ŒDDONIAN

1943

The SEDDONIAN

1943

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

"Vitae Non Scholae Discimus"

STAFF, 1943.

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English and General: Mr. W. E. Burley, B.A.

Engineering and Trades: Mr. E. S. Closs, B.A., A.M.I.E. (Mech. E. London).

Commercial Subjects: Mr. H. A. Jones, B.Com., A.R.A.N.Z.

Home Science and Crafts: Miss E. I. Wright, Dip. H.Sc., Dip. in Dietetics (New York).

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*Mr. L. E. Adams, M.A.
Miss L. Anderson, Dip. Fine Arts, N.Z.
Miss A. M. Bell
*Mr. J. Brooke, B.E.
Mrs. B. C. Brown, B.A.
*Mr. W. M. Brown, B.A.
Miss N. E. Burley, B.H.Sc.
*Mr. J. L. G. Carnachan, B.A.
*Mr. F. D. Choate
Miss T. H. Clough, A.R.A.N.Z.
*Mr. A. J. Dallimore
Mr. B. M. Davis, M.Sc.
Miss E. M. Davis, M.A., Dip. Journ., Dip. Ed.
*Mr. J. F. de Lisle, M.Sc.
*Mr. B. I. Fulton, M.A.
Miss J. Galloway
Mr. W. Gemmell
*Mr. E. H. Halstead
Mr. I. Hayman, B.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.N.Z.I.E.
Miss D. O. Henderson, B.A., Dip. Ed., Dip. Journ.
Mr. H. W. Hollies, Medallist (2) Wembley Exhib.
Miss G. B. Hughes, B.H.Sc.
Mr. E. L. M. James, Handicraft Teacher's Cert., M.I.A.E.E.
Mr. H. W. James, M.A.
Mrs. E. M. Joseph, B.A., Pitman's Shorthand Teacher's Dip.
*Miss P. M. King, B.A.
Miss E. M. Lamason, A.R.A.N.Z.
Mr. H. P. Leeves, A.P.E.S., Physical Culture Instructor.
Mr. L. M. McKillop, M.A.
Miss L. Maloy, M.A.
*Mr. C. L. Maloy, M.Sc.
Mr. W. Mitchell, M.A.
Mr. A. B. Ohlson, B.A.
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Miss P. J. Phillipps, Physical Culture Instructress.
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Mr. C. H. Sayers, M.A., Dip. Ed.
Mr. F. Schlup
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*Mr. C. M. Taylor, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.N.Z.I.E.
*Mr. R. E. C. Taylor
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*Mr. K. Turtill, M.A.
Miss C. J. Vickery, N.Z. University Book-keepers' Diploma.
*Mr. R. B. Waddell, B.Sc.
Mr. R. M. Webber, B.Sc., A.A.S.E. (Elect.), A.M.N.Z.I.E.
Mr. E. C. Wooller, M.A., Dip. Ed., Dip. Journ.

*On War Service.

Temporary War-Time Staff.

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

Part-Time Staff.

Miss M. G. Anderson, N.Z. University Book-keepers' Diploma.
Miss D. J. Beaven
Mr. A. S. Bullen
Mrs. V. Hunter
Miss A. M. Smith, A.R.C.A.

Relieving Staff.

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Mrs. F. A. Tugwell
Miss E. C. Mourant

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Deputy-Chairman	Mr. F. C. Pace
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Representatives of Auckland Education Board	Lt. Col. W. H. Fortune (on active service) Mr. R. A. Rew
Representatives of Association of Employees in Local Industries	Mr. A. H. Dixon Mr. J. W. Mitchell
Representatives of Association of Employers in Local Industries	Mr. E. Aldridge Mr. F. G. Fowler
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Representative of School Committees	Mrs. F. McBride
Secretary and Treasurer	Mr. G. J. Park

Office Staff.

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

Girl Prefects.

Head Girl: Lorin D. Millett.

Betty Ah Chee.
Joyce M. Stanley.
Rienne Forrester.
Shirley Strickland.
Shirlee Clist.
Delwyn Reid.
Josephine Krause.
Dawn Anderson.
Joan Hayes.
Colleen F. Kennedy.
Lillian Groome.
Claire Lofley.
Leona Murray.
Eileen Smith.
Ruth Miller.
Thelma Wilson.
Doris Swift.
Pauline Becker.
Enid Longden.

Boy Prefects.

Head Boy: Jackson, K.
Deputy Head Boy: Laurie, N.

Prefects:

Ball, G.
Botica, I.
Carter, G.
Grant, W.
Menzies, M.
Norrie, D.
Pittman, K.
Watson, K.

Sub-Prefects:

Arnold, L.
Davison, T.
Fairhead, A.
Fiddes, V.
King, C.
Pelling, G.
Smith, W.
Valentine, E.

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EDITORIAL

Retrospect and Prospect.

AT the end of twenty-one years as Principal of this College, one feels tempted on first thought to lapse in reminiscent mood into the poverty and riches of one's experiences, into the sorrows and the joys, the disappointments and the rewards. But that would be far too long a story for this page. So one must select, and selecting leads directly to one outstanding impression. It is that when the full story of the part our boys and girls have taken in this great war is written, the best reward that has sprung from a decade of work in education will be clear. All that loyalty to true ideals in education, all that capacity to inspire desire for service have achieved in the best schools of the great Empire to which we owe allegiance, have been achieved in this College because of the innately sterling qualities of the youth of this city and their pioneering inheritances, and because of the very capable and truly loyal band of teachers it has been my good fortune to direct. We are indeed proud of this, the most precious reward that any band of teachers can have.

We know full well that the next generation also, those now in our classrooms, is cast in the same mould. In increasing measure they have responded regularly to appeals for the benefit of their fighting brothers and sisters. The record of College activities for patriotic and charitable purposes during the years of war has been one which has filled us with pride and one which calls for acknowledgment and grateful thanks to the parents whose encouragement and help have made it possible.

Beside these final tests of the quality of service rendered, what need is there to think of disappointments or sorrows, what need to tell of troublous early years of disloyalties, of commissions of inquiry, of slanderous attacks in Parliament upon our honesty of purpose? They have long since passed and for very many years now the record of this College has been one of most remarkable progress in almost every detail of our work.

Additions to buildings, modernisation of equipment, increases in enrolments, steadily growing staffs and improved financial resources have been features we count as normal. But above all

and over all, I think we can claim at the end of this decade that the reputation of this College in the minds of Auckland parents and employers stands higher than it has ever done. The roll numbers of 1,587 in the technical high school and 153 evening classes with an average enrolment of 24 per class, put into visual form the service Seddon Memorial is giving to this city: they are three times as large as those of 1922 and make the College the largest in the Dominion.

So great has become the desire for education of the distinctive kind provided here, that at the moment of writing I am invited by the authorities to plan the means by which this College may be reserved for more advanced instruction. Fortunately visits in 1938 to many technical schools in many countries have made it easier to visualise the more important part the College can take in the next decade, than in the one that will close with the end of the war. Compulsory full-time education until the age of 15 or 16 years and compulsory part-time education in working hours to the age of 18 years are being adopted in England, and if these follow in New Zealand, as seems certain, the need for one centre of higher technological type in Auckland is obvious, and it is obvious, too, which school will be chosen for that place of useful and honourable service. Then we shall have real right to the title of "College" chosen with such foresight forty years ago, and even perhaps attain University status. We are on the eve of changes greater than any in forty years; we face them confident that we can build, upon foundations so truly laid, an edifice worthy of the important place the S.M.T.C. will have in Auckland and in New Zealand.

G. J. PARK,
Principal.

STAFF NOTES.

Staff assemblies have been more numerous than usual since the outbreak of war. We foregathered to say Farewell and Godspeed to several of our men going overseas, and also to Miss Patricia King, who was selected for service with the W.W.S.A. in Egypt.

At recent gatherings we conveyed our congratulations and good wishes to members of the staff on the occasion of their marriage. Mr. G. Ryan and his fiancee received our felicitations towards the end of 1942. Early this year, two of the lady members were recipients of presentations and good wishes, namely Miss Beryl Campbell and Miss Rae Moore: Miss Moore on the occasion of her

resignation to marry Sgt. Bruce Webster; and Miss Campbell, who had married a member of the staff, Flight Lieut. W. Maurice Brown, reference to whose adventures is made elsewhere.

A much rarer occasion for a staff gathering is the retirement of a member of the staff. Miss M. G. Anderson terminated her career as a full-time member of the staff last February. Miss Anderson entered the Education service as a clerk on the staff of the Christchurch Technical College. Later, she transferred to Wanganui as a commercial teacher on the staff of the Wanganui Technical College. It was in 1923 that she arrived on our staff, having thus given twenty years at this school of loyal and efficient service principally as a teacher of shorthand. She was also an excellent teacher of book-keeping, but it is as a teacher of shorthand that she will be long remembered by the hundreds of students who received their training at her hands. Through her skilful teaching, the College established a reputation second to none in New Zealand for thorough training in shorthand.

Miss Todd's departure to join the staff of the Auckland Girls' Grammar School is regretted alike by parents, teachers and pupils. Miss E. Lamason and Miss L. Anderson are at present absent on sick leave, but we look forward to their return soon, and are glad to hear that they have already reached the convalescent stage. Staff changes include the return to the staff of Miss Henderson and Dr. O'Shannassy, also Messrs. Wooller and Leeves, both of whom have been absent on military duties.

Mr. L. S. Wood, M.A.

Although he had been suffering from ill-health for some years, the news of the death of the late Mr. L. S. Wood on 19th June, 1940, came as a shock to the school. He came to us in 1923 with splendid testimonials as to his service in primary schools, and his work always bore the stamp of a man of high character, hard-working and conscientious. Our sincere sympathy with his widow and family was communicated to them. His passing was a loss to the school, where he has been sadly missed by both staff and pupils.

Mr. Houston Stewart.

Through the death on 28th September, 1943, of Mr. H. Stewart, the College lost one of its most highly respected teachers. Mr. Stewart joined the staff in 1932 as a Workshop Instructor. He had been in ill-health for many years and passed away at the

comparatively early age of 39. He bore his suffering with quiet fortitude and sought always to cause the minimum amount of inconvenience to his colleagues.

There is no doubt that he had a real love of boys, and they had for him a great respect, which found expression in their efforts to do their work in a manner that would please him. His life and the manner of it will remain as an inspiration to many who passed through his Shop, a shining pattern of devotion to duty, not seeking the limelight, or publicity, but making all the deeper impression by his courage and sincerity.

In Memory of Mr. Cox.

Janitor, 1928–1942.

It must happen with a great many persons, as it has with me, that the personality who remains most clearly in his schoolday memories is that of the Janitor or Caretaker. At all events, to all schoolboys he is a prominent figure. During one's school days, teachers may come and teachers may go, but the Janitor remains. To new boys for fifteen years, Mr. Cox was pointed out as the Janitor. It must have seemed to many hundreds of boys that Mr. Cox was a permanent feature of College life. He was there when they came and he was there when they left. The many young people who came to Evening School between 1928 and 1942 also knew Mr. Cox. Through all these years, Mr. Cox earned the respect of the day and evening students. Trained in the Regular Army as he had been, his concept of discipline was rigid, and at times it may have seemed severe. Yet the staff and students understood that at all times he sought to maintain at a high standard the good repute of the Seddon Memorial Technical College.

Throughout his long association with the College, he rendered splendid service and set a fine example in his uprightness and loyalty. It was with deep regret that the school learned of his serious illness in June and July, 1942. On the 8th December, 1942, the staff made a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Cox as a token of their esteem and very good wishes for a long period of happy retirement. Fate, however, stepped in and it was a shock to the School to learn in the following March that Mr. Cox lay in hospital dangerously ill. He passed away on 18th March, 1943.

His passing was a loss to the school which he had loved and in which he played his part so well. To Mrs. Cox and his son we tender our deepest sympathy.

H.A.J.

They Died For Us.

Worthy they who answered the Call
To defend our land;
To fight against the foes
who threatened our freedom
And gave their lives
That we might live
Secure against tyranny and oppression;
That we, the scholars of to-day,
Might seek in freedom
The Light of learning.

We bow our heads in reverent memory
And dedicate ourselves
To use worthily
The freedom they won for us
In our country's cause.

Their Glory Shall Live!

H.A.J.

SCHOOL WAR RECORD.

Died On Active Service.

Archibald, A. H. P.
Bartlett, L. J.
Bassett, T. N.
Baulf, I. H.
Blackman, D. A.
Blow, A. I.
Booklass, J. G.
Booth, H. P., D.S.M.
Box, D. G.
Bracegirdle, J.
Brough, R.
Buckley, W. E.
Caldwell, C. D.
Carter, W. B.
Clayton, D.
Collins, J.
Dreaver, B. C., D.F.C.
Dustin, F. H.
Flynn, T. H.
Galloway, D. M.
Gibbons, W.
Gifford, E. A.
Grainger, C. K.
Hamon, N. F.
Harris, D. W.
Harrison, W.
Hislop, S.
Hultquist, A. G.
Hunt, J. F.
Irvine, I. H., D.F.M.
Jackson, L. G.
Johnson, N. F., M.M.
Jones, F. J.
Jury, J. L.
Keane, O. A.
Land, A.
Lord, L. M.
Lowther, D. A.
Lund, M.
Lynch, G. J.
Marbeck, A.
Meiklejohn, A. R.
Moisley, W. R.
Morgan, E. M.
Morris, A. K.
Mulvihill, H.
Munns, B. R.
Murfitt, T. R.
Murray, A. L.
McCarthy, W. F.
McChesney, I.
McCormack, E. J.
MacWilliam, C. S.
Negus, N. B.
Newbold, N. J.
Piggin, S. F.
Pike, H.
Platt, J. S.
Pybus, J.
Rewa, D. O.
Rich, W. J.
Robertson, T.
Smith, P. S.
Thomas, R. C.
Todman, A. W.
Tong, H.
Wallace, U. W.
Watkin, D. L.
Watson, J. W.
Weaver, F. A.
Westcott, E.
White, I. R.
Whitwell, H. C.
Wilson, N. W.

Missing.

Archibald, D.
Breckon, G. F.
Bridson, A., D.F.C.
Button, K. A.
Calvert, J. W.
Corrigan, J.
Churches, E. W. G.
Clark, H. C.
Cross, A. E.
Dare, C. F.
Duncan, C.
Edwards, J. A.
Jenner, A. J.
Krause, A. C.
Little, K. J.
Lomax, J. G.
Lund, C. P.
Oldnall, H. R.
Parsons, J. A.
Pederson, T. A.
Philpot, R. J.
Steedman, J. J.
Stehr, W. B.
Tibbits, C. F.
Yeoman, D. H.

Roll Of Honour.

At the present time we have 1,186 names on the Roll. It is estimated that there are twice this number actually in the Forces, and every reader of the "Seddonian" is asked to take this as a personal appeal to do all he can to make the Roll complete. Obtain a form from the office, fill in the particulars and send to the Roll Registrar information concerning any ex-students you know are enlisted in any of the Services. It would help materially if, before sending in the particulars, you would examine the typed list in the Entrance Hall to see whether the name is already on the list.

Information regarding casualties and decorations also is needed, and particulars would be welcomed by the Roll Registrar.

Our warm thanks are tendered to the Parent-Teachers' Association which for many months has sponsored advertisements in the local newspapers. The responses to these advertisements have furnished more than half the names on the Roll.

The Staff On Service.

It is with deep regret that we record the death on air operations of Pilot Officer Jack Pybus. He was a young man of great promise and held in high regard by his colleagues.

Flight-Lieutenant W. Maurice Brown has seen service in all parts of the world. In England at the outbreak of the war, he joined the R.A.F. He then served with the Air Force in India. He was transferred to Singapore and escaped from there to Java; he again escaped to Australia and finally made his way to New Zealand. In August last he returned to duty with the R.A.F. in England.

Captain J. L. G. Carnachan and Lieutenant K. S. Turtill are both Prisoners of War in Italy. Their elimination from active operations will be a sore trial to these keen and efficient officers. Capt. Carnachan had been on the staff for nine years and established a fine reputation as a first-class teacher, popular in the Common Room, the Class Room and on the playing fields. Lieut. Turtill had been with us for only twelve months: he quickly earned a name as a good, steady teacher with a bright future. They both left New Zealand with the Third Echelon in 1940. With the capitulation of the armed forces of Italy, hopes have been raised that they have been able to gain their freedom. We trust that by the time the "Seddonian" is published good news concerning them will have been received, and the staff look forward to the day when they will be able to give them a warm welcome home.

Captain E. H. Halstead held the post of Official Archivist and Public Relations Officer with the N.Z.E.F. in the Middle East. He returned to New Zealand on furlough in July, 1943.

Miss Patricia King was an early volunteer and is serving with the W.W.S.A. in the Middle East.

Messrs. F. D. Choate, R. W. Lowry, R. E. C. Taylor and Noel Whaley are serving with the Forces overseas.

The following teachers are serving with the Forces in New Zealand:—Messrs. A. O. Abbott, F. J. De Lisle, John Edwards, B. I. Fulton, J. Phillips, A. C. Pye, J. M. Scobie, C. M. Taylor, and R. B. Waddell. Mr. E. C. Wooller, after serving in New Zealand for three years, and Mr. H. P. Leeves for two years, both rejoined the staff in the second term this year.

Other teachers doing important war work in New Zealand are Messrs. J. Brooke, J. Dallimore, and Cyril Maloy.

Decorations.

D.S.M.—Booth, H. P. (killed O.A.S.)
D.F.C.—Bridson, A. (missing)
D.F.C.—Dreaver, B. C. (killed)
D.F.M.—Irvine, I. H. (killed)
M.M.—Negus, N. B. (killed)
M.C.—Pepper, C. S. (died)
M.M.—Bear, F. H.
D.F.C.—Buck, P.
M.M.—Aro, R.
M.M.—Johnson, B.
M.M.—Johnson, M. F.
D.F.C.—Hardy, O. L.
O.B.E., D.F.C.—Kay, C. E.
D.F.C.—Milne, C. O.
D.F.M.—Runciman, W. J.
D.F.M.—Scott, W. J.
M.C.—Skinner, C. F. (M.P.)
D.F.C. and Bar.—Smith, I. S.
M.M.—Worthington, B. A. W.
Mentioned in Dispatches.—Young, D. S.
M.C.—Goodsir, J. A.

Prisoners Of War.

Barker, J. E.
Barry, J. E. G.
Carder, L. G.
Carnachan, J. L. G.
Carson, A. L.
Chitty, F. B.
Clist, G. L.
Craddock, N. S.
Culleton, R. M.
Glass, S. J.
Graham, J. R.
Grinter, R. I. H.
Hassett, C.
Hilton, F. W.
Hollis, R. R.
Kitching, L. W.
Lamond, H. W.
Lee, K. L.
Mayall, J.
MacWilliam, R. T.
Newby, C.
Proud, V. G.
Renfrew, C. F.
Sims, N. M.
Sutton, E. W.
Tansley, H. G.
Taylor, H. S.
Turtill, K. S.
Upton, F.
Watson, J. P.
Webb, F. N.

News Of Ex-Students.

Following are items of news about ex-pupils on service. Space permits reference to only a few:—

D. Colin Finlay (1932-1938) joined the Naval Reserve and went overseas in 1940. He was at Singapore till the base fell, being among the last to leave on a Minesweeper, which was bombed and sunk. Colin was rescued by a Dutch ship after being on a float for eight hours. So far as he knows he was the only one to be picked up. After journeying about for some time he arrived at Colombo and has since been on various ships.

Allen Jessen (1932-33) is a first-class Stoker on a British Destroyer and has been in action in the Indian Ocean.

Hugh C. Whitwell (about 1936) had been flying "Stirling" bombers over Europe from the Baltic to the Bay of Biscay. He lost his life on 10th October, 1942, with six others out of the crew of seven. They were laid to rest in the village churchyard at Walton, Norfolk, England.

J. R. Graham (1934) an Able-seaman: he is a Prisoner of War in the Changi Camp, Singapore.

C. N. Deverick has been convoying with the Merchant Navy since the outbreak of war. He has seen many foreign lands and spent eleven months among the ice floes of the Arctic. He has recently enjoyed a spell of service in the less dangerous waters of the Pacific.

R. C. Witten, after four years at the College, went to England and qualified for the Architecture diploma of A.R.I.B.A. He joined the Royal Engineers, in which branch he has been promoted to the rank of Major.

Ivan Baulf gained his wings in New Zealand. Last April he was reported missing on operations over Germany while serving with the Royal Canadian Squadron.

A. C. Krause, a Flying Officer, has been reported missing, believed prisoner, in Burma. He is reported to have been last seen sitting on the wing of his plane after it had been forced down.

N. A. Hipwell is a Sergeant somewhere in the Pacific, attached to an Optician's Unit. His school training has stood him in good stead, for in his spare time he has been overhauling the officers' radios. He uses his artistic skill, which keeps both him and the boys amused with his humorous sketches for their Pictorial.

Sidney Smith (1921-24) is a Flight-Sergeant with the South African Air Force engaged on special work. He has been ill with malaria at Accra, on the Gold Coast.

Eric M. Morgan has been reported missing, presumed lost. He went to sea as an Engineer and was engaged in war work ashore in Britain and America. He also voyaged to Archangel. Mr. Morgan was 27 and was married in England.

Gordon Rikys (1925-27) was captured and taken prisoner at Bardia, but was released seven weeks later by British troops.

Aileen Evans (now Mrs. C. Walker) (1936-39) has served as a V.A.D. in the Middle East since December, 1941.

Ralph Hershall is one of many of our old boys serving on the "Achilles." They meet New Zealanders wherever they go.

R. A. Birch (1932-35), after serving in Fiji, went to the Middle East.

Lloyd George (1928-34), an officer at New Zealand Division Ordnance Workshops, has talked over the old School with many old boys, who are all doing wonderful work; Sgt. Aro and Gm. Johnson both wear the Military Medal. We had the pleasure of a visit from Lt. George when on furlough.

I. M. Proctor, gunner in the Middle East, says that the one wish of all the other old boys that he has met is that it won't be long before they are on the field again with the old Club. He hopes that a reunion of old boys will be arranged.

C. K. Lord (1931-34), while in hospital recovering from yellow jaundice, recalls old days in the Woodwork Shops.

R. E. Katterns (1922) left New Zealand in 1928 with the Samoa Military Police. Two years later he took up cocoa planting until sent overseas with the Army in 1941, and is now serving with Div. H.Q. in the Middle East.

A. D. Rich (1931) has renewed acquaintance with many old boys and is always glad to have news of the old School.

F. G. Wilson (1931-34) was in the old Business Training Course and recalls his four Form teachers.

Owen Watters (1937) is serving with an A.A. Battery.

Albert Prenter (1930-31) is a Sergeant Observer, trained in Canada, and serving with the Air Force in England.

W. B. Leslie (1917-18) left school during the 'flu epidemic, joined the P. and T. at Warkworth, then went farming, and on war's breaking out sailed with the Second Echelon. His service took him to England, Greece and Crete.

William Harrison, who passed the Studentship Examination in 1939, enlisted with the R.A.F., then with the Fleet Air Arm. His training was carried out in Canada and the States. He left for England in July, 1942. Cabled advice was received that he was killed in an aeroplane accident on 19th September, 1942.

Lionel Nicholls (1932-37), a younger brother of Wing-Commander C. W. K. Nicholls, was taken prisoner at Bardia, and later released. He was later posted to the Fighting French, and in October, 1942, was with the Australians.

A. B. Atkinson (1936-40) joined the R.N.Z.A.F. and became a Pilot Officer at the age of eighteen and a-half. In December, 1941, he left for active service in England.

O. G. Farrelly (1929-33) is a Chief Petty Officer on the "Achilles."

H.A.J.

Parcels For The Troops.

In connection with the sending of Parcels overseas, Mrs. McCallum and Miss B. E. Carnachan handsomely acknowledged the assistance given by our boys to the ladies who, once a quarter, used the College Hall for assembling and packing the parcels. On our part, we can say that the enthusiasm and industry of the ladies engaged on this work is beyond praise: it is an object lesson and an inspiration to all who see them at work, and any assistance that the School can render is gladly given and regarded by us as a privilege.

Greeting cards from the College were placed in about 1,500 of the parcels, and many grateful and interesting letters have been received in acknowledgment.

A N.Z. Soldier In The Pacific.

I have been asked to write some of my impressions of these islands for the "Seddonian." First I take the opportunity of greeting the staff and pupils of the College and wishing the Magazine every success.

A soldier is not a tourist. To him the Pacific Islands are no paradise. He is possibly making himself a crude bed on a bare hillside, drying his clothes after a tropical downpour, hanging on to things in a hurricane, or as he digs futile holes, sweltering in the tropic sun and warding off morale-destroying mosquitoes. He can't get a decent wash, eat off table linen, or sit back and have things done for him, as can the average tourist or resident. He knows of a better paradise in New Zealand where life is not a continual fight against every kind of insect pest, discomfort and boredom. Though he does not complain, he is immensely relieved at the prospect of any sort of change.

Odd Facts About the Islands.

Even a small map of the Pacific will show you that both islands are pretty big. Fiji is a group of over 200 islands, the main one of which is about as large as the North Auckland peninsula, but shaped round like Australia. New Caledonia is like the North Auckland peninsula from the point of view of size, the direction in which it lies, its length and narrowness. Look at the map again. You will be surprised.

Both islands are very rich. Fiji is rich in almost everything—gold, sugar, colour and coconuts. It is said to have the largest dairy farm in the world. The sugar plantations are endless. Their beautiful yellow-green contrasts with the vivid blue of sea and sky. The surf looks like an advertisement for Reckitt's blue. I must add that the posters you see cannot possibly exaggerate the colour of Fiji. Last, and perhaps least, Fiji produces enormous quantities of gold.

New Caledonia is rich in none of these things—not even coconuts; but she has an abundance of chrome and nickel—more vital to war than sugar and gold. You would expect Fiji to be the more attractive island. It is. New Caledonia is just as drab as chrome and nickel mines suggest.

The islands have two things in common—the excellent harbours and landing-grounds they provide for all kinds of ships and planes, and their strategic situation fair in the middle of the gap between Hawaii and Australia-New Zealand. Both islands are of inestimable value to the Allies in that they provide the only line of communication from America to Australia.

The Fijians.

The Fijians are open and friendly. Their lives are as full and happy as their laughter. They have big heads and much hair, broad smiles which reveal big teeth, big arms, legs and bodies. They can kick a football a long way (with bare feet, too!) and smack sixes galore at cricket. They are always laughing and playing. They don't like work and have no use for money, except to buy cigarettes. So they are always in debt to some Indian storekeeper. The Fijians have not allowed their ancient customs to die out, and many of us have been welcomed into their villages (their village life is well preserved) with the traditional Yanggona ceremony. The native drink is called kava and is made from the root of the yanggona. It is popularly supposed to be intoxicating, and the drinking of kava seems to be part of all the native celebrations.

The Sugar Cane Train.

Many people have heard of Fiji's railway—the only free passenger service in the world. The maximum speed is 12 m.p.h., so that even when the train is going flat out, you could fall off and then run and catch it up. Collecting fares from Fijians would also be rather difficult, and since the train can be boarded in motion, it would be a full-time job for a full-time staff to keep even a few non-paying travellers off! Recognising that Fijians must travel, the C.S.R. (Colonial Sugar Refining Co.) wisely provides passenger carriages and a regular free service, and this keeps everyone happy! The train normally pulls huge loads of sugar-cane from the fields into the mills. The rail must be about two or three hundred miles long by about 2ft. 3in. wide—a gauge which is just wide enough to enable you to ride a motor-bike between the rails and provide a thrill on every bridge, where there is a gap of 8 or 9 inches between each sleeper, which forces you to cross the bridge at about 30 m.p.h.!

A Week-end Trip.

I was fortunate enough on one occasion to spend a week-end at some small outlying islands—where the tropics resemble what you read about, where coral sands are blinding white and flying gar-fish streak the crystal waters. You have seen films of natives fishing under-water with spears on the coral-reefs. They do it there, and many a good fish story did I hear! Now we have forgotten all the heat and hard work of Fiji, and have only pleasant memories of what we saw and heard there.

L. E. ADAMS (Captain).

Physical Education In The Army.

Physical education is the foundation of every soldier's training—unless he is physically fit he cannot make the best use of modern weapons. Every branch of military training has progressed since World War No. 1, during which period physical education was referred to as physical jerks, a most appropriate term, as almost every movement was of a snappy, jerky nature. After the last war, prominent medical men were invited to sit in conference with the English Army physical experts. Owing to this co-operation, the old system fell by the wayside and was replaced by a more rythmical, effective and health-giving system.

Having been an instructor in both wars, I am firmly convinced that the present system is far more beneficial and enjoyable to the trainees. From the instructor's point of view, it is a most interesting system to teach. The old system had little to recommend it from the point of view of mental exercise; the instructor's job was to issue sharp words of command. The trainees, by simply obeying these parrot-like words of command, missed the mental stimulus that the modern system offers.

The system to-day commences with informal activity. This takes the form of a quick game followed by running to limber up, also class formation. This is all carried out in less time than it took in the old days to form a class up by using words of command for drill-movements. The present tables are so scientifically arranged as to exercise every part of the body. The co-ordinating exercises are most interesting; these, together with the many brain-stimulating games introduced during the table, call for quick thinking. During a lesson it is a simple matter to note the slow thinkers. Correct breathing receives due attention. Great importance is attached to Correct Posture Training—a subject sadly neglected in the old system. The soldier of to-day receives double the exercise in a training period as compared with one of the last war. The modern system is so arranged that the men do not realise until the lesson has finished just how much they have

done—there is not a dull moment, providing the instructor knows his job.

Having spent seventeen years in Physical Education in colonial schools, I am firmly convinced that the school is the place where physical correction can and must be achieved. It has taken a war to teach us the importance of national physical fitness, and to realise just how unprepared we were physically. Unless a recruit had led an active life he found phsyical education hard going for the first two weeks, after which stage almost every man would readily admit that he had never been in better physical condition. The daily P.T. period was a pleasure to the men. I feel sure that this branch of the training will prove to be a lifelong asset to those spared to enjoy it and an education for life. For several years before the war, Germany, Italy and Japan were paying great attention to Physical Education even after the school years. I fancy their slogan must have been: "Get a man fit, keep him fit and we can soon make a soldier, sailor or airman of him." Unless a man is physically fit he cannot successfully carry out the many strenuous branches of military training, neither can he endure the many hardships that active service entails.

During my service in this war I have met many old boys of the College in various camps. Having taught and trained them in Physical Education when they were boys, it was interesting to meet them again under military conditions. From 1929 onwards, little did I think that such an experience would be my lot. This war brought about a set of circumstances over which we had no control. The first test was that of physical fitness. It was a pleasure to meet again old boys who had taken into their life the physical education imparted to them during school days. These young men were fit to go anywhere in the defence of New Zealand; however there were others, who had only themselves to blame. I refer to those who, like many boys of to-day, are under the impression that perfect physical health comes as a natural consequence of bodily growth. What a sad mistake to make! To all readers I offer this advice. Take a keen interest in your physical welfare, build up a good constitution. You may then rest assured that your body will be what you care to make it. Physical Education is like any other subject; you can get out of it only what you care to put in. The best brains of the Allies are busy working out beneficial post-war schemes in the interest of mankind.

Does not the future of Physical and Recreational Education warrant much serious thought in such a beautiful country as New Zealand? A physically fit nation means a happy and prosperous nation. I look forward with interest to future and to post-war developments in that direction.

H.P.L.

The Great Carnival and Fair.

A Thousand Pounds for War Funds.

The energies of every pupil and every member of the staff, and every room and corridor in the School, were devoted to the Great Fair of 14th and 15th November, 1940. For weeks beforehand, ingenuity and skill were working at high pressure to devise entertaining yet efficient methods of extracting contributions to the School effort from the pockets of young and old. The great occasion found members of the staff revealing wonderful skill as shopkeepers. They displayed their wares in the most tempting manner, school tables and chairs being transformed into all manner of shop fittings.

Teachers as Shopkeepers.

The Grocer's Shop, with Miss Vickery as a competent Manager, presented a bright and attractive display, while Miss Stubbs's very fine display of needlework was worthy of any high-class store. Miss Hughes and Miss Burley had no difficulty in disposing of their wonderful array of cakes and goodies of all descriptions. In fact, all the ladies toiled strenuously and cheerfully to make every feature a success.

The men also were seen in new roles: Mr. McKillop at the Jumble Stall handled his large number of customers with skill, while Mr. Mitchell, assisted by the Typography staff and pupils, did remarkably well with a stationery stall. Dr. O'Shannassy appeared to be enjoying his role as operator of the Cokernut-Shy Stall, and all the men on the staff gave good service in the varied tasks undertaken.

The Head Office.

Room 17 became the Head Office of this great mushroom Departmental Store, and here a small group of staff and pupils handled the accounts and records. A corps of messengers brought in the cash takings with stall records, supplied change, and kept the management in touch with every detail that was going on. Affairs were so well organised beforehand that no hitch occurred anywhere. To Nancy Horspool and Carlton Lawford, special tribute must be paid for their splendid work in this Department. The total net proceeds from the Fair amounted to £442/14/6.

The Queen Carnival.

A still larger sum, however, was raised by the Queen Carnival, which was responsible for contributions amounting to £559/0/10 to the School's War Fund. The final check up on contributions showed the following results:—

	£	s.	d.
North Queen—Grace Fletcher	181	9	2
East Queen—Evelyn Crawshay	160	11	1
West Queen—Joan McLachlan	113	14	4
South Queen—Mary Rowe	103	6	3

To sum up, the result of the Fair and the Queen Carnival was to raise a total sum of £1,001/15/4. The whole of the proceedings were concluded by the

Crowning of the Carnival Queen.

This ceremony was performed in the College Hall shortly after the Fair. So successful was the function that the College Hall was filled to capacity on three successive evenings.

Patriotic Contributions.

In 1941, the School raised £192/9/7 for Patriotic funds, in 1942 £552/19/11, and this year £328/15/2 has been contributed so far.

Great credit was due to all who had assisted in producing the show: costumes, lighting, script and dramatic features were excellently carried out. Nearly a hundred boys and girls appeared in the ceremony, wearing appropriate costumes, making up a brilliant pageant of colour and movement that will long remain in the memories of both participants and audience.

H.A.J.

·WAR · EFFORT· by D.NAIK

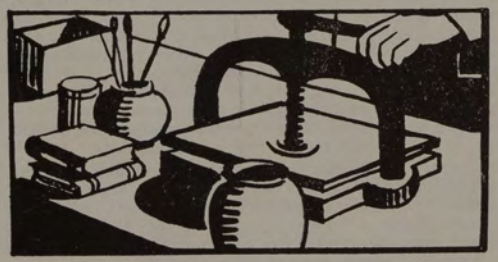
AT RANDOM ROUND THE COURSES.

Art.

Imaginative Painting.

The Painting lesson falls into a rather different category from other subjects. In Arithmetic or English there are certain rules which must be followed and accurately applied, in order to get the correct answer to the sum, or the correct grammar in the essay. In painting, who is to say that any particular colour or shape is correct or incorrect, except in its relation to the other colours and pattern of the whole picture.

There are certain rules, of course, but they can never be so generally applied. It is a much more personal matter. The fact that blue and yellow equals green will give a great variety of greens in a class, whereas the fact that $2 + 2 = 4$ will be the same throughout the class, whether it is written in pencil, chalk or ink.



When speaking of "imaginative" painting I would prefer to call it "observational" or "memory" painting, because it is usually the pupil with the best memory for shapes and colours who can paint the best picture.

A small child when first learning to paint, draws symbols of things that it sees. As it grows and learns to recognise objects by looking and remembering, they begin to take a more recognisable shape.

In the art of painting and drawing and indeed in all the Arts there takes place a satisfaction of self-expression which psychologists have found is a necessity for most individuals. The creative impulse thus released (no matter how imperfectly) often offsets the stodginess or mental inertia produced by too much mechanical absorption of facts and set formulae.

I have often found that a pupil incapable of this form of expression at first (due probably to a fear of "doing it wrong") has found great pleasure and satisfaction and therefore development, once he or she has got over this fear.

There is a popular idea among educationists that only those of less intelligence need study Arts and Crafts, it being a waste of time for the more brilliant pupils who have a greater destiny before them, that of having their heads crammed with accumulated "facts" of the centuries. Is it any wonder, then, that the average adult of to-day, the world over, is incapable of using his or her leisure in a culturally productive manner? He must needs resort for recreation to the cinema at every opportunity, or to the golf club, or else become an "unlistening—radio noise—backgrounder."

What is needed to-day is a truer balance of knowledge, plus the psychological value of self-expression, to equip the citizen of to-morrow.

With reference to the reproductions of paintings on the Art Paper section, No. 1 is the work of a first-year girl, after the class had been given exercises in drawing figures to help them remember what they had seen before. No. 2 is the work of a second-year girl. It will be noticed that there is here a greater statement of detail, while at the same time the underlying pattern and balance are retained.

M.S.

Commercial.

TRAINING TO BE A SHORTHAND-WRITER.

Shorthand, if studied carefully, can be one of the most easy and interesting of subjects. In our course it takes a little over a year to learn the shorthand characters, how to join them together to form words, and also to employ several words in one shorthand outline, thus making a phrase. Careful preparation, though, is necessary from the very beginning. Progress comes from preparing a short piece each night, either by writing longhand into shorthand, or vice versa, and these exercises are dictated in class the following day. It is essential that a student should be able to read shorthand as swiftly as longhand. In fact, reading and writing practice go hand in hand.

Grammalogues and Contracted Logograms are used for words in continual use, such as "it," "and," "the," and "but." These outlines are very short and must be memorised. Grammalogues are quite easily learnt, because only the initial letters of the words for which they stand are represented in the shorthand form. Contracted Logograms are on the same principle except that they are rather longer.

Confidence in one's ability to report is certainly an asset to accuracy. If the student is doubtful as to whether she will get the piece down, and is nervous about it, then she certainly will not be able to report the passage. She must have faith in herself; she must *know* that she will get every single word spoken, on to her paper. Naturally if her mind is made up, she will do this.

One of the best shorthand journals is "Pitman's Office Training." This affords plenty of variety, as it contains letters from well-known writers' notebooks, examination tests, extracts from books, passages containing the commonest words in the English language, and other miscellaneous items. If a student's vocabulary is good, her shorthand will correspond. Shorthand-writers often stumble over long and unfamiliar words when they are reporting. There is a special page in "Pitman's" journal, headed "English and Spelling Practice," which provides vocabulary training. For English, half a word is written in shorthand, the other half being supplied by the student. For spelling, the whole word is written, this having to be transcribed into longhand. These words, which are very tricky, are carefully chosen.

Having become efficient in the above-mentioned, the next thing to be considered is speed. It must be emphasised that without a thorough knowledge of the preliminary steps, speed cannot be attained. A student usually commences at about 30 words per minute, gradually working higher by tens. Constant practice needs to be exercised in this direction so that the shorthand-writer is able to follow the general meaning and to keep up with the speaker while she is reporting. It is most important not to leave out a single word, but to put something down, however hurriedly, which resembles the correct outline. When reading the passage back, the word in question will then probably come to the writer's mind without any effort. The best way to practise speed is to take a piece down for five minutes at, say, 30 w.p.m., then to try the same piece at 40 w.p.m., and to work up until the student is practised in concentrating completely on getting a passage down swiftly.

The Junior Government examination asks that a student shall reach 80 w.p.m. If she wishes to gain a credit pass, which means she must make no errors, the student needs to be able to do 90 w.p.m. reasonably successfully, and for the 110 w.p.m. requirement of the Senior examination, she should be doing 120 w.p.m.

It is one thing to report, and another to transcribe. To do this perfectly, the shorthand outlines must be clear, of suitable size, with the light strokes easily distinguishable from the dark. Practice in this is obtained by always writing shorthand from longhand as beautifully as possible, as slowly as is necessary at first, then gradually quickening until a high speed and clear outlines are the combined result.

The very best way to attain a high speed, is to report speeches, perhaps from the wireless. These are usually spoken at about 120 w.p.m. It is also a good idea to take down songs sometimes, as the speed here is varied. The only way to become a really good shorthand-writer is to indulge in constant practice. "Practice makes perfect" is a very old phrase, but it certainly justifies itself where shorthand is concerned.

M. STOTT,
V.a. Com.

Engineering.

DEVELOPING TECHNICIANS.

It is wise periodically to survey developments in the industrial world, with a view to noting how changes in technique are likely to affect our system of instruction.

In a modern workshop, given over to mass-production methods, the most noticeable feature is the extent to which individuals have been displaced by machines. In this regard the last decade has seen tremendous changes. Workers tend to become "machine watchers," and the old order has passed, or at least is passing rapidly.

But a small percentage of highly skilled and well trained technicians is still required, their work being done to very close limits of accuracy, combined with specialised knowledge.

Special tools, jigs, dies, etc., are everywhere in evidence and the production of machines for unit operations goes on in ever increasing quantity. What of the large number of operatives who cannot expect to attain to this standard, and for whom there are simply not sufficient positions available? How is the "machine watcher" likely to fare? As a necessary unit in the industrial world, he is entitled to consideration.

One hears a lot about "training for leisure," and many well-meaning people obviously have the idea that something in the nature of a general cultural addition to the specialised training is going to meet the case adequately. But is it? Man is in general orientated for action, and those whose lives are lived in the sphere of manual work or bodily activity may

not be entirely satisfied by this suggested solution. Why not regard it as a right, that when narrowness of training in a technical pursuit is almost inevitable, instruction is provided in a vocation allied to that being followed, but opening out a wider avenue of attainment? For example, a panel-beater could be offered tuition in sheet-metal work, where after the hard training as a panel-beater has been imparted, the wider sphere of sheet-

metal work developments, with its accompanying accuracy of drafting and setting out, would stimulate interest. Again those so trained would have "another shot in the locker," and could be moved to fresh work in periods of slackness, and in the event of trade changes and new developments displacing the old skill.

One finds this principle operating already in the training of chemical engineers. Constant changes in manufacturing methods necessitate a much wider range of instruction to cope with these alterations in technique. A similarly broad-minded attitude could be adopted in the case of the less skilled worker, with advantage both to the individual and the State.

E.S.C.

Home Science.

BLACK FRIDAY.

(Cafeteria Duty in the Science Course.)

No one except a fellow Science girl can realise the trials of certain members of the class (including the unfortunate teacher) during the preparations for Friday lunch-hour. Little do the other girls of the school realise what heart-breaks, devilish delights, and horrifying discoveries are ours during the preliminaries!

At a quarter past nine punctually, our Friday routine commences. Following the general scramble up the stairway, a few senior girls, clad in white, dodge along the corridor and rush into the kitchen, only to be driven back by misty smoke rising from the open range. With streaming eyes our mistress greets us from the depths of the fog. After we have opened doors and windows wide and the last of the fog has drifted down the passage, we notice a second person crouched hopefully in front of the fire. A 1943 "Cinderella?"—an "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire," perhaps. Her once snowy smock is streaked with black, her cap has slipped to one side, and there are distinct traces of smudged hands which have clutched vainly at the uncertain headgear.

An unhappy voice, which will sound unhappier still by the end of the afternoon, croaks out the names on the roll:—

"M—? She's here, I know. She's the fire monitor." (Was the tone faintly reproachful?)

"S—? She must be away. I didn't hear her arrive this morning."

"D—? Oh, yes, present. I remember her knocking a scrubbing brush into Wellesley Street when she was opening a window to let the smoke out!"

So on, through the list, until it is time for the potatoes to be peeled. Then the teacher always lingers near our table, keeping a watchful eye, lest half the potatoes disappear in peelings.

D— collects the vegetables in a big enamel basin and conveys them to the cafeteria. They are duly gathered, washed or unwashed; it's all the same to her! "It all comes off in the cooking," is her motto.

Suddenly there is a dull thud, followed by numerous smaller thuds, accompanied by a muffled exclamation from D—. Two sympathisers fly to the door to find, spread before them, the enamel basin, D— and the potatoes, some of which still continue their merry way across the floor. At first the two rescuers are tempted to burst into hysterical laughter, but realising the urgency of the situation, they join the unfortunate in crawling around on all fours in the attempt to retrieve freedom-seeking tubers from the floor.

No one ever knew what really became of those potatoes after they reached the cafeteria! Probably they were converted into one of the various mysterious concoctions which appear, suitably disguised, at different times when something has gone wrong somewhere!

The time comes when the general lesson begins. Each girl is given a recipe. S— receives hers with downcast face—"Canadian Date Cake"—she has made it before, incredible as it may seem! A frantic scramble is directed towards the supply table. S—, flushed and flustered, trots past reciting the measurements for all to hear. At last, after three return trips to ascertain the exact amount of sugar and butter, she gets ready to mix them to something resembling a cake. After five minutes spent in retrieving the measuring cup out of the soup stock, she turns to collect her ingredients, only to discover, to her consternation, that a lazy companion needing the same baking material, and evidently believing that "God helps those who help themselves," has acted on that principle. Nothing to do but make more return trips, and this time try to keep everything safely in her arms at once.

Work begins at approximately nine o'clock, when the boys are allotted their various tasks in one of the two departments. Work in the poultry section is concerned with the maintenance of the houses, and the feeding of the fowls. Often the ruler of the pen—the rooster—does not approve of our intrusion, and gives vent to his feelings by endeavouring to embed his three-inch spurs in our legs, with somewhat murderous intentions. These attacks are usually repulsed by a well aimed kick, but on rare occasions the intruder "stands not upon the order of his going, but goes at once." Most boys prefer working in the poultry section; why? No one knows, but perhaps it provides more variety than digging and weeding. Nineteen pens accommodating approximately five hundred fowls, provide plenty of cleaning to be done by the boys; this is not exactly done with relish, but it is done in good spirit—or is it?

The other section, which deals with horticulture, takes up three quarters of the farm and has, as well as a large amount of the land, two small glass-houses, one growing ferns and pot-plants, and the other seedlings. On a gradual slope with a bright, sunny aspect, roses, irises, gladioli and a host of other equally attractive plants grow in symmetrical rows, while facing them on the opposite side of a small private road is a well-pruned orchard growing many different kinds of fruit. Knowing boys for what they are, the masters and instructors emphasise the identity of the owners very frequently, but in spite of this well meant advice, the boys of the agriculture and accountancy forms seem incurably concerned about the welfare of the fruit and pay frequent visits to satisfy themselves that it is growing in the approved manner (?). These visits result markedly in a curious absence of windfalls. The extensive passion-fruit vine does not suffer loneliness on the boys' account, for the shiny purple berries of that plant seem to be for ever falling to the ground in the most convenient way. Of course we do do some work on the farm; but it is all good fun, and it provides us with much welcome experience as well as the even more welcome change from school-work.

And so we bid good-bye to our farm at Remuera; for next year other boys, with perhaps more skill, will be helping grow the vegetables that may well ultimately win the war, as well as the ensuing peace.

A VEGETABLE PIE.

The leek belongs to the onion family and is grown to obtain the fleshy white leaf base. The base is formed of leaves which are closely folded over each other so as to form a stem. These leaves when consolidated and blanched are tender and very nutritious.

Leeks are believed to have been cultivated in the rich soil of the Nile valley in the time of the ancient Pharaohs of Egypt. After they had conquered Britain, the Romans brought several thousand leek plants to England, and cultivated them on the hills of Wales.

Every year in the time of Pliny, the Italians used to celebrate in honour of leeks. According to Pliny, this vegetable was brought into esteem by the Roman emperor, Nero, who used to eat some of it regularly on several days of the month to clear his voice. The leek is the symbol of St. David, and once a year the Welsh people wear leeks in their hat bands to honour this Saint.

The cabbage was originally a plant of the seaside, and its history is lost in the past. Among the cabbage forms, few would recognise the walking-stick cabbage of Jersey, the kohl rabi of Germany, brussels sprouts, the Welsh cabbage, the drumhead cabbage, curly kale, cauliflower and broccoli as all closely akin. There must be some connection, too, between the cabbage and the turnip, because the kohl rabi is a cross between the two. "Ah!" the housewife exclaims as she gazes admiringly at a beautiful "Arron Chief" potato which weighs approximately three-quarters of a pound! With potatoes like these it is hard to believe that three hundred years ago the potato was an insignificant dweller on the Chilean Coast and came in large quantities from the Island of Chiloe; then its tubers were only about the size of hazel nuts! The prize potatoes of modern shows are very different.

The original potato was long, deep-eyed, and of poor flavour, but after three centuries of cultivation in the hand of expert plant breeders, shape, colour and quality have been greatly improved, and now this vegetable can be grown satisfactorily in practically any kind of soil.

Professor Edward Morren states that the potato was first introduced into England by John Hawkins in the year 1563. One of the humble potato's aristocratic relations is the table tomato. Tobacco, which came from North America, and the egg-plant sometimes seen in Auckland, also belong to the same family. Years of cultivation and careful research have brought one hundred and fifty different varieties on to the market. The seeds were brought by the Spaniards from South America early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The fruit was known for many years as the "Love Apple." It was then very small, and early colonists to America at first thought that it was poisonous.

III. Ag.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

S.M.T.C. Annual Concert, 1943.

(Reviewed by a Pupil.)

It is 7.45 on Wednesday evening, the 18th of August, and the first night of our annual concert. There is an expectant hush as lights are dimmed and the curtain rises, revealing a group of neat and excited boys and girls—the School Choir. The girls and boys in the audience are tense as the baton is raised, and after the split second when it falls, two hundred clear voices are raised in singing our National Anthem, "God Defend New Zealand." The audience was impressed by the singing, which was a triumph for both the leader and the choir after a hard struggle for perfection. Next, a boy soprano, Desmond Warrall, sang the delightful song, "It's a Lovely Day To-morrow," and the applause which resulted showed the genuine appreciation of the listeners.

The choral-speaking which followed, gave particularly the impression of clear and distinct speech well rendered. In "Tarantella," one could almost visualise the scene—the Inn and the "gay cavaliers"—while "The Night Mail North" had all the rhythm and movement of the express train itself.

Miss Clough conducted the girls' choir, which was assisted by Mr. Gemmell (choir-conductor) in the verses of "Ho, ro! My Nut-Brown Maiden," a charming old Highland melody. Next, the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Hubscher, played two classical compositions, "Coronation March" and "Tannhauser March."

After an interval, the curtain rose to reveal a sitting-room scene. Then began a very amusing play entitled "Queer Street." A good performance was given by the players, six of the prefects suitably disguised!

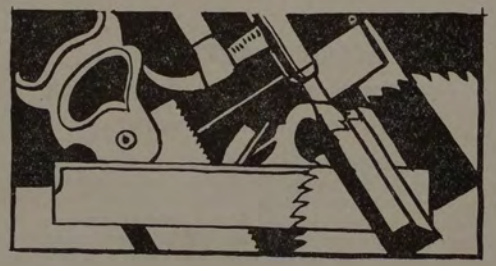
The Physical Education display was an item of general interest. The audience was kept in suspense from beginning to end at the seemingly dangerous feats of the boys, and their trained nimbleness and neatness of movement was obvious.

The choir was assembled for the last time and, assisted by Miss Janet Frater (head girl, 1938) sang a series of stirring songs, concluding with "Land of Hope and Glory." The closing strains of the National Anthem brought to a conclusion another very enjoyable concert to be recorded in the annals of our College.

M. COLLINGWOOD.

Woodwork.

Cabinetmaking and building to-day are occupations which call for workmen who are skilled tradesmen. The Seddon Memorial Technical College's woodwork department offers excellent facilities for training boys in all branches of woodwork. Under the watchful eye and guidance of the masters in charge, a boy can carry out almost any construction he desires. There are in the woodwork department a varied range of tools, each in its own compartment, which enables any tricky piece of joinery to be carried out with comparative confidence in the result.



There timber can be dressed and cut to any shape and size required, by means of the large range of machinery which is at one's disposal. The thicknessing machine, for instance, is used to thin down wood, which can be done in a matter of seconds. It has a cutter which revolves at 7,000 revs. per minute, and this, as the wood is fed in, takes off a shaving the thickness of which can be altered by means of raising or lowering the adjustable table. The band-saw is one which is always in demand, as it is capable of cutting a curve of any shape which could not be done by hand or on other machines. There is a combination machine which is capable of sawing, planing, boring or moulding. Before any constructional work can be carried out it is necessary to make a drawing showing the details of construction so the job can be done in the minimum of time. A drawing is first made in another room equipped with drawing boards and T squares for that purpose. Woodworking, however, is not all practical work. The theoretical side of it is just as important as the practical. Each boy in the woodworking course keeps a notebook in which the details of building construction are laid down in clear drawings and descriptive matter. Marks are awarded in grades according to the amount and quality of the work put into the drawings. There are two or three excellent text-books which show clearly the correct position for holding tools and refer to the growth and development of timber, a knowledge of which is essential to the woodworker.

The Library.

The Library plays an increasingly important part in the work of the College, and classes make use of books and periodicals during school hours for group-work and for individual projects. The Reference Department has been widely used by both staff and pupils, and it is gratifying to notice that students on their own initiative are making increasing use of facilities for private study, while many books are issued on loan.

The applied art and music section has been built up and is well worthy of study. Students interested in weaving and hand-work will find the section a useful one. Books on Popular Science are much in demand, while class-sets have been increased and are proving extremely useful and interesting. Here are some reviews of library books by pupils, who recommend them to you.

SOME LIBRARY BOOKS REVIEWED.

"Lassie Come-Home." Eric Knight.

There were dogs and dogs in the village of Greenall Bridge, Yorkshire. But everyone agreed that Sam Carraclough's "Lassie" was the queen of them all.

From the end of her flowing tail to the very tip of her aristocratic nose, the thoroughbred in her showed in every line. Sam adored Lassie, and so did little Joe, his son, whom Lassie met every day after school. They were both heartbroken when hard times befell them and Lassie had to be sold.

Taken hundreds of miles away, Lassie did what many collies have done before her; she started for home so that she could remain faithful to a duty —that of meeting a boy by a schoolhouse gate.

Mr. Knight has shown a thorough understanding of a dog's nature in this story of a weary trek, in which instinct was the only guide. All dog-lovers will thoroughly enjoy this poignant yet realistic dog story, and if they don't feel a large lump in their throats as they read of Lassie's misfortunes, I shall be very much surprised.

L. MILLETT.

"The Snow Goose." Paul Gallico.

Here is a tale, beautiful in its simplicity, born of the tragedy that was Dunkirk. There is no frightful horror; there is only beauty and pathos—the beauty of the silent green marsh-lands, rolling into the distance to meet the grey of the skies, the wild and graceful beauty of the great birds that rested in the shadow of a derelict lighthouse, wherein lived a man with a twisted body and a beautiful soul, a man who had lost his footing in the world of men and found solace in the company of a wild white goose and a lovely girl.

But when German shells dropped screaming on to the beaches of Dunkirk, the man answered the call to service, took leave of the girl on the black sea-wall, and with his white goose flying above his head, rowed into the distance to help deliver our men from Dunkirk.

The "Snow Goose" is one of the few books that can be called "different." Mr. Gallico employs simple prose in his vivid little tale with its heart-rending pathos.

J. STANLEY.

"Road Through Kurdistan."

It is logical that the most interesting story to an engineering student is that which tells of the romance of his chosen career. It inspires him and stimulates those ambitions which lie in every boy's heart—ambitions which naturally exceed emulation of the written deed. A splendid example is "Road Through Kurdistan," by A. M. Hamilton.

In this delightful book the history of the construction of the Rowanduz Road is told. As an engineering feat this ranks high in modern achievements, for it was built through desolate, mountainous country that would have deterred many of Captain Hamilton's contemporaries, even though they had the best of modern road building machinery at their disposal. The road links Arbela of Alexander with the Persian frontier, thereby affording Persia a new trade route to the Mediterranean. The gorges of Rowanduz and Berserini form formidable barriers to its passage, and it was only by the arduous work of the engineer that they were surmounted.

But the surveying and designing of this hundred-mile road was only a small part of the work. Although the machinery was cut down to essentials and although his workmen were unskilled and inexperienced and required constant supervision, this mountain highway was finished in the record time of five years. During this period Hamilton had to combat extreme states of weather, to keep the machinery in repair, to teach his men their work, to pay, feed and even doctor them. He, the solitary European amongst a motley collection of Kurds, Arabs, Persians and Assyrians, was to them "Master." Small wonder that we marvel at the character and stamina of a man whose work was so great and varied and whose workmen were so many and divided in nationality.

Not only is the engineering aspect interesting, but also the picture of a tyrannized highland people, the Kurds. It is one that will fascinate the reader, told as it is by one who knew them well. He describes with a charm and dignity of his own these hill tribes who he feared might be hostile to his work, but who were, in reality, a friendly, hospitable race. They introduce not a little humour into an entrancing but unsensational tale of modern adventure.

L. ARNOLD.

"Grave Fairytale."

"Grave Fairytale" leaves one with the idea that it is a book of great literary thought and interesting historical background. It is striking for many reasons. The two principal figures, Jakob and Melchior, can easily be recognised as one of the Grimm Brothers and Beethoven, with the time, place and facts disguised skilfully. The lives of each are sketched in full detail and their personal characteristics drawn with fine penetration.

When we cry judgment on present Germany, let us pronounce sentence on one generation and not on those of other times who lived so purely and innocently. Surely such a simple imaginative mind as Jakob's, and so creative a genius as Melchior, could never have contemplated subjugation

of the world by repulsive and forceful methods. Instead, Jakob entertained and gave much pleasure to all who read his tales, and Melchior brought the universe to its knees in homage to his genius.

Magdalene, and Hedwig, whose enthusiasm inspires Melchior, play very distinctive parts—one, loyal, unselfish yet unloved, helps him in his need; the other, beautiful and talented, could have seen the heights with him, but finds her interest in religion.

The story is full of human interest and the plot woven round people who lived and who will continue to live in the hearts of all who appreciate the unfathomable, uncontrollable and unlimited resources of creative artists—Jakob, Melchior and the writer.

B. AH CHEE.

"A Nursery in the Nineties." Eleanor Farjeon.

This book is not what you expect it to be.

It is a chronicle of Ben Farjeon, Margaret Jefferson, who became his wife, and was a member of the famous American acting family, and their four talented children.

The tale of the wanderings of Ben form the opening chapters of the book —of his life in Australia, his adventures in Dunedin, where he met Joe Jefferson the third, then a rising young actor and the father of Maggie. Their paths lay in different directions and it was years before these two men met again. Maggie was now a beautiful young woman, whose favourite author was Ben Farjeon, and Ben Farjeon found his ideal in Maggie Jefferson.

The young couple lived in London, where their home became the meeting place for many of the actors and authors of the day, including the Terrys, and Henry Irving.

The nursery consisted of Harry, Nellie, Joe and Bertie. Harry, the benevolent autocrat whose word was law and whose life was wrapped up in writing and music, who cared little for social life, and who, when a partner at a dance suggested sitting a dance out, led the said partner to a chair and left her there, sitting it out!—dominated the life of Nellie for many years. He led their games, and arranged their walks, and was generally chief of the children.

This story of the fascinating musical, literary Farjeon family is humorous, delightful and somewhat tragic in places. Written by Nellie, it is not only a family chronicle, it contains many entertaining and interesting chapters on travel, gives a history of the London stage in the late nineteenth century, and relates many tales of the gold-rush days of New Zealand and Australia—but above all it gives us a moving account of the life of the warm-hearted Farjeon family.

L. MILLETT.

Air Training Corps.

The inception of the A.T.C. at Seddon Memorial Technical College has been greeted with marked enthusiasm on the part of many of the pupils. Based loosely on the Canadian and English plans, it has been adapted to meet the particular training needs of New Zealand air-personnel in the making. Apart from its training value it has a particular appeal for boys of the Engineering Course, providing a directional outlet for their specialised abilities.

In this its second year, the total strength of the squadron is 180, divided into four flights, each with its own complement of officer and N.C.O.'s. This

is the second largest school unit in New Zealand. One of the aims of the organisation is to prepare promising boys as N.C.O.'s, and to this end special training courses are available at R.N.Z.A.F. stations such as Ohakea.

Undoubtedly to members of the squadron, the whole-day visits to operational stations are the highlights of the course and are eagerly looked forward to, with plenty of competition for the much coveted flights. This year an endeavour has been made to give each cadet at least one flight, in order to aid in the selection of possible future pilots. To those cadets showing enthusiasm and ability in all aspects of the work of the squadron, as many as three or four flights have been awarded.

These day visits enable trainees to obtain some insight into the many facets of aircraft maintenance and station organisation, and about half a dozen are made yearly. In addition, during the last August holidays, 60 cadets and N.C.O.'s from our squadron attended a week's course at Whenuapai and Hobsonville, where they participated in many aspects of the life of the station—hangar duty, cookhouse, refuelling, maintenance and repair work, etc. A great factor in the success and enjoyment of these visits has been the kindness displayed by the regular station personnel towards the cadets, and their interest in instructing them.

This year's course of instruction has been marked by a change in emphasis from theoretical subjects such as mathematics, to more practical service subjects such as aircraft recognition; the model-making group has done good work during the year, so that models will in future be available for instructional purposes.

Early in the year, a three days' intensive training course was held in the Auckland Domain, at the end of which the squadron was inspected by Wing Commander Nicholls, the Commandant, and was complimented on its high standard of drill.

Cadet Battalion Notes.

So far this year three training courses have been held for N.C.O.'s at various military camps throughout the Northern Military District, namely, Papakura, Swanson and Narrow Neck. The first camps were general courses, but the camp held at the Northern Military District School of Instruction was more in the nature of specialist training. N.C.O.'s were given instructions in the Vickers M.M.G., Bren L.M.G., A/T rifle, Thompson Machine Carbine, 2in. mortar, grenades, rifle, battle drill, map reading, and anti-gas. Equipment that is to be issued to the battalion includes all the above weapons and possibly a 25-pounder field gun and a 2-pounder A/T gun.

Apart from battalion training at the Auckland Domain, boys who are interested in cadet activities are trained as N.C.O.'s in special squads, averaging 3 hours training each week. Much valuable help has been given to these potential N.C.O.'s by the Area Instructors.

With the issue of the above equipment, we hope that training will be itensified and that the battalion will reap the benefit of the training given to those who attended the various camps.

The problem of Cadet training in post-primary schools is one that requires urgent and serious consideration. The raising of the school leaving age, and changes in N.Z. education suggest that the system of cadet training in operation prior to the war is not suited to the new outlook. At least for a proportion of the boys attending secondary schools, training along the lines of an Officers' Training Unit appears very desirable, and for this adequate facilities in both material and trained personnel are required.

The Band.

The Drum and Trumpet Band since its organisation has been of service to the S.M.T.C. Cadet Battalion, especially for ceremonial and training parades. There is no kind of band which makes marching so easy as a trumpet band, especially when the side-drums are numerous.

We feel that we have rendered public service on the many occasions on which we have helped the Red Cross parades, and have assisted at the launching of several ships of the "Fairmile" class, built in Auckland.

The College authorities, including our Principal, Mr. Park, have given us great assistance, especially in allowing us to buy new instruments. Just lately we have bought three new guards' drums and three new trumpets. We can make quite a good rhythmic clatter with our bass drum, eight side drums, not omitting our sixteen trumpets and the cymbals.

Under the efficient instruction of Mr. Burnnand, and the sharp eye and tongue of Dr. O'Shannassy, the boys have learned quite a number of different tunes. Owing, however, to the unavoidable use of the same notes in every tune, we fear the students of the school do not fully appreciate the range of tunes the band can play. Our highlight, of course, is our drum solo work. This has received high praise from experienced Allied Servicemen in Auckland, who are particularly delighted with our syncopated march.

On public parades we throw out our chests, because the member of the staff who is in charge of us has said that if we assume a kind of wooden look, eyes straight ahead, and arms doing their work, people will take notice of us and say, "Why, what band is this?" We find that this is true and that discipline has its rewards.

We have trumpeters, so it is natural for us to blow our own trumpets. You will perceive that we have no small opinion of ourselves. We make no apologies, for a successful band must "swank." That is half the game.

Is the School proud of us? Well, we say "Yes." We can always get an audience, and we look up occasionally at the School windows, noting proudly how all the pupils gaze admiringly at us, and how stirred they are by our martial music!

Literary Club.

Every Thursday afternoon a group of girls enter room 39. Some come in confidently, oozing inspiration, aching to put pen to paper. Others sit dejectedly down—it may be one of "those" days and they feel it is futile to attempt a verbose article, a mighty sonnet, even a silly limerick. From the Hall the strains of "God Defend New Zealand" drift up. Outside, the band drums and re-drums, shattering the smallest remnants of inspiration. The voice of the mistress rises and falls as she reads some "mighty master" or modern humorist. And the girls, the girls sit there dumbfounded, feeling juvenile and so terribly amateurish. The perfection of a short story by De Maupassant; the fascinating horror of Poe! Surely it is true to say, "The pen is mightier than the sword." How did they do it, these men who give sublimity to a single sentence.

"Write a limerick now starting, 'There was a young man called Paul,'" says the mistress. Anti-climax! Eagerly the girls reach for paper. This is easy, this is more in their line. Pens scratch:

There was a young man called Paul,
Who wouldn't wear clothes at all—

But alas, it's gone, that inspiration that seemed so bountiful. Ah! the bell! It's ringing. Thank goodness. I just can't think. The girls thoughtfully leave the room.

If by any chance a father is asked at the tea table, "Dad, what rhymes with Paul?" he smiles tolerantly and says, "Ball, dear." He knows that his daughter is striving *hard* to help make the "Seddonian" a bonzer this year.

Knitting Groups.

During the leisure period on Thursday, a group of girls under Miss Vickery and Miss Bell meet in Rooms 41 and 44. These girls, with the help of mothers, grandmothers, friends, and even fathers, have done particularly well. Sixty girls comprise the group. Most are very keen.

These are the most outstanding achievements:—

O. Watts, C.III.a.—8 pullovers, 1 pair mittens, 1 scarf, 134 skeins.

J. McKay, C.III.d.—4 pullovers, 5 balaclavas, 2 scarves, 3 pairs mittens, 7 pairs gloves and mittens—97 skeins.

E. Audain, C.III.c.—14 pairs mittens, 2 scarves, pullovers, 1 balaclava—53 skeins.

J. Skutt, C.III.c.—1 pullover, 1 balaclava, 7 scarves, 1 pair mittens—47 skeins.

I. Taylor, Sc. IV.b.—3 pullovers.

In May an emergency call was made on the School by the Navy League. As many garments as could be produced within a week were required. Nearly all the girls in the School responded. The Navy League were most enthusiastic in their thanks. With some assistance from the staff and office staff, the total garments sent to the Patriotic and Navy League up to 16th September is:—278 scarves, 340 balaclavas, 99 pairs mittens, 33 pairs glove mitts, 59 pairs socks, 70 pullovers.

In August the Navy League were so urgently in need of pullovers that they ran a competition among their knitters. Again the School responded well, with 32 entries, and Margaret Bergman, of Commercial V.a. was among the prize-winners.

The Girls' Dramatic Club.

It is a Thursday afternoon—hobby period.

What is the strange noise coming from Room 35? None other than the Dramatic Club, whose members play in turn the role of the delicate village maiden, the irate father or the society lady. The club, which is composed of some seventy members, who meet in the various rooms, is under the guidance of Mrs. Winstone, Mrs. Joseph and Miss Maloy.

In the first term we tried the impromptu acting of simple scenes such as "Engaging a Maid," "Buying Material," "A Visit to the Dentist," and "A Proposal." Girls were given a few moments to plan the scene and then would treat the audience to rare entertainment.

During the second term the Club was divided in two—the Choral-speaking Group which gave items at the Annual Concert, and the Play-reading Group, which has read selections from "One Act Plays of To-day," including the comedy "Something to Talk About," by Eden Philpotts, the drama "The House with the Twisty Windows," by Mary Pakington, and the melodrama "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs.

In concluding our notes we wish to thank our teachers whose untiring interest and help have enabled us to pass many pleasant and interesting hours in the Thursday afternoon leisure period.

Crusader Movement Notes.

Crusader groups meet each week in the School, and all boys and girls are invited to attend. We are only one among 80 such unions in New Zealand. Meetings are under the leadership of Mrs. W. Martin (an ex-prefect of the S.M.T.C.) and Mr. Askin, of the Bible Training Institute. We have had various outside speakers to talk upon the Christian faith and life. These have included Missionaries, one from Papua, others from China. We should like to remind pupils that Crusader Camps are held regularly during the School holidays.

The Sketch Club.

The Sketch Club has not been long in existence, and the girls have not yet been able to do any out-of-doors work. However, they have been studying drawing in black and white, and exercising their imagination in the same medium. Direct water-colour sketches of woodland scenes, and also drawings in proportion and design, have been done.

The members of the club have made good progress and they hope to produce some interesting work in the near future.

Sixth Form Notes, 1942.

Isobel Cormack, Joan McLachlan and Dawn Poole, who were in the Sixth Form last year, are now students attending the Auckland Training College. Isobel is a section leader. Mercia Ivil is a cashier with the Public Trust. Rona Williams, who was in the Sixth Form in 1941, is also attending the Auckland Training College.

E. Kerkin, C. Mann and G. Lee are attending the Auckland University College taking the course for Bachelor of Science degree. Moulder is also at the Auckland University, while E. Millett is studying for the Bachelor of Engineering degree at Canterbury College. W. Rowe is with F. Winstone Ltd., and both he and G. Menzies are attending the College evening classes in Accountancy Professional subjects. E. Fowler and R. Dobbs are also continuing Accountancy Professional work at evening school. Fowler is with the firm of Bruce, Duthie and Voyce, Accountants, and Dobbs is working with the firm of Winstone Ltd.

Prefects' Dramatic Group.

During the middle term of this year a Dramatic Club was formed by the Prefects of the College, under the guidance of Mr. Sayers, who was very willing to aid us in every possible way. The idea behind the formation of this group was to encourage and interest other members of the School in Dramatic Work. Our first presentation was "Queer Street," which was performed at the annual concert. Three other plays are under way, and it is hoped that they will be performed before the School some time this year. It is this group which will provide the Prizegiving Play if one is called for. It is hoped that the School Dramatic Groups will develop a great deal in the future. It is not every school which has a hall and stage equal to ours to practise in, and it is felt that much more use could be made of the stage than is being done at present.

SPORTS.

Rugby Notes.

FIRST FIFTEEN.

Team:

Forwards: Menzies (Captain), Whittaker, Johnson, Watson, Irvine, Clarke, Laurie, Pittman, McLean, Bayne, Cutler.

Backs: McConnell (Vice-Captain), Annan, Jackson, G. Carter, Pai, Pere, Stackpole, Kewish.

It is with keen interest that we always look forward to our annual games with Hamilton and Stratford Technical High Schools. This year both these teams visited us, friendships of previous seasons were renewed, and keenly contested games enjoyed.

INTER-SCHOOL.

HAMILTON TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL.

Unfortunately the day for the match turned out to be wet, thus spoiling many good movements by both teams. The outstanding players on our side were Whittaker and McConnell. In the forwards, Whittaker was always in the thick of it, and McConnell for the backs was everywhere he was most needed. Just after half time McConnell flashed through to score a good try. Menzies converted, to make S.M.T.C. the winners by 5—3.

STRATFORD TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL.

This was the big game of the season for the College team as a whole, but once again fine weather was far away. The Inner Domain has rarely shown better samples of mud. For the most part the game was of an even nature, but towards the end of the second half Stratford came into our half and stayed there. The number of times the backs received the ball were few and far between. From a loose scrum in the corner, McDowell, for Stratford, scored a good try, and the visitors came off victors by 3—0.

GRADE MATCHES.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

Except for a brief respite near the beginning, the game was played in pouring rain. It was definitely a forwards' day, the backs receiving the ball on odd occasions. For Technical, Menzies kicked a penalty. Sacred Heart won 15—3.

In the second round the game was played on a very heavy ground, but despite this handicap, Menzies scored Technical's only points by kicking a penalty goal from very wide out. It was a forwards' game again, but the backs had their work cut out stopping Sacred Heart's rushes. Sacred Heart won 6—3.

MOUNT ALBERT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

In this game the College team suffered its biggest defeat of the season: 54—3. However, some excuse can be offered, since three forwards were playing in the back line. The two emergencies went into the pack, but this left the team one short. Possession of the ball, as may be guessed, went mostly to the Grammar team, who took full advantage of this and scored, as the results show, quite a lot (too much, in fact).

The second game was played under better conditions, but the superior weight of the Grammar forwards told heavily on our own comparatively light pack. H. Carter scored a good try almost on the corner. Jackson got quite a hurry on, leaving the opposing backs far behind, to score under the posts, Menzies converting. Mount Albert won, 24—8.

AUCKLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The combination among the Grammar backs proved too much for the Technical defence, which in parts left much to be desired. However, our forwards got more than a fair share of the ball from the set scrums. With ten minutes to go, Grammar scored four tries almost directly from the kick-off. Score, 32—0.

In the second game the Technical team started several good movements, but just lacked that necessary finish. As in the first game, Bowden and McCready, for Grammar, proved the downfall of our team. With half a minute to go Stackpole and McConnell sold some perfect dummies to the Grammar backs to allow Menzies to cross the line and convert his own try. Grammar won, 30—5.

KING'S COLLEGE.

In this match, both sets of backs were very evenly matched, and although our forwards played very well in the first half, they tired towards the end of the game to allow King's forwards to score twice. McConnell again played a very sound game, both in attack and defence, and his labours earned him a very clever try. Menzies also kicked a penalty goal to make the score 12—6 in favour of King's.

In the next game against King's, play see-sawed back and forth for quite a while before King's crossed our line. Technical lost two admirable opportunities to score through not backing up the player in possession. Stackpole started several good movements, but lost the initiative through his own backs not backing him up. Jackson and Pittman scored, Menzies converting the former's try. King's won, 16—8.

TAKAPUNA GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

This was the unluckiest game of the season. We held the advantage for the greater part of the game, but unfortunately could not score. McConnell crossed Takapuna's line twice, but both times he lost possession. H. Carter also missed narrowly. Menzies kicked a penalty. Score to Takapuna, 5—3.

The second game was played in parts in pouring rain and a driving wind, and all the time in a field of mud. This was certainly no day for an exhibition of real football. Menzies kicked a penalty. Score, 3—3.

In the twenty Secondary School representatives chosen at the end of the season we filled three places—Menzies, Whittaker and McConnell. We congratulate these three upon this distinction.

SECOND FIFTEEN.

Playing in the Third Grade, the Second Fifteen this year met some very strong teams, the only other schools competing in the A section being Grammar, Mt. Albert and King's College.

Grammar and Mt. Albert were too good for us, the latter being especially strong, with a splendid back line. Against King's we won one game, 5—3, and lost the other, 11—8.

The forwards in every game were a good match for the opposing pack, usually playing with vitality and dash. Matthews and Simons were the best of a very even lot. Our backs, however, lacked confidence and experi-

ence, though Wells and Pai played some good games. We were unfortunate in that four good backs of our weight played for the First Fifteen and were thus not available for us.

The team kept together well, and had an enjoyable season's football. Every game was played in the best spirit, in a good, keen, sporting manner. Wells made a capable and conscientious captain.

Team:

Wells, Scheigis, Park, Cross, Ball, Peachy, Pai, Tierney, Matthews, Simons, Faulkner, Valentine, Whittaker, Adams, Witten, Hull, Ewan, Graham, Rowsell.

FOURTH GRADE RUGBY.

Though the team showed promise at the beginning of the season of being at least equal to last year's, it did not develop the quality of working as a whole which is an essential of Rugby football. Lack of opportunity for practice, a succession of wet sports days, and the fact that other activities attract so many boys made the season a very disappointing one.

Of the players, special mention should be made of King, who, as captain, was a tower of strength to the team both on the field and off. At centre three-quarters he showed speed and dash, and rallied the back line with confidence and vigour. Bishara was a reliable half-back, particularly sound on defence, but needing to open up more speedily on attack. Lamb showed speed and enterprise as second five-eighths, while Wah Lee proved a very adaptable back.

The forward pack showed continuous improvement throughout the season. Roger's hooking was always reliable. Moulder and Edge are sound forwards, always in the thick of things.

It is regrettable that there was not the co-ordination of backs and forwards which is necessary to good team-work. Lack of practice was probably responsible for this.

FIFTH GRADE RUGBY TEAM.

Players and Positions:

Full-back: Neilson. Five-eighths: Rehe (1st), Cooke (2nd), (Captain). Centre: Stonex. Wings: Rikihana, MacMillan. Half-back: Bussey. Forwards: Facoory, Dee, Ball, Lears, Jenkins, Hall, Manning. Coach: Mr. Adams.

Although the team has met with little success, their progress is marked by determined, good, clean football, and in no respects has it been unworthy of the reputation for sportsmanship held by green and gold. The lack of success in winning matches was not due to lack of spirit in the team, but to lack of training quarters.

The two outstanding players are Cooke (captain), at second five-eighths, and Neilson at full-back, whose solid tackling was impressive.

SIXTH GRADE RUGBY.

Team:

Henderson (Captain), Goldsmith, Osborne, Birnie, Kilgour, Carter, Leitch, Ross, Elliott, Ryan, Butter, Brierly, McLellan, Wray, Forgesson, Smith, Craig, Cornwall, Peers, Rickleman.

The sixth grade team did not meet with great success this season, winning only three games, drawing one and losing the others. The team suffered on wet grounds through having comparatively light forwards. Some of the backs show promise of becoming excellent players, particularly Birnie and Ross.

Association Football.

Three teams competed in the Secondary School competition, i.e., Senior, Intermediate and Junior. All three teams gave a good account of themselves. The most pleasing features of the season has been the excellent spirit in which the games have been played. This fact, together with the physical benefits derived, prove the value of Inter-College games.

The Senior Competition proved to be the best in the grade for many years. All teams finished equal at the end of the first round, small scores and drawn games being common. During the season eight games resulted in a draw.

Auckland Grammar were successful in winning the Championship. To them we offer our congratulations. Our team were runners-up. The services of such gifted players as Hope-Ede and Fleet were sadly missed this season. Our outstanding players this season have been Davidson and Kennedy, whilst such players as Norgrove and several others with more experience should develop into good footballers. Kennedy proved himself a capable captain.

Results:

Won 4, drew 5, lost 1.

The Intermediate Team showed promise of winning the competition until late in the third round they failed to play up to previous standard; however, they enjoyed a good season's football and were a very happy team. The outstanding players were Hooton at centre forward, Davis at full-back, and Jones centre-half. The team has several promising recruits for the senior team next season. Hooton as captain kept his team together very well indeed.

Results:

Won 3, drew 5, lost 2.

To the Juniors we offer our congratulations upon winning the Championship, particularly as they often played with one player short due to a lack of Junior players. They were most certainly a keen lot of boys. Masefield takes his game very seriously and always gives of his best. His progress will be watched with interest. The remainder played quite good football and with more experience will be valuable players in the higher grades.

To all players I offer this advice: get fit before a season starts. Don't wait for the competition to get you fit. Matches are lost as a result of this in most branches of sport.

Results:

Won 7, drew 1, lost 1.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL—JUNIOR GRADE.

HOW WE WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND KNOCK-OUT COMPETITIONS.

Early in the second term we started our first match, which we won comfortably against a weak Takapuna Grammar team. Although we did not have a complete team, we continued through the first round undefeated. The second round we started with a draw and then another win, but the following week we were due to suffer our first and only defeat at the hands of a powerful Auckland Grammar team. Throughout the remaining games in the Championship we managed to hold our position at the top of the ladder, and finally won it by a margin of three points.

FOURTH GRADE CRICKET.

There were two teams in the Fourth Grade, and the "A" team did reasonably well in the competition.

A.—Naik, Hooton, Davis, Cox, Peacher, Willis, Renwick, Harris, Counsell, Richardson, Wyatt, Fell.

B.—Pere, McKechnie, Hartfield, Craw, Jenkins, Rowsell, Baker, Graham.

Of the bowlers, Naik was an effective fast bowler, Hooton proving an effective opening bowler also, gaining many wickets by consistent length. Renwick was also quite successful, and Cox, Willis and Renwick were useful change bowlers.

Davis was the outstanding batsman of the team, although he did not gain the runs that some of the others made, but he has a good style, and waits for the right ball to hit. Hooton also did well, and Naik made runs on one or two occasions when they were badly needed.

The fielding was the weakest spot in the whole of the team, and many runs were lost because of faulty work in the field; yet on one or two occasions good throw-ins resulted in opposing batsmen being run out. The "A" team came third in the competition, which was won by A.G.S. "A," second place being filled by Takapuna Grammar School.

Team:

FIFTH GRADE CRICKET.

Quintal (Capt.), Andrew (Vice-Capt.), Archer, Edkins, Ewan, Bush, Beveridge, Peers, Western, Rehe, Faithful, J. Martin, H. Martin, L. Thompson, R. Thompson, Kelsall.

Although narrowly beaten in their first two games against Mt. Albert Grammar, 85 to 57, and 106 to 105 against Mt. Albert Grammar B, they were victorious in the rest of their matches. The team's best form of the season was against St. Peter's A, when they trounced their opponents to the tune of a grand total of 162 against 52.

A feature of the latter game was the superlative fielding and outstanding bowling by the prominent members of the team. Quintal was our best all-round player, often extricating his team from difficult situations. Our best bowlers, Quintal, Andrew, Beveridge and Martin, ended with good averages. Most prominent in fielding was Peers, who took many fine catches. The top scorers throughout the season were Andrew, Quintal, Ewan, Kelsall, Western and L. Thompson. Out of the six games played, they won four and lost two, and this places them in front for the Fifth Grade Cricket Championship.

Girls' Swimming Sports.

25th February, 1943.

Senior Championships.

33 1-3yds., on Back.—I. Russell (B), 1; S. Clist (W), 2; A. Lord (S), 3.

33 1-3yds., Breaststroke.—I. Russell (B), 1; S. Clist (W), 2; A. Lord (S), 3.

66 2-3yds., Overarm.—I. Russell (B), 1; S. Clist (W), 2; J. Krause (B), 3.

Junior Championships.

33 1-3yds., on Back.—J. Cunnold (H), 1; N. Mazzoleni (W), 2; E. Brierley (B), 3.

33 1-3yds., Breaststroke.—J. McKay (B), 1; N. Mazzoleni (W), 2; J. Cunnold (H), 3.

33 1-3yds., Overarm.—J. Cunnold (H), 1; B. Muir (S), 2; N. Mazzoleni (W), 3.

Senior Champion:

I. Russell (B). S. Clist (W), runner-up.

Junior Champion:

J. Cunnold (H). N. Mazzoleni (W), runner-up.

Competitions.

Potato Race.—J. Palmer (W), 1; P. Gould (B), 2; V. Hutchinson (W), 3.

Neat Jump.—N. Brokenshire (B), 1; S. Clist (W), 2; J. Hayes (S), 3.

Dressing Race.—J. Palmer (W), 1; J. Russell (B), 2; B. Carpenter (B), 3.

Neat Dive.—I. Russell (B), 1; V. Johnson (H), 2; N. Mazzoleni (W), 3.

Plate Race.—J. Cunnold (H), 1; J. Moody (S), 2; J. Krause (B), 3.

33 1-3yds., Open.—I. Russell (B), 1; A. Lord (S), 2; K. Naera (W), 3.

Tandem Race.—D. Williams and M. Lovatt (W), 1; B. Firth and P. Dawson (B), 2; J. Krause and K. Bain (B), 3; B. Redfern and S. Strickland (H), 4.

Learners' Race.—B. Mayo (S), 1; J. Beasley (W), 2; M. Speedy (B), 3.

Age Race, under 13.—H. Hancock (B), 1; S. Durrant (W), 2; P. Gould (B), 3.

Age Race, under 14.—J. Cunnold (H), 1; V. Johnson (H), 2; P. Kelly (W), 3.

Age Race, under 15.—N. Treweek (W), 1; M. Lovatt (W), 2; N. Brown (W), 3.

Age Race, over 15.—S. Clist (W), 1; M. Webb (B), 2; V. Bezar (W), 3.

100yds., Open.—J. McKay (B), 1; P. Becker (W), 2; C. Rawlinson (W), 3.

House Points.

Binns, 51; Hindley, 19; Wellesley, 52; Seddon, 17.

Basketball.

Technical III.a. team has done exceptionally well in Association matches played at Windmill Road on Saturdays, while the Grade Second B team has been fairly successful in games played this season.

INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES.

Pukekohe v. S.M.T.C.

Two Basketball and two Rugby teams played at Pukekohe. We caught the 10.10 train and easily amused ourselves until our destination was reached. The head girl (also captain of the first team) met us at the station and escorted us to the school. We were shown where to change and soon after were called to a lunch, which we enjoyed very much. Perhaps a quarter of an hour elapsed before play commenced, but meanwhile the rain had come on and the gravel courts, not the best even in dry weather, became a veritable skating rink. The teams were really very evenly matched and if the weather had been better the games would have been considerably faster. Even so it was really hard work for our A team to win 9—8, and the B team lost 12—7, but that did not prevent the girls from enjoying a good game. We were treated to afternoon tea, during which period rain started again, but

we did not worry now, as the games were over. We left the school after a very pleasant day and caught the 3 o'clock train back to Auckland. There was a good deal of community singing on the way home, and the time passed very quickly. We reached Auckland and departed on our various ways, so finishing a most enjoyable day.

Hamilton v. S.M.T.C.

Rain seems to dog our steps whenever an important match is to be played, but it cleared up in time for the teams to play. The court was in rather a wet state, so nine girls from V.a. Commercial provided local colour by cheerfully sweeping surplus water off the court, and while the games were in progress by "decoratively" leaning on their brooms awaiting further labours. The "B" team played first. The game was a good one, but it was slowed down by the dampness underfoot. At half-time the score was 7—5 in our favour. After 15 minutes' interval these two teams went on again, Hamilton making a valiant effort to catch up, but our girls managed to keep the lead, the final score being 15—11. During the 15 minutes' interval in the previous match the "A's" played their first half. It was a very close game. The two captains were partnered against each other in this match and both players were excellent. Everyone played hard and the score at half time was 8—6 in Hamilton's favour. The second half was even better than the first, the game being even closer. We gradually caught up and made the score 9—9. Here the game became more intense. There were only about three minutes to go when the score was 11—11. Luck, or should I say good play, was on our side, and we managed to get the next goal just before the whistle blew. The games finished about 2.15 and after refreshments we all repaired to the Hall, where dancing was the main amusement until the Hamilton girls had to leave to catch their train. So ended another enjoyable visit, from their point of view, we hope, as well as ours.

Northcote v. S.M.T.C.

On Tuesday, 17th August, three Northcote teams came to play us. The weather (for once!) was fine. All three games resulted in a win for S.M.T.C. This we felt was in no inconsiderable extent due to the much smaller number of girls attending Northcote. However, the girls were very sporting and congratulated our teams.

Girls' Tennis Notes.

A large number of girls—about 300—go to tennis at Windmill Road in the first and third terms, in charge of Miss Adams. In the winter term a smaller group under Miss Clough and Miss Lamason go to the Mt. Eden courts. In the Secondary School championships, held at Stanley Street, Kare Naera, Lucy McDonald, Valerie Johnson, Naomi Heron, Shirley Valentine and Dawn Williams were players in the singles events, while in the doubles the following pairs took part:—K. Naera and L. McDonald, N. Heron and V. Johnson, L. Lott and D. Davis. The girls enjoyed their games and the experience of inter-school competitive play, though some of them found it hard to accustom themselves to play on grass courts.

1943 Tennis House matches resulted in the following points:—Wellesley, 23; Hindley, 13; Binns, 11; Seddon, 7.

Deck-Tennis Notes.

In charge of Miss Stubbs, 44 girls attend this activity on Tuesday afternoons. There is a general rota for games and competitions, and a Paris ladder. Strenuous efforts are made to gain House points. To date these stand as follows:—Binns, 20; Hindley, 16; Wellesley, 13; Seddon, 10.

PREFECTS, 1943.

Back Row: Rienne Forrester, Pauline Becker, Joan Hayes, E. Valentine, V. Fiddes, G. Ball, C. King, Lillian Groome, Ruth Miller, Leona Murray.

Third Row: Doris Swift, Enid Longden, Shirlee Clist, Shirley Strickland, Dawn Anderson, Thelma Wilson, Delwyn Reid, Eileen Smith, Claire Lolley, Josephine Krause.

Second Row: K. Pitman, A. Fairhead, M. Menzies, B. Smith, L. Arnold, T. Davison, R. Grant, I. Botica.

Front Row: D. Norrie, Betty Ah Chee, N. Laurie, Lorin D. Millett (Head Girl), Mr. W. E. Burley, K. Jackson (Head Boy), Colleen Kennedy, K. Watson, Joyce M. Stanley.

FIRST FIFTEEN, 1943.

Back row: C. Pai, H. Carter, L. Annan, K. Watson, C. McLean, J. Clarke, C. Kewish.
Middle row: F. Bayne, K. Pittman, K. Jackson, D. Cutler, N. Laurie, J. Whittaker.
Seated: T. Pere, B. Johnson, R. McConnell (vice-captain), M. Menzies (captain), J. Stackpole, J. Irvine, Mr. A. B. Ohlson.

FIRST ELEVEN, 1943.

Standing: G. R. Carter, T. Davidson, M. Menzies, J. T. Mackie.
Middle row: J. R. Stackpole, H. G. Ball, R. McConnell (capt.), O. Norgrove, Mr. L. M. McKillop.
In front: L. G. Annan, N. Matheson, V. A. Fiddes.

SECOND FIFTEEN, 1943.

Back row: J. Pai, R. Graham, E. Valentine, H. Peachey, S. Cross.
Middle row: C. Ball, G. Scheigis, C. Rowsell, W. Whittaker, R. Adams, D. Matthews.
Front row: R. Hull, R. Faulkner, P. Simons, J. Wells (capt.), M. Tierney, J. Ewan, Mr. L. McKillop.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL JUNIOR TEAM, 1943.
Winners of Junior Competition and Knock-out.

Back row: A. Jones, J. Beveridge, R. Rawson, J. Hartfield, R. Haggard, G. Baker.
Front row: Mr. A. A. Smyth, R. Meek, E. Armour, B. Smith, G. Port, D. Cox, Mr. H. P. Leeves.

BASKETBALL "A" TEAM, 1943.

Back row: Irene Russell, Lucy McDonald, Dawn Anderson, Lois Harper.
Front row: Gwen Harvey, Shirlee Clist (vice-captain), Eileen Smith (captain), Doris Irving, Delwyn Reid.

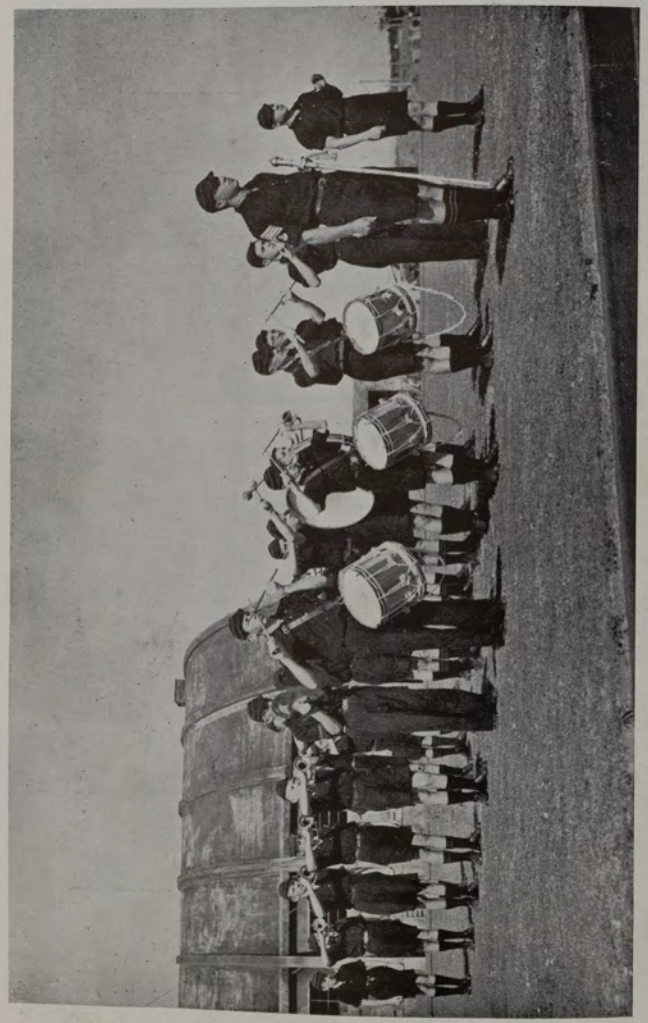
BASKETBALL "B" TEAM, 1943.

Back row: Shirley Owen, Joan Robertson, Anne Russell, Naomi Heron, Yvonne Day, Beverley Brierley.
Front row: Barbara Halford, Margaret Stott June McGregor (vice-captain), Josie Krause (captain), Valerie Wiley, Nance Grey.

HINDLEY SCHOLARS, 1943.

Back row: Joyce M. Stanley, K. Watson, Colleen Kennedy, D. Norrie, Claire Lofley.
Front row: N. Laurie, Lorin D. Millett (Head Prefect), Mr. W. E. Burley, K. Jackson (Head Prefect), Betty Ah Chee.

Crowning of the Queen of the Carnival.



THE COLLEGE BAND, 1943.

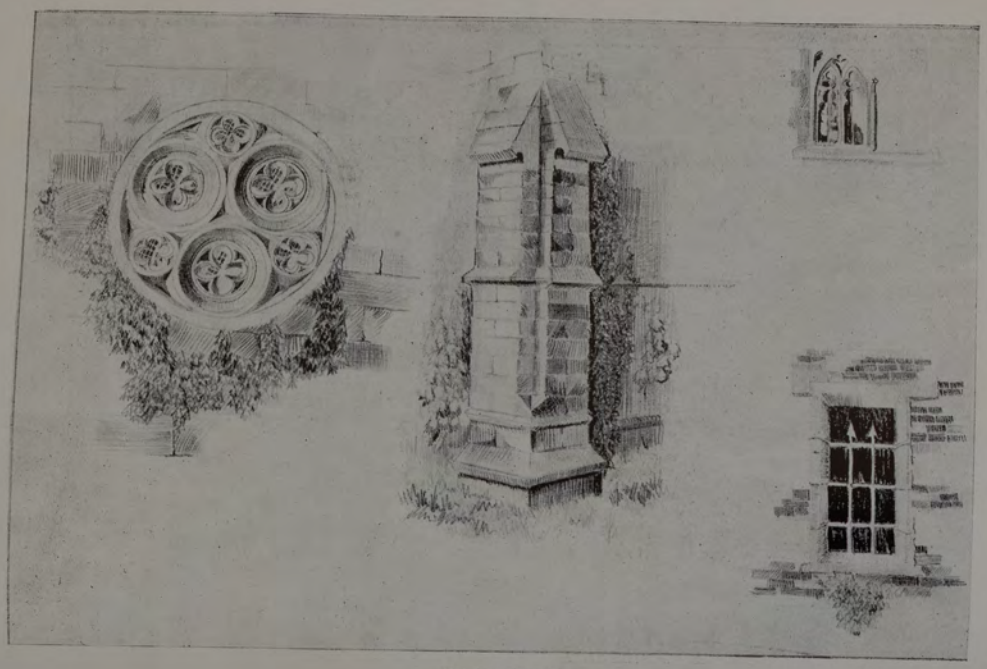
Jacqueline Hayte, S. & C. IV.b.

Audrey Weston, S. & C. III.a.

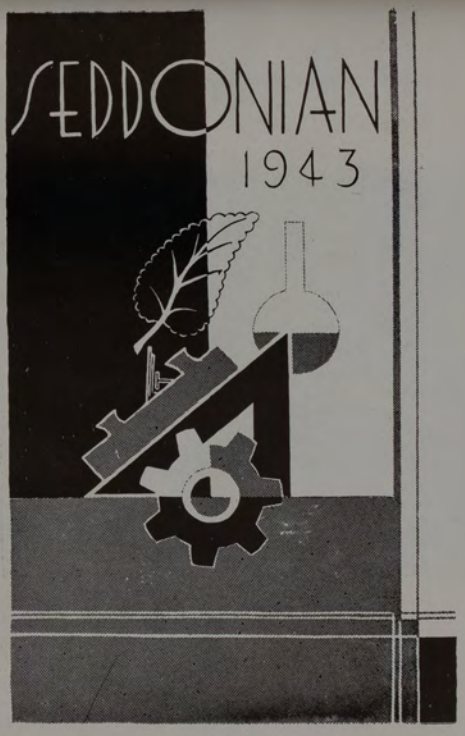
SUB SIGHTED—SANK SAME. *K. C. Jackson.*

Original Illustration.

Original Sketch, by Valentine.



Original Sketches. K. C. Jackson.



Two of the entries for "Seddonian" cover-design competition.

Original Lino-cut by Donald Heron.

Original Lino-cut. R. Gray, Typo III.

Boys' Tennis.

Our Tennis activities this year were curtailed considerably owing to the acute shortage of tennis balls.

The School championships were held earlier than usual, and instead of having the usual three grades, an open championship with limited entries was held. Especially after the semi-final stage the standard of play was as high or perhaps somewhat higher than over the last few seasons.

In the Secondary School Championships also the competition was reduced to an open championship. Here Botica reached the final of the singles, to be beaten by Becroft, of Mt. Albert Grammar School, in three sets, while Watson reached the quarter-finals. In the doubles Botica and Laurie were put out in the semi-final by Becroft and Wright, the ultimate winners.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Championship Singles.

	Botica	Botica		
	Pearson	9/3		
Watson	Watson		Botica	
Davison	9/4	Watson	6/2, 3/6, 6/4	
Walker	Walker	9/7		
Rogers	9/1			Botica
Ball	Ball			6/2, 6/4
Williams	9/1	Ball		
Hunter	Hunter	9/1	Laurie	
Fairhead	9/6		6/4, 5/6, 9/7	
	Leathart	Laurie		
	Laurie	9/1		

Championship Doubles.

	Botica & Laurie	Botica & Laurie	
Walker & Williams	Walker & Williams	6/2, 6/2	
Rogers & Leathart	9/5		Botica & Laurie
			4/6, 6/1, 6/1
Davison & Hunter	Davison & Hunter		
Fairhead & Pearson	9/6	Ball & Watson	
	Ball & Watson	6/2, 6/1	

Boys' Swimming Sports.

Senior Championship Events.

220 Yards.—I. Chichester, 1; D. Norrie, 2; J. Stackpole, 3. Time, 2.59 3-5.

Plunge Dive.—D. Norrie, 1; G. Kewish, 2; C. Finlayson, 3. Distance, 42ft. 11½in.

50 Yards.—D. Norrie, 1; M. Menzies, 2; I. Chichester, 3. Time, 29 4-5s.

50 Yards Backstroke.—D. Norrie, 1; J. Stackpole, 2; I. Chichester, 3. Time, 39s.

Diving.—D. Norrie, 1; G. Kewish, 2; G. Pelling, 3.

50 Yards Breaststroke.—D. Norrie, 1; R. Wah Lee, 2; I. Botica, 3. Time, 42 3-5s.

100 Yards.—I. Chichester, 1; D. Norrie, 2; M. Menzies, 3. Time, 1.14.

Senior Championship.

D. Norrie, 31 points, 1; I. Chichester, 12 points, 2; G. Kewish, 6 points, 3.

Junior Championship Events.

220 Yards.—G. Engel, 1; M. Nodder, 2; E. Senior, 3. Time, 3.22.

50 Yards Breaststroke.—E. Senior, 1; A. Watton, 2; D. Pengelly, 3. Time, 56 1-6s.

50 Yards.—G. Engel, 1; B. Nash, 2; G. Mason, 3. Time, 31 1-5s.

Diving.—G. Engel, 1; R. Kilgour, 2; I. Bloomfield, 3.

100 Yards.—G. Engel, 1; R. Bowman, 2; B. Nash, 3. Time, 1.14 1-5.

Junior Championship.

G. Engel, 20 points, 1; E. Senior, 6 points, 2; B. Nash, 4 points, 3.

Competitions.

Pyjama Race (Senior).—J. Hunt, 1; B. Jones, 2; K. Eady, 3.

Pyjama Race (Junior).—A. Greig, 1; T. Channings, 2; R. Lamb, 3.

50 Yards Breaststroke Handicap (under 19).—C. Levene, 1; W. Williams, 2; B. Wilson, 3. Time, 50 2-5s.

220 Yards Freestyle Handicap (under 19).—E. Mortimer, 1; D. Penberthy, 2; E. Wanless, 3. Time, 4.21 3-5.

Corfu Dive.—J. Boreham, 1.

Neat Header.—C. McNamara, 1; A. Greig, 2; K. Eady, 3.

100 Yards Handicap (under 19).—C. King, 1; J. Speer, 2; E. Mortimer, 3. Time, 1.21 1-5.

50 Yards Handicap (under 14).—J. Summerhays, 1; A. Greig, 2; P. Egan, 3. Time, 39s.

50 Yards Handicap (under 15).—T. Channings, 1; G. Reber, 2; D. Robb, 3. Time, 37 1-5s.

50 Yards Handicap (over 16).—C. King, 1; D. Summerville, 2; K. Gatfield, 3. Time, 32 4-5s.

Third Form Relays.—III.b. Woodwork, 1; III.d. Engineering, 2; III.e. Engineering, 3.

Fourth Form Relays.—IV.c. Engineering, 1; IV.a. Engineering, 2; Typo IV. 3.

Fifth Form Relays.—V.b. Accountancy, 1; V.a. Accountancy, 2; V.b. Engineering, 3.

50 Yards Handicap (under 16).—G. Moulder, 1; P. Petty, 2; D. Erkkila, 3. Time, 35 2-5s.

440 Yards Handicap (under 19).—J. Stackpole, 1; R. McKinnon, 2; R. Mitchell, 3. Time, 8.10.

Boys' Athletic Sports.

The only record of the day was in the 120 Yards Hurdles Senior Championship. K. Jackson reduced the time of 18s. (Watkins 1930, Stephenson 1932 and Jackson 1942) to 17 3-5s.

The results of the championships were:—

Senior Championship.—Jackson. Runner-up, Carter.

Intermediate Championship.—Pittman. Runner-up, Irvine.

Junior Championship.—Nelson. Runner-up, Jamieson.

The detailed results were as follows:—

100 Yards Handicap (over 16).—Williams, 1; Hunter, 2; Pere, 3. Time, 12 1-5s.

220 Yards Handicap (over 16).—Pai, 1; Park, 2; Botica, 3. Time, 27s.

440 Yards Handicap (over 16).—Botica, 1; Pai, 2; Park, 3. Time, 1.3 4-5.

880 Yards Handicap (over 16).—Morris, 1; Grace, 2; Stackpole, 3. Time, 2.29 2-5.

High Jump (over 16).—Kennedy, 1; Williams, 2; Pugh, 3. Height, 4ft. 8in.

Long Jump (over 16).—Pere, 1; Davidson, 2; Dally, 3.

440 Yards Handicap (under 16).—Sheigis, 1; Long, 2; Wilson, 3. Time, 1.5 3-5.

High Jump (under 16).—Robertson and Reke (equal), 1; Bennett, 3. Height, 4ft. 8in.

Long Jump (under 16).—Collins, 1; Chapman, 2; Carter, 3. Distance, 17ft. 8in.

Steeplechase (under 16).—Engel, 1; Witten, 2; Jenson, 3. Time, 4.20.

440 Yards Handicap (under 15).—Reeves, 1; Wolfenden, 2; Page, 3. Time, 1.9 2-5.

Mile Open Handicap.—Tierney, 1; Morris, 2; Botica, 3. Time, 5.37 1-5.

Hop, Step, Jump Open Handicap.—Pere, 1; Davison, 2; Bayne, 3. Distance, 34ft. 10½in.

120 Yards Hurdles Open Handicap.—Pai, 1; Lamb, 2; Williams 3. Time, 19s.

Putting the Shot, Senior.—Menzies, 1; Hughs, 2; Smith, 3. Distance, 33ft. 5½in.

Putting the Shot, Intermediate.—Faulkner, 1; Adams, 2; Matheson, 3. Distance, 34ft. 4in.

Putting the Shot, Junior.—Little, 1; Thompson, 2; Engel, 3. Distance, 30ft. 8½in.

Cricket Ball.—Botica, 1; McConnell, 2; Menzies, 3. Distance, 221ft. 8in.

Throwing the Discus, Senior.—Menzies, 1; Whittaker, 2; Gallagher, 3. Distance, 75ft. 9in.

Throwing the Discus, Intermediate.—Simons, 1; Adams, 2; Faulkner, 3. Distance, 70ft 1¾in.

Throwing the Discus, Junior.—McKechnie, 1; Little, 2; Mathews, 3. Distance, 54ft. 11½in.

Senior Championship.

100 Yards.—K. Jackson, 1; Brain, 2; Carter, 3. Time, 11 2-5s.

220 Yards.—Jackson, E.VI., 1; Carter, A.V.a., 2; Brain, E.V.a., 3. Time, 24 4-5s.

440 Yards.—Jackson, E.VI., 1; Carter, A.V.a., 2; Norrie, E.VI., and Laurie (equal), 3. Time, 59s.

880 Yards.—Carter, A.V.a., 1; Murray, E.VI., 2; McConnell, E.V.b., 3. Time, 2.27.

One Mile.—McConnell, E.V.b., 1; Gallagher, A.VI., 2; Carter, A.V.a., 3. Time, 5.45 3-5.

120 Yards Hurdles.—Jackson, E.VI., 1; Carter, A.V.a., 2; Laurie, E.VI., 3. Time, 17 3-5s.

High Jump.—Jackson, E.VI., 1; Carter, A.V.a., 2; Smith, E.V.b., 3. Height, 5ft. 5in.

Long Jump.—Jackson, E.VI., 1; Carter, A.V.a., 2; Norrie, E.VI., 3. Length, 19ft. 1½in.

Intermediate Championship.

100 Yards.—Irvine, E.III.d., 1; Pittman, A.V.a., 2; Pai, E.IV.e., 3. Time, 12 1-5s.

220 Yards.—Pittman, A.V.a., 1; Irvine, E.III.d., 2; Pai, E.IV.e., 3. Time, 26 3-5s.

440 Yards.—Irvine, E.III.d., 1; Pai, E.IV.e., 2; Pelling, W.V., 3. Time, 60 1-5s.

880 Yards.—Irvine, E.III.d., 1; Evans, E.IV.a., 2; Pai, E.IV.e., 3. Time, 2.30 4-5.

90 Yards Hurdles.—Pittman, A.V.a., 1; Pai, E.IV.e., 2; Wells, E.IV.e., 3. Time, 14 3-5s.

High Jump.—Leathart, E.IV.b., 1; Godley, E.IV.d., 2; Pittman, A.V.a., 3. Height, 4ft. 8in.

Long Jump.—Pittman, A.V.a., 1; Leathart, E.IV.d., 2; Godley, E.IV.a., 3. Length, 17ft. 0½in.

Junior Championship.

100 Yards.—Jamieson, E.III.e., Nelson, E.IV.d. (equal), 1; Lamb, E.III.d., 3. Time, 13 4-5s.

220 Yards.—Nelson, E.IV.d., 1; Lamb, E.III.d., 2; Jamieson, E.III.e., 3. Time, 28 2-5s.

440 Yards.—Nelson, E.IV.d., 1; Jillings, W.IV.a., 2; Jamieson, E.III.e., 3. Time, 1.5.

880 Yards.—Nelson, E.IV.d., 1; Jillings, W.IV.a., 2; Stimpson, A.III., 3. Time, 2.30.

High Jump.—Jamieson, E.III.e., 1; Reke, W.III.b., 2; Steel, W.III.b., 3. Height, 4ft. 4in.

Long Jump.—Jamieson, E.III.e., 1; Todd, W.III.b., 2; Brown, T.III., 3. Length, 14ft. 6in.

Championship Points.

Senior.—Jackson, 30 points, 1; Carter, 21 points, 2.
Intermediate.—Pittman, 20 points, 1; Irvine, 18 points, 2.
Junior.—Nelson, 19 points, 1; Jamieson, 16 points, 2.

Girls' Athletic Sports.

Senior Championship.

75 Yards Skipping.—A. Lord (S), 1; M. Morrison (H), 2; N. Weatherley (W), 3.

100 Yards Flat Race.—A. Lord and E. Smith (S) (equal), 1; C. Pearson (H), 3.

220 Yards Flat Race.—A. Lord (S), 1; E. Smith (S), 2; M. Morrison (H), 3.

Intermediate Championship.

75 Yards Skipping.—P. Jonkers (S), 1; M. Atherton (B), 2; M. Goddard (H), 3.

100 Yards Flat Race.—M. Wheeler (B), 1; P. Jonkers (S), 2; F. Cave (H), 3.

220 Yards Flat Race.—P. Jonkers (S), 1; M. Wheeler (B), 2; J. Murray (S), 3.

Junior Championship.

75 Yards Skipping.—J. Walker (H), 1; N. Anlezark (H), 2; V. Johnson (H), 3.

100 Yards Flat Race.—J. Walker (H), 1; C. Darrington (B), 2; B. Brown (S), 3.

220 Yards Flat Race.—J. Walker (H), 1; J. Harvey (W), 2; H. Hancock (B), 3.

Competitions.

Egg and Spoon Race.—M. Deery (H), 1; H. Webster (B), 2; K. Naera (W), 3.

Potato Race.—Z. Vranjes (H), 1; P. Jonkers (S), 2; N. Carter (W), 3.

Sack Race.—G. Harvey (W), 1; N. Heron (S), 2; J. Walker (H), 3.

Stilt Race.—T. Skipper (H), 1; T. Lamont (W), 2; J. Corson (W), 3.

Three-legged Race.—M. Brisbane and J. Murray (S), 1; S. Dorman and S. Belsham (S), 2; I. Dean and M. Tomlin (S), 3.

Age Race, under 13.—H. Hancock (B), 1; N. Wilson (W), 2; D. Lendrum (B), 3.

Age Race, Junior.—J. Walker (H), 1; L. Wildish (H), 2; B. Brown (S), 3.

Age Race, Intermediate.—P. Jonkers (S), 1; M. Goddard (H), 2; M. Atherton (B), 3.

Age Race, Senior.—E. Smith (S), 1; A. Lord (S), 2; E. Longden (S), 3.

Form Relay, Junior.—III.c. Science, 1; III.b. Commercial 2.

Form Relay, Senior.—V.a. Commercial, 1; IV.a. Science, 2.

Champions.

Junior.—J. Walker (H), 9 points. Runners-up: J. Harvey (W), N. Anlezark (H), C. Darrington (B), 2 points.

Intermediate.—P. Jonkers (S), 8 points. Runner-up: M. Wheeler (B), 5 points.

Senior.—A. Lord (S), 9 points. Runner-up: E. Smith (S), 5 points.

House Points.

Seddon, 91 points; Hindley, 83 points; Binns, 62 points; Wellesley, 56 points.

Boxing.

The boxing championships for 1942 were held towards the end of the third term of that year. Once more there were numerous entries, with a standard of boxing quite equal to that of past years.

The Burke Memorial Cup for the most scientific boxer in the tournament was won by M. Menzies, winner of the light-heavy weight division, while Gallagher, his opponent in the finals, was awarded the bronze medal for the "best loser."

Throughout, the tournament was under the control of officials of the Auckland Boxing Association, to whom we are indebted for their interest in this sport in the School.

The following are the results of semi-finals and finals in the different weights:—

Mosquito Weight.—Ogilvy.
Midget Weight.—Chumun.
Paper Weight.—Meyle.
Bantam Weight.—King.
Feather Weight.—King.
Light Weight.—McConnell.
Welter Weight.—McConnell.
Middle Weight.—Davis.
Light Heavy Weight.—M. Menzies.
Heavy Weight.—Bremner.

TECHNICAL & GENERAL.

Natural and Synthetic Rubbers.

Natural rubber is obtained from a milky liquid called "latex," which is the sap of certain plants. There are many thousands of varieties of plants which yield latex, but in the last twenty years or so practically the whole of the world's rubber supply (over one and a quarter million tons in 1940) has been obtained from cultivated trees, mostly from plantations in the Dutch East Indies.

This latex in its original fluid form has many uses: for example it is employed as an adhesive in the boot trades, for making rubber gloves by immersing porcelain moulds in the fluid, and for waterproofing fabrics. When frothed and coagulated, it forms sponge rubber, which is important for its porous nature and light weight, and is used for lifebelts, to replace natural sponges, and as a sound and vibration absorber.

Most of the latex is coagulated before shipment from the plantations, the process being effected in most cases by the controlled addition of acetic or formic acid. The rubber floats to the surface of the latex, is removed and washed. If sun-dried it yields crepe rubber, used for soles of footwear, etc., while sheet rubber, used for tyres, etc., is obtained from drying in wood-smoke.

Both crepe and sheet-rubber will dissolve in turpentine and in carbon tetrachloride, and will swell in petrol. These liquids, however, no longer have the same effect after it has been vulcanised; that is, heated to a suitable temperature with sulphur. The process of vulcanisation also increases the elasticity and toughness of the rubber. Roughly speaking, it does for rubber what "tempering" does for steel. If the process of vulcanisation is carried further by the addition of increased amounts of sulphur and the use of higher temperatures, the rubber can be converted to a hard, inelastic substance called ebonite, which can be polished, drilled, turned and moulded, while hot. This material is used to make car battery cases, barrels of fountain pens, combs, etc.

Chemically, rubber consists of carbon and hydrogen combined in the ratio of five atoms of carbon to eight atoms of hydrogen. It would therefore appear to be a very simple substance, but this is not borne out by the fact that rubber has not yet been made in a laboratory; the so-called synthetic rubbers are really substitutes, but nevertheless many have very similar properties to natural rubber.

Interest in rubber substitutes dates from the introduction of rubber to Europe by Magellan in 1772. Success was very slow in coming; indeed, it was over a hundred years before a successful substitute was produced and manufacture on a commercial scale did not start until even later. The first commercial venture was forced upon the Germans during the last war and was afterwards continued with mounting success, culminating in the now famous "Buna" series of synthetic rubbers.

In 1931 a second class of rubber substitutes was discovered in America, when a brilliant series of investigations by a research team of the chemical department of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, resulted in the commercial production of a substitute rubber now marketed under the name of "Neoprene" and generally regarded as the best synthetic rubber so far produced. Its preparation is at present undergoing rapid expansion, to help supply America's war requirements. The raw materials needed in quantity for the manufacture of Neoprene are acetylene gas and hydrochloric acid.

Acetylene gas is produced by the action of water on calcium carbide, which in turn is made from limestone and coal. We can thus claim that this "rubber" is made from coal, limestone and common salt (from which the hydrochloric acid is produced).

Neoprene is vulcanised by heating with zinc oxide, and then has many properties which make it superior to natural rubber. For example, it is not attacked by oils, nor is it so readily permeated by gases; hence it is more suitable for coating balloon fabrics. Its main disadvantages are:—

1. Its high cost of production—four to six times that of natural rubber.
2. Its unpleasant odour, which, however, can be removed at extra cost.
3. It apparently does not wear as well as natural rubber when used for tyres, although it is just as strong when stretched.

However, with increased production, a corresponding decrease in cost is to be anticipated.

A third class of synthetic substances which have rubber-like properties are known as the Thioplast or Caoutchoid group, the best known member being "Thiokol," manufactured in America. These substances are chemically very different from natural rubber, since they may contain chlorine and sodium in addition to carbon and hydrogen. Their chief virtue is their excellent resistance to oils and solvents, hence they are used to make hoses for handling paints, varnishes, etc.

The fourth and last group of rubber substitutes about which data has been published is the polystyrene group. Polystyrenes can be made in several ways, but the method usually employed consists of heating the gas acetylene with the gas ethylene (obtained from alcohol). Polystyrene rubber is not yet satisfactory for many of the purposes to which natural rubber can be applied, since it has semi-plastic properties which make it unsuitable for such purposes as the making of tyres.

Natural rubber is a unique substance in that its properties range from those of a hard, inelastic substance such as ebonite to the tough flexibility of rubber suitable for making tyres. These properties have been largely reproduced by the chemist, and a steady increase in the every day applications of synthetic rubbers is inevitable.

F.S.

Some Native Trees.

These notes on native trees are written in the hope that they may be of use to the interested observer who wishes to identify some of those to be found close at hand.

No account of Auckland native trees would be complete without the mention of the better known "pines," and by these are meant Kauri, Totara, Rimu, Kahikatea, and Matai. The Kauri grows well in most parts of the Waitakere Ranges, but the trees are as a rule young ones that have grown since the days of milling there. These young trees are cone-shaped. The leaves are about one inch long, narrow and very thick, reddish-brown in colour and often spotted, while the trunk has a flaking, shiny, grey bark which gives it a lovely mottled appearance. Patches of whitish gum show up on the bark. The cones can easily be seen on the tips of the branches. They are round, about two inches in diameter and green; and, when ripe, scatter winged seeds which germinate and grow comparatively quickly. Sometimes an older tree is seen amongst the new growth, a survivor of the earlier forest, and then one realises what a magnificent sight a stand of Kauri must be, with massive trunks more than fifty feet high before the first branches, and from eight to ten feet in diameter.

The Kahikatea, or White Pine, is our tallest tree, and it grows in large numbers on swampy ground. The leaves are very small, more like tiny green scales lying flat along the branches, and the trunk long and straight. The fruits develop on the tips of the branches in the autumn. They are little blue-black oval nuts about one sixth of an inch long, each seated on top of a swollen bright red berry. The Rimu, or Red Pine, has leaves and fruits very similar to those of the Kahikatea, but the young tree can easily be recognised by its long, slender, drooping branches. The old trees are massive and tall, and can be confused with Matai or Black Pine. However, Matai has a bluish-black, shining bark which is characteristic, and a leaf which is more like that of the Totara—a tree very much prized by the Maoris, who made from it their huge war canoes. As some of these were over seventy feet in length, we realise the size of a mature Totara. It has tiny leaves like those of the teatree, but even sharper and tougher, and a dull brown in colour. The young tree is cone-shaped, but the older ones are more branched. The trunk, which may be as much as six feet in diameter, is covered with a thick, furrowed bark which hangs in long strips, and the fruit is similar to that of the Kahikatea.

The Karaka, frequently seen in Auckland gardens, grows to a height of forty feet or more and is found in coastal places. It can be recognised most easily perhaps by its glossy, dark green leaves, which are about four inches in length, and its large, showy, oval fruits about one inch long, like big yellow berries that ripen to orange in the autumn.

With a fruit of similar shape, but purple in colour, very like a small damson plum, the Taraire grows in many of the same places. It is a little taller than the Karaka and its young stems are covered with a reddish down. A close relative, the Tawa, grows plentifully on the Waitakere Ranges. It is a tall tree, with a smooth black trunk and narrow leaves some three inches long. In colour they are a light yellowish green, through which the sunlight filters in characteristic fashion. The fruit is purple and similar to the Taraire, but a little smaller.

Most New Zealand trees flower in the spring or summer, but the Kohekohe flowers in the winter. You can easily find its long sprays of tiny white flowers, which are given off from the trunk and large branches, and which later develop into big green capsules which gradually open to show seeds with a scarlet coat. The leaves are large and compound, each consisting of three or four pairs of leaflets, a deep glossy green in colour. It is their size and colour which help to make the Kohekohe such a beautiful tree and to earn for it the name of New Zealand Cedar. When it is a seedling it is often confused with a young Puriri, but there is no mistaking the older trees. The Puriri has, of course, its typical cherry-like fruit and its pretty pink flowers, some of which appear to be in bloom at all times of the year, but it is a much larger tree than the Kohekohe as a rule, and in the northern part of New Zealand, where it flourishes, it grows to a great size, with an enormous spread of branches. Its wood is very tough and it is the only tree which can break the grip of the Rata. The Mangrove, though so unlike in many ways, is a close relative of the Puriri. Most of us in the North know it well, though we frequently do not realise that the host of upright roots characteristic of a mangrove swamp are breathing roots, which enable the tree to obtain its necessary supplies of air, in spite of its rather peculiar choice of a tidal mud flat as a home.

A native tree with very striking fruits is the Titoki, which grows well in Auckland. Its leaves are compound, each consisting of from four to six pairs of leaflets. The flowers are very inconspicuous, but the Titoki makes up for this with its large jet black, shining seeds embedded in scarlet, fleshy cups which appear when the brownish capsules open. Nor must the Rewarewa be omitted, though, perhaps, it is better known as a singularly beautiful wood used in inlay work. The tree grows to a height of ninety feet in some places, and has leaves up to six inches in length, with very serrated edges. The flowers are crowded together in round masses on a short axis, the whole cluster resembling a bottle brush. Each flower is reddish brown in colour, about one inch long, and somewhat like that of the English honeysuckle. For this reason, and also because it is plentifully supplied with honey, a fact which the Tui knows well, the Rewarewa is often called the native honeysuckle, a name which is really quite inaccurate. The fruits are pod-shaped, and each splits into two boat-shaped halves when the seeds are liberated.

All the native trees described here are found plentifully in our own district. Many more could be added, but it is a wise plan to learn to identify a few at first and then to increase that number as one gains further experience.

E.M.D.

The National Medicine Chest.

A large proportion of the vitamins which protect us from infection come from the vegetable garden, provided the produce is well grown and fresh. Moreover, vegetables can replace many of the items of diet once commonly used, and now unobtainable or in short supply. Scarcity and price, apart from the health-giving properties of the produce, make the growing of vegetables, and more vegetables, a project of national importance. If we can dig half as much again this season as last and by careful management obtain an increased yield, we can provide double the supply normally obtained. "This is a Food War. The battle on the Kitchen Front cannot be won without help from the Kitchen-garden."

Vegetables *all the year round* should be the aim of the household gardener; not an excess in summer and none in winter and early spring, when the vegetable problem is most acute. To achieve this a plan is essential, and this plan requires careful consideration of autumn sowing and planting. The purpose of this article is to indicate briefly how, by autumn planting, the yield from the garden can be carried over until the spring crops mature.

Success in vegetable growing depends largely on careful and thorough preparation of the soil. As soon as possible dig the soil deeply, holding the spade vertical, or double-dig it by removing the surface soil, loosening the soil underneath with a fork and replacing the top soil. This double-digging is an essential part of gardening, and all the area should be so treated in rotation. Animal manure or compost can be forked into the lower spit. Lime the surface of this digging, and allow as long as possible for the soil to settle before planting or sowing—say two to six weeks. Prior to use, some well-made compost should be spread over the soil and lightly forked in.

Land for autumn use needs to be ready by the end of Febraury. Hence crops planted to succeed spring-sown ones should be carefully planned, to leave blocks of the garden free for soil preparation, selecting for the winter crops those parts which are well drained and sheltered from the south. If drainage in winter is a problem, the part to be used can be built up by using boards as edging. Often, as was the case last season, it is necessary to wait for rain to soften the ground for digging; but prepare early and thoroughly, and use plenty of well-rotted garden-refuse forked into the soil. If the soil preparation for the spring crop has been thorough, then for the autumn digging one spade deep is sufficient.

For Auckland or in districts where lemons thrive, the following varieties can be sown. An estimate should be made of the probable amount required, and often this should be planted at different times to give a succession of produce or a selection of varieties.

Carrots.

Use an early variety such as Early Horn, in soil treated with naphthalene prior to and during growth, and sprayed periodically with Blackleaf 40. In districts where carrot-growing is difficult, and the garden is small, the growing of this crop is not recommended.

Beetroot.

Sow a little seed and transplant the thinnings. Run salt alongside the rows when the plants are well established.

Silver Beet.

Sow seed early and transplant to a position alongside a path, to make picking easy. As soon as established, pull out any spring-sown plants—they become coarse and bitter when used in winter. Plant more silver beet in. say, July-August for early spring use.

Parsnips.

In deep soil in February, if rain permits. Sow carefully, seed by seed, to save time in thinning.

Garden Swedes.

Sown on slight ridges, will give useable roots in late winter.

Turnips.

Use varieties such as Early Snowball, and a yellow one maturing later, Orange Jelly. Do not sow all the seed at once.

Leeks.

The seed should be put in at the end of the year and the plants transplanted into dibble-holes about six inches deep, and six inches apart in the rows. Drop a plant into each hole after lightly trimming leaf and root. There is no need to fill in the holes.

Dwarf Beans.

Make a sowing in February and, if the weather is good, a catch-crop can be obtained before winter.

Broad Beans.

Sow when rain permits. Nip out the stem when a few inches high to encourage side growths. Use wood-ash and compost in the soil preparation.

Cabbages.

Raise your own plants from seed and transplant a few plants each fortnight, and later hoe the soil well up to each plant, and use lime. Use early and late varieties.

Cauliflowers.

Treat as for cabbages, but do not grow unless the soil is really good and you have dug in compost or stable-manure.

Kohl Rabi.

Sow when rain permits. Should be treated in the same way as swedes; makes a welcome change in the early winter. Should be sown early.

Lettuce.

Sow pinches of seed fortnightly, and transplant until May or later, depending on soil, season and situation. They will make growth and stand over the winter without becoming bitter.

Cress.

Small sowings frequently provide greens for salads and lunches.

The above list does not exhaust the possibilities of autumn-sowing, but if planted, will in an average situation and soil provide a selection of vegetables for use from May to October. But a gardener must adjust his work to local conditions of soil and situation, e.g., on a southerly slope the growing season is shorter, and this applies also to heavy soils as compared with light ones. In these cases he should start his work earlier.

Seed Saving.

In the event of serious seed-shortage which can develop during war-time, it is a wise precaution to save a quantity of pea and bean seed. Leave a small length of row unpicked; in this way you get better quality seed. Save also marrow, cucumber and pumpkin seed from mature fruit. But if you attempt to get seed from cabbage, cauliflower, turnips or swedes, remember that they hybridise and the results can be very disappointing. In fact it is better not to attempt these, unless some previous experience has been gained.

B.M.D.

Photo Engraving.

When you look at a picture in a newspaper you may sometimes wonder how an ordinary photograph can be made into a lead stencil from which thousands of copies of the original can be printed. This is done by a process known as photo-engraving.

To produce an engraving, a photograph must first be taken of the picture which is to be published. This is done with a special camera, which is about the size of a large dressing-table, and which uses special photographic plates of the "wet" type. These plates are made by coating a piece of glass with collodion emulsion and dropping it into a bath of silver-nitrate for five minutes. The silver sticks to the emulsion, forming a thick silver layer on the glass. The negative is placed in the back of the camera behind a fine screen, and the picture to be photographed is lighted up by 40,000 candle-power arc lamps. The photograph is then taken, and as the exposure is for five minutes, the camera is cushioned on springs which counteract any vibration in the building due to passing traffic. The screen, which is in front of the negative in the camera, has about 4,000 holes to the square inch and, if you look at a picture in a newspaper through a magnifying glass, you will see that the picture is formed entirely by dots the size and shape of which give the various grades of colour.

After the negative has been developed and dried, it is ready to be transferred on to the engraving plate. This plate is made of pure zinc coated with a thin film of albumen glue. The glue is only partly dry, and when the plate is placed under the negative in a glass frame and exposed to the light of arc lamps for several minutes, the glue hardens where the negative is clear, and remains soft where the negative is dark. The soft glue is then washed off, and the hard and semi-hard glue which remains on the plate is hardened by heat.

The engraving plate is now placed in the etching machine for about a minute. This machine is a large earthenware vessel like a washing tub, with a glass lid. It is about one quarter full of nitric acid. The acid, which is splashed on to the plate by a set of paddles in the bottom of the machine, eats away those portions of the zinc which are not covered by glue. The engraving is now cleaned, rubbed with chalk and taken to the stereotyping machine.

This machine makes from the engraving a lead impression, which is put on the rollers of the printing presses, where the original picture is duplicated many thousands of times.

D. G. POWELL,
Form VI.

Plastics.

The "Plastic Age" is an established fact! From morning to night we use articles made of plastics—combs, buttons, toothbrushes and hairbrushes, even to bristles, fountain pens, pencils, spectacle frames, slide rules, golf tees, radio dials, control knobs, lamp shades and reflectors, and scores of others.

Since plastics appear to be more closely associated with our daily affairs than any other class of industrial materials, except food and clothing, you may well ask, "What are plastics?" Plastics are materials that while being processed, can be pushed into almost any desired shape. Rubber, glass and pottery might be regarded as the earliest plastics, since they were formed into any desired shape during their processing, then retained that shape after cooling. But due to the tremendous growth of newer and more versatile materials, the word now applies almost exclusively to the synthetic products of chemistry which can be cast, moulded or pressed into an almost unlimited variety of forms. That the house, auto and aeroplane of the future may be constructed for the most part of plastics, combined in some cases with other materials, appears a possibility. Already several plastics have been employed experimentally for these purposes; one in the production of aeroplane fuselage and wings, with surfaces literally as smooth as glass and affording excellent aerodynamic efficiency; another in tests as a material for lightweight car bodies and parts which would be more resistant to wear and impact than if they were fabricated of metals. Others may be produced that will serve as substitutes for wood, stone and brick in fashioning exterior walls of buildings. Even now plastics are being used widely as interior walls, ceilings, floors and decorative trim in homes and offices.

A transparent plastic, such as Lucite, methyl and methacrylate, is used in place of glass because it is virtually unbreakable, and at the same time crystal clear.

Acrylic resins, such as Acryloid, Crystalite and Plexiglas, are employed by the aeroplane industry in sheet form for landing light covers, cockpit enclosures, windshields and windows, and gun turrets, because of their light weight, weather resistance and clarity. Recently these resins have entered into the making of lenses, dentures, highway reflectors, signs and displays.

Methyl methacrylate, probably the closest approach to organic glass, has optical properties that make it suitable for spectacle lenses, camera lenses, magnifying glasses and protective goggles. The material has been found useful for making dentures that may be coloured to simulate the colour of the mouth tissues. In the chemical plastics field, cellulose nitrate plastics are the oldest. The celluloid collar, easily cleaned by washing, was a familiar sight, but before celluloid came Parkesine, a material formed from nitrocellulose and camphor, the essential ingredients of celluloid. It was invented in 1855 by Alexander Parkes. However, scientists recognised John Wesley Hyatt, who developed celluloid, as the real inventor of cellulose nitrate plastic—therefore "the father of the plastic industry."

To-day cellulose nitrate plastics, in a highly developed form, find favour because of their toughness, water resistance and clarity, which permit many beautiful colour effects, and they are the bases for fountain pens, toothbrush handles, unbreakable watch crystals, drawing instruments, bathroom fixtures, eyeshades, toys. In this family are pyrelin amerith, monsanto cellulose nitrate, and celluloid. Also in the cellulose family are the acetate plastics, which have cellulose, produced from cotton linters, as their common base. Like the cellulose nitrates, they are thermoplastic—softened by application of heat and hardened by cooling. Among the unusual applications of these plastics, which are known as tenite, plastacele cellulose acetate plastic, lumarith, bakelite cellulose acetate, are: Lamp shades, watch crystals, fountain pens, toilet articles, mechanical pencils.

Cellulose acetate butyrate, tenite 11, is used in the same manner for manufacturing transparent sheeting, lacquers and coating solutions, including aeroplane dopes. Next to the plastics made from coal, air and water, those appealing most to the imagination are the caseins, which are made from milk and processed in a large range of opaque and translucent colours, as well as with many mottled effects. They can be sawed, ground, cut, turned and carved without difficulty, and a fine lasting polish can be applied.

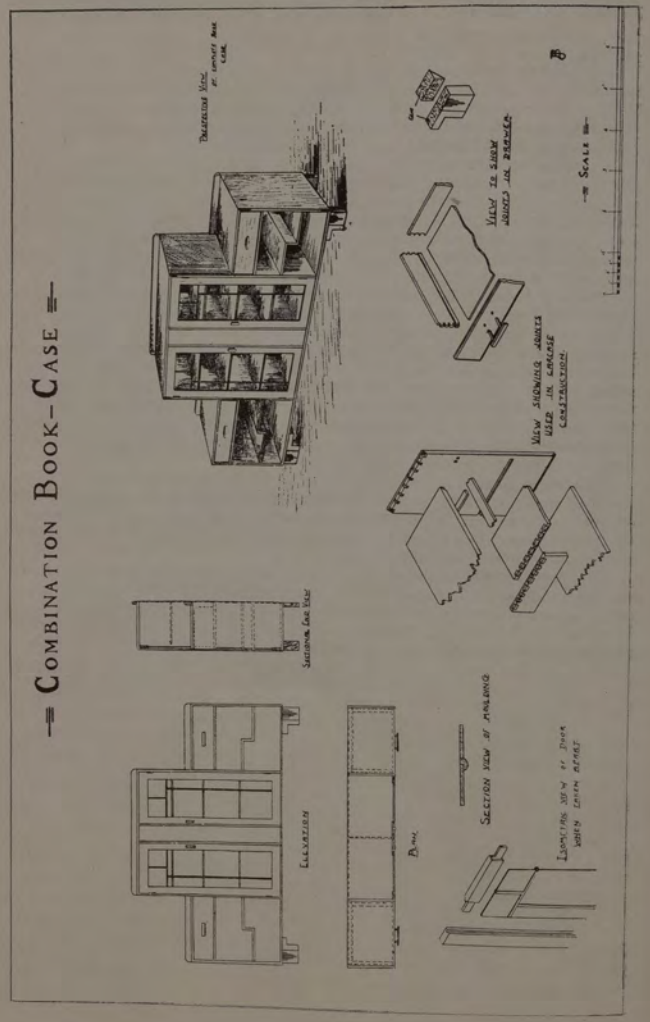
Phenolic resins, which depend for their origin upon synthetic substances made from coal or other organic raw materials, may be cast or moulded. The cast resins offer unusual ranges of translucency, transparency and opacity, and a wide variety of shades and hues, both in plain colours and in mottled effects, can be achieved through the addition of dyes and pigments. Two of the plastics in this family are Catalin and Prystal, the former cast from pure liquid resins, and the latter a water-clear material that has the sparkle of a perfect gem. Catalin is being used to replace costly semi-precious stones, duplicating the appearance of coral, rose quartz, amber, jade, jet, tortoise shell, onyx and ivory.

Bakelite is almost a household word, so widely has it been used. It is a moulded phenolic resin. Cured Phenolic resins develop great strength and hardness, resist heat, water, acids and milk alkalis and organic solvents; electrical properties are good; and they will shrink around metal inserts after moulding, and hold them tightly.

Car parts, electrical insulation, camera cases, telephone equipment, and a large number of other applications are possible in this field, which is made up of plastics bearing the names of Durez, Durite, Indur, Resinox, and Textolite, in addition to Bakelite. With plastics invading one field after another, we seem to be emerging into what might be called

"The Plastic Age."

F.P.



Trade Drawing Competition.

The reproduced design for a Combination Bookcase and China Cabinet is the unaided work of Brian Jillings (age 15) and was awarded first place out of five entries in this class. The work was of high standard throughout and for original effort shows merit and ability above the average work of a 15-year-old student.

Vocational Guidance for Girls.

Following is an outline of the Vocational Guidance work in the Girls' Courses. It may differ in some minor respects from that practised in the Boys' Courses, but is similar in general principle.

On her first day at school every girl is given an autobiography form—a list of questions which she is invited to answer as fully as she wishes. This serves a double purpose; first in helping the Careers Teacher and the Form Teacher to learn a little of the girl herself, secondly as a nucleus for the continuation of her Vocational Guidance record card. Besides adding to information already on her enrolment form, it reveals some of her likes and dislikes, her out-of-school interests and activities, and something of her plans and ambitions, if they exist at this stage. It may sometimes indicate disabilities that should be known to those who teach her and those who will help her to select her future work; such disabilities, for instance, as poor sight, deafness, a weak heart, asthma. It helps both Careers Teacher and Form Teacher to find quickly the girl who comes from a very small school and may feel lost at first in a big one. Anything unusual, any hint of difficulties the girl may have to face, merits an early inquiry, most often by means of an informal chat, occasionally by communication with a parent. This autobiography form concludes with an invitation to find the Careers Teacher whenever information is wanted on any matter connected with preparation for work.

Information about the variety of work done by girls and women is given in periodical visits to classes. Questions, both verbal and written, are encouraged. It is always a matter of surprise that so little is known by the girls even of the occupations for which they are preparing. They fail to realise, for instance, that there are many branches of office-work, some requiring much higher qualifications than others; or that the work done in dressmaking and allied sewing-trades varies considerably in different types of workroom. They need to know what is meant by apprenticeship, what is the minimum age of entry into certain occupations, what are necessary qualifications, what abilities are most desirable, whether openings are numerous or very limited, and a host of other things.

Arrangements have been made on several occasions, either independently or through the courtesy of the Youth Centre, for selected groups of girls to visit a number of firms and businesses, including banks, offices, shops, workrooms, warehouses, dental laboratories, hospitals, in order to gain a first-hand impression of the work there. Though this cannot be carried out on a large scale, it is hoped that each girl will talk about what she has seen and so help to stimulate a spirit of inquiry in others. At the end of each term, holiday work is found for a number of girls, partly with a view to increasing and spreading vocational information, partly because some of them need financial help, or because they would otherwise be alone at home

during the holidays while the rest of the family is working. To-day there is a special need for each girl to be fully aware of recent regulations and their implications for her. It would be very foolish for any girl to go carelessly to work imagining that she can leave if she finds she does not like it. She should know the difference between "essential" and "unessential" undertakings, and she must be sure she has chosen the right work before she commences.

Numerous vacancies for girls are notified each week and made known to those ready to leave school. Employers telephone or call to see the Careers Teacher. Some who have employed our girls in the past ask that anyone suitable be referred to them at any time. Many girls are thus found good positions. To safeguard themselves as far as possible against mistakes that cannot easily be rectified, all girls should consult the Careers Teacher before applying for positions of which they have learned outside the school. It is most distressing to find after all that has been done and could still be done for her, that some girl has left school for unsatisfactory work. Yet this still happens. As each girl leaves, her name is recorded with the name of her employer, the type of work she has entered and the age at which she commences. These records, which have now been kept for several years, indicate very clearly the main avenues of work into which girls from this school go. Reports of the measure of their success come back in divers ways and serve as a useful aid to future guidance.

In this work for the girls some facts impress themselves. With rare exceptions, the longer a girl can spend at school the better. This is just as true, if not more so, of those with poor ability as it is of those who are more gifted. How wrong is the view that if a girl's progress at school is slow, it is better to take her away and send her to work! Moreover, success in school-work is not all that matters. In making recommendations, the Careers Teacher, like the employer, will look for other things. A pleasing manner and appearance, willing cheerfulness, reliability and perseverance, deference, courtesy and sincerity, these qualities of demeanour and character outshine mere ability in certain subjects.

M.F.E.A.

About That Job.

(Mainly for Boys.)

Choosing the Job.

"I want to be a plumber."

"Why, John?"

"Because Uncle Bob is a plumber, and I like Uncle Bob."

What *is* John choosing? A job or his uncle? Anyway uncles are thrust upon us, but we can have some say in the type of job we would like.

Ask yourself the questions: What qualities of character, what mental and manual capabilities, what standard of health, etc., are required in this job? Have I the necessary qualifications, or can I develop them? Would I be happy in the work? For instance, you should know that a precision engineer's two hands need to be a shade more adaptable than those of a butcher; an accountant must know that twice two makes four; a salesman must not be mistaken for a street urchin or an Indian fakir.

Preparing for the Job.

Note particularly the sequence of events. Having chosen the job you would like and for which your talents and your temperament seem best suited, then set about preparing yourself thoroughly for it. If you don't know what preparation is required, then ask somebody who does know. See your Careers Teacher. He may not know much, but he probably knows someone who knows a little more, and so on ad infinitum.

One thing is certain, and that is that you do need a good education. And that's not just good sales talk from an educationist. Ask any person in the line of business you intend to take up. He—provided his digestion is in good order and his bank balance flourishing—will agree that the first necessity is a good education in *general* subjects, followed by a sound training in those *specified* subjects closely allied to the particular trade or profession.

Another thought! Why not try yourself out at the job of your choice? Couldn't you get a job during the holidays in an engineering shop (if you want to be an engineer), or on a farm (if you want to be a farmer)? You might find that you don't like the feel of those overalls or the smell of that four-legged beast after all. And while you remain at school it is still not too late to make a change.

Looking for the Job.

And so it's time to leave the S.M.T.C. (Three Cheers!) Who interjected? Was it teacher? But seriously, is it time to leave? Have you got all you can out of this school? Are you old enough to go out into the cold, cold world? Wouldn't a year in Form VI. give you time to grow up and make things easier for you when you do go to 'Varsity? On the other hand, of course, if you want a trade apprenticeship you shouldn't stay here too many months after your sixteenth birthday—unless, of course, you are going into the Public Service, where the age restriction does not apply so drastically.

All right, all right, you have considered the pros and cons, and you still decide to leave. Well, have it your own way. But how are you going to go about getting that job? In this respect there is nothing like personal effort. If you can collect that job off your own bat, all the more credit to you. And an employer does like a boy who has sufficient initiative and backbone to do that.

However, the Careers Teacher is still there to help and advise you. And he is being approached every day by employers to supply him with suitable boys just like yourself. Also, he is perhaps in a somewhat better position than you are to find out just what sort of employer that man is or alternatively what sort of man the employer is. And unless he is satisfied that the employer will treat you well, that the work will be congenial, and that the prospects for promotion are reasonable, he will *not* advise you to take the job or even to go to look at it.

But just a suggestion. When the Careers Teacher does go to the trouble of analysing the prospects for you, and of arranging for you to interview the employer in *school time*, have the decency to report back. He does like to know whether you are leaving (if only for the pleasure of seeing you off the premises), or whether the position is still open for some other more deserving youth. The next boy who doesn't report back to me is going to get a job of work he *isn't* looking for—but withal well suited to his need!

Holding the Job.

Here are some of the qualities the boss would naturally expect to find in the youth of his choice.

1. *Diligence*, which means steady, conscientious work—having some consideration for his pocket and his happiness as well as your own.

2. *Reliability.* Can you be trusted to carry on with your job even when the foreman's eagle-eye is not upon you? And reliability means to be reliable in word as well as in deed.

3. *Punctuality.* Don't miss that boat, bus or tram too often in the week. Even a soft-hearted, easy-going school-teacher gets rather fed up after the nth time. And don't work the "grandmother's funeral" more than once or twice.

4. *Courtesy.* No employer these days expects you to out-do Uriah Heep; but a little respect for your elders is always appreciated by those elders. Even your fellow employees will be grateful for an occasional thoughtful act, or just a plain "thank you."

SOME FURTHER WORDS OF WISDOM.

A. Wages.

Admittedly you will want a good living wage; but a *superfluity* of money doesn't help a great deal towards happiness and contentment, especially if that goose of the golden egg is sick unto death. In other words, avoid like the plague the job of high wages and short duration, but grapple to you with bands of steel, the job with good prospects, whatever the wage. Anyway, £1 per week for five years amounts to a great deal more than £4 per week for six months. Work that one out for yourselves.

B. Availability of Jobs.

Roughly, the number of apprentices in a trade divided by the number of years of apprenticeship, equals the number of apprenticeships available each year. So is there likely to be an apprenticeship for you in the trade of your choice? Your Careers Teacher can give you some figures on this. Industry can absorb only a certain number of youths each year into any particular trade. Perhaps it may pay you to switch into somewhat different work for which you are not quite so ideally suited, but in which the prospects of employment and promotion are better. At least keep a second choice up your sleeve.

C. Lesser Known Jobs.

There are a number of types of employment with which the average youth is not very familiar; lesser known, but by no means necessarily less important, less interesting or with poorer prospects. Among these I might mention pattern-making, quantity-surveying, envelope-manufacture, textile-mechanics, leadlight manufacture, handling engineering materials in a warehouse, and last but not least, all kinds of typographical work. Certainly there is less competition for these jobs.

So What!

Here you are at S.M.T.C., with opportunities that many a lad in other parts of the country would give his prize pup to have. How are you to take full advantage of them? Seize every opportunity for full development. And good luck to you.

L.E.T.

College Courses of Instruction.

At the time of going to press it is impossible to give in detail the content of the courses of instruction to be followed in 1944. The Minister of Education has appointed a Consultative Committee to report upon syllabuses to be followed in post-primary schools. This report is not yet available and, consequently, no final decisions can be made. The courses indicated below, however, will be approximately those available for students wishing to enrol.

1. Business Training Course.

This course will prepare boys and girls for business life. The subjects of instruction will probably be English, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Natural Science, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, with a Domestic Science subject for girls and a handwork subject for boys. Boys and girls will be able to prepare for the School Certificate Examination after three years and, if they wish, for the University Entrance Examination after four years' instruction. Girls may also enter for the Public Service Commissioner's Examinations for Shorthand Typists.

2. Home Crafts Course.

This course involves the study of English, History, Arithmetic, Dressmaking and Needlework, Art and Applied Art, Cookery, Laundrywork, Physiology and Hygiene, Home Science. Girls who complete the full course will be able to prepare for positions as Teachers of Home Science subjects, as Nurses, School Dental Nurses, Masseuses, etc., all of which involve the passing of public examinations. These girls are prepared for the School Certificate Examination, after which they may consider such courses as Diploma in Home Science, Homecraft Teachers' Certificate, and others necessary for the above professions.

Those unable to take full courses of three to four years will be prepared for entry into women's occupations not requiring examination, such as branches of dressmaking and the other sewing trades, shop work or cookery, their school work being of a most practical type, with an emphasis on dressmaking and art training. The course as a whole provides, in addition, a valuable training for home life.

3. Engineering Course.

The Engineering course is intended to provide both for boys intending to follow a University education in order that they may take up Government or Local Body office positions, and for boys who intend to enter upon an apprenticeship with the intention of owning their own engineering business. Those who intend to follow the course preparing for University work will have more theoretical and less practical work, while boys intending to become apprentices will have more of the practical work. Those intending to follow a University course will prepare for the University Entrance Examination at the end of the fourth year of day-school attendance, while those who intend to become apprentices take subjects leading to the Common Preliminary Examination of the various English engineering institutions, viz., the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (London), the Institution of Electrical Engineers (London), etc. Other boys who are not so good in theoretical subjects are given more time in the College workshops, and in their third and fourth years, concentrate on the practical Machine-shop Work without having regard to examination requirements. Boys who take the course leading to examinations may continue to the stage of a University degree or an Associateship of one of the Engineering Institutions. The Degree course requires attendance at a University College full-time for about five years; the Associateship course may be taken in the Evening Classes during the years of a boy's apprenticeship.

4. Motor Mechanics Course.

This course will provide a suitable preparation for boys intending to be motor mechanics. The subjects will include English, History, Geography, Practical Mathematics, Electrical Engineering, Trade Drawing, Heat and Diesel Engines, Metalwork, Welding, Machine Shop Practice and Practical

Motor Engineering. The course has been prepared in consultation with the Motor Trades Association and it is intended to give a sound training in those subjects which form the basis of the motor trades.

5. **Industrial Course.**

A. *Agricultural Course* (including Poultry Farming and Horticulture). This is a general course for boys who intend to follow poultry farming, nursery work, or general farming. The College has an area of three acres of land devoted mainly to horticulture and poultry, and a larger area in the process of development. The subjects of the courses are: English, History, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Metalwork and Woodwork, Motor Engineering, Agricultural Science (Botany, Zoology and Chemistry), Dairy Science, Field and Animal Husbandry. The course allows a boy to study for the School Certificate examination after three years.

B. *Woodwork Course.* This provides for students whose future is to be in one of the woodworking trades—cabinetmaking, carpentry and joinery, bodybuilding, pattern-making, or in the sheetmetal-work trades. General subjects include English, History, Geography, Bookkeeping, Mathematics, Mechanics, Geometry and Freehand Drawing; practical instruction is given in well-equipped workshops, to develop handwork skill and artistic taste essential to the skilled craftsman.

C. *Printing Trades Course.* This course is a preparation for the many occupations connected with the printing industry, such as compositors' work, machine work, Lithography, Linotype-operating, bookbinding. The subjects taken include English, History, Geography, Mathematics, Science, Drawing and Design, and Practical Typography, and Machine work. The Printing trade is a much larger one than most people realise, and it absorbs a considerable number of boys each year as apprentices in the occupations named above. Boys with artistic tendencies should consider this course.

Courses in Evening Classes include the following:—

1. Accountancy, Secretarial, Banking, Costing. 2. Commercial Work. 3. Domestic Arts (Dressmaking, Millinery, Applied Art). 4. Engineering (Marine, Mechanical, Electrical, Radio, etc.). 5. Horticulture. 6. Motor Trades. 7. Oxy-acetone Welding. 8. Building and Woodwork Trades. 9. Printing Trades. 10. Plumbing and Sheet-metal Work. 12. Pharmacy. 13. Public Examinations. 14. Physiology, Anatomy, Hygiene (for intending nurses). 15. Cookery or Home Science, if sufficient students enrol.

Students may prepare for Professional Accountants' Examination; Banking Diploma and Insurance Officers' Certificate, etc., City and Guilds' Examinations (suspended for the duration of the war), the N.Z. Engineers' Registration Board's Examinations, Technological Examinations of the Education Department, Institution of Mechanical Engineers 'or Institution of Electrical Engineers' Examinations, University Entrance, School Certificate, Government Shorthand-Typists' Examinations, etc.

Why Crippled Children Attend the Technical College.

In Great Britain and in America there are institutes for cripples, of which the most striking feature is the variety of their activities. The variety of its courses is also the chief feature of a Technical College. Here is one of the fundamental reasons why crippled boys and girls come to our School. It is the only institution in Auckland that can provide such a choice of equipment and such a range of instruction.

For many who have been crippled by accident and who have suffered from infantile paralysis or other diseases, it is only such instruction and such specialised equipment that can lead to an independent livelihood. In particular, there is one group, some of whom grievously need our special care. In New Zealand there are at least 364 children who suffer from spastic paralysis. The best-known overseas specialists in this disease assert that the best treatment for these children comes from the teacher rather than the doctor. The variety of our handwork courses provides wonderful opportunities and comes close to the occupational therapy departments of overseas crippled children's homes.

For one boy, craft work proves the stimulus for mental development. Another finds his place tending the plants or the poultry at the College farm. Some have made progress in woodwork. One boy has become skilled in radio and is now an independent tradesman. A boy at primary school was considered "unfit for clerical work," yet with us he is becoming a qualified accountant. Girls can learn craftwork and art, sewing and cooking, typing and shorthand. Several who were greatly handicapped now earn their living at dressmaking, and several also as typists.

Moreover, in the College, cripples are given skilled care by physical instructors. Special exercises may be designed for a particular child—exercises to bring back life to cramped and twisted muscles, as well as to provide for normal physical exercise.

Just as important is the mental stimulus which comes from College life. It is a wonderful feeling to be in a post-primary school, and as capable in some departments as any other pupil, even if your English and Arithmetic are far below the rest. Ours is a large and busy school, containing all sorts of boys and girls. The cripple does not feel that he is an oddity—he is accepted as one of the body of students. Soon there comes to him a pride in his membership, and he is eager to share in more of the varied activities going on around him. New horizons appear. Mind and body may both respond. The backward subjects yield a little to the new stimulus. The terrible inferiority complex begins to give way before the pride of accomplishment, possible in occupational work, but not elsewhere.

Until the N.Z. Crippled Children Society can provide a special institution, the Technical College remains the most suitable place for the instruction of many cripples. We are the only school in New Zealand to undertake this work to any extent. All the pupils of the School should be proud to think that we are leading the way towards greater care for these sadly handicapped children. As everyone knows, the Principal's personal interest in the welfare of cripples has led our School into a close association with the Crippled Children Society, an association of immense benefit to the work of the Crippled Children Society, but good too for us and for the name of our College also. The School has responded to this leadership, not merely in an annual donation of at least £100 to the Society, and a large share by the teachers in the administration of the Society: more important, both to the individual cripple and to the pupils of the School, is the helpful and kindly interest shown by the boys and girls in their daily contacts with crippled children.

W.M.S.

The Parent-Teachers' Association.

Formed in November, 1936, this Association began its work in the College in 1937. Its chief aim was to further in every possible way the welfare of the pupils. It was felt that parents and teachers, working together, could achieve much in this direction. The College had, at that time, some 1,700

day pupils and a large number of evening students. The parents of all these were eligible for membership of the new Association, the fee being one shilling per annum. The records for the first year show that only one hundred and sixty-two parents paid the subscription. A modest beginning indeed!

There was no shortage of problems awaiting the Association. Some of them are still unsolved, but they are by no means forgotten. The question of playing-space, for example, is always to the fore. As early as 1937, the new Association approached the Minister for Education (the Honourable Peter Fraser, at that time) and set the case before him. The Minister was sympathetic, and expressed a hope that some day an acre and a-half of ground adjacent to the College would be made available for the pupils. Again in 1942 a delegation from the Association waited on a Cabinet Minister, handed him a petition signed by hundreds of parents of pupils and friends of the College, and asked him to give the matter immediate consideration. It was suggested that the Wellesley Street School playgrounds when not in use by the Military, might be opened to the pupils of the Technical College. This concession has now been granted—fortunately—for since the air-raid shelters were erected in the boys' playground there is little more than standing-room for the pupils assembled there.

The establishment of a permanent Health Camp at Rotorua is another scheme which will probably be handled eventually by the Parent-Teachers' Association. In time of war there are claims which are more pressing, but no doubt the dream will one day be realised. The question of hostel accommodation for country pupils has been discussed by the Association. So has the payment of transport costs to and from the various sports grounds. Other questions come up for consideration from time to time. A suggestion that would certainly have the hearty support of the Staff was that something be done about eliminating traffic noises in Wellesley Street!

Meanwhile the Association as it grows in years, is gathering in strength. The membership in April, 1943, was 567. We hope to see it doubled (at least) before the year is out. Attendance at meetings varies according to the programme offered, and is naturally greatly affected by the weather. Much seems to depend, also, on the number of children who remember to invite their parents to be present! Talks by members of the Staff, visits to the various departments of the College, and exhibitions of films have been much appreciated, and the Socials and Musical Evenings (when the School Choir and Orchestra provided the entertainment) have been most successful. The meetings are usually quite short and are pleasantly rounded off by a cup of tea in the Cafeteria. This serves the double purpose of refreshing the members and of giving opportunities for conversation, especially between parents and Staff.

Clearly the Parent-Teachers' Association has come to stay. New problems are appearing which vitally affect the interests of the children and cause grave concern alike to parents and civil authorities. In dealing with such questions as child delinquency, educational reconstruction, entertainments for children, etc., the support and co-operation of the parents is essential, and can best be obtained through a strong Parents' Association, such as this College is endeavouring to build up. Recently it has been decided to send representatives to the Federation of Parent-Teachers' Associations. Our representatives are Mrs. McBride, Mr. Pace and Miss Todd.

L.R.T.

LITERARY SECTION.

Prizes in the Literary Competitions are awarded as follows:—

Serious Verse.—1, "Winter," Pamela Kerkin, V.b. Commercial; 2, "Sunset," Patricia McDowell, III.a. Commercial.

Serious Prose.—1, "Colour," Betty Ah Chee, Form VI.; 2, "Then and Now," K. Watson, Form VI. Highly commended: "The Tool Chest," L. Arnold, also of Form VI.

Humorous Verse.—1, "Cautionary Tale," Mavis Collingwood, V.b. Commercial; 2, "Farewell to Myself," Maureen Lovatt, IV.a. Commercial.

Humorous Prose.—1, "A Brief Explanation of Gardening," G. Griffiths, Form VI.; 2, "Soliloquy in a 'Bus," L. Millett, Form VI.

Colour.

COLOUR is the very essence of existence. We live on it! We cry for it! Without colour this world would be a drab and monotonous prison, for what can we see if there is no colour? What is there to please us without colour? We want colour because we are mortals, never satisfied, and for ever seeking new aspects and new surroundings in life. We tire of the same everyday routine, and we crave for anything that will bring us new sights, new pleasures, new colours.

Let us take some common colours and study their tremendous effects, and their associations and connections with our everyday life. We have rich red, the most startling colour of all, and the warmest colour, too, because it resembles blood. It can stimulate and taunt the senses. The ardent lover sees "red" when he perceives his rival receiving from the object of his affection attention which he imagines belongs rightly to him and him alone. One is caught "red-handed" when one is found in the act of performing an evil or unworthy deed. "Red-letter" days are days which mark some auspicious event. We love red yet we sometimes fear it, too, for it can become overwhelming.

Black, in contrast, is the darkest tint of all. We associate it with sombreness, and all things destitute of light. It brings to mind the Black Death, an oriental plague which first visited Europe in the fourteenth century, a death which was characterised by black spots and by inflammatory boils appearing on the skin.

Pirates on the high seas were identified by their fearsome black flag. Then there is the "blackguard," the utter scoundrel,

and, too, the "black sheep" of the family, who is distinguished by his loose habits and unmanly conduct. Most embarrassing of all is the condemning and revealing "black-list" which commercial men circulate amongst one another and which states who is insolvent and who is on the verge of bankruptcy.

Black is a very sophisticated colour, but for those who are still youthful, let us turn to white—it is of more interest to us. We think of it in connection with unsullied purity—clearness and the sparkle of snow. A day which has been kind to us, we call a "white" day. A harmless falsehood for which there is some kind of excuse is known as a "white" lie. Interestingly enough though, a "white" feather is a sign of cowardice, hence any self-respecting person would be greatly upset to be presented with one.

Green reminds one of emeralds and verdant plains in the spring. Green grass and meadows and the fresh and multi-hued trees are exhilarating to behold. It is an invigorating colour, yet restful at the same time. We turn naturally to it because it is Nature's most gracious offering to us. Instinctively we seek the woods and forests if we want rest. To make the cool green countryside more beautiful, we have also the lovely yellow of buttercups and daffodils.

Above us is the deep blue of the sky, while along the coast we hear the incessant murmuring of the vast blue sea. We revel in Nature's excellent work with its uncontrived perfection, but when our thoughts turn more seriously to life, when we gaze pensively at the rapidly darkening clouds on a winter's afternoon, then there is brought home to us the thought that life after all is not always seen through a pair of rose-coloured spectacles. Age comes eventually; with it hoary hair, grey experience, maturity and the ashes of youth, thus grey, that unobtrusive colour, commands our fullest attention for an instant, though not for long.

After all, our world revolves round gold and silver; gold, the symbol of opulence; silver, a medium of exchange. We associate the colour of silver too with moonlight, stars, and the Milky Way. Finally, we arrive at the most majestic colour of all, purple, the colour of royalty, the great product of the Phoenicians, and to this day the symbol of imperialism—the King of Colours!

Who can deny that we are wrapped in colour and that colour is wrapped about us? Who dares, then, believe that he can survive without it?

BETTY AH CHEE,
Form VI.

Cautionary Tale.

(Rose—Who Incessantly Tied Things in Bows.)

A habit strange was that of Rose,
Of tying everything in bows.
It started at the age of three,
This passionate desire to see
All things in fascinating bows;
(She even tried to tie her toes!)
While at the tender age of nine
The poor cat's tail was more her line,
And later (to her dad's despair)
She took a fancy to his hair!
Oh! what was a poor man to do?
(His shirts were tied in tight knots, too!)
She took to knitting for the Navy,
But bows made all her scarves go wavy!
Her husband mocked at her, rash fellow,
For Rose tied bows to his umbrella!
And now with aged, falt'ring fingers,
At cheerful ninety still she lingers
O'er the task of tying bows,
Where now we leave our dear friend Rose.

Now in this story you will find
A warning for all those inclined
To copy such peculiar ways
So seeming "odd" for all their days.

MAVIS COLLINGWOOD,
V.b. Commercial.

"Winter."

Oh lofty forest, listen! Canst thou hear
The slow heart beats of Winter, cold and sere?
Canst thou not feel the coolness of his breath
As he approaches bringing sleep and death?
It is he who comes to age you. Even now
His icy touch has lighted on your brow,
His breath is strengthening the Autumn breeze
That once so gently whispered through the trees
Which are your pride dear forest—so beware
Chill Winter's here, oh Forest, do take care!

You birds who've sweetly sung each day
Upon a twig—a leafy spray;
You too, beware, for Winter's here;
'Twill not be long; he'll soon appear,
And he will banish from the earth
With cackles of delighted mirth
The grand old sun, who as your friend
Gave you heart, your notes to blend.
Stay not, dear birds, lest in your throats
Winter should quell your joyous notes.
To all of Nature's lovely living things
To which man's sense of beauty ever clings,
I give this warning—this last chance to hide
Before he comes, his three long months to bide!

PAMELA KERKIN,
V.b. Commercial.

A Brief Explanation of Gardening to the Uninitiated and Just Plain Dumb.

TO be a gardener one should be an enthusiastic reader of "Gardening Notes," as found in the "Women's Weekly," "Yates' Calendar," or "The Farmer's Weekly." From these one should glean facts pertaining to the burial and digging up of seeds and also be able to exclaim with a knowing leer on passing a fellow gardener, "Nice day for the onions," "This will bring the crops on," or some other such appropriate phrase. The mastery of this technique can only be obtained by studying the above mentioned gardening notes and ascertaining whether onions like sunshine better than rain, whether cabbage seeds like to be buried next to old bedsteads, and what such a technical term as "This will bring the crops on" means.

What actually is Gardening? Gardening is the science of burying miscellaneous articles in the ground with intent to (a) grow them large enough to make a meal of, or (b) grow other things by the aid of what is buried.

A. If a seed is buried in a given time one can reasonably expect a shoot of some sort to appear above the surface. It if does not do so it is owing to one of the following reasons:—

1. The seed was bad.
2. The birds ate it.
3. It grew downwards instead of the usual direction.
4. The moon wasn't ready for it.
5. You are looking at the wrong piece of ground.

Reason number four is highly technical, and amateurs should not worry about it. This theory, called Loony Planting, or rather Lunar Planting, was worked out thousands of years ago by such eminent scientists as Madame Curie, Horatius and Lord Nelson.

Why do we plant seeds? It is obvious that we can't sit down at meal times to a plate of carrot seed or cabbage seed. Apart from the cost of such a meal, one would invariably experience a seedy feeling after two or three such meals. To get over this difficulty we practise what is called planting. This is the art of burying the seed in the soil (technical term for earth) and waiting until it assumes fit proportions for consumption. N.B.—This does not necessarily mean waiting out in the garden for them to grow. It is advisable to go home and return in a few weeks. Why do we bury them in the ground? The logical reason for this is because if we put them on the mantelpiece or under the bath they would from time to time get in the way of the household routine—hence we put them in the ground. Another of the advantages is that they are covered from the birds, and one can walk over them, play Rugby on them, and jump on them with the utmost abandon. This fact may be appreciated by large families.

B. Why do we bury articles other than seeds? These objects are many. Some gardeners bury old iron, e.g., bedsteads, baked bean tins, lupin flowers and fish-heads. (The last two are not classed as old iron.) Other gardeners prefer to sweat, fume and gnash their teeth during week-ends collecting animal manure from nearby stables in beastly contrivances termed wheel-barrows. This practice is more to keep the body fit and in training, and also to enable one to throw out the manly chest ("throw out" is a figure of speech) at work on Mondays and brag about the work done during the week-end. This habit is calculated to make those who spend the Sabbath in bed look small enough to crawl through the eye of a needle. This burying idea is said to hasten the growth of seeds. This is probably because seeds like company and animal manure keeps them warm during winter months.

There is an old custom still practised by some, that of stretching cotton and string across ground in which seeds have been buried. This is said to keep the birds away, but is largely superstition.

Farming is the same as above, only on a larger scale.

G. GRIFFITHS,
Form VI.

Sunset.

I watched the golden setting sun,
That lit the softly falling mist
And told me that the day was done.
I saw the sombre, dark trees kissed
With mellow beams of golden light
Whose last rays challenged the oncoming night.

Were I that heavenly path to climb
To some far distant unknown realm,
Who knows what treasures I might find?
Perhaps I'd take that cloud ship's helm;
The birds would cry, the white spray fly,
As sailed my ship o'er the sea of sky.

Were I to sit upon that throne,
Then truly I would be a King;
And for my jewels I would own
The stars, my beads, the moon, my ring;
And then as King, majestic, proud
I'd be loved by all, in the land of cloud.

Then silver from the star-pricked sky,
A slender, sickle moon appears.
Over the fields the night-birds cry,
In the vale below the village sleeps;
Gone are dreams of ships in the sky,
And my throne is only a cloud on high.

PAT MCDOWELL,
III.a. Commercial.

The Tool Chest.

THERE it stood, dragged from its dusty corner and revealed in all its dirt and grime—a battered old tool chest. It had lain under the work bench for many years, neglected and forgotten, and I thought that now I was older I could make good use of its contents.

As I knelt before it I remembered all the happy hours I had spent with Dad in this workshop, but now that he had gone it had lost the clean smell of sawdust and the odour of glue on the boil. The workshop had long since been cleared of all its machinery and fittings, and now that the place itself was to be sold, I felt a tinge of sorrow creep into my heart as I gazed about the old building. Only this ancient chest of tools lying before me left any indication of my father's trade.

I could still read his name engraved on the lid, although an inch of dust mantled the surface. With eager fingers I turned the rusty key—I would be disappointed if the tools were spoiled. With a screech, the lid was raised and there before me was a jumble of wood and metal. I cannot say the metal was shining, but it was certainly in good condition.

To say that the tools were in a "jumble" is to speak falsely, for as I picked out each tool, I noticed how neatly it was set in place.

Reposing in the lid were tenon and crosscut saws. Near them, standing erect, was a claw hammer. Bandy-legged pincers crouched between the tenon and the claw. Like the path of some attacking aircraft evading searchlights at night, a brace wormed in amongst the pincers and the saws. In the little space that was left, a steel rule and a try square reclined.

In the top section, which I lifted out, chisels and twist bits were arranged in order. I ran my finger across the edge of a chisel and noticed how sharp it was. Dad had always kept his tools in good condition. Seven screwdrivers were placed here, and also a couple of punches.

Peering into the interior of the box, I beheld jack and smoothing planes laid side by side. A round-bellied glue pot stared open-mouthed at me. Its neighbour, the oilstone, was resting peacefully in her wooden bed, and I did not like to disturb her. Clipped to the side of the box were a spokeshave and a marking gauge. I was surprised to find the remainder of the box piled up with books and papers. I had wondered where some of his books had got to, but I had not thought of searching in his tool chest. With an effort I lifted them out and put them on the bench.

"I must hurry if I want to get home in time for dinner," I said to myself.

After fitting the things in place, locking the lid and dusting it as best I could, I manoeuvred the chest into place on a hand trolley which I had brought with me. As an afterthought I included the pile of old papers in my load and commenced wheeling it to my home, which was only a few doors away.

I was very happy, for what better friendship could I have than that which the tools my father had used, could give me? Somehow I had a new interest in life, for already I could feel the craftsman's pride which I associated with carpentry, stealing over me. Already I could see my future in Dad's work—a profession that would find its beginning in Dad's tool chest.

L. ARNOLD,
Form VI.

To A Child Wakening.

Oh, my little one, where have you been,
What have you done, and what have you seen?
Who did you go with, and where, and why,
Why can't you tell me—why, oh why?
Did you go sailing 'way up in the blue,
Or did you by chance feel the touch of the dew?
Did you see God in His heavenly land,
Or trip with the fairies hand in hand,
And laugh at the elves with babyish glee,
Or did you just dream about Daddy and me?
I wonder, so often, where you have been,
What you have done, and what you have seen?

PAMELA KERKIN,
V.b. Comm.

Then and Now.

(The Two Great Fires of London—1666 and 1941.)

IT is often said that History repeats itself, but I wonder how many people predicted a second Great Fire. In 1939 came war, and war meant one thing, certain wanton destruction! A second fire was not just a remote possibility now, it was a definite probability. A year passed, yet London was still comparatively free of air-raids; then in 1941 the "blitz" began in earnest and Londoners' worst fears were realised—History was repeating itself.

In 1666 London suffered a calamity from which she took many years to recover. This was the fatal year when fire destroyed practically the whole of the walled city. From the Tower to the Temple it was razed to the ground. In four days that which had taken centuries to build had fallen. Slowly the city was rebuilt, arising out of the ruins of old London to become what she is to-day—the greatest city in the world. Throughout the years following the Fire of 1666, London suffered many fires, but none were of the magnitude of that which laid low the fever-ridden city of the 17th Century. For nearly three hundred years she grew in size and importance, until the grim realities of war made bombing a realistic nightmare and brought home to the Londoner the vulnerability of his home to fire.

The Great Fire of 1666 helped rid the city of the Plague by destroying the breeding places of disease-carrying germs, but following in the track of intensive bombing, came a train of destruction wrought by a second Great Fire, in which buildings that had survived the Fire of 1666 were devastated, two classic examples being the Guildhall and the Temple. Irreplaceable architectural treasures, enshrining memories both national and civic, were lost for ever. Although Hitler has destroyed these treasures dear to the hearts of people all over the civilised world, he has failed utterly in the two main objects of his air attacks on Britain. He has not attained aerial superiority in her skies, and his terror raids have certainly not provoked in the English people a desire for peace negotiations.

In 1666, London people were incapable of fighting a fire of such magnitude as that which destroyed the city. Years of plague had so sapped the strength of many Londoners that from the offset they made little or no effort to fight the devouring flames. All was confusion—panic reigned supreme! People ran hither and thither like distracted creatures without attempting to save even their goods. In 1941, however, when the full force of the "blitz" struck London, people were ready and waiting. Calmness and fortitude won the day. In 1941 in such a fire as had never blazed on earth before, the blemishes that had scarred the soul of democracy fell away. The shining thing that is in the heart of true democracy then worked a miracle. Citizens of London fought and beat back fires which had threatened their very existence.

The "blitz" had failed because of the unconquerable spirit of the British people. Probably the part of the city that has suffered most in the two Great Fires, is that just to the north of St. Paul's. In 1666 the whole of this area was destroyed, and old St. Paul's Cathedral was left a heap of smouldering ruins. Nowadays, in this area, just beyond St. Paul's Churchyard, lies a wilderness of shattered buildings. What is now a scene of desolation was for centuries the home of those who produced and sold books, Paternoster Row and Square, Ave Maria Lane, Ivy Lane, Warwick Lane and Amen Corner—names which recall ancient, religious and historic associations—they are now little more than names and memories.

Aerial bombardment might conceivably raze London, but this could not be her end. She has been destroyed before; yet she has risen again, proud in her power to condemn and to withstand. Her walls may be battered and her storied treasures scattered till little remains, but this will not be the end, for a great city perishes only when its spirit dies, when the courage that has endured fails. Upon its scarcely cold ashes a new London already arises.

K. WATSON,
Form VI.

Farewell to Myself.

They buried her cheerfully at early morn,
Glad to be rid of a pest.
It was fifteen years since the day she was born,
She died of a shorthand test!

Gaily they sang as they laid her down,
One of the latest hits.
The teachers all came with cap and gown—
They said she'd quite shattered their wits.

They mentioned her favourite lessons—
Which, alas, were only too few—
And hoped that now she had left them,
Their peace would commence anew.

But little now could distress her,
She cared not at all for their jest.
No more teachers now to distract her;
She'd had her last shorthand test!

MAUREEN LOVATT,
IV.a. Comm.

Soliloquy in a 'Bus.

TWENTY minutes of this, how awful—I'll be entirely squashed if this woman doesn't move over; I wonder if she would move if I dug her hard with my elbow? She's very fat; I don't think it would make much impression.

If I lived on the main road I wouldn't hang washing in the front garden. Must be an old-fashioned family, look at the long underpants: they're pink, too—what queer things men do wear.

Those two soldiers are talking very loudly. I might as well listen. What! The camp's full of officers, earwigs and beetles! Wonder if he's trying to be funny?

My, my! What a diligent little man, digging for victory so earnestly. Oh, I see, his wife's leaning out of the window; I thought it wasn't natural! Wonder what that stuff is that he's planting? If you planted something upside down I suppose the roots would come out the top—or would they? Must ask Bill.

Here's Don; I wish this lady wasn't sitting here; then he could sit next to me. I wonder if she'd move if I stamped on her foot? No, I haven't the courage.

Now, where did those sheep come from? They weren't there yesterday. I'd hate to be a sheep, nothing to do but go around bleating all day—I suppose they jump over five-barred gates, too, or is it only the ones you count when you go to sleep that do that? That's a nice horse. I'd hate to be a horse; I'd rather be a cow—horses have to work too hard. Cows don't even have to chew their food; just swallow it whole. Well, I do that, anyway. I wish we had something different from porridge for breakfast, especially that rolled-oats stuff. Who was it who said oats was the staple food of Scots and horses? Doesn't sound like Shakespeare.

Wonder what the time is? I wish I had a watch; it's a nuisance our clock being paralysed; it's never gone since that day I dropped it.

What on earth does that man think he's doing, puffing smoke in my face like that! Wish I'd had onions for lunch, I'd puff back at him then. Now what's that lady laughing for? I don't see anything humorous going on. She's almost hysterical; someone ought to throw a bucket of water over her. They could use her hat; it's just like a bucket. I'd hate to say what I thought the hat next to her was like! The things women wear on their heads become more ridiculous every day. Take a piece of wire resembling a worm, a bit like a parsnip to go over one eye, and a fly swatter to go on the top—and there you are—right in the fashion and just out of the lunatic asylum.

Oh, here we are. Come on, you people, I'm in a hurry and I can't crawl over you. I say, where did I put my ticket? In my pocket, or did I throw it away? Ah, well, it doesn't really matter, I can always walk home; it's only seven miles. Here it is, in my purse. What a brain I've got; that comes of being the youngest; not enough to go around, presumably!

Hurray, they're moving, now I can get out. Have I got everything? Where's the other glove? Suppose I've dropped it on the floor. Oh! I've got it on! Well, here I go; I'd like to run, but that old gossip Gilmore's watching me. I'll just have to be dignified and late, that's all!

LORIN MILLETT,
Form VI.

Operational Flying.

(Not for the Eye of Authority.)

IT was rather a clear but cold Sunday morning, the first we had had on the station, and as John (my hut mate) and I walked across the tarmac to No. 2 hangar, the large reinforced concrete doors rolled open. Towed by a small panting tractor, out came a Hudson, the sun shining brightly on the polished airscrew blades.

We watched with interest while the portable battery sets were plugged in and the engines started. "I wonder if there's any chance of a flight," said John. Even though it was a very thin chance that we might get a "flip," we went across to the pilots' room. A few moments later we emerged looking rather like grotesque creatures from another world, in our flying suits and harness.

The engines warmed up and tested, everything was in readiness for the flight. Our excitement knew no bounds, and when at 10.00 hours the plane left the ground, we were two of the happiest A.T.C. cadets in New Zealand.

When the first thrill of being in the air had worn off, we began to look about us. We were sitting in a large, roomy cabin, aft of which was the power-turret, and below this the folding turret. When we had duly inspected these, we made our way forward to the control cabin, where we read the instruments and found that we were flying at a height of some 3,000 feet at a speed of 160 m.p.h. On descending to the bomb aimer's platform, we discovered that we were flying up the coast towards the town of ——. After trying our hand at bomb-aiming, we returned to the cabin, where the pilot told us to "hang on," for we were flying into some "bumpy" air. We had just enough time to get a firm hold when the plane "struck," and now I think I have a good idea of what it would be like to be a piece of cork on the stormy ocean!

We had just recovered from this when the turret gunner "opened up" to test his guns, firing at the white caps of the waves, now only 100 feet below us. By watching the tracer shells (one in every five) we could see where the others were hitting. The overpowering smell of cordite filled the cabin, and the noise nearly deafened us, but we hardly noticed it at the time. As if by magic the guns cut out, and the gunner came down from his turret to say that the starboard gun had jammed and that we would have to return to the station. We were very disappointed, but on the return journey we realised what a distance we had come, and we were both glad to set our feet once more on "Good Mother Earth."

When we landed the rest of the A.T.C. boys on our course were there to meet us, full of envy as we recounted our experience.

J. SPEAR.

The Vain Fairy.

There was once a fairy,
  Who lived in a dell.
Her voice was so silvery,
  'Twas just like a bell.
Her gown was a cobweb,
  Her hat was a shell,
Her mirror the water,
  Which shone in the well.
But she was so vain,
  I am sorry to tell.

BETTY MORRIS,
III.c. Sc.

Holiday War-Effort.

"PEA-PICKERS are urgently needed." The announcer's voice detailed conditions and directions, while we listened idly. Then someone said, "Sounds an ideal job for our holiday war-effort. How about it? Shall we take it on?" We did.

In the early hours of each morning we would give a heartfelt yawn, then tumble out of bed to dress hurriedly in our working garb, the oldest and toughest garments we had. After a breakfast hurriedly swallowed, there was the trip to Mangere Bridge, where an Army truck waited to take us

to the farm. And what a trip! The lorry seemed to delight in finding every bump and hollow in the road to jolt us about, until it seemed to us that our breakfasts were anywhere but in the approved place!

On arriving at the hundred and sixty acres of Government Farm at Ihumata, everyone would hop out of the "animated biscuit-tin" (as one bright spirit described the truck) with a very audible sigh of relief, and proceed to sign on in the tiny office. Thence to work—

The first day was just a bed of roses. Tractors with trailers bumped us along to vast patches of ripe green peas, where each of us was given a row to pick. The hours passed swiftly with light-hearted singing, and much pea-eating. Our tins were quickly filled, because the peas were fat and green and hung thickly on the vines. All day the kindly beams of the sun shone on uncovered heads, faces and limbs, pleasantly tingeing them a becoming pink. How we were to rue those delicately flushed members! As the day went on, our rows, which had seemed earlier to stretch almost into eternity, had diminished considerably. We felt that all was well, and pea-picking a mere merry pastime.

Half-past four came, and with it the cry to daily workers to "knock off" to catch the Army truck home. We were tired, but not unpleasantly so. After another jolly ride, which this time made us feel that the peas which we had consumed had arranged themselves rather badly within, we set off for home, a hot bath and bed! That first day was a bed of roses!

The second day, the world, a bed of roses no more, was just a patch—a vast one!—of peas! Those delicately pinked limbs had changed to a fiery, throbbing red. Water-blisters, little and big, made an uncomfortable appearance, and cheerful freckles sprang from nowhere. Noses appeared which would have out-shone any tail-lamp. In short, second-day workers were raw, reddened editions of themselves, much the worse for their one day's wear. Some, whom Old Sol had kissed still more heartily, appeared in long black stockings, wide brimmed hats, and in some cases had even covered their arms with long stockings to discourage further ardent approaches of the sun. With burning arms and throbbing heads we now found the rows of peas endless, the sacks to be filled countless. In later days, as we became hardened, stockings began to disappear again and in their place were bronzed and freckled arms and legs.

Sometimes when a large order arrived for some army camp we would be sent to other patches of vegetables to work there. We toiled among beans, carrots, beetroot, silver beet, and later on in the season, tomatoes. The job loathed above all was that of weeding the seedlings. Here parsnips were decidedly the most unpopular branch of the vegetable family! Most who worked among them developed a most annoying and disfiguring rash known as "parsnip rash," comprising dozens of hard, watery blisters, which left a tiny hole in the skin, and an ugly scar which took a long time to disappear.

Nevertheless, despite the "ups and downs" of a land-girl's life, we all survived, felt fit and well after long hours out-of-doors, and had the satisfaction of knowing we had done our part in something that needed to be done.

RITA SALMON,
Form VI.

Campfire.

A plume of smoke curled slowly up,
Past the shadows of the trees.
I sat there in the firelight,
My hands clasped on my knees.
My friends were all around me,
With firelight in their eyes.
We laughed, and talked of many things,
While there beneath the skies,
Of life, and love, and happiness,
And of our heart's desire.
We were happy and contented,
As we sat round our campfire.
Have you ever watched a campfire,
When the flames have fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten
Round the embers' crimson glow?
Tell me, were you ever nearer
To the land of heart's desire,
Than when you sat there dreaming
With your friends, around the fire?

LORIN MILLETT,
Form VI.

Some Recent S.M.T.C. Howlers.

Napoleon won nearly every battle, so that his head got too big for his boots.

Marie Curie discovered radium, which is used in the treatment of Canada.

According to an Accountancy form, non-homogeneous means disliking men.

Q. What family did Juliet belong to?
A. Juliet came from the catapult.

Hugh Walpole was born in Wellington while on a trip through New Zealand.

Q. Give one reason why all girls should learn to sew.
A. It may prove a last resource in earning one's living.

Q. Name some of the organs in the abdomen.
A. The stomach, liver and annex.

Endorsement of a cheque to S.M.T.C.: G. J. Park, nee Seddon Memorial Technical College.

Requiem: Solemn hymn sung in honour of a diseased soul.

Jean Batten is the only New Zealand woman who has ever reached her destination.

Press Gang—reporters.

Masque—You wear different clothes and take them off at 12 o'clock.

You cook cabbage with the lid off to allow the vermin to escape.

Wordsworth wrote such poems as "Ode to Duty" and "Ode on the Intimations of Immorality."

Feather stitch is worked by putting each stitch on eternal sides of material.

The "Ironsides" were given that name because they were not to be bitten.

Lady Shalott lived on the Bank of the Camelot River.

One of the Cavalier Lyrists was Robert Eric. (Apologies to 'Errick.)

Tennyson wrote the Lady of Charlotte.

The soldiers fought at the Battle of Waterloo with their arms akimbo.

The chief animal of the Tibetans is the Yank.

Napoleon Bonaparte returned to France suffering from his coup d'état.

The Nightingale.

Oh, mystic warbler o'er the lea,
Whose magic notes do rise and swell,
In a passion of melody,
Like a distant bell.

Gipsy violins were craving
When, sweet songster, you were born,
And bright angels' harps were playing
At a magic dawn.

The night wind bends the listening trees,
The stars reel earthward but to hear
That sweetness on the gentle breeze,
Your rhapsody, so clear.

Immortal is your magic song,
And though one distant day you'll die,
Your golden voice will linger on,
An echo in the sky.

M. COLLINGWOOD,
V.b. Comm.

Yugoslavia to Australia, 1938.

THE preparation for departure from my beloved land had come to an end. Even though I seemed radiant and happy about the red-letter day, the heart inside me was telling me a different story. As I thought of the relatives and mates I had to leave behind, of the places where we used to roam, of the pleasant fruit I had eaten there, the fishing grounds abundant with fish, I had a mind not to leave at all.

Having said good-bye to everyone, I at last stepped into the launch, with my mother closely following behind. The launch began on its journey and I saw the crowd on the wharf singing one of the departure songs, white handkerchiefs being waved from every hill and house, and finally saw the place itself being shut off from my sight, perhaps for ever.

Six knots away, the main and biggest town of the island awaited us, and this we reached in about an hour's time. There we stayed until the afternoon, when a bigger vessel came to take us to Dubrovnik City, further south on the Adriatic Sea. At last the vessel came into sight, which made my mind less disturbed, for the wind and the rain made our time of waiting unpleasant. Every passenger being on board, the vessel departed from the town, heading straight toward its destination. I went down to my allotted cabin, watching through the porthole the ever-distant horizon and the far-away island, and this, because of my dreariness, finally made me go to sleep.

Dubrovnik City did not make me feel any better, for there I was confined in a room doing nothing but gazing through the window at the unknown sights. That soon made me weary, and so to occupy myself I opened my bag and began reading the very books I had used in school, and that same process I repeated every day during my stay in the city! The third day was happier for me, for I heard from my mother that the vessel which was to take us across the Adriatic to Italy was already in the harbour.

Bari, the Italian city that we next reached, is a beautiful place full of fine buildings and is situated on the east side of Italy, facing the Dalmatian Coast. But we did not stay long enough, for on the same day, in the afternoon, the train left, Naples being its destination. Across Italy we travelled fast, passing the flowering olive trees, the wheat-fields and telegraph poles that I could not count. Up on the mountain summits and hills, snow made the scenery fascinating. I felt better then.

Mid-way across Italy, in a certain city, the name of which I don't know, the train stopped. As everyone was getting luggage out, I thought that this was the place of our embarkation; but it was the starting point of another train that took us to Naples.

The seventh day found us on board the "Otranto," the ocean steamer that was to take us right to Australia. As the boat ploughed its way through the calm, blue, clear waters of the Mediterranean, I watched from its deck the departing coast of Italy, with Mt. Vesuvius in the background. Tea being finished, my mother, after about an hour's time, ordered me to bed. But in bed I could not stay nor sleep, for I had heard that the coast of Sicily had something in store for us. So after awhile, when everything seemed quiet, I put on my clothes and slipped away. On the deck, while the boat was going through the Strait of Messina, I beheld a brilliant sight —a volcano ejecting its burning lava, made more luminous by the starry night and the brightness of the moon.

For a period of days the boat steamed on, and finally at the break of day reached Port Said, on the Egyptian Coast. Hearing that the Egyptians were noisy and turbulent, my mother would not let me venture further than she could see. The two boys that I had known in Naples asked my mother to let me go to see the sights, but she was determined that I should not go. So my stay in Port Said would not have been interesting but for the brown men, coming in their small boats round the ocean steamer, yelling at the top of their voices the price and quality of their goods.

We reached Ceylon after some days' steaming across the Indian Ocean, anchoring in the artificial harbour of Colombo. This time I was permitted to leave the ship and to see the sights of this important port. As I walked along the streets, under the burning sun, the buildings and shops that I gazed at did not impress me very much. As a matter of fact, the city was dirty, the streets made worse because of the bullocks, the chief draught animals of that region.

The journey from Colombo to Fremantle was simply outrageous, for the wind began to blow and the seas to be very turbulent. It was this factor that made my mother seasick, and each day the precious moments were spent either in the lounge-room or in the cabin comforting the sick one. As I stood in the cabin looking through the porthole at the tumultuous seas, memories of old were brought back again, making my heart full of regret. But to take that sadness from my mind, I thought of Italy, Egypt, Ceylon and of future lands and thanked God for having delivered me safely this far.

I. BOTICA,
V.b. Eng.

From Room 92.

Out of the windows I take a look,
As I raise my head from a dry text-book.
Squat, grimy chimney-pots are smoking,
Wires with poles between them poking.
A broad expanse of cloudless blue—
Further on, a clock in view.
The graceful form of towers etched,
Trees with branches faintly sketched,
Planes, I see—gaunt yet neat,
Clipped and trimmed, they line the street,
The dainty pigeons fuss and flutter,
High in spouting—low in gutter.
That is all that can be seen:
Planes—bird—clock and sky between.

RIENNE FORRESTER,
V.a. Acc.

I Liked Farming.

IF any girl wants to make her next Christmas holidays interesting and instructive, and also to add something to her savings account, she should exchange her very smart beach costume for an old shirt and shorts and go farming. Many girls will, of course, say, "I don't know anything about farming," or , "I believe I'm unsuited for the heavy work—besides, I think I'd hate it."

"Try it," I would say, "and I am sure you will like it."

When I volunteered to do farm-work during my last Christmas holidays, I did not know anything about it, but now, I am proud to say, I am able to distinguish one farm animal from another. This may amuse my reader, who will doubtless say, "but I'm able to do that already." I should then proceed to tell how one girl discovered that bulls need not necessarily have horns.

After I had been on the farm for about a month, I was told by the farmer that I was the first person he had had for a long time who was "fit for a pig pen!"

"Why?" I enquired sadly, in a very small voice.

"Well," he said, "you have patience, and not one of those pigs has been injured."

As may be imagined, I felt greatly honoured by this unexpected "compliment," and took great pride in feeding the pigs from then on.

Another of my "favourite" occupations was grubbing thistles. I only had to say, "sceptre and crown must tumble down," and another of these "beautiful" plants would fall. Farm work has its affinities with literature, you see.

I have always had a great liking for horses, and so I was very anxious to become a good rider. As I had been told that to become a "good rider" you had to fall off the horse as often as possible, I practised this exercise regularly, but in spite of this, my riding was far from excellent at the end of two months.

Yes, I can honestly say I liked farming, and I would do it any time again.

PAULINE BECKER,
V.a. Comm.

Snaring Wild Horses.

IN the glory of a pleasant morning, with haversacks slung from our backs, and our faithful horses and ponies beneath us, the 1st Taupo Troop of Boy Scouts trekked into the wilds of that district for a camp. A five-mile journey, mostly on moss-covered tracks or tussock-covered plain, brought us to a beautifully fertile valley, the site of our camp. Provision was first made for camp-kitchens and beds; meanwhile every chap cared for his own mount, in that country an animal fitly respected.

The following day patrols were sent in four different directions, to set snares for the numerous wild horses which come in from the plains for water.

That night was intensely cold. The valley was aglow with fires to keep the boys warm, for they found the single blanket provided not entirely adequate.

Next day the troop mounted and rode up out of the valley, and what a glorious panorama met our gaze! Away to the south three mountains reared their snow-capped peaks to the heavens, with a glimpse of a great lake's blue, while all around stretched the rolling tussock-covered plains, waving and shining golden, under the sun's rays. The endlessness of the plains was broken only by a clump of pines growing here and there, or a tiny cloud of dust created by swiftly moving horses.

Descending again to the brush where our snares had been erected, we found three fine animals trapped. One, a massive chestnut stallion, had to be released, as these animals are too strong and cunning to be handled. The other two were taken back to camp, where they were turned loose in a corral with two or three of our own quiet horses.

Our method of setting snares, which is quite harmless to the horse, is to have a long stout piece of rope with a loop in one end and a large knot to prevent the noose from slipping and choking the horse when he is caught. The other end of the rope is tied to a heavy drag, usually of manuka. This is free to trail after the horse when he is caught, and so soon tires him.

On the last night of our jolly camp a huge camp-fire was held to celebrate our pleasant stay.

The next day we broke camp and rode off home on our horses, with the wild ones bucking and rearing at our sides.

M. P. TIERNEY,
IV.a. Eng.

The British Bombers.

The clouds were torrents of darkness
  Above the gusty trees.
The planes were ghostly galleons,
  Crossing the darkened seas.
The coast was a ribbon of moonlight,
  Edging the purple moors.
The squadron flew on, resembling
  The darkened shape of claws.

They could see the foreign coastline,
  But could they see the Huns?
The men who were in the turrets
  Patiently checked their guns.
But before they reached their objective
  Black shapes before them did loom.
A line of tracers lashed forward
  Amid the stormy gloom.

Of Messerschmitts there were seven,
  Of Stirlings at least six.
The bombers broke formation
  And soon were up to their tricks.
The gunners were fighting bravely,
  With quick and deadly aim.
The Messerschmitts were hurtling,
  As down to earth they came.

The Stirlings came through the battle;
  It had seemed just like a trance;
They returned safe to their home base
  After dropping bombs on France.
The Jerries they had had seven,
  But now they had not one.
Each had dived before the gunner
  And felt the sting of his gun.

B. WILSON,
III.a. Eng.

Hills.

IT is evening, and the shadows gather quickly. Close by are the sheltering hills, rising one behind another as if to enfold and protect the tiny villages scattered at their feet. Purple shadows flit across these silent guardians of man, but though the shadows pass on, the hills remain, immovable forever.

Rain begins to fall. Soon all that can be seen is a blurred grey outline behind the veil now dropping from the skies. Then, a little to the west, the veil is rent and the exposed hillside stands out, oddly blue against the prevalent grey. It is not long before the rain ceases, but dusk is fast becoming night, and the hills, like their surroundings, take on a darker hue as the light slowly fades. Soon they are dark, indistinct shapes, barely discernible in the increasing darkness. It will not be long before they merge with the sky and will no more be visible in the velvety blackness of night.

MURIEL ROUTLEY,
V.b. Acc.

Two Points of View.

So fair she was, so sweet and fond,
  There ne'er was one so dear;
We strewed white blossoms o'er her grave.
  And dropped on each a tear.
No more she'll greet us at the gate,
  And cheer us on the hearth.
Alas for love! With many a sigh
  We laid her in the earth.

But when the boys came home from school
  And heard our doleful tale,
They said: "What! Is she dead at last?
  Indeed we cannot wail!
She stole young rabbits from our hutch,
  And robbed the blackbird's nest.
We don't lament your wretched cat,
  She was a horrid pest!"

MYRTLE FERRISS,
V.b. Acc.

A Maori Legend.

THIS story tells how many years ago the Maori tribes of the Ngapuhi and Arawa hated each other and fought wars of revenge. This is a true account of early Maori history, and I hope my readers will not think that I am flattering the Ngapuhi, of which I am a descendent.

It happened when the canoe Arawa was ready to leave Hawaiiki for its long journey to New Zealand, that the chief, Tama-te-kapua, remembered that he had no skilful priest on board, and so he thought the best thing he could do was to outwit the chief commanding the Tainui canoe, whose name was Ngatoro. Ngatoro was a skilful priest and once when he boarded the Arawa canoe, Tama-te-kapua asked him to fetch his wife, so that she could make an offering of seaweed as a sacrifice to the gods (as it was the custom for a priest's wife to do) so the canoe would be free from evil spirits. However, when both Ngatoro and his wife were in the canoe, Tama-te-kapua gave orders that the anchor should be lifted, and the canoe shot away out to sea. When the people of the Tainui heard about this, they were very angry and swore that some day they would take their revenge. Tama-te-kapua also carried off the wife of another man. When the unfortunate man returned, the canoe was so far off that its sails did not look much larger than the wings of a small fly. He wept on the sandy shores for his wife, whom Tama had carried off. Tama-te-kapua then committed these two thefts when he sailed for Aotearoa, and thus it has been said, "A descendant of Tama-te-kapua would steal anything he could."

The "Arawa" landed at Maketu, and the people who arrived with the party spread over the country, exploring it. Some penetrated to Rotorua, Taupo, and some to Wanganui. The Tainui by this time had arrived at Kawhia, and when the Ngapuhi tribe of the Tainui canoe heard that the "Arawa" had landed at Maketu, one of the chiefs determined to destroy it, and so set off with a party of warriors. He halted at Tauranga for one night and proceeded the next morning towards Maketu, and when they reached the river banks they spied the "Arawa." The chief threw a lighted

torch into the canoe, and it caught fire. That night, as the "Arawa" burned, the scattered people saw the fire and all thought that the village of Maketu was on fire. The next day when they arrived on the scene they saw that the "Arawa" was destroyed, and were very angry. Messengers were sent out to spread the news that an enemy had burnt their canoe. After discussing the matter in their house of assembly, they finally decided that they should avenge this wrong. Then commenced the great war which was waged between the Arawa and the Ngapuhi tribes. After fierce fighting, the Arawa tribe was beaten off. As for Tama, he had a spear fight with a Ngapuhi warrior, was wounded and later died.

To conclude, I wish to explain that it was because of these incidents that the Southern Maoris, or Arawa tribe, and Northern Maoris, or Ngapuhi tribe, especially the older generation, had a grudge against each other. But we, of the younger generation, think it all rather a joke and tease one another about it. The Maori Girls' Hostel, where I live, is occupied by seven girls, two of whom are Southern Maoris, descendants of Tama-te-kapua, and we often remind them of that proverb: "A descendant of Tama-te-kapua would steal anything he could," especially when we cannot find a thing quickly and so, teasingly, we repeat to them the words of our ancestors.

KARE NAERA,
IV.a. Sc.

Our Roll of Honour.

There's a list of names, a second list,
Of old-boys brave and true,
Who have gone to fight for their country's sake,
For their homes and children too.
Their names are placed upon the walls
For all of us to see,
And many a lad has given his life
That we may live to be free.
We're proud of those boys whose names are there,
Proud of them, one and all.
Proud to have walked where they have walked,
To have stood in the same old Hall.
And now that they have gone to fight
By land and sea and air,
Then surely we behind the lines
Should also do our share.

DAPHNE STUBBING,
V.b. Comm.

An Exciting Night.

IT happened at 11 o'clock one night after our departure from Liverpool ten days before. We had had lifeboat drill every day, so when we were awakened this time to hear the alarm bells ringing, we all thought it was a surprise boat drill.

I jumped out of my bunk and put on my overcoat and my emergency haversack. I collected my seven-year-old charge, whom I looked after during boat drills, and I followed the boy in front.

I still do not know how it happened. I must have gone up an extra flight of stairs, for I found myself out on a top deck in the inky darkness.

It was then that I realised it was no practice drill, for just to my right a large boat was sinking. All round it were the lights of the lifeboats, and I could hear distant shouts amid the "crump" of exploding depth-charges.

I don't think I was ever more frightened in my life. I pulled myself together and took my bearings. I soon discovered where I was, and moved to where there should be some stairs. I found them and was soon on my way to the boat station.

At the boat-station I found my anxious escort about to report the disappearance of two of his evacuees. They served us all with coffee and biscuits; the others were so oblivious to what was going on around them that it seemed more like a picnic than anything else. I think I was the only evacuee who realised the immediate danger.

A little while later a friendly sailor told me that the ship I had seen sinking was "The City of Benares," carrying evacuees to Canada. Later, in New Zealand, I learned that out of the ninety evacuees, eighty-three were lost. Also, nine out of eleven escorts were lost. The sailor then told me something that almost made my hair stand on end. A German torpedo had missed our stern by ten yards. The sailor was in a gun crew that had seen the torpedo go by our stern. So ended the most exciting night of my voyage to New Zealand.

V. A. FIDDES,
V. Ag.

A Hudson Gets Back.

They had been on a raid over Europe,
A raid on the town of Knapsack,
And twelve of the Hudsons had left before noon,
And only eleven came back.

The other was still limping homeward,
She had caught a good deal of flak,
But her crew were sure that their "Huddie"
Would safely carry them back.

She arrived o'er the field some time later,
Wobbling more than a bit;
She came gliding in for a landing:
The fire-truck was there when she hit.

She bounced and she veered, then slid to a stop,
And five men came clambering out.
The pilot, he looked at his wreck of a plane,
And said, "They sure knocked us about!

We collected some flak o'er the target,
But we handed out more than we got,
Till a couple of M.E.'s surprised us,
And then things began to get hot.

We managed to bag us one Jerry,
But the other one nearly bagged us;
So we shook off the blighter at last in a cloud
And then looked around at our 'bus.

One of our wingtips was missing,
Our rudders were nearly all gone,
As also was part of the fuselage aft,
But still our game Hudson flew on.

The aircraft was riddled with bullets,
The tail was as heavy as lead,
And to cap it all off, when I started to climb,
One of the motors went dead.

We got to the field without trouble,
Three-fifty miles on one lung,
And then when I started to lower the wheels,
I found even they had 'gone bung.'

We landed the crate on her belly,
And even then no one was hurt,
Though we made a bit of a mess of the crate,
And dug up a good deal of dirt.

So if ever you get to the States, sir,
Near the Lockheed Aircraft Comp'ny,
Then drop in and see those in charge there,
Go in and thank them from me!"

P. ANDRELL,
IV.a. Eng.

Father Buys a Car.

FATHER'S hobby is auctions. We have a room in the back of the house where his purchases are kept. Some of these include a pair of antique brass fire-irons, a bed liable to fall to pieces the first time someone uses it, an old washing machine, and the latest addition—the bust of some unknown gentleman.

A few days ago, by a lucky chance we received £200, and there was much discussion as to how we should spend the money. We finally decided on buying a car, so next day we all caught the bus and set off for town.

The first place we visited was naturally a car-dealer's. Make after make was exhibited. At the end of each long speech describing their excellence, father would shake his head and say, "Well, no, that's not quite what I want." We all fancied a 1940 Ford model, but when father asked the price, he nearly collapsed to find it was £350. When we finally escaped from the dealer's imposing salesmanship methods, father, with a rather red face, hastily retreated through a door the sign above which displayed a large Red Lion.

When he finally rejoined us we walked towards a second-hand car business. Suddenly father, who had been walking along in moody silence, said, "Stop! Look!" There on the fence to our right was a huge poster. Blazoned across its face in huge red letters were the words:—

MONSTER AUCTION TO-DAY, 10 A.M.
212 Oakleigh Avenue.

Father glanced at his watch. "Hmm," he said, "we'll just do it." Away we hurried and, boarding a bus, we were quickly taken to our destination.

On arriving, father, who was fast becoming excited, hurried us round to the back of the house, where the auctioneer was gazing with indifferent eyes at the articles to be sold. Lot 1 was brought into view and was sold for the ridiculous sum of £1. By twelve o'clock most of the things had been sold, and father had not bought a single thing!

Suddenly we realised why, for Lot number 25 proved to be a motor car. True, it was only a 1925 Ford model; nevertheless it was a car. Father started the bidding at £5, then rose to £10, then £20. Up and up it rose, till only father and a rather pompous, red-cheeked gentleman were left with the price at £60. Father, however, bought the car for £65 and we retired, victorious.

After several minor mishaps and narrow escapes, one day as we were going round a corner—father driving—we were hit by a high-powered car and speedily found ourselves in a ditch. To make matters worse, father's knowledge of backing a car was practically nil, so for a time we were stranded. By dint of hard labour we pushed the car out of the ditch on to the highway, but father, after rounding the corner at a snail's pace, drove the car straight through a fence and finished up with it firmly fixed against a tree trunk. Three days later the car was sold for £10 to a junk man! Our motoring days were over!

SHIRLEY CHILD,
III.a. Comm.

Prefects All!

(Apologies to Newbolt.)

Kennedy, Strickland, Lofley, Groome,
Here's to authority.
Murray, Forrester, Ah Chee, Krause,
Hail to the queens of T.C.

Prefects all, for Technical's sake—
You there, what's your game?
Do as you're told or else I'll make—!!
In fact, I'll take your name.

Prefects all, for Technical's sake,
Your lusty yells are heard:
Innocents cringe, the guilty quake,
Quite silenced at your word.

Prefects all, you may say your say;
The walls are echoing still.
Prefects all, you may go your way,
Showing the weak your will.

But you leave a stillness—no sound they make (?)
In the quiet of the corridor.
On you march and in your wake
Soft mutterings?—a little more?

Prefects all, for Technical's sake,
You may never reach honour or fame,
But honour there'll be as the waves shall break,
To our College's peerless name.

JOYCE STANLEY,
Form VI.

The Philatelic Zoo.

"NO barks, no bites, no roars, no fights disturb the peace of the philatelic zoo!"

The advantages of maintaining a philatelic zoo are plain. The occupants do not have to be fed and, up to the present, no physical damage has ever been inflicted upon a single visitor.

No census has even been taken of keepers of philatelic zoos, but the number must be about one per family, providing the family includes a small boy. At any rate, stamp designers must be pretty sure of their ground, because they have produced almost as many animal-stamps as any other category numbers.

Nearly every country has made a contribution, and nearly every member of the animal kingdom, from the curious platypus of Australia to the weird orang-outang of North Borneo, has been reproduced for postal purposes. England, however, has none such. The "tight little isle" has kept to the Royal theme from the first stamp issued in 1840, up to the present day. On one occasion the British lion shared the design with a portrait of George V., but that was no deviation really, the lion being decidedly on the regal side!

You won't find the wolverine represented, nor the cute little kitten with the streak down its back! That's probably because our American friends have given little thought to the philatelic possibilities of the Republic's fauna. Their sole example is the bison.

If you have ever been tempted to turn philatelist, collecting animal stamps is the easy way to start. The hunting will afford you many delights, and most of the items are inexpensive.

Towards the collection, North Borneo has added the Malayan tapir, the orang-outang, the Asiatic elephant, the rhinoceros, and the wild bull, while Liberia has supplied us with an ape, a chimpanzee, an antelope, a West Africa buffalo and a hippopotamus. From Abyssinia come the leopard and the lion, and from Eritrea the camel.

New Zealand offers some very interesting exhibits in the bird section. Designs have been produced showing the huia, the kiwi, the kea, the kaka, the fantail and the tui. Australia provides the kookaburra, the swan, the lyre-bird, and besides, of course, the kangaroo and the emu.

A zoo would not be complete without a zebra or a giraffe, both of which are portrayed on stamps of Portuguese East Africa.

R. COOKE,
Form VI.

Victory.

V is for victory, nearly in sight,
I is for idiot who started the fight.
C is for Churchill, the man of the day,
T is total peace, come when it may.
O is for other wars won by our nation,
R is for Roosevelt, the jeep his creation,
Y is for "yellow," and this is the Jap;
McARTHUR will wipe him
Right off the map!

PATRICIA MCLEOD,
III.a. Sc.

Vignette.

SWISH! Down swooped Chirpy. A tense moment ensued, then, emerging victorious, he flew back to his branch on the dappled poplar tree, a fat, wriggling worm held tightly in his strong yellow bill. Motionless, he had watched that clod of earth for fifteen minutes, for well he knew that underneath a wily worm was edging along his way.

The task would need patience, he realised. And it certainly had. Patience had been rewarded! Chirpy, gratified, gave to the world a short selection of cheerful whistles, and from a grey warbler's nest nearby, a cuckoo answered in mocking notes. Chirpy then left his lunchtime accommodation upon the old poplar bough to proceed with the next business of the day.

LILLIAN GROOME,
V.a. Accountancy.

Reflections of a Senior.

I, who once scorned learning as just a dreary grind,
Will leave this great building soon, with a mind
That is depressed; for I gained my little knowledge
From this—the Seddon Memorial Technical College.

Here I fretted at a teacher's dark look,
Here I longed to throw down my book,
To defy authority, go out into the world;
Lessons didn't come easy, and how my lip curled
At the orders, the discipline I couldn't understand;
Sitting through periods without lifting a hand.
Then gradually I realised what a lot I didn't know,
That a teacher was a benefactor, not an unrelenting foe.
So I learned to master the typewriter's keys,
Just as I learned to master my "q's" and "p's".
Then, you may laugh, but it became an obsession
To gain a store of knowledge from a single lesson.
I did not shine in the field of sport;
But I was happy, for I was taught
To appreciate Chaucer, De Maupassant and Poe.
Now indeed I'm sorry, for I must go
Away from this College at the end of the year,
For the worthwhile things were all learnt here.

JOYCE STANLEY,
Form VI.

After Four Years.

FOUR years ago there entered timidly through the portals of the Seddon Memorial Technical College a girl who knew no one there and whom no one knew. In the midst of the huge building she was one tiny, insignificant unit. The long corridors held untold mysteries; the great hall filled her with awe. In the course of the first week she was lost many times, and the brisk, staccato command of the prefects—"Hurry along the corridors!" did not improve her ability to locate her exact destination. But, in spite

of it all, the teachers were kind and helpful and the girls friendly and willing, so soon she was used to the great building with its unexplored depths.

For two years she toiled hard at her lessons, for she realised that she had much to learn. Time was precious to her, for unlike other girls, her "leisure" hours were spent working; when other girls pushed aside their finished homework she was able to start hers. She had come to school with the intention of staying two years, but during that time she learned of the possibilities and advantages of staying for a third and a fourth year.

She learned that to be chosen as a prefect was the highest distinction that the College could bestow. She was told that Hindley Scholarships were each year awarded to the ten best pupils of the College. She heard of the various examinations that she could sit for and so obtain qualifications, and it was these possibilities that finally made her resolve to stay longer at school.

To-day she has no regrets, only an overwhelming sense of gratitude for helpful and timely advice. She finds herself a senior prefect, and the holder of Hindley Scholarships, and has qualified for School Certificate and for two Government Shorthand Typists' Examinations. At the end of the year she hopes to obtain higher qualifications. She will go forth well equipped, ready for whatever her future may be, and a little sadder and a little wiser than the girl who entered so curiously four years ago; for she has grown to love the grey looming building which had at first seemed so forbidding. It has become so much a part of her life that she does not know how to leave it. The friendships that have been formed, the confidences that have been exchanged and above all, the guidance she has received, and the knowledge that she has gained, render her for ever indebted.

She realises how much she owes to the College, and wonders how she can ever repay it. It seems to her it is impossible to pay adequate homage. But, before she leaves, she has a personal message to those she leaves behind and to those who will enter in the future—"Cherish and guard jealously the honour of the College, for that is the least you can do. Be grateful to it, for you can get no better tuition elsewhere. Respect it, for it is worthy of your honour; and above all, stay for the full four years, for that is the only way to get the full benefit of the carefully-planned courses. I am sure if you do so your feelings on leaving will be the same as mine."

I do not know how I am going to bid silent farewell to all the rooms in which I have spent so many happy hours; I do not know how I shall manage without the library to which I have always turned when in doubt. When no one is looking I think I shall steal quietly along the corridors again and take last lingering looks at many familiar scenes; from the gallery I shall look down on the empty stage, remembering many concerts and amusing items that have been performed there. All this will soon be no more for me. Lastly will come the leave-taking of one's teachers. Many will say, "Remember the College, and come back and see us now and again," and I will manage to say, "Yes, I will," and after a moment or two will turn and go somewhat blindly downstairs out into a new world.

Exchanges.

The "Seddonian" Committee acknowledges with thanks exchange copies of many New Zealand and overseas School Magazines. Because of war conditions, the "Seddonian" has not been published since 1938, but we have much pleasure this year in again being able to reciprocate.

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