



Gore High School Foundation Newsletter

Gore High School Foundation
Newsletter

August 2005

Welcome to another GHS Foundation Newsletter. This month we have some very interesting articles from X teachers of Gore High, which I am sure many of you will know. Many thanks to Murray Darling for writing to these people and gathering their stories.

The Centennial committee continue to meet and work towards the Easter 2008 event. If you have not done so already, then please register your name on the Centennial database at www.gore-high.school.nz or send me an email to ewen@cwcc.co.nz

Regards
Ewen Whitefield

Ian Sawers

Timaru

Thanks for your letter. I am not a great writer of letters, nor of career summaries, but I am prepared to say a few things about Gore High School during my period there from 1953 – 56.

I went there for my first teaching position in a secondary school (I was primary trained and had taught primers 3 & 4 for one year), largely because my Auntie Lucy Boyne wanted me to and recommended the school. Her husband Jim had been Deputy Principal, and a pretty good one, until forced to resign in the forties through ill health, terminal cancer. He probably preceded Ray Richards. Taking up that assistant position in 1953 was probably the best thing I ever did.

Gore High School was blossoming and booming. What a fantastic senior staff and some really super kids. That senior staff really made the school. Ray Richards D.P. French; Margaret Logan S.M., Mathematics; Mac McCartney, Science; Bill Hessey, Agriculture; Norman Hamilton, English; Winnie Hurst, Social Studies; Grant Maslin, Commerce; **Mr Kelle** ... and Mr Angelo, Technical; and John Borland, Phys Ed. No wonder the school boomed and the kids blossomed. The new teachers learned and became able teachers in their own right (I forgot Cecily Power, Typing). Think of the young teachers and how well they did later. Ernie Middlemass, J B Forest, Kevin Quinn, Archie Gilchrist, Murray Darling, Martin Thyne and myself.

After 45 years of teaching I don't think I was ever in a school which had such a strong

all round senior staff at their peak.

It would be invidious to mention students by name and talk of escapades, but I will mention two teams of the period which did very well. The girls hockey team was quite outstanding, winning inter-schools by rugby scores and the 1st cricket XI who also showed some excellent form.

I loved my time at Gore and went to Otago Boys with the intention of completing my M.A., part-time, lectures all between 4 pm and 6 pm. After one month I gave that up and started coaching cricket and rugby. I did complete an A.T.C.L. (Speech and Drama) though.

Brief career notes:

Gore High School
Asst Eng, Geog, S -1953 - 56

Otago Boys High School
Asst Eng, Hist - 1956-59

Queenstown D.H.S.

Asst Eng, Hist, SS - 1959-61

Otago Boys High School -1962-75

'62 P.R. 1 English, SS, Geog

'68 P.R. 2 Senior Eng

'70 P.R. 3 HOD Eng

Blue Mountain College

Foundation Principal - 1976-81

Timaru Boys High

Rector - 1982-94

June 1994 retired.

Still enjoying golf, fishing, reaching, reminiscing, rugby, relaxing and the good life.

I hope I am still about in 2008 –

I would love to go to the Centennial.

I know this is not what you asked for, but it has done me good. You can use any of this or pass it on. I will still send you a Christmas card. My computer skills are about as good as yours Murray! I can play patience and look up the news.

Best regards

IAN

R. A. (Bob) Foster, Deputy-Principal, 1966-69

When in 1966 the Deputy-Principal of Gore High School was advertised, I was doubly interested.

In the first place, my association and friendship with the new Rector and his wife, Doug and Shirley Olson, dated back to our Training College days together in 1943-44.

Secondly, my family association with Gore High School began at the School's very beginning with the appointment of my father as the School's first assistant.

So I was soon very interested in the School's history when I joined the staff in March 1966. Prompt discovery of early photographs and other memorabilia moved me to seek (and I gained) approval from the Rector and the Board of Governors to compile a history. I understand a copy of my unedited and unpublished book is now in the School library.

From all that fascinating work, one impression above all has remained with me: the indomitable determination of the people of Gore and District to have a high school there. In all my reading and study of the early days, it was nowhere stated,

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Foundation Committee

Ian Tulloch

Colin Macpherson

Eoin Crosbie

Rosemarie Petterson

Ewen Whitefield

Donald Morrison

but undeniably evident, that the Education Department of the day did NOT want a high school at Gore. There were already such schools at Invercargill, Dunedin, and Oamaru – and that was enough.

But the good people of Gore and District were adamant and indefatigable. From the establishment of Gore District High School in 1902, they achieved the transition in September 1908. By April 1909, the Gore High School's new staff had been appointed: J. Hunter (Rector), W.T. Foster (first assistant) and Helen Kerse (lady assistant).

At first, the High School was a change in name only. Classroom provision around the town could not have been less satisfactory. After the incomprehensible proposal of the authorities to build the new High School in the triangle near the former Gore library, surely it was scarcely less unwise to place the School at the limited area by the river – "Kura-Awa". Not until 1955 and Coutts Road did wisdom of site prevail.

My labours were richly rewarded as I was inspired by the determination of the Gore and District people to triumph over the short-sighted and seemingly reluctant co-operation of the authorities in those early days.

My four years at Gore High School, 1966-1969, were marked by rapid growth, and the constant need of additional classrooms. The roll rose from 930+ (?) to over 1100 in a short time. We were then the largest school in Southland. More than that, I quickly realized that it deservedly enjoyed the confidence and consequent support of the Eastern Southland community. I am grateful for my years there.

From Gore, I moved to the Principal of Central Hawkes Bay College, Waipukurau, for thirteen years. After forty years in teaching, I sought and gained acceptance into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. Beginning at the age of 60, I could expect ministry for five years. I have now had twenty, and so I count myself very fortunate.

I offer my compliments and best wishes to Gore High School, a School of a century's honourable achievement indeed.

R. A. (Bob) Foster,

John B Laurenson

Memories of Gore High School – 1979-1984.

The past provides lessons and a source of strength for those of us who have to deal with the present and plan for the future. Gore and Gore High School provided and still provides me with inspiration and strength to deal with the needs and demands of running a busy Christchurch school of 1400 boys.

Doug Olsen was my first boss in Gore and certainly the most intriguing, who else could conduct a conversation with you with his eyes closed. At interval one day, I even saw him traverse the length of the downstairs corridor with his eyes closed! My memory might be awry but I do remember him visiting the toilet (again at interval) and singing Gregorian chants as he "addressed the porcelain". The vaulted ceilings in the loo gave just the right sort of echo and acoustics, I have no doubt, to keep Doug happy.

Doug had enough faith in me to allow me to become Teacher Librarian, it was my first position of responsibility and one that, while I am sure others could have done better, I certainly relished and learned a lot from doing. Many teachers made an impression on me, in Murray Darling the school had a huge asset. Murray in his time as Deputy Principal was calm, measured, wise and all seeing. As a Form 4 Dean I worked with him closely and learned a huge amount about building bridges with people. It was Murray who persuaded me to coach rugby in the school, initially with the Second XV, then for four years with the Firsts.

Of all the sportsmen in the school – and there were many – I remember the rugby lads best of all. For four years we were undefeated in traditional 1st XV rugby games and it was my pleasure to work with the Dickisons (Athol and Callum), Martin Powley, Raymond (Jack) Pay, Leslie Archer (and his dad Robin who helped me to coach from time to time), Bruce Morton and a host of others too numerous to mention here. The highlight of the four years was a tour to Christchurch in 1984 and of breaking my nose when I came down the waterslide at QEII the wrong way and thumped into the behind of my tight head prop!

Farming families were a strength for Gore High, the Dickisons sent four sons to Gore High, the Erwoods also sent four sons. Farming families embraced teachers like myself and they taught me to lamb – by the end of 1984 I could crutch and even shear a sheep (I concede I was not good at it).

I also took Harriers at Gore, I remember the great athletes the school produced, the two brothers who ran middle distances and who had success at National level.

The first week in Gore in 1979 I took a group out for a road run. We began in sun, ran in rain and finished in hail – the discomfort of a hail storm battering the top of my bald head while we were miles out of east Gore I remember well.

Alan Condie was one of the professional great teachers, HOD English, Form 5 Dean and a more thoroughly decent man you would struggle to find. His two daughters and son all contributed mightily both in and out of the

classroom to Gore High School.

As a young fellow with a young family, I did not get out as much as I could have, though I recall one Friday evening in 1981 being introduced to Dr Speights (I was suffering from the flu) by a language teacher – Ross Tallentire. The cure was miraculous until Saturday morning when I had the flu, a massive hangover and an important game against Albion to prepare the First XV for!

Geography was my subject area and the Form 7 field trips to Cromwell and Queenstown were highlights with teachers Ian Horgan and Kim Gin – one year we got iced in at Queenstown and had to spend a cold and hungry extra night in the town.

Gore High has always punched above its weight, in my years the school won the India Shield for hockey and soccer, netball, basketball and rugby all had their share of local, regional and even national level successes.

Today some people may say the strength of New Zealand lies in the big centres – cordially I can only disagree, the real New Zealand lies in towns such as Gore and its young people become movers and shakers in New Zealand. Long may that be so.

John B Laurenson

Headmaster

Shirley Boys' High School

5 October 2004

Ronnie Waddell

I emigrated to New Zealand from my native Scotland in 1964 but, as I had visited this country at least ten times during my service with the British Merchant Navy and had explored it extensively, I almost felt that I was coming home.

I spent a few weeks labouring in Auckland, to finance my travels round the country, as I had to decide where to settle and what to work at. I had been given an introduction to some University students in Dunedin and, when I arrived there, I received the warmest of welcomes and the course of my life was changed. The students were Gavin McIntosh, Edward Pickering and Jim McQuillan, all ex Gore High School, but I did not know that at the time and had never even heard of Gore. The penny dropped years later, when I had been on the staff for a few years and I was looking through some old school magazines stored in the Rector's office. There they all were, in a photograph of the rugby team, I think, and I decided then that the hand of God or the hand of Fate (make your own choice) had pointed me in the direction I was to follow.

Until I met these lads, I believed University students to be drunken no-hopers, living off their parents or the state, but a few hours in their company showed me another picture. Breakfast on the first morning was porridge, preceded by grace and followed by Bible reading. No studying for finals, they took time to show me around and to introduce me to a good cross section of the University community, professors and lecturers as well as undergraduate students. I was deeply impressed.

The lads had housekeeping down to a fine art and all aspects of their lives were civilised and well organised, the total opposite of what I had expected. On Sunday, having been to Knox Church in the morning, we had lunch with a local doctor. When we had finished the meal, our host looked around the table and asked "Well, Gentlemen, where shall we worship tonight?" And that was their usual practice, which struck me

as not only sensible but truly Christian as well! My other abiding memory is of one of them on the phone to a farmer, arranging a holiday job. "If you can promise me", he was saying, "that I can work seven days a week for three months, I'll take the job!" Drunken no-hopers! How wrong can you be!? I think that experience decided me.

I told them frankly how much I admired their way of life and how much I wished that I could follow in their footsteps, but as I had left school on my fifteenth birthday, I realised that the University would not welcome me, which seemed a great pity. They listened sympathetically and responded in a most encouraging fashion. "You are over twenty one", they said, "and so you can apply for provisional admission. Pay your fees for the first year and pass all your exams – from then on, you will be on the same footing as everybody else". The Registry confirmed this and so I went back to sea for fifteen months to save some money before enrolling as a student. My sincere thanks to Union Steamship Company for their help.

I completed a degree in History, under the wise guidance of Professor Angus Ross, a truly great New Zealander, in peace and in war, and then did a year at Christchurch Teachers' College, for by then I had decided that the life of a country teacher might suit me very well. About this time, I ran into Raylene Hughes, whom I had met only casually at University, and I rather fell for her! She was teaching Latin at Gore High School, so I arranged for my first teaching section to be there and for the next to be at Wyndham District High (now Menzies College), only twenty miles away. We became engaged while I was at Wyndham and we celebrated our engagement at the Gore High School Ball. My thanks to Wyndham/Menzies for you have done much for both of us, over the years.

I commenced my teaching(?) career at Gore in 1971 and we were married at the end of the first term. Our children, even the naughtiest of them, were thrilled. "Have a nice honeymoon, Mr Waddell," said one

Maori lad, "and do not do anything I would not do!" A few weeks into the second term, I had a disastrous experience with a class and sat glumly with my head in my hands, just waiting for the period (maybe the world) to end. A student came across to me – another Maori (I think Maoris and Scots have a very close affinity) and said "Gee, Mr Waddell, marriage is really getting to you!" This concern for their teachers was something that always deeply touched me about my students, for I have never felt that I deserved their concern. I have been totally horrible and bad tempered to them on so many occasions that I wonder they could ever put up with me but they have been just wonderful and have supported me through thick and thin.

Let me be honest. I found my first two years teaching sheer hell. Nothing to do with the children. I had hated school myself and had totally refused to co-operate with my teachers in what I believed to be a total negation of education in its true sense. My mistake was to believe that all my students would hate school as much as I had done. But not all of them did. Nor hate their teachers. Far from it and I had reason to be grateful.

The real break through for me was when two students stayed behind after a fifth form history class in which my temper had reached its absolute depths. Two girls, one walking slowly and painfully with the aid of two sticks, the other responsible for getting her to the next class on time. Now they were well behind and might have difficulty explaining that to the next teacher. I looked at them, expecting a complaint, some criticism of my bad temper, which would have been fully justified. What they said to me I shall never forget and I shall always remember them with the deepest gratitude. "We just want you to know that we love you, Mr Waddell. We all love you. Please just relax". At least one of those young women is long since dead and must surely be in Heaven, for they lifted me from Hell that day and showed me that school teaching was not only worthwhile but the greatest of privileges. I am not saying that it

was easy going from then on for it certainly was not, but nothing worthwhile is ever easy going and we must not expect it to be. I continued to have my ups and downs but progressively there were more ups than downs. When I was really down and almost crushed, my students picked me up and when I got above myself and thought I knew it all, they shot me down in flames, which was what I surely deserved. School teaching is never predictable, never dull, never a waste of time and never to be measured in terms of salary payments.

I was associated with five subjects at Gore High School (I would not say I taught them for I learned far more than I taught) and sometimes I had to ask my class what subject we were supposed to be doing that period. Most often, they were able to put me right, but I do not think it mattered all that much for what we were really trying to do was to get on to each other's wavelength and talk about real life and how it should be lived – what, in fact, a funny old character called Socrates had been talking about two and a half thousand years before.

I believe that I seldom bored my students and that they will remember me, as I will remember them. After about nine years as a classroom teacher, and just when I had decided I was becoming fairly competent at it, I was asked to become School Counsellor. I believe I was a good team member who loved Gore High School and if I had been asked to stoke the boiler, I would have done that. The boiler was in good hands, apparently, so the Counsellor's job fell to me.

For the next twelve or so years, I served as Counsellor at Gore High School. How would I define my job? I offer two definitions. I was not a Big Wheel, I was not even a small wheel, I was just the drop of oil that helped to keep the wheels turning. For me, that could be removing wasps from classrooms, breaking up fights in the playground, mopping up vomit in the corridor, sorting out the little wrinkles that occur between teachers and students, students and students, even teachers and teachers, from time to time. My other definition. I did the many things that more important people would have done, if they'd had time. I believe that the vital link in the school chain should be the Form Teacher. When I had that role, I lived and breathed with my Form Class. When they laughed, I laughed. When they cried, I cried. I was proud when they treated teachers and each other well but how I sorrowed when they were abominable!

As Counsellor, I continued to believe in discipline for I believe that you can have discipline without caring (and that would be bad discipline) but you can certainly never have caring without discipline. I was paid to take total responsibility for my children and I was not going to throw that responsibility on to them. I did what I believed I had to do and risked unpopularity in the process. To my surprise, I ended up popular, although I had difficulty understanding why.

When I stand before God at the Last Judgement, as I believe we all must (although I realise that such a belief is neither fashionable nor politically correct these days – but I am not into political correctness and have no desire to be fashionable) and I am asked if I can think of any reason why I should not be consigned to the eternal fire, I'll probably say all the usual things about the redeeming blood of Christ but, if that doesn't do the trick, I'll ask the Almighty to go to my past students for a reference and I'll be content to take that verdict, for my students saw me at my very best and very worst and

nobody knew me better than they did.

The most valuable part of my life was spent in the service of Gore High School. I shall never forget my students and I love you all. You had your own wonderful idiosyncracies and differences but you were totally alike in one respect. You gave me your Love and Support, whenever I needed it, even if your own life was pretty tough at the time. God Bless you all.

Ronnie Waddell

A Geoffrey Hughes
85 Easther Crescent
Kew (03 455 6669)
Dunedin 9001 NZ

I came to Gore High in September 1967 straight from England to take up the post of H.O.D. Art. This sounded quite grand, but in fact consisted of one room on the upper story of the school on which the walls and ceiling were spattered with paint and clay, and which indicated only too clearly that nobody had been properly in charge for quite a time! However, under the encouragement of the then Principal (Doug Olson) and a spell of some years in two prefabs joined together in a sort of tunnel, we developed into a three roomed Art Department in a new block, with two other full-time Art Teachers as well as myself, with courses offered right up to the Seventh Form. I suppose it's a success story of sorts.

In those days the school had about 1200 students, so it was a pretty busy and lively place. On top of being H.O.D. Art, I also got lumbered with being in charge of the bus service which brought about half of our students from a wide area of Southland (some impertinent members of staff used to refer to me as H.O.D. Buses!). This duty I fulfilled for about twelve years and I always started a new academic year by reading the riot act about behaviour etc on buses to the new Third Form intake. For a few years my son was also a student at

the school, and after one of these diatribes one of the new boys said to my son "Is that your father?!!!" Must have been a rather successful exercise!

However, in September 1979 I was ordained as a Priest of the Anglican Church (rather to the surprise of many I think!) and continued to teach and also be Assistant Priest at "Holy Trinity" Gore. The Bible says that "No man can serve two masters" and the time came when I felt I had to give more to my Priesthood; and so in January 1981 I left Gore to become Vicar of the Parish of "Holy Trinity" Port Chalmers. I still taught part time for about three years because my Parish was so hard-up and managed to land a job as part-time Lecturer in Art History and Principles of Design at Otago University. Then I moved on to become Director of the Interchurch Trade & Industry Mission while still running my Parish.

Unfortunately in those days one had to retire from Parish Ministry on reaching the age of sixty-five. That happened to me about fourteen years ago and I moved out from the Vicarage at Port Chalmers into my own house again. Since then I have moved once again to a pleasant spot in the suburbs of Dunedin known as Kew.

However, I am still licenced as a Priest of the Dunedin Diocese and the Church keeps me pretty busy one way and another, still fulfilling my Priestly calling.

About eighteen years ago I was diagnosed as having a brain tumour (which fortunately was not cancerous) and the removal of this left me stone deaf on one side. For the last two years I have had the only "Hearing Dog" in Dunedin. He is a charming little animal, a cross between a cairn terrier and a Jack Russell. He started life on the streets of New Plymouth as a stray, was taken to the Pound, rescued by the "Hearing Dogs" folk, trained for six months (at a cost of \$9,000) and given to me to help me to overcome my disability. He wears a little yellow coat to identify what he is, and is cov-

YOUR DONATIONS

Please find enclosed a donation form. As you are aware the Foundation has been setup to support the school in the coming years. Through your donation we are able to do this and provide some of those extras things for Gore High School.

We appreciate your ongoing support.

Thank You

We want your Email Address

Send us your details now

to
ewen@cw.c.co.nz

ered by the same legislation as the Guide Dogs for the Blind, so he goes everywhere with me; he's even up in the Sanctuary with me when I Celebrate Holy Communion. Because this service is still rather unique I am often asked to give a presentation to all kinds of groups about Hearing Dogs (Rotarians, Probus, Country Womens Guilds, Brownies, Church Groups ... you name it!) and I try to raise a bit of cash for the Hearing Dogs for the Deaf N.Z. by so doing. Also I am President of the Hearing Association Dunedin Branch. This is all on top of running a home and garden and other social activities. So, although not far off eighty years old now I am still a pretty busy and active person; and for that I am deeply thankful.

My first thirteen years in N.Z. were spent in Gore at the High School, and that laid a wonderful foundation for finding my way in a new country and for all that has followed, so I have grateful and happy memories of those years.

Geoff Hughes N.D.D., A.T.D., L.Th.

Tom & Marj Ryan

6 Cherrywood Gardens

492 Otumoetai Road

Tauranga N.Z.

Our Postie Lady just occasionally drops something of particular interest into our box to brighten up the day, but nothing more exciting than your letter which arrived a day or two ago. All our memories of the time we spent in Gore more than forty years ago were renewed in an instant. That time – almost three years – was one of the happiest periods of our whole happy life. I have just heard today that Martin Thyne has been making enquiries about me with a local contact also, so it seems the Gore branch of Interpol is working diligently and well!

The Gore High School Centennial in 2008 sounds exciting. Of course we would like to have an invitation to attend and if at all possible we will attend, but in practice that might be a little difficult. We are both well past our "use by" date now and by 2008 our preferred mode of transport might well be an electric wheelchair! I gather the speed limit on those machines is a little restrictive on long distance travel. I cannot think of any other ex staffers at the moment but if that information does come to me I shall certainly pass it on.

I balk at the suggestion that I write something for publication. I was there such a short time and it was a long time ago. Rosemary Smith heard we were in Gore in February 2003 – the Interpol thing again, I think – and called on us in our caravan. We appreciated her visit, but I resisted her arm twisting then, and suggested one or other of my sons would be better subjects. Both have made a mark in life and can thank Gore High School for the excellent start it gave them. I gather Rosemary has not had any joy with them so I might try a little arm twisting myself.

HOW TO DONATE TO THE FOUNDATION

It's easy

Post your cheque to

GHS Foundation Private Bag Gore

**WE APPRECIATE YOUR ONGOING
— SUPPORT**

GHS CENTENNIAL EASTER 2008

It sounds a long way off but already planning is underway. The committee are very keen to get your details and especially your email address should you have one.

<http://www.gore-high.school.nz>

To register your interest in this event please log onto the above address and follow your way to the Centennial link or phone Ewen on (03) 203 9999

The Ryans were northerners with roots in Auckland and Taranaki. After the war we had thoroughly explored the North Island as a family, with our caravan, but when we crossed the Strait in 1961 we were moving into entirely new country. As we drove all the way south in those days, when air travel was still in its infancy, we seemed to be going a long long way away from home. I suppose we were apprehensive, but any concerns we had were quickly put to rest and we soon formed a sincere and enduring affection for Southland and its people. We found Southlanders not just friendly, but warm and generous people who always went the extra mile.

That was not just in the School and among the people we were mostly with, but it was a way of life and extended right through the community and into the professional and business world. We have been back a number of times and are delighted to find that way of life has not changed much. Our latest experience was in 2003 when, through my own carelessness, I burned out and completely wrecked the braking system and tyres on our caravan in the Catlins. The friendly and very efficient service we received had us back on the road in a couple of days. I was glad this had happened in the South, although they assured me that Owaka was really Otago!

We were very happy in Gore, but with our wider family and ageing parents beckoning, it was inevitable that we began to think of a move back up north. That move, however, happened much sooner than we intended or expected. Moving a household that distance was an expensive business and I was required to complete three years as First Assistant at Gore High School before I qualified for a refund from the Department. That was only on promotion also, so it meant a Headship in the North Island. I was told that those jobs were in high demand and one had to "join the queue" and apply for each vacancy until one worked away up the "short list". That was expected to be a matter of some time.

I was rather shocked when I was shortlisted and called for an interview at Tokoroa and even more flabbergasted when I was offered the job. I had not completed three years and had not finished the house I was building in Gore, but to refuse the offer was almost like making a professional death wish. So, rather sadly, we packed up and retraced our steps to the North Island.

For the next nineteen years, life was different, as Headmaster of a rapidly growing school in Tokoroa which reached a roll of more than thirteen hundred. The student body reflected the cosmopolitan nature of the relatively new community, with many groups representing different ethnic and cultural backgrounds. Our greatest problem was finding teachers to staff this ever expanding school, but we managed to attract good teams. At least eighteen of that staff went on to be Principals of other secondary schools.

Our last twenty two years have been spent in "retirement" in Tauranga, where we have become involved in various community activities. I have been very much part of the Rotary movement, serving a term as a District Governor, and involved with youth projects. My particular interest has been the Summer Science Schools for senior secondary students which Rotary has set up and promotes at Auckland and

Waikato Universities.

Our visits to Southland have always been happy ones. When we leave Balclutha and drive south behind the "Tartan Curtain" it is always with a genuine feeling of coming home. There are no yellow ribbons of course but the warmth and friendliness of the folk is far more telling than all the yellow ribbons in the world. We are not alone in expressing that feeling for Southland. Anyone here in the north who has experienced life there, is quick to tell others the same story. Long may that lifestyle continue in Southland.

Thank you for writing. Please be sure our address is recorded on the invitation list for 2008 and do please pass on our regards to any who still remember us, and who you happen to meet. In particular if you are in touch with Margaret Logan who is now living in Resthaven, I believe, give her our very kindest good wishes. We have tried to see her whenever we are in Gore. Working alongside her as First Assistant, when she was Senior Woman, under the quietly firm, yet gentlemanly and compassionate leadership of John Thomson, was certainly a highlight for me. I still get a chuckle out of the memory that we were known "below decks" as Porgy and Bess!!

Enough musing from an old man who is now sans nearly everything but memories. As I read this through I realize that some of the general remarks might be of interest to others but I leave that for you, and for some of your editors, to decide.

My best regards

Yours sincerely

Tom

**Gore High School
Foundation
Private Bag
Gore**

Phone: (03 208 9130
E-mail: ewen@cwcc.co.nz
or
ecrosbie@gore-high.school.nz

**We're on the web
www.gore-high.school.nz**