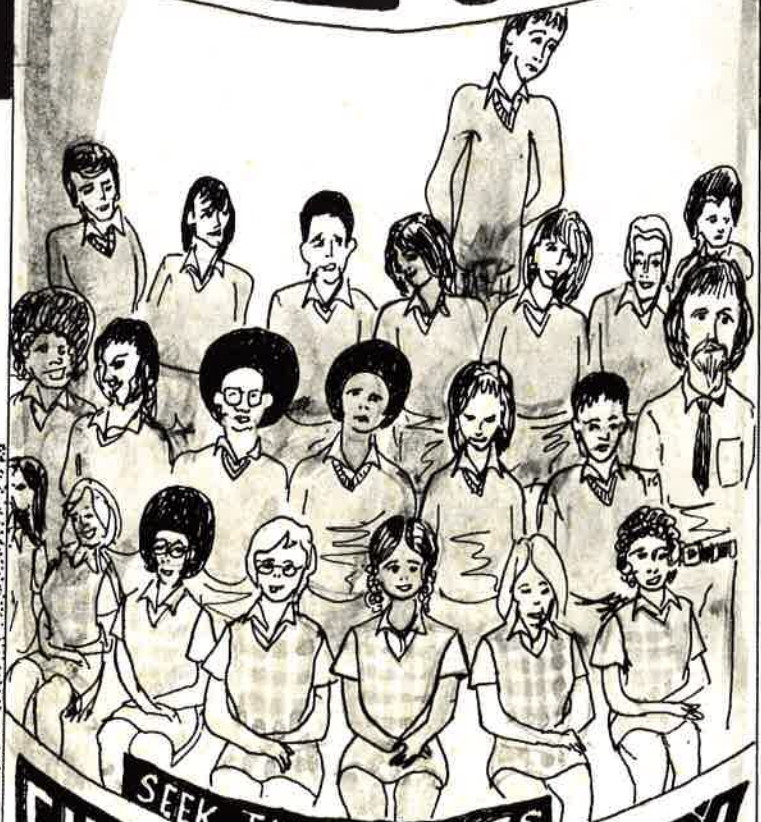




SWEETENED
MANGERE COLLEGE

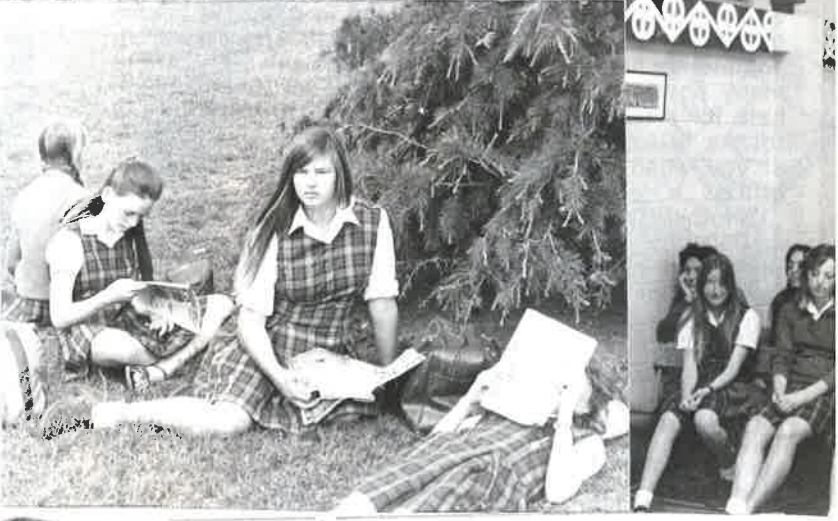


SEEK THE HEIGHTS
FINEST QUALITY

NET WEIGHT 897g

1978

MARKETING BY N.Z. EDUCATION BOARD



On the first Tuesday of February 1971 about two hundred and forty third Formers lined up on the grass that swayed in the wind where the Senior Studies Block now stands. They presented a salt and pepper appearance — many of the girls in summer frocks since the supplies of the College uniform tunic were limited as indeed were supplies of the College pullover.

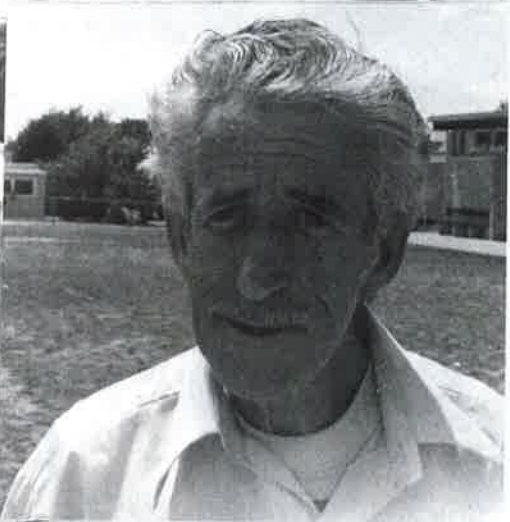
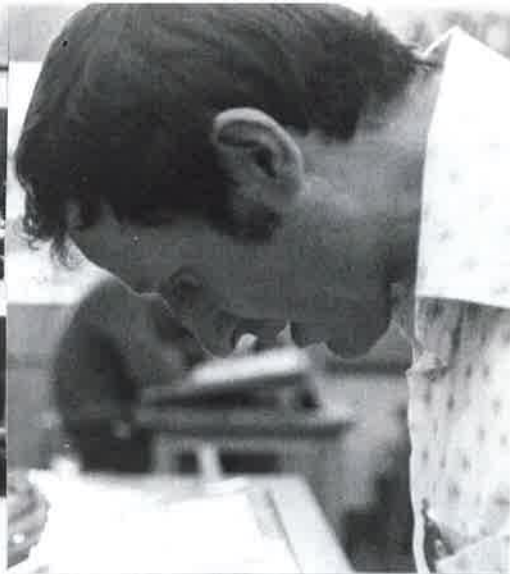
In front of them stood the College Staff — all eleven of them — Principal, Deputy Principal, Senior Mistress and eight classroom teachers. Behind them, like some scene from a World War I documentary film, lay the foundation trenches for the library. Yes. The Assembly Hall had been built but could not be used as such since it was serving as a workshop for the College building contractors whose noise and sawdust invaded every corner of H. Block which in those days consisted of but twelve rooms.

Lined up among those pupils of the foundation year were two of the College's 'Firsts'. Majorie Van der Pyl was the first pupil from this College to gain admittance to Medical School. Majorie is now well on her way to completing her training as a doctor. She will be known to many now at College since she was actually teaching here for a few weeks before Medical School re-opened for the 1978 year. It is Majorie's photo that smiles down at you when you are trembling outside the Principal's office.

Another College 'first' who lined up on the grass among the foundation pupils on opening day was Rosemary Morton. Rosemary was declared to be a Bachelor of Arts earlier this year at the Auckland University Capping Ceremony. Her intention now, is to start studying for medicine.

These two foundation pupils have earned our applause and congratulations. It would be a fine thing if drawing attention to their success inspired present day pupils to follow their lead, obey the College motto to 'Seek the Heights' and set out to establish themselves in leadership positions in tomorrow's society.





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Deputy Principal Mr R.G. Stuckey, M.Sc. (Hons).
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Mr G.K. Ashby Adv. Trade Cert.
Mrs M. Barclay I.P.S.
Mr J. Batchelor Trade Cert.
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Mr J.F. Daly-Peoples B.A.
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Mrs R. Sallve B.A.
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Mrs S.M.N. Stretton
Mrs M. Coombs
Mrs G.T. Ankersmit
Mrs J. Maitland

Librarian
Groundsman
Caretaker
Tuckshop
Maintenance
Mrs B. Foulkes
Mrs D. Reid
Mr M. Jonas
Mrs S. Jonas
Mr R. James

MANGERE COLLEGE EVENING CLASSES 1979

Subjects available for 1979

Monday — 7.00-9.00pm.

- English to School Certificate
- Typing to School Certificate.
- Dress-making
- Art and craft
- Gymnasium activities — Basketball and Volleyball
- Mathematics to School Certificate

Tuesday — 7.00-9.00pm.

- Typing for beginners
- Gymnasium activities — Badminton
- Maori to School Certificate

Wednesday — 7.00-9.00pm.

- Woodwork
- English as a 2nd Language and preliminary S.C. English.

Enquiries ph. MRE 54-029.

Enrolment nights

Enrolment fee: \$8.00 per year of \$3.00 per term.

T.A. Pewhairang
Evening Class Supervisor



*Joy at
Christmas
Happiness
through the
New
Year*

THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE

As 5 OR enter the gate, they see Miss O'Rourke standing there with a knife in her hand. "Get in behind" she yells. Slowly but carefully, we go into her classroom (the slaughter house). One by one, she checks our homework. As she checks it, she writes down names. At the end of the period, her eyes search around the dark room as she approached her terrified victims, those who haven't done their homework. "Baker, Ollie, John, Robin, Bobby get your bodies up here right now."

The rest of the class is dismissed and all we can hear outside are shrieks from inside the slaughter house. Miss O'Rourke has run them through.

The next morning as we march into the slaughter house, we see blood and guts all over the place while Miss O'Rourke smiles evilly behind those glasses of hers. The whole class is silent while she checks last night's homework. Some people are very red and nervous knowing what is about to happen.

Toni Cain 5 OR



I
OFTEN
SIT AND
WISH THAT I
COULD BE A KITE
FLOATING UP IN THE SKY
RIDING UPON THE BREEZE
AND THERE YOU CAN
SEE ME SWAYING
TO AND FRO

AND
T
H
E
R
E

I
G
O

Cecilia Fepuleai, 5Wt

SUBSMASH

140 feet below
swimming through the murky depths
speared in the heart
trapped to it's doom

On the top
three sharks of steel
waiting for the kill

tension mounting up
crews jumpy and tired
waiting for the end

The end is here
the sharks release their
deadly cargo

Tossing and turning
fighting for its life

The sub fighting a losing battle
taking its final plunge
there the sub rests on
the sea bed.

Brendon Holland, 3FI

MYSELF AT THE AGE OF 60

Wrinkles, wrinkles by the dozen, like a screwed up sack. My skin will become so loose that it will be hanging down like dripping paint. Not a pretty sight I will appear, bent double with my face down in the ground, letting everybody see my grey balding head.

My joints will grow fat to stop me doing my usual chores. Not to mention too, the agonizing pain that comes with rheumatism and old age.

No one will care for me; they'll throw me out into the streets like some left over garbage. Kids will stare and gape at the ugly sight.

The pension I will receive will not be enough; not enough to buy glasses for my poor dimming eyes nor ear plugs for my fading hearing.

To be what I am going to be at sixty is too much to bear so I will cut my wrists at fifty.

Donna Byrnes 50r

THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE!

In the act of birth a soul is released to become a being, maybe human or animal. Whether this being survives depends on many factors of chance but chance is also in the hands of the parents. At the moment of conception the parents, supposing the being is human, take on the responsibility of a life, a life they must care for and nurture until it is able to support itself by its own means. Some may never be able to do this and must be cared for all their lives. Nevertheless, they are human and deserve compassion.

Think of a baby as a flower; a tiny bud inside its mother's womb gradually growing, changing, developing, blooming into adulthood, then as all living things must, withering and dying. What right has anyone to end a life? Do we really have the right to choose?

Yes! It is the right to choose which makes us human, able to choose between right and wrong, good and bad. Humans are forever individuals, even the tiniest child is different from the next. Take away our right to choose and we became unthinking, unfeeling, living machines existing from morning till night, night till morning, a waste to all humanity and a disgrace to the once noble human race.

KILLING ANIMALS FOR SPORT

Murder, that is what it is. Plain murder! Animals have a right to be on this earth just as well as us. What right have we to kill animals? Is it some kind of blood lust in us, which demands that we kill?

What kind of pleasure can it give you to kill an animal? People who shoot animals just for the sport of it should be shot in turn.

It upsets the environment in which the animal lives. It is also one less of that kind of animal which causes, in many cases, the extinction of different species of animals.

Shooting animals for the fun of it should be against the law. To reinforce this law a very severe punishment should be administered.

Most animals are harmless, left to themselves. So why kill them?

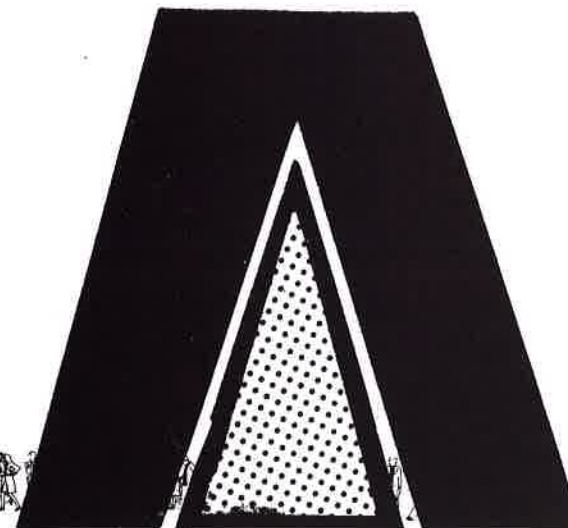
Donna Byrnes 5 Or

YOUNGS SERVICE CENTRE LIMITED.

747 MASSEY ROAD, MANGERE.

PROP: ROBIN YOUNG

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ATLANTIC

