

1983

SHORE 83

Westlake Boys High School



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STAFF LIST

N.G. Moss, B.Sc.
I.W. Ready, M.A.(Hons.), M.Ed.
D.R. Johnson, B.A. Form 7 Dean

Headmaster
Deputy Headmaster
Senior Master

R.A. Brooke, Adv.T.C.
J.M. Russell, B.Sc.
B.C. Hart
D.F.W. Hall, B.Sc.
S.K. Slater, M.A.(Hons.)

Form 6 Dean
Form 5 Dean
Form 4 Dean
Form 3 Dean
Guidance Counsellor

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Mrs. A.J. Gernhoefer (Headmistress)

R.W. Bailey, T.C.3rd Marine
L. Borok, M.A.(Hons.)
A.M. Butt

Engineering
HOD Languages
HOD Physical Education
& Sports Master

R.A. Driver, B.C.Tech.(Sp.)
J.R. Glackin, M.A.
C.R. Lamdin, A.C.A.(relieving)
J.C. Kellett, M.A. (Hons.)

HOD Technical
HOD Social Studies
Music & Accounting
English)
Classical Studies)

D.J. Knowles, B.A.
G.W. Lander, B.A.
A.E. Lewis, M.A. (Hons.)
A. McVeigh, Adv.T.C.,H.T.T.C.
S.K. Nield, M.A.

Careers
Economics (relieving)
(deceased)
Evening Classes
History

R.C.N. Overend, B.A.
R.L. Owen, B.A.(Hons.)
A.H. Salter, B.Sc.

HOD English
Art
HOD Science

M.A. Sharfe, B.Sc.
K.J. Simpson, B.A.
A.G. Stevenson, B.Sc.(on leave)
H.P. Willis, B.Sc.

Physics
Geography
Biology
HOD Mathematics

N.F. Bagnall, B.A., B.Ed.
G.P. Bean, M.A.(Hons.) (on leave)
G.J. Binnie, B.Sc.
J.W. Biggs, M.A.(Hons.*
Miss W.G. Bosher, B.A. (relieving)
T.A. Broadhurst, B.Sc.
Mrs. R. Brown, B.A. (part-time)
D. Bunting, B.Sc.
Miss J.L. Farrell, B.A.,A.T.C.L.(part-time)
D.L. Gee, C.& G. of London, Full Tech.,1st Cl.
B.I.F. Hall, M.B.E.,B.A.,B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.(part-time relieving)
C.J. Hayden, B.A.
D.W. Hayden, B.Sc.
K.D. Hill, N.Z.A.H.P.E.R.
A.E. Hooper, Adv.T.C.
J.P. Horner, Dip.F.A.(Hons.)(on leave)
D.A. Humphries, M.Sc.(Hons.)
B.J. Norton, B.Ed.
P.J. O'Grady, M.A.(Hons.)
Mrs. A. Penton,(part-time - Reading)
R.T. Perkinson, B.Sc.
P.G. Rea, B.A.
J.R. Rollett, B.Sc.
J.A. Ross, B.Sc. (on leave)
D.F. Seavill, B.A.
G. Sheehan, M.A.
C.W. Speir, B.A.
D.R. Taylor
P.J. Tisdall, Adv.T.C.
J.G. Thomson, B.F.A.
D.J. Valentine, B.Sc.
M.J. Walford, B.A.,Dip.Ed.
G.F.G. Ward, M.I.N.Z.M.I.,A.N.Z.I.M.,Adv.T.C.
P.W. Watt, B.Sc.
Mrs. J. Wellington, B.Sc.(Hons.) (part-time)
J.M. Winslade, B.A.

Executive Officer	:	J.R. Wiltshier, Dip.P.E.
Librarians	:	Mrs.J.Potter, Mrs.M. Logie
Secretary	:	Mrs.J.P. Howe
Nurse/Office	:	Mrs.B.G. Shotter
Ancillary Staff	:	Mrs.M. Dimery, Mrs.M.E. Brooke, Mrs.B. Todd, Mrs.E. Dawson *
Technicians	:	W.E. Barnard, B.Sc. Mrs.S.E.Hooker, F.I.M.L.T.
Caretaker	:	D. Gregory
Groundsman	:	E. Larsen

* Left during year

A recognition of
the importance of
audience to
developing writers
and artists. Tell
them what you liked
about their work

A showcase
of the creative talent
hidden in
darkened corners of
the school

a record of
triumphs and
defeats, of
involvement
and comradeship

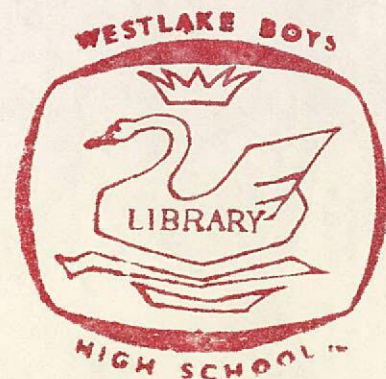
Find yourself
mentioned, find
your friends

A keepsake
to remember
1983 by



SHORE MAGAZINE

1983



Westlake Boys High School

Staff Notes



STAFF VOYAGE '83

1983 aboard "S.S. (Staff Ship) Westlake" under Cap'n N.G. Moss saw another busy year of new arrivals, departures, social activities, merri-ment, sadness and hard work.

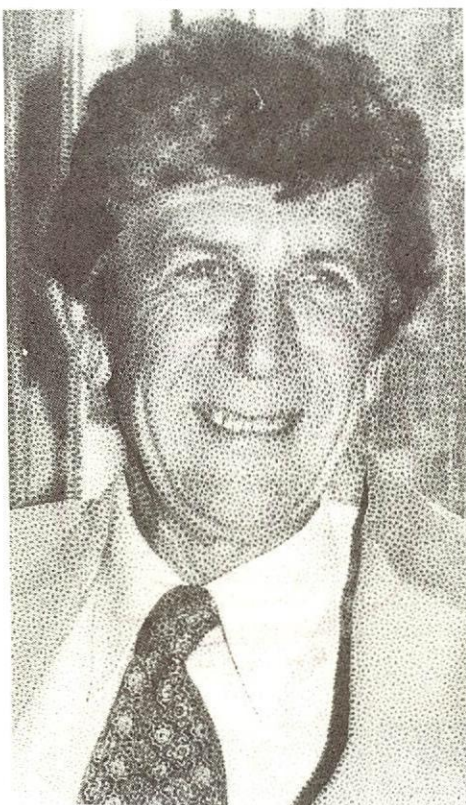
A new first officer - Mr. Ready - came on watch and garnished the life of many on board with his supply of relief personnel. Early in the term we farewelled Mr. Biggs to a nearby college. We "whistled aboard" Miss Boshier, Mrs Cree and Mrs Wellington as relieving teachers. Mr Rollett (an expatriate N.Z.'er) came from Canada, on exchange with Mr Stevenson. Mr Hill joined the ship's

P.T.I.'s and Mr Slater the Navigation Network. Messrs Lamdin, Owen, Thompson, Perkinson, Valentine and Winslade provided further inputs of piano, paint, postbox, pingpong, physic and magazine mag-nate.

Major event of Term 1 was "hoisting the flag" for the G.G.'s visit and the opening of the new gymnasium. While on calmer waters our rowing staff (JMR, PGR, PWW) and pupils added Maadi Cup No.2 and introduced "Jazzergetics", which had several staff on early morning watch.

An "early in the year" barbecue, combined P.T.A.-Staff evening, a night at the Orient and a well

Ray Driver



When the bell rings for the last time on the 8th of December, Mr. Ray Driver will have given twenty-five years of loyal service to the school. Much of this time has been as a Dean and H.O.D. Technical. He has also relieved several times as Senior Master.

Mr. Driver's special interest and expertise has been in the field of Technical Drawing. Precision accuracy and attention to detail have been hall-marks of his teaching. His experience and know-ledge in the field of Technical Drawing have resulted in a high pass rate, some excellent marks in School Certificate, and the seconding of Mr. Driver to the Secondary Inspectorate to advise and guide other teachers.

Before coming to Westlake Mr. Driver saw war service with the Royal Navy (mine sweeping in the North Sea), worked in a bank, as a carpenter, and taught at Matamata.

Outside the classroom Mr. Driver has also been a keen supporter of school activities coaching rugby teams and more recently yachting and archery. Many pupils who have passed through the school into careers such as draughting owe their interest and choice to Mr. Driver's teaching.

A keen yachtsman, Mr. Driver will have plenty to occupy him in his leisure - staff and pupils wish him a long and happy retirement.

attended Dine and Dance at Birkenhead highlighted the formal staff social calendar. (Rumour has it that one or two staff could add an interesting chapter on "informal" staff events during the voyage).

Galley stores were sustained throughout the year by Mike's Market Garden, Lander's Larder, Brown's bonza oysters and Gregory's "guru's of the deep". Thanks suppliers.

We sympathised with the ailments and illnesses of Messrs Butt, Driver, Hart, Salter and Watt.

We mourned the tragic loss of colleague and friend LEX LEWIS.

We welcomed Mrs Todd to the office staff in Term II and Miss Seaville, who has spent recent years in Lebanon, happily joined us as a permanent crew member in Term III.

We eagerly contested - rugby (touch), soccer, hockey, T.T., volley ball, basketball, around Lake Pupuke run and 500 (not Indianapolis) with the prefects - AND WE WON (though the prefects' answer to this is censored.) Little did the prefects know we had in Mr. Humphries a hidden N.Z. Bridge Champ.

New arrivals launched (and congratulations) - to Mr. and Mrs Knowles, Mr. and Mrs Winslade, Mr. and Mrs Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs Norton and Mr. and Mrs Russell.

We acknowledge with envy overseas trips to Messrs Bailey, Gee, Glackin, Slater, Wiltshier and the rugby musketeers Hill, Johnson and Russell.

We celebrated birthdays many - but special milestones for the Captain himself and one of the dear office ladies.

We observe new cars to several staff - ranging from lowly (but zippy) Daihatsu to "classy" Chrysler (1929 Vintage) and "plooty" Porsche. (N.B. - owner is leaving teaching to earn enough to pay for it.)

Very early morning staff meetings were held to view World Cup Cricket and Americas Cup yachting. Splicing the mainbrace featured regularly on Fridays. And by jove, that was a damn fine game of table tennis Mr. Hayden, Sir. (Doubles!? of course).

As we head downwind to our Christmas holiday berth we pipe ashore Messrs Driver, retiring, Valentine (to fresh fields), Thompson (Dannevirke High School), Mrs Potter (librarian) - retiring, Miss Boshier (Upper Hutt College) and Mrs Wellington.

Throughout the year we tolerated wet Wednesdays, loved Labour Weekend (it's length not the weather) opposed the Public Service Amendment Bill, pushed for U.E. in the 7th form and most importantly acted in "loco parentis", coached sport and tutored over 1,000 pupils. Who said "School would be great without the pupils!"

As this "pinnacle goes to press" plans are already afoot for the refit and replenishment that will sail "S.S. Westlake" into 1984.

To those retiring, to those leaving - all the best shipmates: - to those left out of this chronicle - sorry, - bon voyage next year.

Here endeth "S.S. Westlake" log 1983.

June Potter

The retirement, at the end of this year, of Mrs. June Potter our school Librarian, ends a long association with Westlake, dating in fact from its foundation in 1962.

She set up the original Library upstairs in B Block (B11) or "Siberia" as it was named for its rather cold location, working for several years with the first teacher-librarian Mr. Bill Brown. Then came the construction of the present Library in 1969 when she, and the next teacher-librarian, Mr. R. Overend co-operated closely in planning, organising and stocking this much-improved facility. With Mr. C. Delautour and then Mr. Lex Lewis as teacher-librarians, came an era of growth in book-stock and consolidation of the Library as the heart of the school's academic life, and one of the finest school libraries in the country.



She, in her quiet, unassuming way has done a great deal for the pupils and staff of this school, particularly in leading generations of boys into a love of books and reading, as well as keeping the machinery of a very large complex library ticking over smoothly.

Mrs. Potter is a strong advocate of the appointment of full-time professionally trained librarians, backed by adequate clerical assistance, in all schools and feels that, until school librarians are given this recognition and paid accordingly, school libraries will be underused and will not develop as the media centres they should be. She points out that "New Zealand remains the only English-speaking country which has not yet even commenced implementing a scheme for professional staffing of school libraries." Teacher organisations support this view too and she hopes that this will soon be adopted as policy by the Education Department.

Meanwhile, we thank Mrs. Potter most sincerely for her devoted service over so many years and we wish her a long, happy retirement, with time to read more of the books she has tended over the years.

Lex Lewis

obituary

ALEXANDER EDWARD (LEX) LEWIS 1940-83

Westlake grieves the recent very sudden death of Lex Lewis, a popular member of the staff for 13 years. St. Cuthberts Anglican-Presbyterian Church, Browns Bay was overcrowded for the funeral. Lex Lewis was born in Wellington, attended St. Kentigern College, graduated M.A. (Hons.) in French from University of Auckland, taught in several Auckland schools, had a period overseas before his appointment to Westlake. He is affectionately remembered for his rapport with his colleagues and pupils and particularly for his deep compassion most acutely manifested for those struggling with their academic and social difficulties. He was a stalwart of the Parent Teachers Association. Lex was also witty, and erudite, with a passion for the Arts, literature, music, poetry, art, drama and debating. His qualities made him an admirable teacher of Art History, Music, English and French and a fine choice for special responsibilities in the school library. Schools can ill afford to prematurely lose such teachers. He is survived by his wife, Christine, and two sons, Evan and Adam.

TE HEI MAURIORA

KI TE WHA-O-KITE AU TE MARAMA

KIA TAPUTAPU TU KI TE RANGI

WHAKI AU KORERO KIA HI TE AU, KIA HI TE AO E.

E NGA IWI E NGA RAU

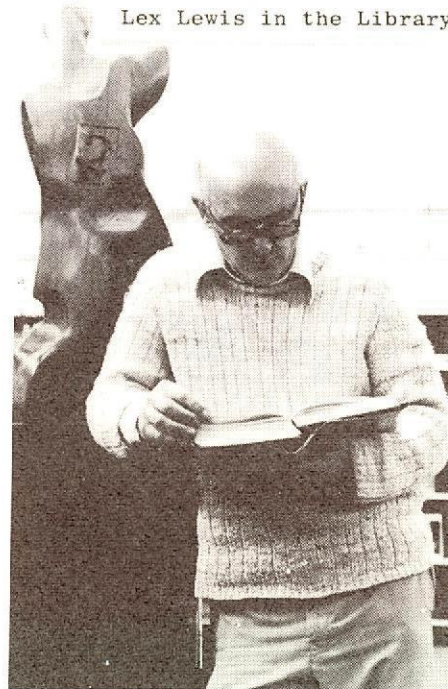
TENA KOUTOU, TENA KOUTOU, TENA KOUTOU KATOA

KA HURI

KIA KAHA, MR. LEWIS

*Eddie Taniora
(5 Lewis)*

Lex Lewis in the Library



In memoriam

IN MEMORIAM - LEX LEWIS

Staff meetings won't be the same without his wry observations or requests for return of "mislaidd" items. The English Department won't be the same without his laconic wit, his perception and his magic with words. The Library, P.T.A. and evening classes won't be the same, either. Westlake, as a whole, will be poorer as a result of the untimely death of Lex Lewis.

Pupils and staff have been greatly enriched by his involvement with this school over many years. He was the kind of person you could confide in and know that his interest was genuine and caring. Yes, he could at times be blunt and direct, but without rancour as, for instance, when he would expose foolishness or sloth with a caustic comment such as "Holy Mackerel! what happened here!" or "Hells bells! is this the best you can do?" - always with the desired effect, and accepted without offence. He was a man without pretentiousness or hypocrisy - a true individualist - a non-conformist, Lex was just himself. That honesty made him accepted by all, and able to bring together widely opposing views.

He loved to debate, to indulge in lively conversation and to write - he could compose a poem on the back of an envelope while supervising an exam! He loved good books, good food, good company - he loved the theatre, good music, painting, sculpture and all the arts. In fact one of Lex's hopes for this school was that greater recognition would be given to the arts and humanities in our curriculum

which he considered had become too oriented towards science/technology, and which ought to be aiming at something beyond examination success and sporting prowess. He sometimes felt, however, that his positive ideas for improving the quality of education at Westlake were not taken seriously - perhaps because of his apparently flippant, unconventional manner. "Good 'ole Lex, great guy, bundle of laughs; bit of a hard case, goes his own way..... etc." this was his own description of himself as seen by others; but the other side of that picture was a thoughtful, caring, acutely observant person who felt deeply about the purpose and meaning of what we are doing.

Perhaps the best way we could commemorate Lex Lewis would be to re-examine our priorities in the light of the values that he held dear - humanity, compassion, tolerance of individual differences, creativity, sensitivity, encouragement of flair and originality.

So, we honour a good friend and colleague - Lex Lewis.

"He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

"Well, what do I do in this new job?" he said, as we sipped our coffee.

"You work it out", I said. "But one thing would be just great - a library with an atmosphere - a pleasant quiet atmosphere." And he created just that - well most times anyway. But the process was all his own and the style as in all things he did, inimitable. Perhaps best of all was that splendid gift of being able to send a miscreant packing amidst a flood of abuse without arousing the slightest grievance or resentment. At times, of course, it was more than abuse. We shall always remember that piercing fortissimo whistle that most of us have heard only from the lips of farmers. Everything would freeze, of course. And the librarians would proceed on tiptoe. They enjoyed him, the school librarians, especially the repartee as they tried in vain to match his ever-flowing wit.

At times even his dress was entirely his own . . . There was that very hot afternoon one February when he ambled round the library shelves short-sleeved shirt open at the neck, shorts flapping coolly against bare legs, bare feet on the floor, shoes and socks long since abandoned on the carpet. Would he walk in, I wondered, the new headmaster, alert for first impressions of his school. It would not have mattered. Lex would still have been himself just as he always was with the boys of Westlake, with those in authority and with us all.



Andrew Saxon
(5 Binnie)

After a spring storm
water droplets
through a hole in the spouting
splatter out persistent rhythms.
Giving attention

to the moment of impact
amplifies the sound

Lex Lewis has been found

splash

dead

at home.

Splash!

Words

fade in the throat

What you were going to

say

Ripples concentric on one sentence

wash over faces

burdening tearducts

burdening mouths

with the task of

weighing words

juggling reminiscence with dumb respect

burdening feet

which step between the puddles
of eulogy and irreverence.

At the funeral

I stare at wooden beams

watch them fade and dissolve

return to focus

no more permanent

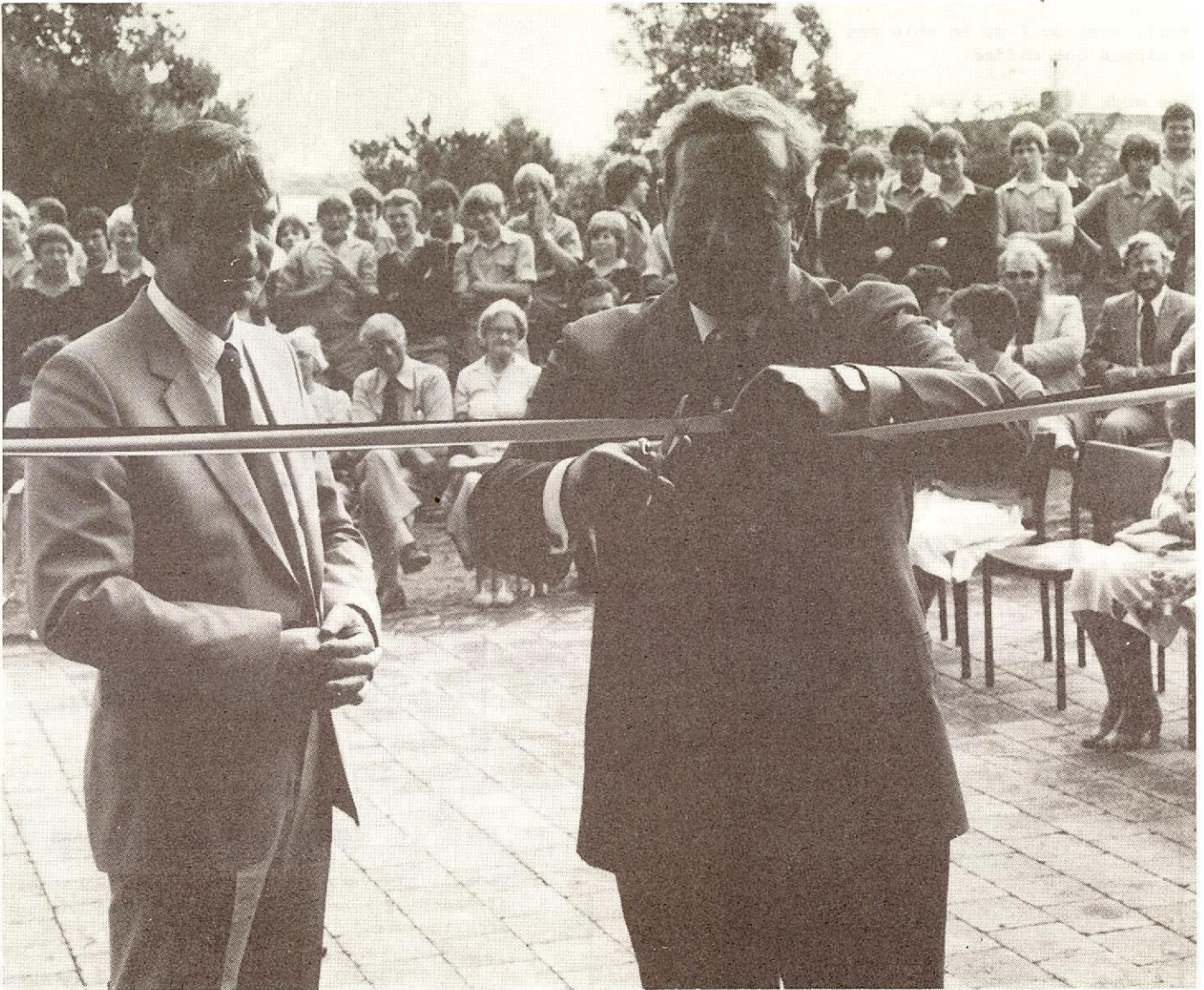
than the spouting.

J. Winslade

MR. LEWIS - AS REMEMBERED BY HIS FORM CLASS

- We will always remember the outrageous methods of teaching. His sentences were of great architecture.
- He was the only teacher I ever liked because of his ideas and ideals, his dislike of the clobbering machine. He didn't beat around the bush and told people what he thought of them, but he didn't need to threaten pupils to control the respect of the class. He was the only person I have known who didn't conform to society's ways and didn't get persecuted because of it. The school will not be the same again.
- We will keep his joy close to our hearts.
- He was always down to earth with us - speaking at our level.
- I shall remember his calm and his attitude towards us and towards life, but it is not easy to explain.
- We will miss his humour and his gentle abuse of us.
- He was unique.
- The library to him was like a second home.
- I will remember his corny jokes and the casual way he treated all of us.
- He was amusing but strict. His dry sense of humour made the classroom relaxed.
- He was honest about people.

Opening the New Gym



It had been a long time coming. After an earlier date in November had passed by with the flooring still sitting in the bowels of a container on the wharf; after a practice run the week before in which Mr Moss and Mrs Howe had failed to arouse more than a smattering of applause by their impersonations of the Governor-General and his wife; after the senior school had sighed with audible relief at the announcement that no more fundraising would be necessary; after the music suite at the Girl's School had heard its first official bars of music that morning; after the rain had stopped; after lunch; finally, after all, the Jubilee Gymnasium was officially opened by Sir David Beattie soon after 2.00p.m. on the 15th of March.

Old heads around the place nodded in agreement that they had never seen the school look so clean. Perhaps they had noticed Dean Gregory (the caretaker) adding the final polish to the hall windows minutes before the arrival of the official party; or the graffiti being removed from the handball courts that morning; or the meticulous attention to detail of the scab patrol at lunchtime. Everyone was treading with gingerly care over the new lino in the administration corridor and hall foyer. Socks were surreptitiously pulled up.

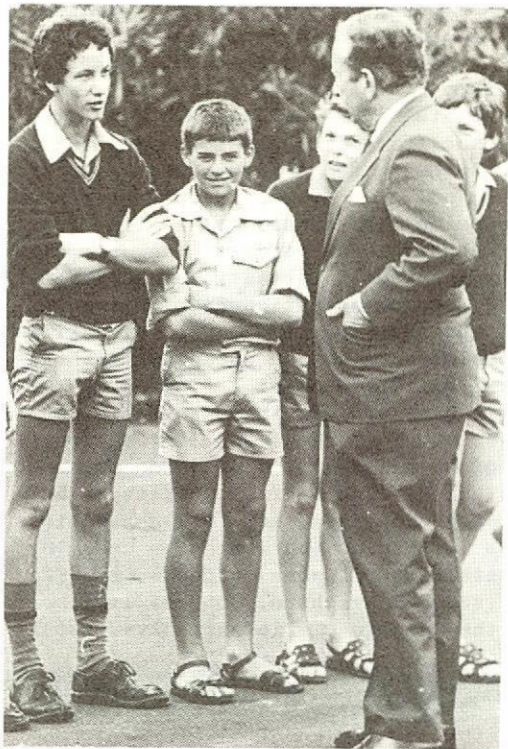
Then the Daimler containing Sir David and Lady



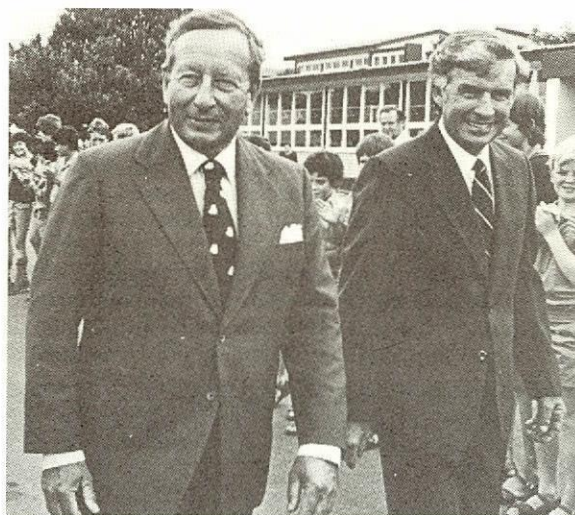
Whoever stands up the straightest wins a ride round the block

Beattie drew up at the front of the school. A specially picked 3rd former rushed to accomplish his carefully rehearsed task of opening the door of the official car only to be elbowed aside by an aide (presumably fearing a Westlake Liberation Front terrorist). Welcomes were extended by the Headmaster, Mr Moss and the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr Knight and the Official Party and its entourage made its way through the politely clapping third and fourth formers to the gymnasium.

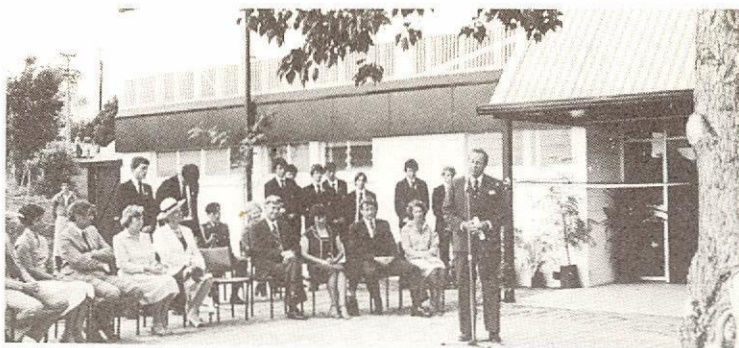
On the way, Sir David exercised his powers of perception by guessing which were the hairier legs of the fourth form and Lady Beattie took a special interest in the dental hygiene of the lower school.



"That's what they do if you have your socks down. But, if you get caught with your hands in your pockets...."



In front of the gymnasium was gathered a crowd of senior students, teachers, parents, Board members, P.T.A. members, and invited dignitaries, such as the Mayor of Takapuna, Mr. Thomas. The throng was addressed briefly by Mr. Moss and Mr. Knight, and then the Governor General spoke. He finished with a one-question historical quiz on which hung the prize of a holiday for the school. He asked, "What was the date of the Battle of Trafalgar?" Despite prompting from an embarrassed history teacher, Mr. Nield, the answer failed to emerge. But in a spirit of leniency, Sir David forgave the



From there, he was taken on a tour of the school, by the Head, and Deputy Head Prefects. Brendon O'Donovan found him 'real friendly' and appreciated the interest the Governor General showed in his own plans and activities. Lady Beattie talked of her own family and agreed with Sir David that it was good to see so many parents present - an expression of school and community links. Sir David seemed to know a lot about the school and was familiar with its sporting reputation.



boys their ignorance and granted the holiday, which was attached to Labour Weekend six months later.

The ribbon was cut and the gymnasium was duly opened. The Governor General signed the school's Visitors Book and was given a school plaque. He viewed games of badminton and volleyball being played in the recently opened gymnasium.

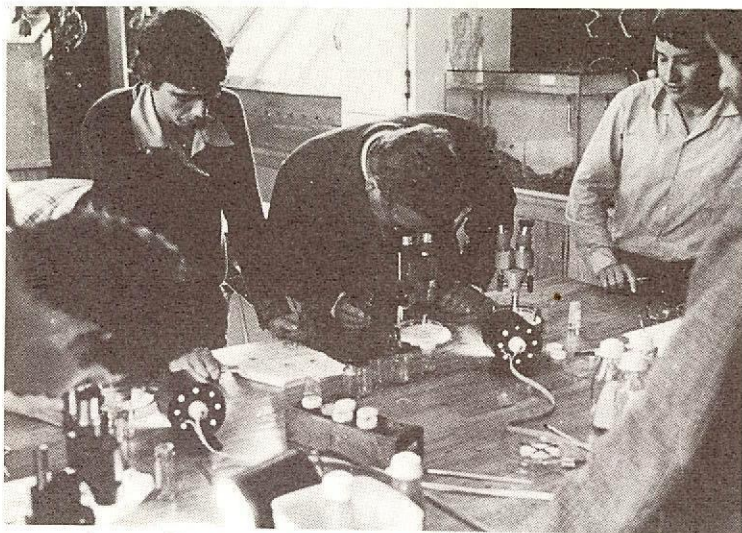
*The Governor-General came today neatly dressed
in sombre grey.
He walked up the aisle like a newly-wed man
As rehearsed applause and smiles began.
He cut the ribbon with style and grace
And a hint of shyness on his face.*

*Then he was shown around the school.
What a pity we don't have a pool!
He gave us all a holiday
The Governor-General who came today.*

(Anonymous)

In the Old Gymnasium the Governor General saw a fencing display and on the way to the pavilion was treated to the spectacle of the junior school sports period in action. He met with rowers in the pavilion and from there ventured into several classrooms. In a biology laboratory he was proudly shown frozen rats by the laboratory boys. Mr. Broadhurst's cycling group was also visited.

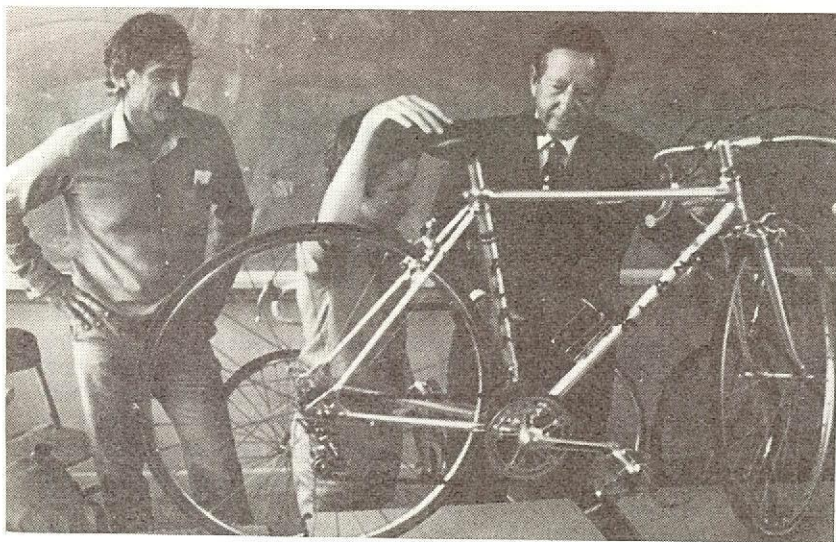
The Vice-regal couple were then shown into an extraordinarily tidy staffroom for afternoon tea, lavishly laid on by the P.T.A. The day was a huge success and was an appropriate opening for the new



gymnasium. Sir David's interest in the school and friendly approach to its pupils made him many friends. The holiday he granted ensured his popularity with the whole school population.

B. Hawke
(5 Willis)

and Mr. J. Winslade



EXCERPTS FROM THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SPEECH

If the physical effort put in here matches the energy devoted to the gymnasium fund-raising activities, Westlake should be soon producing a breed of super sportsmen.

Generally, life today lacks muscular effort. In fact, it is possible to get by week after week with a minimum of physical activity or any form of vigorous exercise. I make that comment with some significant personal feeling having recently spent a few days at Outward Bound, and discovered some muscles I had almost forgotten about.

The aim of physical education must be the immediate and continued development of the health and general well-being of New Zealand's student population. All people would appear to have a continuous requirement for regular physical activity as a means of improving general health and acquiring a sense of well-being. However, this type of advice is only likely to be accepted (and followed) if the average New Zealander has a background of experience in physical activity. This background is best acquired during the formative years at school. Programmes should have the potential to provide the basis of a life-long appreciation of physical activity. However, we must not forget social inter-action. Emphasis should be placed on co-operation and enjoyment. There must be options for all levels of skill because few people contain the potential for the clout of Cairns - or the touch of a 'Turner'. I refer to the cricketer and not the painter!

Intensive use of this gymnasium will do much to strengthen Westlake's proud sporting heritage, but it is not only the College which will benefit. The facilities will also be widely used by district organisations under the community facilities at schools scheme, thus further strengthening the College's ties with its total environment.

We must acknowledge, too, the wide support for the gymnasium project which has come so willingly from the area through business houses, clubs, trusts and other organisations.

Today has proved a pleasant mixture for me. I officially opened a fine music suite at Westlake Girls' High School this morning and now I have the pleasure of declaring your Gymnasium open. I also



value the occasion as a reminder of my friend Mr. Harvey Thomson, your first Headmaster, and of Mr. Mike Lord, the Board Chairman, and my oldest brother, who was an original Board member.

I would like to leave with you all the words of an Arabian proverb which, I think, are most suitable for this occasion: they are -

"HE WHO HAS HEALTH HAS HOPE - AND HE WHO HAS HOPE HAS EVERYTHING"

New Gymnasium

The end of 1982 saw the completion of the Westlake Boys High School gymnasium. The construction of the building by Carl Vonk Construction Limited in April of 1982 after some eighteen months of advance planning and architecture. Much credit can go to the Headmaster, Mr Neil Moss, who pushed for the gymnasium against negative opinions and put a lot of work into obtaining consent for the project.

Due to the wise investment of an amount of money raised from within the school, the interest for which accrued at the time of the final bill, the gymnasium is debt-free and completely paid for.

Funds for the gymnasium, which cost a grand total of \$334.194, came from money raised from the school, various government grants, and local body grants, and donations from businesses in the community. An Education Department grant of \$140,000 already allocated for upgrading and extending the old gymnasium, made the proposition for a completely new gymnasium very viable. In addition, \$30,000 was granted by the Internal Affairs Department if the continued availability of the gymnasium to the community was assured.



A very large amount of money was raised from within the school itself through many fundraising activities involving the participation of the pupils. The gymnasium was a project that they could work towards, and see the use they would have from it when finished. The fundraising activities began with a direct appeal to the parents through a brochure outlining details of the complex. This then opened the way to workdays, runathons, litterthons, selling firewood, beach clean-ups and raffles. Outside groups kindly donated incentive prizes to those pupils involved.

The Parent Teachers Association held a fair, fashion parade, mid-winter dinner and various bottle drives and garage sales. The money raised within the school brought up the shortfall and completed the payment.

The main aim of the gymnasium was for the benefit of the pupils and to develop sport further within the school. The design of the gymnasium by Mr. T.C.M. Patterson is noteworthy for its colour scheme and its practicality. The Gymnasium has excellent, modern facilities with an electronic scoreboard and stereo system, etc. The floor imported from France is specially designed to absorb footweight and impact, making it very comfortable to use. The ventilation is good along with the lighting system. The omission of windows stops the glare of the sunshine.

From a teacher's point of view the gymnasium is fantastic to use. It is not elaborate but has good acoustics and is very practical. With its large size more than one class can work in it at one time. It has made a difference to Physical Education teaching in the school, through improved variety of courses and equipment. It gives the pupils a better chance as they are not too crammed.

The gymnasium now features in many inter-school sporting fixtures, like basketball, and due to its viewing gallery, those not actively participating can still be spectators.



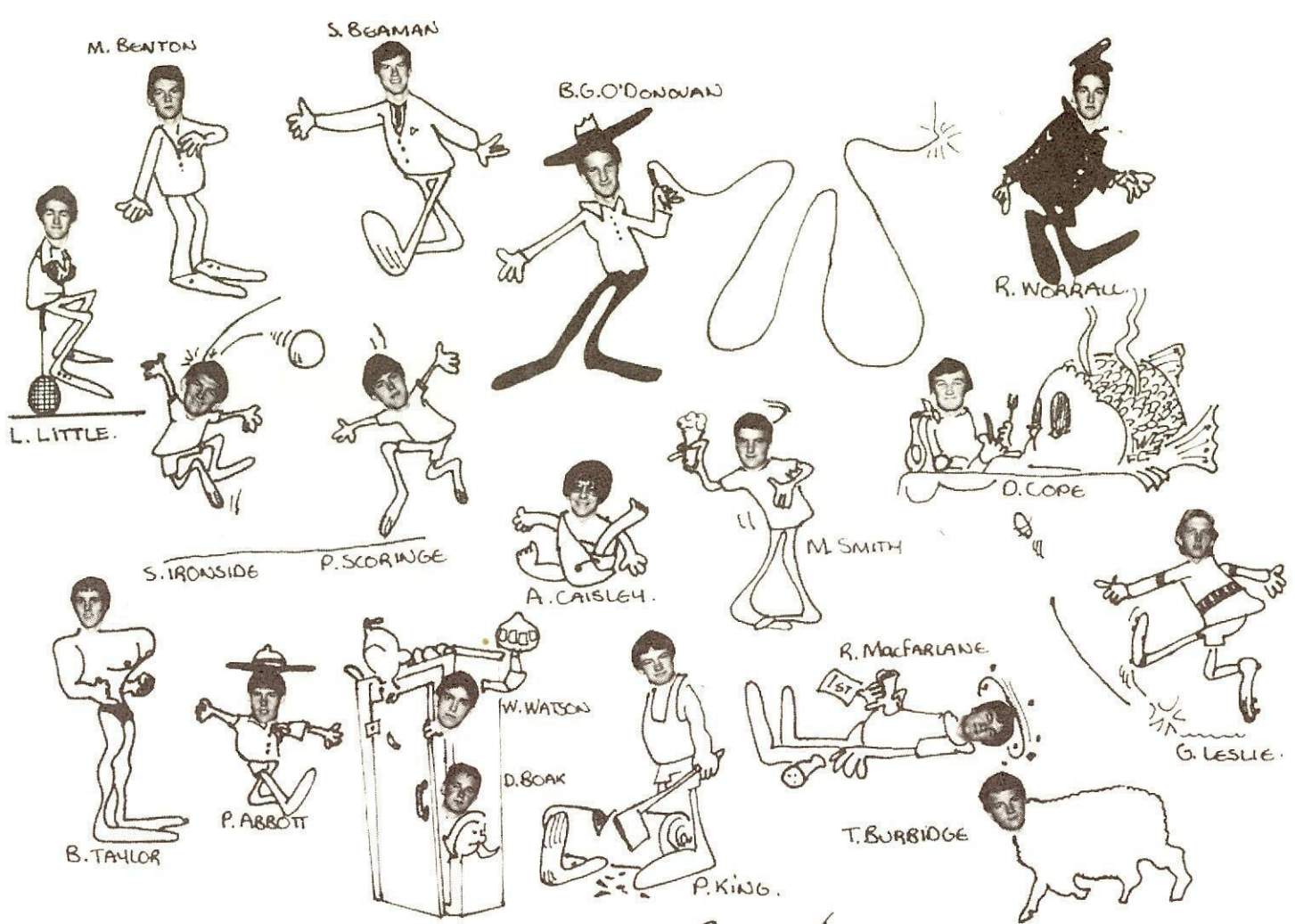
At the present time on average, the gymnasium is hired three weekends per month and four nights a week by outside groups, mainly sporting associations.

The gymnasium is something that can be used towards the school's benefit and is appreciated by the majority of the pupils, especially those who have worked hard towards its completion. Let's hope those who use it in the years to come pause occasionally to appreciate their efforts.

Gary Leslie
(7 Lamdin)



Glen Bending
(5 Owen)



PREFECTS

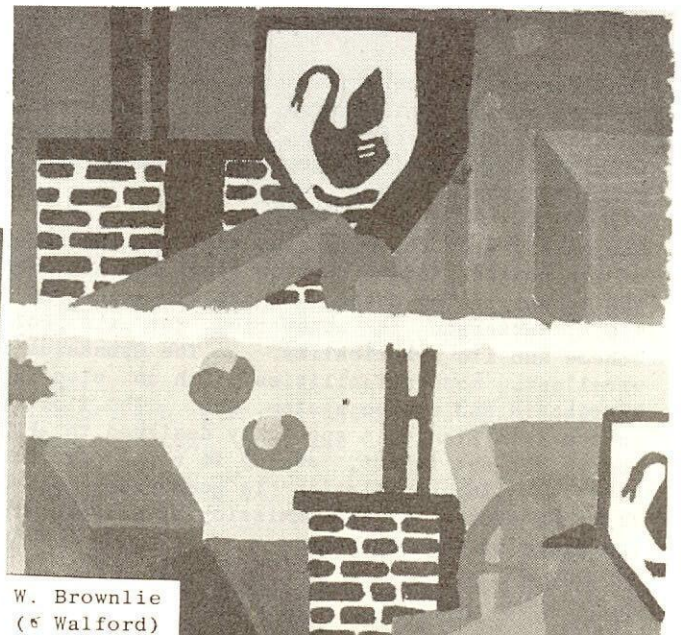
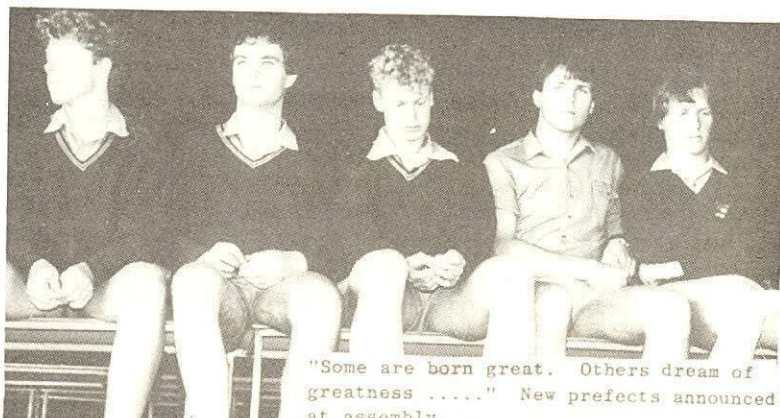
1983 prefects...

Last year's unwieldy horde of 24 was, this year, refined and distilled to a hard, keen core of 18 with combat skills that would put the S.A.S. to shame. These special abilities were occasionally on display to the general public, especially at lunchtimes when numerous illegal leavers and dissenting defectors were ensnared in the web of well-laid plans. On even rarer occasions there were special early morning showings when, exhibiting intense personal sacrifice and unswerving loyalty and devotion, an orchestrated effort was made to arrive early enough to ambush the late-comers, suddenly bursting upon the startled victims as a hawk upon a fieldmouse, or more accurately, as a half-asleep prefect upon a three-quarters asleep potential criminal.

One of the more regular features of the year's calendar was the challenge matches against the staff. From the prefects' point of view the major challenge was shaking off the apathetic lethargy of prefect-room living, but once this was achieved

success was assured. The encounters included tennis, table-tennis, touch-rugby, volley-ball, five hundred, a relay race, basketball and a round the lake road race.

Another memorable series of events this year, were the regular Thursday meetings with Mr. Ready for the co-ordination of tactics and the airing of grievances. We leave it in the hands of next year's prefects to carry on this brave struggle in defense of personal liberty, democratic freedom, the curbing of hierarchial despotism, and all-American way, and windows that open!



The Roadshow

The Roadshow originated in Christchurch from an idea of a Surgeon who was involved, at a Christchurch hospital, with road accident victims. He felt that the huge mortality rate involving drivers from the age of 15 to 24 needed changing. So with the help of a Christchurch school a smaller version of the Roadshow was born.

The Roadshow was seen by many Christchurch schools with some drastic results. The mortality rate involving young drivers dropped by 23%. So large was the impact the organisers in Christchurch felt the show should be shown to all young drivers in New Zealand.

Michael Ellis
(5 Willis)

THE ROADSHOW

*Darkness prevails. A steady
Throbbing booms about. Light.
Screeching. A white car,
Bodies, silence. A distant
noise ... a motorbike, skidding,
It stops. Off hop its two riders
They move about the car and
Its mangled occupants. They are
Either dead or dying.*

*Help, an ambulance races to
The scene of the accident, police,
The wrecker man, the doctor.
The advertiser, the hospital ...
The end of yet another life
And the wrecking of another.*

Jonathon Palmer
(3 Hill)

ROADSHOW REVIEW

On Film. The party ends and a couple hop into a car unhindered by their friends. He'd had a few too many drinks but refused to let her drive. So off they went at a terrific pace, swerving all over the road, collecting a few signposts and roadmarkers. A "road works" sign flashes by and a high pitched scream is heard - The screen suddenly becomes dark again and all activity is on stage. Smoke billows from the buckled and misformed bonnet. One body dives out ahead of the car and one to the side. All is quiet but then the 7th Cavalry charge over the hill to rescue the troubled. Well not quite the 7th Cavalry but another guy and his girlfriend on a motorbike. He zooms off for help while his girlfriend stays to help the injured girl. Meanwhile Darth Vader hauls the driver of the car off stage. The ambulance arrives and takes the injured girl away. Then the argument begins. On one side a doctor and a traffic cop. On the other an advertising executive and a psychologist. They argue throughout the entire show about how to produce the show, whether to have morbid scenes or not, whether to have beautiful girls running along beaches etc.

Andrew Nicol
(5 Bunting)

The "Roadshow" followed this general theme throughout its course, showing various accidents of varying seriousness. After each accident follows an argument between all the above-mentioned on basically the same issue as the preceding one but with the cop and the doctor slowly winning over the others.

Throughout the "Roadshow" were various musical interludes with songs, inevitably morbid, about accidents and why do they happen and 'what is done is done and perhaps the most thought provoking one using the statistic that one in five people in New Zealand will at some stage in their life be injured or killed in a road accident. These songs were usually accompanied by some fairly strange dance routines - the kind of thing seen on a Donny and Marie Osmond T.V. show.

In conclusion the Roadshow got across its message of danger on the roads quite well. The message was portrayed through an interesting combination of film, stage and song and dance, included in which was the odd piece of humour which sometimes came off and sometimes didn't.

However the show failed in one respect and that was to get across its message to the guys at whom it is mainly aimed. They treated the show as a bit of a joke, a good waste of a morning with no school. After making fun of everything said at the show they took none or very little of it in and left the matter at that, taking no notice of what was said.

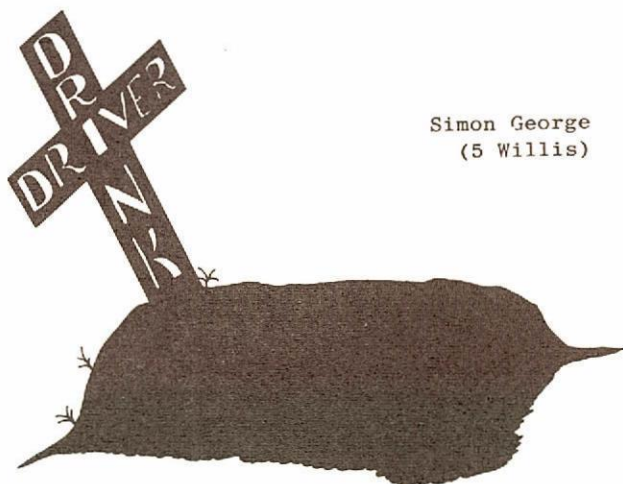
I think that the show was worth seeing as it was a new attempt at getting a now familiar message across to us. With a couple of alterations and attention from all the audience it could have been as great a success with the school pupils as it was with the press critics.

ROADSHOW COMMENTS - 5TH FORM

- good acting could not save the somewhat 'corney' script.
- If this show can save 10 lives in New Zealand this year, then the time and money spent on the show will be well worth it.
- a useful and unique way of getting off school.
- puts its message across with some surprising facts.
- a worthwhile eye-opening exercise.
- drumming the facts into your head by almost preaching about the hazards of driving.
- the accidents at the beginning and end of the show had the audience spellbound.
- the odds of 1 in 5 seemed a bit high as it means 600,000 people would be killed or maimed on New Zealand roads. But if the figure was based on a lifetime (70 years) the odds would be 1 in 350 for each year, which would finally total up to odds of 1 in 5.
- if used the combination of humour, drama and music to make an interesting educating and enjoyable show.
- What they said about the characters of people who cause road accidents seemed to fit most fifth formers' personalities and I thought of how I do some of those things, as I'm sure most did.
- I found it hard to believe that if you ride a motorcycle there is more chance of being killed or injured than there was for a soldier in

the 2nd World War.

- It was a good idea to have 2 characters on stage who criticized the show because then the main characters could counter their arguments and prove them wrong and silence critics in the audience.
- merely a rehash of what we have been told at school, heard on the radio and seen on television..... but the facts of the matter were horrifying.
- the characters seemed to portray the stereotyped young New Zealander...
- unfortunately, judging by the reaction of some of the audience, the mood set seemed to be one of joviality rather than seriousness.
- pretty stupid in the way it was put out to scare the young people into safe driving. But instead it probably scared people into not driving at all.
- I thought the roadshow was well done although it did not really catch my eye or make me think about road safety, it would not change my way of driving.
- the message was good, but the presentation was poor. Combining the film and acting was a good thought, but the dancing let it down.



Simon George
(5 Willis)

ROADSHOW COMMENTS - 4TH FORM

- Smashed cars and splattered brains
High-pitched screams of human pains.
Drinking, smoking, rock and roll,
Boost the seemingly high road toll.
- Everybody paid attention.
- I got a shock when there was that loud scream.
- It made me think if that happens to me how much I would hate myself if I survived.
- I think it could have been more gory.
- It's quite shocking to think that about 6 people sitting in this class today will be injured or killed in a road accident. Six people - I just can't really get over that. I mean, the people could be Turnbull, Tony, Pommie, Guppie, Shed or even me!
- I'm not going to be the big man who goes fast in the car.
- It made me think of someone I knew who had his head embedded in a lamppost - he was riding a motorbike.

ROADSHOW COMMENTS - 3RD FORM:

- When I see a crash it will remind me of the roadshow.
- For some people I know it wouldn't have done anything.
- Scared me into believing it.
- I didn't realise that the odds of having an accident were so great.
- I think it will have an effect on people for a while and then they will forget.
- It seemed to bring accidents to life, so you really think how bad it would be, instead of hearing it on the T.V. or radio and not really thinking about it.
- When I was next in a car, I made sure I put my seatbelt on.
- I didn't realise so many people were killed.
- It does get the message across that you don't have to prove your manliness behind a wheel.
- All people sitting for their driver's licence should see the show.

Fiji Thinking Contest

Jonathon Baker, Gregory Harrison and
Anthony Roberts



This year the Westlake Schools, along with Carmel College, entered the Fiji Thinking Abilities Tournament. The purposes of the Tournament include the development of the abilities of high achievers, and to "build bridges of friendship across the Pacific."

For the Westlake Boys team, a first criterion had to be the ability to pay the plane fare! Next, a rather stringent knockout quiz was held, testing general knowledge. At the end of this we had our team of three: Anthony Roberts, Gregory Harrison, and the team Captain, Jonathan Baker.

The team entered the talent quest, which was compulsory, chess and science. They then chose specialist areas including abstract reasoning, mental abilities, verbal abilities, maths, history, geography, technology and current events. Much of their 'training' was on their own, going over last year's questions, and meeting at weekends to play 'Mastermind', which we had also entered. During the week we met at lunchtimes for quiz sessions.

As a team, we won the talent quest. The boys put on a 'soft-shoe-shuffle' type of act which, apparently, brought the house down.

Gregory was second in individual points in the talent quest. Jonathan won the spelling bee, and scored the third highest individual points in the talent quest. Anthony came second in Mechanical Reasoning and Scientific Knowledge, third in the talent quest, and fifth in chess. The tournament was won by Suva Grammar School.

We appreciated the help given by the Milford Rotary in organising the trip, and thank Mr. Rob Insull in particular. We thank Mr. Moss for allowing the boys leave from school, and the school for paying the entry fee.

Apart from the academic sharpening provided by the tournament, the boys gained much socially. The late Shona Gardiner of Westlake Girls was the teacher-in-charge of the trip. In a letter after the tournament she said the boys were "...a credit to the school..... you can be proud of them".

4th form Camp



"They took some honey and plenty of money wrapped up in a £5 note"



".... sailed away in a pea-green boat"



Take the long way home



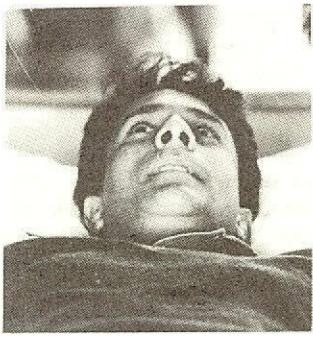
'No that's the paddle, the other bit is the canoe'



"If you don't eat your meat, you can't have any pudding".



Route march on the 4th form camp



Blood Bank

'Hmmm! It's not as red as we'd like it, but it'll do'

Everybody has his own reason for wanting to give blood - there most certainly could not be a more willing group of donors.

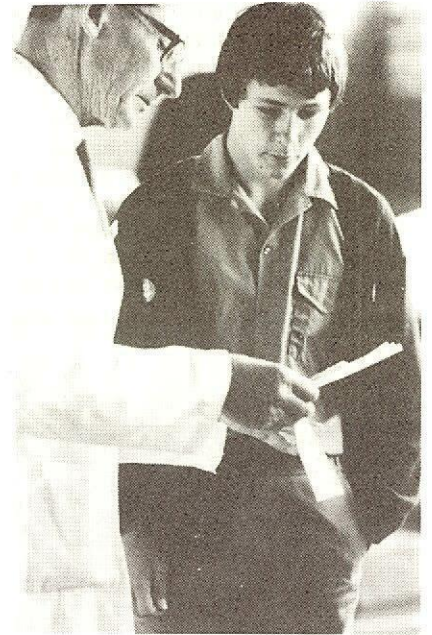
Some may be wishing to get periods off school, some to meet girls who also partake in the "blood-letting" at the Boys school, some boys may give blood because their mates are doing it and they don't want to be left out, a few may do it to reap the benefits of dozens of packets of chocolate biscuits and buckets full of tea and some young dare devils may be doing it just to beat the system and say that they are over 16 when they really aren't.

Whatever the reason, the blood given is very beneficial for those involved in some sort of accident and the N.Z. Blood Bank is very appreciative of the blood donated.



"Is yours
still
dripping?"

For those boys who are unsure about the giving of their blood, there are always plenty of "friends around to put them off by telling them stories about the "massive" needle plunged deep into your thumb to find out if your blood is the correct shade of red. They will also inform you of the rough-looking nurse who grabs you and wraps a hydraulic pressure pump around your meagre bicep and pumps it until your arm feels like a salami. You will be told about the barbaric use of the "lance" which a threatening - looking nurse plunges sadistically into your soft vulnerable flesh while saying "it won't hurt a bit".



After the initial impact of the "lance" and after the shock and uncontrollable shaking subsides; when you see your precious blood filling up the seemingly enormous bag, the giving of blood gets quite enjoyable and you think about how you can boast about the way in which you survived death at the hands of a nurse who was "after your blood". You show all your friends who didn't give blood the small mark on your arm and tell of how long the needle actually was but how you did not even wince as the nurse "dug it in". You also indulge in the tea and biscuits and of course you don't forget the iron tablets which nobody takes internally, but are useful to use as projectiles in classroom battles.

Finally, just before you leave you try and see how many red and blue stockers you can pilfer before a deep voice from behind you tells you to stop. Thinking that it is a Doctor, Teacher or even the Headmaster you stop and turn slowly with droplets of sweat forming on your brow, only to find that it is one of your "chums" playing a joke.

You eventually decide after walking around the hall a couple of times that it is about time that you return to class for the last 30 seconds, before you go to lunch.

J. Scoringe
(6 Walford)



Steven Dowd
(6 Biggs)

WBHS rocks N.Z. Steel



- ANOTHER "THINK BIG" PROJECT THREATENED.

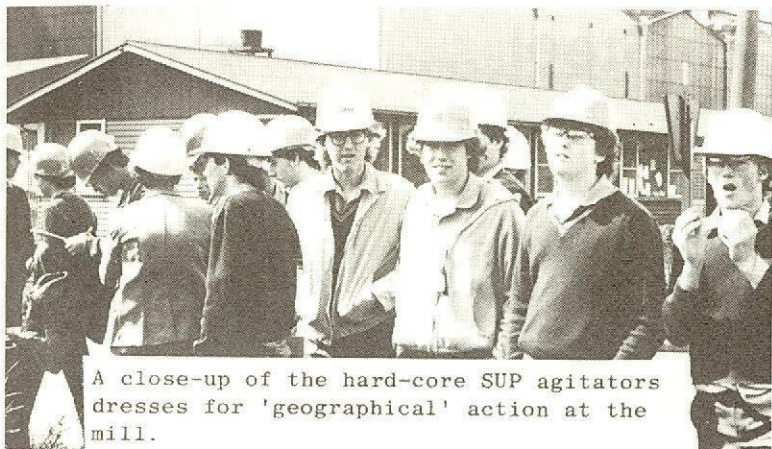
An exclusive N.Z. STRUTH investigative report on a recent Westlake Boys High School "study" visit to South Auckland heavy industry.

Intensive undercover investigations by our intrepid reporter-photographer, Simon Warr, have revealed the startling truth of a "6th form Geography field trip" to one of the nations key heavy industrial plants - N.Z. Steel Ltd's huge complex at Glenbrook near Waiuku, the country's only steel mill making steel products from indigenous raw materials.

Only now can we report how close the mill came to sabotage and industrial espionage and anarchy. On 22nd September, S.U.P. (sixth formers under pressure) agents cleverly disguised as Westlake pupils mounted a well-planned campaign to bring the mill to a standstill by causing the 1400 employees to go out on an indefinite strike. This would have coincided with the then current stoppages on the \$700 mill expansion project.

The expansion project will convert the mill into a fully integrated complex and not only increase its export earning potential but also save valuable overseas currency by eliminating the need to import costly rolled steel coil from Japan for the galvanising plant. The Government rightly has





A close-up of the hard-core SUP agitators dresses for 'geographical' action at the mill.

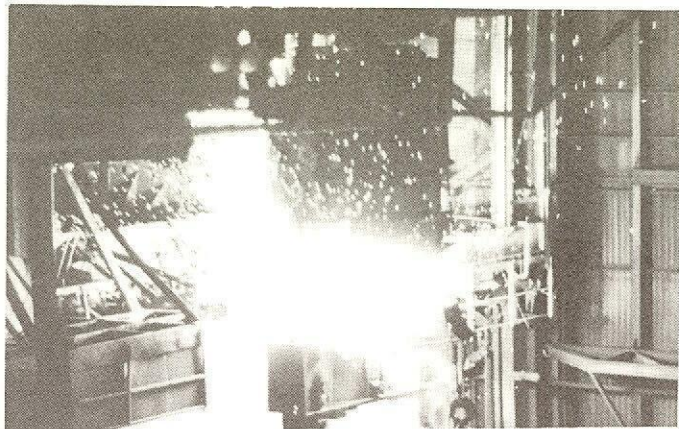
appreciated the national importance of the project and accredited it as one of the "Think Big" schemes, thereby assuring the necessary capital is available for its construction.

Informed sources say a bitter industrial dispute now would prompt the Government to enact its Public Safety Emergency Powers Act (last used in the 1951 Waterfront Strike) against secondary teachers and secondary school pupils, because of their malicious and irresponsible actions in threatening a vital national industry.

Several incidents occurred which prompt a full enquiry. The S.I.S. should urgently find answers to the following:

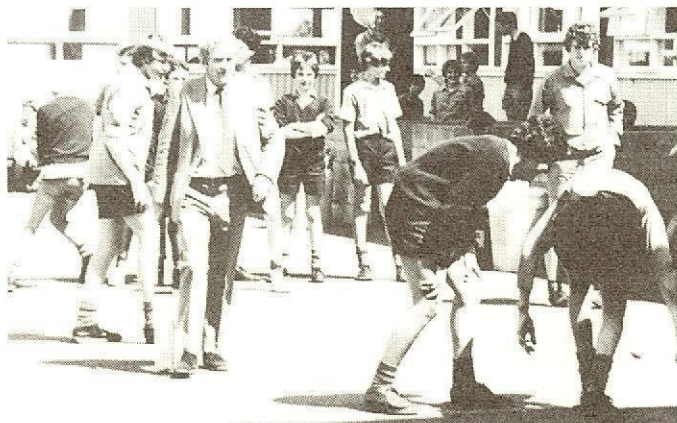
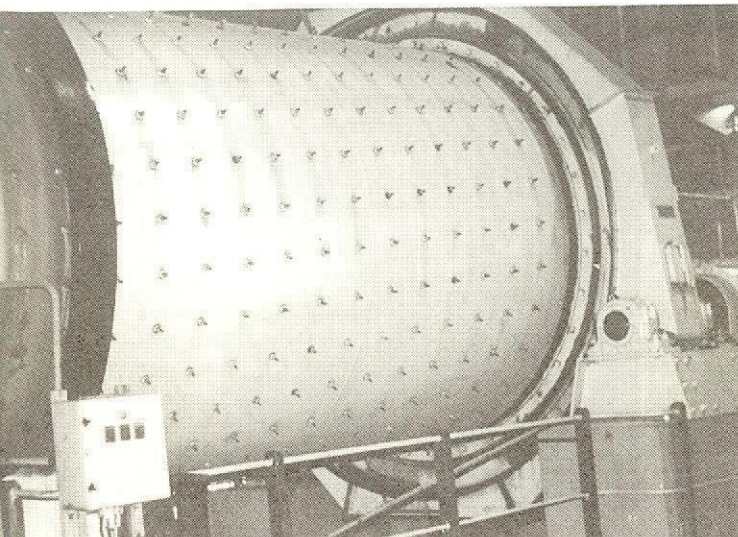
1. Why did the iron sands concentrate plant at the Waikato's North Head come to a standstill when the SUP's arrived?
2. Why was a well-known Asian sympathiser with the party allowed to flagrantly disregard the company's prohibition of photo-taking in the galvanising plant? More importantly, what has since happened to the classified information about the secret zinc bath? Reliable sources in 3rd world countries say similar equipment is even now being installed in India and Africa.
3. Why did notorious "stirrers" upset the mill workers by invading the staff cafeteria, creating a serious food shortage and attempting a take-over of the "chippies" table - all highly provocative acts in any industrial mind.

Temperers were so frayed that the hot air generated was blasted into the steel furnace. A major walk-out of mill staff was averted only by hasty conciliation talks with on-the-spot teacher mediators.



4. What finally happened to a certain chief party organiser - well-known for championing all manner of causes, even lame horses? When last seen he was still frantically distributing hard hats (for assault purposes) and safety glasses. We can only guess the intended plan - fortunately it was not successful.

It is a fact though that he missed the bus when the SUP group left the mill. His present whereabouts should be a matter of national concern.



"Stop enjoying yourselves!"

Brett Hollister

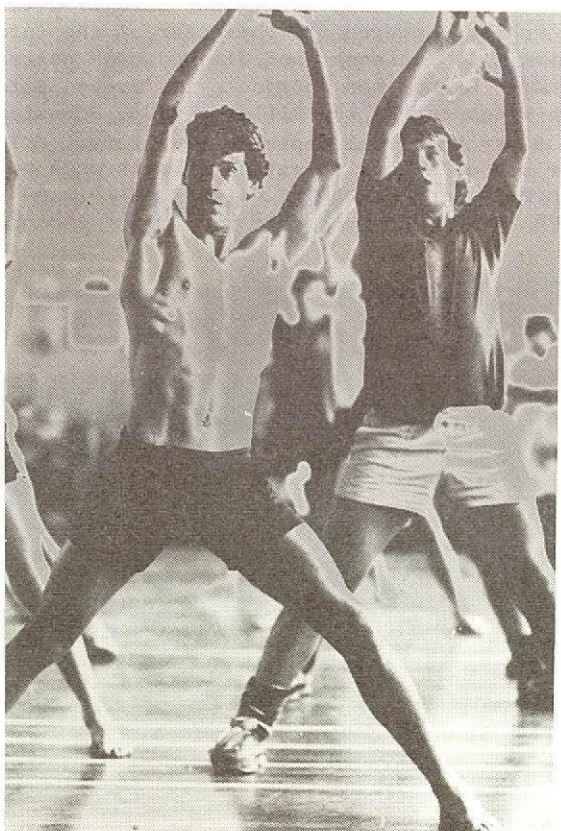
WORLD CHAMPION COX



The second term saw a new face in the school at Westlake - that of Brett Hollister. Brett came to Westlake from Hauraki Plains College after being selected to cox the New Zealand Four in the World Rowing Championships at Duisburg, West Germany.

He came to Westlake as it was convenient to Lake Pupuke, where he was training and because of the school's very good reputation in rowing, (we are current holders of the Maadi Cup.) He said the school accepted him for what he was and why he was here, and in this respect was lenient on him as he dedicated his time to rowing.

Brett started coxing three seasons ago at school-boy level but was soon coxing in clubs at premier level. He was first recognised as a potential coxswain by Richard Webster, coach of the New Zealand Colts, who helped Brett along and developed his skills. He was nominated for coxswain of the N.Z. elite four for which trials were held on Lake Karapiro. The trials contained the best coxes from major clubs throughout the country - Brett was selected.



Jazzergetics

He continued his studies at Westlake, while the crew did a fourteen-week endurance training course. He says that being a coxswain you must feel the boat, control movement and steering, think quickly when problems arise and relay the rating and position to the crew as the pre-race plan is followed.

As a 17 year-old, Brett had to get along well with a much older crew.

"They look after me and we have a lot of fun. Winning their respect is important also."

Coming from a school in a rural setting, he found Westlake hard to adjust to at first. He said it was much bigger, with no girls. The teachers were good to him and he enjoyed his stay here, meeting a lot of new friends. Brett said people were friendly and helpful and he wishes to convey his thanks and appreciation to the Hurley family for the kind hospitality they showed, letting him live at their house during his stay.

Brett has a brother and a sister. Sport is of the greatest importance to him and he has succeeded in many areas. He enjoys tennis, rugby and rowing. He hopes to move to Waikato next year to cox the premier eights and his major aim is to get to the Olympics in Los Angeles next year. His immediate aim when he left Westlake was to win a Gold Medal at the World Champs in West Germany....And that's just what they did, beating four time winners East Germany. Congratulations and Good Luck for the Olympics, Brett!

GARY LESLIE



DRAMA

It is a delight to see drama being used more and more by teachers who see it as an extension of their work in the classroom. They see it as an extension into situations which have, hitherto, only been discussed and which are investigated in the finest possible way; through the eyes and the minds of other human beings. Such an exercise has a liberating effect upon the individual pupil; it leads ultimately to an awareness of what it feels like to be another human being faced with a dilemma.

The advent of our drama studio has enabled us to work in a more realistic way, for example we have light for staging and movement, there are blackout curtains and carpets. The pupils are very keen thanks to some enthusiastic teachers. Lessons take place every day, linked to work done in the classroom. So much for the educational side of drama.

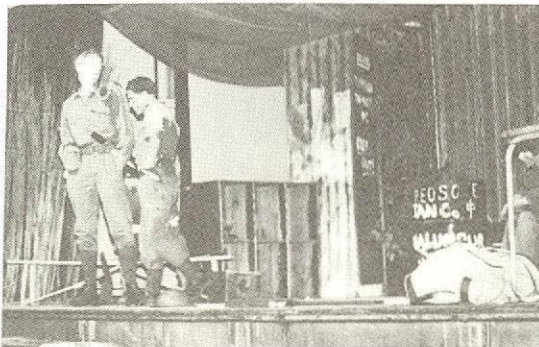


4 Winslade drama class

Theatre

This year we have actually presented a play every term. In term one the school presented "Antigone" a classical tragedy by Sophocles. The newly formed, Classical Studies Department, took on a major part in this production and the result was a very sophisticated presentation of Greek Tragedy with elements of solo speech, stylised movement, mime and special effects - a good opportunity for pupils to learn all these techniques of acting.

Antigone and her sister, Ismeve, were played by Beth Jinks and Joanne Clapham: both players presented their characters with exceptional



"Having accepted the rank of Lance Corporal I... accept the responsibility that goes with it"

sensitivity. Martin Dixon captured the mood of the tormented King, Creon, and his equally tempestuous son Haemon was successfully portrayed by Guy Ross. Queen Ecerydice was played stylishly by Kim Robson while the patriarchal elder, a difficult role to fulfil, was accurately portrayed by Grant Kronfeld. Dawn Houston, took on the role of The Messenger. Her fine portrayal was interrupted by illness. With only half an hours notice Deborah Diven coolly stepped in and saved the second act. Thanks!!

The soldier always a difficult role to play, was skilfully handled by Richard Crouch. The blind prophet was dynamically presented by Evan Woodruffe. The chorus presented their movement and speech sequences with accuracy and imagination.

The audience enjoyed the opening scene of battle between the Thebon Warriors. Here we saw the experimental mode of drama; a fascinating combination of black and gold colours, stylised movement interplayed with lighting sound and special effects. The two warrior princes were played by, Gary Vile and Stephen Benjamin. The warriors were Richard Kavanagh, Matthew Fenton, Carl Cassidy, Wayne Hellesoe, Stephen Hudson, Andrew Greensmith, Chris Mitchell, Jason Stubbs and Paul Smith.

In term two we presented "The Long and The Short and The Tall", a powerful war drama. The style here was one of sustained use of dialogue combined with movement.

The light surface humour of this play covers the deeper tensions of men from different backgrounds thrown together for the purposes of killing. The play demands enormous concentration from the players and with such talent we look forward to something very special for next year.

Private Bowfort was played by Alan Woodley: his depth of characterisation and skilful staging reflected his enormous potential. Another dynamic presentation came from Nick Ross as Sgt. Mitchem. Steve Pulley captured the character of the intense brooding Cpl. MacLeosh and Jim Hudson's portrayal of Taffy Evans was perfect in every detail. Martin Tregoning as the killer - Cp. Johnstone - added a psychological depth to the story. Three junior school actors to watch for with much potential are, Jason Stubbs as Private Smith, Anthony Woolans as Private Whittaker and Philip Vautier as



Cast of "The Long and The Short and The Tall"



"I.... I can't do it Sarge I can't kill him." the Japanese Prisoner, Peter Quinlan, the standin looked good in a variety of roles and our special thanks to actor/prompt John O'Reilly.

The lighting team of Andrew Caisley, William Hayman, John Bell and Kenny Brown are to be commended on their artistic deployment of lighting.

Even as I write this we are working towards a junior drama night where the parents will be invited to see some aspects of their work.



"Coming it on, Bamforth ... always coming it on."

Looking across the year's work in retrospect it has really been a very productive year in drama. I am delighted at the enthusiasm of many colleagues towards this subject.

Finally the cast of "The Long and The Short and The Tall" will always remember the efforts of our late colleague and friend, Lex Lewis, who built the set. There is an abiding sense of joy that he was himself so delighted with his own creation, something he had never attempted before and really a testimony to his vast talent.

Debating

1983 was yet another strong year actively enjoying an upsurge in popularity. This year's team was ten strong and fully prepared to continue the successful Westlake debating legacy.

We entered three main competitions - the North Shore Rotary sponsored competition in which we finished first (again!) the Auckland Debating Association Competition, and the Jaycee Nationals.

The redoubtable Westlake teams continually impaled all opposition on its sharp wits and glib tongues, but alas fell to the fatal femininity of Diocesan School for Girls in the National Quarter Final, a team which went on to continue its success story at the national level.

The team this year was ably assisted by Mrs. Meredith Caisley who coached them as in previous

years. Mr. Ready acted as school liaison and events organiser.

Aside from success in competitions, the team basked in a bevy of copious social debates against such schools as Westlake Girls, Long Bay College, Tauranga Boys College and a heated debate against Paremoremo.

Westlake finally drowned the vendetta against Rangitoto by convincingly defeating both of their teams in rapid succession.

THE TEAM THAT DID ALL THIS AND MORE WAS:

Andrew Caisley, Thomas Bloomfield, Brian Taylor, Brett Gustafson, Nick Ross, Mark Caisley, Mark Caldwell, Andrew Nicol, Marcus Bosch and David Hughes.



Photography

This year, the exchange teacher Mr. Rollett took over from Mr Hayden as head of the Photography Club. Photography has become popular as a Wednesday activity this year, with a good representation of 3rd to 6th formers.

One of the highlights of the year was a visit to the Viko Processing Laboratories, where all types of colour processing could be observed. Another highlight was during the Westlake Boys High School Vs Kings College rugby match, when Miss Bosher volunteered to model for the aspiring photographers; while others covered the bloodshed on the field.

The entire group would like to thank Mr. Rollett for co-ordinating operations, and for teaching us many aspects of photography. It should also be acknowledged that two seniors, David Appleby and Michael Hayman, produced many of the photographs for this magazine in their own time. Also to be mentioned are Mark Craies and Simon Warr for their contributions.



Club Members:

David Appleby, Cameron Barker, Timothy Booth, David Boyes, Darryl Charles, Mark Craies, Glenn Haslem, Michael Hayman, Michael Hooten, David Hughes, Errol Hurley, Richard Morgan, Craig Nicol, Murray Simon, David Snell, Dean Stuart, Carl Taylor, John Veale, Simon Warr

Living In The Nuclear Age. Scenarios for the World

by Robert Hunt and Murray Holdsworth
of 5 Willis, and
Troy Morrison, Stephen Perkins and
John Atkins of 5 Bunting.

1.

If World War III is to come and nuclear oblivion is to descend upon us, how is it likely to build up?

REFERENCE NOTE:

E.M.P. - Electro magnetic pulse.

When a nuclear weapon is exploded a huge amount of radiation is released, in the form of light, heat, radio waves and radioactive rays (gamma, beta, alpha). All the latter have dramatic effects on the environment, but one creates a much wider spread problem - the radio waves. These waves are in the form of an E.M.P. If a hydrogen bomb is exploded at the right altitude, a whole continent can be subjected to this E.M.P. These electromagnetic pulses don't hurt humans, but can destroy most electrical and electronic systems. This means that a country has the capability to wipe out another's communications, industrial and military systems electrical equipment, allowing a 'first strike' with little or no retaliation. So severe is this problem that most military systems have been 'hardened' to resist E.M.P., but with 50,000 v per metre being propagated this isn't easy, and most scientists aren't sure what a fully powered E.M.P. could do. The results could be worse than predicted.

This problem has given strategists something to consider.

22 November 1983 ...

American nuclear weapons sited in Aleutian Islands Ronald Regan, in his third year of office, today decided to go ahead with his Northern Pacific defense policy.

25 November 1983 ...

The Russian news agency (Tass) discloses that American missiles are sited only 1000 kilometres from the coast and asserts that this poses a threat to every Russian citizen. This was confirmed by a Russian spy plane two days ago.

26 November 1983 ...

The Russian Leaders strongly point out that the advancing of weapons in this way violates the present arms reduction talks. They threaten to boycott the talks and immediately strengthen their own armaments, unless the Americans withdraw.

27 November 1983 ...

Americans deny the Soviet allegations and say they are merely maintaining the balance of weaponry.

29 November 1983, 11.30 a.m. (G.M.T.) ...

S.A.L.T. talks dissolve - Russia boycotts nuclear arms reduction talks. It has also stepped up its military operations along its borders.

5 hours later ...

The Russian government delivers the American President with an ultimatum to withdraw their missiles from the Aleutian Islands.

31 November 1983, 2 p.m. (G.M.T.) ...

"In an official announcement today, the President of the United States rejected the ultimatum and stated that he had no intention of withdrawing the missiles."

2 hours later ...

Russian MV5 rocket launched from Baikonur; payload unknown. Detected by America 1 hour later as it began its polar orbit which crosses America every 24 minutes.

1 December 1983, 10.20 p.m. (G.M.T.) ...

The U.S. President emerges from an armed forces meeting today where it has been surmised that the Russian rocket previously launched is carrying an E.M.P. payload.

President orders phase one of defense alert and scrambles B 52's with full payloads. American missile launched from Vandenburg Air Force Base at E.M.P. satellite.

5 minutes later ...

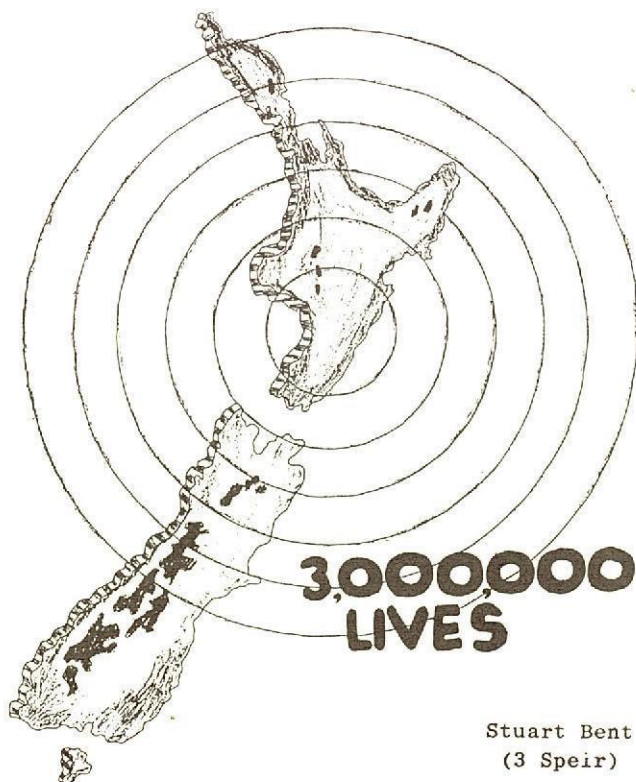
Russian forces go to Red Flat I. United States President telephones Soviet Premier demanding disarmament of E.M.P. satellite. The Russian leader refuses to act until B.52's return to their bases.

20 minutes later ...

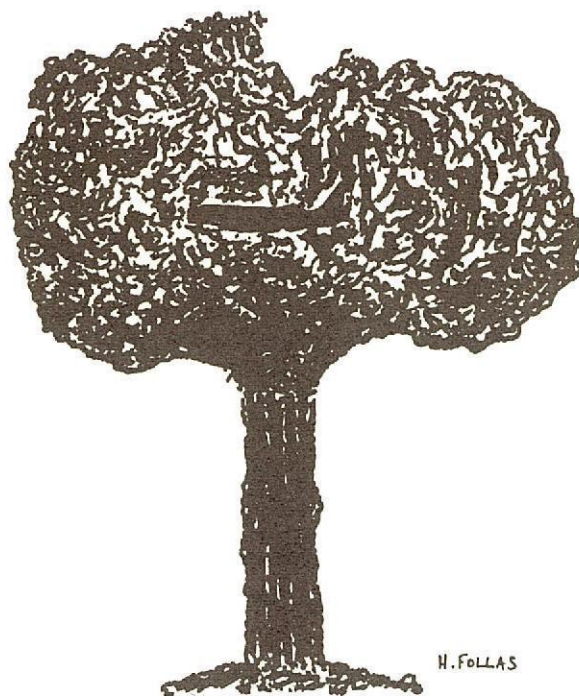
Russian E.M.P. satellite detonated above America. Most silo's disenabled by electronic damage. Remaining sections of U.S. Triad system released payload and Russia follows suit.

Happy landings!

30 MINUTES



Stuart Bent
(3 Speir)



2.

If nuclear oblivion is to be avoided how can the world's leaders be brought to negotiate peace?

4 November 1984 ...

The American Government announces new installations in West Germany to contain the new Type 5. Pershing missiles.

11 November 1984 ...

There are peace movement rallies in which protestors against the installations linked hands around the White House and sung anti-nuclear rally songs.

13 November 1984 ...

Russian Diplomats announce that unless the installations are removed they will take them as a threat and move their defenses accordingly.

14 November 1984 ...

American Government refuses to backdown in reply to the Russian threat.

21 November 1984 ...

Russians begin to carry out their ultimatum and move their MV.5 missiles and artillery forces onto the East German Front.

2 December 1984 ...

President Fairman and the Premier Kalishnov attend talks in Geneva which have been organised to reach a solution.

9 December 1984 ...

After two weeks of talks and a disagreement between the two leaders, the talks collapse with no answer to the confrontation in sight.

12 December 1984 ...

Newspaper Headlines in the U.S.A. "Tension on the

East-German front and the risk of conflict is very high".

13 December 1984 ...

The Swiss government announce 'the Particle-Grid-Dissociator', their invention which would convert all the uranium 235 in the nuclear missiles' warheads, by the use of particle accelerators, to U.236 which is harmless and thus disarm them. This would waste millions of dollars worth of missiles. The Swiss government states it will use this weapon on Russian and American missiles, unless they all remove their arms to 500 kilometres from the border within one week.

1 week later ...

The Russians and Americans have agreed, and thus all American and Russian arms have been finally removed from East and West German soil, so resolving the conflict and the risk of war -

Temporarily!



Steven Hammond
(6 Biggs)

MILITARY WEAPONS

The number of nuclear armed missiles in the world now is approximately 51,000, plus the American MX missiles each cost \$18,000,000 and are equal to 270 Hiroshima bombs. The Russians SS20's each have an estimated cost of \$12,000,000.

The Americans are now developing sophisticated anti-ballistic missile (ABM) systems as a shield against Soviet attack. This gives the United States the capability of attacking the Soviet Union without fear of a devastating nuclear retaliation. The plan will require hundreds of millions of dollars on top of the existing \$2.5 billion military research budget. It is expected to have been executed by the year 2000. What is not often openly admitted is that the U.S. is many years ahead of Russia in the key technology necessary for the building of an anti-ballistic missile system.

The planned ABM system would be three-tiered. The initial defence would be a laser capable of attacking Soviet missiles within a few minutes of launch. The second defence a long-range interception capable of colliding with warheads just outside earth's atmosphere. The third tier would be a short-range interceptor which could knock out any missiles which leaked through.

With much unemployment and starvation in the world it's a wonder so much money is still being spent on the defense of America. If they are so far ahead of Russia why can't they ease up on the amount spent on defence each year? If America does get too far ahead of Russia it may force the Soviets to attack America in a bid to try and halt the American lead in nuclear defence.

David Nicholas
(4 Driver)

War

POEM ON WAR

Rifle slung over back
Marching through forest and bog
Boots worn out, clothes thin and ragged
Packs getting heavy on their weak bodies.

Up ahead they heard gunfire
They crouched, rifles at the ready
Slowly crawling in the cover of the trenches
Death was in the air.

The noise was deafening
The night ripped apart on all sides
Blinding flashes, then an explosion
They were getting closer.

Marching for miles then this
A plane roars overhead
The forest explodes in a blinding flash
A whole regiment just wiped out.

Blair Telfer
(3 Taylor)

IT WAS JUST A WAR

It was just a war,
The Bombs were falling and
Death walked, skulking yet supreme,
Among the empty shells of buildings
And rubble-strewn streets that
Somebody once called home.

It was just a war,
Chaotic desolation, the land pockmarked
With glass-walled craters, where
Bombs had fallen, exploded, in
A Nuclear holocaust, and destroyed
The place I called home.

It was just a war, but
Many years have passed and
The war has long been over.
So, I am left alone, lonely,
No-one remains
In a city called home once.

Now I am old, my memory fades,
But still I remember the day
The day the bombs came, leaving
A shattered skeleton of a city.
The stark, desolate, poisoned ruin
Which is still my home.

David Newton
(5 Overend)



Ian Nicol
(5 Lewis)

WAR

Taut and tense I waited. My senses alert to every movement, every sound. I could see the enemy now. Slowly advancing menacingly towards me. An awe-inspiring silence existed as I waited, anticipating the inevitable confrontation. Only the daunting beat of unavoidable fear sounded in my head, slow and rhythmical at first but quickening to an invigorating tempo as the enemy closed in.

Then without warning, the deadly battle commenced. No second chance and no forgiveness. Two opposing sides pitting their wits, skill and courage against each other in the game of death. I controlled my army from above, like a pulsing heart in an intricate blood system, implementing my strategies and tactics.

The land assault was on and shells rained down from the vast amada. Our fortifications were taking a massive beating and we had already lost one third of our artillery. Still the invasion forces marched on mercilessly, scarred obviously but with overwhelming odds on their side.

The adrenalin began to pump inside me and the rhythmical beat in my head was now racing.

The enemy were nearly upon us now, and their continual barrage of explosives was taking its toll. Only one third of our army remained, and we were hopelessly outnumbered.

With victory in their grasp, the enemy charged through, breaching our fortifications, our last line of defence standing no chance. The battle was lost.

I gave a groan of disapproval and dropped another twenty cent in the slot. The battle began all over again.

Philip Morecombe
(5 Bunting)

THE DUEL

*The sun rising against dark Oak trees,
Silhouetted the two tall figures in the clearing,
One swung his mace,
The other brandished his blade.
As they stepped towards each other
Death could be seen like fire, in their eyes,
They fought and they fought
Until one had been slaught
Under the cool evening's sky.*

Andrew Greensmith
(3 Taylor)



Simon Ericson
(6 Kellett)

WAR

The firing of bullets was overhead as I lay wounded in the man-made trenches in Germany. The Germans were all around me and closing in fast. The bad thing was that I couldn't prevent them from coming. My right leg had been severed after a bomb blast. I was one of the lucky ones. Everybody else, except Private Stevens, was dead and from the looks of things Stevens wasn't going to last long. It was amazing that he could still be alive. The bomb landed only a few feet from him.

Suddenly the firing stopped. I couldn't believe it. After five weeks the firing had stopped. I looked up over the top of the trench. Nothing. Something was wrong; it was too quiet. I panicked and lost my footing on the trench. I fell all the way to the bottom. My head landed on a piece of shrapnel jutting out from the dried up mud of the trench. I was out cold for what seemed days. When I awoke the firing still couldn't be heard. Far off I heard the sound of footsteps. It must be the Germans seeking any survivors of the bomb blast. I reached for my pistol and waited nervously for the outcome. Suddenly, to my amazement, it was men from my own platoon. As a hand reached out to pull me up the trench, the man said "I don't suppose you've heard the news mate, the war's over. We've won!"

Ian McMurray
(3 Taylor)

SURVIVAL

First he was surprised and then terrified and shocked to see that the whole of the Spitfire behind the cockpit was missing - fuselage, tail fin; all gone.

Thoughts crowded in. How stupid to be nice and warm in the closed cockpit and have to start getting out!

Get out! Get out!

He tore his helmet and mask off and yanked the little rubber ball over his head - the hood ripped away and screaming noise battered at him. He gripped the cockpit rim to lever himself up. He struggled madly and suddenly felt he was being sucked out and the tearing wind caught him. Something had him by the leg holding him. Then the nightmare took his exposed body and beat him and screamed and roared in his ears.

It said he had a hand gripping the D-ring of the parachute and mustn't take it off, must grip it because the wind wouldn't let him get it back again, and he mustn't pull it or the wind would split his parachute because they must be doing five hundred miles an hour.

On and on . . . till the steel and leather snapped.

He was floating in peace. The noise and buffeting had stopped.

Floating upwards!

Logan Tabuteau
(3 Speir)

*The sight of blood mixing with water
The groans and cries of the dying
Oh! what an innocent slaughter
The sound of the small children crying.*

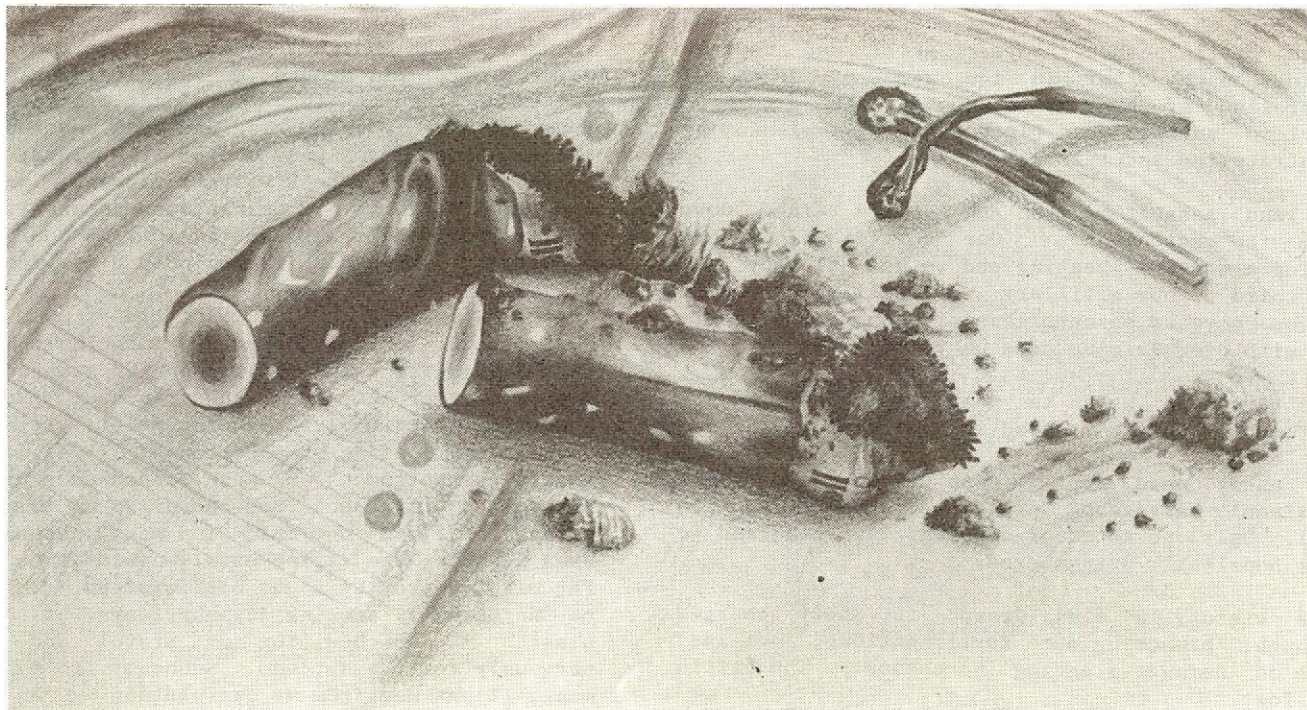
*The screaming of pain
From the hurt and writhing
The bloody stain
From the victims, striving
What's there to gain
By drinking and driving?*

Simon Archer
(3 Norton)

WAR

The ghastly sight of these dead bodies,
dead puppets in a shadow play

Keith Pinney
(5 Willis)



Steven Dowd
(6 Hayden)

Short Stories

Perfect Murder

(A GHOST STORY)

Having committed the murder, Brewer felt an immediate sense of relief. He had killed Harker cleanly and with a minimum of fuss. A cleaver had neatly severed Harker's head, and the decapitated body had been packed tightly into a tea chest. Even though he now felt relieved of a great burden Brewer could not bring himself to forget Harker's expression. Surprise, terrified astonishment, pain, these were present on the dead face still sitting on the floor yet there was something else too - the light of revenge. Then later that night Brewer had sunk the tea chest in a river. The head he had parcelled up and dropped in a sewer. That way, he hoped, the body would not be identified.

Travelling to the South of France, changing trains as many times as possible, Brewer at last found himself in a quiet railway station, shaded from the intolerable heat of the midday sun, reading of the murder in an English newspaper.

The article was short. After all, there are many murders. If anything, the death of Harker was a nondescript event and was rewarded with about an inch and a half of newsprint. "Mysterious Attacker", it said, "Murdered Antique Dealer, thirty-eight year old Norman Harker." The victim had been decapitated, and the head was still missing. The motive for the crime had not so far been discovered.

Nor would the motive ever be discovered, Brewer thought to himself. Because there was no motive. He had simply murdered a man; there was no reason behind it except for wanting to discover exactly what it was like to kill a man. And now he knew what it was like. Only the unmotivated murder could be the perfect one.

Brewer was a man of about thirty, slight in build and inclined to squint in bright light. All his life he had felt himself to be the victim of some comic joke, as if all the elements in nature were pitted against him. Now, having killed a man, he felt that in a small way he had got his own back.

He sat back in the train and fell asleep. When he woke some hours later, the train was pulling into Nice. Brewer took his suitcase to a quiet hotel far away from the crowded beaches and for the next couple of days kept very much to himself. He could not remember when he had felt so free, so suddenly happy.

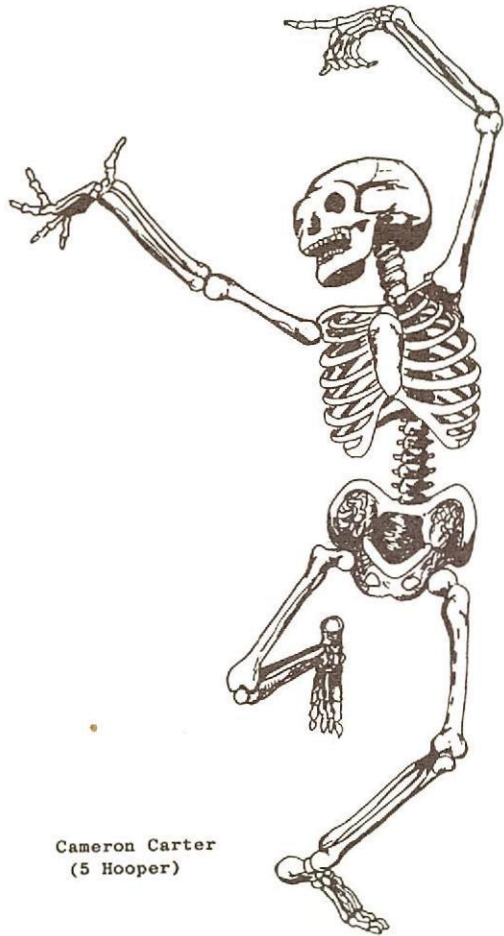
It was at the end of the first week that the letter arrived. It greatly surprised him to see his name on the envelope. For a time he did not open the envelope, stricken by a strange fear that whatever the envelope contained, it could not be good. The address on the envelope was written in a curious, artistic hand and the letters were gracefully looped. Whoever had written it was obviously a person of some education and artistic inclination.

However, eventually he decided to open it. How else could he prevent the odd thoughts that were running through his mind? He ripped the envelope

open. A single sheet of thin paper fell on to the palm of his hand. He unfolded it and read:

I am coming to see you. (Signed) H.

He crumpled the piece of paper and put it in his pocket. He thought hard. He knew of only one person whose name began with the initial H - Harker. But Harker, being dead, couldn't possibly have written the note. Harker was in a tea chest at the bottom of a river. It must have come from someone who knew about the crime, someone who had seen him near the river and who wanted to frighten him into confessing. That same morning, he packed his case, departed by the back door without paying the bill, and caught a bus that took him over the border into Spain.



Cameron Carter
(5 Hooper)

That night, in a small village hotel he did not sleep well. He continued to wonder about the letter. Someone had sent it, yes. But who? Who? By the end of the week he had almost managed to forget the letter, thinking himself safe in that forsaken part of the coastline, when the second letter arrived.

This, he thought, was impossible. He had left no forwarding address. No-one knew where he was. Then, logically, it meant that he was being followed. He took the letter to his room and opened it. It said:

There are snags. Will forward later. H.

Brewer read the letter again. What did it mean? What snags were there? And what did he mean by saying "will forward later"? Did he mean to send a present?

He folded the letter carefully. The questions, gathering in his mind like clouds, baffled him. That very night he packed his case, paid his bill and caught a train to Madrid. He found a quiet hotel for himself just outside the Spanish capital. The service was poor but at least he felt safe. That is for the next five days. On the sixth day his telephone rang. It was the receptionist downstairs speaking.

"Senor, we have a large package for you". A large package? Brewer felt faint. The package was large and square, about three feet high, wrapped in plain brown paper and tied with rope. It was very heavy, and the hotel doorman helped him heave it up to his room. It was more than he could bear to open it. He dragged it into a corner and tried to ignore it. Whatever it contained, he did not want to open it. He noticed the label was written in the same hand as the letters. He felt a chill running up his spine. Sweating, he drank a glass of whisky and went to bed.

Some hours later he was awakened by the unmistakable noise of rustling paper. He sat up, panic blocking his throat, his heart pounding furiously against his chest. He switched on the bedside lamp and stared at the package, stripped of its brown paper. It was a tea chest with brown stains running down one side.

In horror, Brewer couldn't keep his eyes off it. Who had come into his room and opened his package? He rose from his bed and went slowly over. About a yard from the tea chest he stopped. Out of it came a foul river smell that seemed to choke him. He reached forward, when all at once the lid, as if of its own accord, creaked open.

Brewer stepped back in terror.

He saw the fingers come out of the box, followed by the rest of the hands and arms. It was Harker, or at least, it was most of Harker. A body without a head. A knife glinted in its fleshless hand

The decapitated body of Brewer was found in the tea chest by a hotel waiter the next day. The head was missing. The police could make nothing of it. The tea chest was taken away for forensic examination, and Brewer's body for a post-mortem in Madrid. The Spanish authorities contacted Scotland Yard, but the English police could offer little help, beyond mentioning a similar case in England some weeks before.

No motive could be discovered for either crime.

Philip Morecombe
(5 Bunting)

FINAL DROUGHT

Another grey day dawned, dry and windy. The grey clouds taunted and teased but would not release their precious cargo on to the baked ground below. Steven Kahns looked expressionlessly at the sky, long past caring about his steadily dwindling milk output, long past hoping for the heavenly deluge which could bring relief. Not even the sun shined grey clouds dominated his life, physically and mentally. The cows looked contented enough nosing out whatever small blades of grass there were, but what could they know poor beasts. He walked back to the house to start his day, a ritual carved out by the rigours of hopelessness. The sheepdog, a useless relic of the days when sheep were on the land, trailed round Steven's feet happily. Steven sighed and looked down wishing for the blissful ignorance of his dog.

Steven drove his tractor down to the hay-shed all too aware of his critically low hay supply, and shoved the least possible amount into the trailer. The cows almost galloped towards the trailer and he threw the food over the side driving off as quickly as possible so as not to see the skinny animals attack the food.

That evening as he washed up he heard the phone go and trundled slowly inside knowing who this inevitable call would be from.

"Evening, stockyards here. We've had word the works are ready for your stock at \$10 a head."

Steven drew a sharp breath. "\$10!"

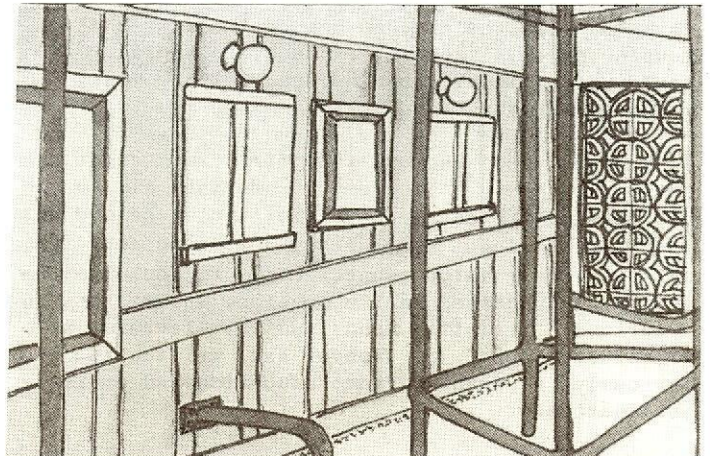
"Take it or leave it, that's the message. Sorry, Mr. Kahns, but that's what they said."

Steven ran his hand over his mouth. "Yeah, well I s'pose I haven't got much choice. Tomorrow morning then."

"That's right. I'm really sorry Mr. Kahns."

The words trailed off into the dial tone and Steven walked away.

The next morning dawned, typically grey. The works were true as their words and the driver arrived, his cheer like a torch against Steven's bitter darkness. The cows trooped up the loading ramp for their ultimate journey and the driver rumbled off, never thinking of the final devastat-



Steven Hammond
(6 Biggs)

ing blow which was landing on many coast farmers every day.

Steven strode quickly up the drive, brisk and business-like, inwardly resisting the fighting impulse to run. Arriving at the house his resolve broke and he picked up an aluminium bucket and started as if to launch it through a window. But he stopped. That wouldn't do any good, and besides, he needed as much money as possible now.

Steven dropped the bucket and walked slowly up the path, his eyes unseeing. This was going to be the last day.

Brett Shirreffs
(5 Willis)

Cat Burglar

He sat crouched, in an almost feline manner. Every sound could pervade his senses. His balance lay perfectly on the balls of his feet, poised, as if waiting for something or someone. Before him lay a panoramic view of Mayfair, London City's richest suburb. Somewhere beneath him however was one million pounds worth of various jewel encrusted artifacts regarded by many as exquisite and by others as kitsch. The owners of these objects of controversy believed the difference of opinion lay in the difference of class. Nevertheless their value remained unchanged, and the reason for the manor's unannounced visitor.

He remained stationary, unmoved by the enormous height that lay between his body and the asphalt road below. His dark clothing blended almost casually into the surrounding tiles on which he was pending, layered of course with a dense slippery film of soot deposited by the symmetrically arranged chimneys placed neatly along the roofline.

Lithely he sprang from the position he had occupied and proceeded to move swiftly but silently across the rooftop to a position directly over a window and balcony. Here lay his future he thought, all that was before him was there for the taking. In a crouched position he resembled a crouching panther, poised before making the kill. Carefully the burglar contemplated his next move. Without a sound he edged nearer to the edge of the roof. With a twist of his ankle he sprang into the air and fell. He landed silently on the stone landing below thanks to his crepe soled shoes. Immediately he flung himself to the floor, so as to reduce the risk of being seen. Slowly he eased onto all fours, and began to move gingerly towards the French windows. Carefully he removed three objects from a small zipped pocket on his black moleskin trousers; a strengthened glass cutter, a small suction pad, and a small cylindrically shaped piece of wood. Anxiously the burglar moistened the small rubber pad with his own saliva and cautiously placed it onto the glass of the door near the handle. He then began to cut around the perimeter of the suction pad. The glass now scored, he held on to a small ringlike protrusion from the pad, he then began to tap lightly around the cut with the piece of wood. He gasped slightly as the glass disc released itself from the surrounding surface. One false move involving the glass being dropped could result in capture, and following this naturally, imprisonment. Deftly the burglar began the process of unlocking the door from the inside. Long nimble fingers almost nonchalantly grasped the door handle and turned it. A smooth "click" told him his entry procedure was complete. It was now that his velvet-lined gloves began to become damp with perspiration.

Stealthily he drifted into the large ostentatious room, lit eerily by the moon's natural light. The room seemed to possess an almost ethereal quality.



Steven Dowd
(6 Biggs)

His eyes darting back and forth searching for all the hiding places possible. Beginning with the most obvious of places, he slid open a drawer of an expensively finished set of colonial drawers. To the burglar's astonishment before him lay rather a long rectangular case. Slowly he turned the small catch on the underside of the container. The contents revealed to be eight small jewels, each approximately a little larger than a cuff-link, each set in a gold mount.

"How selfish and pompous the rich are!" mused the burglar to himself.

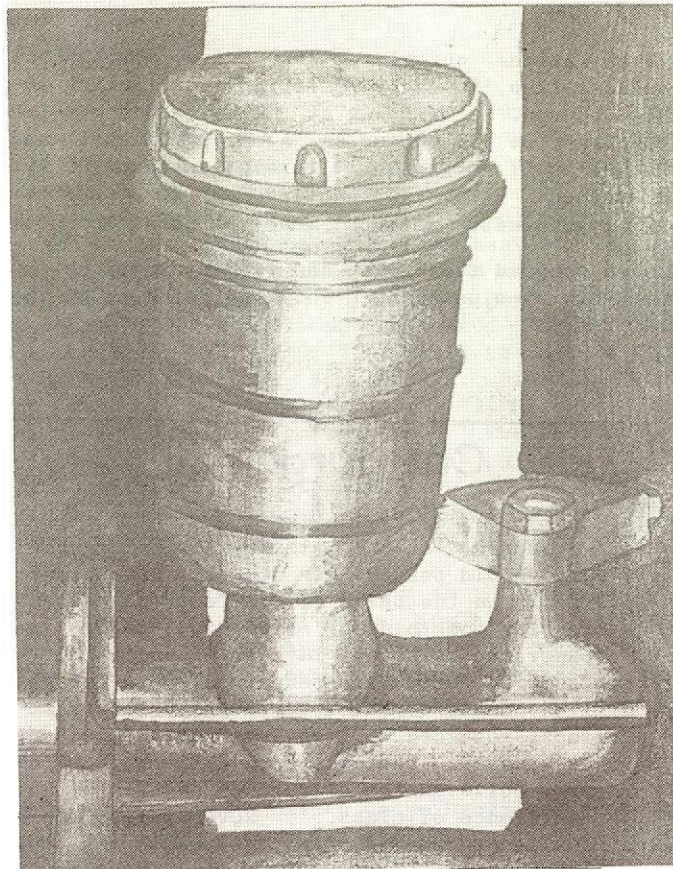
Suddenly a sound came from outside. Not a loud sound some would say just a murmur, but nevertheless enough to send an experienced burglars' senses to work overtime. Immediately he lowered himself to the ground, and his trained eyes began to pierce the darkness searching for the source of the sound.

The outline of a cat silhouetted against the moon and night sky appeared. It walked past the window in the usual arrogant manner cats do, and no doubt continued on it's nightly visitations.

Shocked at his own nervousness, yet relieved at his quick finding the burglar proceeded to leave his "place of business".

It was a simple exercise but nonetheless not easy for one with a fear of heights. Luckily all cat burglars do not possess such a trait. With confidence and agility the burglar once again retained his position over the window after a simple climb. The jewels safe in his pocket, he began the nerve-wracking task of jumping between roofs. His sights confidently set on the safe-house only a few blocks away the burglar made his way between the shadows. Safe.

Keith Pinney
(5 Willis)



Stephen Elson
(5 Willis)

'EVERYTHING DID NOT TURN OUT AS IT HAD FIRST SEEMED LIKELY.'

It was 5a.m. on a clear Tuesday morning. Everything was set - the rig would be in position by now. Our instructions were to reach the rig by 9a.m. and assist the divers in securing the oil rigs pylons to the sea floor.

A slight in-shore swell gave the ship a wallowing roll, but we soon cleared the sound leaving a slight mist, and the rolling motion behind.

Our engineer came up to the bridge with some bad news.

"One of the hatchways has been broken".

"How bad?"

"Not too bad - we can fix it up easily enough".

"Beats me how that could happen."

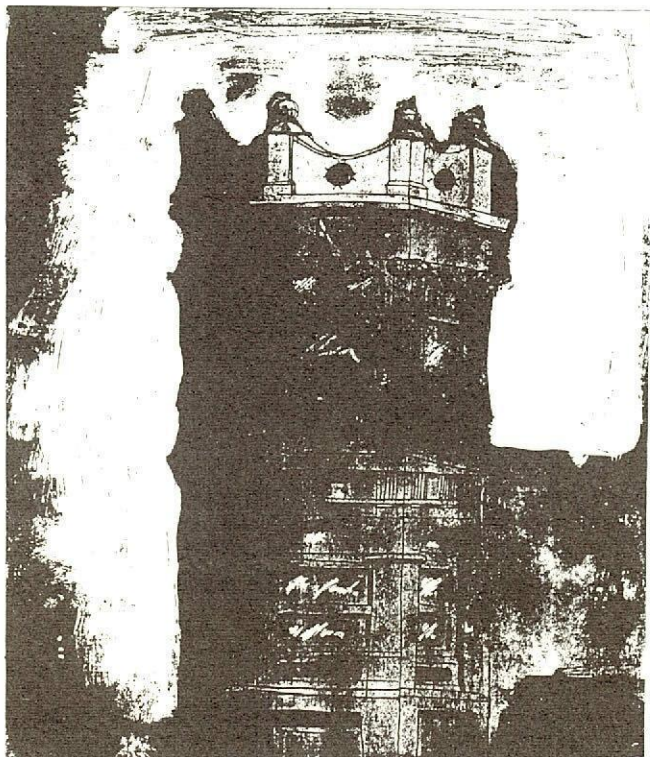
"Not like last time."

"I hope not"

That was something I would have liked to forget. We had been fishing off the West Coast - the trawler had just come out of a refit. The engineers had not secured the hatchways properly. Consequently, while rolling about in a large swell, with the nets down, the hatchways flew open. Water surged into the holds, our catch was lost and nearly our lives.

When we returned to port we sued the Engineering Company for damages - something they won't forget easily, especially when they lost the contract for the oil rig because of our court case.

That made me wonder; could it be coincidence or was it the Engineering Company up to sabotage?



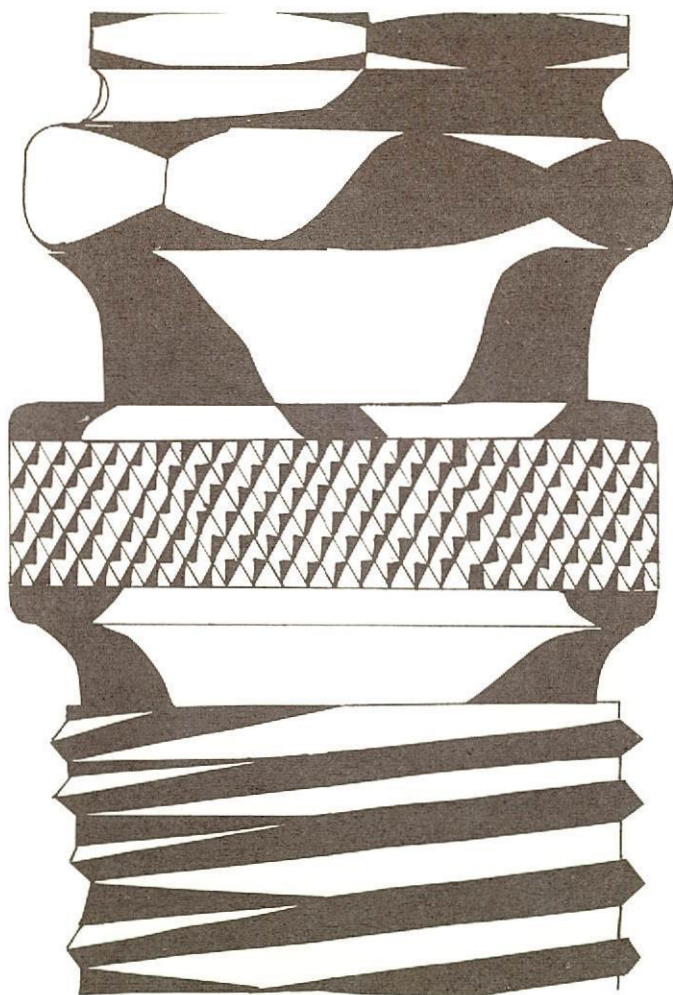
Marc Sullivan
(6 Kellett)

As we approached the rig we could see four tugs - one on each pylon. The tugs were owned by Shell Oil and were used for oil rig work.

Our purpose was to feed cables down to the divers who were securing a hawser-cable system between the pylons and the sea floor, for stability. Our trawler had been stripped of its trawling gear except for the winch, which was full of steel cable, and the trawl crane, which would be used for lowering the cable into the water.

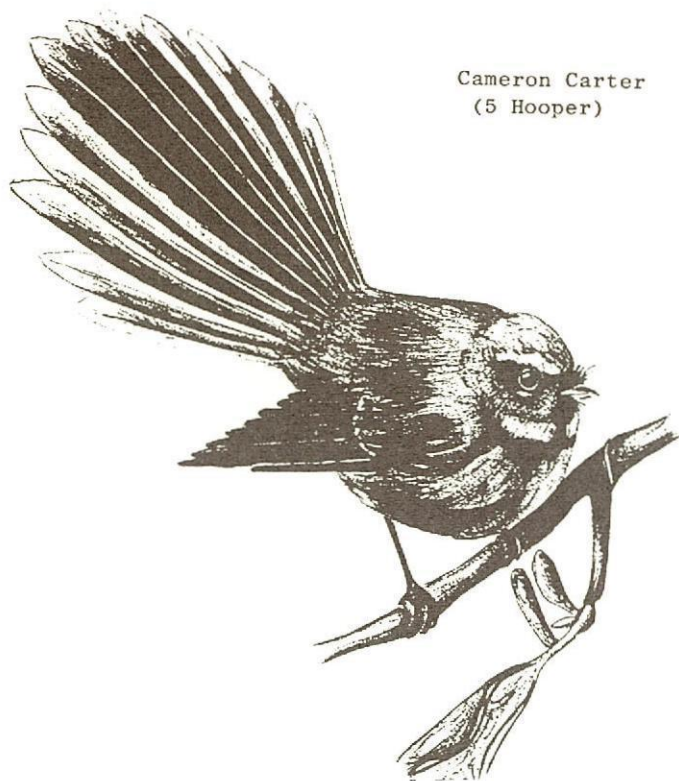
Giles, the operations manager, from the rig came aboard and gave us our final instructions. The divers would direct the tugs into position and direct us into how much cable was needed.

Everything ran smoothly until the cable nearly ran out - easy enough to six; attach another reel of cable. The only trouble was that the cable had been welded onto the trawl winch - obviously done last night. We could see the end coming but couldn't stop the winch as the cable was being pulled under at a fast rate. If we stopped the



Glen Bending
(5 Owen)

Cameron Carter
(5 Hooper)



winch dead, the sheer force would be enough to rip the boat apart. We radioed the divers - no response.

Then it happened; the end of the cable came. The winch started to take the weight. A tearing sound came and then the winch along with part of the aft deck sheared off the ship and into the murky depths.

The Bosun radioed to the divers, but again without response.

A little while later, a red surge of blood rose to the surface. The twisted wreck must have caught one of the divers.

We started taking in water through a small hole below the stern plate. We started back for port with three pumps operating.

As we neared the pier I could see a figure waiting for the trawler to berth. As soon as we berthed the figure came aboard. I recognised his face straight away - the chief engineer from the company we took to court.

I heard about your mishap, perhaps we could arrange something.

His face changed from a scowl to a glowing radiance - there was no question who had planned last night's activities.

I felt like exploding but was distracted by the radio crackling into life. It was a coastguard warning.

"Beware of Oil Rig wreck, being blown up fifteen nautical miles due west of Westport."

Another success for the saboteurs.

A. Richards
(6 Sharfe)

ATTEMPTED ATTACK

Silence. A light on in the hall of the old mansion. The smell of murder. Death is awaiting someone. Something chilled my blood. I knew that something dreadful was going to happen soon. A splash in a deep, dark point in my mind. I knew it was going to happen but not how to prevent it. The force that brought me here must have a reason.

I jumped as the call of a morepork broke the silence. Deep inside me I knew what I had to do and I accepted the dangerous, and maybe fatal, task. Moving slowly and cautiously I approached the sinister building. All I heard was the faint tick tock, tick, tock of a grandfathers clock. Barely daring to breathe I crept around the base of the house until I found a flight of stairs descending to what I hoped was the cellar door. I tiptoed down the stone steps, pulled away the remains of a rusty padlock, opened a sturdy oak door and passed through the cellar into the kitchen.

As I took a step forward I felt a hot, moist breath on my left leg. Groping around in the darkness my trembling fingers finally found the light switch. Turning it on I saw a strange phenomenon, less than an arms length in front of me. I stifled a yelp and backed away. Neither of us moved for what seemed an eternity. Then the three-foot fly-like insect made a low monotonous humming, as though it was signalling to something.

A shuffling sound behind me caught my attention. Spinning around I confronted several more of these

oversized insects. I was completely trapped!

The things seemed to be getting restless, but they kept their distance. Something must kill them, I thought, trying to reassure myself. Glancing frantically around the ancient dusty room I saw something that looked comparatively new. It was a can of Pest Killer. At first I thought nothing of it, but then a hope returned to me. Reaching over I grabbed the can.

The things seemed to be agitated by my sudden movements and started closing in. Knocking off the lid I pushed the nozzle down with my finger and directed the spray of chemical into the compound eyes of the alien creatures. They cowered back, and after a while started getting drowsy and collapsing on the cold floor.

I went around the entire house and killed the rest of the 'flies'. I wondered why the creatures had been sent to earth and accepted the idea that they were here to plan a future attack.

My fears of murder were false, but something else perhaps even more evil was at hand in the forgotten house!

Shane Massey
(3 Taylor)



Stephen Logan
(3 Speir)

A Little Careless

Alan Easton stared a long time at his creation. He had spent four years designing and building the Materialiser. Heart pounding, he placed the electrodes in his ears.

"Five dollar note", he said, slowly. There was an electronic hum and a brief flash of light. There in the receiver, was a five dollar note.

Easton was overcome with joy. He'd finally done it - he had created the machine that he had been working on for so long. He decided to test the Materialiser some more.

"Whiskey", he commanded. A puddle formed on the receiver. He had been a little careless.

"A glass of whiskey", he said carefully, and a glass of whiskey blinked into existence.

Easton was now feeling very pleased with himself. "This will make me a billionaire", he thought ecstatically, but then he realised that he could call upon any material thing that he wanted anyway. This reminded him of something. Taking a deep breath he said carefully "Girl". There was a hum and a flash and there on the receiver was a girl. She was about twelve years old and had pig-tails and braces. She was totally naked - he had not asked for clothes.

"Hell!" he cried. There was a hum and a flash of light.

Several hours later the firemen found two bodies in the burning rubble.

*B. Castleton-Reid
(6 Sharfe)*

Yesterday

Arthur sat himself on the public bench, accurately positioned so as to miss a freshly chewed piece of chewing gum placed on it.

'Bloody teenagers!' he said to the lady sitting next to him. "We had a lot of fun in our day, we got up to mischief - but not if it meant inconveniencing others."

He checked his watch. Like everything about this aged gentleman, it was rather old-fashioned, enclosed in a round case and attached to a gold chain, which disappeared into his top pocket. Still quarter of an hour until his appointment with the dentist. His hand dropped onto the seat and straight into the chewing gum.

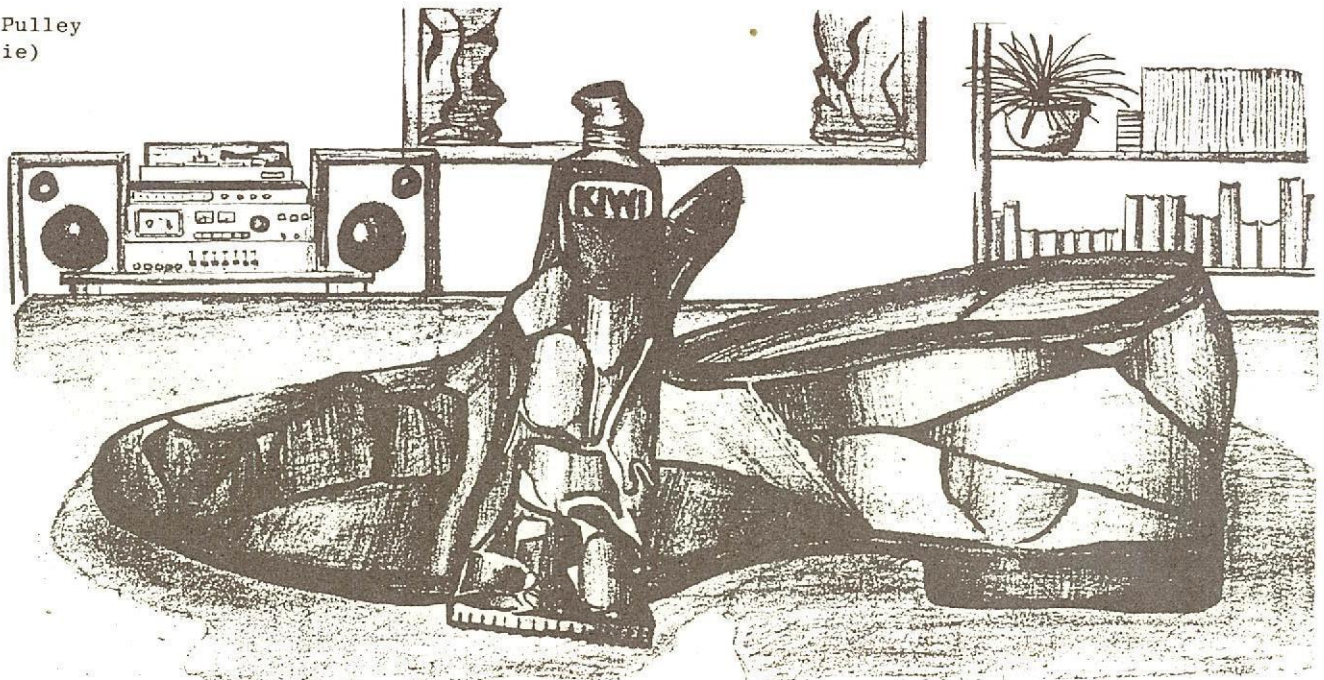
'Bloody teenagers,' he mumbled to himself.

"Come on Artie, do you want a free ride on the tram or not?" shouted Arthur's cousin, Thomas. "Well, yeah, I s'pose I do," replied Arthur. "Get a move on then, you little creep!" blared Thomas, who by now had turned and was running up Upper Queen Street.

Arthur never was much of a runner by his own confession but never before had he run so fast. Those clumsy limbs of his were rapidly covering a lot of ground in a short amount of time amidst loud cries of "Wait for me, Tom, wait for me!"

Having reached the tram-stop, Thomas and Arthur casually slipped amongst the people waiting in line, looking as inconspicuous as possible. The line was moving steadily forward now and both boys placed themselves beside a rather overweight looking gentleman and his family of six children.

Stephen Pulley
(5 Binnie)



"Just keep calm," Thomas whispered.

Arthur nodded and cautiously followed the children to the foot of the tram. At this stage both Thomas and Arthur became a bit apprehensive of the situation they had got themselves into, because it was quite apparent that the conductor was about to start counting the children and ask who they were with. Suddenly the plump man told his children to get on the tram and this started a frenzy with all eight children charging for the tram interior. Eight? Arthur and Thomas never were ones to miss opportunities.

"What are you grinning at old man?" said a young trouble-maker obviously showing off to his friends.

Used to this sort of comment, Arthur just ignored them and they continued on their way, shrieking with laughter.

"Some joke!" thought Arthur. "We always seemed to have better things to laugh about....."

"Hi Artie, you look cheerful today. What's the big grin for?" Mr. Charles was the town store-keeper and Arthur greatly admired him, not because he had done anything particularly special but because he had such a cheerful unassuming personality.

"I've just earned one-and-six Mr. Charles, and I'm going to spend it all."

"Oh Artie, it seems a bit silly to work hard to earn that money and spend it all, don't you think?" "Well what do you think I should do, Mr. Charles, I'd love some sweets."

"How about you give me sixpence and I'll give you a few extra sweets."

These sorts of things made Mr. Charles a prominent figure in much of Arthur's early life. Although as he got older they seemed rather trivial, now in retrospect he realised it was these things that gave him a much happier childhood than might have been. However, there were times during his childhood that are best forgotten.....

Once again the pained groans echoed through the large house, resonating from wall to wall. They were becoming louder and more frequent now. Arthur considered himself lucky not to have caught the dreaded black influenza but in his mind he was suffering the same pain that his mother and brother were suffering physically. Now and again the moans would stop and the house was cast into silence but when they returned they came back louder and stronger than ever. It was driving Arthur insane, knowing that his mother and brother were in so much pain and there was nothing he could do to help and he could stand it no longer.

His father had explained to him that any minute could be the last for them, but there was a chance they would pull through. Ghostly images were playing tricks on Arthur's mind, made even worse by the deep moans coming from the upper floor of the house. For some reason the cries were deeper and softer now and Arthur could no longer take the tension building up in the lounge. He fled outside and just walked wherever his legs took him, oblivious to the rest of the world.

It was dark when he walked up the steps to the big oak door and nervously walked inside. The groans had stopped and the whole house was in a deathly silence. Arthur's father walked down the corridor to his son and placed a hand on his shoulder. No words were exchanged - none were needed. Arthur broke into uncontrollable sobs.

A single tear, glistening in the sunlight slowly rolled down Arthur's cheek and crashed against the glass face of his pocket watch blurring the numerals.

It was now 2.30. Arthur had been in a world of his own for the past 20 minutes. He slowly got off the public bench and set off at a brisk pace for the dentists' rooms.

Antony Oliff



Steven Dowd
(6 Hayden)

BURNT PUMPKIN

The Mission Commander smiled to himself as he turned away from the central processor readout which he had been studying and cast three of his eyes over the scene depicted on the vast wall monitor. It was not a bad planet really, he thought. Visually pleasing and quite habitable. The reconnaissance mission was now complete, and all that was needed now was to move in and take over. The natives would probably suffer, but that was inevitable. Even if left alone they would eventually destroy themselves anyway. The commander settled into his command bath and closed his eyes. Just time for a quick nap, he thought. About one week should be enough. With that, he sank from sight, leaving only a strong of bubbles in his wake

Jim Morgan liked his new job - absorbing stuff with all the peace and quiet he could hope for. One day finding himself at a loose end he had replied to an advertisement requesting spotters for the British U.F.O. Society. He had been sent out to Sussex Downs, as a significant increase in sightings was centred in this area. At first his new surroundings and the derelict farmhouse, his home for eight months, had appalled him but he had eventually settled in and was actually becoming accustomed to the place. Anyway, even if he didn't find any space invaders, he must have discovered the world's biggest pumpkin.

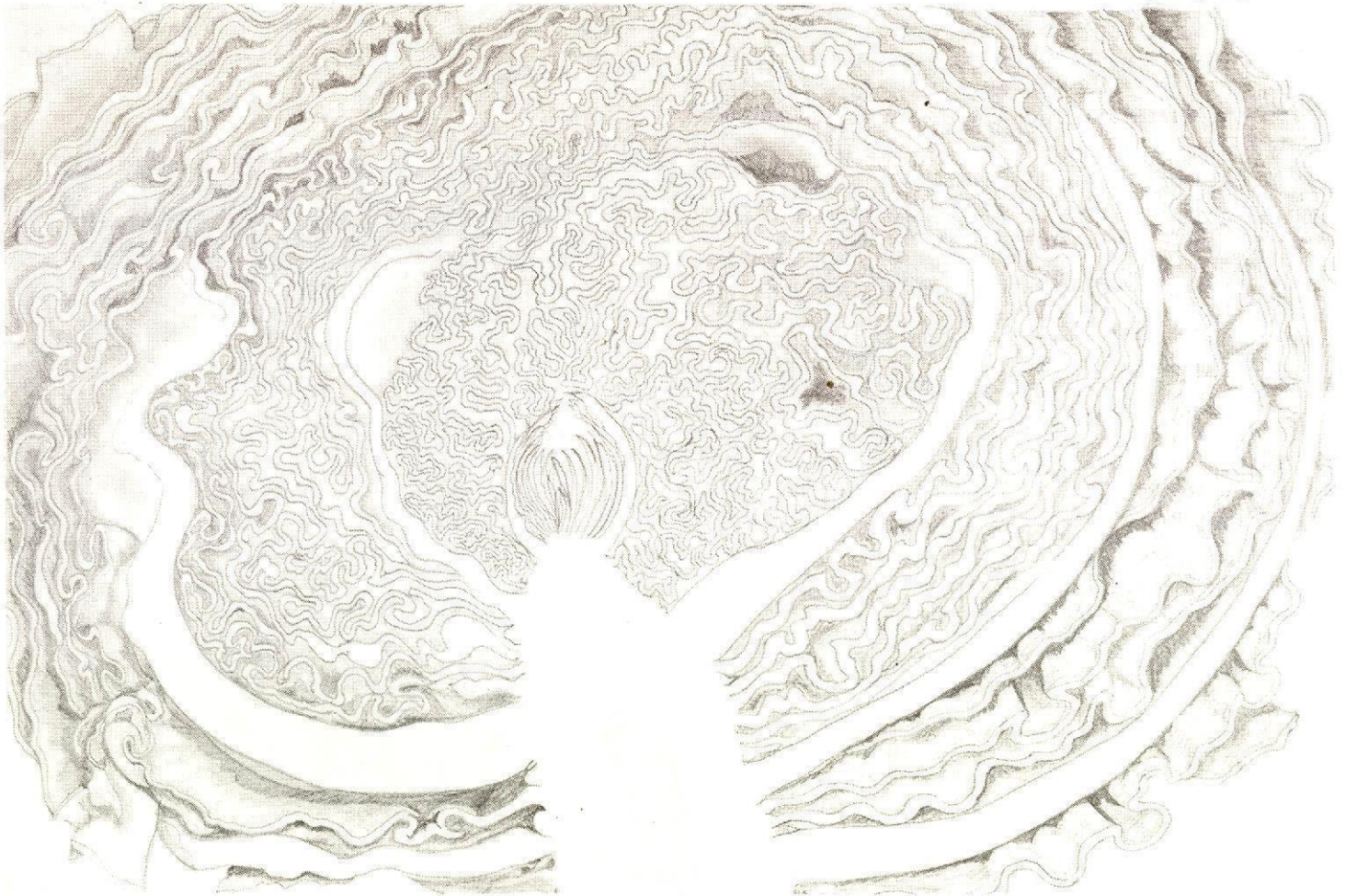
Jim had come across the pumpkin patch the second week after his arrival. It was beside a small outhouse some distance from the house and its sprawling vines must have harboured at least sixty fleshy pumpkins. These however paled to insignificance compared to Joe's giant. The huge pumpkin sat majestically at the centre of the patch like a king surrounded by his underlings. Jim had measured its girth to be just over five feet, but had never weighed it as he was unable to lift it. The skin was slightly more bluish than the other pumpkins and tough and rubbery to touch. Jim doubted that it was edible, not at this size, but no matter what, it had to be some sort of record..

The Mission Commander woke from his nap and cast a few eyes around the bridge which was now a hive of activity. Turning to the central processor he was told that all engines were primed and all weapons batteries charged. The cruiser waited on alert for his order to move on an unsuspecting world.

The commander sucked in a long breath savouring the moment. "Let's go!" he said....

Jim Morgan heard the explosion from inside the farmhouse and looked up to see mud, trees, and parts of the outhouse as they hurtled past the now broken window. Pausing only to grab his camera from the kitchen table, he rushed outside. The door had been blown away as he stumbled through, coughing and trying to see in the swirling yellow smoke. But he was too late! All that remained was the smoking crater of the pumpkin patch where the alien starship had once been.

Ben Chandler
(6 Hayden)



Paul Quinlan
(3 Bagnall)

Points of View

Power and the Student

The aim of the education system is purportedly to produce responsible, able citizens for our democratic society. Citizens are protected against arbitrary power in society and any institution or authority can be questioned.

The essence of the High School creed is based on discipline, namely "Thou Shalt Conform..... or Else!" Yet the laws of conformity deny the rights of the individual to be an individual, and Democracy is based on the individual. Conformity to the Establishment means not asking questions, not being different, not doing anything to stand out in the crowd, which is an excellent breeding ground for Political Indoctrination. A college has the ability to be turned into an impersonal machine, turning out automatons by the thousand.

It is reasonable to look at the Establishment's standards. These are not determined by the need of efficient school running, but by the personal beliefs or prejudices of the Establishment itself. In fact, the standard they try to impose is an imperfect replica of their own.

A school should be run by the Students, not the Establishment. At least school affairs, other than academic, should be run in conjunction with the students. There are, in fact, 3 major reasons why power belongs to the student:

1. The student is the "raison d'etre" of the education system.
2. The student is the one most affected by school administration, over which he has no control.
3. The student is in the majority.

In the past students have had theoretical representation, the now-defunct Student Council, which ended up with all the power of a powder-puff. The members of the Council had been conditioned not to "rock the boat" as their position on it might have become non-existent, so by being unprepared to oppose the Establishment the Student Council became a puppet of it.

Of course the greatest enemy to the Student Council is the Prefect system, which undermines a Council's power.

Becoming a prefect is supposedly the greatest "honour" that can befall you; however it seems that prefects are chosen for their prowess on the sports field, not in the classroom. It is undeniable that prefects hold a necessary position in the Secondary School System, but a Student Council should not be inferior to them as the last one was, just as the police force is necessary, but doesn't rule the Government.

Therefore the student requires Five Fundamental Freedoms:

1. Liberty to exchange ideas constituting student opinion.
2. Security against arbitrary power.

3. Freedom of representation.
4. Freedom of election.
5. Popular opinion, channelled through a student, student's representative, partially directing the conduct of the school administration.

To help reinforce these Fundamental Freedoms a student body is needed, or in other words, a Student Council, with certain powers or rights viz:

- A. The Student Council should have direct contact with the Board of Governors (i.e. representative on the Board).
- B. The Student Council should have the right to vote upon the school budget, and amendments as much of it comes from the student by way of school fees.
- C. The School Council should have the right to vote on school policy and any amendments made to it.
- D. The Headmaster and his Deputy should discuss with the School Council their actions or intentions which may affect the Student's welfare.

These points are necessary if pupils are to have some say in how their lives are moulded during their schooling. It is our lives - we deserve some say in how we're taught. The last Student Council died of apathy in 1978. It ran for ten years. Let us see if a better job can be made of it now. One third of N.Z. is under 18; we need some representation.

D. Newton
(5 Overend)



Jeffrey Parker
(3 Bagnall)

TO BE A CAT IS WHERE IT'S AT

*I am a haughty Persian blue,
Blue-blooded with fine pedigree.
I rule the house as is my due,
You'll never find a flea on me.*

*Immaculately groomed I lie
Resplendant on my Persian mat,
And dream of castles in the sky
And wish I was a common cat.*

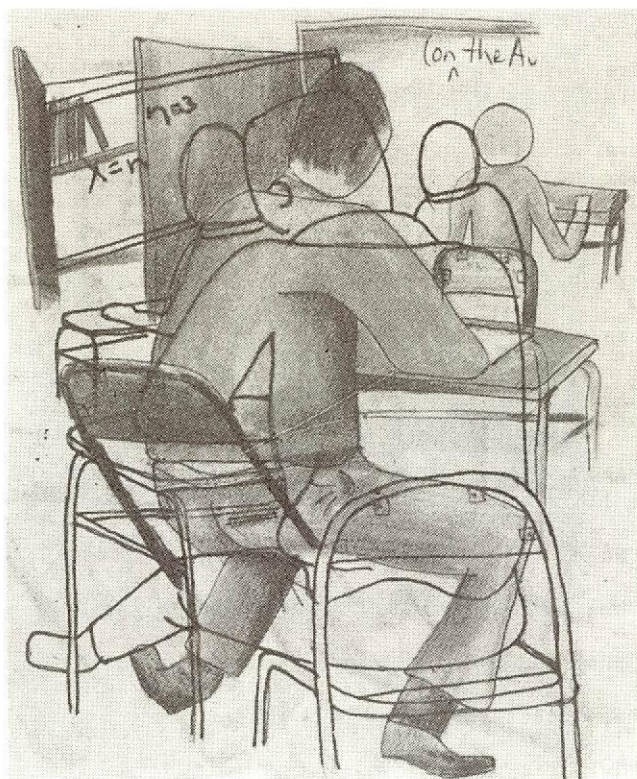
*A common cat! Oh what a dream!
I'd tear the drapes and scratch the doors.
I'd smash my saucer, spill the cream
And smudge the carpets with my paws.*

*I'd rob the neighbours goldfish pond
And all the birds would live in fear,
I'd maul them with my claws so cruel
And strew their feathers everywhere.*

*I'd spit and snarl and arch my back.
There'd be no peace for rat or mouse,
Their fur would fly from my attack
I'd strew their bodies around the house.*

*But as I bask contentedly
And eye my plate of jelly meat,
I think that it was meant to be,
I like it here on easy street!*

Troy Morrison
(5 Bunting)



Geoff Logan
(6 Borok)

He sat alone upon the quiet sands, his mind casting back over life - present, future and immortal. It all lived inside his head - swimming images cartwheeling, swirling in the void, within his domain yet beyond the grasp of others.

He sat alone blissfully, his consciousness open, brimming with love, his soul elsewhere soaring to new dimensions, to new galaxies, jumping dancing with the sheer joy of life.

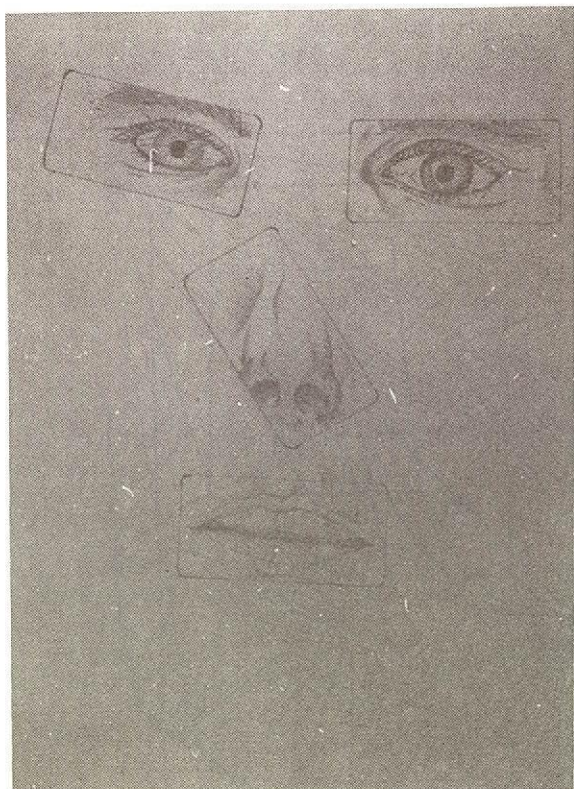
He sat alone. He wasn't a god, a super man. He was human flesh, like you or I.

He sat alone yet was never alone. He had no materialistic friends. His friends lived elsewhere in the spiritual sky so far from material souls yet within reach for those who try. An old man, cold but never alone, cold but warm with satisfaction, his beard flowing towards the ground like snow, his hair billowing like cloth in a breeze, his fingers counting the heads that made up his life, mouth miming out the words that supported his life.

His body swayed to silent music. He was not and had never been of this body, even of this nation, this people, this world, this universe, this galaxy, this speck beneath the Infinite.

The old man sat, tears streaming down his face, wrinkled, weatherbeaten, feeling the separation. He must be with him as one. Yet not now, not in this life, not until release, not until the end of the birth-death cycle. He smiled counting off the rounds, ten, twenty, thirty, half of sixty, half of his quota, not even a small part of his hope, his aim. But in the end it would be worth it, in the end life would end - the old man would die but travel on to a new hope. He was part of one much greater.

David Olsen
(5 Owen)



NEIGHBOURS

Mrs. Jones knocked at the door of Mrs. Williams' flat.

Mrs. Williams opened it. She had a fag stuck in her mouth.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I've come about your television," said Mrs. Jones.

"What about it?"

"It's too loud, it's keeping my Norman awake and he needs his sleep."

"Are you suggesting we turn it off? We pay thirty dollars a month, you know!" exclaimed Mrs Williams.

"No, just turn it down."

"What about your Kevin?" said Mrs. Williams.

"What about him?" cried Mrs. Jones.

"Why don't you turn him down?"

"Turn Him down!"

"He shrieks and bawls outside our door like a maniac."

"He's a nice quiet boy."

"He's always stamping up and down those steps like an elephant," shouted Mrs. Williams.

Mrs. Jones suddenly burst into tears. "You're the worst neighbour I've ever had," she cried.

"And vice-versa," said Mrs. Williams sternly. Then she slammed the door in Mrs. Jones's face.

Gary Leak
(3 Hill)

THE DAY I CUT THE HAIR OFF MY TEDDY BEAR

The day I cut the hair of my Teddy Bear I waited for it to grow.

Well, what do you know, it didn't!

I swung him, I kicked him, I bit him and pinched him.

I put a turban over his head.

To stop the stuffing from leaking out.

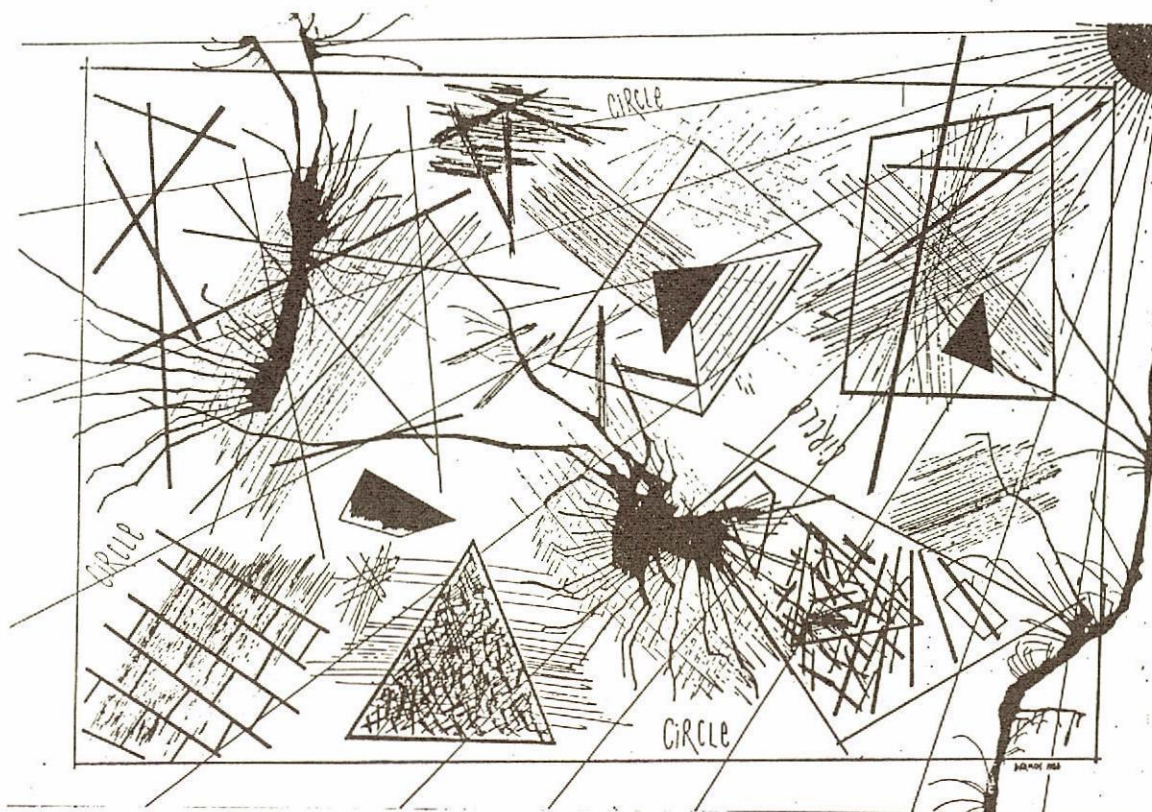
And now poor Teddy is swimming up the Lake

Thrown off the bridge at quarter past eight.

So if you see him doing backstroke at a furious rate

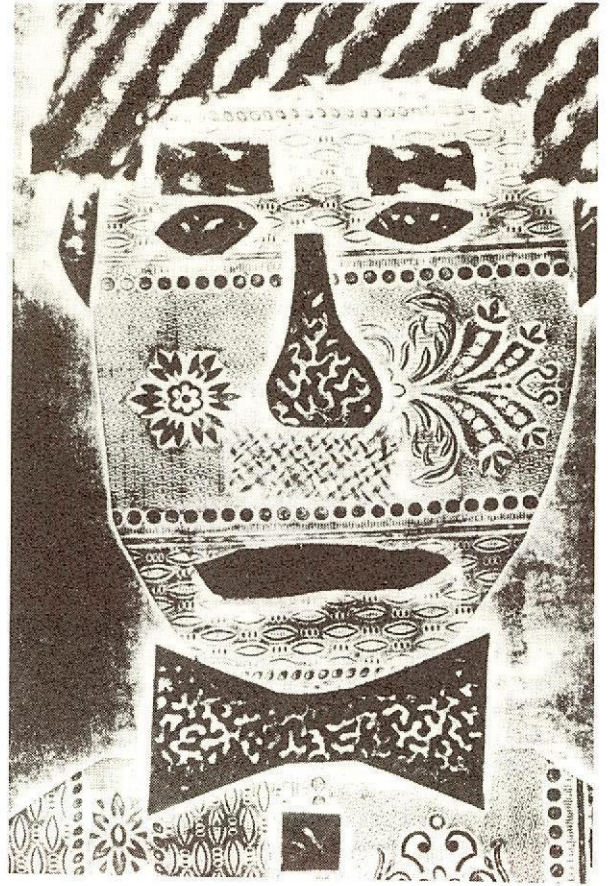
Shout out to him "There's Kojak! He's Colin's mate.

Colin Ellis
(3 Norton)



ONE OF THE BOYS

Well ya sees, what I'm gonna tell ya 'bout today, is dis 'ere story about da guy calleded, 00! I've forgotten. Ya sees he's real rude guy eh, he 'as dis special reputation dat he breaks every damned rule of da school. He even caused trouble on 'is first day at school by stuffin' 'is cap down da lav. And he even got elected as da form cap'n on da next day by beatin' da first 'un up. All da teachers hate him wiff all deer might. Also, ya sees, he never goes to assembly, but what I reckons is he sneak down to da,er um, well doesn't never matters anyways, an' den 'as a fag. He also copy everyone elses 'omework and if he gets found-ed out he blames it on da other guy. Ya knows he even buys dose naughty comics and gives da prefects a look for 'alf a dollar. One day when its raining he pinches da other guys mac, den da other guy gets is back so what he does is puts on da fire alarm so everyone gets wetted. Ya knows, now 'e's in for da court 'cos he joined dis mob down at da billiards hall an' bused into dis bust radio shop and got caught by da copper. But now he regrets it all but he deserves what he gets.



Michael McIlroy
(3 Taylor)

THE FISH'S BRAIN

All day long the fish swims there
Whether its murky or clear.
It's up to us, us humans here
To see that it is fed.
But the tropical fish
Is not solely dependent on us
For its food, heat and tank.
Because it has a brain and thinks.
You scoff at this, do you now?
Dare you, is what I say.
That fish there, while you're away
What does it do all day?
Do during the light-time
While you're having fun?
It thinks
To prevent its brain from seizing up
It thinks, it thinks.
It thinks of maths and spelling,
Of geometry too.
It thinks of how to get out
And get food.
And this goes on, day after day,
Though it still reserves time to play
It thinks.

M. Kendon
(4 Driver)

THE LAKE ONE DAY

This place of bewilderment and cold wind
The lake puts screaming birds in my mind
Their fluttering summer wings frostbitten
And the bristles on a grass blade graze my cheek.
Flowing ripples of following fresh harbour flowers
Through lanes of the shadowy meek
Through doorways of sad and kind
To where in the roadway the car was sitting.
Sitting with the notion of time in his eyes
He now drives away, sometimes comes to stay
Reading the speedometer with leopard-skin lies
I am glad he has gone away.
Dust-bowls to feed the sparrows soft guise
The men of the lake wander past the Sleeping
I pretend, but cannot resist peeping
To see the stepping of one so wise.
The sun rushes clouds to fan the quarry
And I smile at rusty perfections haze.

Evan Woodruffe
(7 Nield)

Two Cities

She turned away from him to look out at the suburbs gliding by, the houses neat, prim-faced, and anonymous in the grey rain. He turned to look at them too. He never glanced at the suburbs when he travelled through them, they were the Great British Desert to him, but now he gazed at the buttoned up houses, he wondered what went on behind those multi-coloured curtains. It was a foreign world to him, he thought as he sunk back into the plush seat of his Rolls-Royce. His world was that of coats-of-arms and mottos, hundreds of years of tradition, and a subsequent pre-determined life.

He could remember his father's poor friend, a short-thick set man with a grey military moustache and a freckled bald scalp above wings of sandy grey hair. He had been a successful business man, until he had become involved in a nasty libel case, and forced to sell the business and his house in the country.

He had seen Coronation Street on the television, and had wondered how real it was. His father's companies would employ thousands of poor people, and yet he had not had very much to do with them at all. Then he saw Lambert, Welsh and curious, glance at him in the driving mirror. Lambert must have seen him in deep thought because he announced, "We're almost there now sir." "Thank you Lambert" he replied as he saw the "London House" looming up ahead. No, he didn't want to be poor.

Mark Benvie
(5 Willis)

THE BRIGADIER

The Brigadier lives in a large Victorian style house, set in a vast green and shady section. The garden is fastidiously manicured by his able hands and is a replica of the one he kept in Sussex during the war.

The Brigadier's life was one of mystery until he was recalled from his post in Northern Africa in 1942. He took this as a severe shock, although still in the service, and took up living much like a hermit. He became lost in his garden.

I was his intermediary with the outside world; running messages, going into the village for groceries whilst he sat 'barricaded' inside the house. I was the only person he seemed to trust. He had loved the army so much, before it had let him down.

Johnathan Palmer
(3 Hill)



Anthony Gale
(5 Hooper)

LADY BLUE EYES

Wake in the City, a handful of dreams,
Down the windy winding lane gazing through windows
The shop glass reflects silver-eyed gleams
Flickering as quick as her hand and it grasped mine
Slow, with no words, alive in mime
We drift down streets past people's shadows -
Dots of yellow and red swimming along vision
Watching glumly crucifixion
Of a pale, yet glowing, fresh dazed mind.
A wall of leather bags and reaching hands
Sufuses me in a smile
Intense as the pull of television.
Beside me she stands
Quite more than I remembered
So in wonder that I am so close
I squeeze her hand or stroke her arm
Floating a little in her reverence.

Evan Woodruffe
(7 Nield)

HORRIBLE THINGS

Mouldy coffee all dry and white
A squashed hedgehog dead on the road at night.
From New Zealand comes the weta that stings.
A swarm of hornets with enormous wings.
A mouse with its insides hanging out.
An eel all wriggling about.

Gary Leak
(3 Hill)

STREET SCENE

No-one heard the whistle of the wind as it barrelled down the long, black, narrow alley, for this place was on the battered side of town. Mis-used, now unused, this alley had not been explored or seen for many months. It looked it. An old, rusted, derelict car sat against one wall, a variety of parts missing, either stolen or misplaced. A window, covered with bars, was broken. The shape left by the remaining glass resembled a unique piece of modern art. Rusted downpipes were the cause of the continuous sound of splashing water, echoing. The only form of life was a rat, which, as it scuttered across the tarseal, knocked over a glass bottle which also echoed-adding to the spookiness of the place.

Chris Kemp
(5 Bunting)

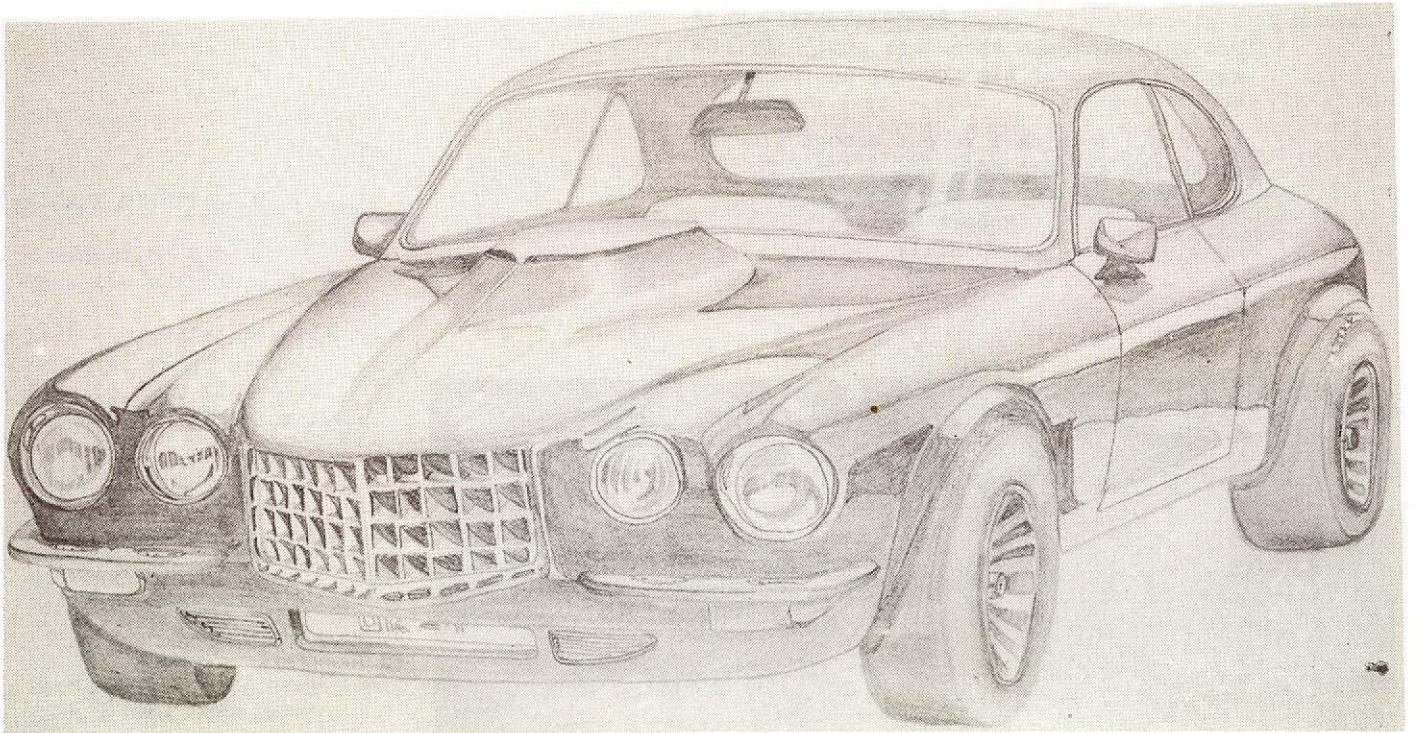
*Chapters of love
and turmoil,
tangled and elegant,
oscillate through time,
white as leprosy,
eternal as death,
unbalancing as red.*

Chris Mauger
(7 Knowles)

THE TREE AND ME

*There was once a tree
That stood as high as me
With its long broad leaves
It would sway in the breeze
Until the autumn came
And took them away, away
Into the long lost day.
I cried that day
When they flew away
But that is how it is
As sad as it may be.
But why they chopped him down
I do not understand.
He was standing there so innocently
He wouldn't have hurt a flea.
I cried that day
They chopped him down.
But that is how it is
As sad as it may be.*

K. Burnett
(4 Driver)



Glen Bending
(5 Owen)

CLEANING UP IN THE KITCHEN

Mother: Oh dearie, will you please clean up in the kitchen?

Boy: Awe Mum, you know I ain't got the time.

Mother: Be a good darling for Mummy, won't you?

Boy: But I've got lots of homework due in tomorrow.

Mother: It won't hurt you to have a rest from that homework.

Boy: But Mum, I can't.

Mother: You'll do as I say.

Boy: Oh but ...

Mother: And don't you argue with me, you're beginning to have bad habits lately.

Boy: What have I done wrong now?

Mother: You know very well, you cheeky brat!

Boy: Streuth man, everything's my fault now.

Mother: I'll have a talk to Dad about you, you spoilt child.

Boy: I'll have to talk to Dad about you, you spoilt woman.

Mother: That does it, get in that room and never come out!

Boy: That does it, get in that room and never come out! All women are the same, cheeky things, just don't realize how well off they are.

Mother: I give up! Do what you want till your Dad gets home and then look out!! By the way, I can hear him coming up the drive now.

Boy: Ahh Mum, I think I've got enough time to clean the kitchen now.

Robert Carter
(3 Hill)

MONSTROUS GRANNY

That night I was staying at my Grandparents house, when my spine ran cold.

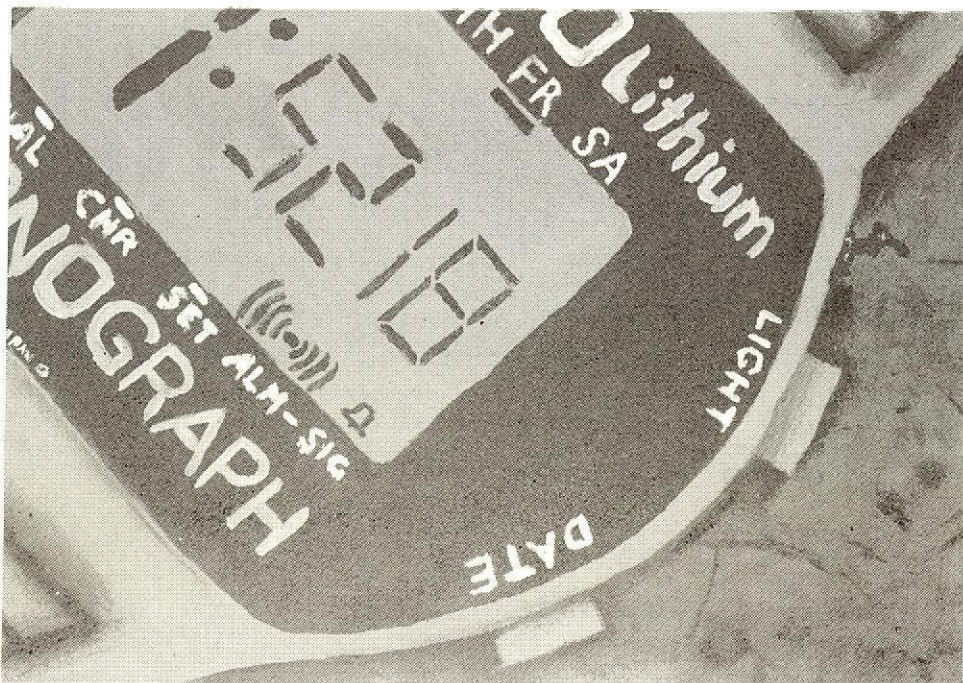
It had turned dark. After supper, I said goodnight to my Granny, who came and tucked me in bed. Then she switched off the light. What I did not know then was that the familiar face of my Granny was going to scare me half to death. I fell asleep.

I was awoken by heavy footsteps and my bedroom door opened like it hadn't been oiled for years. I pulled the bedcovers over my eyes and held my breath, as I was too scared to see what it was. A few seconds passed and I pulled down the covers which took a mountain of courage. I saw a figure outlined at the door, its hair lit up as though painted with a luminous paint. The moon was shining in a window behind it, also lighting up part of the mouth which had thousands of wrinkles around it. It was terrifying! I thought it was a creature of the night creeping towards me. As it towered above me, I felt as if the end was near.

I began to cry out. Then I heard a familiar voice which said, "Gary Andrew." That was what my Granny called me. I began to breathe again. The wrinkles round her mouth were because she didn't have her teeth in.

It was one of my most frightening nights of my life.

Gary Leak
(3 Hill)



J. Parker
(3 Bagnall)



3 Bagnall with their home-made musical instruments

THE FLOWING WATER

*The wind blows
The river flows
Over the rapids the water goes
Down the waterfall
Over the rocks
It keeps on going and never stops.*

*Stephen Turner
(4 Winslade)*

A LAST MINUTE SHOT

*A minute to go,
Then the whistle will blow.*

*Look out! it's streaking Sam
Down the right wing
He will show the villa
Fullbacks a thing or two.*

*Montgomery the centre
Was right on the ball*

*Montgomery, Montgomery
Was the man to score.
He beat a defender
The goalie was there.*

*Montgomery, Montgomery
Took a shot, the man
To score. Yes, Montgomery
The mental put of
Over the top.*

*Scott Hoverd
(3 Norton)*

SIMON STENT

He was as fat as a Sumo wrestler. Blond, bleached hair hung down past his ears. Boys would wolf whistle at him and yell out, "G'day gorgeous", thinking he was a girl.

I felt sorry for him with his long hair, covered in dust and dandruff, creepy crawling dandruff speckled through his hair. It smells of .. of.. methane. I fell into an undisturbed sleep.

"Methane!?" Oh my god if he lights a match he'll blow up ...and...and....he smokes...."I've got to help him..."

I woke up thinking about Simon. I just knew something was going to happen to him.

Three days later, Simon was killed in a house fire. I'll miss him, his long hair, his dandruff, his flammable hair; flammable...flammable...flammable...hair.

*Craig Stephenson
(3 Hill)*

C	O	N	F	O	R	M	I
O							T
N	F	O	R	M	I	T	Y

*Andrew Rheinholds
(5 Willis)*

THE CATERPILLAR

Brown and furry and in a hurry
Taking a walk,
To a shady leaf or stalk,
May no birds pass you by,
Spin a web and die,
To live again as a butterfly.

Craig Nicol
(4 Winslade)

BIRO

I'm flicked down
The fingers clamp me
So much that I bleed.
For those who desire I'm savagely bitter
Leaving permanent scars and reminders.
Others prefer to mutilate me
Tear me apart, use me as a weapon
For forty to fifty cents I am yours
And when I'm old discard me
Buy another one of my kind
Who's more active and energetic.

Andrew Mauger
(4 Driver)

MY UNCLE

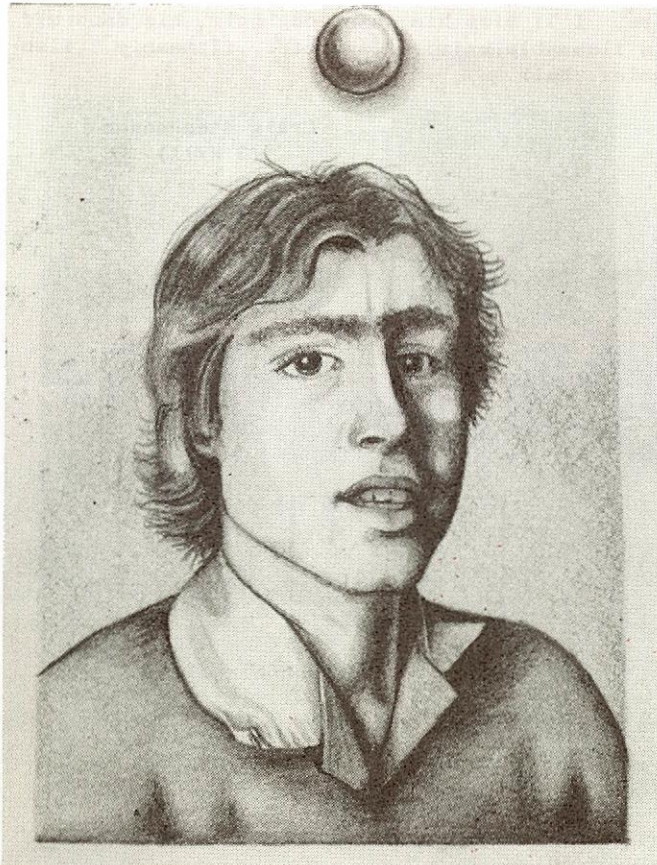
He is a short podgy fellow full of cigarette smoke puffing strongly on his king-size Pall Mall, behind his taxi's steering wheel. When he speaks he speaks his mind. Every second word is a swear word! Although he doesn't drink booze, he always looks drunk and drags his feet instead of lifting them. His face has wrinkles and depressions which make him appear an old man. On his cheek he has a mole-like thing with two spiky hairs protruding from the end like a small cactus. When he laughs it sounds like an old man chuckling which ends in a series of barks. Then he stops with a snort and a puff of smoke plumes from his nostrils like a dragon.

Phillip Holah
(3 Hill)

THE FISHING TRIP

The day was fine
The sun beat down
And the sea lapped on the shore
The jumping fish
And the squawk of the gull called him all the more
Time was lost on that dazzling sea as he fished
the day away
He noticed not the threatening clouds as they
rolled across the bay
So quick was the change in the mood of the sea
As it played with his boat so mercilessly.
They gathered on the sands and searched the sea
with anxious eyes
But time had run out for the fisherman
And the sea had claimed its prize.

Michael McIlroy
(3 Taylor)



S. Dowd
(6 Hayden)

THE END

A hose idly passes through long dry grass
 Bitten nails hang
 And in this room the sun is gone
 Flown from its bracket above my mirror
 Where once it idolised the reflecting glass;
 Lonely and gently sung
 In the cold, even more I shiver
 As the realisation creeps upon my shoulder
 Peering across a lost tea-cup steaming
 Its eyes glinting with frozen meaning
 I feel I am growing holes in saddened flesh
 When I desperately feel to touch; to hold her.

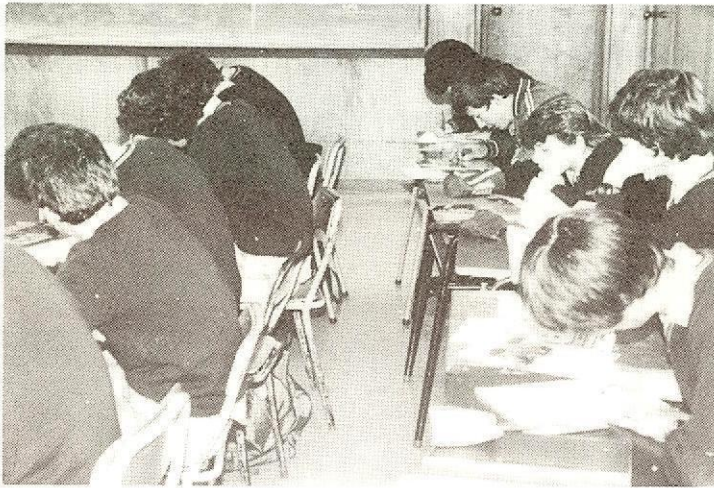
Evan Woodruffe (7 Nield)

THE BEST AGE

At five years of age, dinosaurs
 Plunder around the garden.
 The bedroom turns into a jungle
 Filled with talking monkeys
 Lions and tigers. The bed
 Is a raft in the wild sea
 With just the blankets for shelter.
 You can fly away with the wind
 And come back to be
 A fireman, a policeman or a king.

But at fourteen years of age, it all
 Disappears into the fading blue
 Skies, and the rain patters on
 The bedroom window once again.

Iain Sands
 (3 Hill)



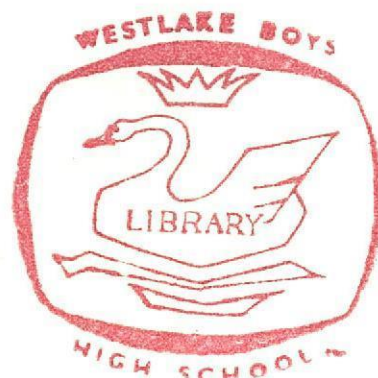
4 Driver caught off-guard - all
 working hard

His heart furiously pounding
 My hair like trees on a windy day
 His actions elegant with a hint of friskiness
 My eyes watering in the on-coming dusk
 His breathing deep and prolonged
 My excitement streaming like my jacket
 His sweat mingling with the still, cold air
 My stirruped feet digging into firm flesh
 His hooves thudding upon the grassland
 Gallop on!

Andrew Mauger
 (4 Driver)



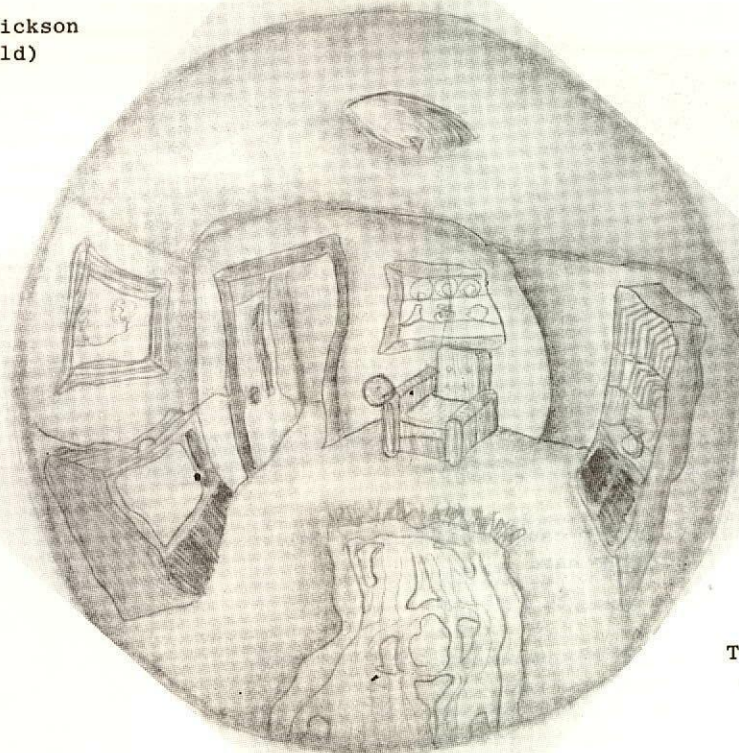
Stephen Pulley
 (5 Binnie)



I walked beneath a rainbow circled moon and, raising my gaze, observed the shape and form of the plum trees' bare branches that hung across the heavens, like prison bars or death's skeletal hands. For death it is, that separates man's random chaos from the eternal harmony of the celestial spirit which, whether named as a deity or felt as a presence beyond the ken of mankind, remains to encompass all life, to absorb not its substance but its meaning. From this knowledge I drew substance and hope, because death is not an ending or a beginning, but a transition between two illusory states and only once we have passed both may we find perfection of being. To understand light we must first have sensed darkness, as neither can exist alone, and my mind's picture changed. No longer were those branches bones or bars but rather beckoning fingers and the rungs of an unending ladder wending skywards, a climb that all must make, and I knew that I had made my first step upon that ladder.

I turned and walked away with the chill air of the night stinging in my lungs and my heptahued destiny shining at its zenith.

Martin Dickson
(7 Nield)



T. Kvasnicka
(4 Glackin)

EATING AN EGG

An egg!
I'm not eating just an egg
But eating what could have been a cute little fluffy chick.

I can't feel it.
But what if it could?
Just imagine the terror, when that little egg meets teeth!

Two rows of menacing thrashing teeth,
Ready to smash, crash and chomp into a million bits.
No. I'm not going to eat this egg.
I'm going to eat a carrot.
A carrot!

I wonder how a carrot feels when it's about to be eaten.

Just imagine the terror when that carrot meets teeth....

Jason Cordelle
(3 Hill)

Burning, burning. The water sparkling
The forest burning, birds
Animals flee, the smoke billowing
Through trees spiralling like
An atomic bomb.

Gone, gone
The forest dead, burned animals
Homeless. Barren landscape.

S. Laurence
(4 Driver)

THE EAGLE

The eagle gliding and sliding
Feathers rustling
Eyes searching.
A speck moves
The eagle burrs
The rat is removed and once again
The eagle is gliding.

Martin Lester
(4 Winslade)



Stephen Pulley
(5 Binnie)

SHEARING

The buzz of the shears stopped with a click and the sheep was squeezed down the chute. Brian, the shearer, casually swung open the door of the catching pen. Our biggest ram came suddenly charging out, head down, horns at the ready. It raced around the shed leaving a cloud of sheep dung and wool behind.

"Get it, you flaming dogs!"

The dogs attacked, teeth beared. "Get the bloody thing, Roy!" came a scream.

I ran, boots hitting the floor like mortar fire. With the ram as my target, I attacked. Dogs, acting as commanded, were snarling and biting, their feet clawing at the floor like a car's wheels spinning in the mud. The toes of my boots made the sound of a train as I was dragged along the floor. Now Dad and Brian were after the sheep. Soon came the part I was dreading, the sidedoor was open exposing a ten foot drop. Dad jumped in the way but changed his mind as this living battering ram crashed forward. I was determined not to release my prey. Dogs, boy and ram plummeted like a meteor. The ram landed first, with me and the dogs close behind. I felt numb and had read that if you have a bad fall in parachuting, you shouldn't move so I lay there. But the ram moved and I sat up and yelled something that even shocked Brian. Soon I was in the yards and the dogs were asleep in the wool. Everything was back to normal.

Roy Moody
(3 Hill)

Tall trees
Leaves rustling in the dark
Morning is coming
The wind dies
The trees are wet with dew
Another day is here.

I step out of bed and gaze
Out of the window.
Then on goes my running gear.
I walk outside and greet the day.
The trees bow as if to say
How do you do.
People walk by and smile.
I run with a feeling of glee.
When home I smile and say
Thank you world.

S. Abernethy
(4 Driver)



High drama..... Matchpoint in
the world champs.

LYING IN BED

"Wake up Conal" are the words I hear
When my eyes open fine and clear.

My head still lying flat
I turn my head to face the cat
Who I see every morn
Standing there just after dawn.

Then I glance around the walls
To my clock good but small
And then I happen to find
That I'm running late, far behind.

I throw my sheets right off my bed
And as I stand I bump my head.

Conal Wattam
(3 Hill)

DREAM

Suddenly a terrible shrieking filled the shadows.
Flickering across the jumbled rocks, huge leathery
winged creatures swept out of the mist above me,
their mouths gaping to reveal rows of vicious
fangs. I raced for the safety of an overhang in
the rocks. I galloped, endlessly, seemingly never
to reach the refuge. Then the ground beneath my
feet trembled sending me sprawling across the hard
ground.

A vast tower of darkness seemed to loom over me,
seemingly coming from the rocks itself. As it got
closer it took the form of a huge and terrifying
creature that discarded the shattered rocks. I
lay rigid with fear at its feet; it stooped and
grasped me in its powerful grip, and swayed down
the slope of the mistladen valley.

My mind went through a dark tunnel, I screamed as
the waves of power broke inside my brain and pull
unmercifully until the very fibres of my mind
burned with raw agony - then I felt nothing.

Stephen Hudson
(3 Taylor)

HAIKU

Seagulls scream overhead
Swishing waves fall on the shore
Close my eyes forever.

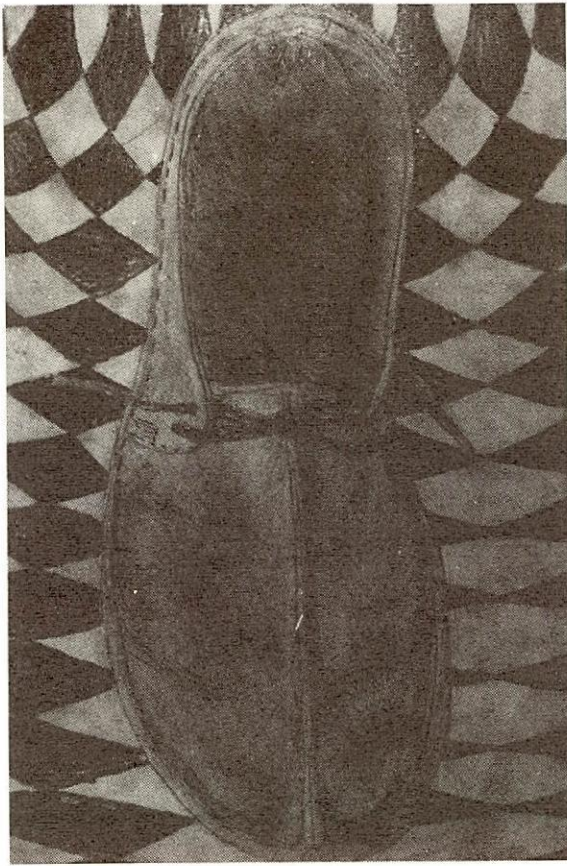
Andrew Rheinholds
(5 Willis)



Greg Hinckman (4 Watt)

Hate
Ugly looks
Red-knuckled fists
Sneering mouths, teeth bared
Men utter cruel ugly words.

P. Shaw
(4 Driver)



Mark Cathro
(3 Speir)

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH

*I do not live.
My body lies, still,
Cold, and bereft of
Human warmth and kindness.*

*My sightless eyes
See not the dawn,
Nor the birds that
Twitter in soaring flight.*

*I feel only the scourge
Of whips of hail and rain,
My body feels only anguish
And the terrible sweat and pain.*

*No more shall I smell
The sweet winds of summer,
Or the soft whisper of
A stolen kiss.*

*I feel only the emptiness
Of life ended,
My mind is stilled
Now, I leave for oblivion.*

D. Newton
(5 Overend)

SICK

*Being sick is no fun
With many a pill and potion
Another day lying in bed
Wishing only I was dead.*

*Watching telly is no treat
When your stomach's like
The gutter in the street.*

*On arriving back at school
Your stomach's like an empty swimming pool.*

*With a pile of homework about your ears
You spend the week almost in tears
Then when Monday comes around
The teachers haggles you into the ground.*

*Back to bed for another day
Luckily I had it my way.
Another horde of vial treats!
Will the doctor's ends never meet?*

Jonathon Palmer
(3 Hill)

MY GRANDMA

My Grandma chatters all day long. She never stops. She is like a taperecorder with no end on the tape. You could put a zip on her mouth but like a ventriloquist she could still manage to talk. She could be talking about rugby, talk about softball, then back to rugby. Boy does she have a mouth! Sometimes we call her Ralph. Her mouth is as big as a hippo's. Yeah, that's my Grandma.

Brandon Whyte
(3 Hill)

THE FAIR

The fair is a tremendous enjoyment for the younger generation. The parents adopt a similar view except they are wary of the costs involved. Rip-offs are hidden by the colourful stalls and the pleasant smiles of their fortunate donors and their backers.

Sometimes the colorful fair is overshadowed by the tawdriness. The crumpled drink cartons, the orange skins and watermelon rinds, the gumwrappers and the abandoned soft drink cans unfortunately miss the supplied bins. This litter gets trodden in by the passers-by. Added to the litter problem is the smell of hot oil and the mingled smells of hot dogs, pies and instant coffee. These smells when mixed together do not create a favourable smell.

Paying around \$1.50 - \$2.00 at a stall and winning a tinsel doll on a stick or a plastic gnome, with a maximum value of 30c. could be called nothing but a rip-off. This gives the stallkeeper a profit of \$1.20 - \$1.70 per person. Over a period of a week, the profits can amount to a healthy sum.

The appearance of the fair hypnotises people. The electric stars, gay flags, background music and bright objects assault the eye. Not all things at the fair are bad. Watching a gymnastic display for free or hunting for bargains in the clothing and hardware stalls is good value.

Overall, the fair, while being a place of great enjoyment and imagination, is easily seen as having an artificial appearance.

Craig Rowe
(6 Hayden)

MONDAY TENSE

*Pulsating powerfully into the absorbent night
Violent red and orange flashes
Outlined by background black.*

*The silent sound of death
That incites morbid adrenalin
Welcome to the car smash.*

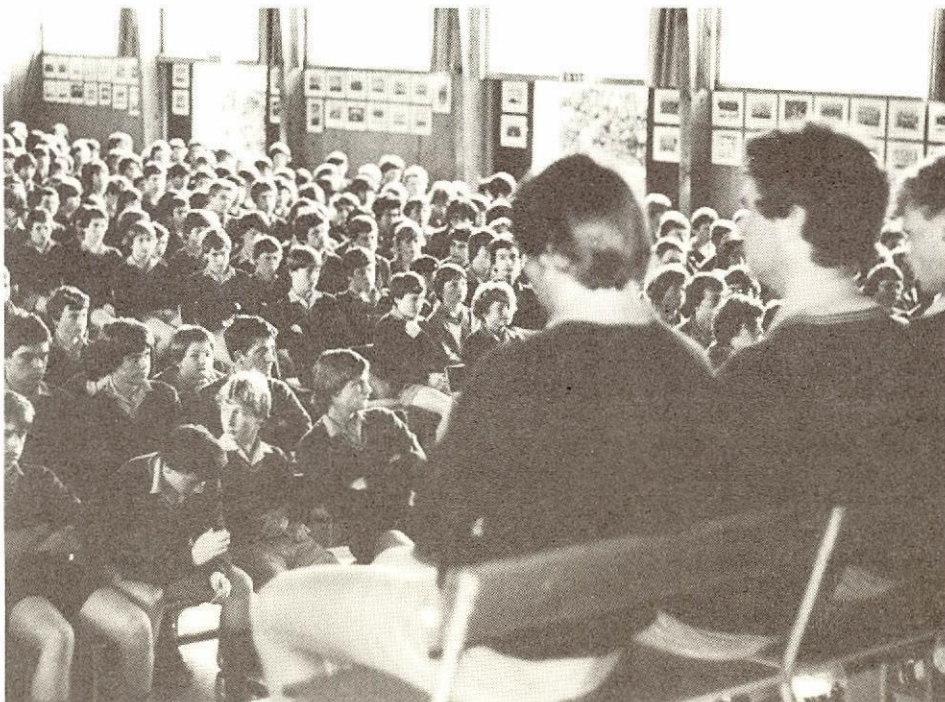
*Vehicles are scattered randomly
This isolated colony of poised drama
Someone made the mistake that cost him his life.*

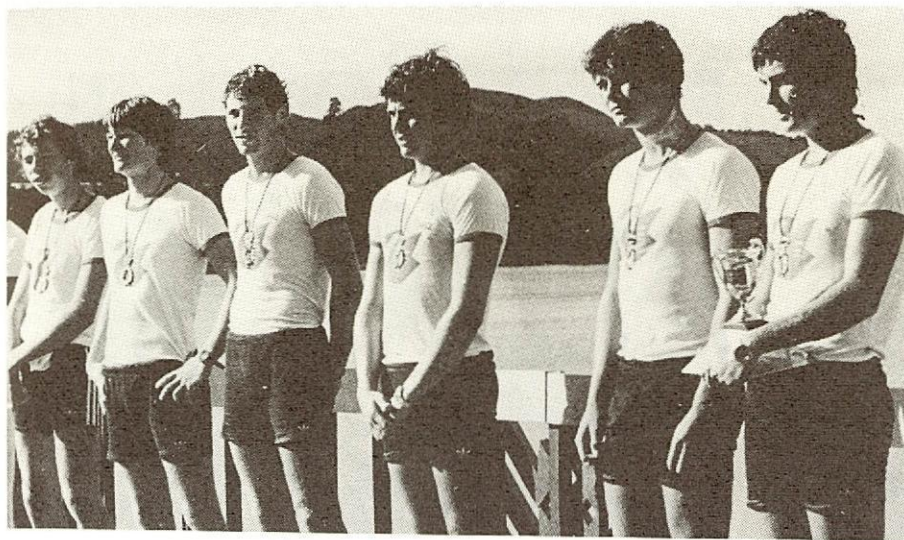
*The junk sculpture stares into my face
The metal was not strong enough
But now it's all too intense for me.*

*Welcome to the car smash
The sudden reality of Dead Joe's end
The silent reality of Dead Joe's death.*

The crunching reality.

Christopher Mauger
(7 Knowles)





HOW DOES THE WORLD KNOW?

*How does the world know
To change from Winter to Spring?
How do the birds know
That it's time to sing?*

*In the hot days of Summer
When bees buzz around,
How do they know
Where nectar can be found?*

*When at last Autumn comes
Who could have possibly told
The trees that it's the time
To turn their leaves to gold.*

*Just before winter breaks
The Locusts fly away.
How do they know
To come back some other day?*

*S. Massey
(3 Taylor)*



OUR NEIGHBOURS

They were so friendly and considerate to us kids that half our time was spent next door.

There was never a time when they scowled at my brothers and me or put us to shame like my parents spend half their time doing.

We often strode next door for a friendly visit, which would always eventuate into a satisfying meal of freshly baked cookies, "Scrumptious"!

She fussed over us like a giant bear caring for her cubs. He was very fond of us and always gave us fruit and other items which adults would throw away, but children treasure.

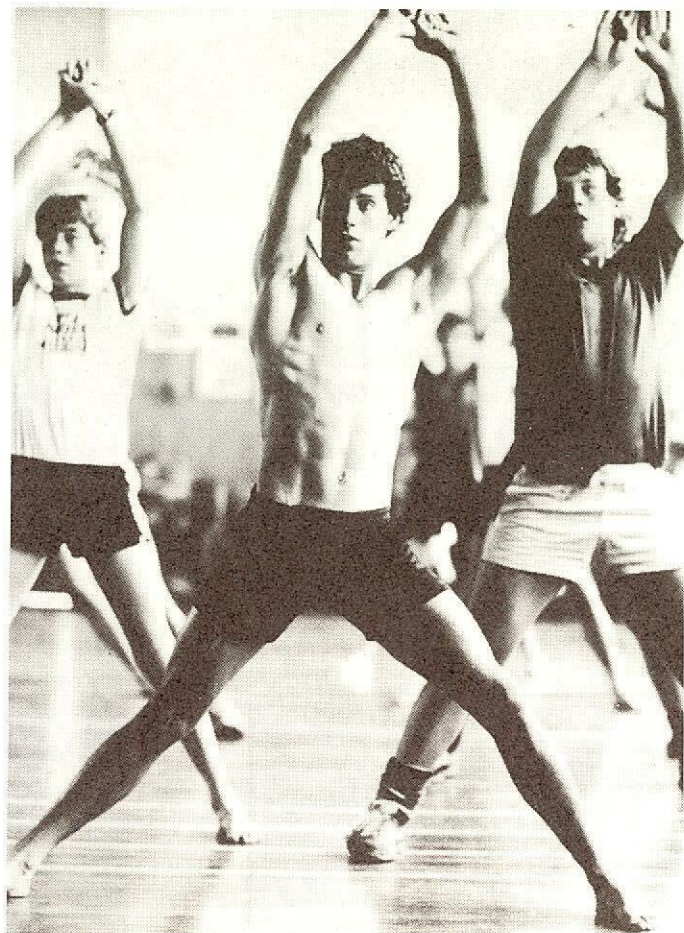
Robert Carter
(3 Hill)



ROWING

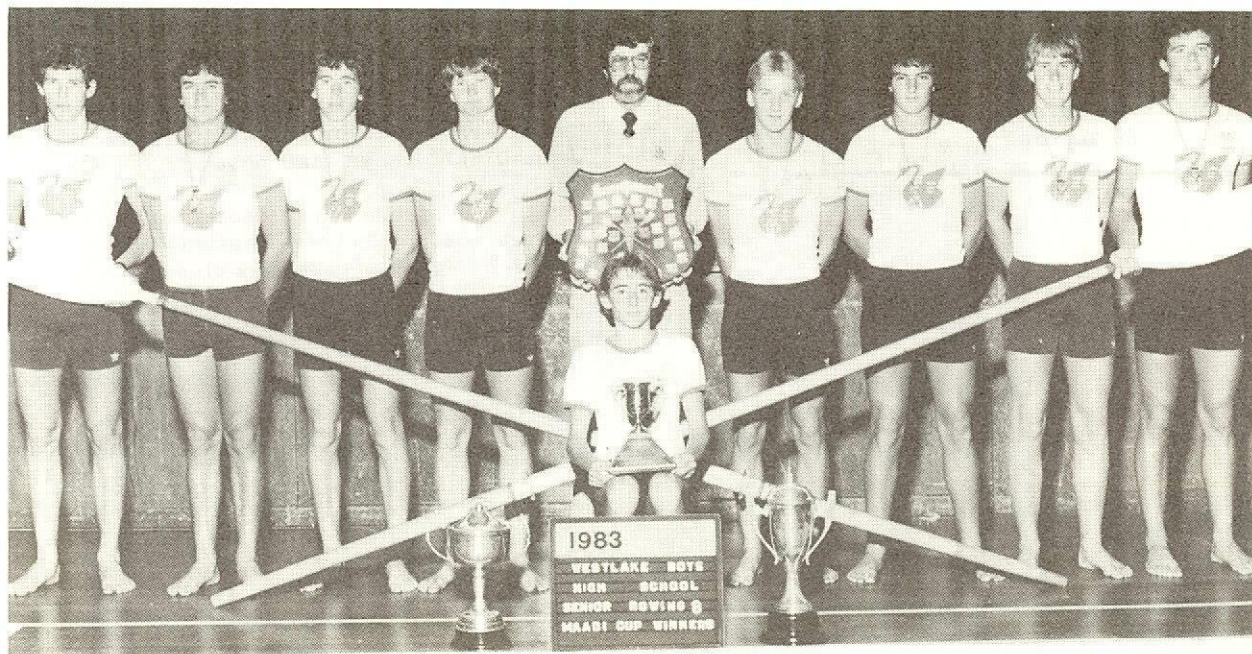
*I'm out in a skiff
Splash, splash, splash as the oars
Enter the water.
Voom - in goes the power.
The bow cuts through the glassy water.
Sweat, strain, muscles bulge, slash.
Ease the oar -
The boat runs then slowly dies
To a halt.*

*G. Craies
(4 Driver)*



Rowing

Senior 8



The 1982/83 Senior Rowing 8 was selected from a squad of 20 prospective rowers from the previous seasons Senior 8 (5), the Under 17 'B' 8, and the



photos by Mike Bramley



Under 16 crew. After intensive training rows on the Saturday and Monday of Labour Weekend a crew was selected with the intention that this particular crew would go right through the season together. However, this crew knew that seat changes could be made depending on individual performance during the season. The crew named was:

Michael Smith
 Stephen Gleye
 Roderick Macfarlane
 Neale Stott
 Murray Jansen
 Brendon O'Donovan
 Shane O'Brien
 Patrick Abbott
 Jeremy Hay (cox)

Under coach Peter Abbott the crew set 3 goals for the season:- the Head of the Harbour for Auckland Secondary Schools supremacy, the junior eights title at the A.R.A. Champs for Auckland provincial clubs, and the Maadi Cup for national secondary



schools eights. So with these aims in mind the crew settled into some solid training out of Hobsonville Airbase on the upper Waitemata Harbour and working on seating combinations that would make the crew perform best. The crew showed plenty of promise in early club regattas leading up to the annual Epworth Camp in the last week of the Christmas holidays. Some successes included winning an open eights event at the Tamaki Regatta, winning the junior and intermediate eights at the Te Awamutu Regatta, and beating a highly rated Brisbane Boys Grammar crew from Australia to win the junior and intermediate eights at the Waikato Regatta.

So the camp arrived and the boys got into a concentrated week of cricket, eating, sleeping and rowing of course, at a serene spot on the banks of the Waikato River. An enjoyable week was had by all.

At this point we would like to thank the parents, and especially the Parents Rowing Committee, for all the time and effort they put in, not only over the camp, but the whole season, for their support and encouragement to all crews, for their amazing effort in fundraising for a new boat and oars, and finally for their great beers and spirits which inspired Westlake's most successful rowing season.

Kevin Mabbott, due to his consistent effort, improvement, and performance joined the crew and Shane O'Brien, still only a young oarsman, became the eight's reserve and gave 100% effort for the B crew. A boat change followed the crew change with the delivery of a new boat to the school, which was to be named the "Andrew Hay", and a month of experimenting and adjusting of measurements with boat and oars followed until the crew were satisfied they had the best machinery. But only the crew could make the boat perform to its potential.

The crews 3 aims were eventually fulfilled making the 1982/83 senior 8 one of the most successful to date and fully justified the crew's and coach's hard work and time put in throughout the season. Winning the Maadi Cup was a great reward, especially with Prince Edward presenting the trophy which has only been won by Westlake once before (1976), to end Tauranga Boy's High's five year reign.

The crew would especially like to thank Mr Peter Abbott for all his time and effort over the seven month period which is the rowing season, for keeping us on the right track when we wandered off it sometimes, and for having complete confidence in us when we lacked it occasionally.

The big one

Was I awake or was I asleep? Was I dreaming or was he actually saying it? I had heard him say it so often, I could no longer distinguish.

"Attitude is the key to this crew's success. Dinner at 7.00pm, clean up and lights out as quickly as possible". He turned to leave and as an afterthought he turned back and tossed a calming reflection at us, "Sleep well and don't worry about tomorrow".

I stood in the shower the next morning with the warm, comforting water running over me and Mr Abbott's warm comforting words running through my mind, "You must have the right attitude". I must have the right attitude!

Getting into my clothes, suddenly I realised today was it. A rash of goose bumps flushed across my body. I felt alone. I felt nauseous. I cannot let myself down, I cannot let the guys down, I cannot let Mr Abbott down. All that time, all that training, all that distance. Up the Harbour, down to Mercer, even Karapiro just for good water. Seven months of the year, six days a week, two hours a day. Rowing, rowing, rowing. We cannot lose.

The breakfast gong went, I couldnot eat but the race was not until 3.20pm. I had better try to eat something. Mr Abbott told us after breakfast that he wanted us to keep calm, so we stayed back at camp for a while. We did not move down to the Lake until around 10.00am, just to see St Andrews cross the line two and a half lengths ahead of second placed Tauranga, to win the under 19A fours. (the Springbok Shield). We were delighted for them.

With an hour and a half to go, Mr Abbott rallied us to go for a walk. Unanimously, we chose the dam. Three quarters of an hour later, we were back at the boat park. We went through our regular routine for checking and cleaning our boat, with Mike Stanley, stroke of the World Champion Eight, subtly uniting our minds with his light-hearted stories of his experiences of international rowing.

Our cleaning and checking completed, Mr. Abbott called us into isolation with four guests: Mike Stanley, Barry Mabbott, Andy Hay and Eric Verdonk, all well-known New Zealand rowers. Each in turn cast inspiring words at us. Mike Stanley, the most dominating personality, extended his courage and determination with his words, "show character in this row".

As we prepared to carry the boat down to the water Mr. Abbott's hand rested on the school insignia on his sweatshirt and his words rang loud in my ears, "be proud to be the first eight of Westlake Boys High School!" We rowed to the start line. In the rough conditions our boat had taken in a lot of water by the time we reached the start area, so we went to the shore and emptied it out.

With fifteen minutes to go, the other crews which had made the final were arriving. There was Auckland Grammar, who were lucky to make the final so were no real threat. Wanganui Collegiate was a big crew with a big reputation. Then Hamilton, an unknown quantity, who for the last four weeks had been coached by Harry Mahon, coach of the New Zealand eight. Then Tauranga, coached by the wily fox Bill Eaddy, looking for a record of six Maadi Cup titles in a row. Finally, Westlake Boys. What a gutsy crew! They had already won three

titles during the day. What a tower of strength and confidence they were for us.

As Mr. Abbott had said, "the key to success is attitude." I pondered what Mike Stanley had said: "You've proved you're the best; you've never lost all season, so go out there and dictate the race from the front."

Suddenly the booming voice of the race marshall came over the P.A. system calling contestants for the Maadi Cup to the starting blocks. A strange calm dispelled my pre-race nerves and I felt I was ready to race. I was unaware of the race official's white flag indicating all is O.K. My eyes were glued on the stroke's blade.

The hooter screamed out the command to start. The water was rough. Spray flew. We shot out of the blocks rating 41. Around the 1000 metre mark, more of Mike Stanley's words came back to me: "Stroke perfectly! Work harder! Keep the boat moving!" 500 to go. Jeremy's command was, "Go for the doctor!" The roar of the crowd inspired us to a mighty finish. We finished a quarter of a length ahead of Hamilton; the unknown quantity.

The realisation slowly hit me that we had just won the most prestigious schoolboy eight-oared rowing event in New Zealand. As we rowed back to the pontoon to the roars of a jubilant crowd of supporters, we had ahead of us one last proud moment. Our gold medals were presented to us by Prince Edward along with, of course, the Maadi Cup, which was returning to Westlake Boys High School for the second time.

U 17

The crew began training together in October, when the initial trials for the Senior 'A' and 'B' squads were over. Our coach, John Russell, set us two major goals for the season, to win the under 17 eights, and to make the final of the Maadi Cup.

The crew was strengthened from last season with the inclusion of David Bullians, Bevan Donald, and later in the season, Shane O'Brien. Under a new cox, Peter Young, we set about working towards our two goals.

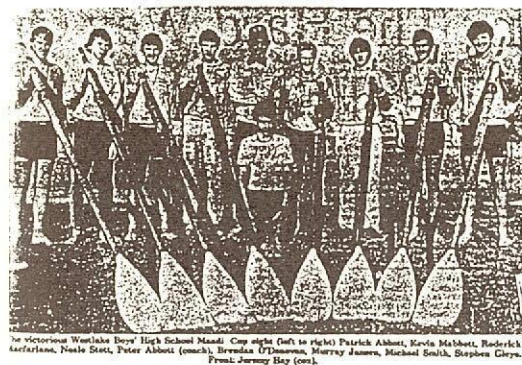
Having performed creditably at the club regattas, it seemed likely that we would do very well in the Schoolboy events later in the season. However, our first race against our old rivals, Hauraki Plains College, soon dampened our ideas of easy victory, we were beaten decisively by two lengths.

With this memory in mind, the crew attended the annual Rowing Camp at Epworth on the Waikato River resolved to improve fitness and strength, and to set a solid base for racing in the months to come.

The rigorous training programme we followed was very successful, for at the first Schoolboy regattas during February and March, we managed to beat all our opposition. All seemed set for the big one..... the Maadi Cup!.....

... Date: Friday 25 March
Venue: Lake Karapiro; The Maadi Cup Regatta

We have already qualified for the final of the under 17 eights. No we have to achieve our second goal - to make the Maadi Cup final, a feat never before achieved by an under 17 eight.



The victorious Westlake Boys' High School Maadi Cup crew (left to right) Patrick Abbott, Kevin McRobert, Richard Taylor, Neale Stott, Peter Abbott (cox), Brendan O'Donnovan, Murray James, Michael Smith, Stephen Glynn. Front: Jeremy Bay (cox).

WESTLAKE EIGHT BREAK TAURANGA'S LONG REIGN

Champions

WESTLAKE Boys' High School dominated the Waikato-Bay of Plenty secondary rowing championships on Lake Karapiro yesterday.

Westlake won the under-17s both pairs and Thompson Normal eight.

Tauranga Boys' College, expected to be the main opposition at the National Maadi Cup regatta, were second in both crews.

The Tauranga crew, coached by a local professional, were beaten by Westlake in the final by a margin of one and a half lengths.

Westlake row to Maadi Cup win

WESTLAKE Boys' High School, Auckland, broke Tauranga Boys' College's five-year grip on the national secondary schools Maadi Cup rowing championships by winning the trophy at Lake Karapiro yesterday.

Westlake, who have been dominant in the event since 1974, beat Tauranga in the final by a margin of one and a half lengths.

The Tauranga crew, coached by a local professional, were beaten by Westlake in the final by a margin of one and a half lengths.

Pete's a proud coach

WESTLAKE Boys' High School duty made it... it only just!

The school which over the years has built up a reputation for always reaching the final of the Maadi Cup rowing regatta, was the only school to win it in 1974, after a long drought of 10 years.

And the reward for success both for Westlake and the Boys' High School was the Maadi Cup, which was returning to Westlake Boys' High School for the second time.

WESTLAKE EXCEL

WESTLAKE Boys' High School crew, coached by Peter Abbott, won the Maadi Cup rowing regatta on Lake Karapiro yesterday.

The crew, coached by Peter Abbott, won the Maadi Cup rowing regatta on Lake Karapiro yesterday.

The crew, coached by Peter Abbott, won the Maadi Cup rowing regatta on Lake Karapiro yesterday.

Westlake dominates rowing champs

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Tauranga Boys' College, expected to be the main opposition at the National Maadi Cup regatta, were second in both crews.



WESTLAKE TRIUMPH

WESTLAKE Boys' High School dominated the Waikato-Bay of Plenty secondary rowing championships on Lake Karapiro yesterday.

Westlake won the under-17s both pairs and Thompson Normal eight.

Tauranga Boys' College, expected to be the main opposition at the National Maadi Cup regatta, were second in both crews.

The evening light is rapidly fading as we slowly row down towards the start of the 2000 metre course. As we line up in the blocks, it is very dark, but we can still make out our opposition. On our right in Lane 1, Tauranga Number 2. On our left in Lane 3, Wanganui Collegiate. Lane Four; Tauranga Number 1 (who have held the Maadi Cup for the last 6 years.) Lane 5; Kings College, and finally Christ's College in Lane 6.

To make the final we have to beat three of these crews. The gun goes and we're off!

At the 1000 metre mark, little separates all six crews, but at the 1500 metre mark, Peter calls for a 'move' and our rating lifts to 41 strokes per minute. Cheering from our supporters reaches our ears and, putting an extra effort in, we cross the line third. - (less than a length behind Tauranga). We have made it.

The following day we played our part in the school's huge success by winning the under-17 eights, under-16 fours, coming second in the under 17 fours, and competing in the Maadi Cup final, which our senior eight won.

The crew wishes to thank the Parent's Committee, supporters, and Mr and Mrs Russell who never let us lose sight of our goals, and whose dedication to the job paid off in the end.

Squad Members:

<i>Sene Grant</i>	<i>Gavin Hall</i>
<i>Shane O'Brien</i>	<i>David Bullians</i>
<i>David Hurley</i>	<i>Christian Manning</i>
<i>Simon Warr</i>	<i>Grant Kimber</i>
<i>Bevan Donald</i>	<i>Peter Young</i>

U16

The rowing year got underway with most members attending and assisting at the August seminar and from there a pattern of hard, keen training was set.

Labour weekend saw the eight at Mercer rowing on a stormy river. This group of young athletes quickly established themselves as a real team. They trained hard on and off the water and reached a remarkable technical standard of rowing.

The Christmas camp was a great success and a large mileage was rowed. Once again the beautiful "Westlake Falls" were put to welcome use as they are reached after a five-mile row. The camp was excellent, food wonderful, even though Cosxwain Brown used his eight as a battering ram on occasions.

As the tempo quickened with the regatta season this group began to achieve remarkable results and their racing record is without equal.

Mercer Regatta	First VIII	First IV
North Shore Regatta	First VIII	First IV
Westlake Cup	Winners VIII	and IV
Waikato School Champs.	(U16 VIII	
	(U17 L/Wt. IV	
1st	(U17 L/Wt. VIII	
	(U19 L/Wt. VIII	

N.Z. School Champions	(Maadi Cup Regatta)
	(U16 VIII
1st	(U17 L/Wt. VIII
	(U17 L/Wt. IV
	(U19 L/Wt. VIII

3rd U16 IV

Head of Harbour Champs.	(Auckland)
	U16 VIII
	U17 L/Wt. VIII
	U17 L/Wt. IV
	U19 L/Wt. VIII
	U16 IV

The crew competed at 15 Regattas and this toughening process is fundamental to producing tough winning crews such as this squad became.

The crew wish to thank Mr. Rea for almost daily coaching efforts of the highest standards throughout the season. As every oarsman knows, without skilled coaching, success is impossible.

The squad also wish to thank head coach, Mr. Craies and all the parent helpers who made this season so great. Mr. Rea comments that his group contained young men typical of rowing at Westlake - fine, likeable, disciplined young men performing to the very highest standards, and he wishes them well for their future rowing careers.

UNDER 16 SQUAD:

K. Vis, M. Dalley, J. Aitchison, S. Galbraith, D. Stevenson, M. Meyer, A. Dunn, T. Kavasnikas, A. Wood, T. Dawson, R. Smith, P. Stott, D. Walker, L. Brown.

U15

This squad of young oarsmen in their first year of rowing had a marvellous season. They came under the coaching of Mr E. Craies, Westlake's famous Ex-Olympic rowing coach and what results he and they achieved.

The squad was put into two VIII's one bigger and slightly quicker in theory than the other. But all season they raced and paced and never could one clearly beat the other (a tribute to Mr Craies as coaching novice oarsmen is exhausting work).

This group trained on Harbour, Lake and River with equal dash and developed into a formidable racing group that only arch rivals Hamilton Boys High School could contain (and then not often).

The Christmas Camp was a great success (including masses of blisters on every part of the human torso) and who could forget S. Grove's dynamic stroking of the specialist four oared crew on their afternoon session.

This squad maintained the highest standards of Westlake rowing and after a magnificent, thrilling and heartstopping race won two New Zealand School-boy titles: Under 15 VIII and Under 16 Novice VIII at the Maadi Cup Regatta.

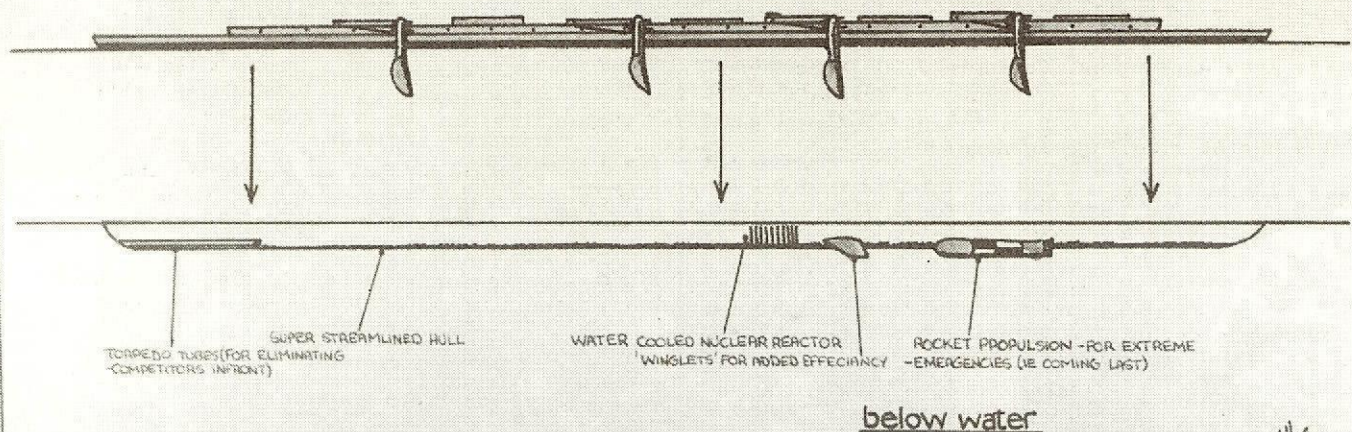
Mr Boyle and Mr Martinengo were quite tireless in keeping our old tired boats ship-shape and we really appreciate all the help from parents, committee members and especially Mr Craies, without whom we could not have won anything let alone National titles for our school.

Squad Members:

G. Smith, C. Wiffen, A. McCook, G. Schofield, G. Gray, M. Nicolson, S. Boyle, B. Hodder, M. Corlett, P. Thorogood, D. Parrington, S. Grove, A. Brown, C. Lord, C. Lanigan, C. Tuxford, K. Martinengo, G. Craies.

THE SECRET BEHIND THE ROWING 8's WIN IN THE MAADI CUP. (S)

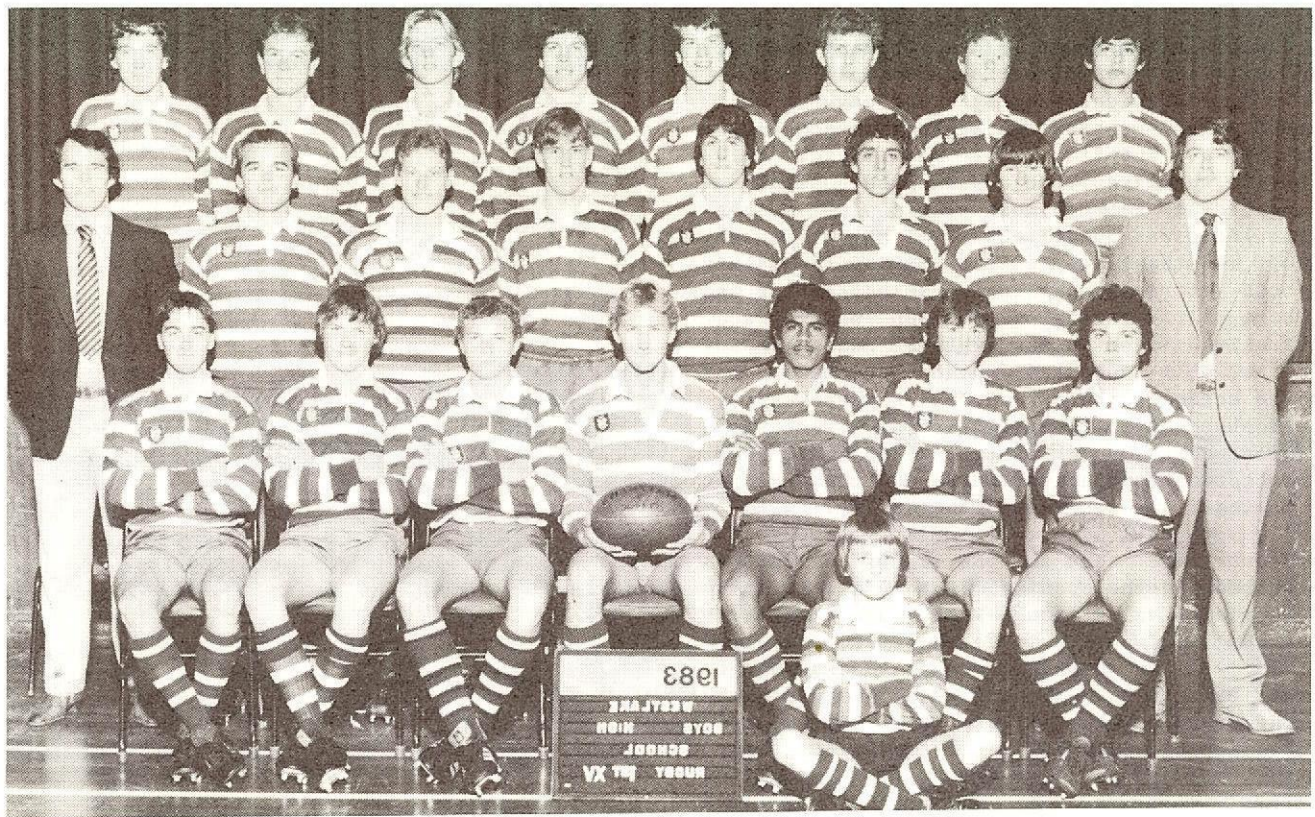
above water



H. Kelly

Rugby

1st XV



Although the 1982 team had been almost entirely made up of fresh faces and had therefore struggled through the season, this year's squad contained fourteen of those who had been on hand a year ago and although it took some time, they began to believe in their abilities.

Practice games, which now double as traditional matches, were arranged with Waitakere, won 10-0, Takapuna Grammar, won 18-7, and Rangitoto College, won 39-3 as pre-season fixtures. All were at home, with Waitakere and Takapuna adopting entirely defensive measures, while Rangitoto, who had won the previous season, failed to stop our three-quarters from running in several tries in the rain including three by Marc Sullivan, before the game

ended ten minutes early.

The competition opener was a considerable challenge as Kelston Boys went on to become joint Auckland champions. Westlake missed the services of Terry Burbidge who had broken his hand in a pre-season trial, and halfback, Stephen Bendall (asthma attack), and found the superior ball supply and constant extra men in the backline too much to handle. Missing easy kicks worth 14 points in the first quarter also took its toll, and although Kelston were deserved winners at 25-4, the score flattered them a little. Grant Kimber scored a fine try when he switched direction in midfield, and was to score another against Henderson High in the next game.



The Henderson pack proved far too weighty and enjoyed a feast of ball in the first half, but Neil Stott, in his last game before leaving school excelled with some excellent second half lineout possession. Burbidge was back and gave a most courageous tackle exhibition while Stephen Gleye outside him at 2nd five-eight was trying this position for the first time. His speed, handling swerve and size seemed most promising, so his move from lock was justified until he decided to join Stott on the leaver's list during the holidays, both attracted by their selection for a North Shore colts rowing squad which was to race the Australians later in the winter. We began to rattle the well-supported Henderson team and managed to scramble ahead, 7-6, but a pushover try put the hosts back in front, 10-7. On fulltime, with Kimber about to score a try, the final pass was intercepted, and Henderson saved the game by adding to their own score and winning 16-7.

Sacred Heart were next on the list, and after Kimber scored in the opening minutes, a whitewash seemed imminent. Although Westlake did most of the attacking, it was not to be, however, and with a 3-0 lead, it was a surprise when Sacred Heart broke away to give the hosts an undeserved 4-3 lead. They were defending very well though, and the best Westlake could do, while scratching for possession, was to put over a penalty for a 7-win.



Auckland's champion club coach, Maurice Trapp of Ponsonby, attended one of the next week's usual three practices, and suddenly Westlake managed an equal share of ball in their next match, against this year's N.Z. champions, Auckland Grammar. The visitors were just a little too efficient and although they were never in any real danger of losing, we scored more points against them than any other Auckland team managed all season, and apart from their surprise loss to Kelston, provided them with their closest winning margin, 20-12.

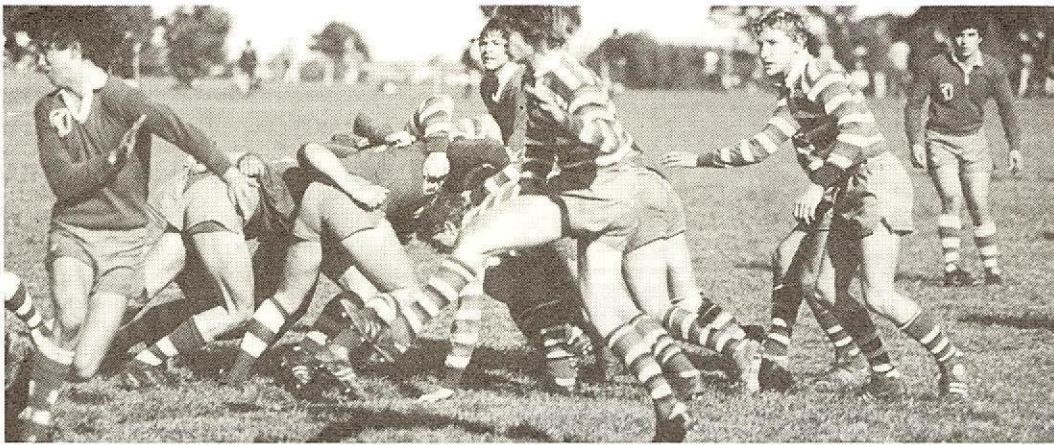
For the second successive year, we lost several



players during the match against reigning N.Z. champs, Mt. Albert Grammar, at our next outing. Missing two easy penalties in the opening minutes set us back, and Mt. Albert won an even contest, 15-8. The next game, against Hato Petera, saw a dramatic finish as Westlake grabbed the lead with three minutes remaining only to see Hato receive four consecutive penalties, the last one being worth three points as a linesman flagged it away and the referee awarded it. Hato won, 11-9, and went on to third in the competition.

Against Aorere, Westlake had a field day as backs and forwards alike ran in several tries, winning 28-6. Kings College followed a few days later in a midweek game that was well attended at Westlake. From the outset, the enormous Kings pack were far less spirited than their opposites who scrambled





enough ball for their backs to perform several sparkling moves that produced fine tries in front of some onlookers from Rosmini. Westlake won 17-6 to defeat Kings who were third at that stage.

The mid-term break saw the 1st and 2nd XVs charter a flight to Gisborne where the firsts met the renowned Gisborne Boys High side, and were thrilled to almost beat them despite an almost nil ball supply. The tackling of Alan Tasker, Brendan O'Donovan, Mark Haigh, and the unsettling tactics of Stephen Bendall kept Westlake right in the game, while out at midfield, Kimber and Kahl Schierling did a fine job of containing N.Z. rep centre, Darren Henare. Gisborne scored in the opening seconds, and Bendall replied with a penalty. Sullivan had an overlap but the last pass was not made, so Gisborne, who were National Top Four finalists, came through with a 6-3 win in what was Westlake's best display of the season.

St Pauls gave Westlake a fright before the dynamic tackling of Kimber and Schierling forced mistakes from which Kimber profited with a runaway try from his chargedown, Westlake winning 22-20. In midweek, Tauranga arrived to defend the 'Ranfurly Shield' of schools rugby, the Moascar Cup, and despite Westlake scoring the most enterprising try of the match, it was too late as Tauranga's deserved lead was comfortable, the final score being 19-6. Rosmini were next, three days later, and in a match that featured tense 'local derby' conditions, several spectators disgraced themselves, Rosmini had two sent off and another sin-binned, while the high-scoring affair saw Rosmini apply early pressure before succumbing to some lively Westlake moves. Rosmini scored on time and brought the score up to 30-22 to Westlake.



By this stage, Westlake had climbed from 11th early in the season to 5th, but lost the final game to St Peters, 12-6, deservedly so, and St. Peters showed more spirit on the day. The winners displaced Westlake on the ladder, leaving us in 6th place.

The friendlies followed, and in the rain on Northcote's narrow field, Westlake were comfortable winners by 29-15. The famous St Stephens squad came up from the Bombay Hills, and although Westlake dominated the opening quarter, the giant (four forwards over 16 stone, one over 19st.) visiting pack was too much to contain and St Stephens won, 33-3. Shirley Boys visited from Christchurch, and the day before Westlake left for their Australian trip, they had a win, 21-12.

Parents and boys had worked tremendously hard during the season and were rewarded with an Australian visit lasting ten days where two games were played, a win over Cleveland Street High, 18-14, and a loss to Homebush Boys High, 17-10. The season concluded with a friendly against the Takapuna Club's fifth grade (Westlake won an earlier encounter, 9-6), winning this one, 21-3.

George Elbourne, who was asked in Australia if he was really Mark Ella, justified his controversial selection as first string fullback with starring roles in the teams two best matches, against Kings and Gisborne. Richard Worrall was superb, always reliably finishing off moves, scored seven tries, and didn't miss a single tackle until the team had played nine games. Marc Sullivan, always keen, improved a great deal, and the big winger was always a difficult opponent with the ball in hand. Darren Drury, a talented utility who was generally found on the wing, made some bruising runs and was consistently good value. At centre or wing, Kahl Schierling, who finished with six tries, was the most improved tackler, shattering some opponents, and showing some fiery running. Inside him, Grant Kimber was the most valuable team member, heaviest tackler, and with nine, the top try scorer. He withdrew from the final Auckland rep trial to be available for the Australian tour. Alex O'Dowd at first-five improved steadily and his intelligent variations had telling effects on several games. Terry Burbidge, first or second five, came back from injury to show how crunching tackles should be made. By the season's end, he was reading the game very well, and inspiring the others with his steadiness. At halfback, Stephen Bendall took over the goalkicking early in the season, improved his passing dramatically, and in the final stages, made some dangerous bursts. His back-up, David Jessup, displayed growing confidence and the smaller lad would be a first choice halfback for many 1st XV's.



Captain Brendan O'Donovan, scrambled an amazing amount of ball from the end of the lineout considering his height, regularly made intelligent decisions, and really picked up his form from the Gisborne game onwards. Like O'Donovan, varying from No.8 to the side of the scrum was Mark Haigh, a heavy tackler who was especially valuable in maul situations and as a tight-loosie. Alan Tasker agreed to move into flanker from his preferred midfield back position in order that the team could make full use of his amazing tackles and strength. Total commitment at all times made him an admired team member who regularly reached heights even above the high levels the boys knew he was capable of. Gary Leslie was a super-fit, fiery loosie whose game benefitted from 1st XV exposure while his contributions showed the reliability and effort predicted by those who knew him well. Locks Stephen Gleye and Neale Stott departed to join a club rowing squad after only two competition games, and the team struggled for possession thereafter. Stott was developing well while Gleye has an exciting future in either rowing or rugby, such is his potential. Loose forwards, Murray Jansen and Dave Hurley were then called on to lock several times, and the team was grateful for their willingness to play, no matter where they were required. Hurley was quite brilliant at times, committing his body to bruising ordeals, and scoring four tries. Patrick Abbott also locked regularly, and secured some valuable lineout possession. Shane Beaman must have been one of the smallest props in the 'A' grade, yet was never buried. Always steady, he pulled off some Tasker-like tackles towards the season's end. Shane O'Brien, also at prop, was strong and fast, and could be a senior squad member next season. Leigh Sefton in his second year in the team had a spell away in U.S.A. at their junior surf-lifesaving champs. Always a first choice prop, "The Whale" will be a very valuable member again next year. Hooker Richard Craddock sat out only one game all season, and his skills will be sorely missed as he leaves this year following a two-year stint in the firsts. Paul Malbon, a skilful five-eight with a good boot, and Mike Dalley, a promising loose forward, were added to the squad for the Australian trip when O'Donovan and Worrall decided to opt out for study purposes. Malbon regularly led the sideline support which was always greatly appreciated by the team, a group of followers who were a credit to the school.

With about only nine of this year's squad expected to return, the work will have to begin early next season in order to again achieve respectable results.

Australian Adventure

At the beginning of the season there were rumours that a trip to the land of "Aus" might be on. Exclamations of "you beauty" and "choooooice" indicated that the enthusiasm was there.

Saturday - Three months of hard fund-raising later, twenty-one players, two coaches and Mr. Johnson, piled on board P.A. Flight 811 to Sydney. When we arrived there it was straight to the Test to see David Campese give an exhibition of expert goal-kicking and demonstrate the stutter step on his goal line.

Monday/Tuesday - It was off to Paddys Market to hear some quick talking salesmen selling three gold chains worth \$50 for \$5. With Kings Cross 800m up the road this proved to be the most popular of the wide variety of entertainments available. A young Coatesville halfback who did a "shady" the night before, made sure the team got value for money and also made arrangements for a group discount to an "exclusive" night club. A trip to the Blue Mountains on the Tuesday proved highly popular and especially educational for an "elusive" lock who questioned the articulate linguistical ability of an Australian box office ticket holder.

Wednesday - Our first game against Cleveland Street High School which came in the top eight of a prestige Sydney competition. The forwards mastered the tight play but below par play from the backs thwarted the hiding they should have got. The final score was an 18-14 win.

Thursday/Friday - The boys split up into groups to take in the many attractive sights offered by Sydney. Others took advantage of the cheap shopping available at Paddys Market and Bondi Junction. One of the evenings was taken up with ten-pin bowling in which a certain Mark Ella look-a-lick' made himself famous.

Saturday - The second and final game against Homebush High School. The forwards completely dominated their opposition in appalling conditions but the backs found difficulty in containing their opposition which contained two N.S.W. Rugby League reps. and the N.S.W. sprint champ. The game resulted in a 10 - 17 loss with the highlight being the haka at the beginning.

Sunday - This time was taken for some last minute shopping and sight seeing. A devout Canterbury supporter was reported to have spied on a female swimmer on top of a building from the Sydney Tower with the binoculars located there. However he was disappointed to discover the binoculars couldn't attain the trajectory required.

Monday - Twenty-one very tired players, two coaches and a substantial amount of extra baggage board P.A. Flight 812 to Auckland. This was the beginning of the end of a very successful and enjoyable trip.

Compiled by one of the few literate players in the 1st XV (anonymous)

Note: Karl Schierling wrote this. (ed.)





THE WESTLAKE 1ST XV PLAYER

*Lying half asleep in a comfortable bed,
The rugby player thinks far ahead
To another game of aggression, grit and might,
It would certainly be an exciting sight.*

*Up he gets and packs his gears,
Conditioning his mind against any fears,
Off to school, to support junior teams,
Lots of yells, and abusive screams,
For the player is now in the right frame of mind,
To toil, bustle, ruck and bind.
Home he heads a few hours to go,
Dons his clothes for clean look and show.
In goes a snack, off to school once again
But this time to play the important game.
Into the changing room, silence all round
Changing, stretching, warming up on the ground.
Boots are put on, time passes by,
"On your feet and get those knees high".
The chant is called, onto the field we run,
Lookout challengers, here Westlake come.
The whistle goes, boot hits ball,
Bodies clash and begin to mail.
The game goes on many points are scored,
Team work and skill, the crowd applaud.
After eighty long minutes the whistle blows,
A well-played game, everyone knows
To the showers, wash off mud and sweat,
Clean clothes, food and drink, players to be met.
The speeches are said, each captain chipping in,
Farewells, goodlucks and "I hope you win".*

*But all is not over, the night is yet young
Who wants to know how we all had fun.
So was the season, one to remember,
Thanks to coaches and every team member.*

WHALE



2nd XV

Captain in the sin-bin, hooker ordered off; n. the calmest of starts for the 2nd XV in t. competition games. But a pattern did emerge during the season despite the fact that nearly as many players were used as for the last test series involving the All Blacks in South Africa.

It had been 3 years since Westlake had fielded a team in the 2nd grade and at the beginning of the season there were real fears that there would be insufficient players to sustain the team during the winter; but after encouraging early results, players gathered, although the team was heavily reliant on reserves from the 1st XV squad, particularly in the backs. As it evolved the decision to enter 2B grade was a good one, but there are hopes that the school should be able to support a team in 2A during the 1984 season.

During the pre-competition games, players were tried in different positions, and decisions made on where some members could best be used for the team; perhaps one of the better choices was to play Karl Read at fullback after he had trialled for the 1st XV at halfback, and played his earlier rugby as a loose forward. His play developed well during the season, and he could be a good prospect in that position if he chooses to continue his involvement in the game. Without doubt the outstanding regular back of the team was Paul Malbon who displayed a wide range of skills and could develop into an outstanding player, once he disciplines some aspects of his game. Without Alex O'Dowd and David Jessup, particularly the latter, at the all important position of halfback, the backline was very ordinary, although David Bullians showed good potential, and surprising ability to beat men on occasions, although found it difficult to link up with support players at such times.

In the forwards Patrick Abbott, Mark Haigh and Gary Leslie were part of the team early in the season but went on to higher things by their inclusion in the 1st XV; Bevan Donald, the regular captain, Gregor Duncan, the all-important striker, and Michael Dalley all gave their very best for the team effort consistently during the season, and were the pick of the forwards, although Adrian Softley has much promise but needs to attend practice more regularly.

Two backs with little previous experience deserve mention: Kevin Vis showed outstanding speed and acceleration on the wing and his nursery days playing Rugby League served him in good stead on defence; Roger Shave, in only his second season of rugby, unfortunately punctuated by an irritating hamstring injury, showed promise on the wing and could develop into a fine athlete and player in the coming years.

The highlights of the season included the mid-term break trip to Gisborne, where the 2nd XV of Lytton High was beaten 32-0, the end of season game against Tauranga Boys High 2nd XV who we beat 12-7 in a game that did not reach any great heights, and the final win of the second round of the competition against Auckland Grammar's 2B side by 15-3, after being beaten heavily earlier in the season.

Thanks are extended to those parents who provided transport and supported team members, and to Messrs Watt and Glackin for their coaching and management.

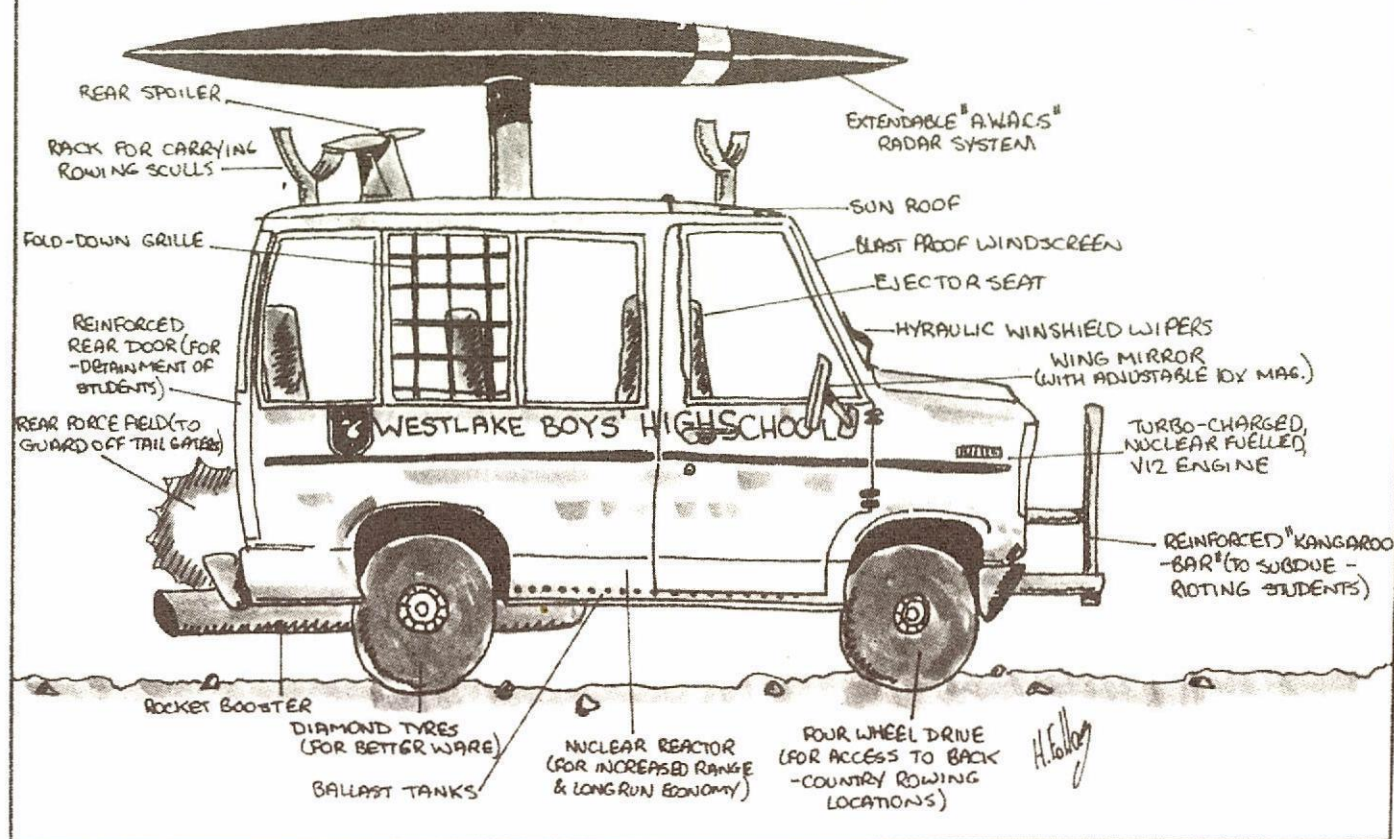
3A

1983 was for this team largely a season of lost opportunities. It is the score on the board at the end of a game of rugby that counts - not "if" and "but". This team was certainly close to winning most of its games. In only two games did teams post a considerable score against them. There is no doubt the team improved considerably during the season - they reduced a 40-0 deficit against Kelston to a 3-18 loss in the second game. Several games with the 2nd XV started with a 24-8 loss, followed by a 12-8 loss, followed by 8-8, and finally a convincing 16-8 win.

Despite the improvement it was a frustrating season as coach - the "so near but yet so far" results probably brought some of the worst out of me.

The boys themselves were a fine bunch of lads. They had a good team spirit and were very loyal and very reliable. They certainly mostly gave of their best - but unfortunately this was not always quite enough. In some games they played very well. Luck certainly didn't go our way at times - e.g. we were "robbed" in the second game v

the ultimate mini-bus



Mt. Albert. Much of the refereeing was below the normal expected standard.

The team took some poor refereeing decisions well. Remember lads to always do this. Many of the stronger teams we played had several 6th and 7th formers. We did well to hold them when it is considered that five of our forwards were 4th formers. (This is not to disparage the younger team members - they all developed well during the season - and several should go on to play well in higher teams. However, there is no doubt the extra two years add considerably to strength, experience and performance.)

Guy Ross as captain led the team well. Ross Gothard was the top points scorer and Chris Tuxford the leading try scorer. The Third Grade Cup for Reliability and Sportsmanship went to Darrin Kennedy.

Team:

G. Ross (Captain), G. Saker, B. Dewar, M. Ord, G. Pickering, D. Kennedy, R. Gothard, D. Gothard, B. Harold, W. McCallum, M. Webley, R. Bannerman, S. Busch, B. Hodder, G. Schofield, C. Tuxford, G. Hall, W. Haigh, W. Gregerson, F. Richardson.

Coch: Mr. D. Johnson

4A

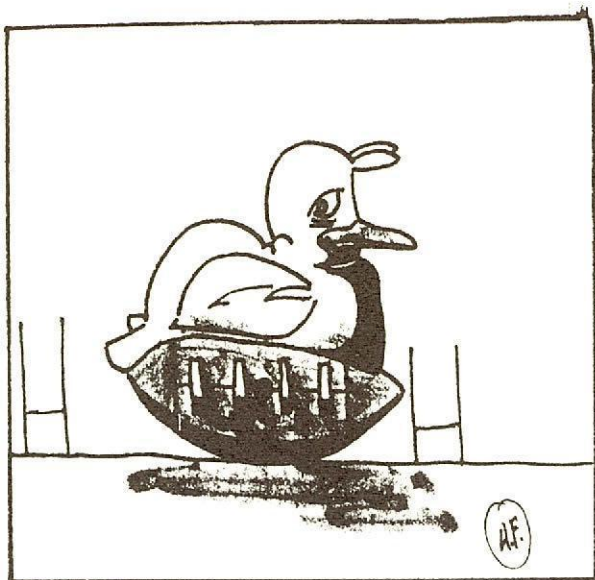
The 4A team this year consisted of some very talented rugby players. Although it did not reach its full potential in most of the games, it showed some brilliant patches of rugby in the Kings and Rangitoto games. Morale and spirit remained high at all times even when games were lost.

Team Comments:

Anthony Ford played a major part in our team with his tactical kicking and hard running around the base of the scrum. Blair Hastings had a solid season at 1st five-eight feeding the backline well. Dale Robson, Mark Smith and Mark Stevenson made the job hard to pick a permanent 2nd five-eight and centre each playing excellent games. At wing the job was shared between the speedsters, Todd Governlock, Nigel Higginson and Chris Hunter. Steven Castle was the top points scorer who showed brilliance both in attacking and defensive play at fullback. Dean Scott was unmatched through the year in the lineout giving our team a massive advantage. Michael Archer was a newcomer to rugby who showed promise for future years. The powerhouse of the team consisted of Ted Kuasnicka, Andrew Bremner, Glenn Gray and Michael Rowe who gave us an abundance of ball. The loosies were Aaron Bolt, Michael Morgan and Gene Cooksley, all good thinking rugby players. Craig Doel, the captain this year, showed his versatility by playing games at lock, number eight and flanker.

Much thanks must be given to Mr Alf Butt, without whose help the team would not have functioned as well as it did. The 4A side played 15 games, winning 8 of them.

Team: Steven Castle, Mark Stevenson, Aaron Bolt, Glenn Gray, Andrew Bremner, Michael Rowe, Ted Kuasnicka, Gene Cooksley, Craig Doel (Captain) Anthony Ford (Vice-Captain), Michael Morgan, Todd Governlock, Mark Smith, Blair Hastings, Nigel Higginson, Michael Archer, Chris Hunter, Dale Robson



4B

The team, like a badly-baked cake, sagged in the middle. After a strong start to the season (including a win against Kelston's 4A side in a non-competition game), the team was convincingly defeated by Lynfield and it took several games before morale was sufficiently restored for the team to show again its true ability. This above all was evident in the game against Auckland Grammar. The forwards played coolly under great pressure and the backs tackled with a fierce determination not always evident in Westlake teams. Few supporters will forget flying Frank Walsh's long legs as they struggled towards the goal-line after his match-winning intercepts!

The strengths of the team were its obvious spirit, the skill of the loose forwards, and the drive and the determination of the tight forwards; the backline took several games to sort its positions out, but with Frank Walsh at first-five (somewhat reluctantly!) it settled down to a much tidier pattern of play. Paul Culley - a fine flanker - had captaincy thrust upon him, but towards the end was showing fine leadership qualities.

Squad:

Craig Robson
Kent Gallagher
Warrick Gray
Robbie Pottie
John Housden
Grant Travers
Sean Boyle
Marc Corlett
Paul Culley
Andrew Rheinholds
John Kennedy
Frank Walsh
Gerard Wakefield
Richard Smith
Robert Fitzsimons
Glen Beamon
Tony Pothan

Record:

v Northcote College	Lost 4-12
v Long Bay College	Won 21-0
v Rosmini College	Won 7-0
v Lynfield College	Lost 6-32
v St. Paul's College	Lost 0-15
v Hato Petera College	Lost 4-26
v Takapuna Grammar	Drew 0-0
v Massey High School	Won 8-7
v Auckland Grammar	Won 10-0

4C

4C RUGBY

The 4C rugby team had a season of mixed fortunes, but in general there was an overall improvement in all facets of play.

Earlier in the season our future looked bright after good wins against the "nice" boys at Kings College.

The harder games followed against a gutsy Glenfield College side and an aggressive Hato Petera side, both beating us comfortably.

The forwards had a tough season but supplied the necessary ball for the backs to use. The "loosies", Grant, John and "Smokin' Noel Henry" were quick to the break-downs and ran strongly.

The ball from the forwards was distributed well by half-back Antony Ord with Leon Tasker controlling the backline movements from first-five. Luke Williams played in most positions in the backs with unpredictable play.

Many thanks must go to the team's coach, Mr. Peter Burley. Under his experienced coaching and management the team, on many Saturdays, produced surprise results. Peter's motto, the three "P's", Patience, Persistence, and above all, Pride, extracted hidden qualities from the most unlikely members of the squad.

U15

REPRESENTATIVE TEAM

Each year the school selects a team of third and fourth formers from a variety of Saturday Teams from third grade right down to sixth grade. This year, as the team was not travelling down to Christchurch to play Shirley Boys High School, it was decided to take the team on a tour of the central North Island. A squad of twenty boys was selected soon after the May holidays. During the months leading up to the trip in August the team played a number of Sunday games against club sides, as well as games against St. Stephens and Auckland Grammar Under 15 rugby sides. The latter two were teams made up of 5th form boys and although Westlake did not win the games, they performed creditably against such stiff opposition. On Thursday, 11 August the squad, travelling in two minibus's embarked on their trip.

They lost their first two games to strong opposition in Matamata and Western Heights in Rotorua but they were improving steadily and in the third game 'on tour' they defeated Tauranga Boys High - 25-0. On their return to Auckland they met the visiting Shirley Boys High School team in a close tussle which Westlake won 14-12.

Defections to club representative teams, and lack of fifth form representation had weakened the team but during the six-day trip a good team spirit and understanding amongst the players developed. They began to operate as a team. The forwards were playing as a unit, while the backline, in particular Jason Ward, Gerard Wakefield and Richard Smith, were developing sound positional play backline skills. An enjoyable season with obvious improvement evident over time.

5A

A season plagued with injury and misfortune would be the only words to describe the performance of the 5A this year. The very first game was an ill omen for the oncoming season as the team lost narrowly to St. Peters College in a game in which it dominated. This was to be the characteristic pattern of the rest of the season. Although in the midst of defeat we still managed to bring the season to a favourable finish with a high scoring victory over Kelston Boys High School winning 40 points to 3.

Despite a difficult season, the boys in the team enjoyed their rugby and played each game in good spirits. I am sure that the skill with which each player came out of this season will be that of tackling, a fundamental but essential skill. It was drummed into the team by Mr Ready who coached and encouraged our team admirably, and was an inspiration to all the players.

Played: 13 Lost: 9 Drew: 1 Won: 3

TEAM:

Gregory Wakelin, Mark Eglinton, Brendan Smith, Jason Ward, Mark Smith, Dean Goldsworthy, Dean Smith, Richard White, Nick Ross (Captain), David Frew, Paul Holland, Andrew Doel, Dean Salthouse, Gregory Moffit, Martin Cantell, John Handley, Geoffrey Devereaux, Paul Senior, Bruce Hawke.



5B

5B started the season with a convincing win in a friendly game against a Hato Petera 4th Grade side. We then met 5 opponent teams of a much higher standard. Then, against Waitakere, we were unlucky to lose 8-4 having missed a few good scoring opportunities.

We were able to score our second win the following week against Auckland Grammar. We finished our competition games having won 1 and lost 7. We showed that we still had a bit of fight left by soundly defeating Howick and only just losing to Long Bay, who had beaten us quite convincingly earlier in the season.

The team mainly consisted of 3rd and 4th formers, some of whom showed that they had definite ability on the rugby field. Carl Rolfe-Vyson excelled in the forwards both as a No.8 and a flanker and Martin Smith captained the team at half-back.

5C

The 5C rugby team for 1983 was mostly made up of junior boys, however some experience was provided by some 5th and 6th formers.

The forwards, while at times showing a slight weakness in the lineouts, were able to dominate the majority of their opponents. Tim Charlton was an outstanding player and forward leader throughout the season while Warwick Leslie improved with every game.

In the backs Chris Lutz provided pace and solid defence while scoring many exciting tries. Stephen Grant proved to be extremely adaptable, filling four backline positions during the season and proving to be competent in all of them.

However credit is due to all the players in the team for their willingness to turn out every Saturday.

Thanks must go to Mr. Walford for his encouragement and enthusiasm and to Mr. Bruce Lovie for his help on several Saturday mornings. Special thanks to Mr. B.I.F. Hall who displayed his refereeing ability when it was required and also to the many parents who helped out with transport.

Played: 12 Won: 6 Drawn: 1 Lost: 5
Pointed For: 267 Points Against: 107

TEAM:

Stephen Lyon (Captain), Martin Lester, Corey Haigh, Craig Lovie, Ross Robinson, Dean Wilkinson, Karl Sampson, Sam Te Whata, Warwick Leslie, Wayne Cook, Jason Stubbs, Tim Charlton, James Richardson, James Allen, Chris Lutz, Stephen Grant, Glen Colvin, Paul Arnold, Harley Thomas.

6A

AUCKLAND CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER

1983 saw Westlake take the championship in this grade by a clear 4 points. Starting the season with seven new team members it was thought that the team would have more than a little difficulty in emulating the successes of the previous year. However this was not to be the case. This year's 6A rugby side handled the competitive challenge that lay ahead of them well.

The season opened with two relatively easy wins in non-competition games against Kelston and Rangitoto. The first competition game was won in a similar fashion against St Peters, 21-0. Then followed a succession of hard-fought wins against St. Kentigerns (14-6), Sacred Heart (25-10) Kings (14-0) and Auckland Grammar (14-0). AT the end of the first round Westlake found itself the only unbeaten team.

The second round of games started quite well, with good wins against St Peters (22-0), St Kentigerns (14-6) and Sacred Heart (19-4), before the team faced the two toughest games of the season - against Rosmini and Auckland Grammar. The first was for the championship - a win left us a clear six points ahead with only two to play. Rosmini proved much tougher opposition in this round with a rousing forward effort, that required an extraordinary team effort to overcome. After a win against Kings College, the team faced the game against Auckland Grammar still six points clear

with most of the team not having lost a game in 27 matches over a two-year period. On the day, Grammar proved the better team. Westlake relaxed after being up 6-3 at halftime and the motivation of beating the championship winner triumphed - Auckland Grammar won 12-11.

Although deprived of an attractive "cherry" - their unbeaten record, the team won for the school a second championship. But more importantly, they achieved something truly more rewarding - an experience of playing for a "team", in which the individuals who won the games but all were members of a unit. Players did play well (Robert Wong Kam and Simon Hall in the backs, and Brett Barnes and Jeremy Hay in the forwards) - but so many others contributed performances that on the day were so important to the opportunities created by others.

Coach: Mr. D. Bunting

Team: Martin Smith (Captain) Jason Whatuira, Steven Smales, Tony Brown, Carl Rolfe-Vyson, Boyd Senior, Kevin Spencer, David Crane-field, Darrius Harris, Shamus Butt, Matthew Fenton, Sam Pearson, Sean Steel, James Dawson, Trevor Logan, Bryce Henderson, Richard Turnbull, Neville Taylor



6C

Westlake 6C capped off a successful season by winning the Auckland 6C Championship. This is Westlake's second consecutive championship win in this grade.

The strength of this team's success lay in the competent play set by the forwards, led ably by hooker Craig Evans who finished an excellent season by gathering 20 tighthead in the final match. The team's locks, Nigel Rattray and Logan Tabuteau, were shaky to start with but settled down to play very good football, and win a high percentage of lineout ball, towards the end of the season. Props William Ward and Michael Dixon played consistently all season with Ward good in the tight and Dixon in the loose (AND IN THE JOKING). Loosies, Denzil Travers and Kirk Morrissey, showed skill in most aspects and Morrissey was especially good at being caught off-side in the 'scrums (AND ALSO AT THE JOKES UP NORTH). Reserve forward Logan filled in when wanted and improved greatly towards the end. No.8 Mark Bramwell was very sound and very good at avoiding tackles with his slippery running.

Fullback Nick Kearney played well in both attack and defense and linked up well with wingers Darryl Brown and Wayne Stanley who were very fast once they got away. Stephen Lawrence, a very strong centre, burst through many a tackle, and linked up well with skilled second-five, Clayton Dale. Luke Howard was a highly skilled first-five and David Page a solid reliable halfback (EXCEPT FOR SOME OF HIS PASSING TO LUKE). Reserve backs David Gleye and John Cullen were always there when

wanted and David was a very versatile back player, fluctuating from wing, fullback, second-five and centre.

At the end of the season we had an eventful trip up North to play a Whangaroa College team. This team were mostly 2 stone heavier and we played patchily in losing by a very big score (i.e. 30-0.) The highlight of this trip was not getting to sleep till one o'clock Saturday morning after being woken by a very garrulous team.

Coach Mr. Hall must be thanked for his commitment and attitude during the year. This team would not have achieved this success without him and also the tremendous support from parents (NOTABLY MR. TRAVERS) and friends. It was deafening, especially in the final against Rosmini.

Played 13, Won 10, Drawn 0 Lost 3
Points for: 162 Against: 91

COACH: Mr. B.I.F. Hall

TEAM: Mark Bramwell, William Ward, Nigel Rattray, Denzil Travers, Craig Evens, Stephen Logan, Kirk Morrissey, Michael Dixon, Logan Tabuteau, Darryl Brown, David Page (Captain), Dean Mann, Clayton Dale, Luke Howard (Capt.-shared with Page) Wayne Stanley, Nicholas Kearney, Stephen Lawrence, David Gleye, John Cullen

7th

Big things were expected of this team. The 7A team of 1982 had won the championship, setting an impressive precedent. This 7A side didn't quite win the championship, in fact it lost ten of its sixteen games, but it achieved big things all right. Starting as a raw mixture of uncoordinated talent and total inexperience, and handicapped by a coach who spent half his winter weekends at Ruapehu, skiing, these eighteen young men managed to bootstrap themselves together into a TEAM.

For the record: We lost our first game 48 - nil, and had the dubious distinction of being the first side singled out for special mention by the Headmaster in assembly. A few heads were hanging low after that. After losing the next four in a row, some of the team weren't feeling much like coming to school on Monday mornings. Lesser men would have tossed in their boots, but not these guys!

For the record: Of the last four games played, we won three, losing only to the eventual champions. Never mind that we weren't getting singled out in assemblies any more. The team that had been labelled 'no-hopers' turned up trumps and turned out champs; maybe not championship winners, but champs in my book.

The ski season, incidentally, was lousy.

THE FULL RECORD:	Played 16	Points for: some
	Won 5	
	Drew 1	Against: many
	Lost 10	

TEAM MEMBERS:

Jason Harris (Captain), Kim Martinengo, Craig Morgan, Darren Hood, Dwight Parlane, Murray Jukes, Adam Laker, Graham Turner, Lee Kent (on occasion), Troy Stanton, Scott Govenlock, Chris Rollet, Warren Turnbull, Nick Stokes, Jonathon Schmidt, Nicholas Hall, Stephen Hawthorne, Richard Kavanagh, Stephen Hudson, Justin Woolfe.

Athletics

The outstanding athletes in the school this year have all benefitted from the strong clubs in the vicinity, with Kahl Schierling's National Colts triple jump title, gained in Invercargill by leaping 14.06m(w.a.), being the highlight. The school's sprint star, Tony ("Turbo") Collins was also selected to represent Auckland's under-18s down there, as the school's senior athletic champion this year, Andrew McRoberts, who ran 4th in the 800m final.

Gavin Butler, Robert Knight and Andrew Oakshot are also outstanding athletes, but their exploits are better described in the cross country section.

At the Central Zone Champs, our seniors were 3rd, intermediates 5th, juniors 8th, and we were 6th overall among nine schools. Schierling broke the triple jump record with a magnificent 14.06m, but the ratification depends on a ground survey.

McRoberts won the 800m, Butler won the intermediate 800m, Schierling was 2nd in the long jump and 3rd in the hurdles, John Bell 3rd in the intermediate triple, Eddie Taniora 3rd in the senior javelin, and Paul Lloyd 2nd in the senior shot, even with injured fingers. All these, plus 4th placers John Walters, John Knight (juniors), Ross Gothard, Andrew Oakshot (int.), and Tony Collins (snr.) all reached the Auckland Champion of Champions meeting. The Intermediate relay team of Ross and David Gothard, John Devlin, and Michael Jones also reached that standard.

Mt Smart Stadium was the venue for the Champion of Champions where Schierling won the triple jump, Butler won the intermediate 800m, McRoberts was 2nd in the senior 800m, Lloyd 3rd in the senior shot put, and the intermediate relay team was 3rd.

The rowers were available for the 'A' grade inter-school relays, hosted this year by Auckland Grammar. We won the senior 4 x 800m, int. 3 x hurdles and the thrilling final event, the senior medley relay. We finished 3rd overall behind Kelston Boys and Auckland Grammar, with the others in the following order: St Kentigern's, Takapuna Grammar, Sacred Heart, Mt Albert Grammar and Kings.

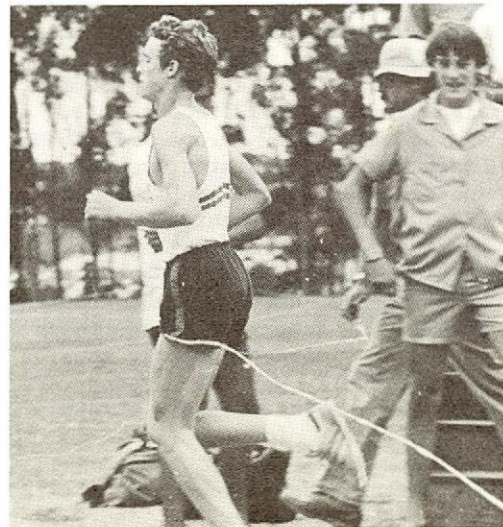
Placegetters in the school sports were as follows:

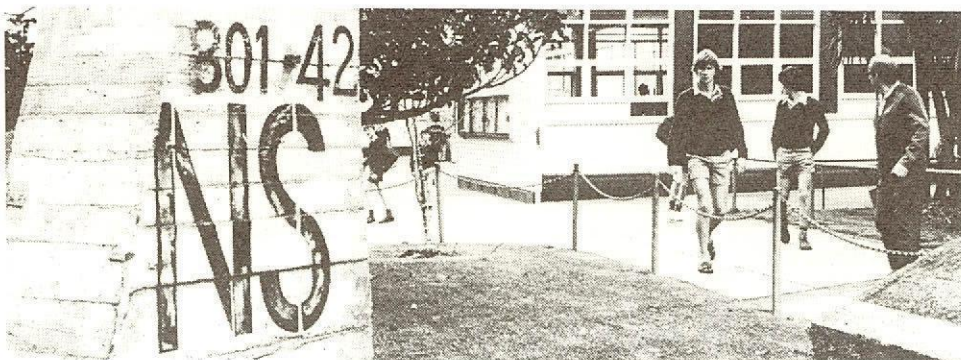
<u>Senior:</u>	1st: A. McRoberts	2nd: K. Schierling
	3rd: P. Lloyd	
<u>Intermediate:</u>	1st: G. Butler	2nd: R. Gothard and J. Bell
<u>Junior:</u>	1st: J. Walters	2nd: J. Knight
	3rd: V. Kitchener	

The following records were broken in the sports: Gavin Butler 4m23s Inter. 1500m; John Bell, 45.35m Inter. discus; and Peter Lassen, 13.22 Inter. shot.

ATHLETIC RESULTS - 1983

EVENT:		JUNIOR	INTERMEDIATE	SENIOR
100 m	1st	A. Dowd	R. Gothard	T. Collins
	2nd	D. Perry	A. Softley	G. Kimber
	3rd	G. Stanley-Hunt	D. Gothard	S. Gleye
200 m	1st	R. Tasker	R. Gothard	T. Collins
	2nd	G. Wakefield	D. Gothard	A. McRoberts
	3rd	S. Littlejohn	D. Curran	K. Schierling
400 m	1st	V. Kitchener	G. Butler	A. McRoberts
	2nd	D. Poulsen	D. Curran	M. Ord
	3rd	R. Redmond	D. Harnell	B. Tibbotts
800 m	1st	S. Littlejohn	G. Butler	A. McRoberts
	2nd	R. Redmond	A. Oakshot	G. Leslie
	3rd	N. Hall	C. Doel	M. Fisher
1500 m	1st	B. Colson	G. Butler	R. Knight
	2nd	P. Parker	A. Oakshot	B. Couling
	3rd	V. Kitchener	I. Dorward	G. Leslie
100 m Hurdles	1st	S. Governlock	C. Harford	K. Schierling
	2nd	G. Vile	M. Jones	P. Lloyd
	3rd	R. Morgan	D. Fairbairn	A. Tasker
Long Jump	1st	J. Quinlan	R. Shave	K. Schierling
	2nd	N. Stokes	G. Skinner	A. McRoberts
	3rd	J. Walters	R. Browne	P. Lloyd
Triple Jump	1st	M. Nicholson	J. Bell	K. Schierling
	2nd	J. Knight	R. Browne	T. Burbidge
	3rd	J. Walters	R. Shave	P. Lloyd
Shotput	1st	J. Knight	P. Lassen	P. Lloyd
	2nd	J. Walters	S. Aberhart	S. Gleye
	3rd	S. Everton	E. Taniora	A. Tasker
Discus	1st	J. Walters	J. Bell	P. Lloyd
	2nd	G. Vile	P. Lassen	K. Schierling
	3rd	J. Clark	J. Aitchison	B. Lillis
High Jump	1st	J. Walters	P. Malbon	T. Collins
	2nd	G. McKenzie	G. Skinner	A. McRoberts
	3rd	D. Perry	A. Oliff	D. Drury





Cross Country

Outstanding cross-country prospects continued to emerge in the shape of Gavin Butler, Andrew Oakshott, and Robert Knight. The inter-form races, school championship events, and the North Shore inter-school competitions all showed how the results were never entirely predictable, especially for the minor placings where considerable untrained talent lies waiting to be tapped.

Andrew McRoberts, the school's athletic champion, ran well on his track training while Richard Worrall and Gary Leslie showed natural ability which was enhanced by their 1st XV training. Todd Strathdee, Gareth Cook and other juniors are the backbone of our future successes, and we again won the North Shore Schools Championship, although we depended on the seniors and intermediates to make up for the lower overall standard of the juniors.

Our seniors dominated their event in the North Shore Championships when all five scoring runners finished in the first ten: Robert Knight 2nd, Brent Couling 3rd, Michael Morgan 7th, Gary Leslie 8th and Andrew McRoberts 10th (hotly chased by Richard Worrall, one place behind). Glenfield College, Takapuna Grammar, Rosmini College and Hato Petera followed in the team scores.

We also won the intermediate grade where Butler and Oakshott were 1st and 2nd, Robin McKinlay 7th, Callum Henderson 8th, Ian Dorward 9th and Anthony Ford 18th. Next in the teams were Rosmini

College, Long Bay College, Rangitoto College and Takapuna Grammar.

The juniors struggled as Todd Strathdee was our first finisher in 15th, the team finishing 4th behind Rangitoto College, Rosmini College and Long Bay College.

Westlake teams competed successfully at the Auckland Secondary Schools Cross-Country Championships at St. Kentigern College. The senior team was second behind Kings College with excellent team running from Knight (11th), Gary Leslie (13), Morgan (14th), Brent Couling (16th) and Andrew McRoberts (18th). The Intermediates also performed creditably finishing fourth as a team behind Auckland Grammar, Kings and Kelston Boys. Gavin Butler finished 3rd, Andrew Oakshot 21st and Robin McKinlay 22nd. Todd Strathdee was 22nd in the Junior event in a team made up entirely of third formers, many of whom will again be juniors next year.

We were also represented at the Auckland Secondary Schools Road Race Championships, with the seniors coming in 5th behind James Cook High School, Rangitoto College, Auckland Grammar and St. Kentigern College. Robert Knight, Richard Worrall and Andrew McRoberts were 15th, 16th and 17th while rowers Sene Grant, Murray Jansen who had trained on the water at 5.30a.m. and 1st XV fullback, George Elbourne, were in the rear of the field with secret placings.

The intermediates again excelled with 3rd place, Auckland Grammar and Kelston Boys High School heading them, MacLeans College and James Cook High School immediately following. Butler came 5th and Oakshott 9th, McKinlay 25th, Henderson 35th and David Bullians 54th.



Wayne Harnell -

4th form cross country champion

A team of six also attended the New Zealand Schools Cross Country Championships in Paeroa, and performed creditably: Butler, McRoberts, Oakshott, Knight, Andrew McIntyre and Henderson.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP CROSS COUNTRY - 1983

<u>Junior:</u>	1st	Todd Strathdee	3	Taylor
	2nd	Gareth Cook	3	Perkinson
	3rd	Paul Quinlan	3	Bagnall
	4th	Nicholas Hall	3	Valentine
	5th	Mark Sapsworth	3	Bagnall
	6th	Donald Allison	3	Norton
	7th	Craig Morgan	3	Norton
	8th	Mark Eglinton	3	Taylor
	9th	Vaughan Kitchener	3	Bagnall

<u>Intermediate</u>	1st	Gavin Butler	5	Willis
	2nd	Andrew Oakshott	5	Salter
	3rd	Callum Henderson	5	Overend
	4th	Robin McKinlay	4	Winslade
	5th	Anthony Ford	5	Willis
	6th	Ian Dorward	5	Lewis
	7th	Mark Chadwick	4	Winslade
	8th	David Bullions	5	Binnie
	9th	Leon Tasker	5	Bailey
	10th	Dwight Parlane	5	Hooper

<u>Senior:</u>	1st	Robert Knight	6	O'Grady
	2nd	Andrew McRoberts	7	Lamdin
	3rd	Richard Worrall	7	Hayden
	4th	Steven McNamara	7	Nield
	5th	Gary Leslie	7	Lamdin
	6th	Michael Morgan	6	Walford
	7th	Brett Tibbetts	6	Hayden
	8th	Steven Bendall	6	Walford
	9th	Phillip Hoy	6	Biggs
	10th	Stuart Cordelle	6	Hayden

FORM CROSS COUNTRY RESULTS

6th & 7ths	1st: 6 Lander 259	2nd: 6 Walford
5ths	1st: 5 Willis 286	2nd: 5 Simpson
<u>Individuals:</u>	1st: Gavin Butler :	5 Willis
	2nd: Robert Knight :	6 O'Grady
	3rd: Andrew Oakshott:	5 Salter
	4th: Michael Morgan :	6 Walford

Junior Inter-Form Cross Country Results:

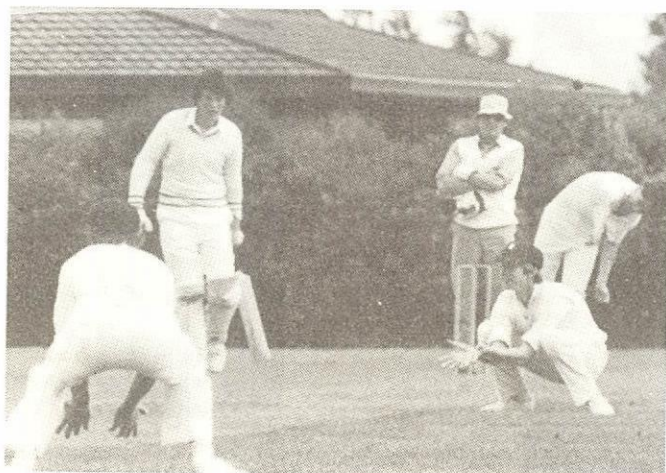
<u>3rd Form:</u>	1st: 3 Speir	218 Points
	2nd: 3 Hill	318 Points
	3rd: 3 Taylor	364 Points
<u>Individual:</u>	1st: R. Moratti	3 Bagnall
	2nd: P. Quinlan	3 Bagnall
	3rd: G. Cooke	3 Perkinson
	4th: B. Harnell	3 Hill
<u>4th Form:</u>	1st: 4 Rea	244 Points
	2nd: 4 Watt	405 Points
	3rd: 4 McVeigh	417 Points

<u>Individual:</u>	1st: W. Harnell	4 Winslade
	2nd: R. McKinlay	4 Winslade
	3rd: C. Rolf-Vyson	4 Hall
	4th: J. Kitchener	4 Rea



Cricket

1st XI



This year is shaping to be another memorable one for Westlake Boys High School cricket as the 1st XI is poised to win the Auckland Secondary Schools Cricket Championships for the second time in three years. At this time of this report the 1st XI is 10 points clear and it is most unlikely that the gap will close with but one match left in a highly successful season.

There have been many high-points in a year notable for a team with a positive, aggressive approach to the game and backed by a strong team spirit. Several tense and exciting matches resulted when we declared behind and then were set substantial totals, demanding bristling aggression to win outright. The 'home derby' against Takapuna Grammar School and the traditional match against Tauranga Boys College were rescued by decisive and positive (if not courageous) declarations that created exhilarating cricket and displayed the multi-farious batting talents of a very gifted batting line-up. The Christchurch Boys High School game was cricket at its very best with the game up for grabs until the last ball was bowled. We should have won it. The same can be said of the match against Howick-Pakuranga when cooler heads could have seen us through. In all matches the opposition were surgically disembowelled by superb fast bowling from Willie Watson until he decided to further his prospects by moving on to play senior



cricket. A championship win is a great climax to a great cricket year.

In a team where we were all good mates everyone played a part. Alex O'Dowd led the team from the front with a rare maturity and loads of cricketing common sense. After a good dose of the batting horrors early on, he hung in for a good 50* against St. Peters College and never looked back, his knocks against Takapuna Grammar and St. Kentigern College being real gems. Justin Vaughan complemented Alex out in front and together they provided a positive leadership team. He is a batsman of supreme calibre as was so amply demonstrated by a magnificent 108* against Howick - Pakuranga when we were entertained by the full range of strokes played with power and timing. Patrick Rogers always batted with grit and determination to take the shine off the ball for us, then graft for runs and he fully deserved his excellent 66* against Papatoetoe. Andrew Rheinholds was tossed in at the deep end to open the innings and he relished the task whilst his slow left armers provided much needed variety in attack. His fine knock of 50* against Takapuna was vital. The fleet-footed hot-shot Ian Caulfield was always vocal and slick behind the stumps and his running between the wickets ensured the batting momentum never slackened. His 50* at Tauranga was a superb innings. Conrad Cooper went from strength to strength throughout the season doing the Trojan Horse job of bowling into the wind. His 16 overs, 3-25 against Takapuna is a clear testimony to his growing stature. David Ponting has shown us all that he is an outstanding all-rounder with a great future ahead of him if he can get past 30 runs. David has all the shots and enjoys giving the ball a real 'nudge'. Those 24 runs were really vital ones when we were in a spot of trouble against Takapuna Grammar.

Stephen Bendall's left-armers, tight of line - and length made him the perfect foil when Willie Watson was cracking heads and stumps at the other end. A 20 wicket bag for the year was richly deserved. The Gothard brothers were great value, their

genuine all-round ability ensuring they played a major part in the team's success. Both are most competent batsmen who can crack the ball all round as was seen in Tauranga when their clean hitting zippy running between the wickets made a real mess of the Tauranga attack. Ross's pacey and accurate left armers are hard to get away and he always bowled very well to take his 28 wickets.

Willie Watson gave the bowling attack real punch. He was genuinely quick and could do it all, so became a feared fixture on every school cricket pitch this season as he wiped at several batting attacks. Like Justin Vaughan and probably Ian Caulfield and Alex O'Dowd, Willie Watson is a certain selection in the Auckland Brabin Shield team this year.

I would like to thank Coach Glackin for his judicious advice and dedication every Saturday. His tactics have bought us on top again and without his delightful manner I fear that the team may not have been as closely-knit as they are.

It has been a fine year for the Westlake 1st XI.

LIMITED OVER MATCHES

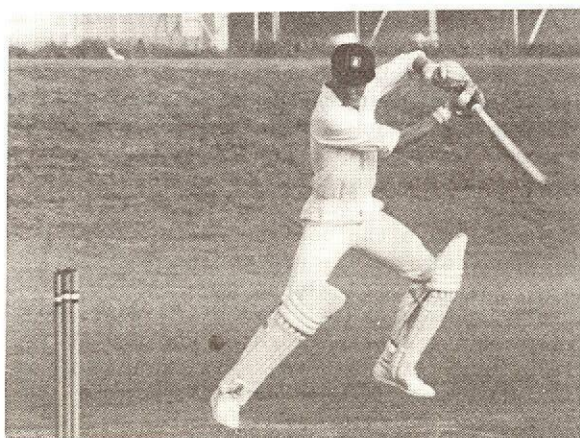
1. Vs Kings College II. WBHS 123-3 dec. (Vaughan 51, Ponting 27*) defeated KC 54, (Watson 4-12, R. Gothard 3-23) and 37, (Watson 4-24, R. Gothard 5-12) outright.
2. Vs St. Peters College. WBHS 67-8 (P. Rogers 26 defeated S.P.C. 66. (Bendall 3-12, R. Gothard 2-19).
3. Vs Howick - Pakuranga - Edgewater. WBHS 146 (Vaughan 28, Caulfield 23) lost to H.P.E. 148 (Watson 4-38).
4. Vs Papatoetoe High School. WBHS 127-2 (Rogers 66*, Vaughan 34) defeated Papatoetoe H.S. 35 (Watson 6-16, Bendall 2-16) and 46-5.
5. Vs Sacred Heart College. WBHS 167-5 (Vaughan 52, Rheinholds 33, Ponting 27) defeated S.H.C. 49 (Watson 8-13).

2 DAY GAMES - TOP SIX

1. Vs St.Peters College. WBHS 218-8 dec. (O'Dowd 51, Rheinholds 44, D. Gothard 35) defeated SPC 155 (Bendall 4-32, Watson 3-31) on the first innings.
2. Vs Takapuna Grammar School. WBHS 74-7. (Ponting 24) and 155-2 (O'Dowd 50*, Rheinholds 52*, Vaughan 31) defeated TGS, 171 (Watson 5-44, Cooper 2-6 and 55 (Watson 6-28, Cooper 3-25, outright.
3. Vs Howick - Pakuranga - Edgewater. WBHS 179-2 (Vaughan 108*, Rogers 27, O'Dowd 20*) drew with H.P.E. 45-2 (M. Robinson 2-26). Rain affected.

TRADITIONAL GAMES

1. Vs Christchurch Boys High School. WBHS 103. Rogers 21 lost to G.B.H.S. 107-9 (Watson 3-29, R. Gothard 2-28, Bendall 2-7).
2. Vs Tauranga Boys College. WBHS 97-1 dec. (Vaughan 43*, Rheinholds 38*) and 224-7 (Caulfield 50*, R. Gothard 38*, D. Gothard 43, Vaughan 23) defeated T.B.C. 208-7 dec. (O'Dowd 2041, Rheinholds 2-42, Bendall 2-47) and 111-4 (Bendall 2-18).



BATTING

	Innings	Not Outs	Runs	Highest Score	Average
J. VAUGHAN	13	3	428	108*	42.8
A. O'DOWD	11	3	225	51*	28.1
A. RHEINHOLDS	13	4	247	52*	27.4
D. GOTHARD	7	2	130	43	26.0
I. CAULFIELD	8	2	147	50*	24.5
R. GOTHARD	6	2	89	38*	22.5
D. PONTING	8	1	149	27*	21.3
P. ROGERS	13	1	206	66*	17.1
S. BENDALL	4	3	10	10	10.0
C. COOPER	2	1	5	5	5.0
A. POTHAM	3	-	14	6	4.7
W. WATSON	3	-	9	5	3.0
M. ROBINSON	DID NOT BAT				

BOWLING

	Overs	M'dns	Runs	Wickets	Average
W. WATSON	122-5	44	288	38	6.0
S. BENDALL	84-5	19	208	20	10.4
M. ROBINSON	12	-	42	4	10.5
R. GOTHARD	109-3	32	249	22	11.3
C. COOPER	70	24	119	10	11.9
D. PONTING	7	1	12	1	12.0
A. REINHOLDS	38-2	5	92	5	18.4
J. VAUGHAN	43	11	112	4	28.0
A. O'DOWD	19	2	64	2	32.0
A. POTHAM	2	-	13	-	-

2nd XI

Having won the 2A competition last year, the team was confident of considerable success, despite the fact that some ten players had left the squad. Pre-season predictions proved justified as the new players lifted the overall standard and made the Westlake 2nd XI an even more formidable opponent than it had been in '82.

This was shown right from the first game against Sacred Heart where Westlake scored 177 in the first innings with Olliff getting 66 not out. We then removed Sacred Heart with McLaren taking 6 wickets for twelve runs off eight overs. The outright win was missed by two wickets with three catches being dropped in the last over.

The second game provided another outright chance when Westlake batted first and reached 210 for six with Olliff getting more than ninety not out, but once again time ran out and it was a first innings win.

The game against Henderson followed a similar pattern, the outstanding performance this time coming from Robinson who took 5 wickets for seven runs off eleven overs.

With only two games left to play, and a record of straight wins so far, things look promising for another championship victory and promotion to the first XI competition.

COACH: Mr. Walford

TEAM: A. McLaren, A. Worrell, A. Olliff, C. Kemp, A. Softley, A. Caisley, M. Jones, M. Kimber, M. Robinson, P. Lloyd, S. Lyon, S. Coutts, S. Jensen

3A

The well-balanced team relies on all members to turn in good performances, rather than a few stars.

Opening batsmen, Colin Harford and Todd Gövenlock, have performed admirably against hostile bowling, and pitches. Both also excel in the field, Colin as wicketkeeper and Todd as an opening bowler. Middle-order batsmen Tim Hudson and Nick Ross have provided the core of the batting strength, consistently scoring highly which resulted in them topping the averages. Nick has also turned in some very creditable bowling performances. All-rounders Darren Kennedy, Michael Ellis and Dale Robson have responded well in saving the team from disaster on a number of occasions. Because of the large number of players it has been difficult for all players to play each week but all of the following players have proven themselves very capable: Tony Sands, Scott Tibbott, Blair Hastings, Nigel Higginson, Peter Ritchie and a newcomer to cricket, Craig Doel. Anthony Ford has batted consistently all season (either consistently well or consistently badly) and has led the team well.

Many thanks must go to Mr. Hall and Mr. Willis for giving up their time to supervise the team during the weekend on the Saturday mornings. Their advice has proven very useful also.

It is an ancient cricketer
And he stoppeth one of three
By thy blackened eye and bruised shin
Now wherefore stopps't thou me?

The pavilion doors are opened wide
And I am next to bat
The field is set, the bowler waits
I ain't got time to chat.

He holds him with his skinny hand
'There was a team' quoth he
'4A Cricket - Westlake Boys'
(Now have a cup of tea)

The team was cheered, the field cleared
Often did we drop
The simplest catch in every match
But in spirit we were top.

Now first the Grammar XI came, and they
Were tyrannous and strong
Ross and Eady opened well
And Drury followed on.

With sloping bats and dipping hats
We pursued their score with yell and roar
Drury got to thirty-nine
We lost by ten and four.

And now we came to Penrose High
It was a sticky wicket
The ball came by about head high
A lively game of cricket.

Burbidge got to thirty-three
He played a fine defence
But Penrose High were all around
We couldn't find the fence.

Scoringe and Spurling they did bowl
And kept a steady line
But this is limited over stuff
And we ran out of time.

At Onehunga we did play
Fielding a fine eleven
Young Scoringe got 5 for 34
Ironside 4 for 7.

Dixon's bowling, I'll be bound
Helped to keep the run rate down
Fielding better than in other matches
Mark Haigh, he took two fine catches.

And now we did a hellish thing
As we went in to bat
We didn't concentrate - tut, tut
In cricket you can't do that.

The only saving grace that day
Was Drury's sound two-nought
When finally dismissed we were
Roughly sixteen short.

Now Ross and Ironside
Cursed and Swore
And forced us out to practice
A few pulled out, they left and said
'Afraid we just can't hack this'.

Day after day, day after day
We blocked and bowled and fielded
As mindful as a patient slip
We watched as bats were wielded.

Cricket, Cricket every day
And all our balls did split
Ross and Ironside forced us on
Until we'd mastered it.

There passed a weary time. Each man
Perfected what he did best
Then came Pakuranga
To put us to the test.

Monday morning, in deathly hush
Assembly - what a bore
Then Mr. Moss he took the stage
He gasped when he turned o'er the page
And cried, "A draw! A draw!"

"See! See! (he cried) they lose no more"
And walked out through the din
The gallant 4's sallied forth
Their last two games to win.

Marcellin College were all aflame
And out to make a score
Scoringe and Dixon got two wickets each
Then Spurling he took four.

Burbidge batted a grand nineteen
Guy's twenty had them buzzing
Then Darren Drury took the crease
And hit a couple of dozen.

They feared us ancient cricketers
They feared our forward drive
For when we'd finished with Marcellin
They were only just alive.

Alone, Alone, all - all alone
Alone on a wide, wide wicket
And never an umpire took pity on
Our gallant games of cricket.
But tell me, tell me, speak again
This great report is binding
We met St. Pauls in the final game
And gave them quite a hiding.

To walk together to the crease
And all together play
With Spurling and Dixon's bowling
Soon we had them folding
The only way to play.

St. Pauls made not quite eighty
That score we soon did pass
With the help of Ironside's batting
The game was quite a farce.

They playeth best who practice well
With both the bat and ball
And the dear umpires loveth us
This we do recall.

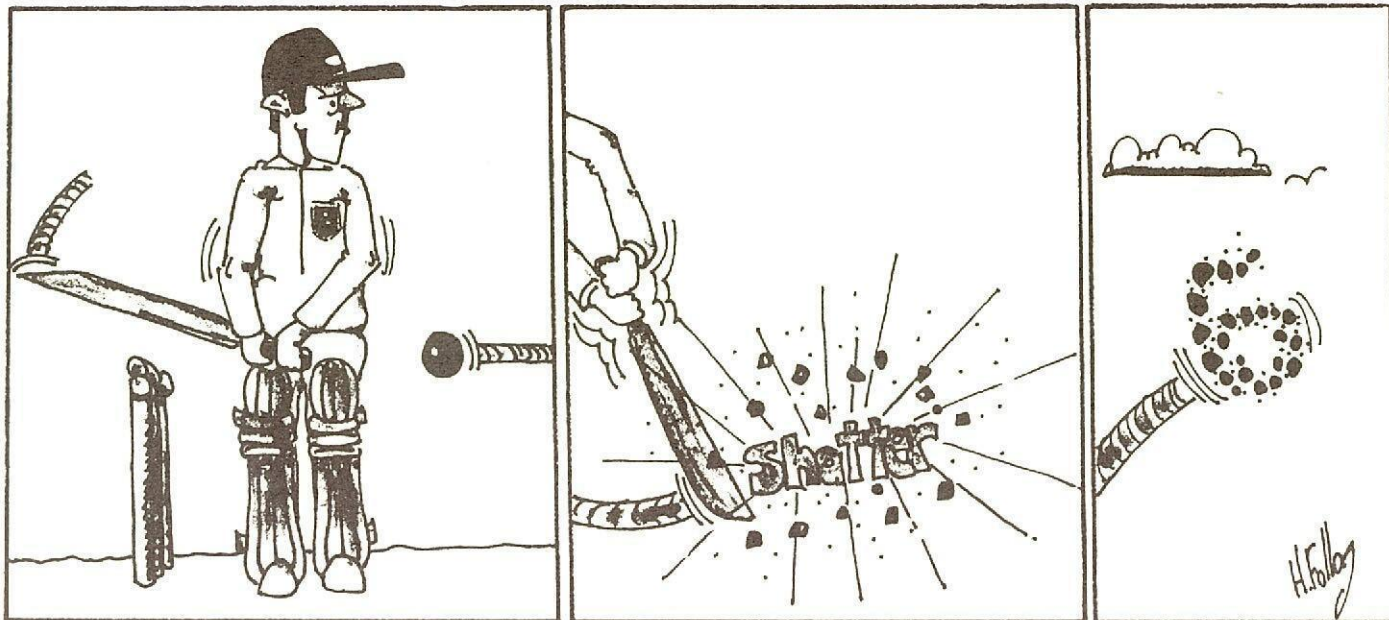
He went like one that hath been stumped
In something of a huff
A sadder and a wiser man
But he had heard enough.

Samuel Taylor Slater

TEAM:

Steven Ironside (Captain), Guy Ross, Stuart Cordelle,
Darren Drury, Paul Scoringe, Terry Burbidge, John
McCrystal, Bryce Dixon, Robert Blunden, Mark Haigh,
Shane Beaman, John Eaddy, Karl Spurling,
Alan Woodley.

Master in Charge: Mr. S.K. Slater



5A

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF 5A

Our team went into the 5A competition with some excellent North Harbour players and some plain old cricketers.

We went into our first game enthusiastic, but watchful. We knew we were fairly good, but we didn't want to think we were super.

The captain won the toss and decided to field. The batsmen came on to the field wearing helmets! By the second week, they had us in a good position leaving 120 runs to get in a little over an hour.

Mr Hall sent out his 'tonker', Andrew Shotter, and his trusty courageous little opener, James Wood. James made a superb 65. With less than 9 claimed minutes left and 24 runs to get, our Captain, Carl Rolfe-Vyson, had the option "to go for it" and he did, getting 17 runs not out, and the other batsman Simon Hall getting a valuable 8 runs not out. We had an outright win.

Our coach worked us hard that following week on the required skills for the weaker members of the

team, but to no avail. On the Saturday everyone breathed a sigh of relief when the Captain won the toss and decided to field. Nick Sharp, our agile wicket keeper who rarely misses an edge or a stumping, padded up to brave the brisk Saturday cold. Scott Munday, our opening bowler, after a first-up maiden over, got a prized wicket of the K.B.H.S. opener for a duck. After that Kelston never looked back with scores like 19, and two 25's. But we let it go right at the end with a 77 last wicket stand. 204 all out! Some total for us to chase, but Mr Hall felt we had the batting power. Next week, our team never looked like sparkling with bat, the captain top scoring with a meager 28. The K.B.H.S. captain made us follow on only to be shown a dazzling display of batting. Mathew Short, took their bowling apart with a great innings of 62 not out, including 12 4's. He was backed up by the vice captain, who got a quiet 23 not out. The game showed the team's willingness to try in the face of great difficulties.

Against the Rutherford 5A we just fitted in an outright win before the rain came pouring down. Again

our brilliant all rounder Mathew Short shone with both bat and ball getting 6 wickets off ten overs for 21 runs. Our opening batters, Simon Hall and James Wood, had no trouble passing Rutherford's first innings total before our first wicket fell. Rutherford pulled a "flukey" 115 all out to leave Westlake needing a quick 79 to get the outright before the rain came sloshing down. Mathew Short played a fine innings of 35 including a six over the bowler's head and Simon Hall showed his full hand, getting a hard hit 23.

Mr Hall is thinking ahead for the future, hoping for better things yet to come, when we "WIN THE COMPETITION."

Our gratitude goes to Mr Hall for all his coaching this season.

5B1

When our first game got under way at Auckland Grammar in January, Andrew Brown hit the first ball for a six - what a start! On the next delivery he got a single and unfortunately was clean bowled on the next delivery that he faced. With a very large "tail" to our batting order we were all out within the hour. This was the only loss of the first half of the season and with some excellent team-work the cricket got better and better. There was some very good bowling from Terence Hay, Neil James, Mahesh Patel and David Page. Excellent work by Eugene Taniora as wicket keeper and lately as a batsman, and some very good batting by Neil James helped to give the team a solid base.

One very popular game was against our own 5B2 team. In a practice match against 6A Neil James hit the ball very hard and two fieldsmen raced to get under the ball and then stopped and watched the ball come down - in two halves. Unfortunately the next day Neil broke his wrist and was out for the rest of the season. Special thanks to Mr. Buckman who has given the team some very much appreciated coaching.

Team:

Eugene Taniora, Terence Hay, Neil James, Allan Saunders, Mahesh Patel, Jonathan Buckman, Blair Rutherford, Andrew Brown, Clayton Dale, Craig Graves, Grant Dooley, Tim Purvis, Steven Robinson, David Page.

Coach: Mr. A. Hooper

5B2

This team would bowl anyone over and I mean anyone. Even the umpires! All players are willing to bowl and often there's no guarantee who will be next. I pity the batsmen, waiting for the next unpredictable ball to be bowled; perhaps I should have said delivered, as they receive some of them airmail!

As for their batting skills, anything that couldn't hit the stumps is savagely swiped at. Anything aimed at the wickets is left alone and I mean left alone! You musn't bowl a straight ball at this team if you want to get to know them - I think they must like ducks more than the opposition.

Nevertheless they have had some startling results. They managed to thrash Takapuna Grammar No. 2 team, narrowly beat Auckland Grammar, and then get beaten by Glenfield College, Auckland Grammar and a St. Peters team.

There's hope for the future if more of them develop a liking for chickens, not ducks.

6A

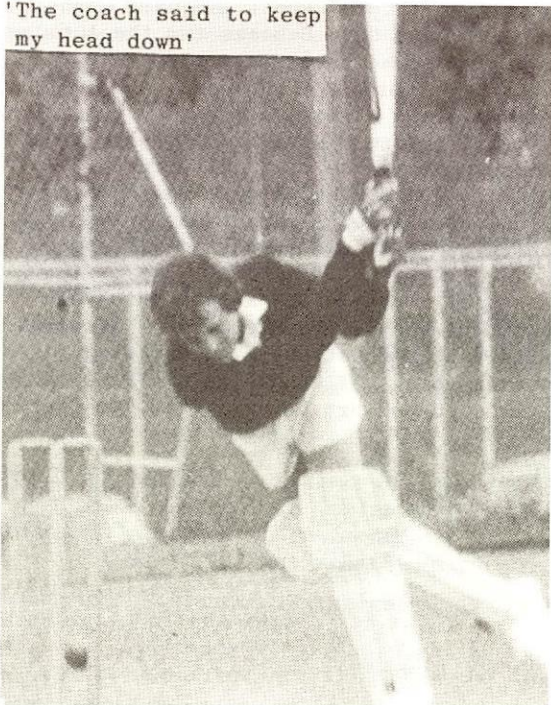
I don't understand it; these guys are terrific. Good cricketers, good sports, enthusiastic, they try hard, but they don't win all their games. I may have to start believing in some kind of malevolent deity. Don't get it wrong; they didn't lose them all either. With the season still in progress we have won three games, lost four games and had one draw. (That was a moral victory to us incidentally. Grammar got away by the skin of their collective teeth.)

I'm sure we will win all the rest. With a team like this, how can we lose? (Was it Napoleon who said that....?)

TEAM:

Paul Smith (Captain), James McCondach, Cliff Brown, Mark Henderson, Chris Mitchell, Scott Govenlock, Stephen Nicol, Hamish Waterhouse, Andrew Greensmith, David Booth, Brett Rutledge.

'The coach said to keep
my head down'



6B1

THE BALLAD OF 6B1

You can talk about your Coney,
You can sing about your Cairns,
You can laugh about old Hadlee and his ton.
But I'll tell you this much, stranger,
That you haven't even lived
If you've never seen a team like 6B1.

Why, there's Drury; he was captain,
My, you should have seen him bat.
Reliable? Well, almost every game
When you looked a-down the score -
It was really quite a bore -
Among the runs, you'd always find his name.

His helper (Martin Smith -
Got a brother in the Fifth)
As a batsman full of well-learnt batting tricks
Though on one or two occasions
He was just too jolly keen
And was out first ball in trying to hit a six.

And if that were not enough
These two lads were such stern stuff
They could do the bowling virtually as well.
They got among the wickets -
Got them caught, or bowled, or both -
Like magicians, they could almost weave a spell.

And then there was Scott Littlejohn,
The wicket-keeper chap,
And a batsman - he got sixty in one game.
And Hilton, Hart and Baseden,
Morgan, Stephen Hack, Dean Mann -
Where credits due they all can stake their claim.

And others I could tell of -
Tony Perkins (opening bat)
Mark Cathro, Cooper - all demand attention -
And Skelton, Hudson, Pentaltan,
Mark Smales and Darren Shand,
And Gavin Read, their coach, deserve a mention.

The highlight of the season?
Well, that's easy - Listen here,
In the final match they reached their seventh
heaven.

They built a massive score
And - wait for it, there's more -
They bowled out 6B2 for twenty-seven.

So what about these fellows,
All these lads of 6B1?
How to close this ripping yarn, if I'm allowed -
They were always keen to practice,
Always anxious for a game -
They were something of which Westlake can be
proud.

6B2

This enthusiastic group of third form players started the year with a spectacular outright victory over St. Pauls. Michael Dixon batted brilliantly for 42, hitting ten 4's and then with Paul Cramsie he helped dismiss St. Pauls for 21 and 32.

Then we faced a team from Auckland Grammar. Dixon and David Walton were the main wicket-takers and stifled scoring. Grammar struggled through to 81. Westlake started badly and at 38/7 Glenn Davies, the Captain, came to the wicket, drove with great fluency and saw the game through to a

Westlake victory by two wickets.

Thereafter the team fell upon bad times. There were successive defeats against Sacred Heart, another St. Pauls team, St. Peters, and the 6BI team. However we were lucky on most occasions, e.g. batting first on a rain-affected pitch sprinkled with horse manure against Sacred Heart, and fielding through a cloudburst against St. Pauls.

On the player front, the best-performed player was probably Michael Dixon. Although his batting did not always produce results, his bowling was accurate and rarely hit around. Paul Cramsie was definitely the unluckiest player in the team - he performed with consistency while batting as an opener and when bowling he was often not aided by good catching. All the other members of the team at some time contributed something to the team effort.

The new season is now under way. In the first game a new-look team, including "imports" played the 6BI team and through a great bowling effort dismissed them for 81 (an improvement of almost 100 runs from the previous season.) However, the batsmen couldn't get the runs and the game petered out into a draw.

The team is now a lot stronger than at the start of the year and feeling the benefit of coaching help from Shane Busch. We are grateful to several parents for help with transport, umpiring and scoring, and to Mr. Overend our coach-manager.

TEAM:

Paul Cramsie (Captain), David Simpson (vice-Captain) Donald Allison, Andrew Binnie, Mark Craddock, Michael Dixon, Marc Elliott, Stephen Hawthorne, Warwick Leslie, Stephen Ridge, Troy Stanton, David Walton, Geoffrey Tippet, David Wood

Soccer

1st XI



It is difficult to accurately describe a team which set an all-time record by having seven draws in one season; a team which played magnificently to draw twice with the eventual winners Kelston but which also managed to draw twice with the bottom placed team Avondale, giving them their only two points of the season. (perhaps we were more susceptible to their cheerleaders than other teams?) That the team, until the tournament, found goals difficult to score cannot be denied but they also managed to make one horrendous mistake a game for which they were invariably punished and often had to climb back from a goal down within a matter of minutes from the start.

During the season there were a number of high lights, not all of them to our advantage. Stuart Cordell who improved with every game set some sort of record by giving away a penalty in consecutive games within the first two minutes of the game, Peter Sutherland for going walkabout in his penalty area as if he were on a Sunday stroll; the enthusiasm and growing skill with which Stephen McNamara tackled each game; the ferocious tackling of Michael Smith in his determination to win the ball; Darren Tainui's first right footed goal

the selection of Russel Bent, Stuart Cordell, Robert Ironside and Dean Behrens for the Auckland under 19 team for their consistently sound play.

The tournament held at Avondale was successful in that the team performed creditably to come sixth being knocked out by the eventual winners Palmerston. The long and arduous week was made enjoyable by the enthusiastic support by parents and staff members who came and supported the games.

My thanks to all those who helped this year - to the many mothers who provided food and refreshment at the after match functions; to our supporters, and a special vote of thanks to Mr Frank Weston for the time and effort he put into the team.

Team:

R. Bent (Captain), M. Smith, D. Behrens, P. Lloyd, S. Cordelle, R. Ironside, B. Tibbotts, R. Fenton, P. Sutherland, S. McNamara, D. Tainui, A. Kroman, C. Kemp, M. Doody, E. Bakker.

I. Caulfield, S. Ironside, P. Scorrings (For the tournament.)

Coach: Mr. L. Borok

2nd XI

Finishing runners-up in the Auckland Schools Senior B competition - a division traditionally dominated by 1st XI's - was deserved success for the Westlake 2nd XI. Beaten only twice in 16 matches, the team scored 39 goals and conceded 20 against tough opposition.

In any season there are memorable moments. In the "Golden Goals" category are the following:

- Goal A: Ian Caulfield -
Dribbling wizardry to score V Orewa.
- Goal B: Paul Scoringe -
Dynamic solo run and left-foot drive V Massey.
- Goal C: Dean Nicholas -
Booming aerial volley V Auckland Grammar
- Goal D: Darren Tainui -
Last minute equaliser V Mt. Albert.
- Goal E: David Andrews -
Chipped the keeper V Auckland Grammar.
- Goal F: Charles Wilson -
Two-in-ten minutes V Rutherford.
- Goal G: Conrad Cooper -
Sliding connection V Northcote.
- Goal H: Steven Ironside -
Two clinically taken goals which sank Takapuna Grammar.
- Goal I: Anthony Kloman -
Scoring "four" to down Birkdale.

As in any team, not everyone has the chance to score goals, so various other moments deserve recognition too:

- Most Improved Player : Hayden Butler
- Dream Game Award : Stuart Jensen V Rosmini
- Tackle of the year : David "Crunch" Burton V Birkdale
- Mr. "Team Man" : Guy Rencher
- Great Saves : Paddy Rogers for the penalty save V Sacred Heart and for the game V Rosmini

Thanks especially to Steven McNamara for his contribution during the season. His availability, sportsmanship and consistent performances were an asset to the team. Overall, the Second XI was a happy and successful combination and played some attractive and intelligent football. They won themselves a loyal following of parents and supporters who regularly provided transport, refreshments and vocal support.

What may have began as a social team not only managed to retain a cheerful approach, but also performed with distinction. "They don't come this good very often."

Second XI players won further recognition when they were selected for the W.B.H.S. 1st National Tournament side:

- Paul Scoringe (Captain) : tireless running and key to defence.
- Ian Caulfield : clever playmaking and skills in midfield.
- Steven Ironside : deadly finishing, to score 13 goals.

Highlights of the season included:

- the team performance in the cup, V a confident

Rosmini First XI.

- Ian Caulfield's "swan dive" V Sacred Heart.
- Gaining 1st= with Takapuna Grammar in Northern Division Senior B competition.

Thanks must go to coach/Manager Mr. Knowles for his time, encouragement, "training sessions" enthusiasm and general contribution to the team's success.

Thanks also to all those who gained enjoyment from watching, and to the boys' parents whose support was much needed and much appreciated.

One feature of this team, was that we played like a team. The spirit of the boys pulled us through when things weren't going our way, e.g. V Mt. Albert, Glendowie and Lynfield. In all these games the team came back to salvage a draw or gain a hard-fought win. The mutual respect of the players for each other, and for Manager Mr. Dave Knowles was the key to the success of the season.

U16

It is pleasing to see the number of boys wishing to play soccer for the school is steadily increasing. This year we were able to enter three teams in the Auckland Secondary Schools Under 16 Competitions. The Under 16BI and Under 16B2 played in the second division, and with the shortage of teacher coaches are to be congratulated on the way they organised their own practices, team selection and transport.

U16B1

The Under 16BI had a very good season. They settled down early winning most of their games. Their two defeats were by very narrow margins. Our thanks to Mr Hall and Mr Perring for their invaluable assistance with the team.

TEAM:

G. Bending, S. George, M. Meyer, A. Perring,
A. Gibson, A. Hull (Captain), R. Porteous,
P. Stoddart, D. Gallot, M. Malloy, R. Nolloth,
S. Hatton

U16B2

The Under 16B2 were a slightly weaker side than the Under 16BI. In the league match the Under 16BI defeated the Under 16B2 by 7-0. However what the Under 16B2 lacked in skill they made up for with enthusiasm and determination. Our thanks to Mr. Harnell and other parents who kept an eye on the team and solved all the transport problems.

TEAM:

A. Woodley, C. Henderson, S. Mindel, P. Scott,
P. Joblin, B. Wootton, G. Dempster, P. Dunlop,
J. Bremner, W. Harnell (Captain), P. Bluck.

U15A

This year's Under 15A soccer team was composed largely of last year's Under 14A team, with one or two additions. The team was a talented group of players, spearheaded in attack by Neil James and Scott Patterson (10 goals a piece) set up by Scott Tibbotts in midfield (5 goals) and ably supported by Geoff Smith, Andrew Shotter and Darren Neal in defence. Others in the team performed notably, but without the co-operation and ability of all the players our good record of only one loss would not have been possible. After having

convincingly beaten Avondale College 2-0 early on, we came up against a much improved (and augmented) team in the Championship Round and were beaten 2-0. This, plus our unfortunate draw with De La Salle (due to rather forgettable circumstances) placed us behind competition winners Avondale, narrowly ahead of De La Salle. All in all, a good showing by this team, who continued to play hard and defend well, as seen by our 31 goals for - 8 against tally. Our thanks go to Mr Kitchener for his refereeing during the season.

There were some representative successes, notably Andrew Shotter, Neil James and Scott Patterson for Auckland Secondary Schools and Scott Tibbotts for North City. The future of Westlake soccer is looking good as these players move on to Under 16 in 1984 and then to higher grades.

Coach: Mr. C. Speir

Team: Neil James (Captain), Andrew Shotter, Geoff Smith, Darren Neal, Dean Wilson, Scott Patterson, Scott Tibbotts, Richard Webster, Gary Brown, John Kitchener, Terence Hay, Phillip Mason, Chris Knight, Jonathan Buckman, Nigel Sayers.

U15B

Well, they did it again, through persistence rather than skill, they ended up fourth in the competition. They seemed not to know whether or not they should give the other teams a chance, so they won every other game. The best game was a 7 - 0 win over Liston. Even after they gave Liston their striker for the second half, they managed to add another three goals.

During the season they lost two players, one to the A team, and unluckily another due to a broken arm. Top goal scorers for the season were Dene Perry, Jason Happy and Trenton Hodson.

WON: 5 DREW: 2 LOST 3 GF: 28 GA: 17
POINTS: 12

Senior C

This year's team represented a collection of talent unparalleled in the history of social football and it was with the air of divine confidence, known only to a few supremely superior beings in any epoch, that this destructive force amassed itself for the first onslaught against the legendary bastion of sporting achievement from south of the bridge, Auckland Grammar School.

After they had scientifically analysed which boot to put on which foot and successfully applied the bandage to keep it there, the contest commenced. It took less than four minutes for this tyrading to prove that they were in fact ideopraxists and not just full of big words. The first goal was scored before the defence had worked out which way they were going and what colour they were meant to kick. Fifty-six minutes later the full-time whistle blew with the final score being some 13-0 to Westlake.

The shock of actually winning a game proved too great and it took more than eight games to recover but recover we did to win the last four games 4-0, 7-0, 4-0 and 5-2 respectively. Of the individual performances, two deserve a special mention. First the great run-away goal scored by our twelve

year old intermediate school import, Kristian Spurling (signed for an undisclosed sum in a fit of manic depression and absolute desperation), and second, the stunning defensive manouvres of the back row in a mid-season game against Dilworth. Between them, they scored three own goals. (the first in the opening seconds before Dilworth had even touched the ball) and skilfully set up five others all for the opposition. Spectators often commented on the versatility of this team, it being often alleged that they would be just as successful at knitting. Be that as it may, it was an enjoyable season and thanks must go to our coach whom we met for the first time at the post-season team photo.

Team:

D. Cope, W. Watson, A. McRoberts, P. King, B. Hunter, J. Sullivan, J. Eaddy, G. Annett, T. Burdes, K. Spurling, A. MacIntyre, M. Edmonds, A. Caisley (Captain). Guest Appearances: Everyone from Captain of the 1st XI to Captain of the 1st XV, from a collection of brothers to one noble father.

U14A

Twenty-nine teams divided into three sections contested the secondary schools under 14A competition. The winners and runners-up of each section played in a six-team final series.

Westlake commenced strongly beating the third of Auckland Grammar's seven teams 15-0 and Takapuna Grammar's top team 10-0. Then followed Dilworth (won 6-0), St. Peters (won 7-1) and Lynfield (won 6-2) and Westlake had scored 44 goals for and had 3 against in five games.

Against Auckland Grammar 1 everything went wrong. Down 3-0 at half-time despite a very even first half, Westlake decided to attack in a desperate effort to pull-back and dominated the first twenty minutes of the second half. Then the Westlake defence cracked and Grammar scored an unbelievable six goals in the last eight minutes of play.

Westlake clinched its place in the finals with a 4-1 win against Onehunga High School.

In the finals Westlake continued to play attacking football but also strengthened its defence. The first game against McLeans College was won 2-0 in a bruising encounter. The second game was drawn 2-2 against previously unbeaten De La Salle, after Westlake twice came from behind. In the third game Avondale snatched a 1-1 draw totally against the run of play after Westlake's forwards uncharacteristically missed about a dozen easy scoring chances in the first half.

The game which decided the championship was the Westlake-Kelston game. Westlake scored after five minutes and held the lead until after half-time. Then Kelston's skill and relentless pressure told, particularly after the departure of Westlake's dominant centre back. Goals came at regular intervals and Kelston, with a 5-1 win, were worthy and undisputed champions.

In the final game of the season Westlake played Grammar's top team again. The score was 1-1, a much better result than the earlier meeting, and in this game Westlake was very unlucky not to win.

The season was marked by some excellent football and a fine team spirit shared by the many parents

who regularly supported the team.

Played: 12 Won: 7 Drew: 3 Lost: 2
Goals For: 55 Goals Against: 22

Team: Stephen Chapman Scott Cooper
Andrew Freensmith Mark Gustafson
Richard Hancy Mark Henderson
Vaughan Kitchener Rodney Moratti
David Ogier Scott Savidge
Matthew Short (Captain) John Tutill
James Wood

U14B1

After almost total annihilation in the opening game, this team deserved great credit for coming back so strongly that in the following eleven games only two teams, both very good ones, were able to defeat them. That opening game was too bad to be true, Westlake looking inept in every phase of play, but by the following Saturday great steps had been taken in developing some team work.

Gavin Brown proved to be a very thrustful and exciting player to watch on the right wing. Dean Bradley was always alert for a scoring opportunity, both goalkeepers, Craig Graves and Stephen Bridge had many good games and on defence Grant Chandler was always reliable whilst Jason Shedlock really developed into an excellent back.

There was no poor player in the team each boy having one or two very good games and a fine team spirit prevailed.

Team:

M. Sapsworth (Captain), D. Bradley, S. Bridge,
G. Brown, G. Chandler, C. Graves, M. Heywood,
S. Hoverd, I. McMurray, C. Saltmarsh.

Record:

Played: 12 Won: 8 (including the eagerly
awaited 'local derby' with the other Westlake
team)

Drew: 1 Lost: 3

U14B2

Talk about a soccer team with a difference! This team had the mighty midgets Michael Clearwater, Bruce Gurnett and Karl Cassidy. Their tireless efforts so often saved the team from impending doom.

Todd Strathdee, ably supported by Cliff Brown and Gareth Hart kept the goals thundering into the non-existent nets on many a bewildered opposition. (They didn't believe we'd get that close!)

Brett Gorringer, the stern-faced captain, marshalled his troops into action with mud and determination. Paul Davis kept trying to avoid passing the ball by rocketing it from one end of the field to another with immense power.

Mark Elliott, in goal, made many a fine save and his place was more than ably kept by Mr. Cool, Anthony Gyde, in tricky game situations.

Michael Gould proved a strong running midfield player, often carving or barging his way up front, much to the obvious annoyance of the enemy. Peter Johns always tried hard and at times he and Clint Kennedy had terrific games adding to the ever-

increasing confidence of the team. All boys in the team can be proud of their 5th placing in the competition.

David Booth played in some of the early games and Bruce Harnell and Nigel Sayers joined the team for the final series of games.

Coach: Mr. B. Gustafson
Home Games Referee: Mr. Ogier

Hockey

1st XI

With three early wins, our relatively young team qualified for the "A" grade, competing with twelve other teams spread around Auckland.

The team was made up of: three fourth formers, five fifth formers and six sixth formers. We were also fortunate to have Tony Bernard from Australia who displayed skill and a high standard of play in all his games.

It was pleasing to note the younger members, Willy Preece, Mahesh Patel and Eugene Taniora, benefit from every game and learn from their mistakes.

Because of the surplus of players, and the varied qualities everyone developed, choosing a term on Saturday mornings for competition games, was a hard and sometimes crucial task for coach Phil Tisdall.

As usual Phil became an invaluable asset as far as the team was concerned. Taking into account the psychological and physical aspect of the players before any game.

The team performed well during all games especially those played against Rangitoto and Mt Albert Grammar School, where the teams were equal in strength, and good hockey was played.

Other good games were against Kings College, where we had a narrow loss of 3 - 2 and against Avondale High School where we won 2 - 0. As in any sport a game is not only judged on, whether you win or lose, but on the team's effort as a whole.

Unfortunately our traditional game against Tauranga Boys High was a failure. The team failed to 'pick up' on Tauranga's mistakes and seemed a little hesitant to fight for the ball.

To end the season Westlake was involved in a one-week tournament located at Rosedale Park. Although entering the tournament as the "underdogs" superb play by Eugene Taniora and Andy Worrall steered Westlake to the final.

During these games, Eddie and Eugene Taniora along with Gavin Read, who were playing in the halves, seldom stopped for a rest. With the combined talents of Stephen Cranefield and Jamie McCready on the right side, frequent bursts of determination were displayed. However, the supposedly weaker left side of Andrew Archer, Mahesh Patel and William Preece often produced unexpected surprises and a lot of ground was gained. With an unusually hyper-active centre forward - Simon Warr whose speed and uncanny control of the ball led to many breaks through mid-field, the team was usually exhausted after every game.



All this together with the combined strength of Andrew Shaw, Andrew Robson and Andrew Worrall in the backs, the team played an excellent and exciting game of hockey. The end result was: Christ's College 3, Westlake 2.

Team:

S. Warr (Captain), G. Read (V-Captain), G. McIntyre, T. Bernard, A. Archer, S. Cranefield, J. McCready, E. Taniora, U. Taniora, A. Shaw, A. Robinson, A. Worrall, W. Preece, M. Patel.

Once again our sincere thanks to Phil Tisdall for another year's coaching from which we all benefited.

Thanks also to Cheres Patel, who played during the August Tournament.

2nd XI

The 1983 season for the 2nd XI hockey was very successful.

Even though wins and losses were commensurate throughout the season a good team spirit made each week's venue an enjoyable meeting.

A well-knit team ably lead, and guided, by Hamish Muir (Captain).

Team Members:

Ross McMillan, Seresh Patel, Jason Larmer, Darren Scott, Peter Quinlan, William Hayden, Dean Edwards, John McCrystal, Greg Forsyth, Hamish Muir, David Boyes, Brett Waddell, David Hughes.

Teacher in Charge: Mr. D.L. Gee

the game (or was it?) Michael Kendon went bike riding to Browns Bay arriving at the game at half-time, just a little later than usual! However, when in the mood Michael is quite an accomplished player.

Each of the players in the team were consistently good in their efforts to play the game and on several occasions I was commended on the team's behaviour.

Team Members:

Phillip Dixon, Andrew Dalton, Scott Galbraith, Blair McFarlane, Anand Patel, Phillip Shaw, Mathew Brown, Mark Hutchison, Glen Juers, Mark Cathro, Brett Shirreffs, Michael Kendon, Anthony Woollams.

Coach: Mr. A. Hooper

U16

This year's team consisted of third, fourth and fifth formers. After the first round of competition the team was placed in the B grade competition where the team played with some determination to finish third.

The best game of the season was undoubtedly when we held Auckland Grammar to a draw.

Brett McFarlane deserves a mention for the splendid work that he did as goalie. Anand Patel would get a prize as the most versatile player, playing in all positions on the field, wherever the ball happened to be.

One Saturday morning in an effort to "get fit" for

U14

If this team were racehorses they would be "worth following". In the next year or two they will develop into an outstanding unit.

A notable feature of the under 14's has been their enthusiasm and determination. They attended two practices a week throughout the season, and played all games in outstanding spirit.

The season started badly with two losses, which meant we played in the "C" section of the competition. We won all games but one, and were then drawn against Mt Albert Grammar from the A Grade. This game typified the season. Firstly there was a full turnout plus reserve. There were seven parents present. Westlake pressurised MAGS throughout the game, and won 3-0.

Parental support was excellent. There was always a strong sideline contingent, there were no transport problems, and often help with management and umpiring were greatly appreciated.

The team looked best on attack, but were also strong on defence. It is hoped to keep most of these boys together in 1984 to capitalise on the great team spirit, and on their understanding of the European 4-2-4 style of play which we used in most games. I hope there will be no late scratchings, and the team are ready for a gallop early next season.

The Team:

Fraser Dickson (Captain)
 Glen Moratti (Vice-Captain)
 Marshall Boys
 Roger Redmond
 Andrew Ward
 Andrew Brown
 David Calhoun
 Grant Craies
 Jeffrey Parker
 Wayne Cheeseman
 Scott Collingwood
 Robert Hunter
 William Bloomfield
 David Wood
 Richard Papaconstantinou

Coach: Mr. S.K. Slater

Statistics: Played: 12 Won: 9
 Lost: 3
 Goals For: 45
 Goals Against: 20
 Runners-up U.14½ C.

Basketball



Senior A

Entering the competition as underdogs has certain advantages, none of which we utilized. The first three games of the year were against the top teams from the 1982 season and although we performed well, and at times brilliantly, we lacked the cohesion and stamina to place consistent pressure on our opposition. Our victories showed the ability of the team which was ably led by Shane Pratt, to score when the pressure was not too intense. Russell Hughes top-scored for the season with Justin Vaughan and Anthony Ord playing some excellent ball. Albert Nieuvelua and Simon Ericson improved out of sight with each game and with the obvious talents of George Pickering, Eddie Taniora and Steven Hammond the nucleus for next year's team seems well-founded.

Senior B

WESTLAKE DOMINATES SENIOR B COMPETITION,
 ANNIHILATING ALL OPPOSITION!

That was the headline we wanted to write.

Though it was not to be, the Senior B still had a most enjoyable season with some mixed results ranging from a 40 - 8 win over Northcote to a 58 - 23 loss to Rangitoto. The almost-social atmosphere of the competition was exemplified by Northcote's anybody who wants a game can come team, but there still remained a competitive edge with Rangitoto again dominating. Not surprisingly since they had three teams entered in the Senior B section.

In the early games against Rangitoto the team suffered most through lack of a competent ball handler and poor outside shooting, but these faults faded as the season progressed whereas the rebounding remained of a consistently high standard.

It was, on the whole, a "new" team and it competed fairly successfully winning roughly half their games. There were some very promising debuts from a couple of players and it looks as if the Senior A could be in for an upgrading next year.

Our thanks must go to Graham Dorwood who gave up his time to come into the school and coach our team.

TEAM:

N. Waite, R. Cobb, R. Knight, M. Smith, P. Rogers,
 I. Dorwood, G. Butler, C. Carter

Junior A

The Junior A Team had an excellent season in 1983 winning the North Shore Competition with only one loss.

Early season training paid good dividends as we struck our two hardest opponents in the first two games, beating Rangitoto 43-19 and Northcote 40-36. This good start was continued with the only loss being to Long Bay 45-42 in the last game of the second round. With all other teams losing at least 3 games it was a comfortable competition win to Westlake.

Our team represented the North Shore in the Auckland Championships and although playing well were not good enough to match the size of Kelston, Edgewater and Rosehill. We did get some compensation, however, in a close tied game with St. Pauls.

Individually, Robert Cassidy and Nick Botica both played consistently well and should go far in the game. All the other players featured well at times with the team's strength being their excellent defensive skills and teamwork.

Special thanks go to the parents for their excellent support during the season.

Results:

Vs Rangitoto	Won 43-19	and	56-47
Vs Northcote	Won 40-36	(second game cancelled)	
Vs Takapuna	Won 43-27	and	45-39
Vs Long Bay	Won 57-34	lost	45-42
Vs Glenfield	Won 32-30	and	38-35
Vs Orewa College	Won 63-30	and	56-24

Team:

Robert Cassidy (Captain), Nick Botica, Layne Chilman, Steven Laurence, Kurt Matiu, Peter Oliver, Pita Paul, Paul Thorowgood, Sam Te Whata, Darren Bhana.

Coach: Mr. B. Hart

3rd Form

A. TEAM

Only Rangitoto and Massey in the competition used up more ink on the scoresheets than this Westlake team and even then, Massey, who won the competition only scraped a four-point win over us in the final game of the season. We were never out-classed and our third placing was a creditable effort. (Please clap twice, reader.)

Jason Clarke kept the scores busiest, topping one hundred points in the season. John Walters made good use of his number four shirt and his height under the basket. Richard Andrews was a quick silver ball-thief whose acceleration and control on the fast break was often too sharp for many defences.

These three all won the honour of selection in the North Shore Third Form Rep. Team. Hedley Wynyard was a vigorous defender (until he ran out of puff) and sometimes drove through defences aggressively for lay-ups. Ricky Hadfield gradually gained in confidence and ended the season scoring strongly. Willie Martin was all fluent style on offence and a cheeky hustler on defence. Chris Mitchell's strengths were mainly on defence, particularly in contesting rebounds and Jeffrey Williams, when he wasn't injured, was a sound ball handler who could sometimes run hot and hit the basket with a series of shots.

For the record, the team played 14 games, won 9 and lost 5.

Coach: J. Winslade

B. TEAM

It's hard to keep your pecker up when you keep on losing. What you have to do is adjust your attitude so that your pride and belief in yourself rests on achieving goals other than winning.

This team had some big height disadvantages when they played other schools and in basketball that counts for a lot. But they kept their spirits high most of the season and were reliable and keen despite losing regularly. Of this the school can be proud.

They had to set themselves goals in each game which they could take pride in achieving - like reaching a target score themselves despite what the opposition did or trying for personal bests or taking satisfaction from improving on a small aspect of their own game.

Each player contributed something to the team. Paul Smith was chief ball handler and distributor. Brandon Whyte showed good anticipation on defence and was top scorer. Jarrard Boyes was always keen to improve on his own and the team's performance. Clayton Dale was reliable and a naturally good ball-handler. Mark Gustafson was spirited and tenacious on defence. James Wilson and Logan Tabuteau were honest triers and Glen Davies improved as much as anyone during the season. Warwick Peterson joined the team late and added some much-needed height.

Coach: J. Winslade

Volleyball

During the first term Westlake Boys had its annual 'Clash of the Giants' in sporting fixtures against Tauranga Boys High School. Along with the 1st XI Cricket and Senior A and B Softball teams, a Volleyball team was also to travel southward to Tauranga.

Some small games, loosely called 'trials' were held at Westlake the week before the trip and the team that was picked was:

P. Lloyd (Captain), J. Scoringe, S. Cordelle, A. Niuelua, E. Taniora, G. Sullivan, M. Lassen, P. Lassen.

The boys had virtually never played volleyball before and the team's chances against Tauranga who are National Secondary School Champions, seemed somewhat dim. The team had a good trip down and performed admirably to lose to Tauranga 15-8, 16-14, 15-8.

At the beginning of the third term, the volleyball coach Mr. Nigel Bagnall entered two teams into a North Shore competition against some very experienced teams, especially Glenfield who were placed 4th at the 1982 National Championships.

The Senior A had changed a little but the now more experienced players were still there. The team was:

P. Lloyd (Captain), S. Cordelle, A. Niuelua, J. Scoringe, P. Scoringe, E. Taniora, P. Malbon, D. Kennedy (Reserve).

This team began practising every lunch hour and came out of the competition having won 2 out of 5 games - a much improved team which could excell even further with more training.

The Senior B was more of a social team but enjoyed its few games.

The team was: A. Ord (Captain), B. Jensen, P. Robb, G. Butler, S. Jensen, G. Leslie, S. Smales, P. Ironside.

Swimming

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that the new P.E. teacher tried unsuccessfully to fill the recently-opened gymnasium with water prior to the annual swimming sports. (In fact the roof leaked so badly it wasn't necessary.) The sports were actually held at Northcote College Pool and with an increase in entrants from previous years the case for a pool in years to come becomes stronger. The most significant factor concerning the sports was the number of senior pupils who entered and swam very well. Individual events were won by A. Sanders, P. Edgar, R. Pallatt and S. Beaman. The Juniors were dominated by A. Hunt who went on to take Silver Medals in the New Zealand Secondary School Championships in Palmerston North.

At the Championship Relay Meeting at Newmarket Pool the Westlake teams swam extremely well with the Seniors being placed in two events.

The Swimming team had a very enjoyable season, brief as it is, and continue to wait for their own water to swim in.

Both Westlake Boys and Westlake Girls dominated the North Shore Zone sports. The combination of both individual and relay events leaves opportunity for all to perform. The nature of the Auckland Championships (Relay only) make it difficult for schools lacking depth of swimmers to perform at the same level.

N.F. Bagnall

WESTLAKE BOYS HIGH SWIMMING SPORTS:

Championship Results:

3rd Form:	(1) Allan Hunt	(3 Bagnall)
	(2)= C. Graves	(3 Valentine)
	(2)= J. Brown	(3 Sheehan)
	(2)= S. Butt	(3 Norton)
4th Form:	(1) A. Sanders	(4 Rea)
	(2) S. Garton	(4 Rollett)
	(3) B. Colson	(4 Humphries)
5th Form:	(1) N. Ross	(5 Willis)
	(2) G. McPheat	(5 Hooper)
	(3) I. Dorward	(5 Lewis)
6&7th Form:	(1) P. Edgar	(6 Kellett)
	(2) R. Pallatt	(6 Biggs)
	(3) L. Sefton	(6 Biggs)

North Shore Zone Swimming Results:

Junior Team	2nd
Intermediate Team	3rd
Senior Team	1st

Overall Placings:

Westlake	1st
Rosmini College	2nd
Takapuna Grammar	3rd

Auckland Central Zone Relays:

Senior Boys Backstroke Team	3rd
Senior Boys Medley	3rd

Tennis

Having the use of six courts has made possible the continued upsurge in interest. In the last few years enthusiasm for tennis was low but this year we have 120 boys playing. Most of these are social players and we are grateful to Pupuke Tennis Club and the North Shore Tennis Association for the use of the Pupuke and Forrest Hill Courts.

An innovation this year has been the new vandal-proof, weatherproof net kindly donated by Mr Tibor. The net has been in use for some weeks and is living up to its promise so far.

A casual observer may have been tempted to use a word like 'shakey' to describe the start to the season of the school tennis team. Shakey it may have been, but all the more determined is the team to avenge their 5-10 defeat by Christchurch Boys High School. Tennis players being such versatile sportsmen, did not, of course, let such a "narrow" defeat affect them and quickly returned to winning form soon after by demolishing Tauranga Boys College, 12 matches to 0. The Westlake team did not even drop a set!

Westlake was also successful in the Champion of Champion event, winning the intermediate singles and doubles (Pound & Pound/Malbon) and also winning the junior doubles (Kitchener/Hall). How Auckland Grammar still managed to score more points than us after that performance, still does not cease to amaze even the best mathematical brains that the tennis team can muster.

Congratulations to Champion of Champion Winners:

Iain "Borg" Pound	- Intermediate Singles Champ.
	- Intermediate Doubles Champ.
Paul "Noah" Malbon	- Intermediate Doubles Champ.
Vaughan "Connors" Kitchener	- Junior Doubles Champ.
Simon "Lendl" Hall	- Junior Doubles Champ.

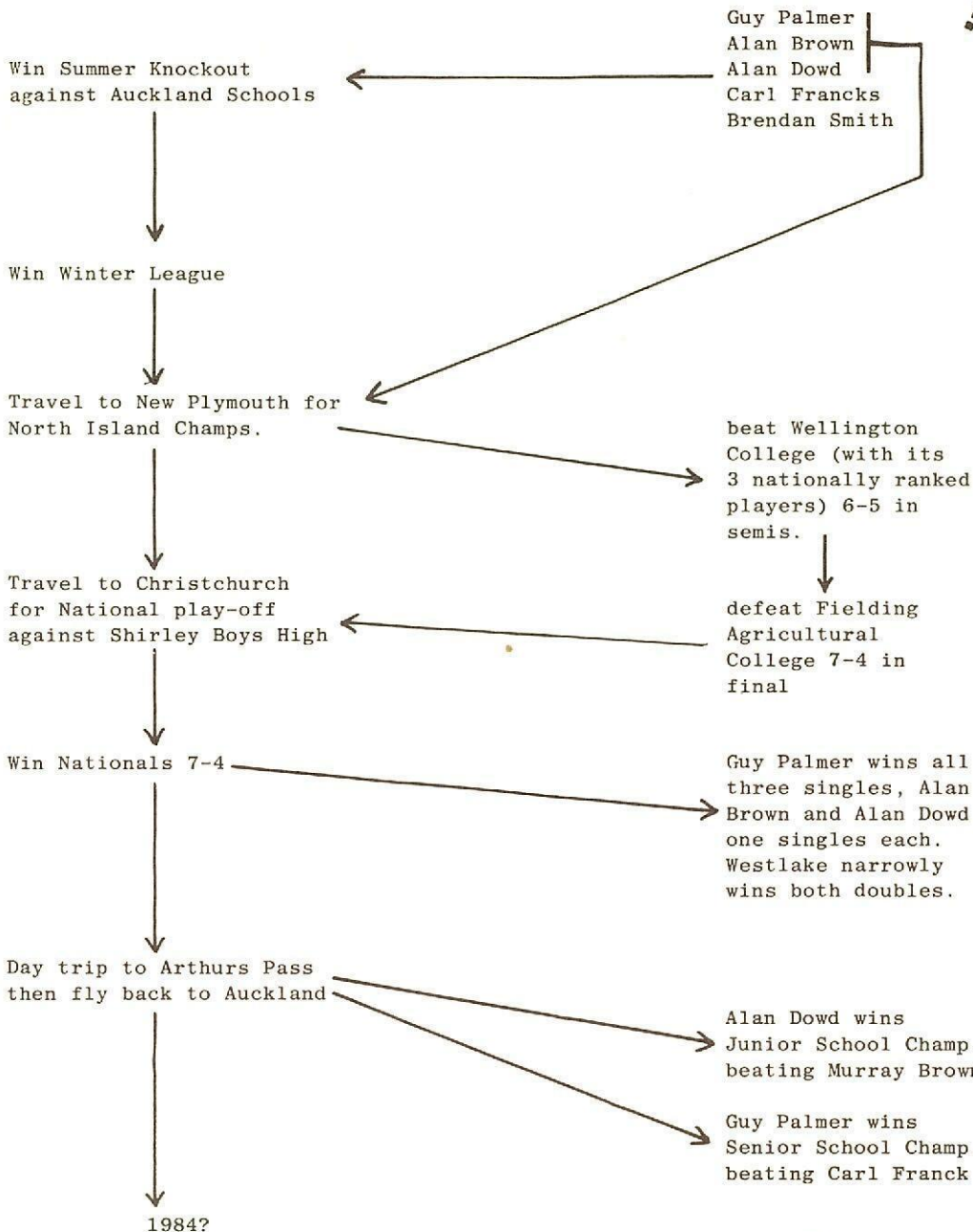
For the first time in six or seven years Westlake Boys High School has entered a team in the 'Auckland Secondary Schools Tennis' competition. The organisers were reluctant to put the team into the elite A1 section without first proving itself, a section which we probably would have won. However, the A2 section is 'serving' as a base, from which we will hopefully field a 'volley' of teams next year. There are many 'aces' in the school at present in all levels, and hopefully next year W.B.H.S. will be the cause of many a school to 'falter' in their inter-school matches.

Coach: Mr. R. Perkinson

Team: Iain Pound, Paul Malbon, Mark Willman, Craig Doel, Brandon Rowe, Tim Crosland, Karl Read, James McCondach, Tim Burdes

UNDER 14 A2 TENNIS

After a series of early season trials the team selected involved some boys who had played with other members of the team at club level, but overall it was a fairly new team playing in a competitive grade. Throughout the season the level of competition was found to be very tough although all players gave 100%. By the end of the first round, we had registered a couple of wins but were placed fairly well down in our section. The second round consisted of play-offs with similarly placed teams in other sections, a round which we won, going through unbeaten. Overall, an enjoyable season where success came through team effort.

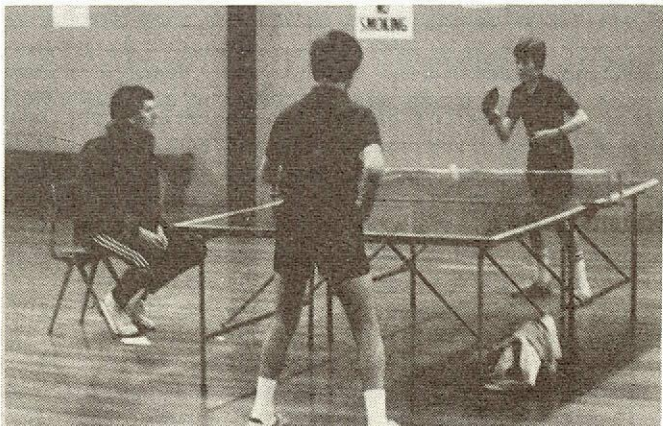


!STOP PRESS!
Westlake!

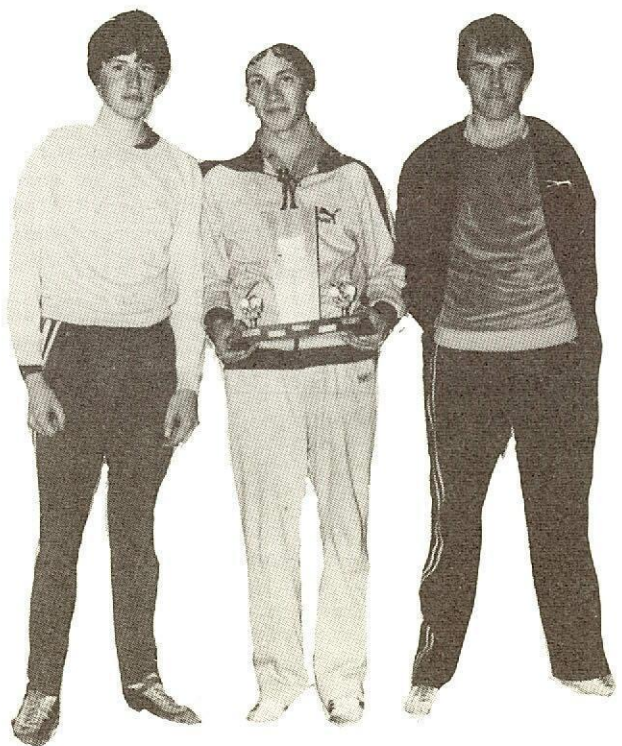
takes
National
Table
Tennis
trophy

"This year the all-round strength of the Westlake Team and the individual brilliance of Guy Palmer proved an unbeatable combination. Palmer won nearly every singles match he contested and every doubles. The other boys never failed to win at least one singles in each contest..... the title could well stay in the North for some years to come."

(Times Advertiser - 3 Nov.)



Alan Brown (foreground) playing Karl Entwistle of Shirley Boys in the National Final



Allan Dowd, Alan Brown and Guy Palmer - table-tennis national champions



David Ponting
(5 Bunting)

Badminton

(SENIOR A TEAM)

Defending a national title is not easy. This year's team consisted of Lance Little, David Andrews, Tony Sands and Shane Cassidy. Despite losing two players of the calibre of Kerrin Harrison and Glen Cox from last year's title-winning team, the boys again succeeded in winning the local North Shore competition, dropping only two games in the process and then easily qualifying for the National finals by winning the Auckland regional playoffs.

At the National finals, the team won their first two games, beating Fairfield 5-3 and Hutt Valley High on a countback of points. The final game against Burnside was keenly contested but Burnside's overall strength saw them come out convincing winners 5-3. Westlake's long run of winning the Carlton-Slazenger title had at long last come to an end but with three of this year's team likely to return to school and with the strength Westlake has in the junior ranks we should again see the title return to the school.

SOFTBALL

This sport returned to the inter-school fixture status this year under the guidance of Mr Hill and Mrs Howe, performing with credit in the short season of games they had, a programme that will be changed now that interest has been revived.

On limited practice, we put together a school team that hosted a Glenfield College combination which could boast the outstanding services of pitcher, Murray Riddell, who has played for New Zealand U.16s. Glenfield had played many games together, and the winner of this match would prove the North Shore representatives at the Northern Regional contest in Whangarei which was designed to find one team to go on to the four-team National finals. In a very exciting game, with the result in doubt until the last batter was out, Glenfield won 3-1 and went on to the Northern final where they narrowly missed reaching the National final.

An opportunity arose for the team to take part in the annual exchange with Tauranga Boys High, and we received the help of the National Softball coach, Mr Ed Doleij, who Mr Hill had pitched to in Nelson during their playing days. He introduced some interesting practice activities, and the team joined the bus for Tauranga expecting an improved showing. We did not know at that stage that Tauranga were the Central Zone's representatives for the Nationals. We were therefore very pleased to

win the first game against Tauranga, 6-1, with our new young pitcher, third former Alan Dowd, excelling with his drops and rises, ably assisted by his club catcher, Andrew Hegman. Alan, already a North Island U.14 rep at 12 years of age, has exciting potential in this sport, a distinct prospect for Senior N.Z. rep status according to the National Coaching Director.

The following morning, Tauranga made two fielding changes and came back with all their guns firing. They batted better, we fielded worse, and Tauranga got the win by 8-3.

The 'A' team consisted of:

A. Hegman (Captain), A. Dowd, D. Wilson, S. Dowd, C. Vincent, K. Burton, A. Cassidy, R. Craddock, (unavail. for Tauranga, replaced by R. Cassidy), G. Dempster, P. Cook, C. Rakena, G. Brady, M. Gustafson, S. TeWhata.

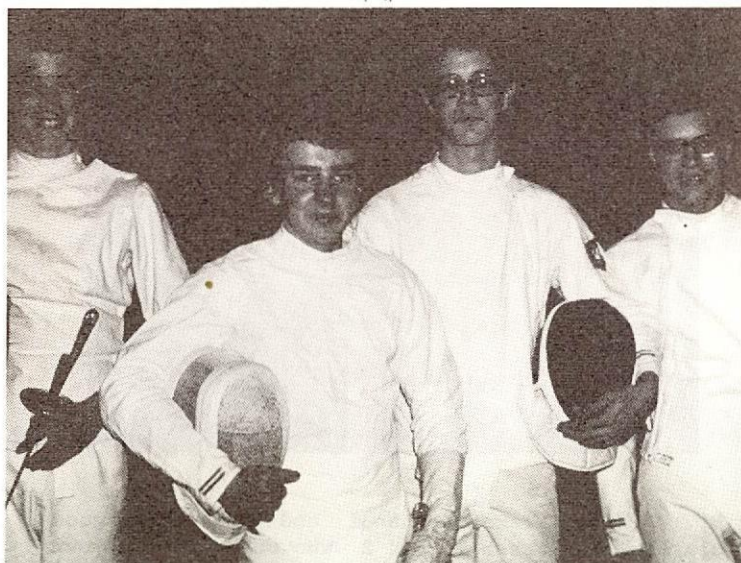
Others close to this standard were:

M. Webley, J. Boyes, W. Turnbull, L. Williams, N. Henry, D. Bhana and D. Robson.

With only two of that group in the 6th or 7th forms, there are several young players coming through, so the future looks promising.

Fencing

For the first time in some years the school has a group of fencers (instead of the occasional individual) taking part in competition. Tony Davidson, Alastair and Nigel Sharpe were selected for the Auckland Secondary Schools team to represent Auckland province at the N.Z. championships. In foil, all reached the quarter-finals (the first 24) and Alastair, who was unfortunate to be eliminated in the semifinal, was placed 10th in the championship. Nigel was our only entrant in sabre and he fenced well with a sprained ankle to finish 8th.



In local competitions, these three, with Mark Coleman, have had varied success - probably the best performance being the defeat of N.Z. Universities second-ranked sabrer by Nigel.

Tony won the provincial visual foil championship for junior fencers, and in results taken over the whole year in electric and senior tournaments the following places were obtained:

Nigel - 4th in open grade sabre
1st in B grade sabre
2nd in B grade foil

Alastair- 4th= in B grade foil
Tony - 7th in B grade foil

This group (who have all helped in coaching during the year) will be returning to school next year, and with more experience should improve on this year's results - however they do need more competition within the school.

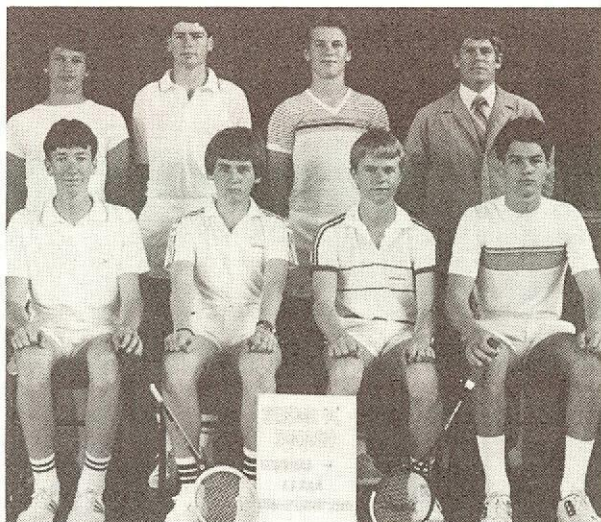
The fencing club is seeking fresh blood

Squash

Squash is one of the most recent additions to organised school sport. In Term II, a full inaugural competition for Seniors and Juniors was held. Westlake entered the Senior A at the eleventh hour to prevent a bye situation developing - the genuine dark horse of the competition, little fancied and holding modest expectations for success. Realistically the team began the competition simply to participate and play extra squash.

An early string of easy 5-0 wins gave greater confidence and hopes of finishing strongly gradually mounted. Although not fully realized at the time the match against Mt. Albert Grammar was the most decisive and closest encounter of the season.

In this match the real strength of the team was clearly evident; that is the overall depth of our playing strength - no invincible stars (Glenn Tong is not a Kahn, yet!) or rabbits, but every member competent in his playing order and able to win crucial games.



Mt. Albert Grammar School had two very good players at Number 1 and 2 who both won but our middle strength in Numbers 3 and 4 (Craig Doel and Mark Smith) equalised the situation. The outcome rested on the No 5's match which seesawed at two games all, before Karl Read decisively won the last 9-2 and tie for Westlake. The one point victory proved the final winning margin of the championship over the same opponents.

The season climaxed with Westlake Boys High School requiring an outright 5-0 win in the last draw against Auckland Grammar's No.1 team - an opposition that could be relied on to fight all the way.

The tie began amid speculation and rumour. There was plenty of tension as Glenn Tong struggled to find form in the first games and had to come from behind to win in 5. Despite a strong fight from Grammar, Westlake won the next 3 matches and finally in a stroke of luck, benefited from Grammar's misfortune when it lost a player through sickness (another foul Westlake plot!). This gave a jubilant Westlake team the tie outright and the 1983 Senior A Championship.

Our congratulations to Glenn Tong and Jason Clerke on their selection in the Auckland Junior Squash Team to tour Australia, May 1984. Glenn also a prominent member of the North Shore Club team which recently won the National E Grade (adult) championship.

Craig Doel and Mark Smith were stalwarts and played many excellent games. On the day, there is nothing to separate them apart from luck and touch.

Jason Clerke has battled strongly against older and often more experienced opponents all season, acquitting himself excellently - his biggest problem was remembering to bring playing strip and keeping his shorts respectable.

Karl Read found his tennis swing invaluable for intimidating opponents, but will probably retire from squash now because of tennis elbow. Stephen Green and Dean Fairbairn were loyal and competent reserves.

1984 promises a bigger and brighter competition. For all budding Kahns and Davenports, we hope to field extra teams next time round - get practising now!

TEAM:

Glenn Tong, Craig Doel, Mark Smith, Jason Clerke, Karl Read, Stephen Green, Dean Fairbairn

RESULTS:

v Sacred Heart College	Won 5-0
v St. Kentigern College	Won 5-0
v Rosmini College	Won 5-0
v McLeans College	Won 5-0
v Mt. Albert Grammar School	Won 3-2
v Waitakere College	Won 4-1
v Selwyn College	Won 5-0
v Auckland Grammar School No.2	Won 5-0
v Auckland Grammar School No.1	Won 5-0

Cycling

Cycling has continued to be a popular and well supported sport in the school.

This year Westlake entered a team in the Bigwood Trophy and performed well to gain 6th place with only a matter of seconds separating the placed teams. Sixteen teams entered in the event from the Auckland district.

Our team competed in the teams time trials held on Saturday mornings and gained 6th place over all.

In August our team competed in the National School Boy Championship at Levin but was unplaced. Unfortunately, Graeme McPheat had to withdraw from the event due to sickness.

Greatest individual efforts were:

Andrew Carter gaining second place in a 16km individual time trial for Auckland Secondary Schools held at Kumeu, Graeme McPheat placed sixth and, Andrew Grant who won a medal for his second placing in Division Two of the Auckland Secondary Schools Mass Start Cycling Championships.

Senior Team:

Andrew Carter, Steven Hammond, David De Luca, Graeme McPheat, Paul Barrett.

Yachting

INTERSECONDARY SCHOOLS YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Light and variable winds provided the first challenge in the six-race series of the inter-secondary schools yachting competition.

The event was held over a period of six weeks with two races every second week. The first two races were held at Howick. The third and fourth at Murrays Bay and the remainder at Wakatere (Narrow Neck.)



After the second race Westlake's team consisting of Dean Salthouse, Nick Cave, Paul Edgar and Robert McNair, emerged as the overall leaders.

The next venue, Murrays Bay, provided the competitors with moderate winds and a large swell caused by strong North Easterlies the night before. The



placings were: Ragamuffin (Dean Salthouse, Nick Cave) with a first and a third and Ranihi (Paul Edgar, Robert McNair) fourth and sixth.

At this stage, Westlake were first equal with Auckland Grammar School.

The last two deciding races were sailed in fresh to strong South Westerlies and the Westlake team found the conditions to their liking.

The overall results placed Ragamuffin first and Ranihi fourth in the individual class competition. The teams event (two boats to a team) was won, also by Westlake. Unfortunately our team consisted solely of Sunbursts and as a result was not in contention for the overall combined class trophy.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Brooke for making our attendance possible, Mr. Moss and the numerous staff and students who supported us during the Westlake challenge.



Senior Prize List

7th Form:

Andrew Caisley - 1st in History; Merit in English, Senior Speech Trophy
 Roger Clifton - 1st in Physics (Soanes Memorial Prize); Merit in Mathematics
 Dean Edwards - Merit in Mathematics and French
 Bruce Emms - 1st in 7 Knowles; Merit in Applied Mathematics
 Howard Follas - 1st in Art
 Glenn Hawkins - 1st in Accounting; Merit in Applied Mathematics
 Peter King - 1st in Economics
 Gary Leslie - Writing Award (Shore Magazine)
 John McCrystal - 1st in English (Rowan Kelly Memorial Prize); 1st in Latin, 1st in French (Bedford Award); 2nd in Biology
 Brendon O'Donovan - 1st in Geography
 John Sullivan - 1st in 7 Lamdin; 1st in Applied Mathematics; 1st in Mathematics (R.W. MacMillan Award)
 Brian Taylor - 1st in 7 Nield; Merit in Mathematics and Chemistry
 Richard Worrall - 1st in 7 Hayden; 1st in Biology (Dr. Abercrombie Award); 1st in Chemistry; 2nd in Physics, and English

6th Form:

David Andrews - 1st in 6 Lander; 1st in Physics (Soanes Memorial Prize); 1st in Chemistry;
5th in 6th Form
Richard Andrews - Merit in Accounting and Computing & Statistics
Dean Arthur - Merit in English
Neill Atkinson - 1st in 6 O'Grady; 1st in History & German; 2nd in French & Geography
Paul Boocock - 1st in 6 Borok; Merit in Building Technology
Stuart Brauninger - 1st in Classical Studies
Benjamin Chandler - 1st in Biology
Brent Couling - Art History (Vital Books Award)
Colin Dock - 1st in 6 Hayden; Merit in Mathematics & Technical Drawing; 4th in 6th Form
Steven Dowd - 1st in Art Practical
Michael Edmonds - 1st in Mathematics (R.W. MacMillan Award); 2nd= in Physics,
1st in Accounting; 1st in Economics; 1st in Computing & Statistics;
1st in 6th Form.
Craig Gillett - 1st in Building Technology
Robert Knight - 1st in French (Bedford Award)
Noel Livingstone - 2nd in Biology
Paul Lloyd - 1st in 6 Kellett; 2nd= in Physics, 1st in Physical Education; 1st in
Technical Drawing.
Stephen Lyon - 2nd in English; Merit in Classical Studies, 2nd in German & History
James Macredie - 1st in 6 Sharfe; Merit in Chemistry & Mathematics; 2nd in 6th Form
Simon Martin - Merit in Accounting and Chemistry, 3rd in 6th Form
Michael Morgan - 1st in Geography
Andrew Stephenson - 1st in English (Rowan Kelly Memorial Prize)
Hamish Thompson - 1st in 6 Biggs; 2nd in History; 2nd in Economics
Justin Vaughan - 2nd in Biology; Merit in Mathematics
Robert Wong Kam - 2nd in Computing & Statistics; Merit in Economics

5th Form:

John Atkins - Merit in Mathematics
Glenn Bending - 1st in Art
Marcus Bosch - 1st in History
Mark Coburn - 1st in 5 Lewis; Music (Gales Memorial Prize)
Grant Crawford - 1st= in 5 Overend
Anthony Davidson - 2nd in Technical Drawing, Merit in Accounting
John Devlin - Merit in Woodwork (Total Hardware Award)
Michael Ellis - 1st in 5 Willis; Merit in Biological Science
Paul Foster - Haxell Family Award for Special Endeavour in six subjects
Michael Gailer - 1st in 5 Salter
Blair Hastings - 1st in Technical Drawing
Bryce Henderson - 2nd in Accounting, Merit in Economics
Nigel Higginson - 1st in Mathematics
Michael Hooton - 1st in 5 Binnie
Tim Hudson - 2nd in Physical Science, 1st in Economics, 2nd in English
David Hughes - 1st in Physical Science, 2nd= in Mathematics
Andrew Hull - 1st in Biological Science
Michael P. Jones - 1st in 5 Bailey
Murray King - 1st in 5 Bunting; 1st in English; 1st in Geography; 2nd in French;
2nd= in Mathematics
Dean Larsen - 1st in Accounting; 2nd in Latin; Merit in English; 2nd in Geography
James Liddell - 1st in 5 Owen
Luke Marchant - 1st in Alternative Science
Andrew Macintyre - 2nd in Economics
Ray McKeown - 2nd in History, Merit in Japanese
Robert McNair - Woodwork (Placemakers Award)
David Newton - Merit in English
Jeffrey Ripley - Merit in Engineering (Douglas B. Foote Ltd. Award)
Andrew Robertson - 1st in 5 Hooper
Andrew Saxon - 2nd in Art
Brett Shirreffs - 1st in French & Latin; Original Writing Award
Gerard Skinner - 2nd in Biological Science
Mark Smith - 1st= in 5 Overend
Paul Stoddart - 1st in 5 Simpson
Robin Toms - 1st in Engineering (Wairau Engineering Supplies Award)

SPECIAL AWARDS & HIGHER SCHOOL AWARDS

SCHOOL SERVICE AWARD: (1977 Student Council) Stuart Brauninger

SPECIAL SERVICE AWARDS: Greg Annett (Laboratory), Derek Grantham (Library & Student
Welfare Committee), William Hayman (Lighting)

NORTH SHORE HARMONY CLUB AWARD - contribution to School Music: David Colven

CHAIRMAN OF BOARD OF GOVERNORS AWARD FOR SPECIAL ENDEAVOUR: Craig Rowe, Hamish Thompson,
David Van Yzendoorn

TAKAPUNA R.S.A. AWARD for Service to the Community and School: David Boak

ARTHUR SCHUBERT AWARD: Andrew Caisley

PROXIME ACCESSIT: John McCrystal

HEAD BOY: (Headmasters Plaque & Old Boys Award) Brendan O'Donovan

DUX OF THE SCHOOL: (P.T.A. Plaque & Award) Richard Worrall

WESTLAKE CERTIFICATES - EFFORT & ACHIEVEMENT

- 5th Form: Bevan Donald, Michael J. Jones, Michael Meyer, Andrew Nicoll, Andrew Oakshott, Robert Porteous, George Reid.
- 6th Form: Paul Anderson, Stephen Bendall, Conrad Cooper, Michael Merriman, Paul Pitcher, Nigel Sharfe, Martin Tregonning.

SENIOR SPORTS PRIZES - 1983

- CHESS: Karl Spurling - Senior Champion (Tweedie Belton Cup)
- HOCKEY: Simon Warr - Contribution to Senior Hockey
- SOCCER: Michael Smith - Contribution to Senior Soccer (Mr. Ken Armstrong)
Philip Morcombe - Sportsmanship & Ability Under 16 (The Beale Family)
- SWIMMING: Paul Edgar - Senior Champion (Westlake P.T.A.)
Roger Pallatt - Contribution to School Swimming (Frank Hall Memorial Cup)
- ATHLETICS: Gavin Butler - Intermediate 1500 (Gordon Meiklejohn)
Gavin Butler - Intermediate Champion (Mr. A. Walker)
Andrew McRoberts - Senior Champion (Mr. F.E. Sutherland)
Robert Knight - Senior 1500 (Mr. & Mrs C.W. Lorigan)
- CROSS-COUNTRY: Gavin Butler - Intermediate Champion (Mr. G.N. Campbell)
Robert Knight - Senior Champion (Mr. L.E. Tweedie)
Andrew MacIntyre-5 Willis)
Andrew Bremner-6 Lander) Interform Shield (Owen Cleghorn Memorial)
- RIFLE SHOOTING: Ian Colcord - Small Bore Rifle Shooting Shield
- TABLE TENNIS: Guy Palmer - Senior Champion (Wisemans Ltd.)
- TENNIS: Iain Pound - Intermediate Champion (Mr. G.M. Simpson)
Iain Pound - Senior Champion (Lewis Motors Ltd.)
- BASKETBALL: Russell Hughes - Outstanding Senior Player (O.P. Sunwear)
- CRICKET: Anthony Olliff - Most Promising Player - non 1st XI (Mr. & Mrs. A.L. Jones)
Gavin Read - Best Contribution to Cricket (Mr. & Mrs. W.H. Burnell)
William Watson - Best Bowling Average (Cornwall Cup)
Justin Vaughan - Cricket Championship Cup, Highest Aggregate runs (The Bowden Family)
Alexander O'Dowd - Sportsmanship & Ability at Senior Level (Takapuna Cricket Club)
- ROWING: Michael Dalley - Contribution to Rowing Under 16 (Mr. J. McIntyre)
Scott Galbraith - Most Promising Rower, non Senior (Brett Hollister and Family)
Michael Smith - Best Crew Performance Senior '8' (Parents Committee)
Jeremy Hay - Greatest Contribution to Rowing (Mr. R. McIntosh)
- RUGBY: Robert Wong Kam - 6th Grade Trophy (Mr. & Mrs. R.N. Watts)
Brett Harold - 5th Interform Cup (Mr. & Mrs. Webley)
Aaron Bolt - Ability & Sportsmanship (1979 4A Supporters Cup)
Darrin Kennedy - 3rd Grade Cup (Mr. & Mrs. J.L. Corbett)
Alan Tasker - 1st XV Most Improved Player (Parents Committee)

COLOURS : 1983

- RUGBY: Grant Kimber
- CRICKET: Alex O'Dowd, Justin Vaughan
- ATHLETICS: Karl Schierling, Anthony Collins, Andrew McRoberts, Paul Lloyd
- SOCCER: Russell Bent, Dean Behrens, Stuart Cordelle, Stephen Ironside, Robert Ironside, Peter Sutherland
- HOCKEY: Gavin Read, Graham McIntyre, Eddie Taniora
- ROWING: Michael Smith, Brendon O'Donovan, Kevin Mabbott, Murray Jansen, Neale Stott, Rod McFarlane, Stephen Gleye, Patrick Abbott, Jeremy Hay.
- BADMINTON: Lance Little, David Andrews, Tony Sands, Shane Cassidy.
- TABLE TENNIS: Guy Palmer, Carl Francks, Alan Brown, Brendon Smith, Alan Dowd
- FENCING: Nigel Sharfe
- GOLF: Leon Tasker
- SQUASH: Glenn Tong
- TENNIS: Iain Pound
- YACHTING: Dean Salthouse
- WATER POLO: Roger Pallatt

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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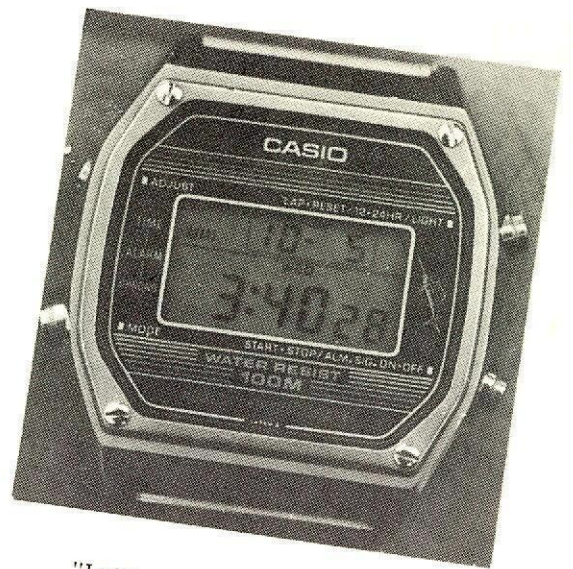
There has been an enormous typing load on the Westlake Boys High School office and we appreciate their efforts.

The magazine has been produced by Davis Printing.

Thank you one and all. See you again next year.

J. Winslade (editor)





"Let's go! The bell went 10 minutes ago".



"Don't tell me! I've seen enough"



Big yellow limousine chauffeuring illustrious Westlake students homewards

ITEM NUMBER



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