



**MANGERE
COLLEGE
1974**



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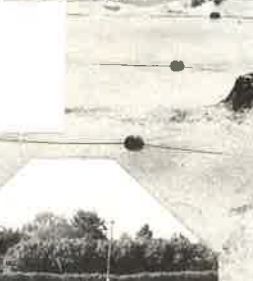
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RAIN

Deluge in the streets
with old ladies in hair nets
ruining their perms.

R. Parker, 3S.

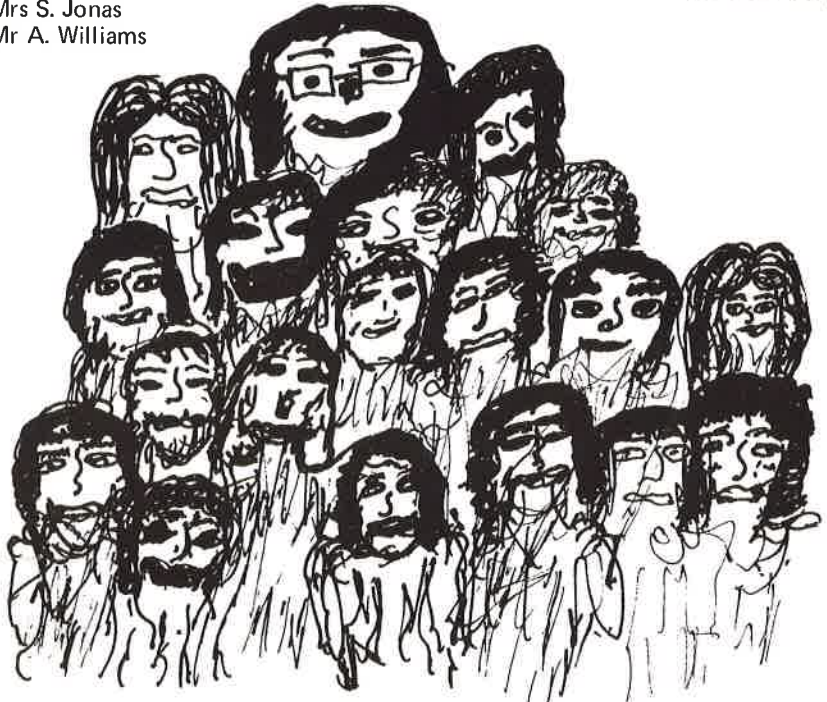
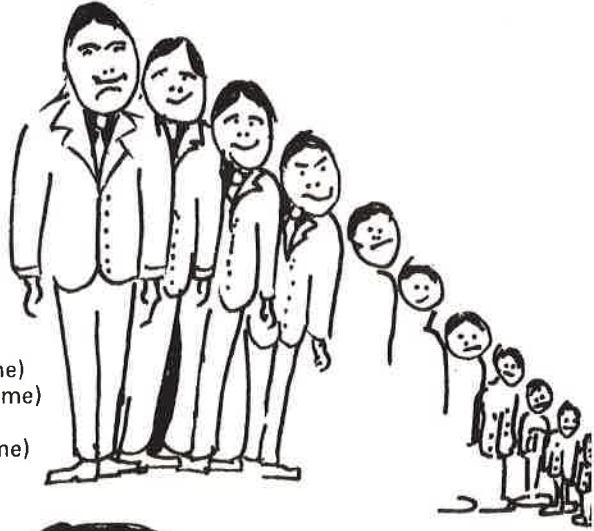


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School Secretary:
 School Nurse:
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 Groundsman:
 School Shop:
 Maintenance:



PRINCIPALS' FOREWORD

The educational scene in New Zealand in 1974 has been dominated by the Educational Development Conference and Secondary Schools in particular have been under scrutiny and have been assessing their own role in our society. There has been much criticism of the Secondary School, some of it valid but much of it uninformed. There have been times in fact when one has been given the impression that, from the moment a pupil enters secondary school he is set upon by a belligerent bunch of academics and forced against his will and aspirations into a massive mould from which he emerges dissatisfied, disillusioned and dissident.

What Rubbish! I have no doubt that the staff of every secondary school in New Zealand, and the Mangere College staff is an outstanding example, is dedicated to the real and genuine development of all its pupils. But the chances of their being successful are being progressively reduced.

Teachers are coming under increasing pressure and the demands being made on them and which they are accepting are making them, of necessity, less and less effective. Each school is receiving more and more disturbed children who are demanding more and more teacher time and having a seriously debilitating effect on those whose progress could be unruffled and unimpeded.

It is time for society to stop looking at the schools and to start looking at itself and it is about time for society to be given some strong leadership and direction. It is not the young people who need courses in moral education but the commercial world which dismisses propriety for profit, the industrial unions, whose philosophy now bears no resemblance to that of Robert Owen, and those parents for whom their child is an annoying encumbrance.

It is time the media appreciated what powerful teachers they are and did something about it. It is time the silent majority stood up to be counted.

There is an increasing criticism of the young people of today but if they are in trouble we have put them there; we are responsible for the for the situation and only we can resolve it. It is time we began.

Mangere College has completed its fourth year and is approaching what we hope will be its ultimate size. Next year it will have a roll of approximately nine hundred students and a staff of forty-five teachers. It is truly a multi-cultural college, the student body being made up of Samoans, Europeans, Maoris, Cook Islanders, Tongans, Indians, Chinese and students from England and Scotland and staff members whose origins are Maori, Chinese, Samoan, New Zealand, English, American and Canadian. It is an exciting society to be in and a great training ground for living in a multi-cultural community. Its function in this regard will become increasingly important.

We will take possession soon of the new gymnasium and it is to be hoped that in 1975 a full programme of community recreational activities can be established in it. We have been delighted also to receive a gift of \$30,000 from the Government for the development of a swimming pool and this should be available next year. We hope that facilities such as these will bring the community into the College and keep us in close contact with our ex-pupils whose progress remains as important to us as that of our present pupils.

We look forward to a year of progress and productivity in 1975.

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LOVE IS . . .

Naughtiness is . . . the back seat of a car on Saturday night
Jealousy is . . . Seeing your friend ride off on the back
of your boyfriend's moter-bike.
Happiness is . . . Finding five dollars at the Easter Show.
Tactfullness is . . . Giving him a can of deodorant for christmas
Fairness is . . . Little kids using a ruler to divide an iceblock
Kindness is . . . Letting a smaller kid in front of you
in the tuck-shop line

Michelle Marshall



HURRICANE NASH

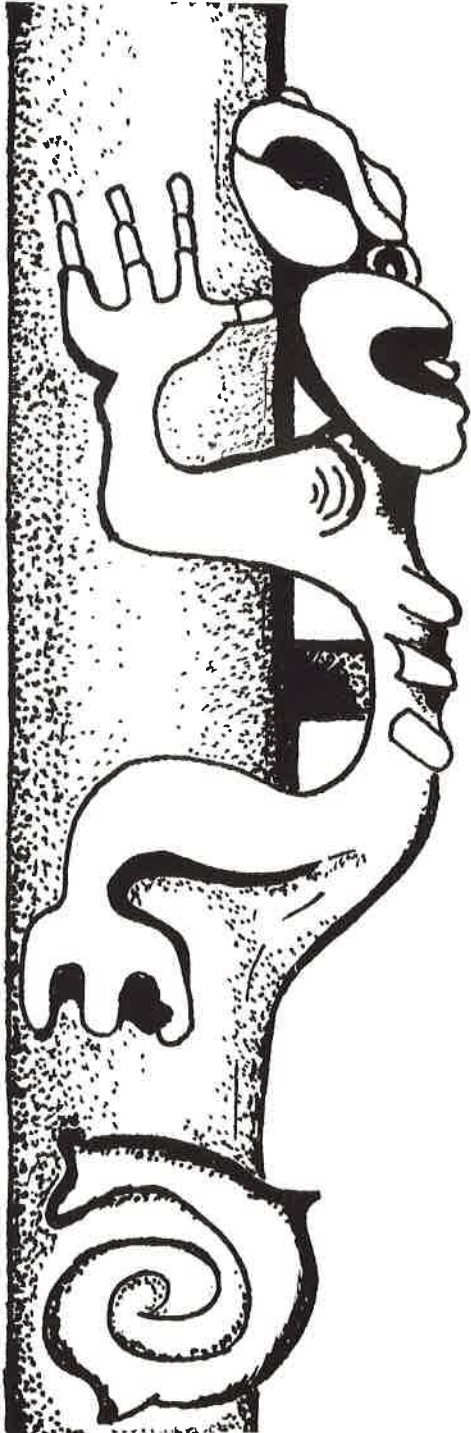
The hurricane is strong
but its never wrong.
Wherever it goes
it sure does blow.

Wherever it dives
it takes many lives
leaving husbands
without their wives.
Now they know
when it arrives.

Smash, crash, bash
goes all the trash.
The poor people
are getting a bad rash
from that horrible
Hurricane Nash.

Billy Selwyn

POLYNESIAN CLUB



"E nga iwi, e nga mana, e nga reo,
tena koutou katoa."

"Talofa lava matua, aiga, ma uo
o tamaiti uma i totonu o le Kolisi
a Mangere."

"Turou! Turou! Kiaorana koutou
katoatoa, a nga metua, e nga pa
enua. Kiaorana."

"Ke tau faoa hahe fonau moe to
matua hahe tau tama ha Mangere College.
Faka lofa lahi atu kia mua osi."

1974 came and has now expired. And
with its passing we acknowledge the many
achievements made, however small, however
great.

We were most fortunate in gaining
additions to our staff in the persons of Mrs
Laban, Mrs Green and Mr Hotene, whose
efforts and advice guided us, with the help of
several enthusiastic parents, through a very
trying and yet interesting and rewarding
year.

One of the major aims this year was
to broaden the horizons of our Polynesian
Culture by tapping much of the unharnessed
resourcefulness that the college pupils had
to offer. In doing so Mrs Laban Established a
very competent Samoan Group, Mrs Green
added much depth and grace to Maori-tanga,
the Cook Island group advanced further
with their own band of drummers, while Mr
Hotene on many occasions stood as a
Pakeke to welcome the many guests that
the club and college hosted.

Last year we acquired 50 pui-pui as
part of our performing costume. We went a
step further in this direction by making
our own bodices and headbands, and
acquiring other Polynesian dress. The fact
that the costumes were produced by the
pupils themselves is in itself an education.

Further Highlights for the year
were the Parents Social at Waterlea School
Hall, the two evening concerts at Arahanga —
both part of a fund raising campaign to
finance the Clubs trip in August to Turangi,
Ruatoiki and Opotiki. In addition as members
of the College we played host to many

visiting groups – 25 teachers of the Maori Language, visiting American Teachers, and the Auckland Regional Contestants of the Korimako Speech Contest.

Two very important things were achieved this year; firstly the fulfillment of the desire to embrace more wholly our Polynesian Culture, and secondly, actually engaging the personal support of the parents – hopefully as a step towards more active participation in the College affairs.

With this as our foundation, the club was far more equipped to reach the hearts and minds of people here and elsewhere, and thereby presenting themselves not merely as Mangere College but as a sample of the Mangere Community.

Our thanks to all those that made such achievements possible – the unending patience of our Principal, the “stand in” staff members period 2 every Tuesday, our tutors, our staff as a whole, parents and friends of the College.

The various representatives of the tribal areas that hosted us on our trip:

Tena Koutou mo o koutou manaakitanga.

We sincerely look forward to the day when we can act as hosts in the same capacity.

To those members that are leaving – all the best. Many things have been fulfilled in your time. Those who remain and the others that are to follow shall definitely build upon what has been so far established.

Nō reira tenā koutou katoa. Ma te Atua e manaaki.

Polynesian Club Members, 1974.

FUND RAISING FOR OUR TRIP

To me, the fund raising for our trip to Turangi and Opotiki was worth it. In all my four years at Mangere College it was most gratifying to see parents and teachers participating together. It was an opportunity for many parents and staff to get to know each other, and no doubt, to talk about us, other than during report evenings.

The fact that their own children were involved got many parents together to support the course. A parents committee was set up to organise the fund raising. They were: Mr Lotam, Mr Thompson, Mr and Mrs Fong Ah Chong, Mr Austin, Mr and Mrs Hohaia, Mrs Tawha, Mrs Smalley, Mr and Mrs Roberts, Mrs Tamati, Mr and Mrs Laban, Mr and Mrs Green and any others who wanted to join,

I am happy to report that through their efforts much was achieved. They had everything in hand for both social and concerts and this was proven by the very success of both Parental Support was overwhelming!

Our Staff were full of praise for the enjoyable time plus the fact that over \$500 was raised. And the comments after –

“We must have another.” “When’s the next one?”, “Oh beauty boy,” “Well, it’s for the sake of the kids.”

On behalf of your children I would like to thank you all and hope that this will be the forerunner of many more enjoyable times spent together.

May I conclude by adding comments from a few of the parents involved, and I’m sure they speak on behalf of many others –

Mr Papali’i: “We met a lot of people and were very happy that the parents could get together to help the teachers and their children.”

Mrs Hohaia: “We are positive that the two functions were worth the work and effort.”

Mr and Mrs Lotam: “Raising these funds was a good way of communicating with other parents. We really enjoyed it.”

Mr and Mrs Fong Ah Chong: “Supper was superb; Harmony was amongst all parents; The Goal was achieved financially. The group was a credit to the Tutors, the school and to their own cultures.

Footnote: Mr Murdoch: “I thoroughly enjoyed being Barman.”

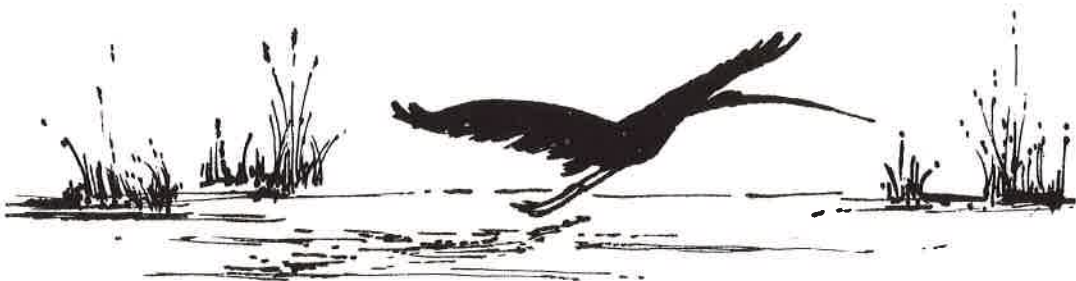
Karen Hohaia, Foundation Member 1971



FISHPOND

Specks of orange
darting to and fro
Golden scales flashing

in the sun
With a flick of the fins
and a swish of the tail
they are up and gone.



WHY AM I HERE?

A female in our society, from the moment she is born, is conditioned, groomed, shaped and moulded towards one condition — that of being feminine. The little girl is dressed in pink ribbons and lacey dresses, taught to be cute, coy and disarming.

She soon learns the roles of waiting for the phone to ring, of not appearing too eager, pretending that she doesn't care. She learns to cook — the way to a man's heart is through his stomach — and to be a lovely little future housewife, for a staggering premium is placed on the snaring of a mate. She is reluctant to do anything that may be labelled as assertive or self-willed, as this will lower her esteem in male eyes, and reduce her chances of finding that mate.

It doesn't matter that a man is fat, bald, or has big feet. His attractiveness is measured by his success. A woman however, must forever diet, troop along to the hairdresser or have a manicure. Everywhere she looks, there are smiling stereotypes of what she should be. In every magazine, roadside hoarding, or television advertisement, smooth-skinned beauties with gleaming teeth, glossy hair, and breathtakingly slender figures scream at her, point out her blemishes. People wonder at the causes of suburban neurosis!

The woman is an unpaid servant in her husband's house. In return she is given security, or an illusion of it, and the status of being a married woman — one who was once attractive enough to catch her man. She makes a happy home for him, and when they argue, she always makes up, for there is always the possibility that he may not come back . . . While her husband is working, she ponders her problems over the vacuuming.

If, however, she is employed outside the house, she must accept that it is her DUTY to dash home, cook dinner and wash up. She is likely to be informed that she doesn't know what a hard day's work is.

In return for trading her independence for security she is compensated with the 'softest, mildest' detergents, a home of her Own, the latest twelve cubic foot refrigerator, and drudgery.

So this is what a woman really wants from her life? Doesn't she need to feel loved, significant and necessary? Ofcourse there are always her offspring, on whom she can lavish her undivided and sometimes stifling care, and revel in the feeling of their dependence on her. But sooner or later they are going to reject her, and she is left with nothing but the routine of marriage, made legal and binding years ago by a slip of paper. If she wants to pick up the pieces of her single life, she finds she is unable to do so — she has lost the confidence for anything but housework.

This woman is generalised, and her case may be exaggerated — but how many of you know women whose main event in life is the annual spring-clean?

Is this why I am here?

Sandra Heke.

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GOODS' SERVICE STATION



EMPTY HOUSE

Old,
Broken bricks,
Rusty dripping taps,
A damp dark
Musty smell
Deserted.