey only the master who does sentry duty with them. When such a dog springs he will not relax his hold until he is called off by his master.

Sturdy breeds like the Newfoundland are used as pack-dogs or first-aid dogs, because of their great endurance and strength. Many miles of rough dangerous country are covered through their persistent efforts to reach wounded men. Then, after providing the casualty with food, they return and lead the stretcher-bearers to his rescue. When a soldier is desperately in need of medical supplies, pack-dogs trained as paratroopers are used. They "bail out," usually accompanied by a flight-surgeon, and on being released from their harnesses pick up the trail of the wounded man and lead the surgeon to his patient. It was doing this work that made "Rob" famous in Italy. A large St. Bernard, he made over twenty parachute descents and was awarded the animal's V.C. in 1943.

Speedy and agile dogs are needed as messengers and scouts. They have to be quick and untiring, as well as on the alert for enemy snipers so that they may deliver their messages successfully. "Caesar" of the U.S. Marines, became famous as a messenger on Bougainville Island. He was a German Shepherd-dog and for two days and nights he pushed his way through thick jungle, under persistent machine-gun fire, carrying orders to advance forces. He got every message through, and then on the third day tired and overworked he saw a Japanese about to throw a grenade at a Marine resting nearby. "Caesar" pounced on the man and fixed his teeth in his arm. The victim gave a terrified screech, dropped the grenade, and took to his heels. "Caesar" was shot twice by snipers

but after expert medical attention he recovered and was "officially commended for his bravery, obedience and intelligence."

Retrievers and spaniels are not used for this work though one might expect them to be. Although they are extremely intelligent, they are born hunters, and it would be rather risky sending a retriever off with an important message, when it is very likely that he would track down a rabbit instead of fulfilling his task.

The Labrador has the reputation of being the best mine-detector known. He has given great assistance to the invading armies in France and Italy. Because of his light weight, the dog can approach the land-mine area with much less risk than a man. He works quickly and is an expert in locating the positions of these hidden death-traps.

And so man's oldest friend has contributed to the war effort. But the wonder of it is, that although the methods of war have become more deadly, instead of making it impossible for the dog to take part, they have given him an even greater chance to prove his wonderful ability.

JUNE GATENBY, 5A COMM

Tangiwai (A Maori Legend)

AT MILFORD SOUND there is to be found a beautiful, almost transparent kind of Greenstone. Legend tells how a chief, Tamakiterangi, came all the way down the sounds seeking his wife whom he loved dearly. His search was in vain, and after leaving his friends in charge of the canoes, he climbed the cliff side, and here stood lamenting the loss of his wife. As he wept his tears penetrated the ground, and gathering, they formed the stone of the Tangiwai, found there today. The name Tangiwai means water of weeping.

A Maori will tell you that if you look closely into a piece of the greenstone, you can see marks like tear drops running through the stone. These, he will say, were tears shed by Tamakiterangi many years ago.

PATRICIA HARLICK, 5B COMM.

A Parody

John Gilpin was a schoolboy bad,
The teachers knew him well.
He never did a scrap of work,
He couldn't even spell.

John Gilpin's teacher said to him,
"Though teacher I have been
These twice ten tedious weeks to you,
No homework have I seen!

Tomorrow is a holiday
And you will then repair,
Unto this room to do some work,
For you I will not spare."

John soon replied - "I do admire
Of teachers here but one,
And you are he, my kind tutor,
Therefore it shall be done."

The teacher sneered at this and said
" - If you don't try to learn,
Then my good friend, the bamboo cane,
Will be your mentor stern."

The morning came, the teacher there,
But yet no sign of John.
He had decided not to come
And for a ride had gone!

So after him the teacher went,
Prepared to do or die,
"I'll catch him and I'll punish him",
A grim look in his eye.

At last he spied the erring John,
And onward urged his horse,
"I'll catch you now", he cried aloud,
Then smote his steed with force.

His horse who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
Took fright at this and galloped off,
As if to stop no more.

Away he went, the frightened steed;
Away went teacher too;
His arms were round the horse's neck
He knew not what to do!

That horse he went at such a speed,
They soon were out of sight.
They left John Gilpin far behind
To stare with all his might.

At last they stopped, that sorry pair,
Poor teacher, he was tired!
He never wished to see again
This horse that he had hired.

The next day teacher stayed in bed
He looked both worn and pale.
The boys however laughed aloud
When Gilpin told this tale.

Now teachers all remember this!
Our homework must be brief
For if 'tis not my tale doth prove
That one of us must come to grief.

MURIEL ROUTLEY, ACC. 6.

The Phantom Ship

Down the trail of white fire sliding,
Of foam, moon-lit, on a choppy sea,
A phantom ship comes softly gliding,
Its sails unfurled, pale and ghostly.

A sunken ship that could not rest,
A crew that needs must sail again,
A ship that once was greatly blessed,
A phantom ship that lives again.

Perhaps as it lay on its sandy bed
It felt the urge to sail once more,
Where the seabirds wheel and cry
overhead
And the waves roll on to some foreign
shore.

Mayhap it remembered the days when
its hold
Was laden with treasures rare and fine,
Silks and satins, silver and gold
Spices and perfumes, and ruby wine.

Through the eerie light, the ship sailed
on.
A path through the moon-tipped waves
it cleft.
Now over the misty horizon it's gone,
Of its ghostly passing no sign is left!

PAT MCDOWELL, VA COMM.

La Belle Dame sans Merci
(1945 Version)

O what can ail thee pale school-boy
Alone and palely loitering?
The school is vanished now from sight
And no choirs sing.

O what can ail thee school-boy pale
So haggard and so woe begone?
The teacher's book of marks is full
And the term's work done.

I see a frown upon thy brow
That's furrowed deep with pallid hue-
And on thy cheek an inky mark
Of navy blue."

"I met a teacher in the hall
Full angry she — not kind nor mild!
Her hair was curled, her step was brisk
And her eyes were wild.

She led me through the corridors
And there she lectured me full sore
And there assuaged her fury wild
With pages four.

And there I fell me fast asleep
And there I dreamed—woe betide
The worst dream I ever dreamed
By the cold heater's side.

I saw pale lads and lassies too
Pale students, death-pale were they all!
They cried La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering
Though the school is vanishing now
from sight
And no choirs sing.

S. ADAMS AND S. KERR, 3A COMM.

Lament

Got no time to ruminate,
Got no time to read,
Got no time to go to bed,
Got no time to "feed"

Have to do my prep. instead,
Have to do my prose,
Have to do my English verse,
Have no time to doze.

Such a lot of work to do,
Such a lot of "swot",
Such a lot of useless stuff,
Such a lot forgot!

Ought to have some holiday,
Ought to have what's best.
Ought to have less homework set,
Ought to have a rest.

Soon the strain will be too great,
Soon the child a speck,
Soon the teacher gravewards bent,
Soon the school a wreck!

Slowly will the dirge be sung,
Slow will be the ride,
Slow will be the man who lays us,
Slowly side by side.

MARGARET POINTON, ACC. 6.

Stamp Stories

THIS IS the story of a Swedish girl whose fiance went away for about two months. Before he left, he promised to write to her every day. Every day, he purchased an airmail post stamp bearing the word "Luftpost"—thirty in all. On the day he tried to buy his thirty-first stamp, he was told that the stamps were no longer issued. It had been found that the word "Luftpost" had been printed upside down on the stamps. The value of the stamps immediately rose and each brought about ten pounds. Fortunately for the couple, the girl had kept the letters and the thirty already used stamps realised £300. Stamps with the printing reversed are always wanted by collectors.

Many years ago, Lady Gomm, who lived on the island of Mauritius, wanted to hold a Ball. For her invitation she needed stamps and immediately called in a watchmaker and gave him an order to design and engrave some for her. Barnard, watchmaker, for that was the watchmaker's name, made a good attempt. The stamps, although crude, did not bring him any discredit.

The words which were to appear on the stamps were given orally—"Mauritius—Postage Paid—One Penny." But Barnard's memory was not of the best and instead of writing "Post Paid" he wrote "Post Office" hence "Post Office, Mauritius." The Berlin Museum bought one of these stamps for £1875 and the Prince of Wales at an auction purchased another for £1450.

NESSIE NICHOLAS, VA COMM.

Himmelwefer WAS A GERMAN SPY. He had all the qualities of a sneak-thief and murderer. He had orders from "higher up" to despatch one Edwin Jones, and we now see him entering a gunsmith's shop to buy a revolver.

Once within, however, he was told that there was a shortage of revolvers, and that not one could be obtained. Disgruntled, he went to buy a pig-sticking knife, but could not get one because of having no permit.

"Ach, there nö Wäy the Dög tö Kill is, nö?" sighed Himmelwefer. **"I then Of him Söme Other Wäy tö Dispöse häve."**

Thus we see him entering Edwin's house with a coil of rope, a blackjack and a mallet. Edwin was sitting with his back to the door when Himmelwefer wormed his way noiselessly in. Creeping up, he hit Edwin with the blackjack and followed this in quick succession with a blow from the mallet. Having thus effectively silenced his victim, Himmelwefer took the coil of rope, made a hangman's knot around Edwin's neck, flung the other end over a rafter, and pulled hard. The rope broke. Gnashing his teeth he stared balefully at a little note which fell out of a coil of rope. "We regret that owing to the shortage of materials, this rope is not of the best quality."

Tearing his hair he rushed around the room looking for something to finish the deed effectively. Seeing a gas stove in the corner, he arranged Edwin's head comfortably in the oven, and turned on the gas. Two hours later, he pulled Edwin out, to find him still alive — the gas shortage of course !

Frantic now, the villain decided to finish his victim by applying an electric shock. Going to the light, he snapped the wire, scraped it, wet Edwin's hand, placed the wire in it, and threw the switch. Nothing happened. He had forgotten the electricity shortage! Muttering incoherently to himself, Himmelwefer took the wire in his own hand. Just at that moment the current came on!

When Edwin Jones regained consciousness, he found the dead body of Himmelwefer lying across him. His only remark was, "I don't know how we'll bury him; there's a terrible shortage of coffins!" What were those strange screeches that rent the air? Only the voice of the ghost of Himmelwefer uttering peal after peal of demoniacal laughter.

JIM BAYLISS, WOODWORK 3A.

Homework

The night was dark as nights should be;
The only one awake was me.
I thought about my shorthand test
(This is the subject I like best.)

My arithmetic homework went all wrong,
My English exercise was long,
Of history I had much less,
My book-keeping was a mess.

It was very late; at last I slept,
And into the land of Nod I crept,
And then still in my dreams, I saw,
Miss Mc— saying "More!"

The Seddon Tech I like, you see,
But the homework is too much for me,
I suppose it's really for the best,
It certainly helps to pass in a test.

MAUREEN MCRAE, 3A COMM.

The Cafeteria

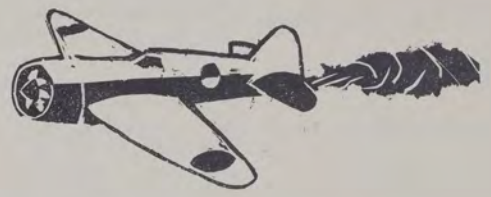
Round the door of "forty-five"
We swarm, as bees do in a hive,
Our daily dainty lunch to get,
Some gentle pushes, then we're set!

Plates do clatter, spoons do clang,
With cups and dishes! What a bang!
Some of this, a dash of that,
Oh! where is a butter pat?

Then someone trips upon a chair;
A Prefect calls "Who's pushing there?"
Someone bangs a slipping door
A tray falls gently(?) to the floor.

When the queue comes to an end,
And we've safely turned the bend,
We are a happy throng once more
As we go sailing through the door.

JOYCE GOODWILL, 3B COMM.



Across The China Sea

(*Apologies to Charles Kingsley*)

"O, Johnny, go and bring the Zeros down,
And bring the Zeros down,
And bring the Zeros down,
Into the China Sea"
And the grimness of his face showed through the brown
As all alone went he.

The enemy planes zoomed down upon the rear,
Zoomed down upon the rear,
Zoomed down upon the rear,
As close, as close could be,
He did not see the hated foe draw near.
And never home came he.

Oh! is it wood, or weed, or floating wing
A shattered, battered wing,
A silver star-marked wing,
A-drifting out to sea?
Heard it the passing winds that whistling sing?
"Ah, yes! it has to be!"

They towed it through the rolling heaving foam,
The pitching tossing foam,
The pitching roaring foam,
To it's field beside the sea
But still his chums can hear his fighter's drone,
Across the China Sea.

R. W. ANDERSON, 3A ENG.

A DAY ON MOUNT EGMONT

After some difficulty in getting the family out of bed, it was decided that we should spend the day on Mt. Egmont. The morning was clear, with a frost on the ground and a cloudless sky that promised a perfect day.

The road up the mountain was not of the best, and we were bounced about a good deal. We arrived at the hut and had lunch. While we were still sitting about eating, someone suggested that we should try our luck at ski-ing. So we hired, for six shillings, a set of skis each and a pair of mountain boots. We then had our photographs taken, trying to look like experienced mountaineers. After this ordeal we set out on the two-and-a-half-mile walk to the ski-ing ground.

The track was rough and steep in places. As we went higher, large slabs of snow appeared in the shady areas, against banks and trees. It was not my idea of snow; for it had frozen and looked like masses of hail-stones stuck together.

When we had gone about three-quarters of the way, a notice stuck in the bank warned us that the gorge was unsafe, also that it was advisable to have a guide before attempting to cross. In one place the cliff had slipped away, leaving no path except for the footprints of the Ski-ing Club members, who had preceded us. Stones were coming down all the time and quite a large one went between two of our party, missing them by inches.

What there was of the path was only about two feet wide, with a drop of 200 feet or more on one side, and a cliff above, about the same height, on the other.

We arrived at the ski grounds about a quarter of an hour later, so hot now that we had to remove our jerseys and blazers. At the lower end of the grounds there is another hut that the Ski Club Members sleep in if they want to spend more than one day on the mountain. It was here that we left our gear.

Our first attempts on skis were distinctly amusing. It took us at least five minutes to strap them on and then to stand up on them, and at least another five to walk the few yards to the point where we would begin ski-ing. Every step or so would put one of us on our backs or on our faces. It was that way with me anyway. The repetition of these painful happenings was becoming monotonous, until some observant person suggested our walking up sideways. This method worked wonders towards progress.

When the actual ski-ing was attempted, our efforts were not much better than our walking had been. We would go only a few yards and then completely lose our balance, alighting none too softly on the hard-packed snow.

After we had made many fruitless attempts, a member of the Mt. Egmont Ski Club, who had been watching us with a few other amused folk, came to our aid and gave us a few helpful hints. He told us to lean forward as far as possible, at the same time bending the waist. The sticks, he said, were only to enable us to keep our balance. After this some got on very well indeed, doing the whole length of the slope without mishap. I am afraid it took me longer to get the knack, but by the end of the afternoon I was not doing badly.

At half-past three we thought it was time to get back to the cars. It was now becoming very cold, as the sun had gone down behind the peak. To the east Ruapehu, Tongariro and Ngauruhoe were clearly visible, their snow-clad peaks glistening in the dying sun. The path back seemed very long and I was weary and footsore; but when someone commenced to sing "I want to go back to where I come from" we all joined in, quickening our pace in time with the music.

As we drove home I took another look at Mt. Egmont, now silhouetted against the skyline. I still have that picture, and the memory of that day will long be clear in my memory.

—J. Godley, 5A Eng.

TE KAHA

TE KAHA is a Maori settlement in the Bay of Plenty, approximately three hundred miles from Auckland, and forty-five miles from Opotiki, the nearest town. From the sea-shore, White Island, the weird sulphur home of the mutton-bird, is clearly visible. Te Kaha in earlier days was a prosperous maize-growing centre, but it has since become a cattle-farming district, with large sheep-stations here and there.

In summer it is a popular holiday resort, for it affords good fishing, lovely scenic drives, and swimming, either in the sea or in the Kereu River, behind which the snow-capped mountain, Hikurangi, may be seen.

In the season when the kahawai swim up the river to spawn, crowds of people gather at the river's mouth to fish, cart-loads often being carried away by the Maoris, who dry them in the sun for winter food.

A ride on horse-back up the Kereu River is one of the most beautiful that one could take. The rush of the river where it runs its swiftest, the ripple of the nearby streams, as they hasten to join it on its journey to the sea, and the singing of hundreds of birds make the atmosphere a pleasing one. The still pools around which tall green reeds grow, and from which many a startled bird flies as one passes by, are like glass, Nature's mirrors for the giant trees on the hillsides. Kereu is the Maori name for "pigeon," and thus the river was named, because of the pigeons found in the native bush on the surrounding hills.

Along the sea-coast are glorious pohutukawas. Their name, meaning "splashed by the sea-spray," is very appropriate, for the spume of the breakers as they crash on the rocks, is flung high into the hearts of the red blossoms.

Many are the stories told of the days when the Apanui tribe of Te Kaha was attacked by Hongi Hika and his warriors. So nobly did they resist the attack that, although they were finally defeated, the pa gained the name "Te Kaha" meaning "The Strong." Traces of Hongi's wars are still found here. In many parts of the bush-land are hollows in the ground, where his army was supposed to have built huts and made water holes, while sometimes what are believed to be the remnants of hangis (Maori ovens) are unearthed. Sometimes parts of skeletons have been dug up when roads were being made.

A favourite sport of the olden Maoris was whale-chasing. At the sight of a whale, one would run to the top of a hill and shout "Koo-ee," and presently from all directions excited Maoris would come running down to the beach, hastily launch their whaling-boats, and with their harpoons, pursue the unfortunate whale. The sport of the Maoris nowadays is that of the Europeans, but Maori poi-dances, hakas, action songs, "jack-stones," and "stick-games" are still practised.

In 1940 a new Meeting House was erected at Te Kaha Pa. This was filled with samples of Maori arts and crafts, with teko-tekos, (Maori carvings) beautiful tuku-tuku, (woven panels for walls) and Maori mats. Thus Te Kaha has the second biggest Meeting House in New Zealand, officially opened by the Governor-General in July 1944.

—Dawn Cato, 6B Comm.

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

IT WAS the usual procedure in the middle of winter, for the men of the railway yard to gather around a small fire in the luncheon shed, and over mugs of steaming hot tea, and sandwiches, to relate stirring adventures of their own experience.

This is a tale told by one of the midnight express drivers.

"It was on a wintry night in August. For days, there had been raging a fierce squall, and on this cold, damp and moonless night, it seemed as if the most unexpected might happen.

"Aboard the train were over two hundred passengers, and as the train swept through the black country-side, all that could be discerned were the tracks, lighted by the powerful rays of the engine's head-lamp. We were gradually approaching the railway bridge which spanned the river between Lowville and Sunton. Suddenly, out on the tracks ahead, appeared a ghostly white figure, waving its arms, as if frantically directing to stop. Then as quickly as it had appeared, it vanished! What did it mean? Fear and terror froze my thoughts. We were now only two miles from the bridge. Once more the figure appeared, waving its arms, even more wildly than before.

"Could it be a warning from my wife? That was too fantastic. She had been dead now for over five years. Yet, there was the white figure once more. To stop the train to investigate, would mean time lost, but to proceed, might entail endangering the lives of two hundred people.

"Within a quarter of a mile of the bridge, I jammed on the brake. The express slowed down, and in a few moments was at a stand-still. Immediately I alighted and began racing along the track. Breathless, I halted, as the light of my lantern flooded the bridge. To my horror, I saw that it was broken apart in the middle, doubtless the result of the swift flowing river's having flooded its banks.

"I was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious people, and was overwhelmed with questions as to the cause of my stop. I described the strange vision of warning. Instantly a loud and hearty laugh broke from the fireman."

"Why! didn't you see it! Somehow or other a moth got into the head-lamp, and could not escape, I noticed it too!"

"I joined in the laughter. Had we been saved by an optical illusion? I wonder."

—Patricia O'Callaghan, 5B Comm.

DIARY OF A DAY

TO-DAY I rose early, for I find that on April Fool's Day, the first one to get up usually has the advantage. While I was getting dressed I racked my brains for some new ideas. I went to the cupboard and exchanged the sugar for the salt. This, although satisfying, was not good enough and so I crept quietly upstairs to see what I could find next. After looking around I discovered a toy spider left over Christmas. This brought the inspiration which was to lead to my downfall. I went outside and arranged some boxes

and things for my victim to fall over. I then went back to bed. At about 8.30 a.m. I arose again and went into the kitchen. After some neat finger-work I transferred the spider to my mother's back and then shriekingly informed her of its presence. She did not however, run outside as I had hoped. She merely shook it off and calmly continued her work. My father then came in and told me I had a spider on my back. I laughed at him, until I felt something crawling on my neck. Then I screamed and ran outside straight into my own booby trap. I can still feel the bruises!

We had bananas and cream for a treat tonight. I thoughtlessly sugared them lavishly. Ugh! I do think the late risers take an unfair advantage over the early ones. Talk about the early bird catching the worm! He gets caught!!

—S. Kerr, 3A Comm.

WHISTLING

THERE are three ways of whistling. The most usual, is accomplished by forming an oval opening between the lips through which a thin stream of air is ejected. By changing the air pressure and the shape of the lips a different note and tone may be obtained, which (if you are clever enough; some people obviously aren't) may be used to produce a tune or melody.

The next type of whistling, which is slowly becoming more popular, is simply a variation of the first. The only difference is that a finger, hand, or foot is jammed half-way down the throat and blown on. This method is rather dangerous as it may cause death from choking, rheumatism in the whistling limb, or self-amputation of the same.

The last (and most unpopular way) is by using a mechanical contrivance specially constructed for the purpose. These shrill instruments are most commonly seen and heard on parade-grounds, on trains, in factories or even in orchestras, where they are of course known by the more classical name of Piccolos. They are reputed to be made for those who wish to annoy others and to make themselves unpopular, and they definitely live up to their reputation.

Whistling had its beginnings when primitive man first beheld primitive woman. To whistle at females developed into a custom which has been kept alive by the efforts of many thousands of American historians, as the following pasage quoted from a description of a concert Bob Hope was giving in Palermo for American servicemen, plainly proves.

"When I brought Frances Langford on to the stage sixteen thousand men whistled as one, and blew me right off the platform!"

Ordinarily, however, people whistle solely for their own pleasure, and in many cases it is the only way they can display musical ability. No wonder that in community singing programmes there

is nearly always a whistling item intended for people to exercise themselves upon, so that they may not be able to ruin the singing.

Then there are people who whistle apparently for no reason at all. They just walk down the road sounding the one note for a remarkable period of time. True musicians (this may not include whistlers) despise these wretches as musical outcasts. There are, however, definite advantages in prolonged whistling, for example in a card game, when it produces a demoralising effect on the opponent and seems to slowly drive him insane. It does of course sometimes produce a similar effect on the whistler being often the cause of a black eye, a kick in the shins, or a chair's being broken over his cranium.

The most modern type of whistler resembles a young man of the sixth-form on a Saturday afternoon (or evening). He is attached to a strong base of pink socks and surmounted by a heavy layer of hair-oil. Wrapped around him is green and mauve sportswear; the whole package is neatly fastened with a multi-coloured cravat. This is the de-luxe model whistler and can be adjusted to suit any melody. Once in action it quickens the tempo of the original tune to such a degree that it is soon unrecognisable. It imagines itself to be a modern symphony orchestra, and "Spike Jones" all at once, and the sounds it produces is a mean of those produced by the two.

And so we have seen whistling and some of its causes from the time of primitive man until the time of the ultra-modern schoolboy. Whistling has had a considerable past, and (whether you like it or not) will most likely have quite a future.

Before I finish let me give you one final piece of advice. If you wish to be popular do anything but whistle! For I dislike it intensely myself.

—F. Tinson, E6.

MY HOBBY

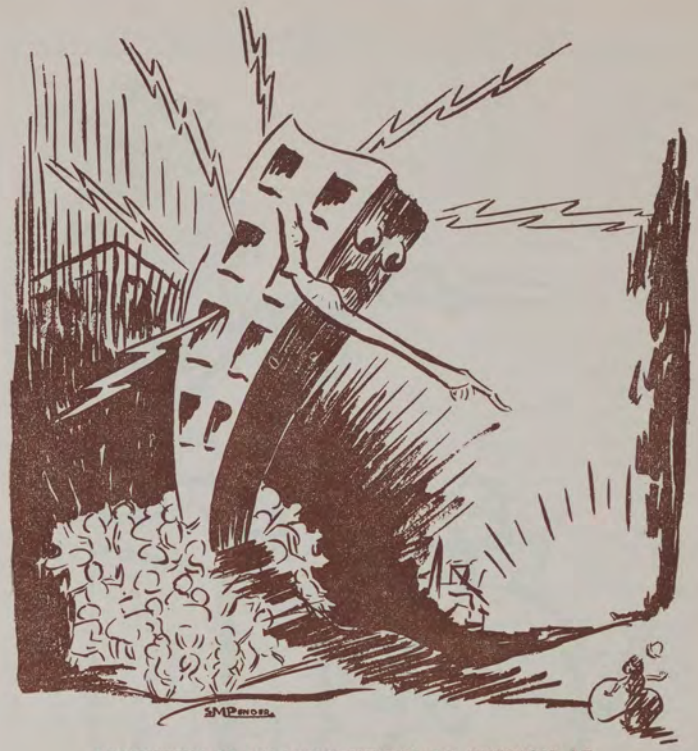
YES! There it was in plain print—

"Model Aircraft Competition!
Bring your models!
First Prize: Free flight to Wellington and prospect of employment by "Must-get-there" Airlines!"

I rubbed my eyes, then hastily proceeded to cut the advertisement from the daily paper. Ever since my hands could grasp a table knife, it has been my hobby to shape wood into the likeness of aeroplanes. My mother's good table-knives have suffered, I fear, but the experience gained has stood me in good stead. I have twenty models to my credit now and find father's razor blades an improvement on table-knives!

I had exactly three days to complete my latest and best model—of the world-famous Stirling bomber. Sleek and sinister she looked in her night-bomber colours; but I still had minor finishing touches to do and a light to install before she would be perfect for the competition. Well, I could only hope for a minimum of homework and trust in the Providence which cares for all good model-makers and some schoolboys! This kind Providence did not desert me: for, gentle readers, I won the competition! The judge congratulated me and told me that his son was flying a Sterling bomber in defence of our country.

For me the future looks "rosy" now, with the prospect of interesting employment with "Must-get-there Airlines" and oh, the joy of that first never-to-be-forgotten aeroplane flight! —E. F.



ACTIVITIES OF AN ART STUDENT ON SECTION AT THE SEDDON MEMORIAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE

MY WORK here has been varied and most interesting, as my time has been spent in both the girls' and the boys' blocks.

As might be expected, the girls apply their art in a practical way by drawing their own designs for needlework and then working these. I spend two periods in the Typo Block, where I have been learning to print. The Typo boys link their art with their printing work by designing and cutting lino-cuts and printing them as advertisements in Typo periods.

Last, but by no means least, has been my introduction to Trade Drawing. This was perhaps the most fascinating of all my work here with you. It was a new subject to me, but under Mr Parker's guidance I feel a new chapter has been opened for me.

The cartoon is my first impression of Seddon Memorial Technical College; nevertheless I like both you and your school very much and I leave it with many regrets.—Shirley M. Pender.

THE POHUTUKAWA

THIS stately and useful tree is found in the North Island ranging from North Cape, East coast and Taranaki, West coast.

Its natural habitation is on the sea coasts, but its massive gnarled limbs and silvery foliage may be observed on the margins of fresh water lakes. They exist on the shores of Lake Waikaremoana and Lake Tarawera. Unfortunately, the beautiful specimens at Tarawera were wholly destroyed by the Mount Tarawera eruption in 1886. Strangely, the pohutukawa is indigenous on the sea coast of Nelson. This fact has puzzled many botanists. Some solitary trees are found in the Poverty Bay area, but these are believed to have been planted by the Maoris.

When fully matured, the tree sometimes attains a height of sixty feet. It is short in bole and has numerous huge tortuous branches. Its wood is reddish in colour, dense and long-grained. Because of its great durability, it was used by the early settlers of New Zealand for the frame-work of ships. The inner bark of this fine tree contains a juice which has medicine value and was used by the Maoris to repress inflammation and so promote healing to wounds.

Pohutukawas bloom in December and thus we account for its name "Christmas tree." The blossoms are a fine crimson and were used by early settlers as Christmas-tide decorations. To the Maoris the Pohutukawa has rather a strange significance. It is related in their traditions that at the extreme North of New Zealand there grows a giant tree with one root descending right to the beach. It is told that spirits of the dead descend by this into the opening which is the entrance to "Te Reinga." The flowers of Pohutukawas were at one time used by the Maoris as a bait for snaring tuis and bell-birds.

Apart from the utility of the wood of this handsome tree we prize it for its gnarled grace and its wealth of bloom, and of silver-grey foliage, ever a familiar welcoming sight to the home-coming New Zealander be he Pakeha or Maori.

—E. C.

BABY

YOU MAY THINK you know about your parents but I'll bet you don't. I thought I knew all about mine until my Aunt told me this story about my parents and their first born child (my brother). This is what she said:

"Everybody said he was a darling for the first year and I suppose he was. Your mother used to bring him over and demand my adoration; but finally when I got out of patience and told her that I had been the mother of half-a-dozen just as handsome, and cunning little dears, she became quite indignant, and refused to enter my house or to let her calf play with my goat any longer.

I suppose your brother was up to the average. After all, he was your parents' first, and so your father wasn't so very much to blame for making a fool of himself. Your brother wasn't three days old before your father had bought him a pair of boots, a straw hat, a drum, a football, and many other things; and he carried a grin on his face which would have made him a fortune as a circus clown.

I knew he'd learn, but I said nothing. It wasn't many days before we used to hear him up at midnight shaking the stove around and butting his nose against the doors; and his eyes began to have a solemn look. Then your father's mother arrived and also his two brothers and their families; and a few acquaintances paid your father a visit to see the baby; when they all filed in to meals it was like a procession.

The colic season came on after your brother was two months old, and then didn't your father know all about it! The baby would be sleeping sweetly when suddenly the colic would strike him, and he'd yell—"Whoop! Whoooooo! W-hoooo!"

They'd turn him on his little stomach, loosen his bands, rub his back, and give beef tea, but he'd kick and claw and then they'd have to send for your father and next the doctor, and raise as much excitement as a fire alarm! If it was night, your father would have to leap out of bed, build a fire, look for ointment, liniments and soothing syrups, and perhaps it was hours before he got to bed again.

This kind of thing went on till everybody in the neighbourhood got rather tired of your darling brother. When he was a year old, and could sit alone, he one day got hold of your father's jack-knife. They saw him biting the end of it, but they didn't see what happened to it next. He was hunting round for something else, when a mosquito swooped down like a dive-bomber, on his poor head and gave him a bite. He yelled and clawed and kicked. Your mother jumped for him and cried out.

"He's gone and swallowed that jack-knife!"

Your father looked around, failed to see the knife, noted the red face and flying legs of your brother, and clapped on his hat and ran for the doctor. The hired girl made a dash among the neighbours, and in a short time they had gathered to the number of forty. The child kicked and clawed and grew still redder. Your mother clasped her hands

and cried.

"That dreadful jack-knife is working among his blessed vitals!"

Your father sat down in a tremble, some of the women cried, and a fat man went to the back door step and wiped the tears away with a new twenty-five shilling hat, utterly regardless of the expense.

"Hold the young 'un up!" yelled one.

"Pat him on the back!" yelled another.

"Turn him over!" squealed old Mrs Johnson.

And they held your brother up by one leg, and swung him this way and that. They flung him on the settee, and rolled him over mauling him on the back with their fists, and made the neighbourhood ring with his howls. Finally the doctor arrived. He put the boy on the table,

and pinched his ribs, and rubbed his stomach, and tried to count his pulse.

"I think the knife rests here," he said placing his broad hand on your brother's stomach.

"Suppose it should commence to whittle away his vitals!" wailed your mother.

"Hand me the mustard, and tepid water, and salt, and some pills, and some coffee, and the chloroform!" answered the doctor.

Then they held your brother up, and filled him with stuff, and rubbed and pounded him more, and as he clawed around and kicked Mrs. Frazer on the nose, they said it was convulsions, contortions and dying agonies. They wore the hair off his head before they got through with him, and the doctor had just announced that he would have either to cut him open and take the jack-knife out with a pair of tongs, or see the young innocent die, when Mrs. Senior's tow-headed boy, who was prowling around, discovered the jack-kife under the settee. Then the doctor got red in the face, your father jumped over the table, and the old women wiped their eyes and remarked, that anyway, "It didn't seem possible that Providence could be going to take the little darling away!"

—E. Smith, 6 Eng.

"KIWIS"

THE WORD "KIWI" has a much greater significance today than it had to the pioneers who toiled in this country in its early years. In 1945 we immediately associate the word with young New Zealand soldiers serving overseas. To the people of the pioneering days the name stood for a rather odd-looking bird.

This, when fully grown, is about the size of a young turkey and is covered with long, coarse feathers. Its beak, a valuable tool for delving into the ground for the earth-worms upon which it feeds, is long and slender. In comparison with the body, the head is very small. Although the legs are short, they are unusually strong. There is no appearance of either wing or tail. In colour the bird is brown with streaks of black and it frequents dense forest-lands. It is seldom seen in the daytime but ventures out at night in search of food. The cry of the Kiwi is described as being similar to a boy's shrill whistle. By imitating this cry, the Maoris were often able to decoy the bird.

On the blackest night the hunters, accompanied by dogs and aided by the light of torches, would set out. As the habit of Kiwis is to go in pairs, the Maoris would endeavour first to catch the female; it was easily recognised, being the larger of the two. While the male was endeavouring to find and assist the female, it would also be caught, the Kiwis being unable to see in the strong torchlight. Another method employed to catch Kiwis was by using a worm as bait. The worm is the Kiwis' favourite food. The bird approaches its prey with head on one side, listening for the faint sound of the worm moving beneath the soil. The sound is rather like the faint ticking of a clock. The hunter uses tiny pieces of wood tied to his dog's neck, to produce a sound similar to the ticking. Lured by the sound, the kiwi approaches the dog, which is then able to pursue it. The dazzling light of the torches completes the work.

Their fleetness of foot makes the birds difficult to catch and this can be done only by swift dogs which are often kicked and bruised severely. It is very rarely that they are brought into captivity, so that they are greatly prized. The flesh is not very suitable for food, being black, tough and tastless; but the feathers were much prized for the decoration of Maori mats, and a kiwi feather-mantle was a treasured possession.

This bird, now a distinctive emblem of our country, has supplied our servicemen with their popular nickname. But where the kiwi of old was famed for his speed in retreat and in eluding capture, the modern Kiwi is redoubtable for his gallantry in battle and his forcefulness in attack.

—D. McG. and G. T.

LIFE IN THE ISLANDS

FIJI—, "land of everlasting sunshine, tropical paradise." That's what they call it at the Tourist Bureau. But don't let them deceive you too much! They don't tell you about the damp heat that absorbs all your energy during the rainy season, and they certainly don't let fall a word about the rain or the mosquitoes!

October to April are the wet months, when the rain sets in for days at a time; when the hurricanes make their presence felt by blowing the trees out of the ground and removing roofs from houses and placing them neatly—more or less—in the centre of the road—to the amusement of all and sundry, barring of course, the owners of the roofs aforesaid!

The time to see Suva is in June. The rains have ceased; everything has had time to grow after the last hurricane, and the hills and valleys are covered with a brilliant green carpet which must be seen to be believed. Now that the season of rains and gales is over, the residents, secure in the knowledge that their houses will not be blown down by hurricanes for at least another six months, have taken the opportunity to paint everything that will take a coat of paint, and so Suva really begins to assume the appearance advertised so much by the Tourist Bureau.

This is the season when the natives place themselves on display for the tourists—and fire-walking, mekes, (hakas to New Zealanders), kava ceremonies and displays of shark fighting take place almost every week. The shark fighting has fallen into disfavour now and is looked upon as being too dangerous a pastime. The natives throw meat into the water to attract the sharks from their nest under the wharf, and then, with a knife clutched between their teeth, these rash mortals dive in to do battle, quite often coming off the victor too! On one occasion, however, a native boy, with a very bad sense of judgment, dived straight into a shark's jaws. After that the sport was forbidden as being too dangerous.

Visitors to the group are always much astonished at the number of Indians who live in Fiji. Before the war the Government brought to the Islands yearly, some three boat-loads of coolie-class Indians, to provide casual labour. When their contract time had expired these men and women were given the choice of returning to India or staying in Suva. Most of them stayed, and as large families are general, the density of the Indian population has rapidly increased. These Indians have become the small shopkeepers, the tailors and dressmakers, the dobi (laundry) boys, the house servants, the taxi and service-car drivers, and the workers in the sugar cane and rice fields.

There are also many Chinese people in Fiji, and it is to them that the Europeans look for their supplies of fresh vegetables. Potatoes, wheat, mutton and all New Zealand fruits are imported. Our native fruits are looked upon almost with distaste because of their familiarity. For instance, who would want to eat pineapples when they can be had at five for sixpence—and who would want oranges when they are sixpence for fifteen? I never wanted them until I couldn't get them!

The Fijians, who only one generation ago ate human flesh as a pleasant pastime, are now the most peaceful and friendly of the Pacific Islanders. They are very tall and broadly built, and their upstanding fuzzy hair adds even more to their height. They are by nature a lazy race and would much rather let the Indians do all the hard work, only working themselves when they are penniless and in urgent need of money.

The natives play football all the year around—to the amazement of visitors—who are usually so overcome by the heat that they can hardly summon strength to walk along the road. The Europeans indulge in sports for about two hours in the evening, playing tennis, polo, golf and sometimes hockey. Everyone has a season ticket to the salt-water baths and makes full use of it in the hot weather. The beaches are rarely used for swimming, as the sharks come up into very shallow water.

On the beaches the glare from the incredibly blue water is a great strain on the eyes, and all picnickers wear sunglasses, viewing a less colourful but undoubtedly more bearable world through mud-coloured spectacles. There is no surf at any of the beaches near Suva, the nearest being about two hours' yacht sail away from the harbour. This long beach is exposed to the open sea and the surf almost equals that of Bondi or Manly—almost! It is a great thrill surfing at this spot, as once the surfer has become used to the swooping sensation he is able to look back and calculate how many sharks are following in his wake—and if he comes of a gambling family, to make mental bets as to his chances of escape should he by any chance tip up.

All day long the thunder of the waves beating on the reef is in the background, and as far as the eye can see there is a long unbroken line of foam following the sweep of the reef encircling the Island. Outside the sea is rough and a royal blue in colour, then comes the contrasting white of the breakers on the reef, then the limpid, light-blue water of the harbour, with yachts, schooners, outrigger canoes, passenger liners, and tramp steamers dotted about its surface. For Fiji is essentially a place of yachts and ships. One comes to it on a boat, and one leaves on a boat. It may be British, Australian, American, French, or even Portuguese—but as that boat that bears the traveller away, leaves behind it the indolent little town, something in the throb of the engines murmurs to him repeatedly, persistently—"You will come back—you will come back!"

—Lorin Millett.

MAORI LEGEND

NEAR Dargaville there are two hills standing almost directly opposite each other. They are on either side of the Wairoa River. The bigger one is called Toka-Toka, and the little one standing opposite is the Green Hill.

The legend goes that once three Maoris were going out to dig toheroas. On the way, they had to cross the Wairoa River. When they reached its banks they saw that there was only one way of getting across safely, and that was to jump.

The biggest Maori jumped first and landed safely on the other side. The second one followed, but he landed only half-way over. The smallest one was too frightened to jump at all!

The biggest one waited so long for the other two that he turned into Toka-Toka. The second, waiting for help, slowly became transformed into pebbly sand-banks, while the smallest one became the Green Hill.

—Moana Tane, 3E Comm.

THE EXCUSE

ONE foggy morning as the service-car carried me towards the city and school the none-too-comforting thought came to me that I had not prepared for Mr. A—'s geometry test. The other passengers, all ladies, except a small elderly man, were talking nineteen to the dozen, and a rather fat and self-important woman was telling an elderly couple all about New York. She seemed to be continually saying, "When I was in New York—." Two other women were discussing stockings.

Our route took us over a tortuous road through the dismal scrub-covered Red Hills, but as everyone was talking, no one was greatly interested in the scenery. Then suddenly it happened! The car lurched sickeningly sideways and in an instant had capsized over the bank.

First, the roof was under us, and we were in a heap, the women confusedly screaming, "Help, help." The imposing one screamed loudly, "We're all killed!! We're all killed!" Then the car came to rest after the second complete turn, and all was silent.

Dragging myself from the rear seat, from the wreckage of two dozen broken eggs and a bunch of pulped flowers, I made my way to the other side of the car whence came a series of groans and moans.

The women were all on the floor towards the front. At once I asked what I could do to help. One told me to fetch a doctor, another said to get some smelling salts, another asked for a nip of brandy and yet another said to get some water. Goodness!! What did people think I was? A travelling chemist and a hotel bar? After much ordering about of everyone by everyone else, we all managed eventually to scramble back to the road.

About this time, a car came by and the driver promised to send a bus to take us on to town. In the meantime everyone expressed his or her views on how it had happened. The little man said that he thought the steering was at fault, while the fat woman was sure the driver must have been drunk. The other women were all arguing as to whether the road was safe. Talk drifted to other experiences of accidents, the fat woman immediately relating all her past adventures in detail and, as usual, commencing every sentence with "When I was in New York—."

Eventually, however, the relief car came and all hurrying in, we soon resumed our journey to the city. With egg-and-clay-covered shoes I presented myself in room 91 about eleven o'clock.

"Well, what's the excuse this time?" asked Mr. A—, surveying me with a cold eye. I gasped out my explanation and as I walked to my desk, he said: "That is most unfortunate;you have just missed a geometry test!" Meekly I said "Yes, sir," heaving a secret sigh of relief.

—D. Lloyd, E5B.

Donated.