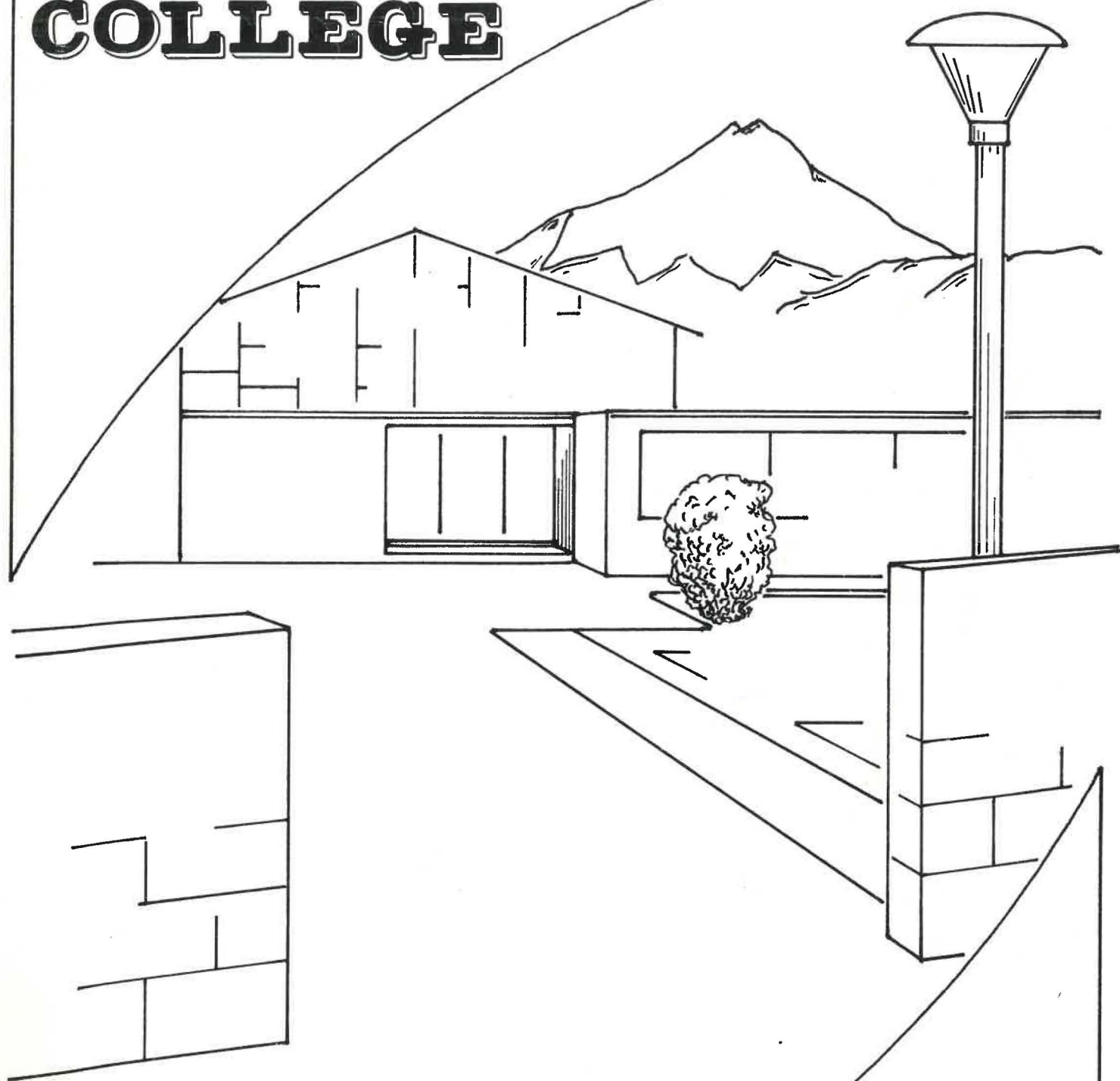


# **SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE**

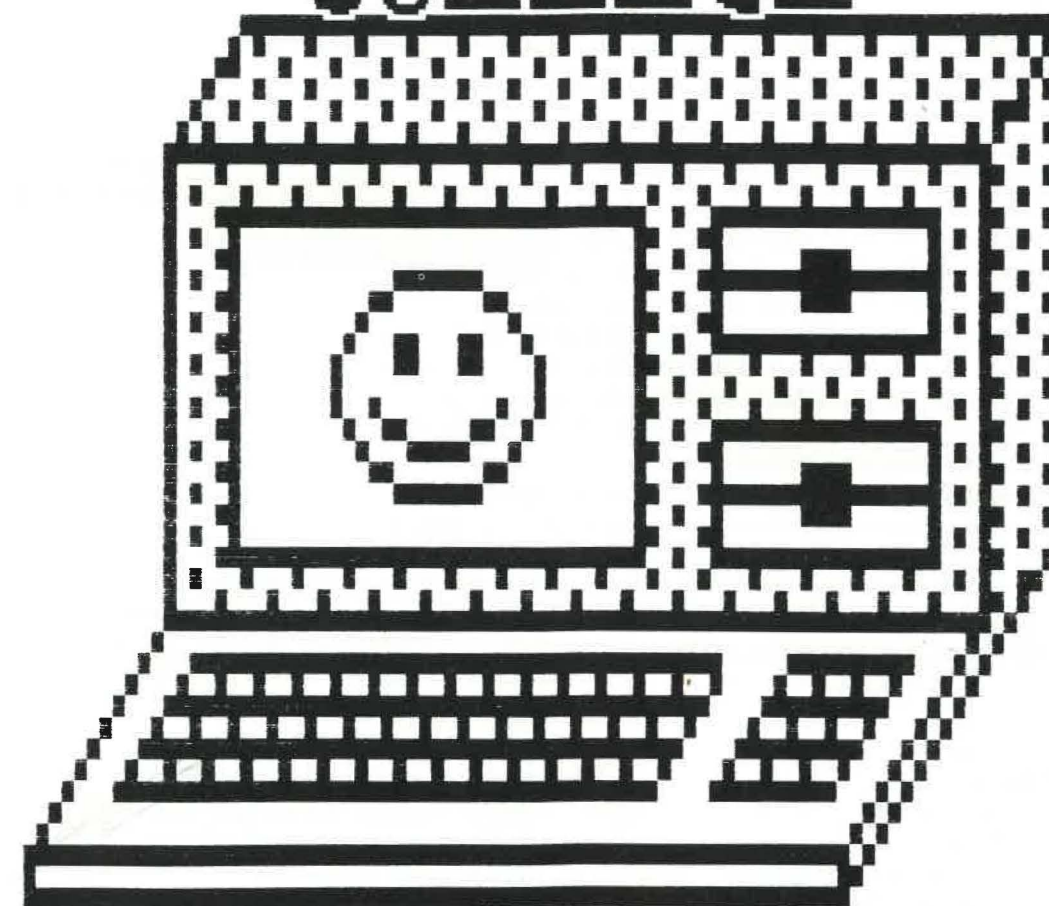


**1987**



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# SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE



## MAGAZINE NO.28

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1987 has seen many dramatic changes in Spotswood College.

For the first time in approximately 75 years, New Plymouth does not have a multi-school board. In August of this year, the New Plymouth Girls' High School withdrew from the New Plymouth High School Board and set up their own independent board.

The appointment of a new board of governors for Spotswood College, is a move, I believe, will see many major and welcome changes for the school. I look forward to a long and productive association with them.

My appointment to principal of the college, after two terms in an acting capacity, was, without a doubt the highlight of my teaching career.

I was both humbled and exhilarated by the appointment, and it is my one wish to spend many years of constructive involvement with parents and pupils of the school.

To the staff I say thank you for your dedication, your professionalism and your support during this trying and testing year. Without this support the school could not have functioned as efficiently as it has done.

I pay tribute to the students of the college, for the way they have stuck to their tasks throughout the year. I am more convinced now than ever, that by any standards, Spotswood College pupils are second to none.

Thanks too to the student leaders, your contribution throughout the year forms an important part in the smooth running of the school.

The development work begun by the Beautification Committee will, I am sure, set a pattern for environmental concern by future pupils of the school. My thanks for the thought and effort put into this necessary project.

Probably the most important and significant event for 1987, was the announced retirement of Miss Janet Grant, our senior mistress for 21 years. There has never been, in my opinion, in the teaching profession, a person of such outstanding characteristics, such dedication and such high ideals. Many generations of pupils owe her a tremendous debt of gratitude for the unswerving way she pursued her own high standards and in doing so, set an example for us all.

I know that her retirement will be as full, as packed with adventure and excitement as it always has been, so we need not feel concerned that her creative life is over - knowing Janet as we do, I would guarantee that it is just beginning.

Janet, on behalf of pupils past and present, fellow teachers and friends, I wish you good luck and happiness in your future years.

As 1987 draws to a close, may I extend to all pupils who are leaving, the best of good fortune for the years ahead.

To those who are returning, I look forward to a continued association and a renewal of friendships and would like most warmly, to extend to all, best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.

B. FINCH.

## SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

As the child progresses up the education system the active parent involvement becomes less and less.

Kindergarten and early primary school days, you will remember, someone's Mum was always there to help with the school programme. But the gap between the parent and the school widens when pupils go to college.

There are many reasons for this, but those parents who do involve themselves in college activities, make a useful contribution and at the same time gain personal satisfaction.

Parents do have an important role to play in supporting the work that the professional staff do. The Spotswood College Association takes an interest in the school, its environment, its equipment and its programmes. It is the Spotswood College Association which controls some of the things taken for granted. They provide the cafeteria facilities, run the farm, and provide funds to give the necessary equipment that the government will not provide. It was the Parents Association that gave the computers and the swimming pool to the school.

This has been an unsettling year for the school but the Association welcomes the changes to the School Board and the school leaders. Together we will improve the school. We, as an association feel guilty that circumstances have been against any major fundraising venture this year, but next year we will bounce back with a definite funding programme to enable us to buy the equipment that teachers have requested.

The Association organises a weekly car boot sale at Quills car park every Saturday morning. This is a good way to find bargains or to sell some of your own products.

This year the Association has helped finance major purchases in the library, the photography department, the science department and for curtains and covers in the typing room.

The Spotswood College Association is the place where parents can make a direct contribution to the school and it is a place where parents can learn what is going on in this very busy place. We extend a welcome to all parents next year. Come and join the fun.

Ray Bassett,  
Chairman S.C.A.



Back: Messrs K. Crawford, N. O'Keefe, J. Mills, E. Smith, G. Woodhead, B. Van Fleet, D. Oliver, N. Bagci, R. Hellyer, J. Hodgkinson, D. Plyler, P. Gayton, I. Komene, C. Gill.  
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 Front Row: Mr M. Cooper, Mr D. Bullot, Mr P. Keenan, Mrs M. Williams, Mr J. Lovell, Miss J. Grant, Mr B. Finch, Mr D. Frank, Mr B. Bradshaw, Mr W. Morris, Mr T. Guy, Mr R. Meredith, Mr T. Lanning.

# JOTTINGS FROM THE STAFFROOM

When a chicken has its head chopped off the headless body runs around in circles until the nerves finally die. When we look back to March, that's just what happened in our staffroom. One day we had a head, the next day we were headless. Though a few raw nerves showed through, the remaining body was prevented going round in circles by the very strong grip of B. Finch. We were encouraged to come together as a unit and the strength of that unity was shown in the musical 'Nightfall'.

Ten teachers, the caretaker (Mr Sowman) and his helper, 120 plus pupils, the office staff and many others co-operated to make a colourful and successful show.

There were the usual 'coming' and 'going' of teachers throughout the year. Some visited Australia, Japan, Hawaii, Fiji, the Continent and Mr R. Wood topped the lot by going to Oregon, USA for a year. (Was it just coincidence that severe bush fires broke out in Oregon just as he arrived there?) Mrs Sallaway was caught up in the coup in Fiji, even travelled on the hijacked plane. (Some of us do lead interesting lives).

It was sad to say goodbye to Mrs MacCarthy, and Mrs Bowden (part-time reliever for 12 years), both went to Auckland. We also said goodbye, again, to Max Lina. (We might get it right eventually?) We welcomed Mrs Thomason who has proved a great asset to school, as some of the senior ballroom dancers will agree. We welcomed back Mr Van Fleet, who will be replacing Mr Wood for a year, (they actually did a 'SWOP A JOB') and we were pleased to see, at long last, Mr Paling in the technical department. Oh yes, we did catch an occasional glimpse of Mr Priestley when he paid us a visit.

Bikes and teachers seem to be a NO, NO, as not one but three had disagreements with their machines. Mr Chivers suffered a broken collar-bone, Mr Lina was hospitalised and Mr Peters' face suffered a few nasty scars. (There must be a moral in this somewhere?)

We had a few sad days. We sympathised with Mrs Moetara whose teenage son died of leukaemia. We sympathised with others who had bereavements in the family, and of course the whole school was shocked by the death of Tony Stuthridge, one of our fifth formers.

We did have many happy moments, the appointment of Mr Finch as headmaster. We heard that Ms Everett who left us last year had a baby. We applauded the many pupils who gained recognition, outside of school in their respective sport and cultural activities. We laughed when Miss K. Hurley nearly did herself a mischief in her excitement when Mr Cooper exclaimed in a very loud voice "I NEED A WOMAN."

What a disappointment to learn that all he wanted was a female chaperone for one of the many camps he was organising. Oh well, such is life.

As a teaching staff we are the best we can be, but we would be lesser beings if we didn't have such a great back-up team. Mrs Gould who photocopies our work, Mrs Munro, the school nurse, Sonya, who does all our typing, our efficient office staff, Mrs Ward and Mrs Sallaway headmaster's secretary, our most efficient executive officer Miss J. Richings, who makes things appear like magic. We also appreciate the groundsman, the caretakers, the cleaners, all of whom endeavour to give us an aesthetic place in which to work. Not forgetting our tea lady, Mrs Manning. We couldn't get through a day without our 'cuppa'.

See you all next year.



Main Office: Around which the school revolves.  
 Mrs D. Sallaway and Mrs A. Ward.

## OVERSEAS VISITORS



The reason why I am here is that I am on a private exchange, for a year, with fifth former Tania Hatfield, who will spend one year in Germany next year with my family as I spent this year as part of her family.

I come from Karlsruhe in Germany, where the population is approximately 300,000. Though the population is six times greater than the population of New Plymouth, our school, or the school I attend has only 300 pupils. I studied 15 subjects, English, German, French, physics, maths, politics, religion, chemistry, PE, biology, art, history plus two alternate courses in maths and physics. Politics we study for three years, two hours per week. In this we debate political issues, learn the policies of each party, and we compare, in graph form, all the election promises with the actual results of the party in power. It is a very interesting topic. We do not wear school uniform and we do not have homework. Our school day begins at 8.45 am and ends 4 pm, travelling time adds another 2½-3 hours per day, as I had to go by train then bus each day.

There are many differences in the life in Germany and the life here. Germany is not as isolated as New Zealand as we travel, as a matter of course to other parts of the continent. We often "pop" across to France for tea and it is easy to be involved with what is happening in Holland, in Turkey and other areas of cultural interest. But we don't have the sea and all the great things associated with it, water skiing, swimming and surfing.

I like the countryside of New Zealand, the greenery, the bush areas, etc., and I do like the weather (except when it rains). I enjoyed very much my trip to Taupo and Rotorua. The volcanic rock, the mud pools, and all the natural wonders are really marvellous.

I hope to gain 6th Form Certificate here, with that I can go direct to University, where I hope to gain a degree in Computer Engineering. Without 6th Form Certificate I will have to go to school in Germany for three more years. A pupil must be 18 years old before he/she can go to university in Germany, but all boys, when they turn 18 must go into the army for 18 months, then on to university or to work. We have a high unemployment rate among our young people, our school leaving age is 16 years, but often there is no work for the two years between school and the army.

Even after army training, of those who do not go to university, many end up unemployed.

I've really enjoyed my year in New Zealand thanks to the many friends I made at the beginning of the year and the friends from my form room (Mrs van Paassen). With such good friends, I even found lunchtimes interesting. Thanks also to my New Zealand family, without your support I would never had such a fantastic opportunity.

Good luck to everyone in 1988.

PETER FOPMA.



### INTERVIEW: MR PALING

The new teacher walking around the school with a strong English accent is none other than Mr Paling.

Originally from Nottinghamshire, England, Mr Paling arrived in New Zealand on August 2. He had liked the idea of living in New Zealand since he was a young boy, so this dream became a reality.

The last school Mr Paling taught at was a comprehensive school of 1100 pupils. Here the ages of the students were 11 to 18 years. This school was in an old coalmining area and the town was very tight knit with typical terrace housing.

Before teaching there, Mr Paling spent nearly three years teaching in Swaziland, Southern Africa. The school was a rural high school and as school was not compulsory, the ages of the form one pupils ranged from 11 to 19. Here, Mr Paling taught technical drawing and woodwork, to the local African kids. Mr Paling also took time to see the sights and animals of the countryside.

Mr Paling is married with two children, aged seven and ten. His interests include astronomy (he is currently rebuilding his own telescope); exploring the countryside by walking; and he has spent nine years making a model steam engine. Since coming to New Zealand, he would like to try sea fishing, surf casting and trout fishing.

At Spotswood, Mr Paling will be teaching technical drawing, woodwork, and metal work. He also hopes to fit in his computing interest of demonstrating robotics with a computer. As Mr Paling is coping with a Kiwi accent, we are getting to know a new face around Spotswood.

Welcome to Spotswood College Mr Paling.



**Monica Backman:** A quiet fun-loving pupil, is here on a one-year Rotary exchange. She comes from Amal in Sweden, a place of multi-coloured mountains, flat farmlands, pine and birch forests and lakes connected by channels.

The school she attended in Sweden is, like ours, co-educational, and has 800 pupils. The pupils are allowed to address their teachers by their first name, and according to Monica, teachers are given less respect by the pupils.

The beaches here are different from those found in Sweden, when they are found. There is less sand there, and what sand there is, is definitely not black. Nor do they have the dreaded sand-flies. Poor Monica has become allergic to them.

She hasn't had time to feel homesick because she is so involved in all New Plymouth has to offer. Basketball, running (she became a typical 7th former, and walked the cross-country) and just recently joined the NPOB Life Saving Club. She has also taken on the challenge of learning Maori and finding it just a little difficult. She also finds English different but Maths is "just a breeze".

For someone so slim Monica doesn't have to worry about dieting, her favourite food, pizzas, red and green peppers, hamburgers, pork and beef washed down with Pepsi Cola. She doesn't like our great New Zealand lamb!

Monica wishes to thank Mr and Mrs Stretton for accepting her as one of their family.

The staff and pupils were shocked to hear, on Monday, October 30, that Monica had been killed in a car accident. To her parents, brother and sister we extend our heartfelt sympathy.



**Kirstin Olsen:** Comes from Las Vegas, USA, on a year-long Rotary exchange.

On her arrival in New Zealand she was startled by the greenery around and by the hills being so close together. Where she comes from the hills are very much spread around. Kirsten keeps boasting that the whole of New Zealand could fit into her state (New Mexico) and there would still be plenty of room left over.

She thinks the people of New Zealand are very lucky to live so close to the sea, as at home they have to travel over a thousand miles, a two-day drive to get to the nearest beach.

The housing conditions are different here. Kirstin lives in a house made of adobe. (What is that? I hear you ask, as I did). Adobe is a brick made out of mud and straw, marvellous for keeping the house cool in summer and warm in winter. Like Monica, Kirsten finds the respect given to teachers here quite different, she couldn't believe that pupils actually stood up when teachers entered the assembly hall.

Kirstin is studying Maori, she is fluent in other languages, Spanish etc. She enjoys music, loves playing the piano and really enjoys good reading material. Her favourite pastime is writing.

Kirstin was involved in the same accident which killed Monica. We thank God that she is now out of danger and back with her family.

Overseas Visitors interviewed by Maree Chapman and Andrea Friar.



#### INTERVIEW: MR VAN FLEET

Welcome back to an ex-staff member of Spotswood College.

Some of the staff may remember his face and accent, but many of us students are trying to work out what to make of this strange American teacher.

Mr Van Fleet originally came from California, and is married with two sons aged eight and ten. He has had a wide international experience of teaching and travelling, and undoubtedly his classes will hear of these in the future. Mr Van Fleet spent 11 years teaching science at Mozama High School, Oregon; he then spent a year teaching in Adelaide, Australia in 1972. The next one-and-a-half years in 1973-74, he spent teaching in Spotswood College. In 1975 he went to Japan, then with his wife, spent one year travelling around the world, visiting 37 countries, such as USSR, Iran, Europe, Nepal and Africa.

The similarities, Mr Van Fleet remembers between Spotswood then and now, are that some of the staff are still teaching here; the pupils are very friendly; the staff-room is friendly and there is a great sharing of ideas; (and with a large grin) the text books are the same as the ones he used before.

Mr Van Fleet's interests include fishing, skiing, pottery and basketball. He loves New Zealand and thinks it is the best country in the world. He came back to New Zealand because he was curious to see old friends and he wanted to share the life he had before in New Plymouth with his children. Mr Van Fleet is on a private exchange with Mr Wood and will be here for two terms next year.

I am sure everyone will be sad to see him go next year.

#### A TALL STORY (Up to 35,000 ft)

It all started a year ago when I had become 'hooked' on hang-gliding. So much so that I would just leave the rest of the gliding team and fly right down the coast, in all weathers, and return just in time for tea.

But I wanted more than just a joy-ride down the coast

- I wanted adventure! When I announced to the family that I was going to fly around the world - not by plane, but by hang-glider, they all said sarcastically, "That's very nice dear." That remark made me even more determined.

I made a few slight modifications on my hang-glider, such as: automatic pilot made from an old wind-up gramophone; used mum's old suspenders for rudder tension; and my brother's old kayaks for pontoons.

My departure was a low profile affair. No brass band nor speech from the mayor - just the family and a few school mates to see me off. As I took off from Back Beach I could hear them saying, "See you at tea-time Trace!"

Half an hour out over the Tassy a Roaring Forties gale zoomed up from the Antarctic, and believe it or not I was able to have lunch at Norfolk Island. I bought some duty-free Uhu glue there and made some speedy repairs, then took off again. The glue later melted in the hot wet monsoons of the tropics. Soon after, an Air New Zealand DC-10 towed me most of the way to Hawaii in its slip-stream. The hostess chucked me a couple of barley sugars, which helped keep my energy up and my ears popping.

Several days later Japan came into view, and what do you know? I got caught up in one of their famous typhoons. I saw Mount Fuji from all angles.

In my quest to find and use all the world-famous wind currents, I had a near disaster in North Africa when I was searching for the hot Sirocco wind of the Mediterranean, but unfortunately stumbled into a blasting sand laden Simoon instead. You know there is a pyramid with a chunk missing out of its apex, don't you? (Don't tell anybody - but it was me).

All the boredom made me long for 'Gay Paris', and I searched for the cool Mistral zone of wind. But I forgot they were violent as well as freezing, and got snagged on the Eiffel Tower. Monsieur President sent ten gendarmes to help free me. He didn't want another New Zealand/France scandal on his hands. I didn't tell you - I had technicolour nylon wings in rainbow hues!

North of the Alps, I struck the hot Fohn winds which blew me into Holland. Guess what? My mooring line got tangled in a windmill vane. What a dizzying experience!

From there I drifted up over Greenland and eventually got caught in the Ice Cap Blizzards over the North Pole. I forgot to take my hotty, and I still suffer from chilblains to this day. The Canadian blizzards were not much kinder and I was pleased to enter the Chinook wind zone, which blew me down towards the United States of America into the kinder trade winds. But typical me (getting into international trouble) I held up the count-down at Nasa Space Station -you may have heard of the "unidentified flying object"? (Remember - mum's the word!).

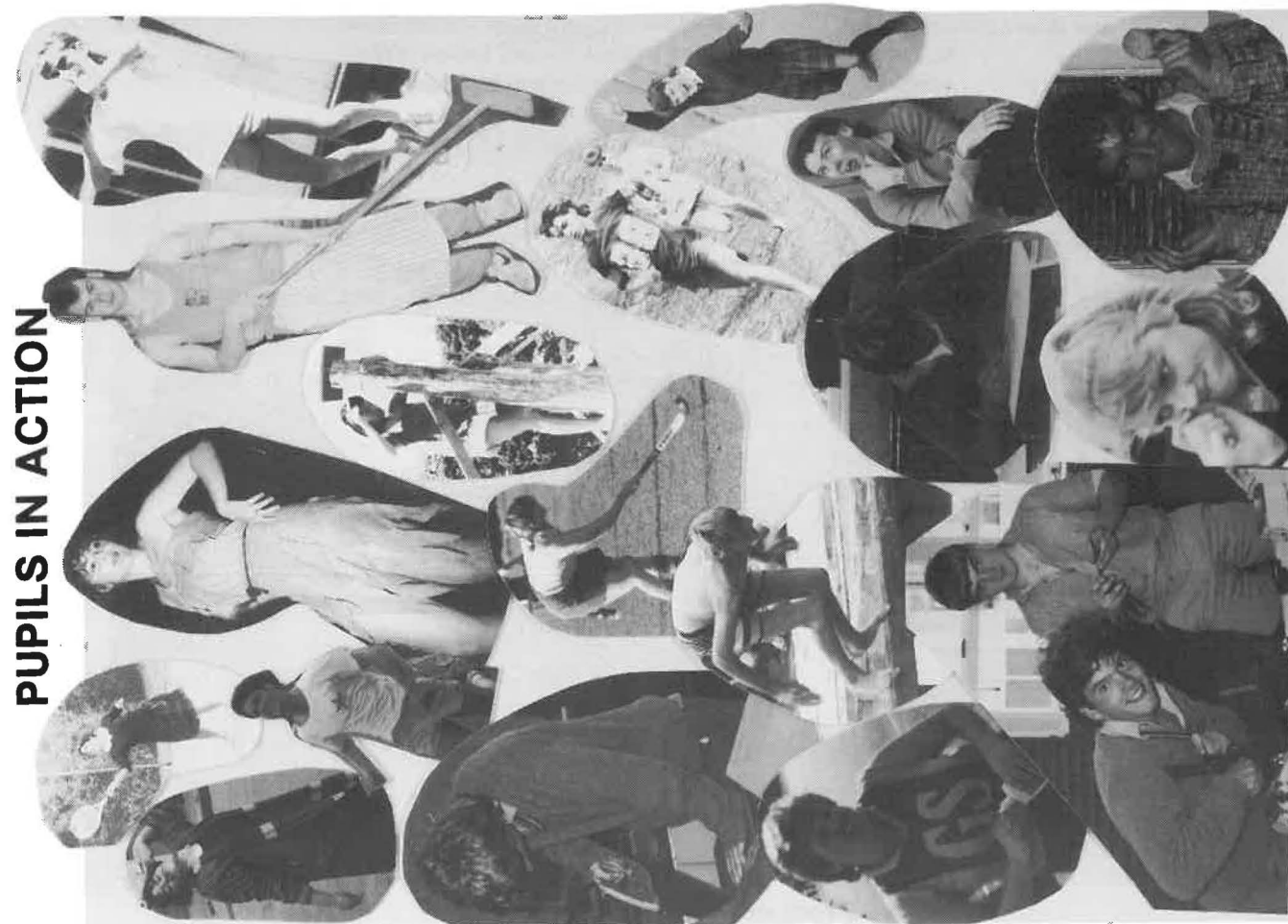
By that time, I was homesick and longing for the 'gem' of the Pacific, New Zealand. When I made my final landing on Back Beach I spotted my brother surfing and yelled out to him, "I'm hungry. Is it tea-time yet?"

TRACEY HINDE, 4L.

#### PUPILS IN ACTION



#### PUPILS IN ACTION



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## HOME ECONOMICS

### CLOTHING AND TEXTILES

The fifth form Clothing and Textiles course prepares pupils for School Certificate. It is a one-year course which covers design, fabric selection, construction, sewing techniques and clothing care.

This is a very creative and exciting course which gives pupils the opportunity to develop skills that could be valuable in later years.



Mrs TONKA demonstrates.



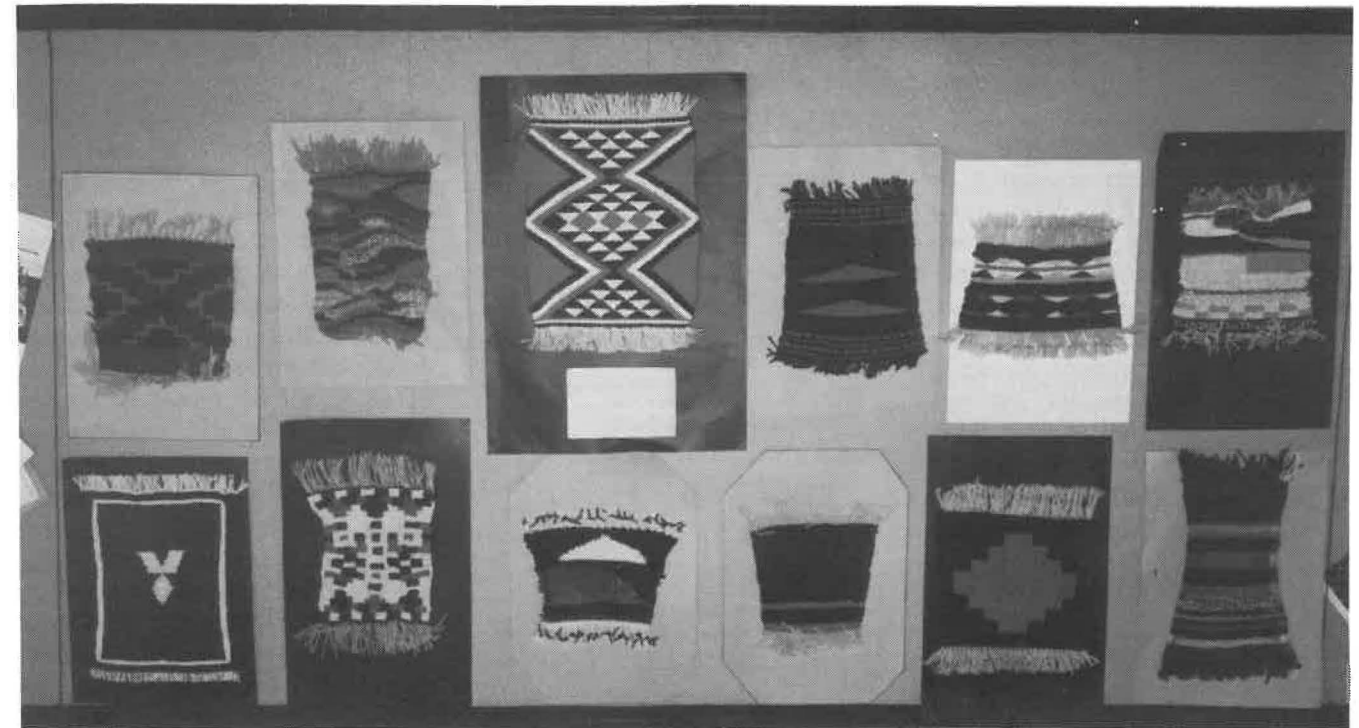
### HOME ECONOMICS (Fifth Form)

The fifth form Home Economics course incorporates food and nutrition; the family and home. Pupils are encouraged to create interesting dishes such as meatless, pasta and a meal using limited equipment. This in itself is a great achievement, and certainly challenging.



It's the only class where you can watch a teacher eat her words.

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Created by 6th Formers (pity it isn't in colour).

### HOME ECONOMICS (Sixth Form)

Sixth form Home Economics is different from anything we have ever done before. We studied early man, the history of food and clothing, and world food shortages. We found colonial life in New Zealand interesting and really enjoyed creating some of the colonial menus used by early settlers.

We visited the Art Gallery to see demonstrations of flax weaving and went to the Museum to study colonial dress, the utensils used and early Maori clothing. We studied textiles from its development, as well as spinning, weaving, screen printing, tie-dyeing, patchwork and quilting and we really enjoyed the practical application of all that we learned.

It has been a difficult year but really enjoyable. We made bread-baskets then filled them with chocolates, just lovely for Easter.

It has been an exciting year.

Treena Sanger, Jenny Pool, Fiona Moratti.



C•H•E•E•S•E (But we do, really we do Mrs Kreisler, we do love form periods).

## LET THE CHILDREN SPEAK

### TREATY OF WAITANGI

He aha nga kupu whakaari ki te Maori hei te tau 1840. Na mea, na he, he mea iti ranei, he pono, te tiriti o Waitangi, ka whakamataua ki he nuinga waingana ki te katurai tupu iwi, o te ingoa Aotearoa. Ki tumanako ana i titiro koe tenei pepa, ka ako ki te mea uri, nga tangata, me nga pono wairua kino i kai nga Maori ki te tae mae o nga Pakeha. Te tikanga a te kupu nuna Maori, ki nga tangata Maori i tupu me kawa ratau ka wa, me hei nahi ki te putake o nga whenua me nga whenua o nga ika, te mea, te mea.

Te tiriti ka he tino pono whitoke pepa mea hoki whakaari nga tangata Maori, nga matau rite me nga takotorongo ki tangata o te Quini o Iirangi. E hoki whakaari ana te tiriti te kawanatanga me nga mano o ratau whanau, te mea. Ka ringa o tangata kei whakaari me kaore e porangi ka tiro, te aha tonu te meanga o te tiriti hei 1840 he pai he kino kaore he mea katoa hei te tiriti ka honore ka ki. Ana korerotia te pai ture me te mea pono o te tiriti, ka pea te pepa o tino nuinga matua me tino ture pepa ki te mara mua o aotearoa, ka he tuhituhi na Kawana Hobson rua ko ona hoa, ki runga te Rangatiratanga o te Quini o Iirangi ia.

Te tikanga o te tiriti ka whakarua ki tikanga he pakiwaitara pouri. He tino maha nga wa i hiahia ahau ka tinana te tiriti me kaore anake he moemoea ki runga nga roa ma kupua. Te tikanga o te Maori me ratau whakapono matapo ka pea te taha Pakeha na te moata Pakeha me tioki nga Pakeha o tenei ra. Ki te tikanga kupu, he mea o tino ware katurae me kaore e pai ngakau.

Te tikanga o te tiriti kei ki apiti me kakiri matou tangata. Kaore he kino Pakeha me ranei he tangata maki kino, engari he tangata e hihia ki akonga ana te tino nui maha tangata ware o Aotearoa hei ratau nuinga ware. Nga wa ki te akonga me ki tupu ki a koutou me ki haturarangi a ka ana, e tatari

ana ki te paneke hoki na koutou tangata. I mahia koutou. I patua koutou nga arai me nga hinga kohatu o uri kino ngakau, kawa me mauiaha. He okonga nga tangata me tango te mea, te tiriti na o Waitangi, ka te tupu o te tiriti me te ka wa ka pakaruru, ka whaka poririro, me kaore he honore. I kite atu ahau ki te ra ana tika korero tina nga tangata Nui Tiren, kia koutou.

TE RIKI PIHAMA

### OPEN YOUR EYES

Sometimes I feel I might explode. People don't realise just how hurtful, how painful a single word, "Nigger" can be. Because I am black, I have been forced to ignore insults like that for all of my life. My parents have prepared me for it well, so I know I will go through my whole life having to be three times better than anyone else, to get a job, to progress and to ignore racist comments.

But it isn't easy. People don't stop to think how I feel. They don't put themselves in my place, they don't try to see through my eyes, they just let the hateful words spill out of their lips like bitter honey. I often wonder if they feel at all!

When I was younger, it was even worse. I just couldn't understand why people kept judging me purely by the colour of my skin. I just couldn't grasp why. Now that I am older, at least I can see but I still cannot understand it. I realise that often they don't hate me, they are just insensitive and never think before they open their petty mouths.

I try, and I ignore them. I try, and turn a blind eye. But it is not long before I am back wishing that it is not my eye that is blind, but their's, literally.

ANON.

### "DO YOU BELIEVE THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL?"

When asked this question, most people will automatically answer, "Of course, everyone is equal," and I believe that most white men in Johannesburg or Mississippi would agree. If so, what causes the oppression and the injustices imposed on people because of who or what they are? I believe it is all based on, not so much superiority or inferiority, but on misunderstanding, false judgement and generalisations.

We must look at the word 'created'. All babies are 'created' the same, they come out of their mother's womb, but they are different, different in potential and different in desire. They are different characters and, of course, they are born into different environments, and different circumstances.

When Martin Luther King, Nelson Mandela and other protest leaders cry out for equality, they are not wanting everyone to be the same. They are crying out for the rights of people to be the same. I don't believe that the 'creator' said that everyone should have rights, that is everyone except those with red hair, who will not be allowed to vote or to attend the same schools as those with blond or with black hair.

So getting back to the title of the essay, I believe that all men are created equal, equal to be given the rights of all human beings, but they are not given that 'right'. Humans have the desire to organise things, separate objects and people into groups according to looks, contents, race or function. When this is done we discover unequal rights. Some are more equal than others.

ALAN WILKINSON, 641 English.

### LEAVE THEM THEIR DIGNITY

It was 10 years ago that Mary Smith was taken to hospital. The doctors had been concerned about her constant headaches. The specialists, apprehensive about what their examinations showed, had suggested more tests. After weeks of doubt the doctors told us in a roundabout way, "We don't know what's wrong."

"You don't know!" shouted Gary. "Well, who does then?" he asked.

After about an hour of talking, we found out she had a disease that attacked the immunity systems in the body. It was incurable.

"How long does she have?" whispered Gary.

"It's difficult to say. It could be a couple of weeks to a few months."

Now Mary is dead, after three months, at age eight. It was not only over her death that I cried. It was how she died; the degradation of the spirit that was once in her, the disintegration of her body, the torture inflicted by medical ethics and by the society that values flesh over spirit.

Mary survived longer than she should have. Before the doctors found out what was wrong with her, one of her lungs collapsed, twice;

and her heart stopped beating, several times. But she was conscious, so there was a little hope to hang on to. There were two months of hope, then she began to decline, rapidly. She was constantly tired; she refused to eat. Sedation was needed on a regular schedule. Throughout the night people adjusted pillows, checked monitors and watched her.

The nurses were kind and compassionate. Medication was given as needed. Mary's position in bed was changed to prevent bed sores and to provide comfort. A tube hung from a bedside stand for intravenous feeding.

Mary was not totally aware of the world - but she was comfortable. There was no pain. Each day I watched, wondered - not aware of what was happening, but grateful for the nurses' concern.

One morning in the third week, I entered the room and was shocked. The intravenous tube had been removed from Mary's arm. Instead she was being fed through a tube inserted in her nose. She lay on her back in the bed, her hands strapped to the rails. Gary asked why.

"Because," the nurse said, "she was pulling out the tube."

Everyone was considerate. Her

position was changed every hour as was retying her hands to the rails. They provided pillows to support her changed position. I saw her, tied down for immobility. Only her fingers twitched. But it was all right, Mary had no pain.

In the fourth week a catheter was introduced to catch her urine. Now the chemicals that dripped through the tube in her nose passed through her body and emptied efficiently into a pouch at the foot of the bed. In this way, Mary was kept alive. I felt sick at the sight of it.

Her heart stopped again; more monitors were set up. She was moved to a specialised part of Intensive Care and plugged into a machine that pumped her heart for her.

At this stage, Mary was in a semi-coma. Occasionally, she would regain consciousness and mumble something, but the pain would be too great for her, and she would be sedated again.

Eventually Mary was a vegetable, literally. She had machines to carry out all of her body's functions. She could have remained a vegetable for the rest of our lives. Gary, her father, decided that it would be best if the machines were turned off. So they were.

AMARA WHITEHEAD, 7th.

### PROBLEMS IN SOCIETY TODAY

In my opinion one of the greatest problems in New Zealand is ignorance. Not the sort of ignorance that going to school solves but the sort that only understanding can bring about. People in society today are only too willing to ignore those around them. Pupils walk to school past numerous people, but to how many do we stop and talk? To how many do we even murmur a greeting? We live in separated worlds, letting everyone else live in theirs, we don't want to be involved in their problems, we believe we have enough of our own to cope

with. We ignore those around us, "Live and Let Die", we pretend that if we close our eyes all our problems will disappear.

Unfortunately this theory does not work. We try to ignore prejudice, it doesn't go away. We try to ignore those in trouble, they don't disappear. We try to forget or not see those who need help, and they don't go away either. Is it too late to break down the barrier of apathy we have erected around ourselves?

I believe not. The answer is communication. We should be able to speak to each other without feeling embarrassed or shamed. Not only

do we have to care, we have to be seen showing how much we care. How many people do you hug each day? One, two? How many people do you care about, when was the last time you told them you cared? People need reassurance just like we need each other.

It isn't hard to begin, smile at someone you don't know. Say hello. Even these little beginnings can start the ball rolling towards a better place, a better life for us all. So perhaps if we all join together, then our problems will disappear.

PRAKRITA COPINATHAN, 541 English.

## CAMPS-N-CRUIISING

### TOPEC (Camp Huinga)

We were the first class to experience the outdoor life at Camp Huinga.

We were all excited as we arrived at the Camp between 8.30 and 9.00 am on Monday. Then, because we were the first group, we were present at the Opening Ceremony. There were many business people there as well as the Headmasters from schools around Taranaki. We even had the Mayors of Inglewood and New Plymouth.

Some of the speeches were interesting and we learned quite a lot from the sponsors, especially the manager of the TSB, one of the biggest sponsors and the one who had donated the yachts and the life-jackets.



After the speeches we moved straight into camp life. We were divided into groups, 'Herts', 'The Wallies', 'The Young Ones' and 'The Nerds'. Each group had to take its turn at the many duties, cleaning the camp ground, cleaning up after meals, helping prepare meals, washing dishes (Ugh!), toilet cleaning and many more. The chores became part of camp life and we learned to help each other as well as to appreciate the value of co-operation.

For most of us it was a first for all the activities we participated in.

**Orienteering** - where we learned how to read maps and how to use the compass.

**Kayaking** - which called for skill, perserverance and stamina. We all just loved this even though many spent more time in the water than on top of it.

**Tramping** - sore legs, sore bones but a real sense of achievement. We went up the mountain and actually stayed overnight there. It was the only time we were rained out!

**Possum Hunting** - this was a treat granted to us by Mrs Rowlings and Mr Clarke, the teachers who went with us.

**Confidence Course** - though few of us were confident to start with, Vicki, John and Lindsay, the camp's organisers, encouraged and helped us and most of us, a few tears later, learned to enjoy the challenges in front of us.

**Swimming** - especially at dawn is a very chilling experience. But it was great, in the afternoons, or when we had a spare minute, which wasn't very often.



**Rafting** - we all loved this, tumbles and all.

For most of us it was a week we will never forget. The patience of Vicki, John and Lyndsay helped us to achieve what we never believed we could do. Mrs Rowlings and Mr Clarke were great and treated us like family, not as school kids. We got to know each other very well.

The chef, Mr Braddock and Mrs Cottam provided us with food that must have taken ages and a lot of thought to prepare. It was tasty and plentiful. Miss Grant, Mr Ingram and Mr Cooper and other parents visited and we were pleased to see them.

We know Mr Gayton would have thanked the sponsors, but we would also like to thank them for providing such a place for us and to give us such a marvellous opportunity. It was great.

Thanks to Mr Gayton for all his work in getting the whole thing moving and to Mr Cooper who spent many hours checking and re-checking financial and gear problems, and for organising the class and teachers for the camp. And thanks to Spotswood College for letting us go.

CLASS 4A SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

### SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

- 9.30 am on May 5, 1987, I stood on Marsden Wharf, Auckland admiring the most beautiful sailing ship I have ever seen. The "Spirit of Adventure". I was going to spend 10 days and 10 nights on this ship, and it was to be ten days that changed my life.

I was one of 36 (18 boys, 18 girls) all trainees aboard Voyage 19 of the 'Black Barquentine'. Six came from the South Island and the rest from the North Island. We were divided into four groups of nine, my group (or Watch) was called PORT B (de best). I was appointed watch-leader. This was hilarious, I not only knew no-one, I didn't even know what I was doing. We got by. Our first job was making dinner, no-one died of food poisoning!

We had no set plans and we decided to sail to the Bay of Islands, we got there on day five, after doing a bit of night-sailing. This involved the 36 trainees being split into TWO, half of us sleeping and the rest on deck.

We all had 'buddies' and we had to keep in contact with our 'buddy' until it was our turn to sleep. My buddy, Andrew, and I and a few others watched the sun rise over the Poor Knights (island north of the Hen and Chickens). We anchored in Robertson Island (Bay of Islands), my first night I spent sleeping, but the second night we had a bonfire on the island.

Each morning, we had to be up and in the wa-wa-water by 0600 hours, cold and very dark.



I managed to climb the mast to the Top Yard called Royal, this was the night we had to store the sails away. We had safety belts and the 2nd Mate, Steve, was with me. Tucking the sails away meant letting go with both hands 30 metres above deck while the ship was still moving. Not a job for the fainthearted, I don't know what I was doing there.

On day seven we tramped to Whangamomona Whaling Station. Day 8 we anchored in Mansion Bay - Kawau Island. While here we had a triathlon. This involved a four watch race, 1st in the whaler boats (rowing) then a 5km run, then a 100m swim back to the boat, our clothes neatly stashed in plastic bags. My Watch (Port B) came last. But we did have a great time 'exploring' the island (we were really lost) and spent hours trying to find our way back (walking).

The Governor General, Sir Paul Reeves, visited us on day 10 and we dropped him off in Auckland, (not in the water) on our last day.

I made so many friends on board and learnt such a lot from the officers (we had safety lectures throughout the trip). When it came to leaving, everyone was so sad, we exchanged addresses, and cried a few tears.

If you ever get the opportunity to go on the 'Spirit of Adventure', go for it. It's a chance of a lifetime. Michael Sharp, who also sailed with us, will and does agree with this.

JENNIFER SMART,  
7th Former.

### OUTDOOR PURSUITS REPORT

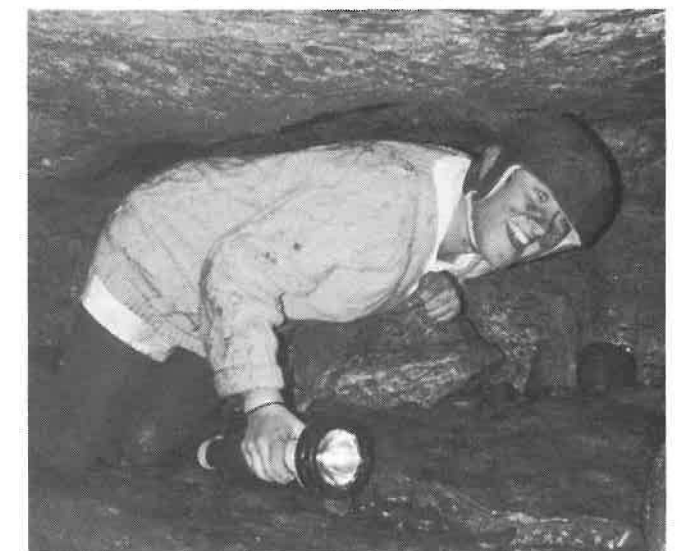
We, that is 40 pupils and two adults, left Spotswood College at 2.00 pm on Sunday, July 12, and arrived at Tongariro National Park at 7.30 pm. We had stops at Awakino for tea, and for dinner at Taumarunui. We were welcomed to the centre by our instructor and after showing us some slides and telling us of the activities we would be doing in the next five days, he divided us into groups and told us of the duties we would be expected to carry out. Including my favourite, cleaning the toilets, yuck!!

Monday it was Confidence day for our group. The course was aimed at building up confidence and to get us together as a group. After lunch we tramped to a waterfall, and kids being kids, we all dressed in our rain-coats and over-trousers and stood under the waterfall. Neat eh!

The next day we piled into a bus, more like a cattle truck, and eventually reached the mountain. We tramped, it seemed, for a thousand miles, before we reached the snow level. Then we were taught "self-arrest", that is how to use an ice-axe to prevent us sliding, out of control, down the high ridges. Later we went to the Hire Centre to hire skis for the following day.

Ski day, the day we had all been looking forward to. The weather was miserable and we spent the day skiing in Happy Valley. But it was a great day. Sore on the bones, but the relaxed bath in the public thermal pools eased those aches and Wednesday night was sleep night. No-one had the energy to tell jokes.

Thursday was our over-night camp. Some of us slept in the bush, others slept in caves. During the day we had to crawl through caves, not a pleasant thing to do, especially when our instructor Dave had given us a breakdown on the weta's we would meet on our way. He told us they would crawl over our faces, up our arms, etc. He suggested we cover ourselves with weta dimp, some of the gullible ones did and couldn't get the red food colouring off for days. We had to crawl through small areas, they looked too small for our bodies, but we did get through, and it was fascinating! The glow-worms were terrific. Thankfully Dave didn't leave us, as some instructors do with their groups.



Eleanor Rumball

Friday came too soon and it was a sorry group that packed and made their way back to the bus. I enjoyed myself so much and I feel that everyone should, if you can afford it, take the opportunity to go.

We would all like to thank Mrs Allan and Mr Mills for being with us and for joining in the fun. And a special thank you to Mr Cooper who organised it all.

MARLENE WRAY - 6th former.

#### "ODE TO 610 PE SKI BUNNIES"

Ever tried fitting 14 people, 14 pairs of skis, 14 pairs of poles, 14 pairs of boots, 28 packs and enough food to feed 13 average eating humans and Ted!! into a 14 seater van? Well, we did. Yes, it was the 610 PE 'Skiwis' hitting the slopes. If they didn't know what their gluteous maximus muscles were, they were certainly about to discover them during the next two days at Whakapapa.

After fitting the last passengers in, Maree and her "kitchen sink", we were finally on the road at 6.45 pm, to the accompaniment of Kermie Frog's "Rainbow Connection" and Fozie Bear's "Moving Right Along". Paula was soon to discover, "it was windy in here", only to realise all the windows were open. A few of the eligible young females decided they might like to live in Taumarunui, when a certain young constable led us to a petrol station to refuel.



On arrival at Erua Lodge, our "Five-Star Colditz" home for the next three days was a welcome sight for some rather weary bodies.

Up with the sun the next morning, a certain crazy deputy head boy decided he was feeling fit, and went for a run in the fresh mountain air, while the soon to be known "pro-skier" - well who wouldn't be after 20 days skiing - learnt what a kitchen was for. (Well, he did save the toast from burning, 'eh Rhys?) After breakfast we donned our woollies and began "descending upwards" to the newly found venue of the "face of the 80's", the eventual winner of this competition being Tracey "blister" Kerr with a close runner-up going to Andy.

Acrobatics was a new occupation for one of the quietest female students, when she got her ski hooked up in the mat getting on the chairlift and ended up in the safety net. The cantankerous tow attendant pulled her up and organised her on another seat. The trip down was an unpleasant experience with the rain stinging our faces in white-out conditions to the extent that you couldn't see the chair in front. Returning to Colditz for a warm drink, we then set off to Tokaanu Thermal Pools to thaw out our bodies as we did the following night. This was the boys' chance to outshine the girls in pyramid building, although the girls did manage a pyramid of three. Home to a succulent dinner all prepared and ready to be served by Wendy (don't just book it, cook it) James, Pat (the poser) Moore, and Ted.

We woke the next morning to, no not an earthquake, Wendy jumping out of bed. The following day of skiing was more adventurous for some. Lisa (the devoted sleepwalker), Cassie and Ronald went skiing down the Noel Ridge Valley, while others less inspired by the thought of falling over yet again, tried their hand at glad bagging (sliding down the bank on a piece of plastic).

Prue became an expert at this. A day's skiing in the sun proved to be exhausting as bods wilted straight after dinner, no playing cards or Scruples tonight; we even forgot about the roasts in the oven. Our thanks to Ms Gruner, who got them out of the oven at 2 am.

Saturday morning, unfortunately, chains were needed to get up to the slopes. We packed up with Ted (can I help you?) Stolte, vacuum cleaning and doing the dishes - a sight never to be seen again. We were finally on the road at 11.30 am, Colditz spik and span. We stopped at 8 mile junction to let a few of the "green" faces get some fresh air, and to have lunch. We arrived home about 3.30 pm.

Our thanks to Mig, who basically organised the trip which really was a wonderful experience; to Ms Gruner, the girls chaperone for teaching us to ski; and also to Rhys for his guiding hand in teaching too.

PS: Thanks Mig, it saved a lot of worry. Wendy and Ronald.

610 PE.

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#### SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

Four pupils had 10 day voyages on the Spirit of New Zealand or Spirit of Adventure this year. You must be over 15-years-of-age and a competent swimmer.

Left to right: Jennifer Smart, Michael Sharp, Mark Dines, Mr Cooper (organiser), Collette Wilson.



Up, up and away - it's Cooperman!



Matthew Leathbridge



Mark Francis, Dave (leader), Paula Lambourne, Janine Cliff, Helen Beamish, Rachal Voon.

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Phone 85945

### BITTEN NAILS

Chewing nervously  
Watching them disappear  
Eating and spitting out  
Wishing they were still there.

It's too late  
You've eaten them all away  
Nothing left but stumps  
You feel really annoyed.

Nothing to threaten your sister with  
Nothing to show off to your friends  
Your hands look bare  
And you stare.

At the mess you have left!!!  
M. BLANCHARD

### THE SNARE

I hear a cry of pain!  
There is a cat in a snare  
Now I hear the cry again,  
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where  
He is calling out for aid,  
Crying on the frightened air,  
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,  
Wrinkling up his little face,  
As he cries again for aid;  
and I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place  
Where is his paw in the snare:  
Little one! Oh, little one!  
I am searching everywhere.

ROSS T.

### ME

I stand, like a grain of sand  
Amid a massive sand dune.  
Listening, watching, wondering...

Would the sand dunes fall  
If I were washed into the sea?

Would the world fall to bits  
Without the presence of me?  
STEVEN FRANCIS, 3rd.

### WHY?

Why is there an Earth?  
Why are there humans on it?  
Why are there days and nights?  
Why are their wars and fights?  
Why is the grass green, and why  
Are there so many clouds passing by?  
Why am I here?  
Can anyone tell me why?

AARON YOUNG, 3F

### LIFE

Things I feel I cannot explain  
I really care about always end up in pain.

The things I do  
The people I meet  
What's the use of life?  
I always face defeat.

I sometimes wonder  
If I'm really here  
I really wonder  
If anyone cares

Why are we alive  
Why do people say  
Where are we going  
Day after day, after day?

And if I look back  
Over my years of life  
I look back  
And I see pain and strife.

What is the use  
I try so hard  
You should be inside me  
My feelings are so scarred.

My friends try to help me  
But they don't understand  
But at least I know they're there  
When I need a hand.

I love thee cat  
Do you love me?  
I love thy way thou cuddles me  
I love it when thy day is done,  
You slyly climb upon my lap  
And quickly take a short cat-nap.  
AMANDA EVANS, 3G.

### THE DUDE

Mark stood covered with chains;  
On his back a hefty denim jacket;  
A silver chain was wrapped around his wrist and  
neck;  
His shaggy blonde hair engulfed his eyes;  
His slender build bulged with muscles;  
He was cool.

KEARS AND MARTI, 4L.

### HE WINKED AT ME

He winked at me - how dare he?  
I'm not that kind of girl.  
His big orange eye flashing,  
In the mid-day sun.  
Then he did it again,  
This time in a fiery red.  
It stood to watch and would you believe it?  
It did it again,  
This time in a dazzling green.  
How dare he stand there  
In his yellow and black suit  
Winking at me? How dare he?  
I'm not that kind of girl.

S. TURNER, 3G.

### IN THE MOONLIGHT

Its eyes of steel glared through the ripples,  
Ominously directed towards me,  
Its stone grey body, slender, evil and cold;  
Yet a wondrous sight of beauty.

Silent and alone the eel glided within the  
murky burn,  
Like a submarine beneath the ocean waves.  
Breathing silently through its lacy gills,  
That are waving to me in the moonlight.

BRUCE THOMAS, 3G.

### OUR POOCH ABBEY

Her protruding brown eyes were sad yet mischievous  
and glinted as the sun caught them.

Her snow white hair was scruffy as though someone had  
got to it with the hedgeclippers. With a little black nose  
that quivered like an upset jelly.

A little pink tongue hung lazily out of her smiling open  
mouth.

Her tail had a life its own and wagged as though it  
was run by a never ending motor.

Then she turned and with an air of sophistication trotted  
daintily outside.

LYNETTE KEHELY, 3F.

### FREEDOM

Moving with a deliberate effect  
For a second he is dedicated only to hate  
As if nothing in the past or future mattered  
Drawn half against his will, he shuffles past  
Feet clamped in chains  
With his face masked in pain he raises his hand  
And strikes down with the force of a million people

His enemies fall before him  
Pushed aside as if they weren't there  
He didn't care anymore, all he wanted was freedom  
As if a power has unleashed every ounce of energy  
in desperation and anger  
Death he cries  
Everything is quiet now, he has won, he looks about  
at the slaughter he has caused,  
The foul stench of drying blood.

He is alone  
With a huge last effect he raises the chains and  
smashes them into a million pieces.  
As if a dream come true, now he can walk where he  
likes with no chains binding his feet  
Free  
Free as if nothing mattered  
STEPHEN HURST 4E

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**SOME OF OUR LIBRARIANS**

**Back:** Mrs Gilbert, Karen Whitehead, Andrew Morris, Julie Fitzpatrick.  
**Front:** Roger Pepperell, Catherine Boys, Carl Spranger.



**MA-DONNA:** The Face of the Eighties.

*This poem was found in a book of Monica Backman.  
Monica speaks for all of us.*

#### **I'M GLAD YOUR LIFE TOUCHED MINE**

I'm very glad our lives have touched,  
If just this little while.  
I'm thankful for each word of love,  
Each warm and friendly smile.  
You brought such gladness to my heart,  
The sunshine to my day.  
And just because we two have met,  
I've known a brighter way.

I'm very glad and yet I know,  
It cannot always be.  
There comes a time when friends must part,  
Though close as you and me.  
Life sends us on another road,  
And distance hurts our heart.  
Because it's hard to realise,  
That even friends must part.

And yet I'm glad our lives have touched.  
That we have come to meet.  
I'm glad for every dream we shared.  
The bitter and the sweet.  
And years cannot erase the joy,  
The gladnesses sublime.  
Dear friend please know within my heart,  
I'm glad your life touched mine.

## **VALEDICTION: MONICA and TONY**

### **FOR MONICA**

A tear streaked face attempts a ragged smile,  
speechlessly fighting down a lump lodged in the throat,  
remembering a friend, a loved one, in a paradise  
"heaven".

A tragedy such as death reminds us how short our  
lives can be - so live to the fullest each day as it comes,  
and enjoy what you can, whether it be watching TV or  
having lunch with friends, this may seem an impossible  
ideal but it is a desirable goal.

Life, a struggle between start and finish. Cruel  
laughter and stunning blows, leaves us torn and  
destroyed. We try to leave these sorrows behind us,  
and remember the fun and laughter we once enjoyed  
whilst playing, singing and dancing.

We should be ourselves and not hide behind a mask  
of indifference. In times of bitter tears, fear and hatred,  
we should offer an outstretched hand and a kind word  
to show we care.

Monica your friends will grow old as time passes, but  
memories will remain of the cheerful happiness you  
shared with us.

### **TONY STUTHRIDGE**

He was loved deeply, by young and old;  
'A popular lad', we were told.

A young life ended, no future ahead.  
That he'll never know, now he is dead.

Youth inside him, ceased to amaze us,  
Ideas from his mind were so courageous.

Tony Stuthridge, a boy with a heart  
Breathed on this earth, but then to part.

Family and Friends cried and shared,  
A sign to tell him, 'Tony we cared'.

A feeling of guilt, love and affection  
Gave him a purpose for his direction.

Even though he's not here today  
He'll remain in our thoughts in a special way.

From this he is in the strength of God's hand,  
And will live in peace in paradise land.

TRINA DIAKOWSKI

Dear Monica,

Although you were only here for a short while the  
times we spent together could never be forgotten. My  
memory of you will always be cherished and I know that  
the rest of your friends feel the same way.

We will never forget the way you screwed up your  
nose when you didn't understand a word, the way you  
smiled at people you didn't know and the sound of your  
beautiful soft voice. We never saw you angry or upset,  
you judged no-one and loved everyone and in turn  
everyone loved you. Your face was always happy.

Some of your friends want to say something to you:

"Monica is cool, she has neat legs and a beautiful  
face. I like her voice. I wish she was still here with us all,  
she brightens up the common room." — Danza.

"I only knew you for a short time but I'll never forget  
you and your ever happy face and beautiful voice, you  
mean a lot to everyone here." — Kim.

"Thank you for giving us a part of you, we'll cherish  
it forever. We couldn't have done without it." — Lisa.

"Dear Monica, I will always remember your love of  
life. Thank you." — Ronald.

As you can see all your friends here really miss you  
and we all wish you were here but we know that you  
had to go.

We all love you, Debbie.



### **"MEMORIES"**

Tony Stuthridge is his name  
Playing rugby for the 1st XV was his game  
He loved karate and body building  
And Friday and Saturday nights cruising.

Tony you are being missed  
By all of us who loved you best  
But your smile and cheeky ways  
Will live with us day after day.  
Luv you always.

MELANIE GOODCHAP

*Staff and pupils extend sympathy to Mrs  
Stuthridge and family on the tragic death of Tony.  
We thank Mrs Stuthridge for the lovely cup  
donated to school.*

**Sponsored by: I Mend Broken Windows — LEO CLARKE : GLAZIER — Phone 75158,  
New Plymouth**

## CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

### ONE WOMAN'S LEGACY

In the corner of a dimly lit apartment block in New York City, a small baby whimpered mournfully. The young mother remained motionless, sobbing quietly. The woman silently got up and shuffled towards the dust smeared windows. The tears continued to run down her face. They caught a small fragment of light and shimmered. Her face was obscured, partially shrouded by the shadows dancing off the walls. She cried out in desperation, an animal cry full of anguish but for her it was a way of releasing the built up pain and sorrow inside her. Her small fingers swiped clumsily at the tears trickling down her face. The air was alive, crushing her, pushing down on her lithe body choking life from her. She gazed out into the cold hostile city, not looking at anything, but for something the answer to her problems.

She never found it.

After a while, somewhat calmer she walked over to her child. Holding it close to her body she caressed it lovingly for a few seconds. She wrapped the small child in his makeshift cot, continuously whispering comforting words in his ears. She took a final glance around the flat and walked quickly out the door; leaving the now sleeping child silent. She gently pulled the door to, and started the long walk down the many flights of stairs to the outside world. She silently went past the writings on the walls, the children were squabbling like animals and inside the doors the adults battling against one another. To her, life was just one big fight; a fight against herself with no way to win.

Deep into the middle of the city she walked, driven by despair. The street lights shone on her face, blinding her. But still she walked.

When she stopped walking she found herself at the top of a large bridge. She blinked as the wind whipped around her face, numbing her. The child mother was oblivious to the motion around her. Her gaze was steady now, finally she would be free. All she could hear was the voice inside her mind; coaxing her, leading her thoughts. She shook herself trying to remember what she was doing there. Her eyes wide in horror, the look of complete peace vanishing from her face. Nobody knew what was going through her mind - or cared.

She had remembered.

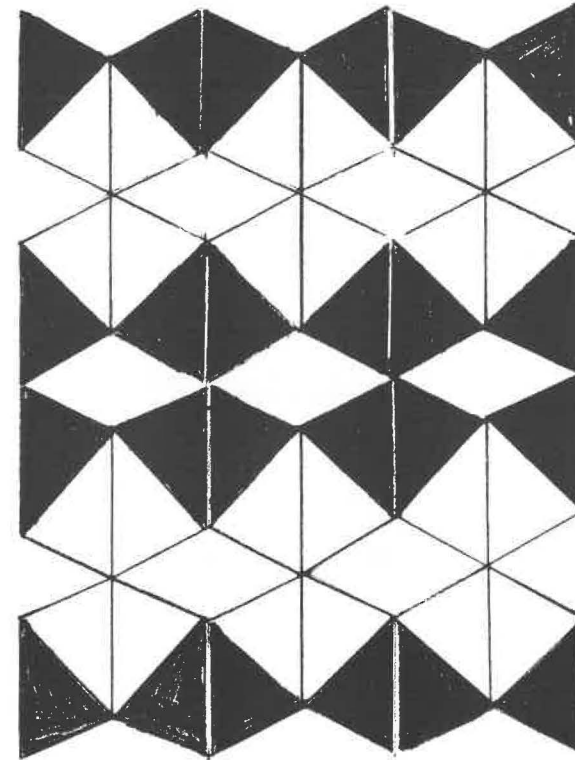
JENNIFER DAVIES 3G

### OF TWO MINDS

"Create", it said.

"Nooo," he said painfully. "I can't. Don't make me do it."

"Create," it said again, a softer, more determined tone, filling his mind. Weeping, he moved and sat at the



desk, clutching the pencil in his hand. The knuckles whitened, and he hissed through clenched teeth: "You can't make me do it. I know what happens." Sudden cracking pain shot through his head, snapping it backwards.

"I can kill you," it said. "Create."

He sobbed, and focused on the white paper, and slowly, painfully drew harsh, dark lines.

"Don't be a fool," it said again. He sighed heavily. Stiffly he drew a footpath, then pillars. Concrete steps next, then paving. Slowly the drawing grew easier, gaining momentum - a person, an eye of God, a car and lamp post. Quicker, flashing strokes created lights, flags, sky scrapers, a chimney and stop signs. Exhilaration thrilled through him, wave after wave; crashing torrents filling the paper with industrial smoke, an artist's hand, lawns and trees. He saw a mistake and, quickly without thinking he grabbed his eraser and began to extinguish the error from his creation.

He stopped suddenly. Realisation chilled his thoughts as he saw a smudged gap where the person and two of the artist's fingers had been. His stomach curled with revulsion and horror at what he had done, seeing his index and middle fingers fading from his hand. Mentally, it giggled.

Meanwhile, on 148th street, a teenager sitting on her front steps suffered a fatal cardiac arrest. Just another person rubbed out from creation.

DELWYN MASTERS.

### IS SATSO?

This speech is on success. Success is something every self-centered citizen searches for and something that so few aspire to in today's supersonic society. But success is simple, if you set out a subconscious system that step-by-step will show you the certain street to status in this fast-paced 20th century civilisation. First, you must start slowly, gradually sliding up the stairs to your supposedly unopposed secret self-centre summit of success. But to be successful you must first socialise with other successful stereotypes who speak in pompous English accents, such as mine, to be seen and noticed. You should grease and be submissive and obsequious, compromising and sacrificing your standards but should supposedly pay off. You must be sensible and sincere amongst this elite crowd of succeeding socialites or otherwise a case of social suicide may certainly arise. It is especially silly to seem sarcastic or suspiciously susceptible to success to these simple, stropic, stylistic, superiors. It takes a lot of strength to succeed in these stressful and strenuous times but it is senseless to accidentally destroy any trust or sympathy you have aroused, as a newcomer to the society you are desperately seeking.

In this quest for success you must thrust to the wayside any distractions so you can easily satisfy your soul in its sponsored sprint to social status. However, you must realise that the odds are still against your quest and this is certainly suggested by scarcely noticed statistics.

I don't want to seem some sort of superior socialistic soft-centred schitzo by suggesting that all of this is the certain road to success. Simply I am in association with the simple suggestion that substantial success in society is seen as snobbish and takes a restless self-sacrificing struggle, but you should suss this out for yourself.

You must seduce this plastic and synthesized society into showing you the serious specimen in the sparse semi-circle of successful social gatherers. Some stupid sex-crazed businessmen seem to accept spunky Philistines especially those with substantial bra sizes and excessively sweet looks. This may seem strange for upperclass circles of successful businessmen but is certainly not scarce or unusual to be expected to serve as a sexual satisfaction-seeking stewardess to these supercilious swastika-sucking, souless social standard setters. So as a synopsis to this obviously unsuccessful speech on social status and success it seems to be something that only strange, sick, syphilitic, inferior complex sufferers who search for and seek as their soul-sedating over-estimated goal. Sank you.

ALAN WILKINSON — 641/Eng.

### THE GHOST

I was in my boss's office and he had just dropped a case on a ghost. I left work early and followed the complainant home in my car. I stopped outside her place, and went and knocked on the door. The guy who answered the knock said she wasn't at home, but I knew he was lying, as I had followed her there. I told him all about what she had said about the ghost. She came to the door and had a talk. She wanted me to start at 9 that night. I was a bit reluctant, but I began to do some research, to look at the history of the area. I found out that there was talk of people who had been beheaded in that area.

Nine pm and all was quiet. Suddenly ... swish; the doors flew open and a gust of wind blew through the room. I bogged myself to the mat. I said to the ghost, "Don't you have any manners?" The doors closed. I ran for the front door, but the latches were latched tight. Suddenly the door opened and I saw a thing standing there. It walked towards me. I found out it was Huggy, my friend. We went back inside. There was a scream and the creaking of footsteps on the stairs. We tiptoed upstairs and looked around the place.

We came across the owner of the house. She said she didn't scream and I didn't scream, so who was it, who did scream? Just then the butler came up and the lights went out. He said he would go and fix it up. Huggy went with him down to the basement where they found a tape recorder with a loud speaker. They fixed the fuse and returned to the bedroom. I was halfway up the stairs when I heard another scream. The lady had been shot and the man who answered the door ran down past me saying he was going to phone the police. A gun dropped out of his jacket. I tripped him up, he fell down the stairs and broke his leg. When we got back to the office, the boss said the commission would be in our next pay.

Next case please.

MARK FRANCIS, 3R



Dean, hypnotised by Shelley and Tricia.

Sponsored by: HOOKER BROS. LTD — Specialists in Shipping and Transport

## MATHS

### MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

During the year, pupils within the school have an opportunity to enter two competitions.

The local Mathematics Association ran a maths fair for pupils in forms one to four. The aim of the competition is to promote interest and awareness in mathematics and pupils can enter material in design, posters, models, games/puzzles. At the end of the fair is a team's competition. Our form three team of Sanyo Kuindersma, Aaron Young, Mathew Crowther, James Clareburt, won this with another of our teams second. Craig Sampson gained a second placing in the form three models section.

The other competition pupils can enter is the Australian Mathematics competition. This is open to any pupil from form three to seven and they sit a test and compete against other students in the same year group. This competition is actually sat by approximately 380,000 students in Australia, N.Z. and Pacific Areas. This year we gained 5 distinctions: (Sanyo Kuindersma, Aaron Young, Bruce Thomas, Tracy Hayward, Shane Dye) and 11 credits: Campbell Robertson, Christopher Fitzpatrick, Helen Salisbury, Jeremy Birss, Nicholas Ireland, Kristin Holm, Paula Sargent, Louise Smith, Tracey Fitzpatrick and Andrea Murray.

PHIL KEENAN.



J. M. BUTLER 4F

Sponsored by: MICO WAKEFIELDS — Bathroom Boutique

## SCHOOL COUNCIL

### COUNCIL REPORT 1987

The council this year consisted of 22 prefects, two sixth formers and two teacher representatives. Four recruits left during the year, Nicholas Whiting, Matthew Coleman, Jacqui Mann and Brendon Dick. These were replaced by, Stacey Hildred, Kirsty Allan, Andrew Beale and Mark Wilkinson. Mrs Kawana and Mr Hellier were the teacher representatives and Peter Blyde and Inge Kuindersma were the sixth form representatives.

We had to hold an election to find officers and Anthony Joe became chairperson, Donna Butt was elected vice-chairperson, Dorothy Dalziel became secretary and Heather Bassett treasurer.

Anthony found chairing the meetings was tough going but with a little help from his friends, he conquered the general apathy and by the end of the year he was a model of leadership.

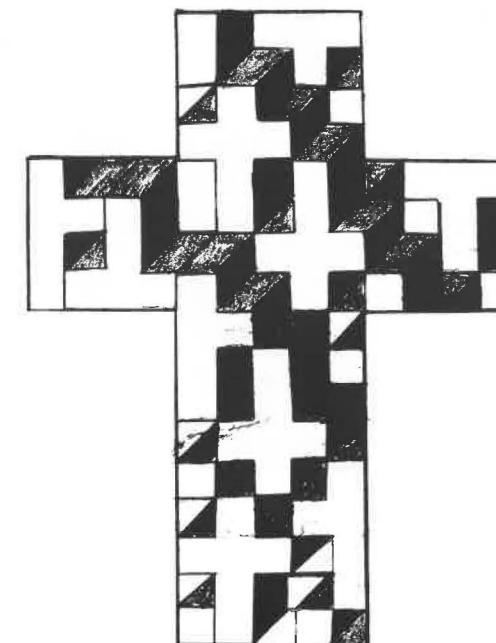
The council had to make many decisions; when to hold meetings, too many requests for too little funds just to name a few. But we overcame all problems and achieved many good things on the way.

We gathered suggestions from the form classes. Dorothy then sorted the suggestions into those that could be done and those that didn't even warrant a look at, such as serving pork bones and puha in the canteen.

Once we had made our decisions, then we reported to Mr Finch and Miss Grant and through them, to the Board. We provided cushions for the library, donated money to the Scanner Appeal, to St John's, Rau Marie O Taranaki Folklore Society Inc., International Communications Programme, the Hawkes Bay Earthquake Fund and many other organisations. We also gave money to the sports committee and they were able to purchase sports equipment for the school.

The money was raised by having mufti days, dances, selling drinks at the dances, etc.

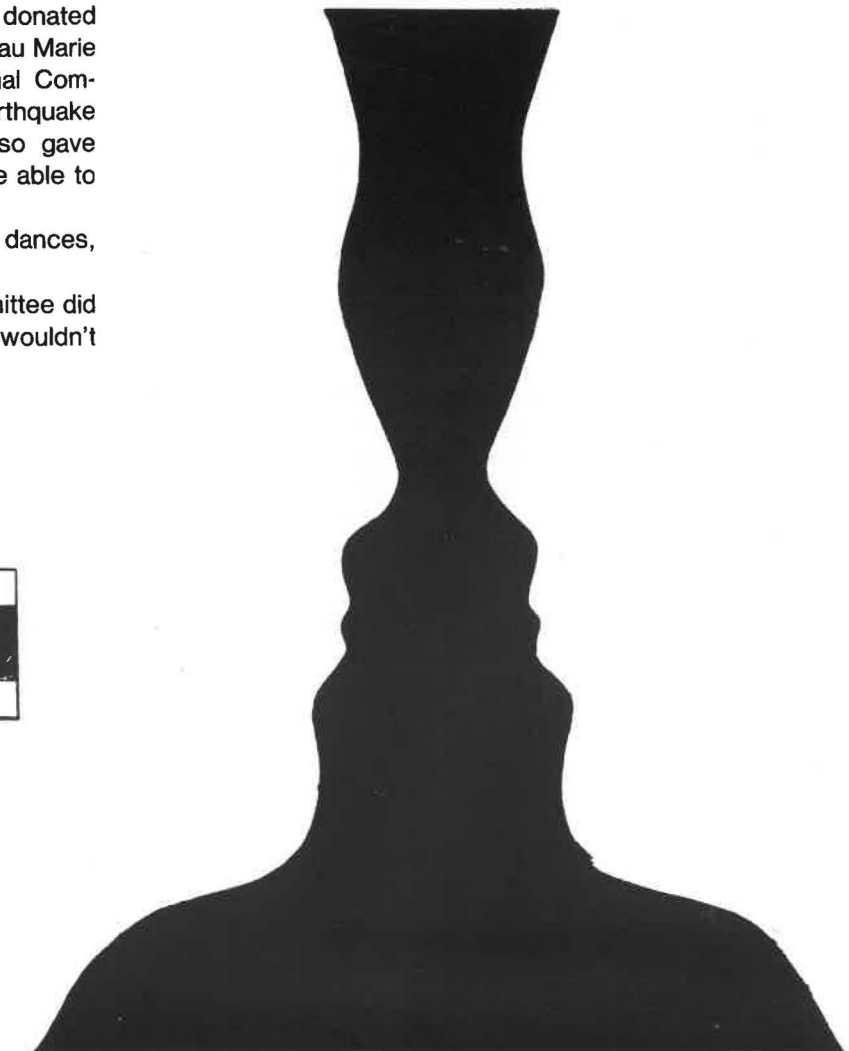
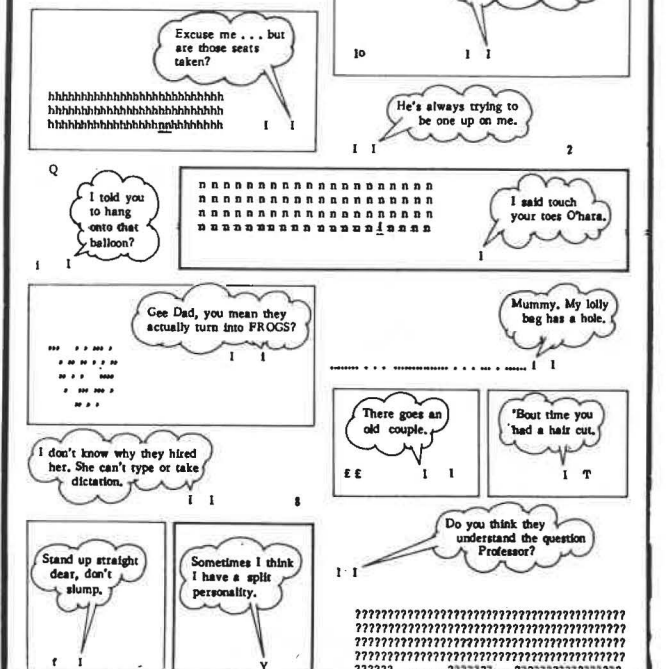
The service committee and the social committee did a lot of work for these and without them we wouldn't have been able to do what we have done.



ANDREW FRIAR

## Tell-Tale typing....

It's a kind of doodling for typists with time and imagination to spare...



# CONCERT BAND/ORCHESTRA REPORT

The musical year began once more with the Taranaki Music Festival held at the GHS. Spotswood contributed players to the junior and senior wind bands, and to the orchestra. For the rest of the year, our band combined both wind and string players.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly being invited to play for an evening at the 1851 Restaurant. Although we didn't have as much time as we would have liked to prepare for this, the band and a small choir presented a varied programme of light music.

In addition to this, we played at various school assemblies, and at senior prizegiving. The band acknowledges the help of all instrumental tutors and Mr Bradshaw and Mrs Knuckey. Thanks very much to these people. We wish the school band and orchestra the very best for the future.

L.S.



## 1987 SPEECH RESULTS

Seventh Form: Dorothy Dalziel 1, Donna Butt 2, Tracy Young and Lara Brosinsky equal 3.

Sixth Form: Michelle Lamb and Yvonne Shaw equal 1, Shelley des Forges 2, Janine Cliff 3.

Fifth Form: Anne Taunga 1, Sally Hale 2, Andrea Frost 3.

Fourth Form: Jennifer Brown, Karen Blanchard 2, Julian Smith 3.

Third Form: Campbell Robertson 1, Niall Wilson 2, Bruce Thomas 3.



Senior Speech Finalists: Dorothy Dalziel, Michelle Lamb, Yvonne Shaw.

Sponsored by: MOTUROA PHARMACY



Laugh at your troubles, laugh at your fears,  
Laugh when your chin hits the ground,  
Laughter gives beauty, laughter is good for you,  
Laughter makes life bright all around.

(Anon).



I got rhythm - you got rhythm?



7th Form study.

Sponsored by: ASHMAN'S ROOFING SERVICE — 'For all Roofing Requirements'

## CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

### THE CRAYONS

I opened my eyes to greet the morning sun smiling at me through gaps in my curtain. I sat up and looked at my birthday presents, still out from the day before.

I had received lots of nice things. A snoopy dog, a book, clothes, a tape of Bad Jelly the Witch, and a pair of coloured socks. But my favourite of all, was a wonderful rainbow-packet of crayons. I treasured them with my entire heart.

I leapt out of bed and grabbed my crayons. I opened the packet and smelled their delightful smell of newness. 'Bang!' Joshua, my three-year-old brother bounced through the door, his blue eyes staring at my delicious crayons.

"Please Eri, wanna play with 'em colours!"

"No," I said firmly, "go away." I watched with pleasure as his face began to pucker up.

"Don't be such a baby, you can't even write with them, you're too young!" With that, I gave him a slight shove in the direction of the door. "Go away," I repeated.

"Mummy," he wailed. I helped him along with another slight shove, which sent him tumbling to the floor. "Mummy," he screamed, "Help, Mummy." I blocked my ears and waited for Mum to enter.

"What's wrong Jossey?" Mum asked as she cradled the bawling brat. "Crayons," he said in a frail insulted voice.

"Erin," Mum warned, "Let Joshua borrow your crayons please."

"No," I said. "They are mine!"

"Erin, give him a crayon - now!"

"But Mum..."

I gave the little demon one of my treasures, a lovely blue. Tears burnt in my eyes. He squealed with delight and began the tedious murder of my crayon.

Mum, now satisfied with the cease-fire, let Joshua merrily run out the door - with my crayon. I stood there, glaring at the inhumanitarian, who used to be my mother.

"Now Erin," it spoke, "come down and eat your breakfast or you'll be late for school."

But I wasn't listening to her. Instead, I was watching the enemy returning, clutching my now broken crushed crayon. I ran over to him and tugged away both pieces. Joshua began to cry. Mum slapped my hand.

"Erin, let your brother have the crayon, you must learn to share!"

"But he broke it," I pleaded.

"Give it to him," she threatened.

I looked at the little monster. I looked at my mother - she was always a sucker for tears. I threw my crayons at my brother (hoping to get one down his stupid throat), and ran into the bathroom and locked the door.

"Erin," Mum growled, "come out this minute or I'll tell Dad when he gets home!"

Now I'm in for it, I opened the door, surrendering for now, to a hostile parent. Mum grabbed my arm and pulled me down the stairs, towards the breakfast table.

"Now eat and behave yourself," she shouted and went back into the kitchen. Just as I was about to finish eating, Joshua entered carrying a rainbow packet of -dead crayons.

"Joshua," I screamed, jumping down from the table. I grabbed my crayons and booted the young Hitlers leg. Joshua began to wail again - I blocked my ears...

"Erin, you horrible little girl, say sorry to Josh for kicking him!"

I said nothing. Mum walked over to me and slapped my behind - very hard.

That was all my upset stomach could take. I vomited meusli all over my nasty little brother - it made an awful mess. Mum rushed me into the toilet - but by then it was all over.

"Are you all right dear?" Mum now concerned with my state of health.

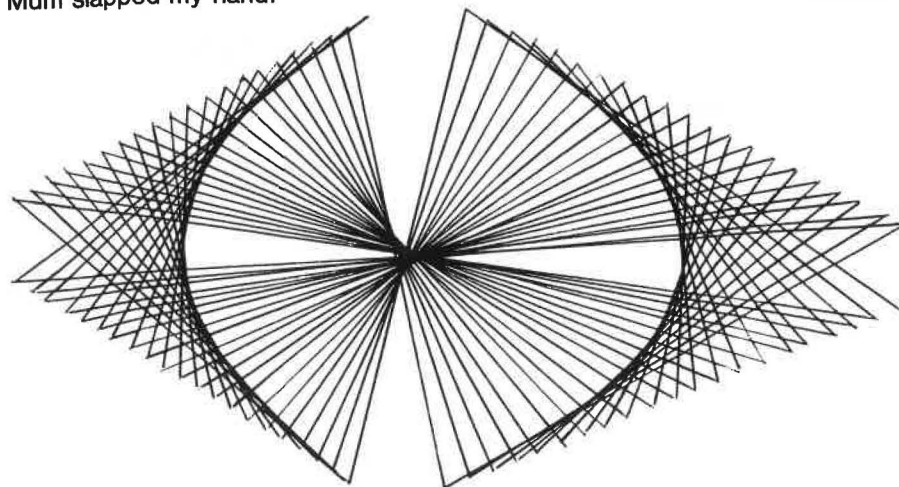
"Yes," I mumbled, holding back tears. I made my victory exit up the stairs with my crayons, relishing the sight of Joshua covered with sick. Oooch - what a sight, that will teach him!

When I got home from school that afternoon, Joshua was waiting for me on the stairs. He stared at me with sad blue eyes and said, "Wanna play with Teddy?"

He produced his beloved bear and gingerly offered it to me - a peace offering "Nah," I said. "I have my own bear, you keep it."

Josh smiled and ran into the house, tripping several times up the stairs. I too smiled. I couldn't stay mad with him, he was a good brother most of the time. "But I swore that the next time he touched my crayons, I'd cut off his Teddy's arms and legs."

MICHELLE FINCH, 7th.



### THE HUNT

The journey home was the same as it was everyday. Looking down from the bus, the woman could almost recite everything she would see. The faces on the bus, too, had always been the same. But today there was a new person, a young man, quite attractive in an animal sort of way, she thought. He was sitting just ahead of her on the opposite side of the bus, next to the old lady whose shopping bags crowded the aisle.

Her stop, she gave the bell a perfunctory ring. She straightened her skirt as she stood up and reached for her bag. The new man also got up. Politely, he waited for her to alight, before following her. They both turned in the same direction. The woman walked a little more quickly than usual, aware of the unfamiliar footsteps behind her, alert of this intrusion into her mundane world, and a little wary of the stranger.

She turned into her street, unconsciously sighing at the prospect of the long, steep hill in front of her. He was still behind her, pacing steadily. She cast a nonchalant glance behind her, but her eyes were anxious.

He had thought nothing of this tame little kitten after all, wasn't he the tiger? But her glance caught his attention, and as her pace quickened slightly, he matched it. She clutched her bag a little tighter and his heart began to beat as his lips parted slightly. His senses seemed to focus suddenly, towards the woman in front of him. He felt extraordinarily aware, of her scent, her presence. She stumbled forward and a feeling of power crept over him. He was controlling her. He began to toy with her, experimenting, enjoying the chase. She was furtively, almost desperately glancing into the passing houses searching for a now longed for familiar face. A cold sweat crept across her forehead. She was half-running, with quick, short sharp steps, but his strides were long and even, calculated.

A small cry escaped from her throat. Blindly she turned into a street. Any street. Not her street. A dead-end. His street. Instinct was driving her to flee, rational thought secondary to animal reflexes. He turned after her, intent, breathing heavily, relishing her fear, excited by it.

She reached the bottom of the cul-de-sac, and turned, trapped. There was nowhere else to run. He face was pale, muscles tense, ready to fight. She sobbed as she drew in a breath. He slowed as he approached her, consciously drawing out the moment, exhilarated by the power he wielded over her. Her eyes darted, frightened; his calmly honed in on her vulnerable form.

He reached towards her, gave an almost cursory wave, nodded briefly, and turned into the last driveway of the street, checking the mailbox as he passed. She breathed out, laughing at how stupid she had been, but shaking uncontrollably. He shook his head as he went into the house. He was unaware that this time, he had only been playing!

BY LISA SHARP, 7th.

### CAPTAIN CANARY

#### Up, up and a slat!

We sit in accounting, two sixth formers, eagerly awaiting the beginning of the next action-packed period. You have to be there to experience the electrifying atmosphere, when, out of the window we see an illuminating glow streaking towards us. It can only be one person. Yes! You guessed it. It's ... it's... it's Mr Ollie, in his blinding canary suit.

We watch intrigued as he hurries after Mrs Cooke. And the race is on! Da-dum, da-dum, da-dum dum dum ... Who will get to the door first? And they're off, and it's Mr Ollie in his cruise mode pulling level with Mrs Cooke, but Mrs Cooke throws herself into overdrive and draws away with a burst of speed.

It's Mr Ollie leading, now it's Mrs Cooke. What a race, what excitement as the tension builds. They enter the straight and it's anyone's race. Mr Ollie's going well, no it's Mrs Cooke, it's Mr Ollie and the winner is ... Mrs Dark! Ooohh! Boo! Hissss! Oh dear, how sad, never mind. Poor old sod! If only he were driving his burnt orange Marina! Perhaps he'd have had a chance, but somehow, we DOUBT IT!!

Written by 'The Accounting Rejects' - but how can we be rejects if we are the majority here?

Favourite saying - "It's accounting folks, but not as it's known!"

### LENA'S HOME (A True Story)

What is a house to us? A Beverly Hills mansion or a cardboard box one metre square? This is what Lena lived in.

To her it was something she had planned and it had used all of her meagre resources.

She was very proud of her home and it seemed the prospects were looking brighter. One day she would add a piece of roofing iron, when she found it, but for now a plastic bag would have to suffice to keep out the tropical rain. Her needs were very few but she had to have something to do. So she put her heart and mind into the house and treated it with care.

One day she went away to find some roofing iron for her house or maybe something else for her house. When she got back, the house was totally destroyed. To her, the Gods must have turned their backs on her. Lena felt cold and alone. She found out later that the police had kicked down her home. How could they deprive an elderly lady from her only possessions. What now? Live on the dark, cold streets of Manila?

EDWARD HODGKINSON, 6th Form.

## POETRY

### ICARUS

Vain firefly  
Stretching your wings  
In an unforgiving sky.

Your supernova  
Was blazing brief  
Drowned by ocean-blue.  
The seagulls gathered  
To the feast  
Their malicious gossip.

Preserving your tale  
In time  
But not your pride.

Silly moth-boy.  
LISA SHAW, 6th Form.

### DIVORCE

Just an illusion in a nightmare world.  
Fall through the portal  
down  
the  
cliff  
Into a pit.  
Claw at the mud wall and scream  
until it, hits.  
Just be another lining in the dark  
and dirty pit.

Years and years later in the pit  
below the cliff  
Cuddle to the mud walls and snuggle  
up tight:  
Remember not the days before the  
portal came in sight.  
Your time will come to love and live  
Beyond the black imposing cliff,  
But stay a little longer in the  
nightmare pit.

DELWYN MASTERS, Form 6.

### SILENT LOVE

I see you everywhere I go,  
But you do not know I am near,  
My weekends are spent thinking of you,  
Wishing, just wishing you here.  
No-one will know my great sadness,  
For there's no-one with whom I can  
share,  
I'm lonely, so lonely without you.  
I dream, my dream you are here.

CHRISTINE STREET, 3R.

### MAMA

Sitting on a log sits the lad,  
Unable to comprehend all that's bad.  
"Mama, what's causing all the suffering?"  
He cries, but only the cry of a bird is heard.  
This lad is only ten, but he can read and listen  
To all that goes on around him, even on the TV  
In the shop window on Saturday afternoons.

At the dinner table intensely he listens  
To the conversations between his Mama and Papa  
Who talk about the adult world with its wars, famines.  
Unable to understand these big words, he asks what  
they mean  
And he is told to shut up and eat his supper.  
The word 'poverty' arises from the mouths of his  
Beloved Mama and Papa.

He often hears this word, perhaps too often,  
Could this have something to do with  
The little food they have to eat, that both his parents  
Seem to work, and the small house they live in?  
It's no use asking because he'll just get another  
beating  
From his beloved Papa.  
So now this lad never speaks at home  
For fear of another hiding for asking questions.

His schooling is slipping, he's losing all his friends  
Who seem to think he's going around the bend.  
And then one day he disappears with a pack of his  
Papa's razors.  
Then later that week spread across the newspapers  
Was the article about the boy who took his own life  
Along with news about the world's trouble and strife.

And sitting at home a little boy asks,  
"Mama, what's causing all the suffering?"  
Her reply, "I just don't know, don't know."

ANON

### 'OF FAERIES AND UNICORNS'

I had the strangest 'dream' the other night,  
A unicorn, so pure I did see.  
My mind could not conceive the wondrous sight  
This creature of such magic fantasy.  
It must be false though so clear did it seem,  
'Cause faeries and such things do not exist,  
And thus I scoffed 'Twas but a foolish dream'  
Though still a faint hope with me lingered just.  
So once again I glanced upon that scene  
I could not see a magic animal.  
My thoughts were right, so why then should it mean  
A loss so sharp my eyes with teardrops fill?  
It were perhaps that in this world so gray,  
All wish a real unicorn their way.

YVONNE SHAW.

### HOMEWORK

I'm supposed to be doing my homework  
I've an English poem to write  
But there's a good programme on TV  
I wish I could watch it tonight.

It's always the same with homework  
I never know what to do  
I sharpen up my pencil  
And get in quite a stew.

The TV story's more interesting  
It's a lot more exciting than mine  
The hero is about my own age  
But his bedtime is not at nine.

I try to sit and concentrate  
At the TV. I try not to stare  
But the words don't come in sentences  
I wriggle about in my chair.

The night is getting on  
I must get into bed  
I hope I can do it tomorrow  
That's what my parents have said.

JONATHAN SMITH, 3A.

### MY HEAD

Which way?  
That way?  
S7 or B1  
Cooper or Mills

Schedules  
Time to keep  
For to think

Sun  
- tan  
lying  
no time  
Schools back

Uniform  
Hem to be lengthened  
Bracelets forbidden  
Hard to leave behind

Homework dreaded  
Even on first day  
Teachers cruel

Need time  
to collect scattered thoughts  
4G.

Wouldn't it be fun to fly,  
right out of your body,  
far away,  
across the sea,  
into someone else's mind?

To look through their eyes,  
experience their feelings,  
know their longings,  
their happiness and sadness.

Wouldn't it be fun to swap,  
body with someone,  
get to know them as well  
as yourself,  
share their hopes for the future!

Swap with someone of the  
opposite sex, richer or poorer,  
And try to think the way  
they might think.

I'd swap with a famous personality,  
a boy,  
I'd write a letter to myself.  
INGE KUINDERSMA, 5th.

### FRONT TO BACK POEM

I went to the theatre tomorrow,  
I got a front seat at the back!  
I fell from the floor to the ceiling  
And I hurt the front of my back!  
TIMOTHY WYNN, 3D.

### PAPILLON

Chameleon child  
Glowing with life  
Yellow happy, sunhappy  
You spilled your laughter  
Over concrete souls  
And mine.

Woman-innocent  
You flung  
Your fierce, wild joy  
Of being  
Into lukewarm eyes  
Blinded by your drunken happiness.

Butterfly girl  
With wings of mirth  
Why your reverse metamorphosis  
From laughter to tears  
Your orange fire could not burn  
Through cold and concrete walls.

Bleeding butterfly  
Your freedom flight  
Was four storeys down  
You left your imprint  
On stone  
And stony lives.

Oh, chameleon child  
Your colours change  
You fade to grey  
Tears of rain wash your grave  
I remember the touch of you  
And listen to the rain song.  
LISA SHAW, 6th Form.

### YOU KEEP ME COMPANY

At night, when all is dark,  
And street lamps become a scare.  
You my darling,  
Are always there.  
I cuddle you close,  
For my bed we share.  
I caress your neck,  
To me alone you bare.  
You my darling,  
Are always there.  
You my sweetheart,  
Are soft to touch.  
When you lie close to me,  
And enjoy it very much.  
You my darling,  
Are always there.  
My darling is a sweetheart,  
Not a wayward sort of rat.  
For you my darling:  
Are a beautiful persian cat.

ANON.

## MAORI



Saphron Watson, Patricia Donnelly, Marianne Urwin, Lee-Ann O'Donnell, Joanne Bewley.

### RAU MARIRE O TARANAKI FOLKLORE SOCIETY LTD

This group started as just a Maori group but they have now changed to folklore society because they are not only studying Maori culture but other cultures as well. The group started with 100 members but has now dwindled to only 14 (seven girls and seven boys), all are between the ages of 11 and 26 years old. These people have been chosen to do the backing vocals for the upcoming film "Maui Tiki Tiki aaa Taranga."

This film will not be shown in New Zealand, but in the World Expo '88 in Brisbane. The reason why the film will only be shown in Australia is because it needs a special water screen to be shown on.

The group has been practising three chants and two songs together for two hours each week in preparation of the recording for the film in September. For the past two months the filming has been under way in Wellington and in Auckland. The approximate length of the film is only 10 minutes.

This film portrays Maui raising New Zealand from the

depths of the ocean. This has been passed down to the Maori people from generation to generation but is not the way we have been taught at school. Maui does not fish New Zealand out of the ocean, but raises it by the power of his word.

Sonny Waru is an elder of all Maoridom and has been in many international films. He was asked to write the script and compose the lyrics of all the songs. As well as doing this he has come back to New Zealand to play the part of the narrator. He is seen in the film as a godly figure who can see the past and into the future.

The folklore society met Sonny two years ago when he visited them while they were practising. From there Sonny has taught them many of the spiritual and historical things important to Maoridom. They now know three quarters of the knowledge expected of them and hope to learn more.

Spotswood College is proud to know that it has students of exceptional quality and international renown.

Well done.

Sponsored by: MASTERS LTD WHOLESALE

## GERMAN

### GERMAN SCHOOLS' DAY AT MASSEY UNIVERSITY PALMERSTON NORTH

Am Samstag dem 3. Oktober druckten sich 6 Personen in einen Vau We. Cindy, Helen, Melanie, Paul und Tania fuhren mit Frau van Paassen nach Palmerston North.

Wir hielten oft um uns auszustrecken und Imbisse zu kaufen; z. B. in Hawera (Wasserturm), Wanganui (Entchen und Springbrunnen), Cubastrasse Markt (doof), und Square Edge (irre).

Dann sassen wir im Auditorium (es braucht eine Klima - Anlage), wo Theater gespielt wurde. Schuler von Wairoa, Waiopahu, Woodford Haus, NPGH, PNGH und PNBH brachten Marchen auf Modern. Wir mussten raten ob es Schneewittchen, oder Aschenbrodel, Hansel und Gretel oder Die Drei Ziegenbocke und der Trell war!

Danach war es Zeit zum Schmaus. Es gab Apfelstrudel, Mehren und Fruchtsaft oder Kaffee.

PNBH spielten noch 'Aschenbrodel, aber die Jungen vergassen die Worte! Als Hohepunkt sangen wir das 'Lied van der Wanze'. Jede Schule sekam einen Preis ausser Spotswood...

Wir trosteten uns in der Pizza Piazza.

Um Viertel nach zehn waren wir wieder zu Hause. Funfte/Vierte Klasse Deutsch.

### GERMAN — THIRD FORM

Guten Tag,

Ich heisse Philippa. Meine Deutsch Name ist Frieda. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich wohne in New Plymouth. Ich habe einen Bruder, er heisst Stephen und 1st zwolf Jahre alt. Mein Bruder ist junger als ich. Meine Mutter heisst Heather und Mein Vater heisst Michael. Ich spiele gern Hockey und ich lese sehr gern.

Auf Wiedersehen,  
PHILIPPA BUTLER.

Guten Tag!

Ich heisse Carly und meine Deutsch name ist Ute. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich wohne in New Plymouth. Ich habe zwei Bruder, Sie heissen Marcus und Samuel. Marcus ist neun und Samuel ist sieben. Ich habe drie Katze, Sie heissen Morki, Extra und Grace.

Auf Wiedersehen,  
CARLY JULIAN.

Ich heisse Lisa, Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich wohne in New Plymouth. Ich bin Einzelkind. Meine name ist The Auf Deutsch. Ich treibe nicht gern sport. Ich fahre besonders hern Rad. Ich habe zwein Meerschweinchen.

LISA ROSSITER.

Guten Tag!

Ich heisse Suzanne auf Deutch. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich wohne in New Plymouth, Aber Ich Komme aus Auckland. Ich habe eine Schwester. Sie heisst Heather, und sie is junger als Ich. Sie ist elf Jahre alt. Ich lese gern Romane und Zeitschriften. Ich hore sehrgern Musik.

Auf Wiedersehen!  
LINDA - JOY

Guten Tag,

Ich heisse Andrea. Mein deutsch Name ist Anna. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich habe eine Schwester uns sie heisst Nichola. Ich wohne in Bell Block. Heute ist sehr kalt. Heute ist Dienstag. Ich treibe gern sport und Ich hore sehr gern Musik. Ich habe vier Katze, vier Fische, ein Vogel und ein Kaninchen. Ich bin im November geboren.

Guten Tag,

Ich heisse Sonya. Ich wohne in New Plymouth, Omata. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich habe nur eine Schwester, sis heisst Sabine, Sie is alter als Ich. Ich treibe gern sport, Ich habe Pferde gern, Sie heissen, Sheikha. Meine Kaste heisst Pom-pom. Ich spiele gern Musik. Meine Mutter heisst Valerie und Mein Vater heisst Jurg. Mein Haare sind blond under meine Augen sind braun.

Auf Wiedersehen,  
SONYA HALTER.

Hallo!

Meine Name ist Kathe auf deutsch. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich wohne in New Plymouth. Ich lese sehr gern und ich habe nicht gern Busfahrer! Mein Haare ist land und blond. Ich habe einen Bruder, er heisst Che. Er ist junger als Ich.

Auf Wiedersehen!

Guten Morgen,

Ich heisse Sanjo abet meine Deutsch Name ist, Karl. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich habe eine Schwester und Sie ist alter als Ich. Sie heisst Inge und ist sechzehn. Ich habe keinen Bruder. Meine Mutter heisst Annemarie und mein Vater heisst John. Wir wohnen in New Plymouth. Ich lese gern und Ich treibe gern Sport. Ich sammle auch Briefmarken.

SANJO KUINDERSMA.

Guten Tag,

Ich heisse Rheinhard. Ich habe einen Bruder, or heisst Scott. Er ist junger als Ich. Nein. Ich habe keine Schwester. Ich bin dreizehn Jahre alt. Ich wohne in New Plymouth. Mein Haar ist braun und kurz und meine Augen sind grun. Mein Schulders sind breit und meine Beinen sind lang. Ich bin nicht dick.

ROSS McCABE.

## CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

### 3rd Form Speech SISTERS!

You probably have a sister. Maybe even two or three. At least physically you may. My sister is not all that different from other sisters and she is never mentally anywhere. In fact, I don't think I have met a sister that is. You might have ... I don't know ... but I doubt it.

As you know, sisters are females - that is obvious. Now I'm not saying I have anything against females - just sisters! Females are necessary, and very good, at being wives, mothers, daughters, girlfriends, housewives and ordinary nice people - but definitely NOT SISTERS!

A typical 10-year-old sister is about 4-4½ feet tall, weighs about 6-7 stone, closer to the seven I would say, dresses herself in delightful pinks, greens, oranges, whites, purples and greys, all at once that is, and has a mental capacity equal to that of a demented ping-pong ball. What a handful you might say. And you'd be right - a real problem.

I am not the only one who feels this way. Take Jack and Jill, for example. Now the rhyme does not say that they were brother and sister, but I would expect so, as only a sister would fall down a hill and land on her poor brother who had already broken his crown. Now if Jill was not a sister but instead an ordinary nice person, she would have fallen first, given Jack something soft to land on. What about Cinderella's sisters. Have you seen the way they treat her? Do this, do that! Move it now! Chop chop, on with it girl! What's more they are only half-sisters so they are only half the trouble of normal sisters. This proves the point that H. L. Mencken was trying to make when he almost said, "On one issue at least, men and women agree - they both distrust sisters."

Don't you just love it when you're trying to have an argument with your sister and you are yelling away at her calling her this, that and everything else, when she starts wailing for "mummy" and you get it in the neck again.

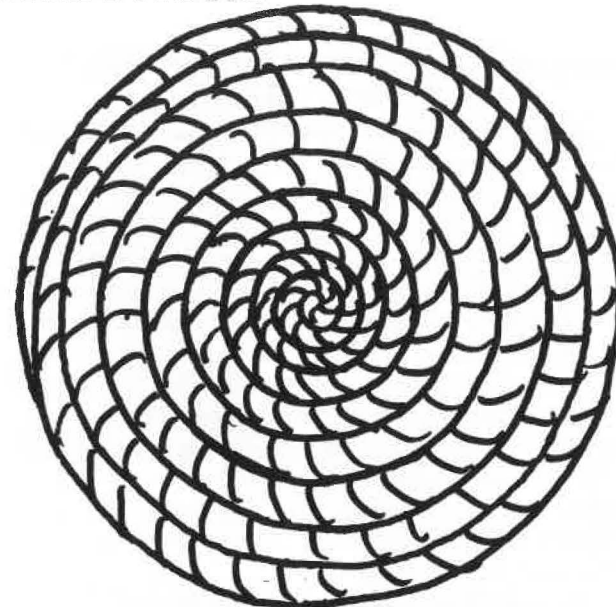
Who controls the TV in your house? Your sister I bet! At 6.00 you're about to relax in front of the TV as MASH is on. Then the little ar...(?) changes channel on you. Don't you feel like wringing her stupid neck! What about Saturday night? About to watch all your favourite programmes when an annoying voice asks to change channel. And the reply, "I suppose so love, after all you have been a good girl today." A good girl! She's been out all day hasn't she!

You know, I could manage quite well in life without my sister. Quite well indeed. There is a word which describes my sister almost perfectly. And that is...

TEMPERAMENTAL.

She has a temper and is half mental!

C. ROBERTSON, 3F.



Patiently he waited in the cold brisk morning. He sat on the uniform green bench wondering/debating whether to buy a Jaguar or Porsche with his saved money. He stared across the scattered dewdrop lawns and saw his friend come into sight. He waved keenly to her. They needed to meet early, because of her profession. She was what everybody's mother would hope their son would never learn about. Today she was clad in a short, formfitting, fiery red dress and around her drooped a fake fur coat. Her eyes were shining with a new brightness and on her face there was her wonderful greeting smile that he'd come to love and delight in. She sat next to him, and held his hands in her blood red nailed hands.

"So, what have you done since yesterday?" she asked him.

"The same as usual," he replied casually, "and you?"

They both laughed.

"I wanna marry you," he said abruptly. "I love you".

"I love you too sweetie, but where would we live?" she mocked him and he knew it.

"You can come live in my house and you would never have to work again because I would work hard to be a doctor and meet your every need." She smiled and looked adoringly at him. He was so sweet to care so much about her, but she wouldn't marry him, even if it was possible. If she was to marry, her husband would be just like him, except they'd have a different kind of love together, one that she'd never have for him.

"I want to marry you and make you so happy." She squeezed his hand in appreciation.

"I'll drive you anywhere you want to go in my new car." She looked at him puzzled.

"Your new car?"

"The new Porsche that I'm going to buy with this money," he showed her \$12 from his pocket.

"Oh," she replied with relief. "Let's go right now and buy you a matchbox car," and together they went, a vibrant young woman, a seven-year-old boy, hand in hand.

WENDY LEONG.

### AN ENCOUNTER

A rich inheritance was mine; a life of love - reborn;  
An overwhelming joy that bubbled up and overflowed,  
With careless laughter; childlike I ran to tell you all,  
And dashing, heedless struck my heart,  
Against the ramparts of your scorn.

You thought that I was dreaming - in a world of fairytale,  
You said that it was "make-believe" an act rehearsed and staged,  
A fleeting, fragile, fantasy, ingenuous, untried,  
And you believed the winds of change would lacerate my threadbare sails.

How could I tell you of the one whose mercy you had disallowed?  
Of sorrows that had only served to feed and fan the flame.  
Your laughter stung me like a whip - I nursed the wound a moment,  
My pain, not yours seemed greater now - I lost you in a cloud.

I saw the world through your eyes since you could not see through mine.  
I sensed your darkened vision - I felt the band of steel,  
That closed upon your heart in death - I felt the pain you know is real.  
I knew why you were angry with this foolish, wanton child,  
An enigma, an intruder in your private, hostile world.  
How could I tell you of the One who cares about the way you feel?

You look upon me now through time - reproach within your gaze,  
For you were dreaming then - not I - and now we both see well,  
I sense the stark reality of what I should have done  
Again your words will sting my heart;  
"You knew but did not tell!"

ANON (Original)



Rhys Vosper eyeing the curves.

Listen very carefully, I'll say this only once.



### A FOREIGN CHRISTMAS

I sat huddled in the corner of the back seat of the car. My cheek pressed against the icy window, eyes staring into space, my mind elsewhere. My sisters beside me were restless. Continual questions and complaints issued forth from them.

"How far is it now Mum? Mum?"

"Hey ... What's that?"

"I'm thirsty!"

"Hey, don't shove."

"I didn't."

"Muumm!"

"How far now mum? How far?"

"Be quiet, both of you!" Mum snapped, her eyes still riveted on the slippery road ahead. "We'll stop and get a drink soon."

Mum was tired and irritable. She had been stuck at home with us all winter holidays. The cold, icy winter of England didn't agree with her, either. Dad left the other day to go to Saudi Arabia again. That also added to mum's troubles. We said goodbye at the airport.

Now we were on our way to the airport yet again. This time to fetch Gran and Grandpa. They always leave New Zealand to visit us at Christmas time.

Dear old Gran. She'll get busy in the kitchen, making delicious smelling pies and spicy steamed puddings. And then help the twins make colourful streamers to hang on the Christmas tree.

Grandpa will sit in the corner as always, smoking his awful pipe, a ring of grey smoke above his head.

Pity Dad won't be back 'til Boxing Day. Suddenly, a warm tear rolled slowly down my cold cheek. In New Zealand at Christmas, Dad would have been home. As a matter of fact, all of my relatives would have been there. I sighed. All my cute, pesty little cousins, creamy pavlova and strawberries. Wonderful! Swimming and sunbathing, can't do that at Christmas in England. Resolutely I brushed my tears away. One day I'll go back to New Zealand and have a wonderful Kiwi Christmas.

MICHELLE GRUNDY, 3G.

## CROSS-COUNTRY



*Racing this time - and they're off!*



*Follow me down to the hollow and there let us wallow in glorious mud!*

### Girls:

Third Form  
Forth Form  
Fifth Form  
Six & Seventh Form

### Boys:

Third Form  
Fourth Form  
Fifth Form  
Six & Seventh Form

### 1st

Tracey Hayward (D)  
Louise Mann (R)  
Erica Read (R)  
Yvonne Shaw (B)

Andrew Pattison (A)  
Karl Looney (D)  
Simon Eaddy (D)  
Tony Brownrigg (A)

### 2nd

Joy Cook (B)  
Paula Drake (B)  
Trudi Beaurepaire (R)  
Jenny Smart (B)

Greg Plimmer (B)  
Robert Stewart-McDonald (D)  
Ewan Mitchell (D)  
Vance Murdoch (D)

### 3rd

Alene Parkes (R)  
Debbie Richardson (B)  
Trina Diakowski (B)  
Lisa Shaw (B)

Dean Riddick (A)  
Steven Jacobsen (A)  
Trevor Thorne (D)  
Peiter Van Leeuwen (A)

Overall: Richmond 1, Barrett 2, Atkinson 3, Darnell 4.

### A TEACHERS HEAD

In it there is a blackboard  
and a piece of chalk  
A plan for the perfect class.

There is a cane  
A new desk  
and a comfortable chair.

There is a good pupil  
and a bad one.

And there is  
next periods social studies  
and last periods maths.

And there was  
long ago  
an aspiration to teach  
ROBERT S. Mc.

I feel it coming  
Maybe an earthquake  
or even a flood  
Just see the Red Cross  
The tension.  
No worries,  
Everything is maintained

Believe in yourself,  
Feel pretty.  
You are acceptable.  
You have responsibilities.  
Prove your own ability,  
Forget others and  
Show us you are  
One and only.  
You are genuine and  
Important.  
You are  
Yourself.

Separately,  
They entered their rooms.  
She slipped a message  
Under the door.  
He had experience  
Like a spy  
She was alone,  
Wanted to be with her  
Lover.  
TRACEY McCURDY 4E

Pedestrians preach in protest,  
No nukes, peace and ban the bomb,  
While politicians practice preventing problems -  
With phony band-aids,  
And people starve,  
And people die,  
And people kill,  
As the thorns of time force,  
The blood of life,  
To flow.

ANNE TAUNGA, 551.

### A TIME TO LIVE

Time and time again I told her,  
Don't do it, please listen!  
But she heard only her friends,  
And shared their drugs.  
Dirty disgusting things that  
Wasted her body.  
Now she lies in a hospital,  
More dead than living.  
Recovery takes a long time.  
Will you listen?  
Drugs waste your life!

TRACEY WATERS, 3L.

### BY YOURSELF

The only one left to the mercy of the sea,  
Sitting lonely, in lifeboat number three,  
Letting the currents take you where they wish,  
You remember back to the ship,  
It hit a reef,  
All your family's gone,  
Two parents and a brother,  
Gone, down with the ship,  
You look around for the hopeful glimpse of being  
rescued,  
Still, you knew there wouldn't be anyone,  
Nothing left to live for,  
You hope for the ocean's waters open up and entomb  
you,  
That's loneliness for you.

AARON YOUNG, 3F.

Sponsored by: MOTUROA CYCLES & TOYS

# **"NIGHTFALL" our 1987 Music/Drama production**

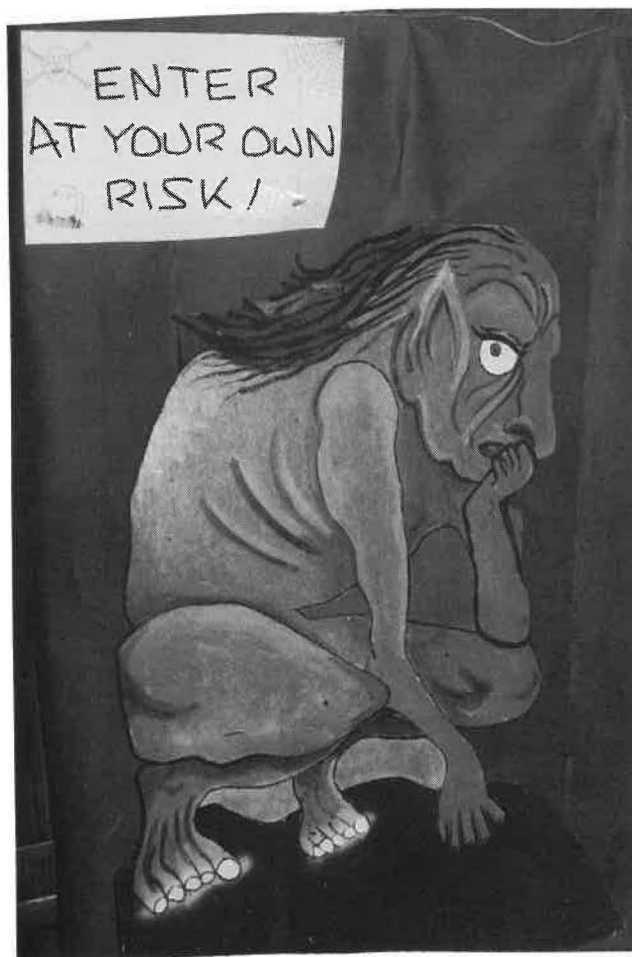
From the outset this year there was a certainty that we should aim for a full-length music/drama production, and Derek Morris and Alistair Barrs' "Nightfall" was chosen. Mrs Knuckey had heard glowing reports of great enjoyment in preparation, and enthusiastic audience response, from students of colleges who had performed it. A willing and enthusiastic team of staff came forward to prepare this 'all-in' type of show, feeling this was just what Spotswood College needed this year.

The story revolves around a bus party of schoolgirls returning from a sporting trip, when an accident finds them in Grotswood Forest. Sinister creatures and an odd assortment of characters, especially the evil Baron, conspire to provide them with adventure until in true fantasy tradition, the power of love triumphs and all is well.

Casting was completed by the May holidays, and the casting committee kept their fingers crossed over one or two tricky decisions. Mr Crawford undertook the bulk of the stage direction, with Ms McGlashan taking care of the contrast Village scene. Mr Chivers' dramatic flair and motivating skills were of special value in preparing the Punks' scenes and Mrs Williams took on the onerous task of choreography, with head girl Donna Butt choreographing and preparing the special schoolgirls' number. Mrs Knuckey was OC production and music director. Mr Peters took on the challenge of the technical side, and when Mr Morris had to withdraw from set and scenery, talented Tony saw to that as well!

But the excitement and interest is always focussed on the players. And what a great bunch they were! Plenty of talent, but not without Mr Crawford's model of patience being sorely tried a few times, with Peter, Neill and assorted school-girls ('wost in the fowest') all extracting the maximum fun out of rehearsals. Kim ("Now, now girls!") Johnstone charmingly kept them all in order in true senior mistress fashion, with a bit of help from John, Paul, Kane, Justin, Robert, Jason and Mark, who it was rumoured, came in to a Void schoolwork at any cost! As it turned out Mrs Williams had them working the audience to a frenzy with their up-down-heave-around fancy footwork. Overall - colossal was the word (especially Jason's!)

When they weren't extracting shrieks from the girls (led by Decibel Donna) the Monsters strutted their stuff with sinister swoop and leery lurk. Te Arika Pihama Bat-ted and bluesed the night away whilst Scott 'Trolldoll' McGregor and Brend-enstein Dick looked Frank-ly scar(r)y. Vance the Vamp whose Ock-upation includes Murd(er) had them coughin' and squeaking. Mrs Williams! - Ad Vance to earn your bouquet for Dance tutor Supremo! To wrap it all up David Leigh had his Mummy sweating it out in bandages all night. Jason Hale with Drag-on, literally blew them off their seats with his smoke issuing from both ends. Larne Davies Wizz-ed on and off in slack spells toadying to the audience.



Wizard Woes.  
Larne Davies.

The Grotswood Tavern was something else. Dine-ing and Dye-ing, drunkenness and debauchery, it brought the house (sign) down, and among the burps, hiccoughs and Gobbling irrepressible Shivers prevailed. This scene had something for everyone. Tragedy (the joke about Brierley's), farce (the customers' dancing), surprise (the Ten Commandments on the wall), elegance (Mark Schmidt's walking-stick), passion (the fruitjuice in the glasses) and holiness (the manageress's stockings). And the buxom barmaids gave some real class. Samdra made no Fuss (at) all about encouraging Alexa to share her excellent voice in a solo. By the way, did you know that during production week Bet Lynch disappeared off TV's Coronation Street? She was last seen wiggling her way offstage as Bert was swervin' towards her muttering "I a-Dor(o)thee, my precious", with the Dull zeal of your middle-aged inebriate. They're probably still in conservation throwing earthy repartee at each other in a reclaimed park not far from here.

The scenes between the romantic leads were pure and sweet. Of course we knew that Ed-would not have Sue-sin in those dark woods, even with his hat off. Enid Blyton would have been ever so pleased, and didn't they sing nice?

Talking about Sin and Evil, the Baron surely was no Rea of sunshine! Our Neill Blitzed his way through the play at times going tantalizingly Furt'er than the script intended. He is now etched for ever in the annals of drama amongst the Long Drop Deads.

The stage crew eventually yielded to Ms McGlashan's entreaties to slickly shift and shove the set around to her requirements. The Makeup team under Mr Chivers tutelage always achieved results with patience and skill. The Punks set a precedent for Spotswood College as their freaky haircolours and styles, aided and abetted by Philip James, adorned the classrooms for the season's duration. Well done Miss Grant! The costuming was typical of Mrs Cooke's flair and hard work, with Peter's Count Carnation in daffodil yellow and flowery corsage providing an important point of reference for the audience.

The technical side is uphill all the way at Spotswood College. Brian Schmidt brought his sleeping bag, it is rumoured, so committed was he to achieve a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Mr Gabites turned up trumps and we can only improve in that department. Mr Peters worked incredibly hard, and after the set construction worked round the clock to achieve the PA'd sound effects, so essential to the success of the show.

The musicians carried much responsibility and have to come up smiling in adverse circumstances, when Mickey Mouse insists on lurking around the technical set up. Full marks to the student band, Gordon, Douglas, Pip, Lisa, Nicola, Michelle, Cathy and Terri, with guest lead guitarist Barry Vallen packing a mean blues. The front-of-stage chorus did their work with vigour, and Rachel and Kim as the Grotettes doo-wah-ed a groovy harmony whilst showing what ought to be done with school gym dresses.

The wonderful atmosphere that added to the actual show production, was a Spotswood College special. Numbers of us took the opportunity to enjoy our other NP secondary schools' productions, and whilst acknowledging their performance achievements, none had anywhere near the total atmosphere and sense of festivity that we had. From the enthusiastic support of Mrs Salloway and Mrs Ward in the office, to the marvellous front-of-house team with its decor and dressing-up led by Mrs Marie Munro, to Mrs Rowland's students providing a most welcome Grotswood Cafe for interval refreshments, we can feel genuine pride in the level of school spirit, under Mr Barry Finch our acting Principal.

The nine weeks effort was rounded off a few days later with most of the 90-odd company gathering at the producers home for a pot luck evening meal. The showing of Mr Lanning's video brought forth a mixture of shrieks of hilarity, gentle banter and self-conscious but happy reliving of moments to remember.

(FOOTNOTE: Ten minutes after the final curtain on the marvellous last night's performance with its supportive and enthusiastic audience, cast members were asking "What are we going to do next year?!").

WHAT INDEED!

FOOTNOTE: Mrs Knuckey inspired us all which her unfaltering belief in what she was doing - her dedication to excellence, her unfailing interest in pupils and her generosity of time, home and affection.





## CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

### THE SEANCE

Tina grabbed her younger sister's arm and proceeded to pull her up the stairs.

"Come on slow poke," she said, "before the moon moves," she added in a strange tone.

"All right," Marie gave an exasperated groan.

When they reached the attic, Tina opened the door and whispered "Behold!"

Marie quickly surveyed the room, Tina's two best friends were dressed up like gypsies sitting round a mirror with letters on it trying best not to giggle.

Around the rest of the room spiders and cobwebs had been scattered about haphazardly.

"We shall proceed with the seance," said Sally then added her extremely horrid witch laugh.

Tina, Sally and Kate then jumped up and did a dance around the mirror. Huh, thought Marie, probably one of their cheerleading routines.

They then sat down and all put their hands on the glass which Kate had produced from Tina's ear.

Kate was getting really good at magic. "We wish to see someone good," Tina said in a moaning tone. The girls began to sway gently as if a wind was blowing.

Marie folded her arms as she thought, "Very well rehearsed."

The glass moved slowly toward various letters E...L...V...I...S... P...R...E...S...

Marie had now become very annoyed with their silly game; she grabbed their hands off the glass and it promptly stopped.

"Ok then smarty pants, ask to talk to someone evil!" Marie challenged them.

The three girls glanced at each other. They hadn't expected Marie to see through their plan.

They didn't notice the air had gone strangely cold.

Before they had even put their hands on the glass, it had started to move, Tina was about to place her hand on the glass again when Kate squealed, "Wait!!, Look!" she pointed at the glass.

The girls moved back from the mirror and stared at it.

The glass ambled over to the D and then the E.

"Oh hurry up," wailed Marie her eyes almost bulging out of their sockets.

As if the glass had heard her, it began to move faster.

It went to the V then the I.

"Oh my G..." Sally started to say then trailed off.

The glass went to the L, then with a screech flew off the mirror and smashed in mid-air."

The girls stared at pieces for a minute, then in perfect unison, screamed.

TABITHA ANTONY, 3F.



TE REINGA

Mahi-Atu had declared war on Kama-Piha and his tribe.

The enemy had attacked during a tangi and the chief had fallen.

Now he must take the long path to Rarohenga as a spirit.

Rarohenga was entered by jumping off the branch of the Pohutukawa Tree on Cape Reinga in the furthest northwest of the North Island, on impact with the sea the spirit passes into the next world.

Mahi-Atu started his long path far inland near Taupo, therefore he had to cross a lot of land to reach his destiny. As he passed by the Kaipana Entrance he came to a stream.

"I must not drink or cross this water," Mahi thought to himself, "or I will never return to my beloved homeland."

He carried on towards Te Reinga but was greeted by a fence.

"I shall climb over the fence," he muttered. "If I go under I will never return either."

Mahi passed through the village of the Nga Puhi tribe and looked down upon the kumara pits facing north so spirits like him could not intrude upon them and make them tapu.

Further on as he continued, he came across the three hills at Hokianga.

There he looked back on his world and with a tiny piece of Obsidian he cut himself to display his grief. He also made himself a leaf headband to show he was a spirit.

After placing the band around his head, he carried on his quest for Rarohenga. As he approached North Cape he came to a Patunga (storehouse). "As a chief I must pass by the side of the patunga, as a slave I would have to go under it," he said.

Finally he reached Cape Reinga.

"My conquest is over," sighed Mahi-Atu, great chief of the Kamuatu tribe. "But as I was born without clothes, I shall die without clothes," he decided.

After undressing he tied a knot in the grass and threw it into the wind to ensure his return. Then with a last breath of human air he plunged off the Pohutukawa branch only ever to return as a moth or bluebottle fly.

If he was favoured by the Gods.

JASON ELDERSHAW, 3.

### A FAIRYTALE

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there was a man who went by the name of Fred Trout. He and his wife Mary, had been happily married for many years. Unbeknownst to Fred, his wife had been involved with Roger Fairweather-Smithington III for the greater part of their marriage (and he wasn't her pottery teacher either!). One day after Fred innocently remarked that perhaps her fawn coat, purple and brown paisley dress, green stockings, and blue shoes didn't quite suit her as well as it might, she decided he had outrageous taste and had enough so she up and left for Australia, with Rog.

A week later Fred received a letter from his ex-wife demanding half their matrimonial property (as if Roger didn't have enough already). Fred was devastated by this demand. He was also quite broke, as being a sandologist didn't pay too well. He was overdue on his HP and with 16 school age children was having trouble making ends meet.

Fred decided he needed some cash quick, as he loved his children dearly and wanted to keep his family home intact (a two room shack on Devon Street). He went to the First Bank of Ekatehuna, with whom he had been banking for 40 years. However, they refused his application for a loan, as they considered him a bad risk?! He went to Richbank, Brierleybank, Moneygrabbers Fund bank, NN2, IRD (Irish Revenue Dept.), IRA and even the Hardup and Last Chance Bank, but nobody would give him any money.

Meanwhile, Mary was becoming hostile, supplying Fred with an ultimatum that was giving him an ulcer. He was nearing the end of his tether. He decided to take evasive action (kill himself). Fred decided that in order to provide for his children after he had gone he would bequeath his worldly goods to them (though except for the world famous collection of shells from Back Beach, they were few and far between). He saw that since he would be dead he wouldn't have to worry about paying his solicitor's bill, and he decided to have his will drawn up in plain English (his children were only school age, after all).

He was shown into his solicitors plush office (plush because of the exorbitant fees he charges). Because of the weight of Fred's problems, he was unable to keep his emotions in check and when his solicitor asked him why he wanted a will made out, Fred burst into tears and poured his heart out to the sympathetic but costly ear of his solicitor. "Well, you troubles are over," Fred was told. "Didn't you know the role of your solicitor in finance?" "No", said Fred, "I didn't."

"Well, to put it simply, the solicitor acts as a middleman. It just so happens that I know of an extremely generous multi-billionaire who is looking for somewhere to invest a couple of hundred thousand dollars at 19 percent for three years paid quarterly with no principle repayments, for the period of the loan."

"What's in it for you?" asked Fred.

"We make no profit on the actual loan; however, our services are required in drawing up and advising the

details of the contract, for which we require our normal fee. We also offer vault services. We carry no risk, and this is only one of the many services provided by your friendly neighbourhood solicitor."

"Wow," said Fred. "Can you give me this guy's phone number?"

"Sure, with pleasure," said his solicitor.

Fred then proceeded to ring Harold 2-Snodgrass who agreed quite readily to enter into a contact with Fred. (Harold loved children, but unfortunately due to an accident in the high jump one year at high school athletics, was unable to have a family of his own. He owned 13 orphanages and watched all the Sunday movies as a form of psycho-therapy).

Fred used the money Harold lent him through his solicitor to pay Mary. (We later heard that Mary and Roger invested the money through their solicitor at 21 percent for two years and used the profits to build a love nest on Niue).

Fred's 16 children all graduated in new clothes donated by Harold, and went on to become solicitors, calling their firm Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Trout, Slipton & Co (the oldest girl got married).

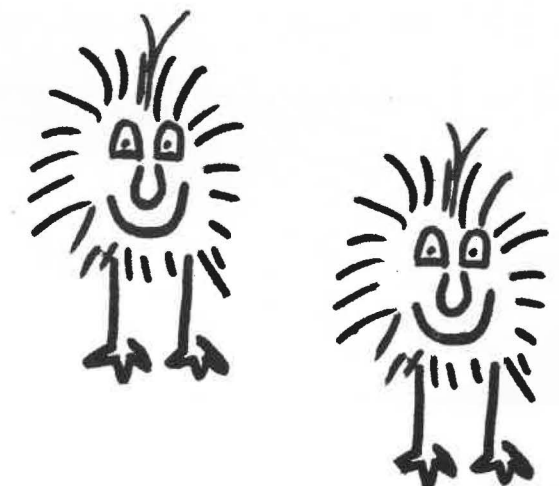
Harold became known to them as Uncle Snod, and a swimming pool at the local high school was named after him.

Fred continued his career as a sandologist, exhibiting his collection at a local motor-dealers, and also became a part-time paper boy, and was able to repay Harold the principle plus 19 percent after three years. He died at the age of 103 with 16 children, 40 grandchildren and 111 great-grand children, who had terrific family spirit.

They all live happily ever after in Harold 2-Snodgrass' mansion. The moral of the story is -when things are looking down, remember the role of your solicitor in finance.

Any resemblance to persons alive or dead to these characters is purely co-incidental.

LISA SHARP.



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One windy day in spring,  
The rain was raining fast  
A barefooted boy with shoes on,  
Stood sitting in the grass.  
MURRAY KEMSLEY, 3D.



# LET THE CHILDREN SPEAK

## CHILDREN, ARE THEY REALLY THINGS WE JUST THROW AWAY?

Children, are they really things we just throw away?

People who believe abortion is right think so. I honestly don't know how they can. Abortion is the killing of a child who is perfectly normal and hasn't done one thing wrong towards society. Abortion is the murder of an innocent human being.

I could go into all of the gruesome details of abortion techniques - that puts everyone off the idea straight away. However, I did that last year. This time I'll be concentrating on the emotional aspects of the doctor involved in the operation.

"To none will I give a deadly drug, nor offer counsel to such an end ... but guiltless and hallowed will I keep my art." This statement is part of the Hippocratic Oath which physicians have taken as a moral standard for centuries. These lofty words are framed, hanging in doctors' offices and hospitals - the exact places where millions of innocent lives are taken annually. Perhaps I should say the "Hypocritical Oath".

Two doctor's explain: Doctor John Szenens, aged 36.

"At the beginning we were doing abortions on smaller fetuses and the kicking and heartbeat didn't manifest itself as much. I think if I had started with 24 weeks right off, I would have had a much greater conflict in my own mind if this was the same as murder or not. The fetus just never got consideration. All of a sudden, one noticed that at the time of the saline infusion, there was a lot of activity in the uterus. It wasn't fluid currents. It was obviously the fetus being distressed by the salt solution and kicking violently through the death trauma. You can either face it, or say its uterine contractions. We just have to face it. Unfortunately, we are the executioners in this instance."

Susan Lindstron, MSW, aged

"I am having a lot of difficulty with my feelings about late abortions -and all the pain that's there so much of the time after the baby is moving." So one day she went into a room where they keep the fetuses before burning them. She looked into a paper bucket and described what she saw.

"There was a small naked person in there, floating in a bloody liquid. He was purple with bruises and his face had the agonised tauntness of one forced to die too soon." She went around the room lifting the lids off the buckets and with some forceps lifted each fetus out by an arm or leg - adding yet another bruise to their bodies. Finally she lifted out a very large child and read the label: Mother's name: Catherine Atkins; Doctor: Saul Marcus; Sex of the item: Male; Time of Gestation: 6 months. She remembered Catherine. "She was 17, a very pretty blond girl. So this was Master Atkins - to be burned tomorrow."

Then there is the unnamed doctor, who, on a radio broadcast, shared that after he performed his first abortion he became violently ill, and thought he would die. He went through weeks of depression and considered suicide.

"The first time," he said, "I felt like a murderer, but I did it again and again and again then it was an easy thing - to see these women as animals and these babies as just tissue."

It is important to note that all three of these doctors, in spite of how distressed they were with what they were doing, did not stop.

Abortion is the killing of a child who is perfectly normal and hasn't done one thing wrong towards society. Abortion isn't simply another form of euthanasia.

Children, are they really things we just throw away?

SHELLEY DES FORGES,  
641 English.

## "WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PEACE?"

"The brave and courageous soldiers go marching off to war! Go marching off to war! Go marching off to war!..."

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go..."

"1-2-3-4, we don't want no nuclear war!"

Our past has been split and  
Our future is yearning  
No-one can know what more time  
will bring  
But we do know what past has  
been:

...Dragging my mutilated leg -  
Torn by shrapnel shards  
Into intricate, fancy shreds  
I lie.  
I am the man with the metal number  
Hanging from my neck  
I fight like the matador  
To kill the beast -  
Created in my head  
As napalm flies,  
I remember Guy Fawkes  
Back home.  
Home - the country I fight for -  
Who clothe me in "greens"  
And expect me to risk  
My life.  
"Bloody pigs."  
But unless I am loyal  
I sin.  
Yet another grenade sends a  
death-wish  
For yet another  
Dear friend in the trench  
Is this some form of punishment?  
For not eating my peas and my veg?  
Or am I just a gullible fool -  
Packed up like a parcel,  
Ordered to leave  
And shipped to a foreign land  
Like a Jew?  
Here death is incessant -  
A regular plague,  
No camouflage  
Can trick THIS tiger  
Who prowls night and day.  
So as I lay in my death bed waiting  
For the massive beast to pounce  
I bleed  
And think  
That:

'War is the thorn of the rose  
And I hear the lonely dove cry  
As the olive branch breaks...'  
So do I.

ANNE TAUNGA.

## MIXED EMOTIONS

The old, beaten up caravan gave out a warm glow of light from behind the old sycamore tree. The small river bending like a snake, fell down a small waterfall into a pool of thought. My pool of thought. It was where I went when my parents fought. Like now. I hate my parents. Every day they fight about stupid things, like who's going to chop the wood when it should be my Dad's job. And who's going to wake up in the morning for school. How sick can they get? But, every so often they have a fight, where Mum is yelling at Dad for spending all her money on booze and smokes. My Mum gave up the bad habit years ago. It usually ends up with dad slamming the door, sleeping in the old haybarn, and Mum in floods of tears.

I wanted to call out, "Stop, don't fight. You are only hurting me and yourselves." But I could not. They would not listen. I wanted to go back to the caravan, but I couldn't. There was nothing I could do. I reached down, put my hand into the cold clear water, and splashed my face with it. Slowly, I rose, and quiet as a mouse, crept up to the caravan and sat listening to their argument.

"If you didn't spend all our money on smokes and booze, we could live in a house, not this dump."

"Oh shut your face, yah stupid woman. If I want to spend the money then I can."

Suddenly, first one, then another, the tears started trickling down my face. And suddenly like a torrent of rain, they were pouring down my face, and before I knew it, my mother was beside me. She was caressing my hair. My long auburn hair moved like trees as she moved her hand.

From inside the caravan came a harsh cold voice. My father's. "Leave the stupid girl alone, she just wants attention."

"I'm going to give her all the attention she wants," my mother's peaceful voice whispered. "We are always fighting and she never gets any attention."

I looked up into my mother's soft brown eyes.

"Mum could we go for a walk somewhere? Please?" I pleaded.

"All right then, off we go."

Although I was 16, I was not usually treated like a 16-year-old.

We walked along by the river, with the long strands of grass waving around our bare feet. The night dew was lying around. Our bare feet froze.

"Mum," I asked, "Can we, just us two, go and buy a flat somewhere, I hate Dad."

My love for my mother was coming back now, but not my love for my father. It never would. "One day, my love, one day." My mother wandered back towards the caravan. I went to the pool of thought. My pool of thought. I sat down. My Mother's words floated around in my head.

"One day my love, one day."

And one day, maybe that would happen. But for now, I sat staring into the pool ... thinking.

ANONYMOUS.

## WAR AND PEACE

The bleakness extends a mile, the mile lasts forever  
crawling on the earth's face it digests  
the blackness of death  
and the reality of war

A tree stands alone, bearing no fruit  
Below the dropping branches lies a  
wounded soldier

The hope of this heart has wilted,  
poppies which once stood proudly  
have died.

A dinner party, a charming scene  
their conversation floats and  
saunters through the  
avenues of cynicism and spite  
A guest sits alone, while the playful  
comments hover and spit  
over his head

His name was not remembered, his  
face forgotten

All this time he burned inside  
reduced to a satyr by  
words which tantalisingly played  
with his temper and  
destroyed his false confidence.

A machine chatters sarcastically,  
mortars expound their explosive  
ideas

while rifles gossip tentatively  
Pain in a foreign land  
emblazoned in golden rays of hate  
The wave of comradeship has been  
drowned by

a surge of death  
The soldiers' reflection stares back  
piercingly  
He cries, the tears disturb his  
reflection  
Irony continues - weapons drunk  
with joy  
laugh while the wounded soldier  
groans.

Suddenly in a moment of tranquillity  
the soldier dies.

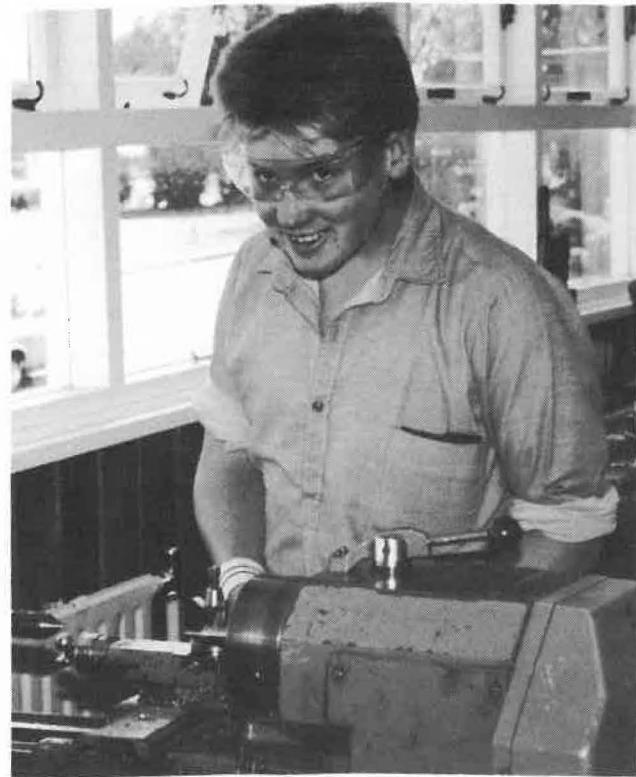
The masks hide their features,  
behind the make up  
they natter like rats who gnaw the  
infected flesh  
With defiant smiles they gaze back  
mockingly upon  
their victim.

They claw his soul, slowly tearing  
away his mental guards  
Inside he cries, his tears form a  
whirlpool of despair  
Spiralling deeper into his hurts, he  
shouts  
So in a moment of pandemonium a  
soul

lies slaughtered.  
NEILL REA, 6th Form.

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# FILL IN THE CAPTIONS



Sponsored by: **WILSON & HILL (Hot Bread Shop), 322 Devon Street East, New Plymouth.**  
Phone 86156, 75140.



*Ballet. Good show chaps.*



*Some senior pupils in their usual state "up in the clouds".*

## SPORTS

### SPORTS - SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE 1987

This year Spotswood has had many and varied successes in the sporting arena.

Hockey, badminton, netball, rugby, volleyball and basketball have all achieved success as winners or runners-up of their individual grades in Taranaki competition. Mr Helleyer's under 14 rugby team won the North Taranaki competition at their level, Sharon Cottam's girls' B hockey team went through the season unbeaten to win the secondary schools 'C' grade competition, as did Mr John Lucas's boys A hockey team. The third form netball team won the Pentelow Cup at the intersecondary champs. Other team successes were mentioned in the individual code notes.

We also have students who have excelled as individuals in sporting codes, e.g. Antony Joe in athletics, Nigel Lucas in tennis, Jenny Smart in hockey, Robert Stuart McDonald and Matthew Mong in badminton and Nikki Gardner in netball.

Many students participate in sporting codes not catered for at school. Some students have achieved excellent results. The most notable is that of Jennine Alchin, who represented New Zealand in the Australian under 16 speed skating championships, and won a first place trophy. BMX racing is also popular with Tony Magon and Sharlene Wilson who, in representing New Zealand in Florida, achieved some success.

Sharlene is number one in New Zealand for her age group and Tony is number two.

Archery is another well supported sport, with some of our students. Kylee Hutton and Ryan Burt are both New Zealand outdoor champions for their age group, while Jamie Clark is the New Zealand junior boy's indoor champion. Mandy McGregor was runner-up in the New Zealand junior girls' outdoor and indoor champs. Both Kylee and Mandy competed for New Zealand against an Australian junior team. Julie Fitzpatrick also performed creditably, gaining a third place in the New Zealand junior B girls' outdoor champs.

With the introduction of the Sportsperson of the Year function, organised by the sixth form PE option, under the guidance of Mr Gayton, all goes well for sport and the recognition of our sporting achievers.

Congratulations to all those who have participated in sports for Spotswood this year. From those who have received representative honours to those who have played to "make up the required number", you have all played your part in the team effort. Well done.

MAREE MUNRO, Sports Co-ordinator.

### SPORTSPERSONS AWARD FUNCTION

The inaugural Sportspersons Awards Function was held in the college assembly hall, on Wednesday, September 23. The evening was organised by the sixth form certificate physical education class, as part of their course requirements, and it is hoped that the evening will become an annual event on the college calendar.

The evening commenced with the National Anthem followed by a short welcoming address by the college's first principal Mr McPhail. The guest speaker, former New Zealand men's basketball captain, Mr John MacDonald, spoke on his experiences while playing for the New Zealand team, and currently with the IWD New Plymouth team. The new principal Mr Finch then replied and this was followed by the presentation of awards.

Included among the guests were several ex-pupils of the college, who have gone on to represent New Zealand in their sport, after leaving Spotswood. These guests were - Alan Holdt (yachting), Ross Fraser (rugby and surf lifesaving), Paul Ballinger (cross-country and athletics), Rodney Brown (cricket), and Ross Wilson (cross-country). It is hoped that this group of guests will be added to each year, when contact addresses of other national representatives have been received.

This year's awards were made under four categories:-

1. Merit certificates for outstanding effort in a code.
2. The code player of the year.
3. The most outstanding sporting achievement recorded by a Spotswood student during 1987.
4. The sportsperson of the year award.



MR JOHN MacDonald, MR PHILIP GAYTON, SALLY HALE.

The most outstanding achievement award was won by third former Jennine Alchin for her efforts in roller skating. Jennine won all junior girl's events at this year's National Championships, set three national records and was chosen for the New Zealand team to compete at the Pacific Junior Speed Skating Championships at Adelaide, where she won one gold and two bronze medals.

The 1987 Sportsperson of the Year Award was won by Sally Hale for her efforts in netball. Sally was a member of the college's A team, the North Taranaki Under 18 team and the Taranaki under 18 team.

This year's ceremony concluded with a supper which gave all present the opportunity to mix together and talk about their sporting year. Overall, the evening was a great success, thoroughly enjoyed by those 130 who attended, and will no doubt be repeated next year.

### Merit Certificates

Athletics: Trina Diakowski, Kalyn Hine, Pip Lewis, Andrew Pattison, Jason Smith, Zane Weinberg.

Badminton: Matthew Mong, Pieter Van Leeuwen, Wendy James, Tracey Kerr.

Cricket: Simon Eaddy.

Hockey: Shane Dye, Neil Rea, Nigel Lucas, Alan Wilkinson, Geoffrey Salisbury, Eleanor Rumbal, Trudie Beaurepaire, Joanne Krutz.

Yachting: Dwayne Senior, Blair Staddon, Michael Sharp.

Basketball: David Leigh, Anthony Drake, Leanne Erb, Adele Bullo, Prue Lobb, Jenny Smart, Michelle Finch.

Netball: Kim Johnstone, Nicky Gardiner, Paula Burton.

Swimming: Ronald Rumbal, Farrel Murdoch.

Tennis: Leanne Erb, Prue Lobb, Nigel Lucas.

Surfing: Alan Barlow, Craig Rumbal.

Volleyball: Matthew Coleman, Mark Gardiner, Andrew Russell, David Leigh, Corinne Taylor, Leanne Erb, Jolita Green, Yvonne Shaw, Lisa Shaw.

Rugby: Scott Maindonald, Antony Joe, Gavin Francis, Jason Burns, Ronald Rumbal.

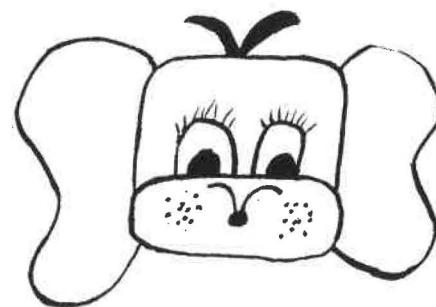
### Code - Player of 1987

Athletics, Antony Joe; Badminton, Robert Stuart McDonald; Hockey (boys'), Richard Moran; Hockey (girls'), Dorothy Dalziell; Basketball (boys'), Brendon Dick; Basketball (girls'), Lisa Read.

Netball, Sally Hale; Swimming, Joanne Parker; Volleyball (boys'), Antony Joe; Volleyball (girls'), Prue Lobb; Rugby, Brett Murray.

Most outstanding sporting achievement for 1987 - Jennine Alchin.

1987 Sportsperson of the Year Award - Sally Hale.



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### SQUASH TEAM 1987

Back row, left to right: Craig Cursons, Mr Cooper (coach), Vance Murdoch.

Front row: Farrell Murdoch, Rhys Braddock, Carey Johns.



### EQUESTRIAN EVENT

The Second Annual Secondary Schools one day Equestrian Event was held Saturday, May at the Opunake Pony Club grounds. Fourteen teams from nine area high schools competed for the Secondary Schools Shield. Spotswood College's team, made up of Tracey Egarr, Sonya Halter, Julie Withers and Louise Benton, came seventh overall. O.H.S. won the shield for the second year in a row.

A One Day Event is made up of three different events - Dressage, Show Jumping and Cross Country. It is a real test of both horse and rider.

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## RUGBY



**Back row:** Jason Hohaia, Russell Jones, Jason Hale, Jason Tuki, Kane Taylor, Gary Shirtcliffe, Gavin Francis.  
**Middle row:** Mr Bullot (coach), Glen Smyth, Scott Maindonald, Peter Gudopp, Paul Ashman, Aaron Patel, Brett Murray, Mr Ingram (coach).  
**Front:** Colin Meehan, Stephen Meiyer, Antony Joe, Ronald Rumbal (captain), Jason Burns, Scott Muir, Karl Jeffries.

### 1ST XV REPORT

We won all of our pre-season games. We started the competition well in spite of losing Nick Whiting, he left school, and Colin Meehan who was injured. We won, for the first time in eight years, Boys' High seconds, but we lost all the other competition games.

We had visits from two overseas teams, Canberra, Australia; and Vancouver, Canada, then a visiting team, Tamaki College in Auckland. We won only one of these games - Canada.

We played curtain raisers, an experience for all the players. Our annual game against Spotswood Old Boys (oldies), was a win for us, the final score six tries to four.

The girls' netball team only just managed to beat us in the yearly netball clash, but we feel the game will never advance unless a certain referee learns the rules of netball.

Although we didn't win many games, the team competed well and I'd like to thank all the players who turned out for practice.

Thanks also to Mr Ingram and Mr Bullot, for their support and training sessions.

RONALD RUMBAL.

### UNDER 15 RUGBY REPORT FOR 1987

The under 15 rugby team had a reasonably successful season this year, winning the majority of its

games. Our first game against Inglewood resulted in a tie at 14-14. Later in the season, we had some close wins over Francis Douglas College and New Plymouth Boy's High School, both by 4-0.

The team had a lot of potential especially in the forwards with Sean Salisbury making some bone crushing tackles from the side of the scrum. Unfortunately, halfway through the season, we lost Glen Smythe and Karl Jeffries to the First XV which weakened our back line. We had a good amount of ball from the scrums and lineouts. Mark Julian hooked the ball well under pressure. Lee Hall played well at prop and when needed in the backs, scored some good tries.

The team was Ian Garnett (captain), Karl Jeffries, Glen Smythe, Tony Farmer, Mark Julian, Phillip Allridge, Nicholas Grey, Shane Julian, Shaun Salisbury, Brendon McDonald, Scott Muir, Steven Koha, Lindsay Knightbridge, Tama Tokotaua, Craig Cursons, Jason Smith, Robert Te Huia, Brett McGregor, Shaun Peters, Lee Hall, Lion Bradely and Ryan McCauley.

As captain, I would like to thank firstly Mr Mills, our coach, and Mr Ward, for standing in when Mr Mills couldn't make it; and secondly, the players. Lastly, I would like to thank the parents who so willingly provided transport and support.

Thank you.

IAN GARNETT.

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### UNDER 14 RUGBY

The under 14 rugby team began its season with some pretty sad results. Although the team was as keen as mustard it could not put it together for its early season games.

The forwards were always playing well, but a lack of penetration and communication in the backs saw points scoring opportunities wasted.

Often when a team suffers early setbacks, it gives up the ghost, slides into depression and continues to lose. However, the under 14s showed real determination and half way through the season, began to win a few games.

The competition eventually split into top five bottom four and Spotswood narrowly squeaked into the top half. Then things happened. The team really believed in itself and after defeating the top Boy's High side, knew that it had a chance of winning the competition.

After hard games against Waitara, Inglewood, and the other Boy's High team, we had done it. The championship was ours.

It was not a team of individual stars, although Farrell Murdoch and Alma Perry made the Taranaki under 14 representative team. It was a real team effort and Spotswood College can expect the nucleus of this team to produce good things next year.

The team members were Deane Riddick, Kylie Burns, Tim Mason, Mark Holdt, Karl Looney, Todd Smythe, Greg Plimmer, Paul Neumann, Craig Anderson, Kelvin Harvey, Steven Ewington, Vaughan Hutchinson, Matthew Crowther, Dion Ryan, Allister Aldridge, Anton Julian, Alma Peru, Farrell Murdoch (captain).

The team was coached by Mr Hellyer. Thanks must go to Mr Riddick, Mr Crowther and all the parents who contributed so much to team spirit.

### HOW TO PLAY RUGBY - MY WAY

**WHEN YOU CATCH** keep your eyes on the ball, don't take them off, make sure you call.

**WHEN YOU KICK** Lift your thigh, arch your foot and kick it high.

**WHEN YOU PASS** swing your arms, pass it quick, you've sold the dummy, that was slick.

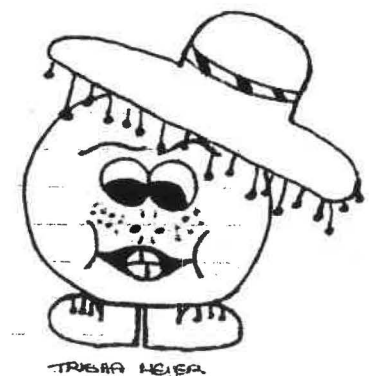
**WHEN YOU RUN** make sure you fly, don't look back, score that try.

**WHEN YOU SIDE-STEP** make sure of it, you see the gap, go through that bit.

**WHEN YOU TACKLE** tackle right, pull them down, hold on tight.

**AFTER THE MATCH** go to the pub, when you get drunk, go back to the club.

CRAIG ANDERSON, 3G.



## SURFING



### SURF TEAM REPORT

We had an abundance of keen young surfers who competed in the surf team trials at the beginning of the year.

The team: Craig Rumbal, Alan Barlow, Kelcy Taratoa, Ronald Rumbal, Brendon Dick and reserve Brett Murray.

We competed in the inter-secondary school competition and lost by one point to Boy's High. Craig Rumbal was placed first in his section and Alan Barlow took a fourth placing.

It was disappointing not to have girls in the team. Maybe next year!

Thanks to Mr Peters for the time he put into coordinating the team and for all his help. Good luck for next year.

RONALD RUMBAL.



## VOLLEYBALL

### SENIOR GIRLS

Another successful year for the senior girls. The Taranaki Secondary Schools' Championships held at Okato College, proved no challenge (again). Tamaki and Kawerau games were enjoyable even though both teams defeated us. Thanks to Mrs Munro for organising the Taranaki exchange. Thanks again to Miss Andrews, we know your time is precious. All the best for next year.



Back: Jolita Green, Yvonne Shaw, Prue Lobb, Miss Andrews (coach).  
Front: Lisa Shaw, Corinne Taylor (captain), Leanne Erb (vice-captain).

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## NETBALL

### NETBALL '87

This year proved to be highly successful for the college teams, especially the senior 'B' and third form Aces teams. The senior 'B' team coached by Mrs Helen Johnstone and captained by Paula Burton, convincingly won the third grade title of the Northern Division competition. The team ultimately represented the same division at the Taranaki inter-divisional championships. Congratulations to all on what is believed to be a first for Spotswood College netball.

This season was also highly successful for the Aces team who again brought the Pentelow Cup, an inter-secondaries competition, back to Spotswood College. Parent support was greatly appreciated and contributed well to such large winning scores on the day. Congrats to the coach Mrs Rowlands and players who performed so well at Opunake.

Many thanks must go to all coaches who spent many hours either up at the school courts passing on skills or down at the Waiwakaiho courts on cold, rainy Saturday mornings.

Another aspect of the sport was also represented this season - umpiring. Three senior students Maree Chapman, Andrea Friar and Leanne Herbert passed the Wellington Provincial Theory Exam which required 80 plus passes. Andrea Friar then went on to pass a practical exam to qualify as a Taranaki umpire. Congrats to all three.

Appreciation is extended to all parents who gave their support to the girls this season.

### Representatives: Northern Division

Under 14: Melanie Goodchap, Penni Campbell, Julie Withers.

Under 16: Debbie Richardson, Nikki Gardiner, Angela Koot.

Under 18: Paula Burton, Sally Hale, Rachael Hitchcock.

Under 21: Kim Johnstone.

### Taranaki

Under 16: Nikki Gardiner.

Under 18: Sally Hale.

### New Appointment

Netball at the College received a real boost this year, with the appointment of Mrs Raewyn Thomason to the Phys. Ed. staff. From January to March of this year, on behalf of the New Zealand Netball Association, she travelled to Sri Lanka to set up the first National Coaching School for netball coaches and umpires. As a player, Mrs Thomason has represented Hawkes Bay, Otago, Taranaki, Waikato and Thames Valley. She was the Nelson Provincial coach from 1980-86. Since 1974, she has been a New Zealand umpire and this year is rated number five in the country.

Teams, coaches, captains and players - 1987.

Odsquad: Coach, Lisa Shaw; captain, Yvonne Shaw; Selina Ramsay, Tracey Fitzpatrick, Kelly Henry, Andrea Murray, Alexa Fussell, Lisa Shaw.

7-Star: Coach, Leanne O'Donnell; captain, Joanne

Bewley; Patricia Donnelly, Adrienne Urwin, Vera Newton, Saphron Watson, Vivian Campbell, Michelle Tubby, Tracey McCurdy.

Twink: Coach, Robin Dunn; captain, Jenny Palliser; Michelle McElroy, Marion Tindall, Trina McElroy, Theresa Duncan, Leanne Taurerewa, Carmen Harvard, Leighann Oldridge, Trisha Martin, Tina Houkamau.

Heroines: Coach, Mrs Lambourne; captain, Paula Lambourne; Julie Lambourne, Karen Landon-Lane, Nicki Elliot, Nelita Byrne, Helen Beamish, Fiona Moratti, Stacey Frost.

Jokers: Coach, Mrs Rowlands; captain, Brenda Buchanan; Whiri Clay, Patricia Meijer, Janine Cliff, Tracy Home, Lorraine Manu, Lailani Te Huia, Phillipa Ashman.

Spax: Coach, Andrea Friar; captain, Louise Smith; Wendy Leong, Anne Taunga, Carmen Walsh, Sara Ward, Brenda Wood, Kim Stretton, Kristin Holm.

Triffids: Coach, Maree Chapman; captain, Aylene Kemsley; Cassie Boyce, Michelle Turner, Nicola Wrigley, Julie Fitzpatrick, Susie Mattock, Bridget O'Neill.

Pseudos: Coach, Irene Rimmington; captain, Cindy Dye; Janine Aird, Alison Mancer, Darlene Murfitt, Cindy Rimmington, Joanne Collins, Tae Allison, Shelley Reader.

BGs: Coaches, Lorraine Manu and Leanne Herbert; captain, Cindy Gray; Megan McKenzie, Lisa Ruakere, Karmin Ruakere, Joanna Hughes, Donna Murray, Eileen Manu, Stephanie Brewer.

MDs: Coach, Andrea Friar; captain, Suzanne Wood; Rachel Klenner, Janelle Pepperell, Rebecca Hall, Janine Guy, Jan Wicksteed, Rachel Senior.

Jags: Coach, Karen Lile; captain, Linda Sheehy; Justine Healy, Lisa McCracken, Darina Wilson, Kim Muir, Shelley Hoskin, Marcelle Avery.



### SENIOR 'B' NETBALL TEAM

Susan Cathcart, Louise Mann, Kathy Mora, Debbie Richardson, Mrs Helen Johnstone (coach).

Susan Buckley, Brenda Harvey, Paula Burton (capt), Angela Koot, Ann Jackson.

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**Aces:**

*Mrs Rowlands, Melanie Goodchap, Vicky Tararoa, Jackie Price, Donna Diakowski, Debbie Paton, Julie Withers, Meriama Manu.*



**SENIOR 'A' NETBALL TEAM**

*Debbie Richardson, Leanne Herbert, Maree Chapman, Mrs Helen Johnstone (coach), Nikki Gardiner, Sally Hale, Kim Johnstone (capt), Rachael Hitchcock, Tracey Kerr.*

## NETBALL REPORT 1987

### "A"

The netball season got off to a good start this year with many tough decisions having to be made when choosing the senior A and B teams. The grading round of competition went extremely well for the team and once again the "A" team played in the second grade. As the season wore on, we found that the high standard attained at the start could not be maintained due to injury and illness. Despite these setbacks the team managed to get through the season, enjoying all games. A highlight of Saturday competition was soundly beating Sacred Heart Girls College.

Unfortunately, we were unable to gain access at the Taranaki Secondary School champs. We eventually came third after narrowly losing two games against highly skilled teams.

The team had only one game against a visiting school this year, this was against Tamaki College. Because the team was made up from the dance troupe at the last minute, we had a very good win!

A highlight of the season was the annual clash with the 1st XV, of course our skill and technique meant that the boys, sorry, men, stood no chance of gaining victory. Not wishing to embarrass "the men", we will leave the score out of this report. It is enough to say we thrashed the skirts off them.

A good game was enjoyed by all in the annual Spotswood vs Spotswood Old Boys game. It was unfortunate that after a tough game we lost 30-28.

Many thanks must go to Helen Johnstone and Linda Corkin, for giving up their time and effort to coach us throughout the season.

NAME	POS.	COMMENT
Kim Johnstone (captain)	GK	Kim is always shouting out four letter words at her team-mates, i.e.: "Good work."
Maree Chapman (vice-captain)	C	With 6 other players who needs height.
Sally Hale	WD	With Sally, who needs 6 other players.
Leanne Herbert	GD	When umpires see Leanne coming they run!
Tracey Kerr	WA	Finds it difficult to play without a cup of tea first.
Rachel Hitchcock	GA	Rachel gets the team's most improved player of the year award. Congrats.
Vicky Gardiner	GS	A definite future NZ rep.

## REPRESENTATIVES: NORTHERN DIVISION



*Standing (left to right): Penni Campbell, Debbie Richardson, Nicole Gardiner, Paula Burton.*

*Seated (left to right): Melanie Goodchap, Rachael Hitchcock, Kim Johnstone, Sally Hale, Julie Withers.*

## BASKETBALL



**GIRL'S 'A' BASKETBALL TEAM**

*Back row (left to right): Nikki Gardiner, Lisa Read, Vanessa Green, Adele Bullot, Andrea Thompson, Mr H. Slaats.  
Front row (left to right): Jenny Smart, Michelle Finch, Prue Lobb, Leanne Erb, Louise Mann.*

### GIRL'S 'A' BASKETBALL

The 1987 season has gone very well for our team.

We have made a vast improvement over the last year. Coming second in Queen's Birthday Weekend tournament, third in the Regional tournament in Wanganui, and fifth in the Inter-North Island tournament in Rotorua. And in the A Reserve Grade, being placed second overall.

Our team spirit has always been high and lively, full of intense determination (as known by our opposition).

In the '88 season, we hope for a greater success rate - with only two members leaving the team, the squad will remain basically the same. (We also hope to reach the 'A' grade).

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Henry Slaats, coach and Mrs Finch our manager for putting up with us over the years.

Congratulations to Lisa Read for making the New Plymouth under 20 team, the Taranaki Secondary School team and also the North Island tournament team. And to Prue Lobb for making the Taranaki Secondary School team.

### U16 GIRLS

#### — The League Champions —

The 1987 under 16 girl's basketball team, 'The Supersonics', won the girls league undefeated. All credit goes to all our skilful players and average coach Mr Keenan. There was plenty of team spirit and we all looked forward to our games with a positive attitude, knowing we were going to win. We had lots of fun throughout the season and made Girl's High look stupid. Mr Keenan (coach) - "Defence!, Defence!"

Milou Stolte - "Give me that ball."

Tracey Third - Our ground defence.

Tracey House - "I'm down here."

Bronwyn McCurdy - "That was not a foul!"

Katrine Elston - "Damn, I missed again."

Paula Conway - "Which goal?"

Dierdre Hassell - "Don't throw it to me."

Christe Garnett - "Get that Girl's High number five."

Janine Aird - "Sorry I'm late."

### BASKETBALL

Basketball continues to be a popular sport within schools and this has probably been helped by the success of the IWD men's team in the Countrywide League.

Within the school, the success of the senior girls' team in qualifying for regionals and also in the tournament at Rotorua was pleasing. The senior girls' and senior boys' teams both played in the local 'A' Reserve competition and performed very creditably. All junior teams played well with some successes in the local Friday night competition with the U16 girls going through the season unbeaten and the U14 boys (Rockets) finishing third.

As co-ordinator, I would like to thank the many coaches and supporters for the help and assistance given during the year. To the players, I hope you enjoyed the season and that your association with the game will continue.

PHIL KEENAN.



### U14 GIRLS BASKETBALL

This year the school entered two teams in the Friday night junior league. This league involved teams from Sacred Heart, New Plymouth, Girls High, Waitara and Spotswood.

Although we didn't win the competition, we had a lot of fun playing the games, and a high percentage of the games were lost or won by only a few points.

During the season, the skills of all players improved



### BASKETBALL SPOTSWOOD 'B' TEAM

*Back Row: Erica Read, Stephanie Long, Georgina Thomas, Lisa Ross, Michelle Evans, Mr H. Slaats (coach).  
Front: Cassie Searle, Joanne Parker, Karmin Erueti.*

### MEN'S 'A' BASKETBALL TEAM

When Mr Finch retired as coach of basketball, we doubted if we would have an 'A' team this year. We were lucky to gain the services of Mr Phil Keenan, who not only coached and managed us, but was, on occasions 'drafted' as a player. His experience extends over 20 years, as a player, and he certainly proved that he could move with the best of us.

We had to bring back Rhys Williams, who left school at the end of last year, for competition games and he was a mighty suspicious looking schoolboy, beard and all, to play in the league. We also had a few 'Rookie' players, Matt Coleman, and Kane Taylor, both of whom showed great potential. Unfortunately Matt was injured and had to sit on the bench quite a bit. Kane improved throughout the year, and proved a valuable member of the team.

One member of the team, is Anthony Drake, an excellent defence, and if he starts yelling more, (as I did), I should imagine he would make excellent captain next year. Darren Morgan, Andrew Russell, David Leigh, and

I Brendon Dick, had a good year, winning half our games - quite a feat considering the tough league we were in. The secret of success was the Sunday afternoon practice, as most of the team turned up each week, and we were rewarded by our two interschool wins against Hawera High School and Tawa College. We played well as a team, like five 'Rambo's' on court waiting to 'waste' the opposition.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mrs Drake and Co., who showed up for every game, all the mums who washed uniforms, all the loyal followers, and Greg Boucher and David Dalziell who filled in for us during interschool games.

To Mr Keenan a great thank you not only for coaching us but for being a great team mate. And I would personally like to thank everyone in the team for making my last Spotswood 'A' team basketball season a real ripper. I wish all the future girls and guys of basketball the best of luck in the future.

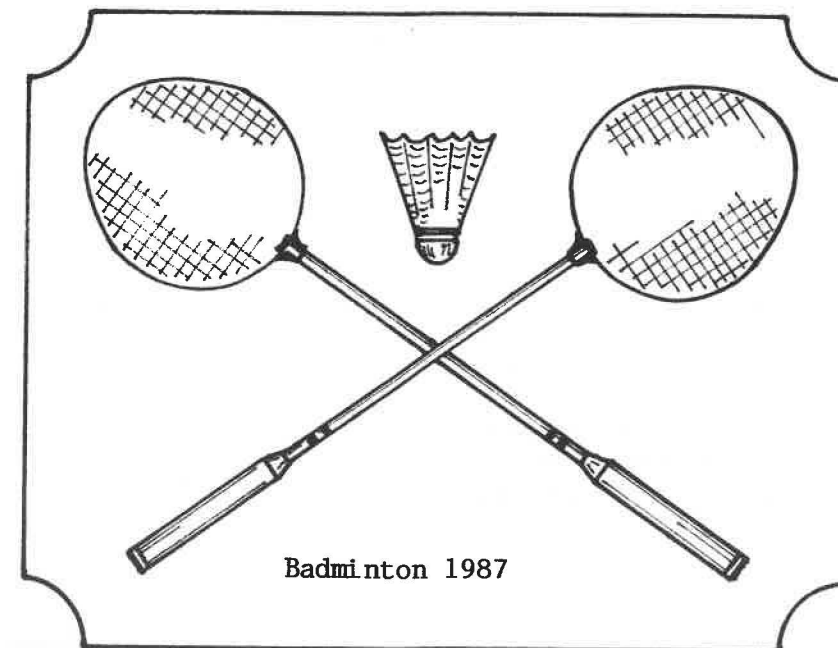
BRENDON DICK (Captain).



### BOYS 'A' BASKETBALL

Back row (left to right): Andrew Russell, David Leigh, Darron Morgan, Mr Keenan.  
Front row (left to right): Kane Taylor, Brendon Dick, Anthony Drake.

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## BADMINTON

### BADMINTON TEAM 1987

This year's Badminton team consisted of Tracey Kerr, Wendy James, Shelley Reader, Tracey McDonald, Pieter Van Leeuwen, Brent McKee, Robert Stuart-McDonald, Matthew Mong.

The team played in the Taranaki Inter-Secondary Schools tournament at Stratford. The most successful player from Spotswood was Robert Stuart-McDonald who took out the junior boys singles title and, with partner Mathew Mong, the junior boys doubles title.

We would all like to thank Mr O'Keeffe for giving up his time on Monday afternoons to run the school badminton and for keeping an eye on us in Stratford. The ice creams were appreciated by all. Keep up the good work Mr O'Keeffe.

T.K.

## TENNIS

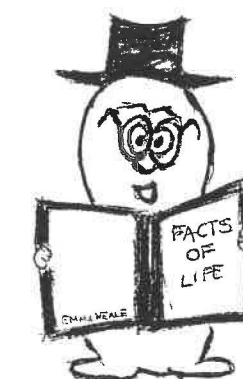
### TENNIS TEAM 1987

This year's tennis team made a trip to Palmerston North to compete against Freyberg. We managed to arrive safely after narrowly missing the traffic light while driving up onto the curb under the driving of Mrs Cooke.

After a few closely fought battles, and some not so closely fought battles, we eventually came out the VICTORS. It was a short season for the team this year, as we only had one gallant trip away.

The 1987 tennis team consisted of: Nigel Lucas, Steven Francis, Pieter Van Leeuwen, Greg Boucher, Mathew Mong, Neill Rea, Prue Lobb, Leanne Erb, Tracey Kerr, Janine Harvey, Michelle Finch and Sandra Murdock.

Thank you Mrs Cooke for being our chauffeur and supervisor.



## HOCKEY

### HOCKEY 1st ELEVEN (Girls)

We had a successful year. We came second in the top secondary school grade. We enjoyed the game against Tamaki College, and won 8-1. They were nice girls and we hope for more exchanges in the future. The highlight of the season was the trip to Palmerston North. We didn't win the tournament, but we had a great time.

Thanks to Helen Beaurepaire, and her husband Leath, who coached us, thanks also to those who provided transport throughout the year.

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# CRICKET

## CRICKET — FIRST XI 1986-87

Captain: Shane McAuley.

Vice-Captain: Nicholas Whiting.

The 1st XI started off the season keenly although without much success until Mr John Eaddy came into the side (just before Christmas) as player, coach, nagger, manager, co-captain, provider of afternoon tea, provider of lime cordial, organiser of Lynmouth Park practices and general 'guru' of cricket. As a result, Shane became a fine and thinking captain (and a natural wicket-keeper whose catches on the leg side were superb). Richard Jackson's bowling became straight, pace-controlled, more economical and very effective, Kane Taylor's bowling action improved and his batting shone, Russell Jones and Jason Webby became established, confident and competent opening batsmen and Simon Eaddy broke through the "I can't score runs because Dad's here" barrier and is now, clearly, the most accomplished player in the side. He was closely followed by Adam Walters whose last games of the season were his best, both with bat (some fine, flowing innings indeed) and ball (accuracy and a fuller length paid off).

The maturity of Nicholas Whiting, Max Stolte and Gavin Bullot was a great help to the team as, by New Year, it was picking up fresh, new, young players showing great promise, ie. Clayton Eynon, the wicket-keeper, find of the decade; Peter Bruce (established run-scoring machine); Wayne Murray (as fitness improved, so did his play); Gary Layton who is a very talented cricketer and (now that we have said so) needs to believe this and play with confidence, (of all our bowlers, Gary attacked the stumps most consistently well).

The team is grateful for the service given by Tony Eldershaw and Trevor Garnett until they left for other pursuits and for the organisational tasks and support given by Mr Oliver.

## 4TH GRADE "DRIVERS"

Captain: Aaron Patel.

Vice-Captain: Karl Jeffries.

All our games were played at Spotswood College. We saw some good bowling from Karl Jeffries, Jeremy Birsh, Adrian Coutts and Brett McGregor who took most of the wickets.

The best batsmen for the season were Justin Ruakere and Jeremy Dick.

We would like to thank our coaches, Mr Helliyer and Mr Gill for the time they spent with us.

## "GENTLEMAN" THIRD FORM

Captain: Todd Smythe

Vice-Captain: Mark Magee.

It was an average season with some players showing a lot of potential. Craig Anderson and Todd Smythe were the best batsmen and Tua Talou and Todd showed some promise as bowlers.

We would like to thank Mr Clarke and Mr Crawford who coached us and Mr Gabites, Mr Hodgkinson who took the team on Saturday morning. We are also grateful to Mr Ryan and Mr Anderson who helped with the transport.

## "PLAYERS" THIRD FORM

Captain: Paul Wilkinson

Vice-Captain: Matthew Crowther.

It was a great season. The bowlers proved they could almost keep the bowl on the pitch, but too often all they did was bruise the hands of the second slips. The batsmen didn't do much better but eventually we all found that we could put bat to ball. The best bowlers were Matthew Crowther, Paul Newman and Jim Mason. The best batsmen were Paul Wilkinson and Greg Bright.

We did excell in fielding, especially Joel Krutz who delighted everyone by showing off his legs doing handstands on the field. The most enjoyable game was the game against Inglewood. We lost, but it didn't stop us feeling really good after what we felt was a real game of cricket. The funniest game was against the Boys' High Gold team, they really believed they could play cricket!

We would like to thank Mr and Mrs Wilkinson for the many "tiki tours" around the Taranaki area. We usually got there on time, and we did enjoy the scenery. Thanks also to Mr Crawford, our coach, we hope to be together as a team next season. Most players improved and the team spirit was excellent.

Paul Wilkinson and Nathan Butler were chosen to represent a North Taranaki 3rd form eleven against South Taranaki. Both performed with credit.



## 1987 ATHLETICS

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time/Distance
<b>Junior Girls</b>				
50 m	Kirstin Johnstone (D)	Andrea Rogers	Debbie Richardson	11.62
100 m	Pauline Graham (B)	Margo Tomlinson	Nicola Shepherd	14.0
200 m	Margo Tomlinson (R)	Vicky Taiaroa	Rachel Whittaker	21.9
400 m	Julie Withers (R)	Nardia Mischefski	Stacey Cameron	1.09.1
<b>Open</b>				
800 m	Yvonne Shaw (B)	Lisa Shaw	Jennifer Sharp	3.03.57
1500 m	Erica Read (R)	Tracey Hayward	Sue Morch	5.54.71
Discus	Tania Farrant (B)	Lynne Walls	Cindy Gray	17.38
Shot	Charlene Wilson (R)	Michelle Drake	Christina Nagle	7.15
Javelin	Alison Mancer (D)	Milou Stolte	Carol West	16.69
Long Jump	Pauline Graham (B)	Debbie Richardson	Julie Withers	3.90
<b>Intermediate Girls</b>				
80 m	Paula Burton (B)	Leanne Herbert	Prakriti Gopinathan	11.75
100 m	Erica Read (R)	Deidre Hassel	Nicki Gardiner	12.7
200 m	Sally Hale (A)	Deidre Hassel	Nicki Gardiner	28.83
400 m	Sally Hale (A)	Lisa Shaw		1.07.04
Discus	Trina Diakowski (B)	Angela Ashton	Andrea Martin	23.30
Shot	Adele Bullot (D)	Trina Diakowski	Kristin Holm	8.85
Javelin	Stacey Roper (D)	Paula Conway	Georgina Thomas	19.66
Long Jump	Sally Hale (A)	Erica Read	Yvonne Shaw	4.44
<b>Senior Girls</b>				
80 m	Kirsten Hassel (A)	Janine Sanger	Cassie Searle	10.8
100 m	Prue Lobb (A)	Petrina Watson	Kirsten Hassel	13.82
200 m	Lara Brosinsky (B)	Prue Lobb	Tracey Mitchell	31.82
Discus	Kirsten Hassel (A)	Deborah Plimmer	Vanessa Green	20.86
Shot	Maree Chapman (A)	Kim Johnstone & Vanessa Green		8.30
Javelin	Lisa Read (D)	Brenda Harvey	Maree Chapman	22.60
Long Jump	Cassie Searle (R)	Donna Butt	Inge Kuindersma	3.81
<b>Junior Boys</b>				
100 m	Andrew Pattison (A)	Jason Smith	Brett McGregor	12.24
200 m	Jason Smith (A)	Aaron Reed	Dean Riddick	27.86
400 m	Andrew Pattison (A)	Aaron Reed	Paul Byrne	1.00.86
800 m	Ian Riddick (D)	Farrell Murdoch	Craig Caldwell	2.33.17
1500 m	Trent Riddick (D)	Farrell Murdoch	Dean Riddick	5.07.11
Discus	Darin Hills (B)	Vaughan Hutchinson	Steven Jacobsen	27.20
Shot	Darin Hills (B)	Kalyn Hine	Grant Fraser	11.65
Javelin	Rhys Taylor (R)	Vaughan Hutchinson	Jeremy	30.75
Long Jump	Kalyn Hine (D)	Andrew Pattison	Wayne Walters	4.84
<b>Intermediate Boys</b>				
100 m	Mathew Mong (D)	Dean Garrod	Russell Jones	11.9
200 m	Dean Garrod (A)	Scott Heard	Adam Walters	26.3
400 m	Scott Heard (R)	Mathew Mong	Nigel Lucas	59.53
800 m	Jeremy Coward (R)	Simon Eaddy	Jeremy Thorn	2.30.46
1500 m	Craig Cursons (B)	Simon Eaddy	Ewan Mitchell	4.54.08
Discus	Murray Jorgenson (B)	Tony Parrish	Dean Garrod	32.50
Shot	Aaron Patel (A)	Gary Shirtcliffe	Stephen Meijer & Tony Parish	9.55
Javelin	Murray Jorgenson (B)	Te Riki Pihama	Gary Shirtcliffe	32.46
Long Jump	Pip Lewis (R)	Shane Gavegan	Andrew Stockman	5.58
Triple Jump	Tama Toketawe (D)	Julian Smith		8.60
<b>Senior Boys</b>				
100 m	Zane Weinberg (R)	Peter Blyde	Andrew Russell	11.76
200 m	Zane Weinberg (R)	Jon Mayhead	Mark Gardiner	25.45
400 m	Peter Van Leiw (A)	Mathew Coleman	Jon Mayhead	57.7
800 m	Vance Murdoch (D)	Jason Hale	Tony Brownrigg	2.19.08
1500 m	Tony Brownrigg (A)	Vance Murdoch	Colin Meehan	4.36.75
Discus	Tony Halswich (R)	Craig Russell	Peter Bruce	27.80
Shot	Craig Martin	Ted Stolte	Scott Maindonald	
Javelin	Ted Stolte (B)	Tony Halswich	Glen Smythe	38.80
Long Jump	Scott Maindonald (R)	Zane Weinberg	Jon Mayhead	5.30
Triple Jump	Paul Ashman (A)	Edward Hodgkinson	Tony Brownrigg	10.77

Championships: Junior Girls - Pauline Graham; Intermediate Girls - Sally Hale; Senior Girls - Kirstin Hassel; Junior Boys - Andrew Pattison; Intermediate Boys - Murray Jorgansen and Dean Garrod; Senior Boys - Zane Weinberg.

Taranaki Secondary School Champs: Junior Boys: 100 m: Andrew Pattison 1, 12.7; 400 m: Andrew Pattison 1, 59.6; 100 m: Jason Smith 3, 12.9; 200 m: Jason Smith 2, 26.1; 400 m: Aaron Reed 2, 61.4; shot: Kalyn Hine 2, 10.71; discus: Vaughan Hutchinson 3, 27.70; relay: 4 x 1: 1, 53.1.

Intermediate Girls: 200 m: Sally Hale 3, 28.2; discus: Trina Diakowski 1, 31.16; shot: Adele Bullot 2, 9.28; relay 4 x 1: 3, 54.8.

Intermediate Boys: long jump: Pip Lewis 2, 5.68

discus: Murray Jorgansen 1, 32.99.

Senior Girls: 400 m: Jenny Smart 2, 69.2; discus: Deborah Plimmer 3, 22.67; javelin: Lisa Read 1, 23.94.

Senior Boys: 100 m: Zane Weinberg 3, 11.7; 200 m: Zane Weinberg 3, 23.7; high jump: Anthony Joe 2, 1.77; triple jump: Anthony Joe 1, 12.31; shot: Anthony Joe 3, 10.12; 2000 m steeple: Tony Brownrigg 2, 6.52.7; 3000 m: Tony Brownrigg 2, 9.45; 3000 m: Vance Murdoch 3, 10.04.

North Island Champs: Zane Weinberg 100, 200; Kalyn Hine shot; Anthony Joe high jump and triple jump (did not attend); Jason Smith 100, 200; Andrew Pattison 100, 400; Pip Lewis long jump; Tina Diakowski discus.

1987 COLLEGE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS				
Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time
<b>Junior Girls</b>				
50 m Freestyle	Karmin Ruakere (Darnell)	Carly Julian (Richmond)	Carolyn Kirkpatrick (Barrett)	37.7 secs
50 m Breaststroke	Narelle Byrne (Atkinson)	Bridgette O'Neill (Darnell)	Gail Walton (Atkinson)	52.4 secs
50 m Backstroke	Karmin Ruakere (Darnell)	Michelle Drake (Darnell)	Joy Cook (Barrett)	44.4 secs
100 m Freestyle	Carmen Hitchcock (Barrett)	Gail Walton (Atkinson)	Natasha Garvin (Barrett)	1 m 38.5 secs
100 m Breaststroke	Emma Hislop (Darnell)	Nelita Bryne (Atkinson)	Carmen Hitchcock (Barrett)	
100 m Backstroke	Karmin Ruakere (Darnell)	Debbie Richardson (Barrett)	Michelle Drake (Darnell)	1 m 43.2 secs
<b>Junior Boys</b>				
50 m Freestyle	Farrel Murdoch (Richmond)	Craig Rumbal (Barrett)	Grant Fraser & Richard Jenkins (Atkinson)	31.1 secs
50 m Breaststroke	Farrel Murdoch (Richmond)	Grant Fraser (Atkinson)	Craig Clarke (Atkinson)	45.9 secs
50 m Backstroke	Farrel Murdoch (Richmond)	Grant Fraser (Atkinson)	Jason Langman (Atkinson)	40.3 secs
100 m Freestyle	Farrel Murdoch (Richmond)	Craig Rumbal (Barrett)	Blair Haase (Darnell)	1 m 11.2 secs
100 m Breaststroke	Jason Langman (Atkinson)	Tony Green (Darnell)	Craig Clarke (Atkinson)	1 m 24.5 secs
100 m Backstroke	Michael Trigger (Atkinson)	Blair Haase (Darnell)	Kyle Finderup (Atkinson)	1 m 43.0 secs
<b>Intermediate Girls</b>				
50 m Freestyle	Jeanne Collins (Richmond)	Bronwyn Broadbent (Atkinson)	Katherine Beale (Atkinson)	31.1 secs
50 m Breaststroke	Leanne Brennan (Barrett)	Swinta Majoor (Atkinson)	Louise Benton (Barrett)	52.0 secs
50 m Backstroke	Collette Wilson (Darnell)	Katherine Beale (Atkinson)	Trudy Garvin (Barrett)	44.3 secs
100 m Freestyle	Leanne Brennan (Barrett)	Katherine Beale (Atkinson)	Collette Wilson (Darnell)	1 m 24.9 secs
100 m Breaststroke	Trudy Garvin (Barrett)	Louise Benton (Barrett)	Swinta Majoor (Atkinson)	1 m 50.1 secs
100 m Backstroke	Collette Wilson (Darnell)	Leanne Brennan (Barrett)	Tracy Cottam (Atkinson)	1 m 46.2 secs
<b>Intermediate Boys</b>				
50 m Freestyle	David Dalziel (Atkinson)	Peter Fopma (Atkinson)	Jeremy Coward (Richmond)	30.3 secs
50 m Breaststroke	Ross Hoffman (Richmond)	Peter Fopma (Atkinson)	Adam Walters (Barrett)	34.1 secs
50 m Backstroke	Tony Magon (Barrett)	Kalyn Hine (Darnell)	Jeremy Coward (Richmond)	39.7 secs
100 m Freestyle	David Dalziel (Atkinson)	Jeremy Coward (Richmond)	Blair Stadden (Richmond)	1 m 15.7 secs
100 m Breaststroke	Peter Fopma (Atkinson)	Gordon Bassett (Barrett)	Blair Stadden (Richmond)	1 m 41.4 secs
100 m Backstroke	Tony Magon (Barrett)	Kalyn Hine (Darnell)	Layne Davies (Barrett)	1 m 36.7 secs
<b>Senior Girls</b>				
50 m Freestyle	Tracy Kerr (Darnell)	Sharlene Sampson (Darnell)	Karen Copestake (Atkinson)	36.0 secs
50 m Breaststroke	Joanne Parker (Richmond)	Tracy Kerr (Darnell)	Sharlene Sampson (Darnell)	44.6 secs
50 m Backstroke	Joanne Parker (Richmond)	Karen Copestake (Atkinson)	Sharlene Sampson (Darnell)	40.0 secs
100 m Freestyle	Joanne Parker (Richmond)	Tracy Kerr (Darnell)	Wendy James (Atkinson)	1 m 16.1 secs
100 m Breaststroke	Joanne Parker (Richmond)	Tracy Kerr (Darnell)	Inge Kuindersma (Darnell)	1 m 37.0 secs
100 m Backstroke	Karen Copestake (Atkinson)	Sharon Cottam (Barrett)	Jenny Smart (Barrett)	1 m 37.0 secs
<b>Senior Boys</b>				
50 m Freestyle	Ronald Rumball (Atkinson)	Pieter Van Leeuwen (Atkinson)	Craig Russell (Richmond)	30.7 secs
50 m Breaststroke	Stefan Knight (Richmond)	Vance Murdoch (Darnell)	Simon Roborgh (Richmond)	42.9 secs
50 m Backstroke	Ronald Rumball (Atkinson)	Matthew Coleman (Atkinson)	Vance Murdoch (Darnell)	39.4
100 m Freestyle	Ronald Rumball (Atkinson)	Kane Taylor (Darnell)	Matthew Coleman (Atkinson)	1 m 12.4 secs
100 m Breaststroke	Vance Murdoch (Darnell)	Shane Le Breton (Barrett)	Simon Roborgh (Richmond)	1 m 53.8 secs
100 m Backstroke	Ronald Rumball (Atkinson)	Scott McGregor (Darnell)	Terry Christiansen (Barrett)	1 m 34.2 secs

## BOYS' FIVE STAR ATHLETIC AWARDS — 1986

At the end of term three each year, as part of their Physical Education course, all third, fourth and fifth form boys compete for the New Zealand Athletic Association's "Five Star Award Scheme". To qualify for an award students must obtain a minimum number of points from their best three events.

To qualify for the highest award the five star, students must obtain the following points: Under 13 - 170 points; Under 14 - 195; Under 15 - 210; Under 16 - 225; Under 17 - 240.

In 1986, the following boys were awarded Five Star Certificates:

Under 13: Trent Riddick 184, Brendon Hird 176.

Under 14: Matthew Mong 220, Rhys Taylor 208, Kalyn Hine 207, Jason Windleburn 206, Craig Rumball 203, Brian Karalus 200, Daryl Power 198, Leon Bradley 197, Steven Jacobsen 196, Bradley Foster 196, Peter Guddop 196, Karl Looney 195.

Under 15: Dean Garrod 242, Tony Parrish 234, Gavin Francis 234, Murray Jorgensen 230, Gary Shirtcliffe 226, Karl Heffries 220, Adam Walters 219, Kevin Southorn 216, Jason Tuki 216, Pip Lewis 214, Simon Betts 213, Brett Murray 212, Scott Muir 211, Craig Liggett 211, David Dalziel 211, Tony Magon 211, Jason Hohaia 211, Scott Heard 210.

Under 16: Craig Martin 247, Riki Pihama 243, Scott Maindonald 243, Heath Robinson 238, Alan Welch 232, Richard Moran 232, Carey Johns 231, Mark Gardiner 230, Ted Stolt 230, Peter Blyde 229, Glenn Smythe 228, Clint Bower 227, Paul Ashman 226, Chris Smith 225.

Under 17: Zane Weinberg 242.

Total boy's awards for 1986 (with 1985 totals in brackets) were:

5 star - 47 (49)

4 star - 86 (77)

3 star - 111 (125)

2 star - 43 (42)

1 star - 13 (24)

TOTAL AWARDS - 300 (317)

## SCHOOL SWIMMING RELAYS AND POINTS

### Relays

Junior Girls: Darnell 1, Barrett 2, Richmond 3, Atkinson 4. Junior Boys: Richmond 1, Atkinson 2, Darnell 3, Barrett 4.

Intermediate Girls: Barrett 1, Darnell 2, Richmond 3, Atkinson 4. Intermediate Boys: Atkinson 1, Richmond 2, Barrett 3, Darnell disqualified.

Senior Girls: Barrett 1, Atkinson 2, Richmond 3, Darnell 4. Senior Boys: Atkinson 1, Darnell 2, Richmond 3, Barrett 4.

Sponsored by: SUTHERLANDS SPORTS — On the Hill, Devon Street, New Plymouth

Points: Atkinson 506, 1st; Darnell, 491, 2nd; Barrett, 483, 3rd; Richmond, 392, 4th.

Championships: Junior Girls: Karmin Ruakere; Intermediate Girls: Leanne Brennan; Senior Girls: Joanne Parker. Junior Boys: Farrel Murdoch; Intermediate Boys: Peter Fopma; Senior Boys: Ronald Rumball.

Results were: Junior Boys: Farrel Murdoch - 1st 100 m Freestyle, 2nd Backstroke, 1st Butterfly.

Senior Boys: Ronald Rumball - 3rd 100 m Freestyle, 3rd Backstroke.

Senior Girls: Joanne Parker - 1st 100 m Backstroke, 2nd Butterfly; Karen Copestake - 3rd Backstroke.

Relays: 4 x 1 Medley: Junior Girls 3rd, Junior Boys 3rd; 4 x 1 Medley: Intermediate Boys 1st equal; 4 x 1 Medley: Senior Girls 3rd. 4 x 1 Freestyle: Junior Girls 3rd; 4 x 1 Freestyle: Junior Boys 2nd; 4 x 1 Freestyle: Intermediate Boys 3rd.

A most satisfying performance, with special thanks going to team Captains, Tracey and Ronald and to Miss M. Hurley and Mrs D. Kawana for travelling with the team to Opunake.

## SECONDARY SCHOOL SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

### TARANAKI INTER-SECONDARY CROSS-COUNTRY

Junior Girls: Joy Cook 16, Alene Parkes 17, Karina Wallace 20, Tracy Hayward 30, Tracy Waters 55, Jenny Sharpe 69 - team 5th.

Intermediate Girls: Louise Mann 1, Trudi Beaurepaire 7, Debbie Richardson 38, Paula Drake 43, Tracey Hunter 46, Deidre Hassel 61 x, Erica Reed 62 x, Stacey Roper 65 x.

Senior Girls: Milou Stolte 12, Yvonne Shaw 25, Jenny Smart 26, Celena Poad 28, Carmen Walsh 29, Sue March 40.

Junior Boys: Andrew Pattison 2, Trent Riddick 15, Craig Cardwell 30, Kelvin Harvey 42, Bruce Thomas 46, Carl Murrow 59 - team 5th.

Intermediate Boys: Karl Looney 6, Ewan Mitchell 12, Robert Stewart-McDonald 19, Dean Riddick 41 x, Aaron Warner 45 x, Greg Plimmer 47 x, Terrence Sutton 48 x, Gordon Bassett 50 x.

Senior Boys: Tony Brownrigg 2, Vance Murdoch 10, Peter Van Leeuwen 14, Kane Taylor 41, Trevor Thorne 44, Ross Tomlinson 47.

x - unsatisfactory ticketing at end of race. Unable to have team results for Intermediate/Senior teams.

## SENIOR PRIZEGIVING 1986

### EXCELLENCE IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Fifth Form Girls:	Lisa Read Wendy Sampson Brenda Harvey Paula Riley
Fifth Form Boys:	Darryl Gaudin Paul Ludeman Patrick Moore Tony Eldershaw Zane Weinberg

### EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Senior Girls:	Kirsten Hasell
Senior Boys:	Ross Wilson
Intermediate Girls:	Sally Hale
Intermediate Boys:	Kirk Thatcher

### EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Senior Girls:	Helen Barrett
Senior Boys:	Ronald Rumbal
Intermediate Girls:	Joanne Parker
Intermediate Boys:	Shane Le Breton

### EXCELLENCE IN CROSS-COUNTRY

6/7th Form Girls:	Kim Scott
6/7th Form Boys:	Ross Wilson
Fifth Form Girls:	Cynthia Beattie
Fifth Form Boys:	Tony Brownrigg

### MERIT CERTIFICATES IN SPORT

#### EXCELLENCE IN GIRLS BASKETBALL

Jenny Smart, Erica Read, Lisa Read, Cassie Searle, Michelle Finch, Stephanie Long, Vanessa Green.

#### EXCELLENCE IN RUGBY

Graeme Stadden.

#### EXCELLENCE IN NETBALL COACHING

Andrea Friar, Sharon Holdt.

#### EXCELLENCE IN HOCKEY

Jenny Smart, Corinne Taylor.

#### EXCELLENCE IN BOYS BASKETBALL

David Leigh, Rhys Williams.

### SPORTS AWARDS

Lorraine Lovell Challenge Trophy (Girls' Tennis) - Leanne Erb.  
John Lawton Memorial Cup (Boys' Tennis) - Nigel Lucas.  
Girls Indoor Basketball Player of the Year - Prue Lobb.  
Boys Indoor Basketball Player of the Year - Brendon Dick.  
Thomas Cup - Captain of 1st XV plus S.C. Old Boys' Miniature - Brendon Dick.  
S.C. Old Boys' Rugby Club Captain 2nd XV - Tony Standon.

1st XV Trophy - Best all round team member - Jason Hale.

Brodie Cup - Most Improved Girls Player in Volleyball - Leanne Erb.

Wilson Trophy - Senior Volleyball Player of the Year - Corinne Taylor.

L.J. Trophy - Senior Player of the Year (Netball) - Toni Walsh.

### SCHOOL AWARDS (Inter-House)

Atkinson:	
Athletics:	Morine Cup
Soccer:	Borrell Cup
1 = Basketball:	R. and N. Mong Cup
1 = Cricket:	MacDonald Cup
Barrett:	
Softball:	Chris Hamill Cup
Swimming:	Craigmyle Cup
1 = Netball:	Faye Hill Cup
1 = Volleyball/Tennis:	Sole Cup
1 = Cricket:	MacDonald Cup
Inter-House Shield	
Darnell:	
Cross-Country:	Ballinger Cup
1 = Basketball:	R. and N. Mong Cup
1 = Cricket:	MacDonald Cup
Richmond:	
Rugby:	Honour Cup
1 = Netball:	Faye Hill Cup
1 = Cricket:	MacDonald Cup
1 = Volleyball:	Gayton Cup
Music:	Sargent Trophy

### ACADEMIC AND CULTURAL AWARDS

#### MERIT CERTIFICATES

Form Five: Economics - Mrs P. O'Neill, Clive Pinfold; Typing and Mathematics - Tracey Fitzpatrick; Woodwork Theory - Mark Gardner; Home Economics - Wendy James, Janine Harris; Art - Nicholas Rate; Mathematics - Andrea Murray; Metalwork Theory - Ross Moorcock, Alan Welch; Metalwork Practical - Aaron Robinson; Maori - Eleanor Rumbal, Mrs Kathy Wilson; English - Inge Kuindersma, Wendy James; Clothing - Cynthia Beattie.

Form Six: English - Stacey Hildred; Geography - David Pentecost; Economics - Sharon Cottam; French - Lisa Sharp, Donna Butt; Mathematics - Mark Wilkinson, Alan Greenhead, Kirsty Allan; Home Economics - Raquel Smith, Helen Tully; German - Kim Johnston.

#### WEST ROTARY CLUB SPEECH AWARDS

Seventh Form:	Michael Smith
Sixth Form:	Raquel Smith
Fifth Form:	Lisa Shaw

#### DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

6/7th Form:	Kerri Phillips Lisa Sharp
Fifth Form:	Lisa Shaw Yvonne Shaw

### SPORTS/CULTURAL AWARDS

Little Theatre Cup (Best Stage Performance of the Year) - Angela Roberts.

Joy Rookes Trophy (Original Composition in Music) - Alyssa Avery.

M. J. Hickey Trophy (Excellence in French) - Heather Bassett.

N. Brown Award (Shorthand) - Lisa Knowles.

A. and M. Hutchinson Award for Senior Biology - Alan Greenhead.

Helen J. Bacon Award (Merit in Geography and History) - Girl: Kerri Phillips; Boy: Ross Wilson.

Harry M. Bacon Memorial Prize (Best all round promise in the Arts - Alyssa Avery, Angela Roberts.

Taranaki Maths Association Prize - Highest mark in School Certificate Maths - Shane Dye.

### SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

Form Five: Lisa Shaw - English; Karen Rutherford - Science; Peter Blyde - Mathematics and Economics; Andrea Murray - Shorthand Typing and Accounting; Prue Lobb - Typing; Te Arika Pihama - Maori; Sharon Bell - French and Music; Sharlene Sampson - Home Economics; Petrina Watson - Clothing; Justin Jenkins - Art; Neill Rea - Geography; Yvonne Shaw - History; Ted Stolte - Metalwork Theory (Kidd Garrett Prize); Clint Bower - Metalwork Practical (T. Guy Prize); Shane Martin - Woodwork Theory (Placemakers Award); Daryl Gaudin - Woodwork Practical (Ebert Bros. Prize); Jeff Salisbury - Technical Drawing; Sarah Walsh and Inge Kuindersma - Horticulture; Tony Eldershaw 5G DSL.

Form Six: Alan Greenhead - English, Chemistry (Becketts Prize for Photography); Lisa Sharp - Biology; Ian Leong - Computer Technology; Shane Dye - Biology, Physics, Mathematics; Trevor Garnett - Physics, Technical Drawing; Lisa Knowles - Computer Technology, Shorthand Typing; Tracey Young - Secretarial Skills; Kirsty Allan - Economics; Stacey Hildred - Accounting; Heather Bassett - French, History; Elizabeth Singh - Home Economics; Angela Muggeridge - Art; Donna Butt - Art History; Shelley Coradine - Geography; Andrew Beale - Technical Drawing; Brendon Dick - Design Technology; Kirsten Hasell - Physical Education.

Form Seven: Chris Elliot - English; Alan Greenhead - Biology; Michael Walker - Chemistry; Meng Swee Lim - Maths with Calculus, Maths with Statistics and Physics; Tim Coleman - French; Julia Pelham - Art History; Andrew Ginever - Economics, Accounting; Terry Bayfield - Geography; Michael Gallon - History.

### SPECIAL AWARDS

Bruce Walker Trophy - Nicola Harvey.

R.S.A. Prize - Michael Smith.

S.C. Association President's Prize for Head Girl - Alina Leigh.

L. M. Moss Memorial Prize for Head Boy - Rex Hancock.

Alter Ameritus Cup (Anna McGrath Award) - Andrew Ginever.

Proxime Accessit and Principal's Prize - Meng Swee Lim.

A. L. McPhail Dux Medal and Dux Cup - Michael Walker.

## JUNIOR PRIZEGIVING 1986

### EXCELLENCE IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Fourth Form Boys:

4F Dean Garrod	4Y Russell Jones
4G Pip Lewis	4L John Whitehead
4A Murray Jorgensen	4O Tony Stuthridge
4S Gavin Francis	4T Glen Sullivan
4E Michael Cowles	

Third Form Boys:

3F Matthew Mong	3L Mark Schmidt
3G Jeremy Birss	3T Terrance Sutton
3A Karl Looney	3E Jason Windleburn
3S Andrew Stockman	3Y Tony Farmer
3O Tony Parrish	3B/4B Aaron Kamana

Fourth Form Girls:

4F Adele Bullot and Leanne Herbert	4Y Sandra Clarke
4G Brenda Wood	4L Erica Read
4A Bronwyn McCurdy	4O Kelly Hooper
4E Charmaine Joass	3/4B Sharee Hall

Third Form Girls:

3F Phillippa Ashman	3L Carolyn Kirkpatrick
3G Debbie Richardson	3T Bridget O'Neill
3A Patricia Meijer	3E Tracey McCurdy
3S Lisa Brewer	3Y Michelle Dobbins
3O Oreen Masengnalo	

### MERIT CERTIFICATES IN GIRLS BASKETBALL

Erica Read, Stephanie Long, Louise Mann, Nicky Gardiner, Tracey House.

### MERIT CERTIFICATES IN GIRLS NETBALL

Third Form:	Louise Mann
	Debbie Richardson
Fourth Form:	Leanne Herbert
	Paula Burton

### MERIT CERTIFICATES IN GIRLS HOCKEY

Loren Astridge.

### MERIT CERTIFICATES IN RUGBY

First Grade:	Russell Jones
Sixth Grade:	Gavin Francis Steven Meijer Gary Shirtcliffe
Seventh Grade:	Farrel Murdoch Shaun Salisbury Brett Murray
Eighth Grade:	Craig Cursons Brett McGregor John Eagles Tony Stuthridge

### EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Junior Boys:	Matthew Mong Gary Shirtcliffe
Junior Girls:	Darlene Murfitt
Intermediate Girls:	Sally Hale

### EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Junior Boys:	Farrel Murdoch
Junior Girls:	Leanne Brennan
Intermediate Boys:	Shane Le Breton
Intermediate Girls:	Joanne Parker

### EXCELLENCE IN CROSS-COUNTRY

Third Form Girls:	Louise Mann
Third Form Boys:	Karl Looney
Fourth Form Girls:	Erica Read
Fourth Form Boys:	Simon Eaddy

### INTER-HOUSE SCHOOL AWARDS

Atkinson:	
Athletics:	Morine Cup
Soccer:	Borrell Cup
1 = Basketball:	R. and N. Mong Cup
1 = Cricket:	MacDonald Cup
Barrett:	
Softball:	Chris Hamill Cup
Swimming:	Craigmyle Cup
1 = Netball:	Faye Hill Cup
1 = Volleyball/Tennis:	Sole Cup
1 = Cricket:	McDonald Cup
Darnell:	
Cross-country:	Ballinger Cup
1 = Basketball:	R. and N. Mong Cup
1 = Cricket:	McDonald Cup
Richmond:	
Rugby:	Honnor Cup
1 = Netball:	Faye Hill Cup
1 = Cricket:	McDonald Cup
1 = Volleyball:	Gayton Cup
Music:	Sargent Trophy

### CRICKET SHIELD

Best Third Form Player - Justin Butler.

### FOURTH FORM SHIELD

Best all-round Forth Form Cricketer - Russell Jones.

### D. V. SUTHERLAND AWARD

Endeavour in Cricket - Andrea Frost.

### MORRISON TROPHY

Most Improved Third Form Netball Player - Nicky Gardiner.

### RICHARDSON CUP

Most Improved Fourth Form Player - Sally Hale.

### GRIFFEN TROPHY

Most Improved Third Form Soccer Player - Leon Bradley.

### ACADEMIC MERIT AWARDS

Third Form: French - Mark Fisher, Tae Allison; Technical Drawing - Mathew Wellington; Maori - Joanne Bewley; Music - Justin Butler, Joy Oldham; Home Economics - Donna Muscall, Louise Lindsay, Kelly Bately; Metalwork - Brian Karalus, Malcolm Gilbert; Woodwork - Jasen Taiaroa, Jason Windleburn; Clothing - Michelle Tubby, Tracy Smith; Work Experience - Aaron Kamana; German - Melanie Neumann; Art - Louise Benton, Helen Salisbury; Maths - Rhys Brad-dock, Matthew Mong; Typing - Helen Salisbury; Economic Studies - Richard Eagle, Andrew Aitken; Maths - Helen Salisbury; Science - Nicholas Ireland.

Fourth Form: French - Kristin Holm, Pip Lewis, Larne Davis; Technical Drawing - Kim Stretton, Barclay Gordon; Maori - Trevor Pokai, Bronwyn Williams; Music - Paula Turner, Kim Van Leeuwen, Sarndra Clarke; Home Economics - Anna Lisa Rowe, Stephanie Gamlin; Metalwork - Simon Eaddy; Woodwork - Peter George, Stacey Roper; Horticulture - Simon Eaddy, Debbie McDowell; Work Experience - Darrin Thomas; Art - Sandra Smillie, Craig Liggett; Maths - Andrea Frost, Moana Manu, Steven Richardson; Typing - Wendy Leong; Economic Studies - Euan Mitchell; Maths - Kristin Holm.

### CULTURAL AWARDS

#### DAILY NEWS LITERARY PRIZE

Fourth Form Prose and Poetry:	Parkriti Gopinathan
Third Form Poetry:	Tae Allison

### NEW PLYMOUTH WEST ROTARY SPEECH AWARDS

Fourth Form - 1st:	Sally Hale
2nd:	Prakrita Gopinathan
Third Form - 1st:	Cassie Boyce
2nd:	Jennifer Brown

### CARNACHAN TROPHY

For the Most Improved Brass Player - Aylene Kemsley.

### JUNIOR DRAMA TROPHY

Jennifer Brown.

### SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

Third Form: Maori - Adrienne Urwin; French - Julie Fitzpatrick; German - Helen Salisbury; Clothing - Marie Godkin; Home Economics - Helen Clarke; Music - Helen Salisbury; Art - Angus Fisher; Typing - Cindy Dye; Consumer Studies - Matthew Mong; Metalwork - Jason Nairn; Woodwork - Phillip Dawson; Technical Drawing - Tony Wagstaff; Junior Drama - Jennifer Brown; Best Work Experience - Catherine Collins.

Fourth Form: Maori - Pip Lewis; French - Brenda Wood; German - Sally Hale; Clothing - Bronwyn McCurdy; Home Economics - Adele Bullot; Music - Rachel Park; Art - Prakriti Gopinathan; Horticulture - Kim Stretton; Typing - Carmen Walsh; Consumer Studies - Paula Sargent; Metalwork - Murray Jorgensen; Woodwork - Joshua MacDonald; Technical Drawing - Paula Sargent; Shorthand - Sally Hale.

## GIRLS' SOCIAL BASKETBALL TEAM & SUPPORTERS



### GIRLS' SOCIAL BASKETBALL AND SUPPORTERS

Jason Burns, Wendy Sampson, Susanah Larking, Sharon Cottam, Kirsten Hassel, Michelle Finch, Stacey Hildred, Ann Jackson, Ronald Rumbal, Kim Johnstone, Eleanor Rumbal, Janine Harris, Wendy James, Lisah Henry, Maree Chapman, Andrea Friar, Robert Juri.  
Jodie Gale, Susan Cathcart, Brenda Harvey, Lisa Sharp, Kirsty Allan.  
Absent: Dorothy Dalziell, Tracey Mitchell, Alyson Hosking.

### GIRL'S SOCIAL BASKETBALL

This year Spotswood College fielded into the C grade (the lowest we could get), a team with a difference. Fifteen rather keen and enthusiastic sixth and seventh formers who probably had a total of two practices all season, those being at 7 in the morning - something our bodies did not really agree to - so we gave them up. It was obvious that our team was popular by the numerous amount of supporters who gave their expertise in vocal support every Thursday night. Thanks "guys" without you, we would never have had so much fun.

Much to the dismay of both players and supporters, we even won a few games at the start of the season. But that's not what we were there for. "Fun" was the name of the game and by mid-season, the team spirit was really high, an excuse for mid-season celebrations at Maree's (a 'morning' of success).

The "bra breaking" work by Kim gained her top pointsman of the season. In one game in particular she scored all of the team's 17 points, even though she

didn't score a three pointer like Maree. Among the team was some hidden talent (or some unknown skills): e.g. Eleanor. When it comes to fast breaks (little did she know it was the wrong way); Dorothy's dribbling debut (a sight never to be seen again); Andrea's leg splitting shots (when she wasn't 'rucking' the ball off the floor); Brenda's "fowls" (she's not chicken to get in a fight); Alyson, Hi-de-hi (Peggy - need I say more); Janine and her defence (really improved throughout the season); Tracey, stretch (the tallest in the team); Lisa, took all season to get a basket (it must have been the adrenalin or was it aggression); Lisah's rebounding (must have springs on her feet); Susan's tipsters (at least she stopped the pass); Kirsty, so petite (when you're shorter than Maree, that's short!); Jodi's togetherness (don't worry, Eleanor was there); last but not least is Wendy, her enthusiasm (was a sure benefit to the team).

The season was enjoyed by all. Mr Keenan found this out when he eventually turned up to one of our games.

Sponsored by: DUNCAN & DAVIES, ... 'The Plant People.'

## LET THE CHILDREN SPEAK

### THE IMPORTANCE OF FRIENDS

Imagine living your life without friendship. Friendship is very important to everyone.

A friend is someone you like very much and enjoy spending time with, someone you trust and can talk to. A friend is someone you care for and for whom you would do almost anything to help. A friend is something we all need.

Friends are of all ages and races. A friend can be an older or younger person. A friend is just someone you enjoy to be with.

Friends are important because they can help solve problems. If you are worried, depressed or have a problem, it often helps to tell a friend. A friend is someone who listens. It is bad to keep your problems bottled up inside you, so why do it when you have a friend who will listen and help. It is often a great comfort to tell someone your problems even if they can't help; they can be of moral support, this helps your through your time of need.

We all need friends no matter who we are or how old we are. We all have friends, but how many are real friends? How many of your friends would do almost anything for you? Real friends are often rare.

A real friend is someone who cares for you and would do anything for you. You may have many acquaintances, but how many true or real friends do you have?

Some people have no friends at all. These people are unpopular or rejects. They are often quiet, lonely people. They have no friends maybe because they are stupid or clumsy.

There are also the nerds. Nerds are the top pupils of the class, those upper class students who think of fellow classmates as inferior sub-humans. These are people nobody wants to be with. They are too busy competing for the top mark to have fun or make new friends. But they do socialise with others of their own class.

So living without any friends would be miserable and a future not many could stand. I need friends and so do you. Friends are very important to me and you. They can be and are a source of great comfort.

ANTHONY DAVISON, 3L.

### OUR WORLD - OUR LIFE?

"RIOTS in South Africa - 75 killed."

"ELDERLY pensioner violently attacked in own home."

"TWO men remanded for possession of heroin."

"REAGAN announces plans for further nuclear missile bases in Western Europe."

Just the average pages of an average newspaper, on an average day.

What do all these news items have in common?

Why are they all so news worthy?

What is the common thread sewing the four stories together?

Each comes from a different country

Each involves different racial and ethnic groups

But each incident has three common ingredients

HATE, ANGER AND AGGRESSION

The perfect recipe for war.

These three emotions however are not restricted to warring countries or nuclear-happy Presidents alone. They are in every facet of our lives today. The rate of violent crime in New Zealand is rising daily:

Murder, kidnapping, sexual assaults and robbery with violence mean it is impossible to pick up a newspaper without sighting at least one of these incidents. Hate, anger and aggression are part of our everyday lives.

Drugs and alcohol are said to 'cause' violent crime.

Well? Do they?

Do bottles of gin kidnap innocent children?

Does marijuana leap out and mug old ladies?

Does a can of Steinlager kill a two-year-old girl?

Would a hypodermic syringe of heroin rob a bank?

No! People commit these crimes.

Alcohol and drugs merely increase the aggression which is in every one of us.

It is evident that within family groups, violence is commonplace.

Children are physically, mentally and sexually assaulted in their own homes. Partners beat each other up, domestic disputes frequently ending in one or more corpses. Brothers shoot one another. Sisters hurl verbal abuse and children fight.

Families are not a safe place either. Hate, anger and aggression.

Even our language shows how important these three emotions are, rugby crowds scream 'Kill 'em! Kill 'em'. Athletic spectators roar: "Run 'em into the ground!" And friends accuse each other of thieving or backstabbing. It seems that hate, anger and aggression top the popularity poll.

Can this be changed? Is there any hope for: Peaceful families, harmonious societies, friendly countries or even a war-free planet?

President Reagan's motto for the world seems to be:

"Here today - gone tomorrow."

Mr Gorbachev wants us all to be friends - as long as he can keep his nuclear toys.

The leaders of our world need new mottos - not separate mottos each, but phrases that could unite the universe, phrases that could change this hate, anger, aggression.

Alternatives are:

Hug today, you'll be here tomorrow.

Disarm now, you'll be out of this world if you don't; or

Hold a heart, not a gun.

ANNE TAUNGA, 5th Form Speech.

### THE HOMOSEXUAL LAW REFORM BILL DEBATE (POSITIVE)

Should homosexuality be legal or not? There are many arguments for and against, and I say we should look at all arguments.

Society is hounding homosexuals. You and I and others like us are treating these people like criminals. 'AHH!' I hear you say. "I haven't come into contact with a homosexual, so how can you say I treat these people like dirt?"

You are guilty because you do not speak out against the injustice being done. You do not question the rights or wrongs of what is being done. We must all speak up, voice our opinions, then perhaps things will change for the better for homosexuals.

It has been said that the majority of homosexuals are drug-users. If this is right, why is it so? I'll tell you why. It is because society tramps on them, and degrades them, which could turn them into depressed human beings who need depressants, uppers and other such pills. Many have been driven to suicide, or thoughts of suicide.

Who are we to tell anyone who he/she can love? We wouldn't do it to heterosexuals, so why should we think we have the right to tell homosexuals? In the 19th century homosexuality was described as a 'Wilful Sin!' Sin? A Wilful Sin? What is so tragic about this is that people today still believe this to be so.

Think of homosexuality and immediately 'AIDS' leaps at you. Homosexuals are not, and I stress not, the cause of AIDS. They are just victims. Homosexuals have greater risk of catching AIDS, because there is not the risk of pregnancy, therefore safety precautions have not been taken. It is not only homosexuals, but drug-users, prostitutes, heterosexuals who can spread the virus. In fact, the majority of known cases of AIDS are heterosexuals. Perhaps AIDS has been thought of as a homosexual disease because the disease was first discovered in two separate groups of 'Gay' people in the USA.

Is homosexuality not a 'fault' of nature, just as 'spastic' or other birth defects are? Why then do we discriminate against homosexuality and not against other 'gene' defects?

You pride yourselves on having a multi-racial society, but you are just as guilty of discrimination as the whites against the blacks in South Africa. How can you justify what you do? You just can't.

So I will leave you with these thoughts. You can change the hurt and the loneliness homosexuals feel. You can treat them like human beings who have a right to live as they want to live, you can stop downgrading them.

Think about it.

SUE MORCH, 6th English.

### TV OR NOT TV?

The pros and cons of television are as varied as the people who watch it. Points range from what is educational, violent, unifying, inhibiting, pleasurable and addictive?

Violence is rife through many shows, sadly it also dominates many of the so-called 'Children's Shows'. What affect does that 'A Team', 'Steel Riders' and such shows have on children? People rubbish the idea that it has an effect, but if what we watched has no effect, why do companies spend thousands of dollars advertising on television? And we have seen how TV does affect some people, such as copy-cat rapes, or making a bomb, "Just like that one MacGyver made."

Some people are cut off from the real world and live in square shaped fantasies. How many Miss America beauty queen housewives on the soaps have set teenagers on the road to anorexia nervosa? Impressionable people see themselves as failures, in contrast to the life seen on television, but in reality very few 'real' housewives do housework, sporting a \$100 hairdo, and have three mink coats lining their wardrobe.

Television can rob people of their creative imaginations. Instead of thinking for themselves, they sit in a zombie-like state allowing themselves to be bombarded by noise and colour. Books are becoming a thing of the past and instead of exercising the mind, they revere the Holy Box, which gives them sex, violence and advertising, moulding them into 20th Century jellybeans with bulbous eyes and radar ears. The law of evolution says we adapt to suit the environment we live in.

But those are all the negative points. Television believes it does have some positive points. Many people would be totally isolated, be completely cut off from life if they didn't have a television. Invalids, old people and many others can view the 'News', 'Foreign Correspondent' and documentaries and keep up with what is going on in life.

Children and many illiterate adults are educated, how to count, speak Maori, learn the whys and wherefores of politics, art appreciation, bible interpretation, rules of sport, how to cook, and many other helpful, useful things. Television also takes the viewer to other countries, meet famous people, see what's at the bottom of the sea and expand historical knowledge.

Television has a split personality, good and evil, it helps but also hinders, it enriches but steals individuality, it expands but narrows communication, and it educates passive as well as violent thinking.

The key to success in living with television is to make sure you rule the box instead of being enclosed by it. Everything should be done in moderation, anything done or used excessively has ill side-effects. It's all a matter of mind over soapie!

DELWYN MASTERS, 641 English.

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## 7TH FORM PEN PORTRAITS

### FORM 7

KIRSTY ALLAN

**Nickname:** Kirstywirsty

**Favourite Saying:** Okey-Kokey

**Likes:** Flagons

**Dislikes:** Being hassled about flagons

**Proposed Occupation:** Economist

**Probable Destination:** Back street drunk.

HEATHER BASSETT

**Nickname:** Twiggy

**Favourite Saying:** I'm bored

**Likes:** Whisky, parties

**Dislikes:** Council meetings, 7th form clothing

**Proposed Occupation:** History text book writer

**Probable Destination:** Fish & chip shop owner in Morocco.

ANDREW BEALE

**Nickname:** Bealy boy/Hey you

**Favourite Saying:** I've no idea

**Likes:** Everything else

**Dislikes:** Thinking, hill starts in Fiats

**Proposed Occupation:** Pilot (\$150,000/yr)

**Probable Destination:** Baggage boy.

PAULA BRAMLEY

**Nickname:** Brambles

**Favourite Saying:**

**Likes:** Tall blonde Woolworths workers

**Dislikes:** Butter, dairy products

**Proposed Occupation:** Co-operative organiser

**Probable Destination:** Full-time Woolworth's worker.

LARA BROSINSKY

**Nickname:** Rara

**Proposed Occupation:** IHC teacher

**Probable Destination:** Oakley patient.

DONNA BUTT

**Nickname:** Donza Bonza/Head butt

**Favourite Saying:** Ronald help me

**Likes:** Jellybeans, teaching stomach routines

**Dislikes:** Drinking thru straws

**Proposed Occupation:** Minister of Women's Affairs

**Probable Destination:** Richard Simmons look-a-like.

SUSAN CATHCART

**Nickname:** Susey-poosey

**Favourite Saying:** I don't know what I said

**Likes:** Brendon

MAREE CHAPMAN

**Nickname:** Chappy/Gran

**Favourite Saying:** Parents away - party at my place

**Likes:** Making noise, parties

**Dislikes:** People who don't come to her parties

**Proposed Occupation:** Public Relations Officer for 5th year students

**Probable Destination:** Rent-a-party proprietor.

RIKI CHARD

**Nickname:** Rick

**Favourite Saying:** Oh man

**Likes:** Dark sunglasses

**Proposed Occupation:** Physiotherapist

MATTHEW COLEMAN

**Nickname:** Matt

**Favourite Saying:** Giddy cat

**Likes:** Dole, Kym

**Dislikes:** Pigs, working, injuries

**Proposed Occupation:** Ha, ha, ha...

**Probable Destination:** Present occupation.

SHELLEY CORRADINE

**Nickname:** Shells

**Favourite Saying:** That's right!

**Likes:** Simon, art, music

**Dislikes:** Economics, being told what to do

**Proposed Occupation:** Librarian

**Probable Destination:** Buried under a pile of books.

SHARON COTTAM

**Nickname:** Cottam/bottam/Noddy

**Favourite Saying:** Me & Jason don't fight

**Likes:** Hockey, Australia

**Dislikes:** Being friends with Jason

**Proposed Occupation:** Accountant for Government

**Probable Destination:** Owner of multi-national pub chain.

DOROTHY DALZIELL

**Nickname:** Dottie/Her

**Favourite Saying:** Ow!

**Likes:** Anzus debate with Friedlander

**Dislikes:** Being quiet

**Proposed Occupation:** Communist agitator

**Probable Destination:** Prime Minister of NZ.

BRENDON DICK

**Nickname:** Necro, Penguin, Nigger

**Favourite Saying:** I must admit...

**Likes:** Beast, Spotswood U17½s

**Dislikes:** Pigs, head girls, highways

**Proposed Occupation:** Manager TSB

**Probable Destination:** Outside corner, Uluwatu, Bali.

MARK DINES

**Nickname:** Any swearword

**Favourite Saying:** What ever's going around

**Likes:** Clothes

**Dislikes:** Being hassled, 3rd & 4th form girls

**Proposed Occupation:** Model

**Probable Destination:** Gigolo.

SHANE DYE

**Nickname:** Shane

**Favourite Saying:** I've got to stop it quick

**Likes:** McDonalds, plastic food

**Dislikes:** Chemistry

**Proposed Occupation:** God

**Probable Destination:** Hell.

MICHELLE FINCH

**Nickname:** Shells/Ted

**Favourite Saying:** How do I do this?

**Likes:** Clashing clothes, study 1st period

**Dislikes:** School 1st period especially Stats

**Proposed Occupation:** Basketball player

**Probable Destination:** On the bench.

ANDREA FRIAR

**Nickname:** Rupert/Tasman/Pom

**Favourite Saying:** I am not too old!

**Likes:** Being a Pom, 6th form guys

**Dislikes:** Being hassled about being a Pom

**Proposed Occupation:** Hooker for the 1st XV

**Probable Destination:** Orange girl.

ANDREW RUSSELL

**Nickname:** \*\*!!●●!●

**Favourite Saying:** \*\*!!●!●\*\*

**Likes:** Fighting, arguing

**Dislikes:** Pigs, highways

**Proposed Occupation:** Med - school reject

**Probable Destination:** David Lange surf team.

SCOTT MCGREGOR

**Nickname:** Goose/Octo Ralph/Boy Wonder

**Favourite Saying:** Goose, McGoot

**Likes:** TC, Spotswood U17½

**Dislikes:** Pigs, boy's high, fags

**Proposed Occupation:** Primary school teacher

**Probable Destination:** Mt Eden Prison.

VANCE MURDOCK

**Nickname:** Chickadee

**Favourite Saying:** Aye, ya, hotcat

**Likes:** Lash clone, brew

**Dislikes:** Pigs, highways, DIC

**Proposed Occupation:** Business man

**Probable Destination:** Managing director Fletcher Challenge.

ANTONY JOE

**Nickname:** Rammer/Anth/AJ

**Favourite Saying:** Let's go boys, ...aw guys

**Likes:** Nat, Ralping

**Dislikes:** Pigs

**Proposed Occupation:** Teaching

**Probable Destination:** Married with 10 kids.

HELEN GILBERT

**Nickname:** Mrs TT

**Likes:** Roy, couches

**Dislikes:** Heavy Metal

**Proposed Occupation:** Accountant

**Probable Destination:** Behind a couch.

ALAN GREENHEAD

**Nickname:** Greenie

**Favourite Saying:**  $CH^3$ ,  $COOH + H^2O = CH \div$ ,  $C00 + H^3O +$

**Likes:** DB Draught studying

**Dislikes:** Spirit drinking

**Proposed Occupation:** Park ranger

**Probable Destination:** Head of science, Oxford Uni., England.

MELISSA GREIG

**Nickname:** Mel

**Favourite Saying:** Yes, Miss Grant

**Likes:** Kev, never being at school

**Dislikes:** School

**Proposed Occupation:** Art student

**Probable Destination:** Nude model.

KIRSTEN HASSELL

**Nickname:** Hassle Tassle, Kirsten Birsten

**Favourite Saying:** Choice, eh Donza Bonza

**Likes:** Bunking, Stephen

**Dislikes:** Schoolwork, maths, English

**Proposed Occupation:** Cop

**Probable Destination:** Full time cleaner at school.

LISAH HENRY

**Nickname:** Lis

**Favourite Saying:** Find me a guy

**Likes:** Being late, sleeping

**Dislikes:** English

**Proposed Occupation:** Journalist

**Probable Destination:** Agony Aunt.

JOLITA GREEN

**Nickname:** Jo, Jolly Litre

**Favourite Saying:** Oh, I don't know, David help me

**Likes:** Sports, asparagus, pushing Anth around

**Dislikes:** Going red in the face, zits

**Proposed Occupation:** Accountant

**Probable Destination:** TAB bookie.

JASON HALE

**Nickname:** Jas, Dragonface

**Favourite Saying:** Hmnnnnnn? nnnnn

**Likes:** Jelly on top of jelly tips

**Dislikes:** Chemistry, tucking in shirts

**Proposed Occupation:** Surveyor

**Probable Destination:** Farmer or lamppost.

KIM HAYWARD

**Favourite Saying:** Shut up Hanna

**Likes:** Most things

**Dislikes:** Hanna

**Proposed Occupation:** Psych

**Probable Destination:** Padded cell.

STACEY HILDRED

**Nickname:** Stace the face

**Favourite Saying:** Can I have a bite?!

**Likes:** Lasagne, gossip

**Dislikes:** Council meetings

**Proposed Occupation:** Accountant.

DAVID LEIGH

**Nickname:** LAF

**Favourite Saying:** Any four letter word

**Likes:** Spotswood's OB's clubrooms, maids

**Dislikes:** Pigs, 1st XV, mini crashes

**Proposed Occupation:** Full time Uni student

**Probable Destination:** Yuppie on Queen Street.

NICHOLAS WHITING

**Nickname:** Rocky

**Favourite Saying:** Oh nah!

**Likes:** Beers, broads and minis

**Dislikes:** Not getting sleep, colour red

**Proposed Occupation:** Electrician

**Probable Destination:** Mini mender

HANNAH ZIELTJES

**Nickname:** Gollum, witch

**Favourite Saying:** I can handle that

**Likes:** Bananas

**Dislikes:** Geography

**Proposed Occupation:** Clinical psychology

**Probable Destination:** Back street shrink.

TRACEY YOUNG

**Nickname:** Clucky-duck, Trace

**Favourite Saying:** That's disgusting

**Likes:** Edward

**Dislikes:** Being late for school

**Proposed Occupation:** Secretary

**Probable Destination:** Sitting outside S Block with Edward.

IAN LEUNG

**Nickname:** Snake, Shirty

**Favourite Saying:** You cheat!

**Likes:** Poker, cards

**Dislikes:** Cheats

**Proposed Occupation:** Gambler

**Probable Destination:** Las Vegas.

KIRSTEN OLSEN

**Nickname:** Kir

**Favourite Saying:** \*\*o!!• it's cold

**Likes:** Shopping, music

**Dislikes:** Meddling Rotarians

**Proposed Occupation:** Ambassador

**Probable Destination:** 1st New Mexico Rotary member.

RONALD RUMBAL

**Nickname:** Ronsey

**Favourite Saying:** Bumsey - ooo-er

**Likes:** Good surf, Kim

**Dislikes:** Whitewash

**Proposed Occupation:** Pro surfer

**Probable Destination:** Beachcomber.

MONICA BACKMON

**Nickname:** Moca

**Favourite Saying:** Rotary rules are rubbish

**Likes:** Food, parties

**Dislikes:** Curfews

**Proposed Occupation:** Don't know

**Probable Destination:** NZ Ambassador.

KIM JOHNSTONE

**Nickname:** Kimmy

**Favourite Saying:** Honestly

**Likes:** Food, Ron

**Dislikes:** People who dislike food

**Proposed Occupation:** Social worker

**Probable Destination:** Psychomaniacal axe murder.

ANN JACKSON

**Nickname:** Anny - Fanny

**Favourite Saying:** Wally!!

**Likes:** Tuz, basketball

**Dislikes:** NP away games

**Proposed Occupation:** IWD manager

**Probable Destination:** IWD supporter.

LISA SHARP

**Nickname:** Lisa Pisa

**Favourite Saying:** "Well at our Junior Council meet..."

**Likes:** Organising things.

**Dislikes:** Concert band practices.

**Proposed Occupation:** Teacher (of some sort)

**Probable Destination:** Driving instructor.

MARK WILKINSON

**Nickname:** Wilk

**Favourite Saying:** No mercy

**Likes:** Skateboarding, no mercy, ninjitsu

**Dislikes:** Pigs

**Proposed Occupation:** Genetic defabrications

**Probable Destination:** Chuck Norris sparring partner.

ELIZABETH SINGH

**Nickname:** Liz, Libby

**Favourite Saying:** "I'm going to assert myself ... I am!"

**Likes:** Peace and flowers, matadors

**Dislikes:** Loudmouths, violence

**Proposed Occupation:** Nurse

**Probable Destination:** Cuba Mall selling love beads.

DEBBIE STRETTON

**Nickname:** Debs, Midget, Runt

**Favourite Saying:** Leave me alone Jason!

**Likes:** Short people

**Dislikes:** Tall people

**Proposed Occupation:** Teacher

**Probable Destination:** Dwarf in Snow White.

IAN SANDERSON

**Nickname:** Bunter

**Favourite Saying:** Yeah man, bullpucky

**Likes:** Motocross, Escorts, Corinne

**Dislikes:** Mrs Jonas being in a grump

**Proposed Occupation:** Rubbish bin inspector

**Probable Destination:** Going bust.

DEBBIE SHEATH

**Nickname:** Doris

**Favourite Saying:** Um... oh no what am I going to do?

**Likes:** Eating, 3.20 on Friday, crabsticks

**Dislikes:** 8.40 Monday morning

**Proposed Occupation:** Teacher

**Probable Destination:** Miss Grant's successor.

JENNY SMART

**Nickname:** Gannet

**Favourite Saying:** "Nah ya bushpig!"

**Likes:** Eating, sports, sleeping, extra mural activities

**Dislikes:** Mural activities

**Proposed Occupation:** PE teacher

**Probable Destination:** Scrap collector at restaurants.

CORINNE TAYLOR

**Nickname:** Curlz

**Likes:** Ian S.

**Dislikes:** Tamarillos, beetroot sandwiches

**Proposed Occupation:** Social worker

**Probable Destination:** Halfway house.

JACQUI MANN

**Nickname:** Jacqueline

**Favourite Saying:** It wasn't that expensive

**Proposed Occupation:** Art teacher

**Probable Destination:** Trolley girl at Shell BP Todd.

TRACEY MITCHELL

**Nickname:** Mitch, Stre

**Likes:** Peter

**Dislikes:** Exams

**Proposed Occupation:** Secondary teacher

**Probable Destination:** Perpetual student.

EDWINA ROWLANDS

**Nickname:** Weena, Mr Ed

**Proposed Occupation:** Art student.

**Probable Destination:** Ministry of Works road painter.

COLIN MEEHAN

**Nickname:** Cole

**Favourite Saying:** Yes boss

**Likes:** Chinese food

**Dislikes:** Labour Party

**Proposed Occupation:** Money maker

**Probable Destination:** TV announcer

AILEEN MITCHELL

**Favourite Saying:** I don't know

**Likes:** David Bowie, London

**Dislikes:** Heavy Metal, being noticed

**Proposed Occupation:** Journalism

**Probable Destination:** Punk on the streets of the UK.

MOIRA HOWSON

**Nickname:** Snob

**Favourite Saying:** Brett & I had a fight last night

**Likes:** Brett S, Lisa's cooking

**Dislikes:** Brett W, his cooking, his habits

**Probable Destination:** Wallpaper hanger.

DARREN KLEMRA

**Nickname:** Kumara, Derwood

**Favourite Saying:** I'm just trying to think

**Likes:** Minis

**Dislikes:** Haircuts

**Proposed Occupation:** Mechanic/Auto electrician

**Probable Destination:** Tractor driver.

SUSANNAH LARKING

**Nickname:** Junky, Fraggie, Beach Ball

**Favourite Saying:** Pain is pleasure, shut up Lisa

**Likes:** Hitler, junk food, talking

**Dislikes:** UG, being called a fraggie

**Proposed Occupation:** Primary school teacher

**Probable Destination:** Mrs Asia.

# FORM LISTS

## A1 — MR MORRIS, RICHMOND

Anthony DRAKE; Glenn SMYTHE; Richard CORBETT; Gareth WILLIAMS; Brendon BRADLEY; Angus FISHER; Jason NAIRN; Jamie WARD; Dwayne ANDREWS; Matthew CROWTHER; Duncan HARVEY; Stephen WHITTAKER.

Susannah LARKING; Tracey FITZPATRICK; Wendy SAMPSON; Leigh JOHANSEN; Sonia JOHNSTON; Michelle KLEMRA; Georgina THOMAS; Tae ALLISON; Louise MANN; Tina BARWICK; Michelle COCHRAN; Allyson LEA; Shelley McCALL; Robyn RAWIRI; Julie WITHERS.

## A2 — MRS THOMASON, RICHMOND

Michael COWLES; Barclay GORDON; Kane MURPHY; Warren WARU; Greg CARTER; Justin HASELL; Farrel MURDOCK; Aaron DODUNSKI; Daniel GREENWOOD; Kent GROWCOTT; Ross McCABE; Alma PERRY; Sonny RAWIRI.

Leanne ERB; Kirstin OLSEN; Monique POTTS; Maree LEWIS; Sarah FUSSELL; Joanne BEWLEY; Janine MURFITT; Joy OLDFHAM; Suzanne WALSH; Vivienne JUPP; Alene PARKES; Janelle PEPERELL.

## A5 — MR GAYTON, RICHMOND

Tony AINSWORTH; Scott HEARD; Stefan KNIGHT; Craig MARTIN; Craig RUSSELL; Andrew AITKEN; Lindsay KNIGHTBRIDGE; Shaun PETERS; Jason WOODWARD; Wayne SINCLAIR; James CLAREBURT; Grant OULAGHAN; Jason WATTS.

Susan CATHCART; Moira HOWSON; Kim DALTON; Patricia MARTIN; Tracey THIRD; Catherine BOYS; Megan GREIG; Louise-Anne LINDSAY; Jennine ALCHIN; Julianne CRANE; Lana ELLISON; Linda Joy WARWICK; Sharleen WILSON.

## A6 — MRS COOKE, BARRETT

Ian GARNETT; Marco WAANDERS; Karl JEFFRIES; Wade JENKINS; Ryan BURT; Allan CORBETT; Craig CURSONS; Mark FISHER; Malcolm GILBERT; Alistair ALDRIDGE; Aaron REED; Leith SMITH.

Sharon COTTAM; Rachael ANDERSON; Shelley COPLESTONE; Kathy MORA; Jan BRIDGEMAN; Leeann BRENNAN; Michelle McELROY; Jeannie SAUNDERS; Vanessa WRATT; Robyn GILLIVER; Carolyn KIRKPATRICK; Vanessa WELLS; Robynne BYERS; Carmen HITCHCOCK; Andrea RODGERS; Selina NORLING.

## A7 — MR HELLYER, ATKINSON

Darryl GAUDIN; Murray CAMPKIN; Craig LIGGETT; Aaron PATEL; Brian SCHMIDT; Tony FARMER; Lance PALMER; Terrance SUTTON; Gary WILSON; Matthew ALLAN; Shannan HOLM; Richard JENKINS; Tua TALAU.

Dorothy DALZIELL; Aileen MITCHELL; Maree CHAPMAN; Leilani TE HUIA; Jaimini PATEL; Brenda WOOD; Cassie BOYCE; Narelle BYRNE; Patricia MEIJER; Malanie ELSTON; Andrea ROLSTON.

## A8 — MR CRAWFORD, ATKINSON

Rhys ELLERY; Charles PIHEMA; Dean McGILL; Jason TUKI; Alban CLAREBURT; Mark FRANCIS; Grant RODGER; Kelcy TARATO; Anthony DAVISON; Michael DRYDEN; Tim MASON; Hamish ROPER; Blair SUTHERLAND.

Helen GILBERT; Kim JOHNSTONE; Celia DAVIES; Andrea THOMPSON; Nicola CLARKE; Joanne KELLY; Swinta MAJOOR; Fiona RUSSELL; Dana BEZZANT; Tiffany HOWARD; Claire JACKSON; Nardiya MISCHESKI; Lynne WALLIS; Melanie WELLS.

## A9 — MR HAQUE, DARNELL

Sean GILBERT; Gregory GOOCH; Shane JULIAN; Glen SULLIVAN; Darren WILLIAMS; Phillip ALLDRIDGE; Kalyn HINE; Jason WINDLEBURN; Glen KITTO; Shaun CAMPBELL; Dusconn HOSKIN; Mason JAMES; Richard SMITH; Aaron WATSON.

Kim HAYWARD; Janine CLIFF; Anita KIRBY; Treena SANGER; Donna WILSON; Alexa FUSSELL; Stacey ROPER; Joanne WEBSTER; Meegan BETTERIDGE; Jennifer BROWN; Cindy DYE; Jocelyn FEATONBY; Nicola GARDINER; Emma HISLOP; Nicki MAW; Deborah PATON; Kelly TUNNICLIFF.

## A10 — MRS MORGAN, BARRETT

Andrew RUSSELL; Chris HARVEY; Matthew RYAN; Murray UPTON; Dorrien ANDREWS; Ross BELL; Damon DAVIES; Craig RUMBAL; Kyle ADAMS; Temograt DE GAUNZA; Joel KRUTZ; Dion MYORS; Aaron SPENCE; John THATCHER; Brett WARREN; Brad WELCH.

Sheryl GUNN; Janine SANGER; Lisa SHAW; Andrea FROST; Joanne KRUTZ; Bronwyn McCURDY; Deborah McDOWELL; Paula DRAKE; Rachel LARKING; Milou STOLTE; Karen KEREAMA; Rachel UNCLES.

## A11 — MR OLIVER, RICHMOND

Mark WILKINSON; Jason BURNS; Clive PINFOLD; Pip LEWIS; Jeremy BIRSS; Jamie CLARK; Rhys TAYLOR; Tony WAGSTAFF; Steven WISNEWSKI; Darryl JEFFRIES; Sanjo KUINDERSMA; Tama KUPE; Chris MOORE; Brendon WARD.

Christie GARNETT; Sandra MURDOCK; Erica READ; Eunice BRIGHT; Marie GODKIN; Carly JULIAN; Lynette KEHELY; Toni PARR; Amanda ROWLAND; Linda SHEEHY.

## B1 — MRS VAN PAASSEN, ATKINSON

Andrew BEALE; Robert ALLAN; Peter FOPMA; Richard MORAN; Alan WELCH; Gavin DOHERTY; Pieter VAN LEEUWEN; Darrin THOMAS; Alan BARLOW; Greg BOUCHER; Glen BRYANT; Geoffrey ALLANSON; Nathan BULTER; Rodney O'CONNOR; Jason WHITE.

Corinne TAYLOR; Karen LONDON-LANE; Prue LOBB; Michelle COOK; Morag FISHER; Carmen HAVARD; Maree McAULEY; Marion TINDALL; Karen BLANCHARD; Leanne JOE; Aylene KEMSLEY; Oreen MASENGNALO; Lohenay BRUCE; Denise FUSSELL; Justine HORNE; Kim MUIR.

## B2 — MR COOPER, DARNELL

Shane DYE; Mark EWINGTON; Alan TUNNICLIFF; Iain HUNT; Shane WADSWORTH; Craig MacQUEEN; Michael MARRINER; Trent RIDICK; Mark SCHMIDT; Sam TAHANA; Steven GARNETT; Mark DYETT; Mark LAY; Tony MAZEY; Garrick RIGBY; Marshall TITO.

Edwina ROWLANDS; Vickie HOOPER; Sue MORCH; Adele BULLOT; Prakriti GOPINATHAN; Kristin HOLM; Kim VAN LEEUWEN; Bonnie WICKSTEED; Tracey HINDE; Julie LAMBOURNE; Alison MANCER; Kara GAINSFORD; Tracy HAYWARD; Kylie RANFORD; Tracey WATERS.

## B7 — MISS McGLASHEN, ATKINSON

Robert QUINCE; Michael SHARP; Andrew FRIAR; Steven JACOBSEN; Nicholas STONEMAN; Rodney HALL; Dion RYAN; Glenn STEWART; Shaun WAIWIRI.

Lisa SHARP; Rachael BRIDE; Joanne SINTON; Michelle SOUTHAM; Sharon WILLS; Katherine BEALE; Johanna DRAKE; Karen EDSER; Stella WOOD; Rita PARSOTTAM; Emma SPRAGGON; Penny TOMPKIN; Marcelle AVERY; Paula BACKHOUSE; Jennifer DAVIES; Delwyn FIELD; Tina FOY; Tracey GILBERT.

## B8 — MR PALING, ATKINSON

Tony BROWNRIFF; Neil REA; David BROWNING; Chris FITZPATRICK; Brian KARALUS; Paul MORRISON; Jason ELDERSHAW; Anton JULIAN; Christopher MISCHESKI; Brendon SMALE; Michael TRIGGER.

Kirsten HASELL; Ann JACKSON; Wendy JAMES; Andrea JONES; Paula LAMBOURNE; Tracey COTTAM; Deborah GILBERT; Lisa KENDALL; Wendy LEONG; Kelly BATLEY; Donna THOMPSON; Gail WALTON; Bridget WEST; Tabitha ANTHONY; Julie HOSKINS; Nickola SHEPHERD; Carol-Moana WEST.

## B9 — MR HODGKINSON, DARNELL

Alan GREENHEAD; Scott McGREGOR; Max BENTON; Sean LAWSON; Stuart UREN; Stephen O'DONNELL; Andrew WITHERS; Grant DANDY; Dion MARR; Zarach McDONALD; Christopher SPITTALL; Ben TABERNER; Lyle DAKIN.

Paula BRAMLEY; Janine HARRIS; Lisa READ; Angela KOOT; Amy MOTTRAM; Carmen WALSH; Janice COWLEY; Dawn ERB; Julie FITZPATRICK; Rochelle ITI; Janine GUY; Christine STREET; Karina WALLACE.

## B10 — MR LANNING, RICHMOND

Colin MEEHAN; Scott MAINDONALD; Blair STADDON; John WHITEHEAD; Trevor HALL; Ross HOFFMAN; Brendon McDONALD; Jeremy THORN; Sean WHITTAKER; Stephen COAD; Killan GRAY; Adam HUGHES; David HUNT; Matthew SMILLIE.

Andrea MURRAY; Cassie SEARLE; Tracy AUTRIDGE; Trudi BEAUREPAIRE; Leanne HERBERT; Loren ASTRIDGE; Suzy MATTOCK; Theresa RICHARDS; Debbie McKEE; Andrea POWELL; Rachael SENIOR; Sally-Anne TURNER.

## B18 — MRS SUTCLIFFE, ATKINSON

Paul ASHMAN; Justin JENKINS; Shaun HUNT; Scott MUIR; Justyn SELBY; Jeffrey WILSON; Leon BRADLEY; Paul BRYNE; Nicholas GRAY; Scott COX; Craig RYAN; Jason SMITH; Lance WALLACE; Aaron YOUNG.

Debbie SHEATH; Leeann O'DONNELL; Jodi OLSEN; Jenny POOL; Eleanor RUMBAL; Kristina BIRKETT; Sally HALE; Julie KEEPER; Stephanie ATTRILL; Michelle DOBBIN; Katrina McELROY; Darlene MURFITT; Melanie NEWMANN; Philippa BUTLER; Melanie GOODCHAP; Natasha GUC; Eileen MANU.

## M1 — MRS KNUCKEY, DARNELL

David LEIGH; Vance MURDOCK; Ross TOMLINSON; Simon EADDY; Wayne MURRAY; Terry WELCH; Karl LOONEY; Craig MARTIN; Brett MacGREGOR; Shaun OLSEN; Richard PAYNE; Colin REARDON; Paul DIXON; Kylie BURNS; Mark CONNOR; Mark FRANCIS; Tony GREEN.

Michelle FINCH; Sharlene SAMPSON; Monna-belle APIATA; Kym KNOFFLOCK; Collette WILSON; Helen CLARKE; Karen FOREMAN; Donna GARRETT; Trudy AITKEN; Susan CAMPBELL; Tracey EGARR; Allison EMO.

## M2 — MR BRADSHAW, BARRETT

Brendan DICK; Alan WILKINSON; Jason BEAZLEY; Douglas HORSFIELD; Vaughan JOHNSON; Gary LAYTON; Deane MARSDEN; Stephen MEIJER; Aaron BOULTER; David ERICKSON; Clayton FORSMAN; Paul TATTERSALL; Erin WATSON.

Lisah HENRY; Vanessa GREEN; Brenda HARVEY; Cathy SHEATH; Kim HONEYFIELD; Louise SMITH; Naomi BUTLER; Deborah FLASYSKI; Kerry McCALL; Michelle TURNER; Sharron WATSON; Nyree BACON; Amanda EVANS; Sonya HALTER; Alison MURTAGH; Jenny SHARPE.

## M3 — MR KOMENE, DARNELL

Edward HODGKINSON; Euan MITCHELL; Brian SMITH; Aaron BRUCE; Gary COOK; Tony PARRISH; Jason TAIAROA; Gregory BRIGHT; Earl APIATA; Graham COCKBURN; Scott EWINGTON; Vaughan HUTCHINSON; Karl SPRANGER; Kerryn LICHTWARK; Jody MAU.

Delwyn MASTERS; Pania NGAIA; Lisa SIFFLEET; Michelle BLANCHARD; Vivian CAMPBELL; Katrina ELSTON; Michelle WALSHAM; Tania WISE; Janeen HARVEY; Vena NEWTON; Katrina CARMICHAEL; Paula DREWERY.

## S1 — MISS HURLEY, BARRETT

Ted STOLTE; Murray JORGENSEN; Shane LE BRETON; Joshua MacDONALD; Andrew WELCH; Phillip DAWSON; John EAGLES; Darren MERRY; Benjamin WISE; Kelvin HARVEY; Yul HORSFALL; Jonathon SMITH; Bruce THOMAS.

Fiona MORATTI; Rachel VOON; Paula CONWAY; Tania GARRETT; Trudy GARVIN; Lisa GILL; Debbie JULIAN; Anne TAUNGA; Renee HILL; Lisa ROSSER; Karen WHITEHEAD; Natasha GARVIN; Rebecca HALL; Donna ROPER; Lisa ROSSITER; Vicky TAIAROA; Joanne HUGHES.

## S2 — MR MEREDITH, RICHMOND

Darren O'BRIEN; Steven RICHARDSON; Garry SHIRTCLIFFE; Wayne WALTERS; Allan CLIMO; Shane HOVELL; Vaughan KING; Selwyn EGAN; Todd WILLIAMS; Niall WILSON.

Susan BUCKLEY; Terri FOX; Mara HOSKIN; Paula RILEY; Kriste BOWEN; Nadia CARE; Karen GOLDSWORTHY; Tracey McEWAN; Andrea SIMPSON; Tracey HUNTER; Julianne KERR; Kerin MILLER; Jackalyn REA; Penni CAMPBELL; Fiona COTTERILL; Fleur GASTON; Suzanne WOOD.

## S3 — MR WOOD & MR VAN FLEET, BARRETT

Daryl COTTAM; Rakesh PATEL; Darren THOMSON; Lame DAVIES; Bradley FOSTER; Lee HALL; Darin HILLS; Ben RAINEY; Shaun SALISBURY; Rhys VOSPER; Richard JORGENSEN; Aaron MAZEY; Sam MORGAN; Campbell ROBERTSON.

Debbie STRETTON; Nelita BYRNE; Monica BACKMAN; Tracey MIKALOVICH; Juliette SYKES; Sandra CLARKE; Rachel PARK; Nicola PATON; Leah RUSSELL; Marion SHARPE; Cindy RIMMINGTON; Saphron WATSON; Larie MARTIN; Melanie EASTON; Stephanie HALLS; Danelle McGLONE; Megan McKENZIE; Lisa RUAKERE.

## S5 — MR MILLS, DARNELL

Aaron ROBINSON; Alvin HUNT; Jeffrey WELLS; Glen CHRISTENSEN; Blair HAASE; Aaron KAMANA; Robert STEWART-McDONALD; Kelly BEWLEY; Craig CALDWELL; Jon KINGE; Jason PETERS; Matthew SMITH.

Shelley CORADINE; Sharon BELL; Jenny BREWER; Michelle LEWIS; Paula WHITING; Michelle HORGAN; Leighann OLDRIDGE; Paula TURNER; Karen THOMASON; Adrienne URWIN; Lisa VELVIN; Stacey CAMERON; Michelle DRAKE; Kylee HUTTON; Karmin RUAKERE.

## S7 — MR BAGCI, ATKINSON

Darrin KLEMRA; Matthew LETHBRIDGE; Carey JOHNS; Aaran HORNE; Stephen MOORE; Nigel COLLINS; Glyn MacDONALD; John WORSLEY; Craig CLARKE; Kyle FINDERUP; Peter LUDEMAN; Andrew PATTINSON; Kawana PIHAMA; Stefan WAY.

Stacey HILDRED; Sarah WALSH; Rachel WAY; Theresa DUNCAN; Kim JOHANSEN; Mihkahlia PROFFITT; Leanne TAUREREW; Donna BEAUREPAIRE; Bronwyn BROADBENT; Patricia DONNELLY; Shelley READER; Vanessa CONCEICAO; Teri COXHEAD; Kate LAMPORT.

## S8 — MRS JONAS, BARRETT

Ian SANDERSON; Jeffrey SALISBURY; Lance COCKBURN; Jeremy DICK; Tony MAGON; Darron MORGAN; Rhys BRADDOCK; Justin JOLLY; Aaron KREISLER; Timothy AVERY; Rodney CORRIGAN; Mark JORGENSEN; Matiu MATE; Michael PLANT.

Lara BROSINSKY; Jolita GREEN; Melissa GREIG; Selina RAMSAY; Trina DIAKOWSKI; Tania HATFIELD; Stephanie LONG; Kelly WHITAKER; Joanne GILBERT; Kathy HALL; Tracey SMITH; Nicola WRIGLEY; Christine FROOM; Theresa LEIGH; Melissa LEWIS; Shelley LISTER; Ratna MORAL.

## S9 — MR PETERS, BARRETT

Shane MARTIN; Brent McKEE; Nigel SMART; Alistair BOYS; Mark GARDINER; Dean BROWN; Anthony FOWLER; Matthew WARD; Justin CAMPBELL; Christopher DUNLOP; Craig HINTZ; Richard LISTER; Michael MAIOHA.

Andrea FRIAR; Amanda WHITEHEAD; Yvonne SHAW; Petrina WATSON; Karmin ERUETI; Kelly HOOPER; Jacqueline ROPER; Louise BENTON; Helen SALISBURY; Michelle TUBBY; Jocelyn ZIMMERMAN; Tanya FARRANT; Gail McKEE; Donna MURRAY; Nicola SEWELL.

## S10 — MR PLYER, RICHMOND

Richard MOORCOCK; Simon ROBORGH; Adrian COUTTS; Evan ERB; Russell JONES; Wade SUTTON; Mark JULIAN; Justyn RUAKERE; Terry BRAMALD; Karl MURROW; Craig SAMPSON; Paul WILKINSON; Glynn WILLIAMS.

Tracey MITCHELL; Jodie GALE; Stephanie GAMLIN; Joanne PARKER; Janine AIRD; Joy LUDEMAN; Emma NEALE; Donna MISCALL; Celena POAD; Lousie DE WAAL; Rachel EDWARDS; Lee GOODIN; Trudy NORTHCOTT; Leanne SARGENT.

## S11 — MRS RATE, DARNELL

Mark DINES; Kane TAYLOR; Peter GEORGE; Brendon McCALL; Tony STUTHRIDGE; Andrew WALTON; Paul MacARTHUR; Matthew MONG; Terry CHAPMAN; Daniel FOX; Roger PEPPERELL.

Hanna ZIELTJES; Debbie ARTHUR; Rebecca MUNN; Michelle EVANS; Tania CONCEICAO; Nikki COONEY; Annalisa ROWE; Paula DE GAUNZA; Janine DELLER; Lisa UPTON; Briar WHITHAM; Stephanie BREWER; Michelle GRUNDY; Kirsten JOHNSON; Tracey McDONALD; Tracy OLIVER.

# **S12 — MR KEENAN, ATKINSON**

Stephen FRANCIS; Christopher SMITH; David DALZEILL; Dean GAR-  
ROD; Brett MURRAY; Angelo NORLING; Nicholas IRELAND; Andrew  
STOCKMAN; Christopher GALE; Philip CUTHERS; Aaron GILL; Paul  
NEUMANN.

Tracey YOUNG; Denise KOOREY; Michelle LAMB; Deidre HASELL;  
Vanessa WOOD; Merrin HODGE; Mandy McGREGOR; Janeen  
WAIARIKI; Lee-Anne ATTRILL; Tracey KEMSLEY; Lisa Mc-  
CRACKEN; Donna McEWEN; Shelley ORME.

# **S13 — MR CLARKE, BARRETT**

Ian LEUNG; Gordon BASSETT; Evan JOHNS; Jason MANU; Rane  
BOWEN; Justin BUTLER; Brendon HIRD; Matthew GRIFFITHS; John  
GRAHAM; Murray KEMSLEY; Leland LE BRETON; Greg PLIMMER.

Riki CHARD; Helen BEAMISH; Joanna PAYNE; Linda JUPP; Sonya  
ROBINSON; Katrina GILLIVER; Linda JOLLY; Joanna STONE; Paula  
AUTRIDGE; Megan BARBER; Rachel KLENNER; Darina WILSON.

# **S15 — MR GABITES, DARNELL**

Douglas VOON; Jason KEENE; Michael GREEN; Peter GUDOPP;  
Tama TOKOTAU; Craig EDWARDS; Grant GAUDIN; Stuart  
HAYMAN; Mark HOLDIT; Jeffrey IREMONGER.

Tracey KERR; Inge KUINDERSMA; Karen RUTHERFORD; Paula  
SARGENT; Raquel SCHOFIELD; Tracey THEYERS; Sara WARD;  
Shelley ZIMMERMAN; Philippa ASHMAN; Lisa BREWER; Leigh  
HONNOR; Bridget O'NEILL; Donna DIAKOWSKI; Jane HODGKIN-  
SON; Jodie MARSHALL; Aleida RECKIN; Tracey SHAW.

# **T2 — MR WATT, DARNELL**

Jon MAYHEAD; David COWELS; Michael PIKE; Trevor THORN;  
Rodney BLYDE; Robert KIRBY; Ivan SMITH; Julian SMITH; Brent  
HANNAN; Tony HYLAND; Andrew MORRIS; Andrew SIMONS; Phillip  
TARR.

Lisa RADFORD; Sharon ROSS; Maria DEAN; Karen TUNNICLIFF;  
Catherine COLLINS; Jennifer MEIJER; Katy PARSONS; Cindy  
GRAY; Leonie HARRIS; Mirriama MANU; Rachel WHITAKER.

# **T3 — MRS KREISLER, ATKINSON**

Ronald RUMBAL; David FITNESS; Te Arika PIHAMA; Nicholas RATE;  
Jason LANGMAN; Simon WILLIAMSON; Grant FRASER; Ross  
ABRAHAM; Mark MAGEE; Paewai KINGI; Terry REID; Deane RID-  
DICK.

Donna BUTT; Samantha BAKER; Tracey BARBER; Angie MARTIN;  
Debbie STANDEN; Bronwen WILLIAMS; Tracey HOUSE; Tracey Mc-  
CURDY; Christina NAGLE; Cindy SHUTE; Rachel LAMB; Cushla  
RUSSELL; Jan WICKSTEAD; Justine HEALY.

# **T4 — MRS ROWLANDS, RICHMOND**

Jason HALE; Kris VINSEN; Jeremy COWARD; Kevin SOUTHORN;  
Bruce MOODY; Robert RAMSAY; Mathew WELLINGTON; Andrew  
ADAMS; Craig ANDERSON; Paul BREWER; John McALISTER; Todd  
SMYTHE; Kyle YANDLE.

Heather BASSETT; Brenda BUCHANAN; Annette HARVEY; Whiri-  
pare CLAY; Lorraine MANU; Sandra SMILLIE; Michelle WARREN;  
Joanne COLLINS; Justine DIX; Stacey FROST; Joanna SENIOR;  
Margo TOMLINSON; Toni-Anne BROTHERRSON; Shelley HOSKIN;  
Margaret WEEDON.

# **T6 — MR GUY, BARRETT**

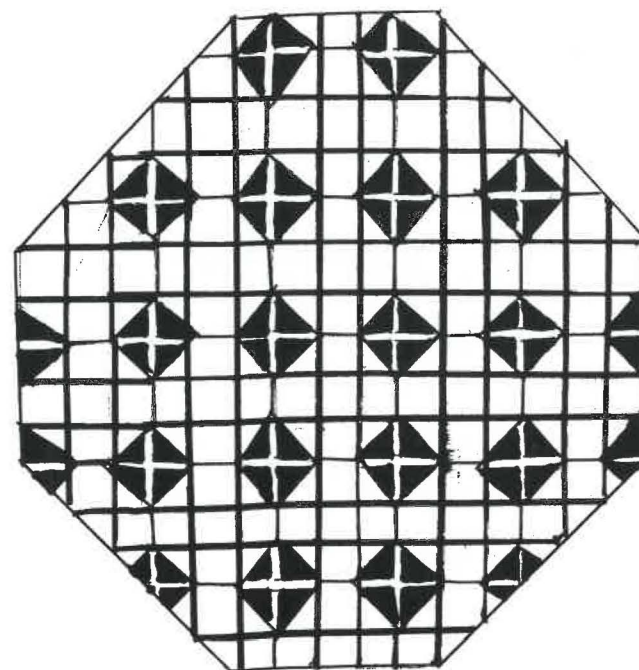
Brent COOK; Nigel LUCAS; Jamie ANDERSON; Simon BETTS;  
Jason HOHAIA; Craig COTTAM; Gareth KARAUARIA; John KEHELY;  
Carl RUMBLE; Wayde THOMAS; Keith WHITE. Daniel BISHOP; Craig  
COOMBES; Raymond FOSTER; Vinay MORAL.

Jenny SMART; Shelley DES FORGES; Paula BURTON; Rachael HIT-  
CHCOCK; Vicki LOVERIDGE; Michelle McGILP; Debbie RICHARD-  
SON; Joy COOK; Shelley GILBERT; Sharon NIWA; Dianne SMITH.

# **T9 — MR WOODHEAD, RICHMOND**

Anthony JOE; Peter BLYDE; Patrick MOORE; Gavin FRANCIS; Jason  
GILL; Steven KOHA; Jaisson MISCHESKI; Andrew TAYLOR; Aaron  
WARNER; Ian BEALE; Boyd BENTON; Andrew HAYMAN; Murray  
HAYMAN; Hiremia PATE.

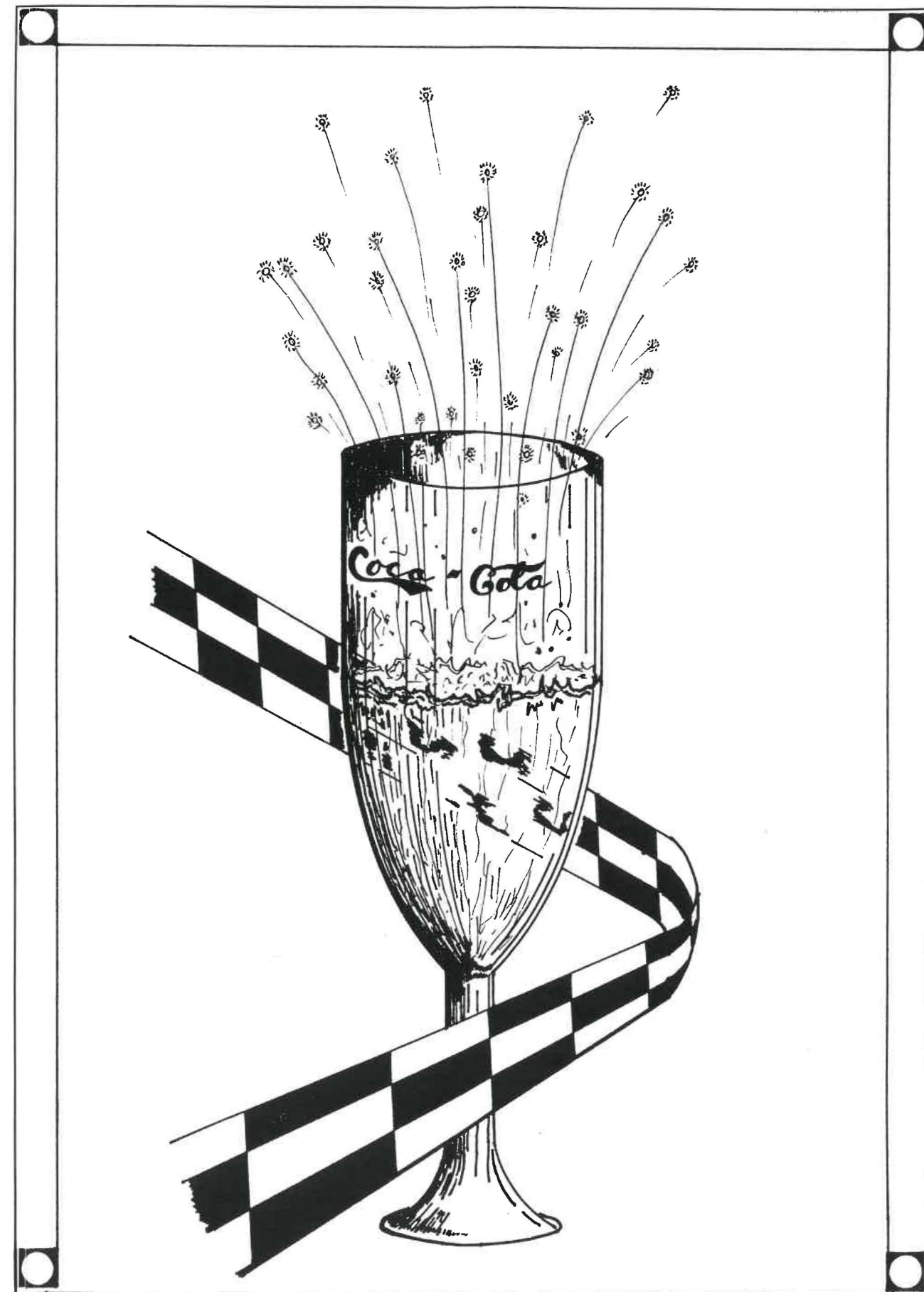
Kirsty ALLAN; Elizabeth SINGH; Cynthia BEATTIE; Lisa ROSS;  
Rachel MORGAN; Lisa ROWLANDS; Kim STRETTON; Karla FINIKIN;  
Margaret GOULD; Kellie MILLS; Jennifer SHARP; Deanna TELFORD;  
Andrea COATES; Jacqueline PRICE; Tania RAWIRI; Shona WECH;  
Kerry WINDLEBURN.



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