



Mata School

Excellence through effort.

MATA 4WD TRIP 2019

Kapai the Mata School
And the petrol heads from town
They combined to make a trip
That'd make the OSH man squirm and frown
Not for us that went tho
From each and every voice
Came either Tu Meke Mata School
Or wicked that was choice.

From Whatatutu to Mangatu
With legend Billy Maaka
The tracks were in the pines
And vision was getting darker.
The gates were on the boundary
Locked as a reminder
The wrong key wasn't a problem
Cause our mate he had a grinder.

Into Tauwhareparae,
The pastured land and stock.
Heaps of gates to open
Fortunately all without a lock
Into Tamatea
And around the Southern rim
Meng Foon chairs the committee
But we never sighted him.

Principal: Dave Jane.

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Up past Puketawa
And down the Fernside road
All the vehicles still running
Not one of them was towed
Left at the Mata junction
And again at the Tuakau turn
Mangatarata and Bexhaven
Then Bremners pines to burn.

We hit the Mata river
Down the bottom on the flat
And cruised the Huiarua drive
As if a welcome mat
The place it looked a picture
As we cruised down past the school
And parked beside the woolshed
The corners still stacked with wool.

The camping ground was A 1
There was heaps of room and more
Room to pitch your tent
And never hear a snore.
The tucker was just the berries
The mutton, pork and chooks
Indeed a collective thanks
To all the kids and all the cooks

River, Rhiana and Ruby
Kaleb, Hunter and Jax
Love their little school
And participate to the max
Karina is the senior
Although correspondence is her call
Daves the kaiwhakahaere
And looks after one and all

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Two nights were spent by all of us
In your beautiful iconic space
We'd have happily stayed for ever
If in fact it'd been the case
But a day round Puketoro
Was planned for us to see
Home was back through Poturu
Then Bexhaven all by tea.

We were back at the Mata river
At the bottom of the hill
And the boys they started playing
With an hour or two to kill
Each egged on the other
With what they could and couldn't do
But Meatloaf took the cake
When it came to getting in the poo

I'll show these dopey young buggars
What the mighty Toyota can do
He lined up the biggest pool
And into it he flew
Meatloaf owns a kilo or two
And whilst he thought his Toyota was a boat
Gravity had a different view
Hence the buggar wouldn't float.

The water rushed in from every port
And wet his boots and socks
Climbed half way up the door
Washing his seat and jocks
The rescue team were right on hand
To pull him out of strife
Meatloaf took it in his stride
Saying I've done it all my life

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The boys they got it going
Which I thought an amazing feat
Barry Crump was right
Toyotas are bloody hard to beat
Ready for the last day
Up the Owetea hill
Waitahaia and Owhena
And Ruatahunga in the chill.

Into Mangawhero
And a division of the pack
The men and boys were sorted
By the challenge of the track
The Wrighties truck she paused
Because her credentials didn't fit
Neither worth the panel beating
Or getting in the shit.

So home we went on different routes
After a fantastic couple of days
To the organisers and the workforce
I extend our united praise
The recipe you've got it right
In the land of clover and honey
We trust you enjoyed having us
And that you raised a heap of money.

Graeme Williams
2019

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