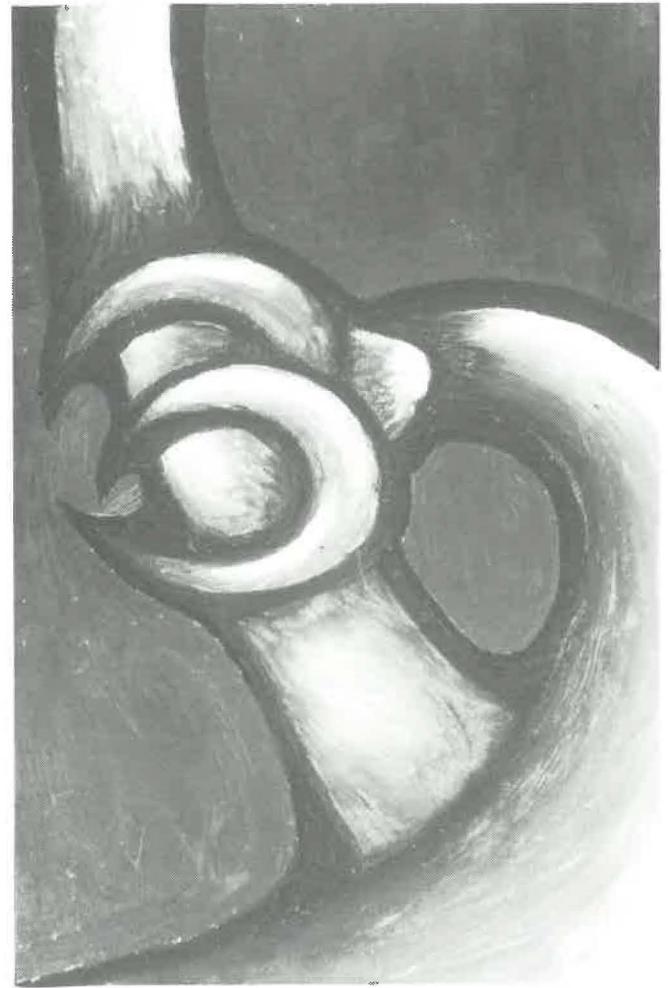


SPOTSWOOD



COLLEGE 1988



Painting by Louise Benton.
Original Colours, red background, green design.

Front Cover

Applique/quilting technique
by Tracy Hinde.
A creative assignment for
Practical Certificate in 5th
Form Clothing.

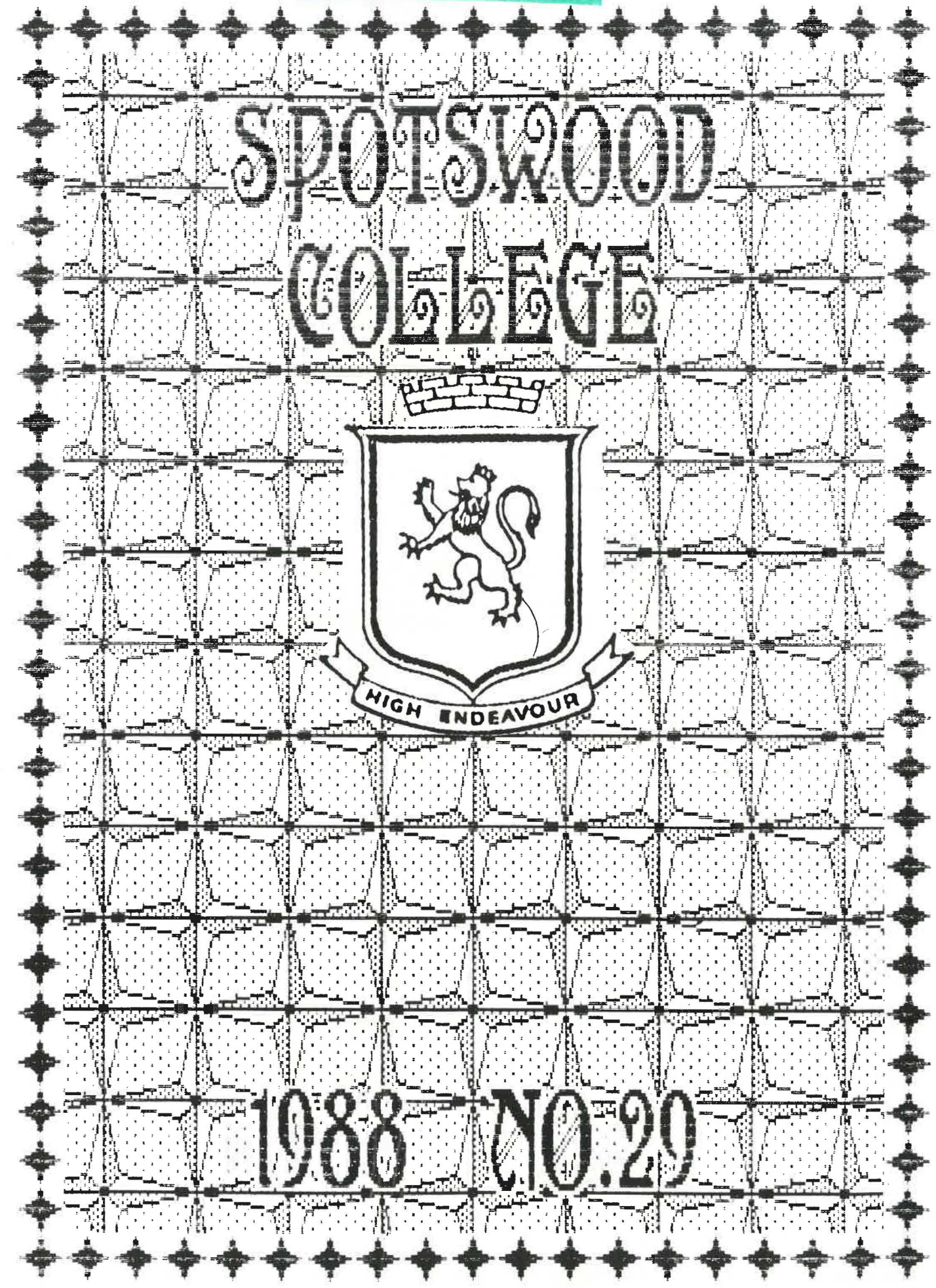
Made on the new computerised
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Clothing Department by PTA.

Thanks to Mr R. Smith,
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PRINCIPAL'S FOREWORD 1988

Spotswood College has seen a large and unexpected increase in the school roll, from a high of 1056 in 1987 to something in excess of 1167 in 1988. An increase in the number of returners, at the senior levels, was predicted, because of the downturn in the economy, but what was unexpected was the increase in numbers at the junior levels. It would appear, at this stage, that the trends started in 1988 will continue into 1989 and that a smaller increase in the roll, to something approaching 1200 students, is expected.

Fluctuations in the roll, such as those experienced over the last two years, are generally counter-productive to good educational opportunities and planning. The difficulty of obtaining highly qualified staff at short notice, and the disruption caused to students when extra classes have to be created, leads one quickly to the view that, in the interests of good education for all, some sort of roll equalization process will need to be put in place to counter these wild swings.

There are still staff to be appointed for 1989. I do hope they will be forthcoming. I am, however, extremely pleased to have five new appointments already in place for the new year; Mrs C. Wood, (Maths and Computing), Mr M. Lilly (Science and Chemistry), Mr J. Ewan, (Technical), Mrs S. Mack, (Special Education) and Mrs F. Cooper, (Art).

It is most pleasing to see, at long last, a real and planned improvement in the school environment. A development plan for the next 10 to 15 years, within the school, has already been put in place and should form the basis of ongoing improvements. It is a credit to the pupils of our school that environmental and beautification issues still maintain a high profile in their overall activity. The funds used on the conservation park, and also the funds set aside for planting in the "Plaza" area in the main quad, will clearly produce a working environment which is better for all.

1989 will see some major changes to our school in the area of staffing. Three of our most senior teachers will be leaving us and we wish them well in their retirement. Their dedication and hard work has been greatly

appreciated by both the school and the thousands of students who have passed through their classrooms. Farewell to Mrs M. Morgan after 15 years service, Mrs E. Sutcliffe after 20 years and Mr J. Lovell, HOD English, after 23 years. We also farewell this year, after a much shorter time, but certainly no less a contribution, Mrs Denise Sallaway, Principal's Secretary for the past 5 years. Our best wishes and thanks to you all.

To all of our students for whom 1988 will be their final year of secondary school, may I also extend to you my best wishes for a most happy and productive life. More and more, over the next few years, I expect both as a matter of course, but probably by government decree as well, a greater input by you, the students, into the organisation which is our school.

The contribution that Peter Blyde and Prue Lobb have made as "ex officio" members of our Board of Governors has been significant. The role and leadership shown by both School Councils and the various sub-committees have been tremendous and leaves me in no doubt that students are ready to take up the challenge of greater participation and control their own education. I welcome wholeheartedly this change.

The setting up of a Ministry of Youth Affairs, I believe, will be warmly embraced by all involved in education.

Once again to our leavers, good luck! Remember that this is your school and we look forward to welcoming you back again at some time in the future.

My personal thanks go not only to the teaching staff, but also to the caretaking, grounds and office staff for their support and fine work during the year. The year has been an extremely busy one to say the least. I would like to mention the tremendous impact and hard work of both Mr Haque and Mrs Goldsworthy in their first year as members of the senior management team. We are lucky indeed to have such dedicated and hard working professionals.

To all, may I extend my best wishes. Seasons Greetings and a most productive new year.

B. P. FINCH



STAFFROOM SNIPPETS

Storm, strike, strain, and stress! And that was just the first few months of the year. We strained our resources, that is, desks, chairs, text books and patience, as we squeezed not 32 or 34, but often 40 pupils into a classroom. The fifth formers kept coming, and coming, and the third formers were just as bad, but not quite.

We had almost solved that problem when it was 'strike' time. This added to the stress some teachers were already suffering as now they had to grapple, not with desks and chairs, but with their emotions: Anger at the government and concern for the pupils in their classes.

Then Cyclone Bola swept through Taranaki, and the storm threatened to blow the whole blooming lot away, school and all.

We lost some plants, trees and time away from school, but as they say there is a silver lining in every cloud, those of us who did manage to stagger into the staffroom were treated to an excellent lunch, cooked for us by Tony Peters.

Soon teachers were discovering another loss, Tuesdays!

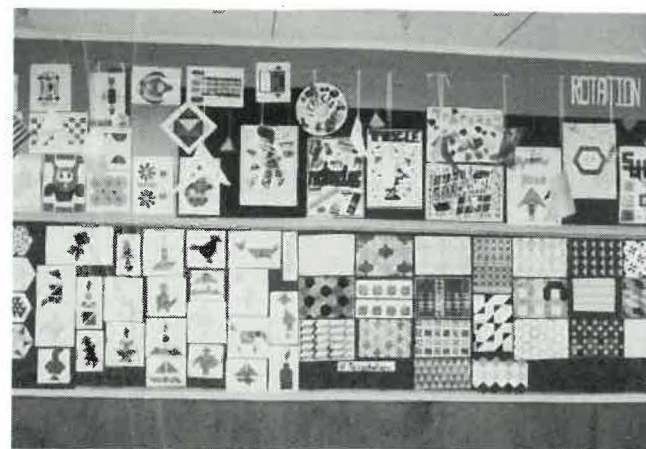
The cry was on, "What happened to our Tuesdays?" The storm hit us on a Tuesday, the strike was on a Tuesday, sports was on Tuesday, and so it went on. It was almost as if 'someone up there' had decreed Tuesday a non-classroom day.

We will miss Bryan Van Fleet for his American-type humour. Humour is so important, it helps keep everything balanced, but I can't recall too many days this year, when we had a good 'belly' laugh. One incident stood out, especially if you had a good imagination. Two of our enterprising pupils went 'bike about' on borrowed bicycles. Unfortunately for them they biked straight into the vision of a bus load of our athletes. Can you imagine the scene? Two little cyclists pedalling like mad and being pursued by a large bus and fifty pair of eyes all eager for the chase. A cartoonist would have a 'field day'!

Mrs Gabities and Mrs Thomason left us to go and brighten up the lives of the girls at Sacred Heart College, and Mr Frank decided that 27 years was just long enough to talk about far away places. He retired and was soon on his way to do a little bit of exploring.

Many teachers visited Brisbane and Expo '88, but the sun tan they acquired was soon washed away by 'showers' of rain that seemed to last for two full months.

But we've survived another year and we owe some of our sanity to those people who made our life at school a little easier. Miss Richings, the office staff, teachers aids, typists, caretaker, groundsman, cleaners and Mrs Manning. Thank you all, and have an excellent holiday.



MATHS

AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION

Each year a mathematics competition is run by the Australian Mathematics Association with support from Westpac. The competition has grown since 1979 (102,153 students) to 1988 (40,7112 students) from throughout the South Pacific.

Students compete in year groups eg. 3rd formers compete against each other, .. through to 7th formers.

It is a Math Quiz that does not just test manipulation but tests students ability to do a little bit extra, eg. The sum of all the four digit numbers that can be obtained by using the digits 1, 2, 3, and 4 is

This year 30 students entered the competition from Spotswood with the following results:

Distinction: Malcolm Fergusson

Aaron Young

Grant Gaudin

Bruce Thomas

Kristin Holm

Credit: Michael Lorigan Smith

Daniel Gill

Sasha Novak

Michael Trigger

Campbell Robertson

Roger Pepperell

Jason Peters

Philippa Butler

Alistair Boys

Andrea Murray

Tracey Fitzpatrick.

Congratulations to these students and all the others who entered - I hope they have enjoyed the challenge.

(The answer to the problem is **66660**).

FRENCH



Le Petit Dejeuner Francais



"Goldilocks Et Les Trois Ours"
Aldo, Brenda, Vanessa, Pip



Ryan, Duncan, Daniel, Malcolm
"Nous Aimons Manger"

OVERSEAS VISITORS

As my year at Spotswood draws to a close I feel myself mixed with emotion.

Of course I am anxious to get home and see family and friends, but it will be extremely hard to say good bye to those of you who are Spotswood College.

We've had a marvellous year picking up with old friendships and making so many new ones. This really has been the experience of a lifetime for myself and my family, and we want to thank all of you at Spotswood College for making it such an enjoyable stay.

I'm often asked if I can see much difference between the Spotswood of 1974 and that of 1988.

I suppose times have changed and kids find jobs harder to get when they finish school. I also feel their academic effort has slipped a bit, but by and large it's the same friendly school we left in 1974. The kids are just as friendly. (Let me thank so many of you who were friendly enough to just shout "Hello" to the strange Yank every day). The staff is just as helpful and Mr Plyler's jokes are just as bad. Mr Finch has become known as The Principal, rather than 'Magic' Finch as we used to think of him down at the YMCA. Mr Cooper is now terrorising Taranaki trout rather than rugby opponents. (Thanks for sharing your secret fishing spot). Miss Grant is now retired rather than terrorising teachers who smoke and students who look like they might.

So some of the faces have changed on the staff and all of the faces have changed on the students, but I still couldn't have wished for a better place to spend this year than at Spotswood College.

I will dearly miss my friends here, both those of you on the staff and those of you I've had in class. I would hope that some day you'll all get a chance to come and visit my home town in America and let me repay the kindness and hospitality that has been shown to us by you wonderful Kiwis. The door will always be open.

BRYAN VAN FLEET



EXCHANGE STUDENTS

Aldo Toofa, (Tahiti), Kirstin Olsen, (New Mexico)

Life Skills Japanese saw many visitors to the classroom during the year including a Japanese teacher of English from Kanto High School Mr Jun Iida. Pictured with Mr Cooper and three of his pupils are Yoshiko and Miho who were very lively members of the class. Both were billeted with Claire Jackson during their stay in New Plymouth.



Paula Sargent, Shelley Zimmerman, Yoshiko, Mr Cooper, Miho, Brenda Wood



Kirsten being presented with a farewell gift, from her friends in the 7th form common room.

ROTARY EXCHANGE STUDENT

Giddy mates! By the time you read this, I will have been home for three or four months, and be telling anyone who will listen all about my fantastic year in kiwiland.

I truly did have a marvelous stay in NZ; the unfortunate car accident I was involved in and all of the resulting surgery, physiotherapy etc., were not on my priority list of things to do and see; but as a result, I met some really caring and loving people and started some life-long friendships. I also met other exchange students from 12 countries around the world, and learned that people are people wherever you go - and, there's no language barrier for a hug and a smile.

Attending Spotswood College was an experience very different from my schooling in New Mexico. Firstly, I happen to be an avid supporter of school uniform and loved being in an environment where everyone looked the same, rather than everyone competing against one another to dress the best. Wednesday morning assemblies were something new to me - teachers in the US would be flabbergasted if they were shown the respect that you students show to Mr Finch, Mr Haque and Mrs Goldsworthy! As far as schoolwork goes, I discovered I was four years behind in subjects such as French, Physics and Maths here in NZ, these and other areas of study are cumulative whereas in New Mexico each topic (i.e. physics) is taken for only one year, and then you're through with it!

So, I would like to thank each and every one of you again for an excellent time and for welcoming me into

your school; I enjoyed being a prefect, singing in both the massed choir and the chorale, and being a part of the 7th form with two different groups of people. I'll never forget you.

See ya!

KIRSTEN OLSEN

FRIENDS

My friends are my life,
They're always there when I need them,
We share our laughter.

MOANA BISHOP, 3D.

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NEW PLYMOUTH

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

His fists clenched tighter still as he readied himself for the announcement of pain....

"Relax" the smiling dentist assured him. "Sure", Benjamin said - to himself. To myself. That's my problem, he continued. Why didn't I tell him that? If I was like Dean I wouldn't let him stick his drill in my mouth. Dean would tell him where to stick his drill. He'd tell him what he could do with....

The probing tip of the drill hit a nerve and Benjamin winced.

"Did that hurt?" the kindly man enquired.

"What do you think?" Benjamin...**wanted** to say

Dean wouldn't sit here and take this. He'd tell this old fool what he thought of him. He did this morning. That's why he's sitting in detention now. I wish I could be too....Ha! That was a laugh. Mr Shackleton just about burst. Dean wasn't about to stop either. He really came straight to the point!

Another wince and another smothered reply.

"Benjy? Is that you?" His mother's voice reached him from the kitchen as he came through the front door, into the hall.

He grunted something, dropped his bag, and went to the kitchen door.

His mother looked around from the stove. "Have you got a couple of minutes so we can talk." Oh no! She'd found out about the boots he'd left at the Y last Saturday.

"I'm supposed to go over to Dean's and help him write his lines, and you know I've got basketball practice at 6. If I hadn't had to go to the damned dentist...."

His words trailed off as he saw the way she was looking at him. It was a new look. Not the tightly-closed lips that would've told him she'd found out about the boots, and not the angry look that happened when his homework came back with red marks all through it.

"We got any drink made up?" he muttered, peering into the fridge.

"Ben. This won't take long. And, you...won't...have to go over to Dean's..."

Her voice wavered and her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "It's about Dean, Ben. Did you see him at school today?"

Ben nodded.

"This morning in English. He really laid into Mr Shackleton. That's why he's got lines."

"You didn't see him this afternoon?"

"No. Anyway, I had to leave early to go to the dentist." His mother came over to the fridge and put her hands on his shoulders. Ben stiffened. God he hated that!

"Dean's....dead....honey." Her voice was shaking. "They found him an hour ago, at the bottom of Paritutu." Ben froze. His mother was sobbing, and holding tight to his back. "That poor, poor boy. Oh Ben I can't even bear to think about it! His mother's had to be taken to hospital, and the police are there and oh Ben promise me, **promise** me that if things ever get that bad for you, oh Ben, why....why?"

Ben could smell the dog bones in the fridge. God how they stank!

How Rambo could get anywhere near them he couldn't imagine, they were putrid. The stench filled his nostrils, filled his mind, was all he could think about. He had to get rid of them.

He snatched up the plastic bag, tore himself loose from his mother and raced out the back door into the garden. Rambo was snoozing near the clothesline, saw him running across the lawn and with a yelp, raced over to join in the fun.

"Get off you stupid lump. Get out of it!" Ben swung the bag of bones at Rambo and clipped him across the rump. With a howl the dog fled into his kennel. Ben fell to his knees by the vegetable garden and started furiously scratching up the earth, digging a hole big enough to cover the bones, a hole big enough to bury the bones, a hole all the way to China to bury the world so it would never come back, to bury Dean so he'd be safe and never have to face Shackleton again, ever, to dig, to bury, to cover, to dig.

"He told him, didn't he. He told him. He really told him!" He shouted - aloud.

Watching from the window, Ben's mother saw him at last stop, and lie, exhausted by the mound of earth he'd scratched and piled.

Rambo slunk out of his kennel and sidled across to the still figure, unsure whether to approach or leave him.

But the bones were too great a temptation. With a shiver of pleasure, he grabbed the unburied bag and raced away, across the lawn, through the hedge, to enjoy his treasure under the neighbour's apple tree.

PIP LEWIS, 6TH FORM

BOREDOM

... is when you mind goes blank
you stare into space as your friend babbles
on about nothing.
You cannot speak, just listen and stare,
counting, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6...
And instead of hitting her, you walk away.

SONYA THURMAN, 3D.

FEET

Walking everywhere,
Mud oozing,
Through your toes,
Helping you run,
Away from trouble.

JOSIE TAYLOR, 3D.

A WORLD APART

The girl sat in a classroom. Gazing out the window her mind began to wander. She longed to be like all the others; she was tired of being different. It was nothing the girl could pinpoint, she was just different - in what way she didn't know. Around her the class laughed as the teacher directed a tirade of sarcasm at yet another student.

She continued her daydreaming. Staring out the window she wondered what it would be like to be popular and be able to talk and laugh freely without having to worry about rejection.

Nobody rejected the popular ones - the perfect ones.

Her dream shattered. She felt herself blush as this time the teacher directed a stream of abuse at her.

The bell rang. She hurried down the flight of stairs to her next class. She could feel the sly glances of her classmates, 'stupid fools!' she said to herself as she imagined them laughing at her, snickering behind their hands.

She held her books across her body tightly, shield-like guarding her from all the pain they could throw at her.

She was late. The warning bell had already rung, a sign that all students should be in class. 'Not a hellava lot of point going now!' she thought to herself. 'I can't concentrate anyway'. She turned and blindly walked the other way - away from her tormenting classmates. She walked straight towards a seat; and stumbled into it.

In her mind she could imagine her classmates laughing at this - just another set of taunts to live down. She let the papers in her hand drop and watched them fluttering away in the wind. She wished someone would set her free too. Freedom, that's what she wanted; needed.

She put her head in her hands and wept. Wept, bitter, painful tears. It hadn't been easy changing schools half-way through the term, she knew no-one and no-one seemed to know she existed, unless it was to tease her.

She hated them; hated the children who teased her, the teachers who humiliated her, her parents who tried so hard to be understanding.

She Hated herself.

The tears flowed strongly - she didn't give a damn; let them see what they'd done to her.

It was their fault.

She felt a hand on her shoulder. Still crying, she looked up. Looking into his face she recognised him. One of the kids from her class. A popular one. He had never teased her but his friends had. A lot. She remembered it well.

He looked at her with concern in his eyes, genuine concern. But she saw the eyes of the others; laughing, jeering at her.

She shook off his hand and ran. Ignoring his pleading she continued to run. Faster and faster she ran.

Out past the school gates.

Down towards the beach.

Towards the cliff.

The cliffs where she could think alone. She reached them and sat on the grassy ledge at the top.

She stood up and let the wind blow through her hair, whipping it around her face.

She smiled.

She knew how to punish them. How to make them hate themselves - like they hated her.

Like she hated herself.

She raised her arms straight out in front of her. She took a breath of air, sweet cool air, and gulped it greedily. She felt numb. It was close, so close she could see it within her grasp, coming near to her outstretched hand. Finally, she would have peace. And be loved.

"No!" a scream pierced the stillness. "Don't" please don't ..." the voice trailed off. She turned around, surprised and looked. It was the boy standing alone, tears streaking his handsome face. Hands outstretched. Head bent. "Please don't jump ... um ... I mean ..."

She laughed; a false laugh. She no longer felt like a winner, this wasn't the way to win. He stepped towards her, hands outstretched. Reaching for her.

She stiffened and he stopped moving. Looking at her now. "Please don't waste what you have - they're not worth it, please..." She interrupted him.

"I have ... huh ... nothing! Not even any damn friends!" she said it aloud again, liking the sound of it. "I have nothing!"

As the words rang out across the heavy air, she realised she was no longer alone. Someone cared.

She whispered in a barely audible voice, "I need to talk to someone."

JENNIFER DAVIES, 4G.

He did it all,
He made me smile,
He made me cry,
He made me jealous,
But He made me,
What I wanted to be,
He made me.

RACHEL UNCLES, 4R.

GLASSES

Big, small,
round, tall,
rimmed, clear,
far near,
dirty, clean,
rimmed with green.

JOANNA GEORGE, 3D.

A TEACHER LOOKS BACK:

Twenty-seven years is a mighty long time to spend in the same school and I certainly didn't plan it that way. I guess I must have been reasonably happy to have stayed for so long. One of the good features of life at Spotswood College is the friendly and supportive.

I have found most of our pupils to be friendly and relatively docile compared with their city counterparts and I can honestly say that I haven't encountered many who were downright unpleasant and deliberately disruptive. I suppose I can take some credit for that.

There have been big changes, in the time I have been at Spotswood changes in such areas as staff, buildings, curriculum and, of course, pupils. This has provided a challenge and one of the good things about teaching is that no two years are the same. I have occupied many different positions including head of one of the unit schools when our roll reached nearly 1500 pupils, deputy principal, acting senior master, dean of fourth and fifth forms, middle school administrator and head of social studies for a number of years.

Hard as it may be to believe, what I have enjoyed most is teaching, which is after all, what I was trained to do. I guess I have earned a reputation as a hard taskmaster which hasn't always been appreciated though I have often run into former pupils who have expressed thanks for my efforts on their behalf, even if they didn't particularly appreciate it while they were at school!

One of the big changes I have noticed is in methods of discipline. In my early days of teaching the cane was the standard form of punishment for boys. I don't think anyone in their right mind would want to go back to those days, but I can't help wondering at times if the pendulum hasn't swung too far the other way as often happens. It is a sad fact of life that some people will always regard liberality as weakness, and exploit the

situation to the full. The amount of time spent on such pupils often angers me while the "silent majority" are forgotten.

In the early days of the school we didn't have the amenities we have today. I have vivid recollections of trying to show a film on the hall stage with the curtains drawn while competing with a physical education class in the body of the hall.

I also have vivid memories of when our school roll rose to nearly 1500 pupils, trying to fit classes into rooms was a timetabler's nightmare. There were so many bods on the campus that everywhere you went you seemed to be bumping into people sometimes quite literally. I doubt if anyone was too upset when our roll dropped as dramatically as it had risen, even those of us who lost some seniority as a result of this.

Another thing I remember is how strongly pupils identified with East and West schools, partly I imagine, because classes were organised on that basis.

I guess that one of the satisfactions of staying in the same school for a long time is that you are constantly running into former pupils and the sons and daughters of former pupils. I have long since got used to third form pupils telling me that I taught their mothers or that I whacked their father's backside!

I am beginning to get the message that it is time I left the chalk face and I have no desire to be a latter day Mr Chips and be greeted by the grandchildren of former pupils! I hope that I have earned the respect, and even affection of, at least the majority of what must be close to 4000 ex pupils of mine.

I wish the College well for the future and am sure that under the benign leadership of Mr Finch the very sound foundations laid by our first principal Mr McPhail will be further enhanced.

DON FRANK

GREAT WHITE SHARK

Scything through the water at great speed,
Crunching its pearl-white teeth,
An assassin at the ready
The most feared of the giant killers
Moving for no living soul.
Its tail moves like a flash of lightning!
Crunching into its prey with steel-like jaws,
It's eyes patrolling the shore for movement,
A killer if ever I saw one.
A head-on collision, the most feared nightmare of all.

JOHN GRAY, 30.



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SCIENCE

1988 TARANAKI SCIENCE FAIR

The Ivan Watkins-Dow sponsored fair was held at the New Plymouth Girls' High School on August 12 and 13.

Over 250 entries were received from intermediate and secondary schools throughout Taranaki.

This year the number of classes available for competition were increased with a technology class added as well as classes in speech and observational drawings. The Observational Drawing Class proved popular and an excellent standard of drawings achieved.

Spotswood College had some excellent entrants and Jason Gill's 'Hydraulic Arm' won first prize in its class and the second-in-fair prize. Other prize winners from Spotswood were Sandra Smillie who won the Senior Observational Drawing Prize, Yvonne Shaw and Catherine Booker who won prizes in the senior essay class and Rakesh Patel who finished second in the Senior Biological Science Class with an exhibit on in vitro fertilisation. Kate Fowler, Tabitha Williams and Karen Aitken won a merit award for their exhibit called, "Fabric Safety".

Usually it is only the 'first-in-fair' winner who has automatic entry to the National Fair, held this year in Dunedin. But the Taranaki Fair committee felt that the standard of Jason Gill's exhibit was such, that a special entry to the National Fair be requested. The request was granted and was justified when Jason won a merit award.

Taranaki figured prominently at the National Fair, as two third form pupils from Sacred Heart Girls' College also won a special merit award.

TARANAKI FOURTH FORM SCIENCE QUIZ

The fourth form Science Quiz was staged at Spotswood College. Our team: Natasha Garven, Phillipa Buller, Grant Gaudin and Bruce Thomas came second, losing only in the final run off with NP Boys' High.

An excellent effort by the team who competed against eleven teams from Taranaki.

HEALTH EDUCATION AT SPOTSWOOD

Next year Health Education is a compulsory component in all New Zealand schools. It can either be taught as a single 'stand alone' subject or it can be intergrated, as is already being done at Spotswood.

Intergrated means that small amounts are taught in all subjects. All core subjects at 3rd and 4th form include components of the new Health Syllabus, eg. The family unit in 4th form Social Studies.

The senior Life Skills programme at 6th and 7th form level also includes health related subjects. At 5th form level those students who take science do a pure health unit which teaches about the spread of diseases, exercise, alcohol, smoking and diet.



Jason Gill - First Prize - Also Second-in-Fair Prize.

PE includes health at all levels as does Home Economics. The guidance system (including counsellors, deans, form teachers and our school nurse) is strong at Spotswood and students are free at any time, to consult anyone of these people in relation to a problem or crises they may be going through. The special education unit also provides skills and opportunities for a wide range of students to get specialised training in single subject areas, career opportunities and job skills all of which goes towards developing a sound self esteem.

The World Health Organisation defines 'Health' as a state of physical, mental and social well-being - so, as you can see, it includes an extremely wide area of education.

The titles that have to be covered are, (1) Building self esteem, (2) Eating for health, (3) Caring for the body, (4) Staying healthy, (5) Physical activity for health, (6) Keeping safe, (7) Relating to others, (8) Finding out about helping agencies, (9) Having a role in community health issues.

Many new resources are available to us from many different sources eg. Health Dept. and ACC. Community groups such as Rotary and Lions are also willing to provide time and material.

Eat well, have good friends, participate in some physical activity, and most of all STAY HEALTHY.

Have a good holiday.

M. MUNRO
TEACHER IN CHARGE HEALTH

SPEAKING - DEBATING

SENIOR DEBATING

Nineteen eighty-eight brought new life to the senior debating team.

We had an influx of debaters, Jan Bridgeman with her 'brilliant wit' was a much needed gift to a group who needed zapping up. Catherine Brooker another immigrant to Spotswood this year provided an infallible logic, all the way from Southland (the sub-tropical paradise of Invercargill?).

Neill "typically political" Rea brought a male viewpoint to an otherwise exclusive female opinion (oops!.....sorry Mr Crawford).

We had the old loyal team Shelley de Forges, Lisa Shaw, Yvonne Shaw, and Jodie Gale, who after straying for a few years, returned to the debating scene, and we were glad to have her.

With such a winning combination we were determined that this year, we would realise our ambition, to win an interschool debate.

Our first challenge was the New Plymouth Boys' High School, in round one of the Jaycee's Regional Debating Contest. The topic was "That today's heroes are hollow", and Spotswood Rad the negating side, Jodie, Neil, and Yvonne tried valiantly to protect our idealistic idols and, had the decision rested upon the strength of superior argument, we would have had no competition. The judges, however, seemed to find the opposition's crass humour, and chauvinistic argument amusing and awarded them the win.

Though depressed for a while, the Spotswood debaters had a healthy attitude - "that it is not winning that counts, but how you debate the topic." Our sportsmanship was sorely tried as we lost yet another debate, this time to Francis Douglas, as we affirmed "That tradition is the enemy of progress."

This might have been the end for our debating team had not Mr Crawford wheedled, whined and bullied us into forming a team for the Speech and Drama Festival.

Yvonne, Catherine, and Lisa had to abandon their natural opinion and debate "That women's lib has had its day," this was against the best team Hawera could produce. We voted that females be kept barefoot, pregnant and in the 'office', while presenting a sad case of men trapped in a stereotype that needs liberation. They obviously believed us because we actually won the debate. Lisa was also awarded 'The Best Speaker' for her 'witty way with words'. (Three jubilant girls celebrated at Pepe's Ice-Cream Parlour that afternoon).

The winning streak continued and the Spotswood supporters turned out to cheer on Yvonne, Jan and Jodie, as they challenged the team from Fraser High (Hamilton), with the topic 'That it is better to grow cabbages than roses'. Mr Finch had a great laugh as the team poked 'fun' at the topic. Jan, in particular, entertained the audience with a brilliant rebuttal speech, peppered with puns and laced with irony.



DEBATING TEAM

Back row from left: Catherine Brooker, Yvonne Shaw, Delwyn Masters, Tracey Fitzpatrick.

Front row from left: Jan Bridgeman, Shelley Des Forges, Jodie Gale, Lisa Shaw.

Absent: Neil Rea.

The argument was based upon perceptions of beauty and 'we' provided a striking visual stimulus, decked out in dresses of yellow, red and blue roses. To balance this, we held up a cabbage, entreating the audience to see it as an 'object of art'. I don't know whether they could break through the stereotype of what is considered beauty, but it certainly amused them and we won yet another debate.

Nineteen eighty-eight is almost gone and we have achieved our aim, twice! Looking back over the years of debating, two things stand out:

- (1) Scribbling the leader's reply while the other team is speaking, (and therefore missing out on rebuttal material).
- (2) Cups of milo and biccies at Mr Crawford's, patiently waiting while he raved on about his pet orchids.

Debating is fun. It makes you think about things you wouldn't ever consider worth arguing about eg. the value of a cabbage compared to a rose.

We hope that as we leave Spotswood we will be replaced by other keen, young speakers, who will get as much out of debating as we did.

Public speaking is a valuable art and Mr Crawford really is a sweetie!

TA-TA
DEBATERS OF '88



LEADERSHIP COURSE

During my 7th form year I was lucky enough to be involved in the International Youth Leadership Course run by the Toastmasters of New Plymouth. The meetings took place each Tuesday evening for eight weeks, in the school library.

Each session lasted for two hours.

This was the first course available to secondary school pupils in Taranaki and twelve of our seventh formers learned how to organise meetings, and how to stand before people and give a speech. Our speaking capabilities were strengthened and we learned quite a bit about Parliamentary procedures.

Each member had to take a turn to be chairperson, vice-chairperson or secretary so we all became capable of each office. We also learnt how to make original speeches, and how to judge the qualities of a speaker.

At the end of the course we had a graduation ceremony, organised completely by the members on the course. Parents, and members of the Toastmasters Club were invited and we gave reports and speeches.

The evening finished with Mr Finch giving out certificates, then each person was invited to a supper, put together by 7th formers.

We would like to thank the Toastmasters for making this course available to the pupils of Spotswood College.

MICHELLE SOUTHAM
VICE-CHAIRPERSON, GRADUATION EVENING

6TH FORM SPEECH

"BUILD BRIDGES, NOT WALLS"

That philosophy is so easy to say and yet in reality very hard to put into practice. Every day of our lives bridges are bulldozed down and walls are built up in their places. Many problems are occurring within families today, the bridges of communication have long since burned down and now walls of conflict remain in their place.

At present the American Senator of State George Schutlz is travelling the Middle East with his Peace Plan Proposal. So far the Arabs have not been impressed but he is trying and all he can do is try. Ronald Reagan has just completed another Summit Meeting with the president of the Soviet Union. He too is trying, trying to build bridges, trying to tear down the walls. Trying to build a better world for us to live in.

Think of all criminals in prison cells all over the country. It is obvious that our legal system is failing. Locking them up is not solving the problem. Something must be done to get through to these people. The walls must crumble, we must build bridges of understanding to reach people, other ways of solving the problem.

Many people build physical walls, out of a need for security. Look around you, houses are protected like fortresses, so many people are afraid. The Americans have their nuclear weapons, that is their wall, their protection, their safety, their security.

One of the tallest walls of all is that built up of foolish pride. Pride stands in everyone's way now and then, we

must learn to push it aside, give in occasionally, and cross yet another bridge. In Sun City, a place of apartheid. Walls have been built to keep the majority out and the minority safely penned in. The bridge to equality has yet to be built.

Bridges must be built between countries, to improve relationships throughout the world. We must stop hiding behind a wall of injustice, a wall of tears and we can stop the pain now! It costs nothing to give a hand shake, a hug or to pat someone on the back now and then, then the walls of solitude can be broken down and bridges of understanding put in place.

When our parents brought us into the world, we all crossed the bridge to existence, but a bridge to life has yet to be built. At present we are living day to day not knowing what will happen tomorrow. We need to plan, to construct bridges. It will take time and effort, but one day our results will speak for themselves.

We, we are the future. You, fellow pupils, you and I must stand up and reach out, as Captain Kirk would say "We must go, where others have been too afraid to tread." With our bare hands we must tear down the walls that those before us built up in their time of need. We do not need these walls now. We need to build bridges - a bridge to the heart of all, the bridge to the other side, to new beginnings and better lives for all. Build now, while we still have the time, don't wait until it is too late, do it now. Build bridges, not walls!

KIM HONEYFIELD, 630 Eng

POETRY

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name?
Lifelong attachment
Confusion

Did you call me,
I?
That's not my name
My name's different

An echo of the past,
Or a modern idea.
Moon, leaf, Lisa,
names, what do they mean.

Others like others,
do you fall in love with
just a name
or not.

Come from elsewhere
got a different name.
Spell it for me
Change it?

To what, forget it
leave it,
I mean,
What's in a name?

INGE KUINDERSMA, 7th

MAN ALONE

If you hide behind your masculinity anymore
your mask will crack, crumble, break and reveal
The core of the real you
Bones and blood but no flesh at all
The blood flows on
Straining the bone
Creeping into the crevices of cracks
Knee bone, ankle bone, head bone
So without that blubber to cover
that muscle to display
that hair to prune and preen
that flesh to refract
that clay to crack
You'll only have your soul
And what is that without the make-up that
you smoulder it with?
Come out from behind your cloud
And be free

ANNE TAUNGA

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

So much I see is depressing
So much I see is so wrong
So much I see is unhealthy
So much I see is unreal
So what is there that I can do
About the 'so much'
around
Voice out my own opinion
- Only to be knocked back down?
Step out alone to be pushed out of the way?
Write objections to the high and mighty ones -
To be screwed up and thrown away?
Alone I am so helpless
Alone it will not work
Let's form a form united
As one soul against the rest
And we will change the problems!
But will we pass the test?

ANNE TAUNGA

LIFE

Like rats in a cage we gather round,
Things to be done, food to be caught,
Things to be trapped in our own little world.

A state of emergency in Africa,
People die in Iran, a bomb in Belfast,
And the world goes round.

We must move fast to accomplish a life,
Buy a car, get a good job
And be a good wife.

The rats in the cage gnaw away to escape,
To be free from the walls that hold them in,
A trapped life, they want to escape.

Another ship sinks, more people drown
Floods, storms, droughts, typhoons,
And the world goes round.

Frustrations and fears to get to the top,
We have money and power, and
Important friends that don't mean a lot.

And unlike the rats, we don't try to escape,
To seek experiences, new places and different ways of
life,
We stay trapped in our own little world.

THEA.

HAWKS

Hawks fly high, dive deep
To catch the prey they seek.
Their bodies are smooth and sleek
Theirs is a good technique
Hawks fly high, dive deep.

High in the air they soar
Looking down for a score
They're expert
They've done it before
High in the air they soar.

High in a cliff top to devour
A helpless morsel of the hour
Brains spilling out
Making it sour
Making dead a flower

Screeching its mating call
It slips and starts to fall
Screeching -
Deafening to all
Splat against a wall.

WAYNE SANGER, 3F

PROWLER IN THE NIGHT

In the evening by the fire,
Lies a soft bundle of fur,
Snug and cosy.
A comforting feeling in the air.
His small ears, eyes and nose,
Make him look so docile and intelligent.
But when no-one is around,
And the moon is out,
He creeps outside into the deathly dark night.
His eyes now balls of fire,
His voice like the Devil's.
An unearthly scream he makes,
To any challenger nearby,
For the night is to be his, forever.

ADRIENNE FERRIS, 30.

MY MOG!

Asleep on the rug,
Contented and warm,
Very gentle and tame.
But this is during the day.
When the sun turns off
And the moon turns on
My moggie is a moggie no more,
But a wild animal,
Stalking the night,
Eyeing its prey
Selecting the one to be his victim,
And prove to the world,
That my moggie's supreme.
So if you're a mouse,
And you see two glowing eyes,
Following every move you make,
Then you know your time is up,
Because those eyes come from where no mouse
dares!
And if you feel razor sharp claws
Tearing your flesh,
Then my feline has you.
Or if you've just tucked yourself in
And on the fence,
Outside your window,
Comes a choir of cats,
Then my Moggie and his mates,
Have chosen you as their audience,
Until the morning rises,
To celebrate their kill, of the night before.
But just on dawn,
In slinks my cat, onto my bed
To be petted and stroked.
And if, later that day,
On the phone you hear,
The neighbours complain,
My ball of fluff looks at me and says,
"Oh no, it wasn't me!"
And slithers around my ankles.
But out of the corner of my eye I see...
No, it was my imagination,
Not my mog!
He's too playful and loving.
He wouldn't...
Would he?

TRINITY WILSON, 30.

MAORI



MAORI CULTURE GROUP

Back: Cathie Griffiths, Leanne O'Donnell, Justine Dix, Stephanie Brewer, Eileen Manu, Joanne Hughes, Adrienne Urwin, Saphron Watson, Joanne Bewley, Trisha Donnelly, Aroha Butler, Vivienne Campbell, Beverley Avery.
Front: Sam Tahana, George Kinge, Nicky Coutts, Kane Murphy, David Erikson, Eugene Cassidy (Tutor).
Absent: Robyn Te Huia, Sharon Niwa, Samantha Allison, Bevan Erueti.

At the beginning of the year Eugene Cassidy (Tutor) combined Spotswood College, New Plymouth Girls' High, and New Plymouth Boys' High to form our Culture Group, Whanau Te Reo O Taranaki.

Our senior team (of the same name) won Korimoko O Aotearoa (the Bellbird of Aotearoa) trophy. This was after winning first place in the senior section of the Kotahitanga Church Building Society National Championships at Manu Ariki Marae near Taumarunui, early this year.

We are hoping to follow in their footsteps, and I know that they also wish this for us as well.

I would like to thank Mr Finch for allowing us to use Spotswood College Hall for our rehearsals and to thank other staff members for their help and support. I would also like to thank each group member for time and energy put into our programme. Well done and good luck for the regionals, nationals and for the future.

LEE-ANNE AND TRISHA



Trisha Donnelly and Saphron Watson bringing in Fraser College, the traditional Maori way with Karanga's led by Trisha.



The Maori Culture Group say farewell to Kirsten Olsen (our American pupil) on her last day at Spotswood College.

Tena Koutou Katou

Ki te Rangatira oa Mr Finch Tena Koe? Ki nga Kai ako, tena koutou, ki nga Rangatahi O tenei kura, tena koutou katoa.

Kei te mihi atu nei ahau kia koutou me to huarahi me te tautokongia o te Roopu a whakatata O nga Powhiri Whakaatu nei Noreira, e whetai ana O ta koutou manaaki hei whaka oranga mo ratou maa.

Kio ora ane tatou katoa.

EUGENE CASSIDY (TUTOR)



Te Roopu Whakatata. The Maori Culture Club welcoming Fraser College (Powhiri).



Saphron with the second Karanga as Fraser College is led into the hall.



All eyes are on Kane Murphy as he says his Whaikorero (Speech) on behalf of Spotswood College.

As prologue to the show 'Good Looking' Te Roopu Whakatata's presentation based on the film sequence devised by the late Sonny Waru for 'Expo' '88, Brisbane.



ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

THE PICNIC

The old woman stood frozen into an animal stillness, her hands motionless amongst the blossoms spread on the table. The woman was even older than I had thought, just skin and bones. Only the bright blue eyes showed any vitality.

She was not the sort of child you would notice on that train. A painfully dull looking child, she did not flaunt the sunburnt orange hair that flowed over her shoulders and back, nor could she smile and expose a collection of teeth, firmly inlaid like pearls on a shelf.

She was travelling alone, with only a pile of books and a large dimpled suitcase held together with a length of twine. Engrossed in reading a thick book with a mahogany red cover, the second from the pile, she did not notice the sun disappearing behind the hills and falling away from the ridges like pleats in a skirt. She squinted in the steel grey darkness until the words appeared as a small inky smudge in a huge ink pot. Curling herself into a ball, she listened to the drowsy chatter in the compartment. On the seat in front a young woman was hushing her two sons to sleep and further away a grandmother was having one last game of cards before bedtime.

The girl thought sleepily of home. Mother would be bustling in and out of the large kitchen: boil the potatoes, set the table, watch the meat, what is for dessert?, and father would be making his way home - through the tunnels, over the bridges and towards home, one of the hundreds and thousands of houses sprinkled over the layers and folds of cake. When he finally arrived home his dinner would be steaming on the table, the smell of chocolate pudding choking the kitchen, and his daughter Katherine, in her own silent world, would be weaving bright skeins of wool to form a web of colour.

The girl prised her eyes open until they had adjusted to the brightness of the compartment. The patchwork hills and their seams of crooked wooden fences were gone, replaced by ash colour buildings supporting leaden chimneys. They seemed never ending, the greyness impenetrable. But the girl reading the mahogany red covered book knew that soon the factories would be replaced by tiny houses clinging tenderly to the slanted hills, and then at last she'd be home.

The time seemed to go quickly and soon she was stepping onto the platform looking for mother, father and Katherine. They would be late, she thought, the roads would be busy or the train early. She was wondering whether she would be able to carry the dimpled suitcase to a nearby seat when her hand was grabbed by a larger one. Looking up, she smiled at her father and then looked beside him where she expected to see mother clinging to her blue church hat and Katherine, her eyes devouring the navy blue blazer and grey woollen gym her sister wore. She looked up at her father and waited for an explanation. He grabbed her suitcase, propelled her through the crowd and hesitated as they neared the car.

"Now listen love, I'm afraid you're going to have to be even more patient with Katherine during the holidays. It'll just be until she gets settled in at her new school." He paused and smoothed down the corner of his moustache with his finger.

School? the girl thought. But how can Katherine go to school? Deaf people can't go to school.

"She's been pleading with us to let her go to boarding school with you, but....well, that's just not possible so she's going to a special school. She's been finding it a little tough though, so you'll just have to be patient."

"Are we still going to have a picnic?"

"Of course we are, love," he said and squeezed her hand.

The crystal water slid softly over the rocks until it came to rest in a circular hole. Here the water was tall and tea like, reflecting the surrounding boulders and towering trees.

Two girls sat on the small grassy patch near the waterhole, one reading a book, the other peering into the water, her reflection peering back at her. She gazed at her sister, still wearing the blue blazer and grey gym.

Then with a gentle movement of her hand, as gentle as the movement she used to form webs of colour, she pushed the other girl into the tea like fluid. A gentle splash and helpless scream echoed softly from the boulders. A mahogany red book cover floated on the surface of the water, rocking gently over the small wavecrests.

Her sister turned away from the water. Only the bright blue eyes showed any emotion.

KRISTIN HOLM, Form 6

Grey, silver, shimmer white,
The colours of the winter's night,
As the grave-stones crack.

CHRIS DUNLOP, 4H.

November the fifth has come and gone,
But thoughts of it still linger.
I held a banger in my hand -
Has anybody seen my finger?

SWINTA MAJOOR, 610.

ANOTHER NIGHT BEGINS

As the sun sets on the horizon, the ocean waves crash on to the rocks, and run up on to the sand. The day is ending, as signs of a cold night are ahead. Clouds in the distance creep over the city and night falls...

Lights flick on and it's light again, cars are heard in the distance like the sound of humming bees in trees. A group of innocent, daring girls are heading for town laughing gaily, hoping for a good night. Parents sit by the open fire keeping their bodies warm, and their minds off what could happen to their precious children on a Saturday night.

As they enter the main lighted street, where weird noises, laughter and mumbling are heard from the space-invader parlour. A cold gust of wind catches their hair and settles it again. A car roars past them, a horn is sounded and brakes screech on the rubble. It slides to a halt. Music is heard and strange, powerful smells are caught in the night air. As the girls pass, the hooligans toot once more. A husky voice calls out one of the girls' names, and they turn to recognise the face. The girls go over to talk. Soon enough they are invited to a party by the mischievous boys, who are looking for a good time.

On their way bottle tops are popped and drinks are shared around. This is not fizzy drink, but the drink that can cause disasters. They never get to the party. They are out of control. Only one sensible girl stays away from the drink. She asks to get out, but they don't let her. Tears roll down her peach-like cheeks and dry on her sweater. They eventually give in to this puppy-eyed child, and brakes are slammed to a forceful stop. She stands on the side of the road waving goodbye to her foolish, heartless friends. They make a U-turn and the smell of alcohol and petrol fumes are wafting in the cold air. She runs across the road and just as she steps on to the pavement, bright lights hit her body. She turns to the blinding lights and all that is heard is a bang and cracking of glass. Screams and horns disturb the night, brakes screech to a halt. A body is thrown over the bonnet and on to the gravel.

Blood stains the window and the road, and lies in a pool of blood. Her clothes are stained with rosy red blood which runs from her head. The careless, drunken boys and girls hope and pray for their friend. Will they live in guilt forever or will they face reality as their friend lies in hospital under good care, fighting for her life?

MAREE LEWIS, 522.

WHICH WAY?

"Turn to him
In times of need," they said
"He will see you through"
I turned
But could not find
The path
I was to take
I pleaded

Show me him
In times of need
Still
I could not find
On bended knee
With broken dreams
I turned
The other way.

JENNIFER DAVIES.

PARENT LIES & CHILD BELIEFS

"Eat all your crusts so your hair will curl," and "Eat all your carrots so you'll be able to see in the dark!"

These are two of the thousands of tall lies that parents tell their small children in order to coax them into such things as eating their crusts and carrots, things that they usually don't enjoy doing. Parents have such devious minds, they fool their easily sucked-in kids into believing such rot, just so they'll do what they're told without fuss. The world's greatest parent lie or child belief comes every year around Christmas.

Excited children can't wait until the morning when they jump out of bed and hastily pad out into the lounge where their trimmed Christmas tree stands. Under it a jumble of presents, some from mum and dad, some from big brother or sister, some from grandma, but what's this, "Merry Christmas love from Santa."

The delighted child is so pleased that Father Christmas (alias mummy and daddy) has not forgotten him or her. Jolly old Santa who travels every year from the North Pole by means of a sleigh and a team of reindeer, delivering gifts to all the good boys and girls by making his entrance through the chimney.

Happy parents stand by and watch their thrilled child when he or she discovers this present, thinking back to the night before, when they had hustled their excited kids to bed so they'd be able to get to work, wrapping and addressing presents to their children from the supposed Santa Claus.

However, as this child grows and becomes more intelligent, he begins to wonder ... How could Santa come down our chimney, our house is fitted with gas?

Or how could the tooth fairy know when my teeth fall out so she can come and exchange them for 50 cents?

Or how could Easter Bunny deliver all her eggs everywhere all over the world to every kid in just one night? They wouldn't all fit into one basket.

Then one dreadful day, little Sally or Bill asks the big question - Where did I come from? Oh no! How are mum and dad going to wriggle their way out of this one?

Some parents answer: "The stork delivered you to us one moonlit night, dear." Others say - "A band of fairies brought you to us". Some even reply - "We found you under a cabbage in a cabbage patch one day."

Why do parents tell such tales?
Is it to avoid telling the real truth?

Some make believe tales parents preach are good ones and they tell them only to make their children happy

Other lies are told for the convenience of parents, but small children believe these stories just as they believe in Bogie Men, Dracular, Werewolfs and Goblins and can they be disappointed when they discover the truth.

LETITIA SMITH, 30.

BODY LANGUAGE (Are they discussing 4th formers?)



We must tune in to the problem.

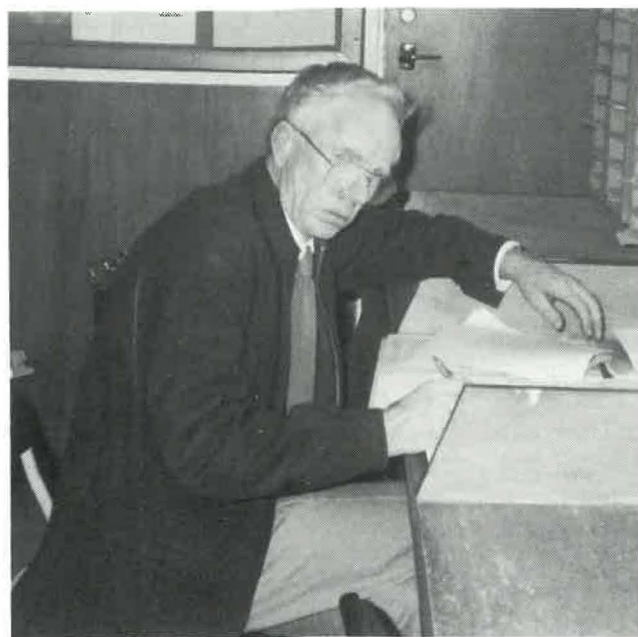


I've read many books on the subject. Not one offers a solution.

I told them where to go, and what's more, I helped them on their way!



I've been developing them all morning and I'm b.... ushed.



Rubbish! Who reads? Trade them to the Russians.

I said if you come in here I'll probably strangle you.



If you wear war paint you frighten them away.

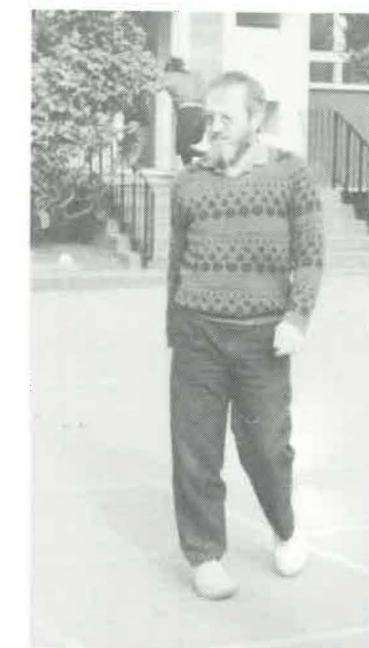
All you do is stick a bucket on their head.



They are not my problem. I sent them that-a-way.



Don't be like that. Someone loves them.



Well I've only got 15 more years, that's 780 weeks, approx. 20,280 maths periods. I'll survive!



POETRY

LOVE

I looked in the mirror
And what did I see?
I saw a special person
And that new girl is me.

I'm not really different
But I'm not really the same,
I've got the same face;
I've got the same name.

My cheeks gleam with colour
My hair falls in curls
But that's not what sets me
Apart from all the other girls.

It's a certain guy
Who's made the new me.
And if he likes this girl
I'm as happy as could be!

ANON

PASSING THROUGH

Love is a butterfly
Disguised in a cocoon
Waiting to escape -
To let loose its beauty
And entangle her soft wings
Into the intricate threads of our hearts -
Weave a tapestry of enchantment and
Create a perfect picture.
We taste this precious creature
With much suspicion, fear
And forget it,
Abuse it,
Or kill till it's not there
She becomes a treasure lost under
a sea of hate
Abandoned hope
In a desolate soul I see
But alone she will travel
And search endlessly
For nothing is as free as the butterfly -
Her vitality survives the cruelty
It flies to eternity.

ANNE TAUNGA

MY DREAM GUY (from afar)

A unique, vain, gorgeous looking guy,
Surf - blond and skinny, with lovely blue/green eyes.
Lashes like a film-star, face with a wax-like glow.
Flashing teeth that light up and melt me when they smile.
I sit and stare and wish him near.
My dream guy from afar.

ANON.

Reach out and touch someone,
with your happiness,
and happiness, in turn,
will reach out and touch you.

STEPHANIE GAMLIN, 630.

FROM ME TO YOU

You
The one that haunts
My dreams
That invades
My inner self
The one
I needed
But need
No longer
I can live without
You
But not so my love
For you have taken
From me
The life
Robbed the laughter
From my eyes
Hurt me beyond repair
You never said the words
The words
I waited to hear
So silently
I say goodbye
For my love is no longer
Yours
My dreams are
Free.

JENNIFER DAVIES.

FEELINGS

The love that people share,
can often only bare...
HEARTACHE.
The cover of a person,
does not affect the inside,
it's only a cover,
to protect feeling, love and warmth within.

SARAH DAWSON, Form 3.

POETRY

THE HAND HE HELD

Once
You held my hand
Touched a lonely heart
But were you true
To her?
Or I?
You still cared
So you said
Just not
That kind of way
So why
Do you still
Touch the
Lonely heart
Whisper the words
We both
Long to hear
And hold
My hand
My empty
hand.

JENNIFER DAVIES.

WONDERING

I wonder what he's like
The boy who looks so neat
I only know he makes
My heart skip a beat.

I wonder what he saw
When he first looked into my eyes
Did he see how much I liked him?
Did he notice my surprise?

ANON

LONELINESS

Alone I sit,
in a crowd
surrounded by people.
I laugh and talk with the
yet my loneliness grows
A fury rages inside me
I want to scream;
for a true friend?
to be left alone?
They would mock me.
For who is alone,
in a crowd.

THE

FOR A FRIEND

I cling to our memories
As it's my only link
With everything that we once shared
I curl up as I think.

That someone unaware of us
Could be so cruel to me
Without a word end your life
Leaving me in misery

You don't come to me in the morning
I can't cuddle you at night
You're gone now for eternity
I can't seem to find the light

I don't like to think forever
Forever dead and gone
But in terms of my love for you
Forever's only half as long.

There's long shadows cast upon my days
Silence echoes within my mind
I try so hard but without you
The sun just makes me blind.

By myself I feel hollow
Maybe rotten to the core
I've soaked up all these tears I've shed
But I could shed ten thousand more.

When everything is blurred and dull
You are a diamond dear
I just wish you hadn't left me
To grow old without you here.

JANINE AIRD, F5

This poem is a parody on the poem 'Foul Shot'
Edwin A. Hoey.

I stand on the line
And measure the waiting net.
My stomach up in the air,
My head in a spin.
The silence closing in round me.
I bring the ball up on my right hand,
I hesitate ...
Then slowly edge the ball upward!

JULIE LOBB,

UNITED NATIONS

To celebrate universal Children's Day Mr Chivers set up a United Nations General Assembly of fifty fourth form pupils. Pupils came from all secondary schools in New Plymouth. The hall was set up and each student represented a country as 'Ambassador'.

The aim of the exercise was to create an awareness of world problems and how a vision of world peace can become reality. Mr Haque acted the role of secretary-general and guided the pupils through such topics as: Political systems, language, religion, climate, environment, population, history, geography, economics, special needs and lifestyles, all of which had been researched by the pupils in their respective schools.

The morning session was a little slow as pupils talked 'around' subjects but soon settled down to 'voicing' opinions and started making decisions, many of which did not satisfy the secretary-general. Mr Haque impressed upon them that all decisions must be carefully thought out and only when really discussed should they be put forward.

The afternoon session was 'alive' as pupils discussed the summary of the morning session. All representatives were eager to be heard and many additions and alterations to the 'Political Interaction' issue were made. It was also agreed that a 'forum' should be held once every three months so that all ideas would be kept to the fore and all country representatives could become better acquainted. It was agreed that the United Nations role was to remain neutral and to keep peace among nations, and that all nations should sign an agreement promising to obey laws set by United Nations.

Mr Haque and Mr Chivers seemed very pleased with the day's activities and they suggested that all the representatives should return to their respective schools and continue their discussion there.

Some of the topics and decisions are listed below:

UNITED NATIONS

Mr Haque: "The world today is still filled with war and hatred. The majority of people in this world are worse off than they were twenty years ago. The world is full of problems."

"You have come here to represent your countries, your country, the planet Earth. Your objective is to solve the problems. Your job is not just to concentrate on your own problems, but the problems around us. Our most important objective is the whole world, the planet and its people, including ourselves as a part of it. Our objective is all based on the theme INTERACTION."

POLITICAL INTERACTION

Wars go on every day. Bigger powers manipulate smaller ones, and the people in power make all the decisions. The need for worldwide peace campaign was voiced, a need for people to state their opinions instead of politicians talking all the time. More communication

and travel between countries, a better attitude globally would help bring the world together. A restriction in the production of weapons was a point stressed and a possible way to establish a balance of power without armaments.

A suggestion of a world annual event set up to bring a person from each country together, to voice ideas, get acquainted with one another and prove international cooperation can be achieved.

The nuclear free countries have to find some kind of threat before they can overcome the super powers, they have to convince the super powers of their threat and scare them with it. Not having nuclear weapons is a threat in itself, not for us but against them. New Zealand is respected for this.

ECONOMIC INTERACTION

SUGGESTIONS

- Have international programme where countries cooperate and prosper.
- Have an international centre to establish where food is needed - ie. an information centre.
- Set up a programme where more medicine can be supplied to poorer countries.
- Provide incentives to doctors who could travel to less affluent countries.
- Find markets and what people want to buy.
- Need organisation of world trade where poorer countries can have a voice.
- Need awareness of world as one planet/one people.
- Make incomes fair.
- Dignity and good living standards for all people.

ENVIRONMENTAL INTERACTION

SUGGESTIONS:

- Take money and resources used by military expenditure and channel it into the environment.
- All countries need to be more informed and educated about environment.
- Encourage scientists to channel knowledge to beneficial purposes.
- Don't produce nuclear power.
- Impose bans on countries unwilling to cooperate.
- Establish alternatives to help solve problems that might result from above eg. unemployment.
- Damage to the environment must be repaired.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

- Ban aerosol cans.
- Countries contribute to a fund run by the UN to be used for research and projects such as replanting forests.
- Establish a code whereby any manufacturing business is required to meet certain standards that will ensure minimal damage to the environment.



Photo courtesy Taranaki Newspapers

UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY

WORLD PEACE

Peace: The word means freedom from war and strife; public quiet; order and security.

Is total peace possible? Can nations come together in peace instead of fighting on the battle field? Can people within a nation live in harmony? Peace is often discussed but, so far, no-one has found the solution that will stop war and violence.

Millions of dollars are spent every year in the preparation or to prevent war. Soldiers, sailors and pilots are trained. Tanks, ships, aeroplanes and weapons are built and nuclear warheads are assembled, all in the name of peace but with the underlying fear of a war.

Why can't that money be used to save lives, to assist the needy, to improve the living conditions of those in the poorer areas? Why can't it be used so that people can walk, unprotected at night, without worrying about being attacked and robbed or worse? Why can't the money be spent to reduce the threat of violent offenders, racial disharmony, and to help reduce the hate brought about by fear?

How can we have peace between nations when there is war and violence within countries?

If peace is to be achieved and maintained, it must begin within each country, in all nations, by all members. It is the responsibility of everyone, and should remain the goal of each one. Then one day, maybe, we will have WORLD PEACE.

KIM STRETTON
630 ENGLISH

IF

I hope to be, one day, a grandma. I hope to grow old, have wrinkles, grey hair and the opportunity to sit by a fire reminiscing about the long and happy, or not so happy, life I have had. But I feel my chances of being a grandma are being threatened by the 'powers' who think NUCLEAR WEAPONS.

Developed in good faith, but now used for destruction, nuclear power has become our most dangerous pollutant. We can't dump the waste in the sea, we can't bury it in the ground, it doesn't decay or disappear, it just 'IS', causing environmental deterioration, human sickness, and if put into space, who knows, it may cause further devastation. No-one seems to know what to do with it. I suggest we stop creating nuclear power and then this terrible problem would soon be gone.

Life was fine before nuclear anything. It is just an unnecessary evil, one we can do without. Give us, the youth of today, a chance to grow up. Let us live without the stress and anxiety of what a Nuclear War could do.

We are the parents of tomorrow, let us see by example, how to run a country, not ruin it. We will be the future rulers, the ones to govern. We want to live in a worry-free environment, creating not destroying. It took the earth millions of years to form and it has taken thousands of years for people to evolve. Don't show us how to destroy all of this, in just a few minutes.

STEPHANIE GAMLIN, 630, ENGLISH

LET THE CHILDREN SPEAK

"OUR DAUGHTER DIED AFTER HAVING AN ILLEGAL ABORTION"

Being the parents of a child who has died as the result of an abortion is not easy. It's even harder to accept this when you come to realise that it was done without your knowing. We found out about both her pregnancy AND her abortion when it was too late for either of us to help her. Our daughter, our oldest child, was dying right in front of our eyes, and we could do nothing to help her.

Looking back, we think the trouble started a couple of months ago. At least, that's when we first noticed that Dulcie was not her usual self. She had nights of arriving home from work looking tired and drained. She'd climb the stairs with great effort and collapse on her bed. Within the first few minutes, still in her work clothes she would fall asleep. When she was woken at mealtimes she would hardly eat. Throughout the meal she would sit there and pick tiny bite-sized pieces of food off her plate. Her mother's favourite meals received little credit, let alone notice, from Dulcie. What food she did manage to eat was obviously against her will, and fought its way down to her stomach.

This behaviour started to drive the whole family crazy. Finally, after nobody being able to tolerate Dulcie's behaviour any longer, we sat down and had a parent-daughter talk with her. We talked about Dulcie's work, her life in general, and her overall attitude towards living. Putting together the output we got from Dulcie we came to the conclusion that it was just a stage of growing up that she was going through, and work was getting her down. Little did we know what was really wrong.

We believed that Dulcie was telling us the truth, because at that stage we had no reason to doubt her honesty. She even promised to come to either of us if she did need further help or even if she just wanted somebody to talk to.

Over the next month she even started to eat proper meals, regain colour in her skin and not sleep to the extent that she had been. We were sure we could see her putting back on the weight she had lost.

Delighted in her progress, we showed it and told her how much better she was starting to look. Dulcie, also, seemed to be pleased with the progress she was appearing to be making.

Gradually over the next couple of weeks, we gained confidence in Dulcie enough to let her stay home by herself. If both of us had to go out, whether her younger

brother was home or not, we trusted that she was well enough to be left alone. This was a big mistake.

One Saturday night we came home from a very enjoyable night out, one which had lasted until the early hours of the morning. We had forgotten about Dulcie being home on her own, and thought it was strange that the lights in the house were on. Then we remembered that Dulcie was home. Walking into the house we both looked into the lounge to see if Dulcie was asleep in there. Then we saw her! She was heaped up on the floor as though she had just collapsed, and crumbled to the ground. We both rushed to her side, only to see her face was a light pale blue colour. Feeling her throat for a pulse we only felt a slight, faint throbbing.

The ambulance arrived within minutes of our stress call. One look at Dulcie and they raced her off to the hospital.

Neither of us heard any news for the next hour from any of the doctors or nurses. We were both very worked up by now. Finally a doctor did arrive though and sat down slowly beside us. He let out a sigh and gave us a look that should have prepared us for what we were about to find out.

Our Dulcie, our child had been pregnant, to an unknown man. She had had an illegal abortion arranged, and gone through with it. It was done unhygienically and illegally, and not completely performed.

The result was what we had been experiencing with Dulcie over the past two months - stress and sickness.

We couldn't believe that Dulcie could have done this to us, or to herself. Becoming pregnant was bad enough let alone the abortion, and ILLEGAL abortion too!

Two days passed, very slowly. Dulcie was very sick. "It is too late to save her, and we are just waiting for her to die," the doctors told us!

After forty-eight hours Dulcie did pass away. Although people surrounded her bed at all times of the day and night, she never uttered any names which may have helped us find the 'father'.

Now the weeks have passed by. The flowers have stopped coming, the phone has stopped ringing and the relations have left. Still, though, remains the memory of our very dear Dulcie. Our Dulcie who never gave her parents, her family or herself, OR HER CHILD, a chance.

TRUDI BEAUREPAIRE

NEGLECTED

The confused yelp of a neglected dog,
Its brindled markings sinking,
into the hollow emptiness of its stomach,
Accentuating its scrawny rib cage.
The lonely, helpless expression,
Exphasising how hurt and cold its feeling must be.
Insignificant, scared and unwanted.

SASHA NOVAK, 30.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The class is alive,
People yell and scream,
The teacher arrives to face the battlefield,
Another war to be fought.
Will I lose today? Will victory by my friend?
Time can only tell.

NAOMIE THOMPSON, 3D.

THE ROAD TOLL

It is a typical Friday or Saturday night, someone staggers out of the pub, bottle in hand, and fumbles around for his keys. Then drives, or should I say careers down the street. If he is lucky he will make it home without having an accident, but often he will run into and possibly kill an innocent person. Or maybe he will wrap himself round a telephone pole, and wind up as "just another statistic", or yet another blood covered body in the accident and emergency ward of the hospital.

This is just another typical newspaper clipping "24 year old male was killed instantly as his machine left the road ..." "A 20 year old man was killed when the car in which he was a passenger rolled..." "A 25 year old motorcyclist was killed..." The list goes on. Every year, hundreds of New Zealanders are killed on our roads, and even more are hospitalised, with injuries related to car accidents.

Why do these accidents occur? There are many reasons. For one - alcohol. When alcohol gets into the bloodstream, reactions slow down and concentration is affected, movements become heavy and clumsy. In other words drinking and driving doesn't mix.

Another reason for accidents is peer pressure. Most road accidents are caused by males between the ages of 18 and 25. This is not sexism, this is fact. On 1 June 1988, the traffic offences column in the local

newspaper contained 20 names, 17 males and three females. Some young men seem to think that if they drive fast and recklessly they will be thought of as cool, and will impress the young female in the car with him. But he won't look very cool the next day when he is in the intensive-care ward, and the girl he was trying to impress, won't be too impressed when she is dead.

Of course, we must not forget those drivers who are ignorant, or just plain stupid. This type of driver passes on corners, drives at 80 km/h through town, ignores traffic signals and finds pretending to run down cyclists a load of fun. They probably think that they have absolute control over their car. But they haven't, and it only takes a second to be killed, or paralysed for life, or to kill another person.

What about safety belts? If you are unfortunate enough to be involved in a car accident, your life may be saved by wearing a safety belt. Many people seem to think that a safety belt is that annoying thing that gets shut in the door, hangs limply beside you, or is something that you throw across your lap to fool traffic officers. Even though these people know that their life could be saved by wearing a safety belt, they seem to feel that "I'll never have an accident" or "It will never happen to me". But it does.

KIM STRETTON, 630 Eng

Suicide: The Final Step

Have you ever tried or thought of committing suicide? Perhaps you know a friend or a relation who has or attempted suicide! Taking one's own life is not a solution to any problem nor is it an easy step to take.

One of the main reasons for being suicidal is not being able to cope with criticism, that feeling of being constantly put down, being nagged at, or being left with feelings of dissatisfaction, frustration, helplessness and worst of all feeling alone. There seems no escape and one becomes emotionally shattered.

How many people have you criticised? How much damage have you done by your unthinking comments? How many times have you seen the change taking place: The depression, the silence, the uncooperative anger over small details which are all part of the withdrawal, the isolation, as the one you criticise shuts himself away. Often their reality becomes the world of the mind where for them all wrongs become righted. A sure sign that a person has been pushed too far and for

them the only way out is to be locked up or to commit suicide.

Suicide seems the only way out for many - it is a way of getting back at a society that has caused so much hurt and it is also a way of getting back at individual people, the one's who have, in the suicide's minds, caused all the problems.

We all hold the balance of life for ourselves and for others, we must think about what we say and how we say it. We must also learn to seek help, talk to friends or to a counsellor. Being depressed is just like being addicted to drugs and like the drug addict you must be helped.

There is also the after effects of a suicide, the guilt of family and friends, and the grief of parents. The one who committes suicide no longer has a problem but he/she has created many heartaches and problems for those left behind.

CONCERNED OBSERVER

MUSIC

CHORAL MUSIC 1988

An extra dimension was included this year with the inauguration of the NZ Choral Federation's Secondary Schools series. This took the form of local groupings of performances throughout the country, with a number being invited to perform in a non-competitive festival in Wellington. No local groups were selected from the 180 entrants around the country, but our two Spotswood groups received excellent comments.

The Junior Choir acquitted itself very well and it is the foundation of a good future. In the 'small group' section our Senior Chorale made a striking impact, visually as well as musically. (Bowties are IN!) Edward received accolades as the best individual voice of the day and the group was an outstanding model for co-ed music.

Taranaki's annual Secondary Schools' Festival was, as always, exciting in numbers participating and enjoyment. From time to time sounds are made about changing the set format, but so far no alternatives have been agreed upon. Around 90 guys and girls from Spotswood's 4th - 7ths participated this year.

Most of Term Two's efforts were redirected into vocal input for our theme-show, "Good Looking." We never rest on our laurels and always push our luck, as it were, to try something a little different and difficult. Johnny Clegg's, "Great Heart" was one such number, and with our versatile Pip, among other things now an accomplished lead guitar player, and Douglas drumming up a treat, we gave the vocals heaps and felt that all efforts were worth it, after all.

Our thanks to Mrs Atkinson-Rigby for her continuing contribution in the vocal tuition area, and to the school admin for allowing at least part of our choral programme to be timetabled.

With a good windup at the prizegivings this year all singers and accompanists can be congratulated on an excellent effort; good wishes to our school-leavers - keep right on singing!

SK



STRING ORCHESTRA

Back: Michael Cowles, Alison Blume.
Middle: Mr Bradshaw, Tracy Theyers, Kate Fowler, Helen Salisbury, Anthony Davidson.
Front: Mrs Knuckey, Sandra Smillie, Cathy Sheath, Terri Fox, Todd Smythe.
Absent: Mrs Case, Kim van Leeuwen.



SENIOR CONCERT BAND

Back: Terri Fox, Helen Salisbury, Lynne Walls, James Clareburt, Campbell Robertson, Michael Dryden.
Middle: Mr Bradshaw, Gordon Bassett, Karen Goldsworthy, Kim Stretton, Cathy Sheath, Brenda Wood, Andrea Murray, Terry Chapman.
Front: Kate Fowler, Michelle Southam, Paula Turner, Rachel Park, Megan Bettridge, Todd Smythe, Michael Cowles.
Absent: Pip Lewis, Douglas Voon, Louise Smith, Wendy Leong, Jennifer Sharp, Aylene Kemsley, Sharon Bell, Loren Astridge.

JUNIOR CONCERT BAND

Back: James Clareburt, Terri Fox, Cathy Sheath, Jonathon Smith, Roger Pepperell.
Middle: Lisa Rossiter, Fleur Gaston, Rachel Scrimgeour, Catherine Eaddy, Karen Aitken, Rhonda Hodgkinson, Terry Chapman.
Front: Mr Bradshaw, Kate Fowler, Carly Julian, Jane Hodgkinson, Todd Smythe.



Rehearsing for musical.

STRING ORCHESTRA

The string orchestra has been reconstituted this year after a long period in recess, and we are already making progress. In fact, we intend to play three numbers for Senior Prizegiving in November: "Romanze" by Mozart, "We're All Alone" by Boz Scaggs, and Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade Of Pale". We are fortunate in having the services of Mr Burton and Mrs Case, who have done sterling work in building up the cello and viola sections, and Mrs Knuckey who has assisted with the violins. Special thanks are also due to our directors, Michael Cowles and Mr Bradshaw and our pianist Todd Smythe.

We look forward to a rewarding musical year in 1989 - by that time we should have a double bass player, and the orchestra will be complete!



Rehearsing

MUSIC CONCERT BAND, AND.....

Sadness fills us as we part
 We write this straight from our heart
 First of all we'll give a cheer
 For those who've helped us through this year
 We think that we are rather lucky
 To have our buddy Mrs Knuckey
 If it's woodwind you want to learn
 Mr Dwyer will give you a burn
 Unless of course you learn the flute
 Mrs Dodd will give you a toot
 Then Mr Orr came to us
 As Mr Boyd left on a bus
 Brass and percussion they both play
 If you want to learn someday
 Mrs Case and Mr Burton
 Are good at strings, that's for certain!
 If you want to conduct or sing
 Mrs Rigby knows just the thing
 And yes, we all agree
 A big thanks goes to Mr B
 He's the one who gives us a hand
 In orchestra, junior or concert band
 But if you wish to aspire
 Be a voice in our big choir
 At the beginning of the year
 We all got together and began to prepare
 We learnt our notes, to turn and trill
 And finished the term with the festival
 Chorale and juniors carried on
 To the NZ Chorale Federation
 Second term brought the show
 In which we all had a go
 Third term brings the break-up near
 And on this good note we finish the year.

TERRI AND CATHY
 ALIAS (HECKYLL AND JECKYLL)

JUNIOR CONCERT BAND

Junior Band was formed just prior to this year's Taranaki Music Festival. The intention behind the band is to give our younger and less experienced brass and woodwind players an opportunity to make music together. The year has not been without its problems, but we are improving, and we hope to show what we have achieved by presenting a bracket of pieces at the Junior Prizegiving. Pip Lewis has now taken over as director from Mr Bradshaw, and we wish him every success in this position.

Sponsored by: MOTUROA PHARMACY LTD. 492 St Aubyn Street, New Plymouth. W.
 David Wilkinson.

MEMORIES

THE DAY I MET MR EEL

I was only five years old when I saw him. Man he looked like a whopper! He was a metre long. (I know cause they measured him). Then came the time they had to whack his head against a post, then tie his head around in a noose.

They washed the stinky slime off him, cut him and gutted him. After all that, they went into wash Mr Eel, and their hands. Later on they cooked him in the frying pan, in rich gold butter.

"Mmmm," I said to myself. "This should be nice!" I felt his meat slide down my throat and into my waste-disposal unit. Even now I can still remember that eel and I guess I'll never forget him, because part of him is in part of me.

GEORGE KINGE, 3Y.

TOILET TRAINING!

It wasn't really my fault. I mean aren't you supposed to be curious when you are two years old? I had been potty trained but I felt I was more grown up and could use the big toilet like other grownups.

I slowly dragged my elephant (the one I stood on if I couldn't reach things) and pulled myself on to the toilet. But something wasn't quite right. I fell plop! right into the bowl and I was stuck! I must have looked funny, two little white, skinny legs and one tiny blond head sticking out of the bowl. I cried for help and eventually my dad came and he nearly had a heart attack, or so I thought. He didn't rush and rescue me. No, he went out of the room and when he came back he had something hidden up his jersey. Then he sneakily pulled the chain. I nearly died as the freezing cold water struck my bare backside. Then he had the nerve to photograph me in all my agony and horror. I could have killed him. Now I am ever so careful how I sit on the toilet.

NIKKI BRENNAN, 3D.



MY FIRST BIKE

My first bike was a lovely orange cruiser. My legs were still too short to reach the pedals, but mum and dad helped me to gain some balance by holding on to the handlebars or carrier and wheeling me around. After some practice, grazed knees and hands, I was able to ride the bicycle all by myself.

Saturday, and nothing much to do, I decided on such a lovely sunny day, I would ride my bike up and down our drive (I wasn't allowed to ride out the road or foot-path). After a few trips I began to feel more confident, speeded up and started to take the corners faster, and faster, like a pro (or so I thought). Now look at me, only one hand ... crunch! The fence leapt out and hit me, and there was a lot of blackness around.

When my brain functioned again I found myself lying on the gravel pathway. The bike was on top of me. I did what most sensible six years olds do, I yelled for mum.

After being patched up, dabbed with Detol, and put together with some band-aids, I walked around with an exaggerated limp. I was full of my own importance when, on Monday, my accident was a good conversation piece. I proudly displayed my first battle scar.

SANDRA SMILLIE, 6th.

SPEEDING

The deafening wind rushed through my hair as I crouched over my handlebars and peddled flat-tack down Morley Street Hill towards the Karate Club.

The smell of a diesel truck caught my nose, and the bulk of the truck blinded me to a car pulling out of Vivian Street. Suddenly, there it was speeding straight at me. I veered left and hit my brakes, but my brakes were worn and my poor concentration made me less aware, and like a bird I found myself sailing through the air. I skidded along on my bum and took every inch of skin off. I landed in a heap with my head in the gutter.

A searing pain ripped through my body and I lay semi-conscious. And could feel the wetness of blood running down my face. I managed to crawl on to the grass verge and could hear voices asking who I was and where did I live. Then I heard the sirens and soon I was being lifted onto a stretcher and into the ambulance. Then I lost consciousness.

I could feel people near and a light was shone through my eyelids. A male voice told me to squeeze as he thrust two fingers into my hand. I was wheeled down corridors which reeked of disinfectant, and when we stopped I was injected with something.

I opened my eyes to hear a machine buzzing and I was told to lie still as needles were thrust into my forehead. The burning sensation made me angry and I swore at the nurse. I was told to calm down, then I found myself carried to the car and I must have gone immediately to sleep.

RHYS ELLERY, 6th.

MEMORIES

SINK OR SWIM?

I ran along the river bank, feeling the sun warm and full of life on my back. I felt so free, free as the bird which soared and sliced through the morning air. My brother, Michael, and I stopped at the foot of the small bridge stretching across the river and Michael picked up a small stone and skimmed it across the surface of the water. We watched as the stone darted across the water creating forever widening ripples that vanished into the flow of the stream.

Not to be outdone I picked up a stone and positioned myself, as Michael had done, at the front of the river, I drew my arm back and then thrusting it forward with all my might, I threw.

But! I forgot to release the stone. I hit the freezing water screaming as the coldness hit me, it was like falling through a plate glass window. The water felt as hard as cement. I panicked, and struggled like a shark on the end of a fishing line as my brother grabbed me. I was dragged into the muddy part of the river, but the mud was a welcome relief after that icy water. I rubbed myself vigorously to get my blood circulating again, and lay starfished out on the river bank.

The sun, the giver of life, revived me, and in its warmth I calmed my shaking nerves and was ready to thank Michael for rescuing me.

Feeling more confident I picked up a stone, and this time with Michael's help I managed to release it with less spectacular results. The stone just plopped in front of me. But it was enough to give me that sense of achievement. I felt I had taken on the river and beaten it. I ran home full of the tales I would tell, and to boast of my achievement.

SIMON BETTS, 6th.

THE RIGHT CHOICE

Crunch! The pain was unbelievable. I hadn't realised it, but what I had done would affect me for the rest of my life. I was only four years old and it started when we got a trampoline. Dad put the trampoline beside an old car case that he used for a tool shed. Then I found a new craze. I would climb onto the top of the car case and jump down onto the trampoline.

Dad was pulling down an old fence while I was doing my little stunt and he accidentally pulled down a piece of rotten wood onto the trampoline. I jumped off and feet first I landed on the wood. I felt something go straight through my foot. What it was was a bunch of rusty nails clumped together in a thickness of about two centimetres. Dad came to the rescue. Then mum called an ambulance. When they took the nails out it was found that half of one of the nails was caught between two bones in my foot. I was told that I had three choices. But I wasn't old enough to make the decision. So my parents made it for me.

HUNTING

My cousin was hunting one day. He shot a lioness just for the sake of it. He buried the lioness. But he said he had to do it, because it was a wild animal. But he didn't realise that she had cubs....

My elder sister, the two boys next door, and I were hunting in the wilderness. We had only our naked limbs for protection, but we were tough. We crept so silently, because cuddled in a small hollow in the ground were three lion cubs. But not quiet enough. Up pricked their tiny ears, and they were off!

"After them!" I shouted, and all four of us leapt after them. The cubs split up, so we chose to go for the fluffy one, with grey markings. It twisted, it turned, it scampered and scuttled. My sister, lean though she was, was sadly lagging behind, so we abandoned her to the perils of the wild. The boys and I, our target in sight, swam over great rivers, scaled down great cliffs, all with one purpose - to catch that cat. We chased it across wide plains, around towering forests, I could hear my breath coming heavily, my bare feet brushing the earth.

Ahead, the cub had crawled into a hollow log. "Surround the escaper!" I cried. To one end leapt a boy, to the other end, another. I cautiously bent to my knees and came eye to tail with the opponent. Its coat stood bristled, its claws unsheathed. With my bare hands I snatched the thing. It screeched and raked the backs of my hands. But I was immune to this pain because we had succeeded at last.

With the wriggling kitten secure in my arms, we trotted victoriously back to the house. "Mum, mum! Come and look at what we caught!" I shouted.

"Where did you find that?" she exclaimed.

"Down the paddock by the old shed."

Satisfied with our great adventure, we handed the stray over to mum and headed inside to cool off.

CARMEN WALSH, 630.



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CAMPS-N-CRUIISING



SPIRIT OF NEW ZEALAND

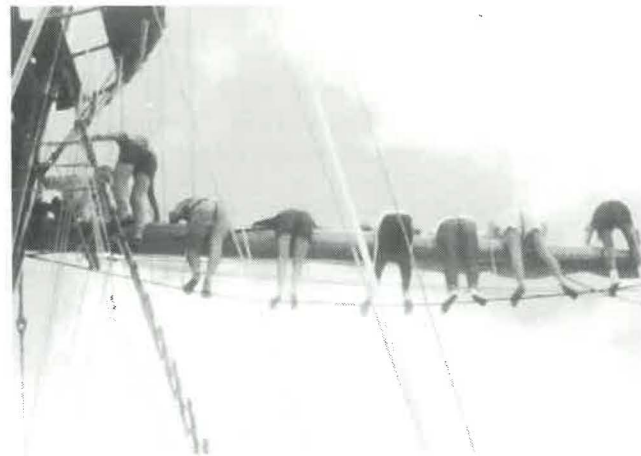
We flew to Auckland for what was to be an experience we will never forget. Ten days at sea on the Spirit of New Zealand. We enrolled on the Queen's Wharf then formed a human chain to load food and equipment on board the ship. We were all strangers and a bit nervous, at first, but soon we were introducing ourselves and when we sailed after lunch some of us felt more at home with each other. After 24 hours we had settled into a routine.

We separated into four groups. Each group had special duties, and we changed duties each day so that every group did everything that had to be done. We also had our own station to take care of.

Everything was so tiny, each person had approximately one square metre, the toilet was microscopic and the door wouldn't shut. Every morning, 6 am, we had to jump into the cold water and then it was chore time. But everything stopped as the flag was being raised, and then it was inspection time.

Each day we plotted our course and set sail for each new destination. It was exciting, and at the end of the voyage, bruises, blisters and scratches were all forgotten as we farewelled the many friends we had made. It was a great experience in discipline and in adventure. We would recommend it to anyone. Start saving for next year. You will never get the opportunity again.

MARK AND BELINDA



Can't say I recognise anyone here!

SALES AND SERVICE

CONTACT THE EXPERTS AT

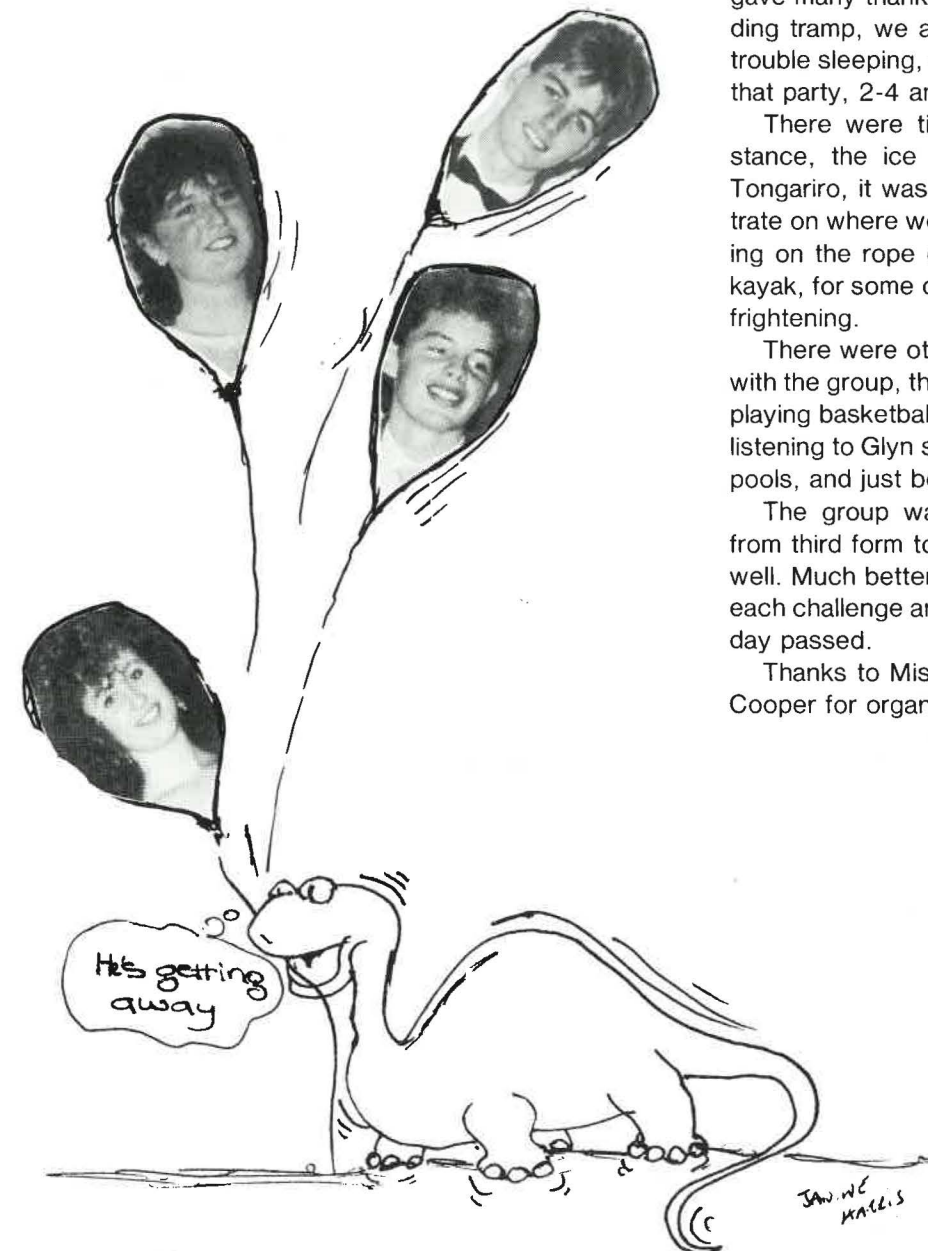


THE POWER TOOL CENTRE

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Watch out America, Mr Mills is on his way!



OUTDOOR PURSUITS

We had many and varied memorable moments at Outdoor Pursuits. We will remember the friends we made, the laughter, the pain, and the sense of achievement as each day brought a different experience. Even the chores we had to do were enjoyable as we had such good company to help us through each ghastly pile of dishes or each toilet to be cleaned.

Scott Cox says his most memorable time was from when he packed until he unpacked and I believe we all agree with him. There was a little bit of panic when the bus began to smoke and it was a mad scramble to get out the emergency door. But this was all forgotten in the most refreshing swim we had at Lake Taupo.

For many, the overnight camp was the highlight of the week. Jo, Bruce and Collette went to raid one tent and went back to find that their tent had been demolished. Mr Lena added to the noise and confusion with his melodious snoring, this was during the party at the camp, but for all that, sleeping in a bivvy on Mount Ruapehu was just great. We climbed Pukehi-Kiore and we were exhilarated when we reached the top. We also gave many thanks when after what seemed a never-ending tramp, we arrived at the cave, where we had no trouble sleeping, eventually. I say eventually, as we had that party, 2-4 am.

There were times when joy turned to fear for instance, the ice climbing trip on a ridge next to Mt Tongariro, it was so slippery we really had to concentrate on where we were going. Then there was that swing on the rope course, and going off the wharf on a kayak, for some of us it was great, for others just a little frightening.

There were other times when it was just great to be with the group, the mud fight when the bus broke down, playing basketball at 10.30 at night, flinging snowballs, listening to Glyn snoring, playing cards, lazing in the hot pools, and just being there.

The group was unusual because we were pupils from third form to seventh form and we all got on very well. Much better than being in a classroom. We faced each challenge and we became more confident as each day passed.

Thanks to Miss Norman and to Mr Lena, and to Mr Cooper for organising it all for us.

1988 OPC GROUP.



MEMORIES

MY PRECIOUS PET

I remember when I was a little child I had a dog, a short dog with a long bushy, black and white tail. She captured my heart and I'll always remember her. When she walked she moved with a little bounce and she had the fling of a ballet dancer. Her bark never hurt the inside of your ears like the barking of so many dogs do. Her bushy coat kept her warm in the winter and cool in the summer and made her warm and lovely to touch. I still remember the way her little ears pricked up when she heard a strange noise.

Candy was a Cocker Spaniel and she lived up to her name, she was sweet, delicate, and a friendly loving animal. She was quite small, but she had strength enough for a dog double her size. She had two litters during her lifetime, six puppies each litter, we couldn't afford to keep them all and gave them away to good homes. Nothing but the best for her puppies.

I remember so clearly that terrible day when her life was taken from her. We were playing in our front yard, I would throw a stick, she would fetch it (my own little boomerang). I threw, then in a little while I heard her yelp as the car, driven by someone who was driving too fast, hit her. I also heard the thump as she hit the ground.

I ran to her and saw a withered up little bundle lying on the ground. I touched it and a shiver ran through my body. I stopped, too scared to move. There lay my dog, my most treasured pet, and there was nothing I could do except ... cry!

SHARLEEN WILSON, 4R.

WRIGGLY WORM

When I was young and just beginning to walk I was full of curiosity. The door was left open and I took the opportunity to explore. My dad was outside but he was busy with my older brother. I became very interested in the fresh dug-up soil. The fresh smell drew me closer. I saw this strange looking object wriggling around. I let out a scream of delight and picked it up in a handful of dirt. It was skinny, slimy and looked yummy. I couldn't get it to keep still so I shoved it into my mouth. It was fairly big and half of it didn't fit into my tiny mouth. I still remember the lovely hot rays of the sun beating on my face as I began to munch and mumble with delight. Suddenly I heard voices, getting louder, and mum grabbed me and made me spit out my new delight.

I can't really remember what it tasted like but I can still remember I did like the lovely feeling of the wriggling worm in my mouth.

CINDY MANU, 3D.

OH BROTHER!

Many, many, many years ago, in my oh-so-younger years, I can vividly remember one of those painstaking days of yesteryear where my big brother was of an age where boredom came quickly.

Boredom strikes, destruction begins. Windows shatter, walls are slaughtered and little sisters become little punching bags.

Your poor little arms are no longer arms, they become covered with invisible crosses, these stand for 'please hit me here'. The punches are thrown and the bruises appear, your arms feel like wobbly mush. Revenge is always on my mind, as they say, revenge is sweet, but revenge on a monster always causes hell.

Days came and went, "His Royalness" would find something else to destruct. During these times my poor little arms would be given the chance to recover. Life would return to my poor wee arms and as the blood flooded through them my body would come to life. These days were always treasured, they were precious as they only came in small quantities.

He soon became bored of wrecking the neighbourhood, so it was back to the punching bag for him, and it was back to being a mucky bowl of jelly for me.

The thoughts that went spinning through my head, 'if only he had a brain' and 'when they find a brain that will fit', were all of perfect innocence. My angel-like qualities were never far behind me. If I ever broke something, out came that sweet smile of innocence and all blame was washed right past me. This revenge was all I could fulfil.

As brothers are, he became even more obsessed with total obliviation of everything in sight. These are the times that if you don't hide, you won't survive.

My days were numbered, my time of conflict was growing nearer. His aggression was growing stronger, the destruction was getting worse. This was it, my time had run out. His insanity overruled him, he had lost all sense of direction, his mind had completely flipped.

My feet were moving as fast as they could - who wouldn't, with a massive crowbar flying at your heels. Smoke was practically streaming from my heels. The crowbar was swishing madly behind me. This was it, my time had come!

"Hey! What do you think you're doing? Put that damn thing down."

A voice from across the way, my saviour. Life is so sweet and I am glad I am still here to live it.

Boy, was he in trouble though! Neighbours to the rescue and brothers to their bedrooms. What a day! Life is never dull in our family.

COLLETTE WILSON, 6th.

MEMORIES

BATTERING RAM

"Wait," I pleaded, as I struggled to keep up with my older brother Michael, and his friend, Stephen. They were both racing towards the second of two gigantic assemblages comprised entirely of tree branches which occupied the centre of the muddy paddock.

It was the beginning of winter and the three of us were here to help my father collect pinecones. Instead, he was busy working and we were trying our best to keep out of his way and out of trouble.

Although that was our intention we didn't quite succeed. Being adventurous seven year olds, Michael and Stephen immediately wanted to explore the fascinating piles of wood, and as I was a four year old, I was determined not to be left out of any fun they might possibly enjoy.

I was trailing about 20 metres behind them when they had already clambered to the top of their new castle, pretending to be relieved to have escaped from the crocodile infested moat that surrounded them, or as I was soon to discover, ram infested waters.

I was just within hearing range when my ears picked up their anxious warning cries. I looked up, my eyes following their outstretched arms, that were pointing wildly to a rapidly advancing woolly white object, approaching straight for me. A flood of fear swept over me, my legs frantically responding. Their shouting was increasing in volume but then so was the unidentified creature!

Contact occurred seconds later. The animal had con-



JANINE HALLIS

STUCK UP

It was in the morning. Dad was stripping the walls so he could put up the new wallpaper. He had finally taken off all the old wallpaper, and started putting on the new wallpaper. I thought I could help and started taking off what I thought was the old wallpaper. I was real proud of myself and grabbed a big handful of wallpaper and went and showed dad. He screamed at me in disbelief. Spit was flying out of his mouth. He grabbed me and took me outside. He put some reins on me and clipped me to a wire fence. I was really stuck. Dad kept on working and forgot about me. I was stuck to the fence for about 45 minutes. I started crying and dad heard me. He remembered he still had a son. He came outside and unclipped me. He gave me a big ice block so everything was alright.

BEVAN McNEIL, 3S.

tinued at the same pace and as a result of a direct hit I was lying sprawled on the ground. I tried to struggle to my feet only to be knocked back down by a fierce ram that was larger than me. Like a cat with its prey he continued to batter me when I tried again and again to stand.

I remember the feeling of panic and confusion, (why wouldn't he just let me go?), the salty taste of my tears as they poured down my face and my terrified screaming.

It was the owner of the ram who finally came to my rescue. She "shooed" it away, picked me up, and carried me to where my father was. When they were both reassured that I had recovered from my traumatic ordeal and had sustained no injuries, we left.

It wasn't until late that night that I complained of being unable to sleep. My parents decided it would be best to have me checked out at the hospital. By the time we arrived I had fallen asleep and didn't wake until I was lying on a table surrounded by a group of doctors and nurses. The familiar disinfectant smell that is forever present engulfed the room, confirming I was in the hospital, and I drifted back to sleep.

I discovered the following day that I was diagnosed as having a broken collar bone and as a result I was required to wear a sling for a couple of weeks. I was, however, not bothered by this, as the extra attention, the exciting tale to tell, and the interesting memory I now had was compensation enough.

L. SMITH.

When I was at Devon in Form One, one Monday, the teacher told us that we would have a test the next day on music. Because I was hopeless at it. I made up a plan on how to bunk. I had to think and then I had it - I would go around the trees and stay there for the day. So that's what I did and everything went okay. When I went to school on the Wednesday I had a note, that I had written but it had not been signed. I handed it to the teacher who asked me if this was my writing. I confirmed it, and got away with it.

I won't ever do it again!

BLAIR JULIAN, 3Y.

HOME ECONOMICS



Taranaki spinners and weavers, Barbara and Tina showing 6th Form students the different techniques of weaving.



Mrs Rowlands showing one of the finished articles.

SOCIAL STUDIES

SOCIAL STUDIES

I have little difficulty justifying my subject as part of the core curriculum, and hope most of our pupils feel this way too!

I can't think of anything more important than developing a better understanding of the society in which we live so that we might be better citizens.

I do believe however, that teachers and pupils sometimes lose sight of this major objective and get side-tracked into teaching about Western Samoa, New Guinea etc. per se. Strangely enough it has been my experience that pupils often find it more interesting learning about other countries than they do studying about New Zealand. Nevertheless, I believe that too many pupils leave school completely ignorant about the geography and history of their own country which doesn't happen in countries like the USA, and the USSR which perhaps go to the other extreme.

Another advantage of Social Studies is that we are less restricted by the requirements of external exams and teachers are encouraged to use a wide variety of methods both formal and informal.

We are fortunate in this school in the general calibre and dedication of our teaching staff and I thank those teachers in my department who have shown such enthusiasm for their subject.

Inevitably there will be big changes in Social Studies as in other aspects of education in the near future but I believe this subject is in good heart and wish my successor well.

D. M. FRANK
H.O.D.

SOCIAL STUDIES

Social Studies continues to hold an important position in the school curriculum. It is one of those subjects that should make us think about ourselves, our community and the world in which we live.

It is now more than 10 years since the present Social Studies syllabus came into operation. Social Studies teachers are again thinking about what we are doing and why we are doing it. In particular there is a move to emphasise New Zealand's natural and historical heritage in the topics studied at both form 3 and form 4 level. Taha Maori should be seen in all aspects of our work with the Maori perspective coming through each of the topics studied.

The Social Studies Department is undergoing some changes. Mr Frank has now retired from the position as head of the department after many years of excellent service and we are also planning to have all the department operating from the top floor of B block. It will mean that resources and equipment will be readily available to staff and students.

This year schools in Taranaki have again been able to enter the form 4 research competition conducted by

HISTORY DEPARTMENT '88

It has been an exciting year for the history department with pupils 'making history' form five to seven.

Form Five pupils have been 'guinea pigs' for a totally new syllabus which has gone very well.

A third of the years work is now internally assessed and these 'special studies' allow lots of interesting research work and pupils centred activities to be undertaken. Pupils have - visited and studied Pukeangioia Pa in the Waitara Valley, - visited and studied St Mary's Graveyard, - profiled leading personalities of the twentieth century, - completed a newspaper study on World War II.

In class they have examined important events of this century such as the origins of World War II and the Black Civil rights struggle in USA. The new syllabus allows pupils to develop the important skills of gathering, processing, and presenting of information and has been a great success.

Form Six pupils have examined key events such as the Russian Revolution and the Vietnam War, but the undoubted highlight of the year was a 'decade study' of the swinging 60s. Who could forget Larnes lively survey of rock music, Joanne's amazing presentation of sport, or Stephanie's mini skirt - worn to illustrate the changing fashion (and hemline) of the period.

Form Seven studied New Zealand's very early history, considering the role of people such as Hone Heke and Dickie Barrett in our early development. We visited battle sites of the Taranaki Wars of the 1860s, and one highlight was a trip to Palmerston North to hear experts from University on Elizabethan and Stuart England - the other period we studied.

the History Teachers Association. A class from New Plymouth Girls' High School won the competition with an entry that had each class member interviewing a person and writing up their findings. Lisa Rossiter from Spotswood College was second with her entry on the Taranaki hand wars. The entries from each school were very good and provided a focal point in the school library as exhibits.

Some members of 4G were involved in a United Nations debate with other Taranaki schools. It was proved to be an interesting day as many issues of world significance were debated and resolutions formulated to send to Wellington and New York.

It is important to realise the link between Social Studies and F5 Geography and History. Because of the name changes the link is not always realised in students minds. It is pleasing to see good numbers of students going on to Geography and History.

1989 should again be a good year with many interesting and important topics and issues to be studied in Social Studies.

J. HODGKINSON

DRAMA



Lynne Walls, Nicola Sewell, Tony Davison
Winners of Taranaki Drama Festival in "Class Play"

UNDER MILKWOOD - DYLAN THOMAS

Mrs Ogmore-Pritchard dreams of ghostly husbands



Stephen Francis, Lisa Read, Peter Blyde. Standing: Neil Rae.



Stephen Francis as 'Willy Nilly'. Peter Blyde as 'Mog Edwards'.

LIBRARY

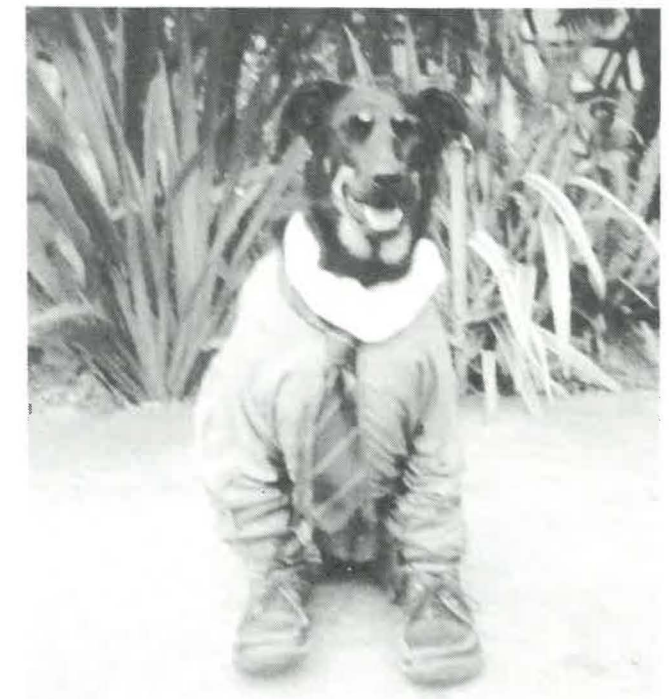


LIBRARIANS

Back Row left to right: Mrs J. Moetara, L. Davies, K. Whitehead, C. Thorpe, J. Fitzpatrick, S. Smillie.
Front Row left to right: T. Farmer, M. Gilliver, K. Robins, C. Rice.
Absent: S. Majoor, D. Erb, S. Velvin, J. Kelly, Mrs M. Gilbert.

SPEECH FINALISTS

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 3rd Form: | 1 Bevan Erueti
2 Rochelle Jackson
3 Leigh Mossop |
| 4th Form: | 1 Bruce Thomas
2 Carly Julien
3 = Lisa Rossiter,
Lance Wallace |
| 5th Form: | 1 Jennifer Brown
2 Leigh Honor
3 Karen Blanchard |
| 6th Form: | 1 Leanne Herbert
2 Sally Hale
3 Kim Honeyfield |
| 7th Form: | 1 Sharon Bell
2 Delwyn Masters
3 Shelley Des Forges. |



SCHOOL: IT'S A DOG'S LIFE
By Kerry Windleburn 4E

TECHNICAL DEPT.

This year has seen some changes with both staff and curriculum. Firstly staff movement - Mr Guy leaving to take a position with the curriculum development division in Wellington, Mr Watt appointed in the position of HOD and I have filled the vacancy, in charge of engineering, along with Mr Ingram who is in charge of woodwork.

Mr Paling, who joined us in Term 3 of 1987 has proved an asset, providing valuable information from schools in the United Kingdom. Mr Lina takes Technical Drawing, Metalwork and Craft, while Messrs Ward and Woodhead take the 6th form Photo-Technology course.

The 3rd form engineering and woodwork programme for 1989 has been changed to a craft, design and technology course where the pupils will experience a design-problem solving concept. They will identify a problem, design and make a solution and finally

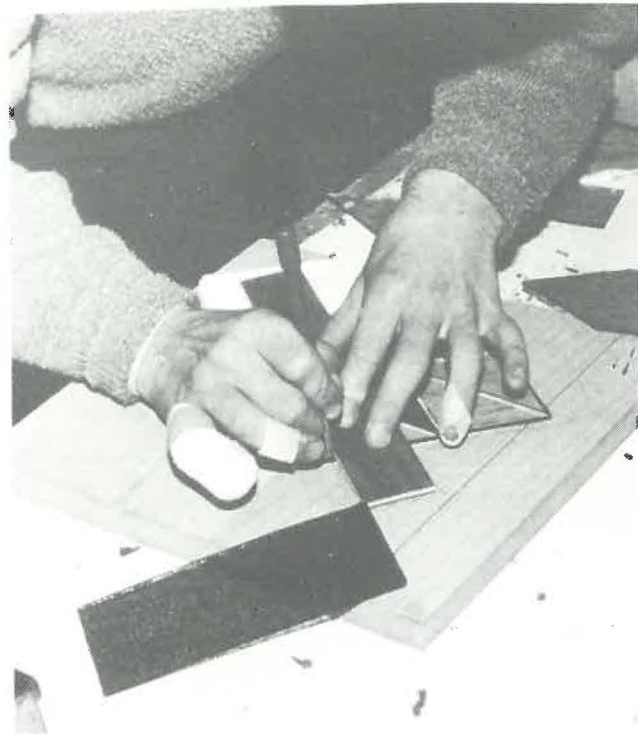
evaluate. One of the three hours per week will be used for graphic communication and design and the other two are to be used for practical sessions in the workshop.

Workshop Technology is offered for Form 5 and is also a design-problem solving concept course, which is internally assessed. Form 6 is a continuation and expansion of Form 5, and for the first time will be offered in the 7th form under the title, 'Design Technology'.

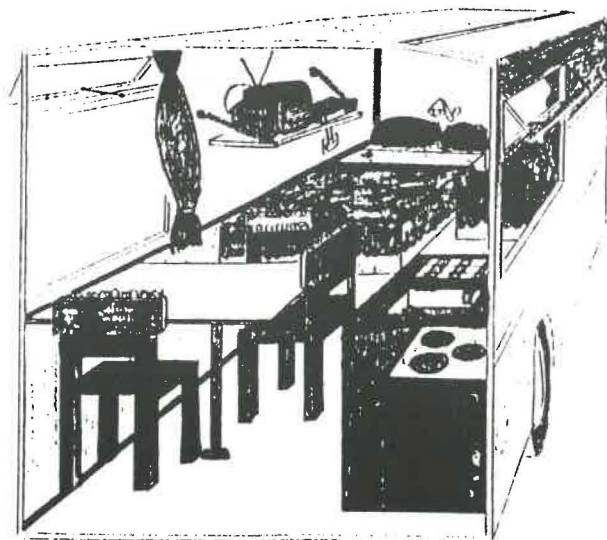
Technical Drawing is being revised to incorporate and develop pupils' individual solutions by the drawing and designing of practical problems of everyday living.

To summarize, we are changing for many reasons, but mainly to keep pace with technology and give the students experience in problem solving, and also help them attain self-satisfaction in their work.

N. F. O'KEEFFE



".....Ooops"



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6TH FORM DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY

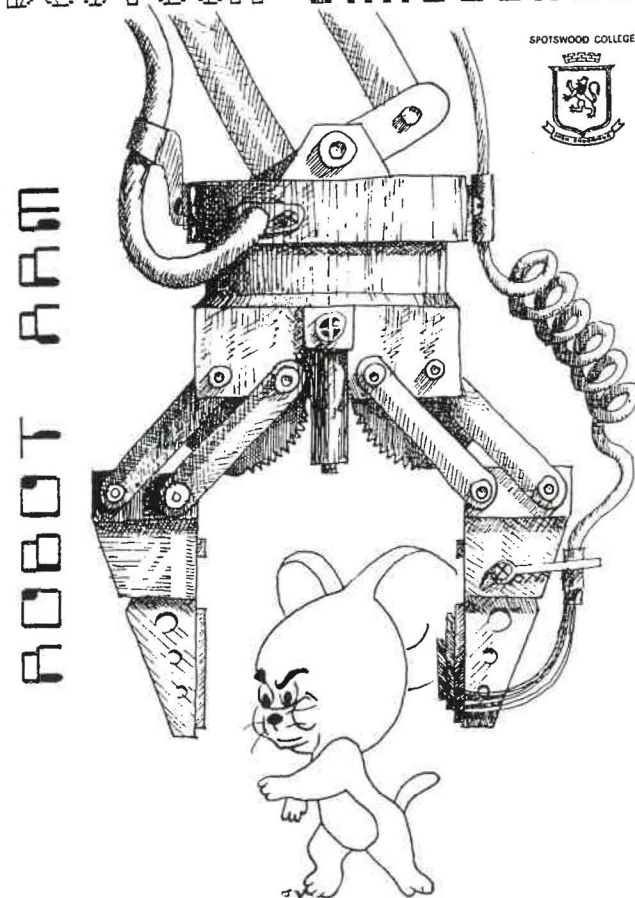
Students taking this course had the chance to design and make a ROBOT ARM, not like the industrial robots we see in factories, but one that had to lift a tea bag into a cup a short distance away. There were many ways that the design problem could have been solved but most students used syringes joined together by plastic tubing to operate the various parts of their solutions to the problem.

Everybody had a lot of fun getting them to work. Jason Gill made such a good job of his project that it was entered into the Taranaki Science Fair (where he won a sizeable cash prize), and then he was asked to take it down to Dunedin for the National Finals. He gained a merit award which put him in the top dozen students in New Zealand.

The Design and Technology course is not only fun, but it has a hidden purpose. We now live in the age of technology and New Zealand needs people who can understand the changes that are taking place. Every aspect of our lives is now affected by technology and we cannot escape its effects (unless we all decide to live in caves again!) Many countries in the world are far ahead of us and we urgently need people who can understand the changes that are taking place. It is by doing simple design problems like the Robot Arm that we can start on the road to understanding AND AT THE SAME TIME HAVE A LOT OF FUN!

M. PALING

DesTech CHALLENGE



TECH DRAWING
AIN'T BORING.
BELIEVE IT!

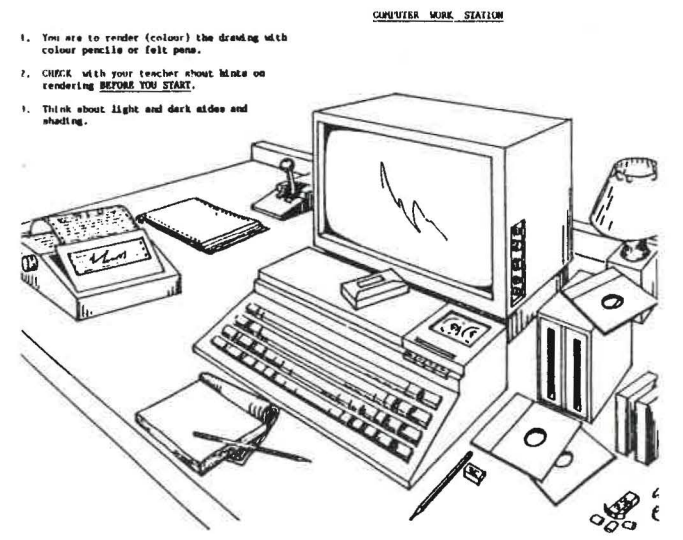
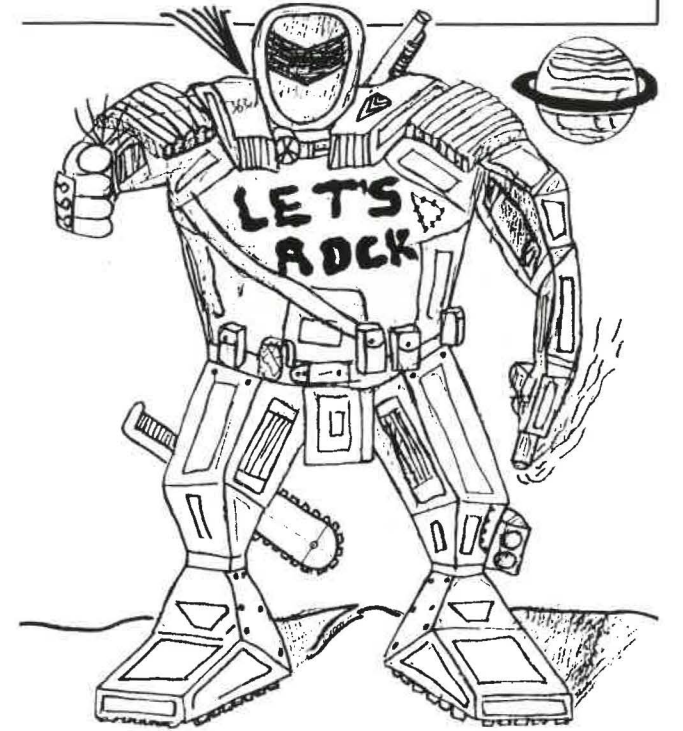




Photo courtesy Taranaki Newspapers.

TO STUDY OVERSEAS

Seven of New Plymouth's Spotswood College students have won study bursaries for 1989.

And for four of the seven, the scholarships enable them to study far beyond New Zealand's shores.

Sixth form student Anne Taunga (16) kneeling, front left, has been awarded an American Field Scholarship enabling her to spend three months studying in Greece.

Sixteen-year-old Megan Greg (centre front) will go to Sydney in the first term of next year on a Rotary trans-Tasman exchange.

Seventeen-year-old Kristin Holm (right) will spend

two weeks of summer on a science course at the Australian National Science Summer School.

Seventh form twins Yvonne (back left) and Lisa Shaw (back, third from left) have both won \$500 New Zealand university bursaries through the Masonic Trust scholarship.

Samantha Baker (17) second from left has won a scholarship in veterinary science, and Brenda Wood (16) will spend the first term of next year in Melbourne on a Rotary trans-Tasman exchange.

Photo: SUSAN WELSH



SANDRA SMILLIE

Winner of the regional finals for the New Zealand Institute of Draughting/Whitcoulls national competition.

The winning design, a yacht, was undertaken during Term 2 outside normal school hours and additional to any homework.

Full research was presented along with a description of the yacht's functions together with a complete colour scheme and notes to supplement the drawings.

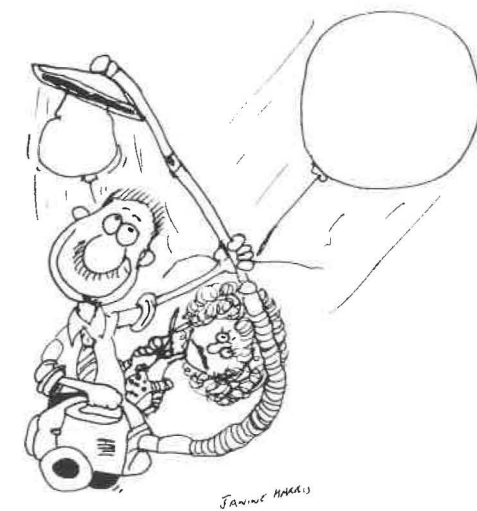
The entered project will now be judged at the annual conference of the NZID to be held this year in Timaru.

If successful, Sandra has the opportunity to travel to Wellington by courtesy of the NZID.

Best of luck Sandra.

Photo courtesy Taranaki Newspapers.

CARTOONS



POETRY

"SCHOOL"

Reading, writing, learning,
These are the days of our growth.
Probing, searching, yearning
for knowledge and for truth.
Our minds are filled with questions
we are not sure where to turn
We'd like to know the answers
That's why we have to learn.
So read your books and study
learn everything you can
for through these years of schooling
you'll be a wiser man.

NICKY COUTTS, 3D

SPRING

Dewdrops strewn over brightly coloured petals
Like sparkling cobwebs.
Sun's rays filter across the sky
Twinkling and shining brightly.
Clusters of daisies join together,
As if joining hands.
Toadstools embedded in soft velvet moss
Like pins in a pin cushion.
An azure coloured waterfall,
Flushes down rugged rocks.
Tiny leaves are blown across the ground,
Dancing like elves,
A lake glistens as ripples form over its emerald
surface,
Like a shard of glass
Shadows fall over the lake,
As ferns droop over offering the water comfort
by its shade.
Soft delicate sunrays disappear,
As the valleys are washed with shadows
And the sun sinks back into its bed.
The flowers close up
And fall to sleep
The darkness envelopes the land
Chandelier stars weep down their light.

KIRSTY DAVIES, 3F

SUMMER

Succulent smells
drift through the air,
butterflies swarm,
far and near.

Bees whizz through
the evergreen grass,
lots of birds,
keep flying past!

JOANNA GEORGE, 3D.

CHILDHOOD FRIENDSHIPS

Remember childhood friendships....

Birthday cake and sweets,
Music and dancing,
Presents to give,
At a friend's birthday party.

In the classroom,
Drawing and painting,
Writing and reading.
Laughing and talking to
A childhood friend.

Brothers and sisters argue,
But are always good friends.
Pets make great companions,
But can't last forever;
Unlike childhood friendships.

Childhood friendships are
Precious,
Everlasting, and
Well worth remembering.

TRUDI BEAUREPAIRE, 650

GROWING UP

I know I'm young
But I'm older than I used to be
I can do anything
I'll be the girl I choose to be

Looking ahead to all that life might bring to me,
Liking a boy who's happy just to look at me.
It took a long time
But now I'm where I belong
And this is Leanne's song.

ANON

POETRY

SILVER KING

The yellow hills, now golden brown,
Watched over him.
The tiny animals crept up from underground and
warned him.
The sun beat down upon his majestic frame.
He tossed his head and turned -
Then they came.
Their wild yells,
The blood so cold.
Their eyes fixed upon the beautiful creature,
Of whom they had been told.
His body jerked,
His muscles strained.
He thundered across the bare land where he reigned.
He galloped on into the sunsets light,
His silver mane and streaming tail,
His noble head, vanished from sight.

LETITIA SMITH, 30.

MY PET

Smoky black and white in colour,
Cute fluffy and cuddly.
Alert green eyes,
Sharp attentive ears,
Dainty little paws,
Energetic and playful in the way he leaps and frolics.

Unique in his looks.
Unique in his acts.
My pet cat,
'Jock'.

In the dark of night,
Stealthily creeping along,
Intent and searching eyes,
Twitching ears.
Sharp flickers of his long fluffy tail.
Every noise and movement
Attracting his aware senses.
Gone with cute and fluffy.
Gone with dainty paws.
SAVAGE!

SAVAGE!

SAVAGE!

And...
With precision and satisfaction
He scrunches into the tasty prey.

Unique in his looks.
Unique in his acts.
My pet cat,
'Jock'.

SASHA NOVAK, 30.

THE SANDFLY

Down by the stream,
Near the old grey mill,
I saw a sandfly,
Sitting on the wall.

Out went my hand,
In a large sweeping track,
And hit it right there,
With a resounding whack.

JOANNA GEORGE, 3D.

NEGLECTED

At the end of the street that nobody knows,
Is a shabby yard where nobody goes,
Lingering there under straggly trees,
Is a thin neglected pony,
His head hung down to his knees.

He has been left here for two weeks and a day,
He longs to taste a handful of hay,
The only waters he can get,
Are the puddles left by the rain and the wet.

He has no company,
Not even a goat,
His very best friend,
Went away on a float.

He has not one tiny bit of food at all,
Instead he sleeps,
Dreaming of the days in his favourite stall,
He was cherished with love,
And kept with great care,
Never to know the feeling of fear.

It was in this dream,
That he left this world,
For a place far away from this Earth,
Never again would he need to feel,
The strain of a tightly-pulled girth.

ADRIENNE FERRIS, 30.

Self-centred people,
are those with
an inverted mirror.

STEPHANIE GAMLIN, 630.

LET THE CHILDREN SPEAK

AIDS: THE DISEASE OF THE 80's

Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome, HIV or AIDS as it is commonly known is no laughing matter and it's high time everyone got serious about it. Homosexuals were the first to get it, as were intravenous drug abusers. Prostitutes were thought to be very high risk because of their profession and the fact that many are illegal drug users.

In 1983, when the virus was first discovered, ignorance made many people contemptible of the disease and its victims.

Many people shared the opinion that AIDS is the 'Homosexual Disease' or the 'Gay Plague' as it was commonly termed, and that anybody who became infected with it was just low life and deserved it.

But what about the innocent victims? The Haemophiliacs? The premature babies? The accident victims who were unknowingly given contaminated blood in life-saving transfusions?

Before screening was introduced in 1985 it is not known how many people - unsuspecting or otherwise - donated contaminated blood. In the USA people are able to sell their blood and many who do are in the high risk area. These are people who would sell anything, their blood, their bodies, anything in order to obtain drugs. Thankfully the fear of contaminated blood is behind us. The gay community seem to know what they're up against and in most cases many are taking the necessary precautions.

With the introduction in many countries of needle swapping programmes the need for drug users to share needles is diminishing and provided they use clean needles the problem should also abate in this area. It's easy to say that this programme is only encouraging the misuse of illegal drugs, but it's a fact that these people are addicts and will go to any length to obtain a fix. Many of them don't even care what it is they're putting inside their bodies. So if some headway can be made by providing a clean and safer way of doing so then so be it.

It was initially believed that the prostitution trade would die out with the discovery of AIDS but Syphilis, Gonorrhoea and various other forms of venereal disease hasn't stopped anybody in the past. As long as there are men on this earth looking for sex there will be women willing to sell it. That is just a fact of life. So as long as we can have safe places for men to go, the better off we will be.

There is one group in society, however, who seem to be ignoring the dangers. This is the heterosexual community. More and more 'straight' people are falling prey to the virus because of sheer ignorance. Many young people recently interviewed in surveys in the United States for example admit to still having unsafe sex. They are still under the misconception that it happens to other people and not them. "It won't happen to me," is the common catch cry. But statistics prove this to be wrong.

It's not only the young socialites who are having problems coming to terms with the fact that they may be at risk.

One of the newer areas of infection is among heterosexual women. Not so much the single women who might frequently have different bed partners (she'd be inclined to take care of herself) but more and more married women are being struck down through their husband's infidelity.

For many women it is hard to come to terms with the thought that their partners may be unfaithful. But whether we like it or not, there are men around who have some pretty bad attitudes towards sex. They can be thoughtless and careless without stopping to worry about the consequences. Many men live with the torment of being 'closet bisexuals' and there are others who use drugs without their partner's knowledge. It seems strange to think these things could go on behind a wife's back without her knowledge but it's a fact that in a lot of cases they do.

This has been proven in recent studies carried out for cancer research. The wives of men known to have had multiple partners are at a high risk of contracting Cervical Cancer, among other diseases. It's a shattering thought for a woman who has only had one partner herself to discover that her husband has been unfaithful even more so when because of this she has been infected with a life threatening disease.

So I feel the time has come for every individual in our society to get serious and accept responsibility for their own health. If you have any doubts whatsoever about your partners sexual habits - past or present - then you must have the courage to stand up and do something about it. After all, it's your body and your life.

And aren't you worth it?

SANDRA DOORBAR, 6th Form

LATE PUPILS

Class-time. A time for learning and a time for teacher to teach. But what happens to this time when pupils arrive late, and disrupt the whole class? One latecomer is bad, but often it is three, one after the other, usually with excuses such as those written on toilet doors and walls.

It is, surely, only polite and courteous for pupils to be on time. Teachers do work and it must be annoying to have a programme upset by pupils who cannot be on time. It's not very pleasant for pupils who are early, to hear the same thing repeated three times and we can't blame the teachers who will not repeat what has gone.

One day you may need all the information lost by being late.

6TH FORM

SHAUN

I sat there trying to do my work, but I couldn't. It was one of those days when your brain switches off completely and you feel as if you've left your powers of concentration on your bedroom floor with all of your other discarded possessions.

The seat beside me was empty, my best friend was away. The classroom was quiet and then there was a knock on the door and a little third former walked in and handed a message to Mr Conners, my teacher. His blue eyes studied the note and then he stood up. "Class, I just have to go down to the office for a few minutes, when I return I will have a new student with me."

A new interest. Suddenly the whole class was aroused and there were various murmurings of "I wonder if it's a boy or a girl", or "I hope it's someone nice". Nobody could wait to meet the new person, it wasn't every day a new kid came to school, let alone to our class.

We heard footsteps outside the classroom and everybody immediately moved very fast back to their seats, and tried to look as though they had been innocently working the whole time Mr Conners had been away.

The door opened and everyone looked up. Mr Conners walked in and he was followed by the scrawniest kid I've ever seen. He was so small he didn't even look our age. His blonde hair looked as though he hadn't combed it for days, and a pair of sad blue eyes peered out from behind thick, horn-rimmed glasses. His arms and legs were really skinny, making his head, hands and feet look too big for the rest of him.

"Class, this is Shaun Murray from Stratford High School," said Mr Conners. "And I want you to make him feel welcome."

"Shaun, you can sit next to Carly since Susan is away, you don't mind do you Carly? Of course you don't." "Oh God," I thought, "not me, please" But it was no use fooling myself, I was stuck with the new kid.

Over the next few days I had to show Shaun around school and help him find his classes. I also found out he was different from other kids, he was an absolute genius. His intelligence quotient was 200, the highest you can get, I was stunned when he told me.

"I don't tell many people," he said. "It's like a deterrent, people aren't used to the idea and they think I'm some kind of freak so they just keep away from me. That makes it hard for me to make friends."

I felt sorry for Shaun and I decided I would be his friend no matter what.

The weeks ran smoothly and Shaun settled in wonderfully, until the news somehow got out that Shaun had a IQ of 200. Everywhere he went he was ridiculed and showered with crass remarks. He was right, people did see him as some kind of freak.

When Susan came back to school she found a new addition to our circle of friends, but she and the others couldn't bring themselves to accept him, so Shaun and I ended up breaking away from the group.

Shaun lived with foster parents because neither his father nor his mother wanted him. When I tried to talk to him about it he just withdrew into himself and his eyes filled with pain.

The teasing didn't stop and people started getting at me too, because I was his friend. Shaun's self-esteem got lower and lower and he became very insecure, his only friends were me and Mrs O'Sullivan who was one of the counsellors, she was helping him settle in as well. To make things worse, I found out Shaun had started taking drugs and the news had leaked all over school.

Kids just wouldn't leave Shaun alone and he ended up in a fight one lunch time and he was suspended. He wouldn't tell me about the fight and he talked only to me or Mrs O'Sullivan. I wanted desperately to help him but he would just switch himself off and ignore me.

Shaun was caught taking drugs at school. Mrs O'Sullivan and I talked of ways to help him but nothing worked.

Eventually he even switched himself off from me and I never even saw him smile anymore, he just spent his spare time wandering alone, trying to ignore the insults people threw in his face.

The last time I saw Shaun was on the last day of school, he told me he was going back to Stratford to live with his mother. He even tried to smile at me and promised he would write. That night he called me to say goodbye, he sounded so lonely and he said I was the best friend he'd ever had. When he hung up the phone I cried.

Weeks passed and no letter from Shaun arrived so I wrote to him, but no reply came in three months, so I wrote to him again, begging him to get in touch with me, but he never did, and he never will, because last night Shaun killed himself.

Now it's a year since Shaun died, but I know I'll never forget the first time a scrawny, blonde kid walked into my classroom, and I'll never forget the kid everyone saw as a freak.....The kid with the 200 IQ.

CARLY JULIAN, 4G

Rockets shooting up,
Screaming into the dark sky,
Bright red and orange.

PETER LUDEMAN, 4H.

Crunchy red apple,
Swirling round your mouth,
Sweet and fresh tasting.

CINDI GREY, 4H.

DANCING?

THE SCHOOL BALL

For many years, too many to be exact, I have taken the 'dancing' lessons, which prepare the senior pupils for their yearly ball.

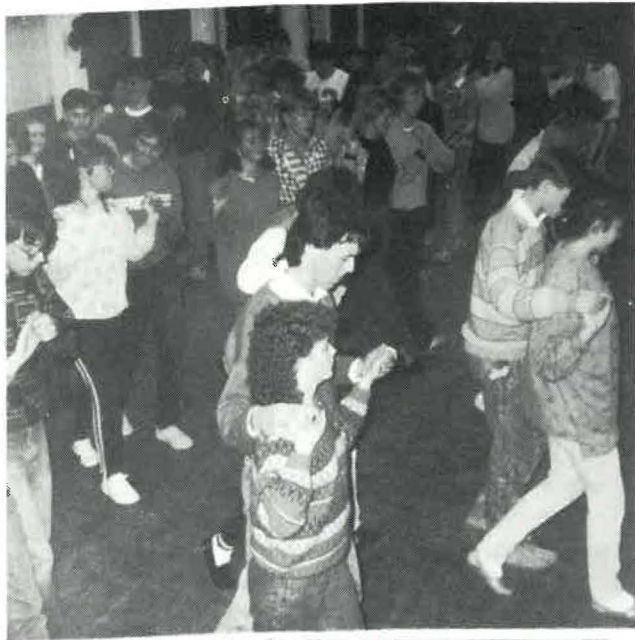
For six weeks, two hours per week, I pull, shove and at times scream when 80-120 pupils try to separate their toes from that solid mass (usually enclosed in thick rubber soled shoes) they call feet.

After the first two hour session they usually discover that a waltz is not a walk where one imitates a whale stranded on the beach and some even show a grace and rhythm they didn't imagine they possessed.

I suspect the evenings, for some, are really just an excuse to be out on a school night and the lessons become more of a social night out. We see many of our past pupils, who turn up year after year, and we are glad to see them, especially as escorts to our senior girls.

On the night of the ball, we see many of our pupils transformed, like Cinderella on the night of her ball, and as you can see even Hollywood would be hard pressed to find so many natural beauties with such handsome escorts.

M. WILLIAMS.



SCHOOL BALL



This looks mighty suspicious. I wonder if.....?



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POETRY

PANDORA'S BOX

The atom is history
exposed
you stripped it
split it.

The cell is a mystery
containing the secret of life
you are human
you want to know - how?
why?
now!

natural interest dictates that
you try to find out.

No matter that
the locked doors of knowledge
escape us
Curiosity is the key
The seeker wields his weapon
with confident possession.

You are welcome to your war
This passion for truth turns me off
While you live out your laboratory love-affair
I am content to watch the sun set
and scribble my poems.

This observer adds a final note
Today's experiment is like no other
There is no control
Mankind is not a research rat
For a species without nine lives
Curiosity kills.

YVONNE SHAW

WAR

No nukes 'no nukes!' The angry people cry,
After all who wants to die?
America says we won't push the button first.
The Russians, shake hands, and agree.
Peace talks, treaties signed,
But are we really that blind?
What difference does it make,
Weapons are being launched,
into outer space.
Who are these people who control our destiny?
Don't be shocked,
They were elected by ordinary people,
Just like you and me.

THEA.

WAR

It began, as innocent as a
Raindrop.
It began, but still it grows.
Who gave it life?
Who gave it power?
I alone,
And you alone.
It began from each alone,
To form one together.
What is its name?
What is its future?
My life,
And your life.
Our destiny is its death,
Our fantasy is its birth.
It is what I dream,
And what you love.
It is what we want,
To kill.

FLEUR GASTON, 4G.

NUCLEAR ARMS

I sit in the park and watch a
peaceful sparrow flutter past.

I think: How easy a bomb could fly
as that sparrow does, and

It makes me wonder about the people in
the world.

Do they really want to kill every boy and every
girl?

If not. Why do they keep making nuclear
weapons?

Will it be too late when someone gets
alarmed?

I wish they would see you and me.

And know there are no winners in
their childish game.

JASON JOHNSON, 3D.

DO WE KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING?

They say: "There will be showers
and prevailing winds today
A girl was killed by her father
And small boy has run away"
- Highlights blurred together
Static stutter on the air
Brand new day is soured for all to hear.

People pass like shadows on the slippery street
- Their eyes they never meet
Toes do tap in unison, keeping to the beat -
The monotonous click of clack, click of clack
Repeats

Machines keep us in order
Tell us when and why and how
Awaiting our command
They don't complain
There's the roaring of the motors
and the thumping of the cranes
Swing high, swing low, swing over -
Round again.

And the hours fall like the showers
As the time it passes by
The rumbling, bumbling buzz of city life
Devours us
Whole

ANNE TAUNGA

What colour am I
Who stands beside the sparkling sea
With the waves washing my conscience
And the air whispering gently.

Seagulls call in nature's code
Without the chatter of
Prejudice.
Swooping above the rippling mirror.
Their pure white, breathless wings
Are lightly sprinkled with drops
Of life.

When with terror
The gentleness of the call from the sea
Is masked by the sounds
Of the building of pyramids and
Threats of war
I crumble up and die
As the waves wash away the colour
That has for centuries
Caused me
Pain.

KRISTIN HOLM, 6TH FORM

MAD MAN

People and things I hate,
I wish they would melt away to oblivion,
To smell their burning flesh,
To see their skin shrivel like a raisin,
I would love to hear the people cry for help,
And to see their burning hair.
But I wouldn't like to touch, no.

CINDY MANU, 3D.

TUFF

What's so great about being 'Tuff'?
Picking fights and other stuff,
Getting drunk and hanging around,
Jumping in cars and painting the town,
Seeking revenge on other people,
Punching them back and turning them purple,
Never really been so cool,
Keep out of fights you 'Fool'.

KARLA JOHNS, 3D.

I RAN

And I ran. I ran until I no longer knew where I was. My
eyes misted with unshed tears and I only saw faint im-
ages of what was really there.

In my mind all reality was lost. Lost in time never to
be found again, and I; The body of that mind was lost
too.

Forever I had wandered amongst the endless
labyrinths, exploring paths never before seen - trying to
find an exit; never succeeding.

With every turn of a corner I erased another part of
my life, until I had lost it all; and no longer belonged
anywhere, or to anyone.

I do not own my past for I have not one. I have only a
future of endless searching, nor do I remember what I
am looking for.

I am a part deep inside everyone, but no-one knows
what I really am.

I am truly gone.

I must remain for all eternity. Not a
part of the living, not dead.

Only here.

I am homeless and have nothing to go to. But I do not
feel alone, for here is the only place I can be myself.

Whoever that is.

I know not what I am, but I do not mind. Mine is
neither the existence of child or adult in this hated
place.

For I know love; but can not reach out to touch it. For
fear of it not existing at all -

Like me.

JENNIFER DAVIES.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

HURRICANES

I have spent the past four years living in Fiji, with my family who own the Anchorage Beach Resort, half way between Nadi and Loutoka. Cyclones are almost an annual occurrence in the Pacific Islands although it is only once every few years a very bad cyclone occurs.

January 17th, 1985, we had been warned early that morning Cyclone Eric was on its way. All day was spent preparing, tying down the house with steel cable and putting shutters on windows. Valuables were packed in pastic bags and placed well above floor level to protect them from the flooding. All our hotel guests were also busy helping. By early afternoon we were ready.

We were to spend the cyclone in the restaurant. At 8 pm, the power went out and the gas lamps flickered on. There were 14 of us in the restaurant. The wind was raging furiously outside and I had to shout to the person next to me to be heard. We could see objects whizzing past the windows and the rain was torrential, driven in all directions, even horizontally with the force of the wind.

I was sitting in a chair opposite my parents who had begun to stack furniture in the middle of the room. Rain was pouring through every join in the roof. I was getting worried. But then it happened and the real nightmare began.

Debra, my stepmother, bent down to pick up a cushion. I looked up at the 2x3 metre glass window that was directly behind her. As if it happened in slow motion the glass seemed to bend outwards and then with explosive force broke inwards, showering Debra with glass and knocking her to the ground.

I screamed as the wind and rain that had rushed in the window tried to escape and the six other plate glass windows began exploding.

I wanted to stop screaming and help Debra but the sound kept coming from my mouth and wouldn't cease.

Debra called to her father, she was splattered in

blood, especially her feet. He picked her up and carried her to safety behind the bar.

I was still screaming and I felt somebody shake me and call my name. I became silent, numb with shock. I was dragged unceremoniously under the bar, and with 14 others I spent the longest four hours of my life.

During the first hours we began singing to drown out the incredible volume of noise. The noise was due to the fact that the building we were in was being destroyed. We could hear the roof being peeled off and the bar kept shaking as furniture, trees, and bits of buildings crashed against it. The noise of the wind drowned out many of my screams as well. When the walls began collapsing on us we began reciting the Lord's Prayer. The frail structure of the restaurant bar shook violently but still stood.

My stepmother and my father were injured. My stepmother had 15 internal stitches and 20 external stitches to her right foot and 20 external stitches to her left foot. This was done with local anesthetic as there was no general anesthetic left. Because of this 12 injections into the wound were needed as the anesthetic kept wearing off. My father refused anesthetic as the hospital was in chaos with only two doctors and people bleeding to death in waiting rooms. Dad had four stitches where a piece of glass went through his calf.

When the storm finally subsided and we crawled out from our hiding place, it was a matter of beginning our lives again. I lost every material object I owned in that cyclone, but I didn't care anymore, I was just glad to be alive. I arrived in New Zealand on an emergency flight two days later, in the clothes I wore as my only luggage.

Looking back at what is a horrifying experience to go through, it has certainly educated me about the incredible power of nature, and the value of a human life.

THEA, 6th Form.

THE FUTURE?

As the doomsday clock ticks slowly towards midnight it is time to reflect on where we are; as a country; as a nation; and as a planet. Minutes away from a nuclear holocaust and still we have not learned. There is still the battling, the bickering, and the hating and no one seems to know how to stop it.

Violence is everywhere, in our homes, on our streets, and even in our minds. Children are abused in the 'Safety' of their homes. The frail and the elderly are mugged on the streets and we are bombarded with violence from our television and we are bombarded with

We complain about the government and the other powers, their lack of 'getting something done' while we sit back and do nothing. It is our problem and each of us should be doing something.

KIM HONEYFIELD, 630 ENGLISH

SPOTSWOOD STAKES

Well, good afternoon and welcome to the Spotswood Stakes. A rather unique horse race this, for anyone who doesn't know it combines the fillies with the colts, the mares with the stallions. The track is easy. Let's go through the field.

Number 1, the hot favourite Big Ted and he really is a big rawboned animal. Owner, trainer and rider Ms F. Inch keeps him well under control though, and they'll be first from the birdcage today.

Number 2, Deputy. This big black stallion is an import so doesn't have the benefit of true blue kiwi blood rushing through his veins. Still is in there with a chance. Sporting the familiar silks of grey and red.

Bold Gold is number 3. All skin and bones really, looks as if she could do with a few more oats in her meal - though they tell me you can't fatten thoroughbreds!

Number 4, aah yes. Frankey. He's had a lot of experience. This is his last year for racing, he goes out to stud next year.

Number 5 is Anakuana. A temperamental mare, this one. I feel sorry for those who get in her way. Should find the track to her liking this afternoon.

Number 6, is Love Dove from the familiar Lovell family. This gelding is getting on a bit now, but still has a lot of fire left in him. Hasn't shown very good form lately but can't be underestimated.

Number 7 is Skinhead from the Gallagher stables down south. A fairly thickset colt, always getting into scrapes though. Quite a few scars to his name - even missing a tooth. But he's all together today and is looking to improve on past performances.

Dotty is number 8. I hear she's been off her food lately. Having trouble with her of teeth.

Number 9. Madam Haque. Due to excess weight is a late scratching.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

I'll always cherish the memory of my grandfather (Papa). I was the apple of his eye, so I have been told by all who knew him. I know he always made me feel special, a feeling that can never be replaced.

When he died the family went to see him, in his coffin, for the last time. I entered the room and saw his pale face and when I kissed him an icy cold tingle ran down my back, his skin was so cold. My mother placed some photographs in his coffin. I wondered then what life would be without him, what would we do at Christmas time?

The day of the funeral, my cousin and I sat together and wept throughout the whole service. When waiting for the coffin to be loaded into the car, the Priest told us that there was no need for tears as grandfather was now in the hands of the Lord. My mother said that Papa, whose great love was gardening, was probably caring for God's garden. Sometimes I stop now and look at his picture and wonder, what would he think of me now? Would my life be different if he were still with us today?

I still cry a little, now and then, even though he died six years ago, I will always remember him.

NATASHA GUC, 4L.

Number 10 is Tee Pee. Another young colt. He's been training hard down on the beach. Loves the surf so I'm told. Another one to look out for.

Rowley ridden by Ms Julie is number 11. A flighty filly but hot off the mark and quick to clear the field.

Number 12 is Van Flea. Complete outsider. An American visitor really just here to learn. Not much chance at all.

Number 13, completes our line-up. Chitty Chitty Bang. A really highly strung animal. Small, wiry, and never wants to do as he's told. I was talking yesterday to his owner Mervyn and he was telling me he didn't know what to do with him. Chitty Chitty Bang could be right up there today but one can never tell.

Well it's quite a large and colourful crowd turnout. A lot of green and grey. Many young faces too which is really good.

Clerk of the course is Marg Williams and today's starter is Brad Shaw. He's about to start them. Seems to be waving his arms about a lot conducting procedures - and, racing this time. Rowley the pacemaker moves up to set the trend. Bold Gold is galloping up the outside and Tee Pee is going with her.

It's 15 lengths start to finish and it's still Rowley by a head. Skinhead is on the outside of the bunch but - oh seems to be sleeping and has let number 8 through on his inside. Big Ted is making a move on the rail, but can't seem to get past Chitty Chitty Bang. Anakuana is behind them and Frankey is at the tail of the field. Dotty is now moving up to challenge Rowley but...

WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR A COMMERCIAL BREAK!

P.S. Any resemblance to Spotswood inhabitants is purely coincidental!

SALLY HALE, 6th.

THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD

I hid in the cupboard waiting, waiting, waiting, I couldn't wait any longer. I slid open the door so the light could peek in and as I watched I saw her shaking, shaking, her skin rolled up into rolling hills, as she sat there. And I waited!

Her back hunched reminded me of my cat curled up and my eyes ran over her body, grey hair with bits of pink scalp showing through, there was no wave in it, it just sat there, moving with the rhythm of her body. Her body moved with her head and her dried, rolled skin moved like jelly as she peeled the apples. And I waited.

I saw the cat stroll in and grease around her legs. She moved them slowly in an attempt to push it away but it kept on greasing around. As I watched she murmured some words I couldn't quite catch and she moved quickly this time getting the cat. Her veins looked like creeping vines which twisted around, in and out they moved with her skin. Her feet looked dry and blue as they sat in her big slippers.

And I waited.

As I watched she appeared to be in a world of her own and all alone. I wanted to hug her, but no, I just waited, waited, waited, and she kept on...

MAREE LEWIS, 522.

ENVIRONMENT



POOL COVERING PROJECT

The chairman of the Taranaki Savings Bank presented the Pool Committee with a cheque for \$20,000.



Our own "Knight Rider". Mr O'Keefe.

1988 Environmental Committee

Because of our heavy social schedule, the Environmental Committee had a difficult beginning. But we emerged from the swamp, an enthusiastic environmental machine, grinding our way towards the peak of perfection.

Our grovelling green fingers produced grants in our attempts to gravel the green gradient which will wind its way around our wonderful wilderness.

Mr Peters had visions of converting the park into a skateboard bowl but this was not to be. Don't blame us for the monstrosity sitting outside the common room. It wasn't us. We are, however, trying to make the environment more pleasant by disguising it with white dots, which are developing into trees, we hope.

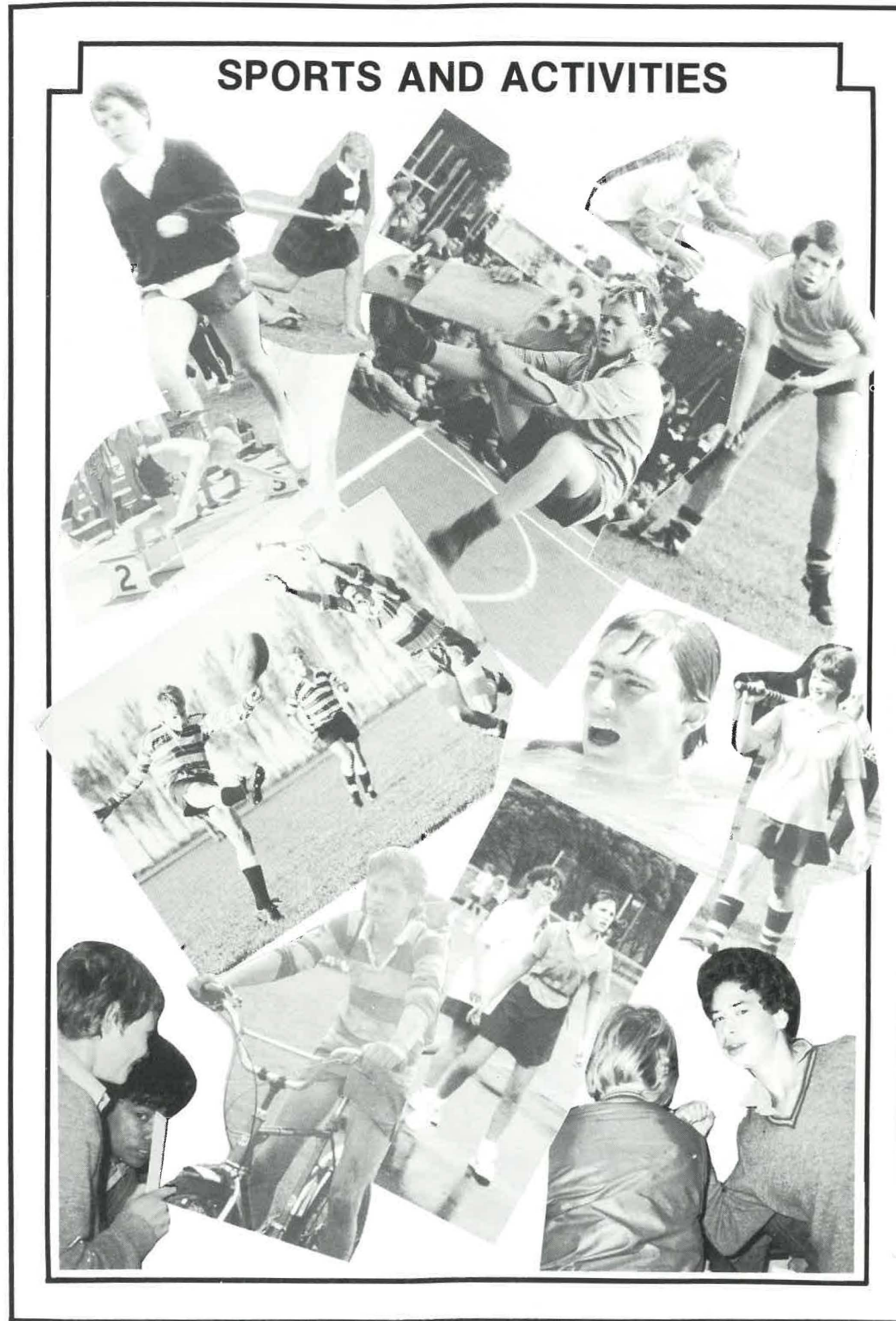
Thank you to the ANZ Bank for sponsorship of \$500 and to the Department of Education for Environmental of Improvement Scheme for \$1500 and Education Fund for Environmental Studies (Sponsored by ACI NZ Glass Manufacturers) for \$500, and thanks also to our mentor (down to earth head in the clouds, feet on the surfboard) Mr J. Peters.



Environmental committee being presented with a \$500 grant from Educational Fund for Environmental Studies. (Sponsored by A.C.I.)

Back: David Fitness, Paul Ashman (obscured), Peter Blyde, Mr T. Peters (obscured), Mr B. Haque (Deputy Principal).
Front: Jeff Salisbury, Mr Hallett, Mr H. Duynhoven MP for New Plymouth.

SPORTS AND ACTIVITIES



SOCCER



FIRST ELEVEN SOCCER TEAM

Back: Mr Gill (Manager), Peter Blyde, Jon Mayhead, Blair Stadden, Aaron Kreisler, Angus Fisher, Stephen Francis.

Front: Rhys Taylor, Jeremy Birss, Jason Windleburn, Greg Gooch, Simon Eaddy.

Absent: Craig Russell, Chris Fitzpatrick.

A team was put together two weeks before the first of two matches against two well known teams.

The first game was against FDC's first eleven (who won the under 19 Taranaki Youth Grade) and having nothing to lose, we went onto the field, knowing that we were inexperienced, we had had no game practice and we didn't even know each other as team members. But, after we waited until Craig Russell, our star player, took his bow and the applause died down, we began to play.

It was a close game and a breakthrough occurred

when Craig Russell headed the ball into goal. We were in the lead, and we held onto that lead, finishing 0-1 to Spotswood.

One week later we faced tougher opposition and played against a team of Central League players; one of whom was a National League Player with a one hundred percent record. We went in to win, but it was not to be. Each player played the game of his life but the final score was against us 2-1. Peter Blyde scored the goal for Spotswood.

WADSWORTH'S

*now
in*

CENTRE CITY

FOR ALL BOOKS MAGAZINES CARDS AND STATIONERY

RUGBY

UNDER 15 TEAM

Our first game of the season was against Stratford. We were unfit and after the first ruck we were all puffing and panting and praying for that half-time whistle. We actually won that game 16-3, but it was a hollow victory as Stratford was also struggling, they ended up bottom of our division.

We played many games, not very well, through the season and when we did win against Waitara's second top team, it really was too late.

We seemed to play better against the top teams and not so good against those teams on the same level as ourselves on the points board. We ended 5th out of a grade which had 13 teams.

Full back, Dean Riddick, had one of his best seasons. He was always in place and being the best cover tackler, he saved many tries against us. Paul Newman also played very well, as did the rest of the back-liners. They were just unlucky not to get the points they deserved.

The forwards had excellent games against Wanganui and against Waitara. Everything seemed to go right during these games. The loose forwards worked together and Matthew Crowther, Steven Jacobson, open side-flanker Tim Mason, also Aaron Murphy played excellent games. Mark Holdt did everything he had to do and more, as did Farrell Murdoch.

Our Wanganui trip was really cool, we played well, but Wanganui began to niggle a bit and several brawls erupted. Two from each team were sent to the SIN BIN.

We are looking forward to next season.



Game against Fraser High School.

VOLLEYBALL

VOLLEYBALL '88

It is with much pleasure that we can report on another very successful year for Volleyball at Spotswood College. In the last twelve months, boys' and girls' teams have represented the College at many tournaments and competitions within and outside Taranaki, and have won four major titles during this period - Taranaki Secondary Schools Senior Boys' Championship, Taranaki Secondary Schools Junior Boys' Championship, the Taranaki Boys' Under 16 Championship, and the Taranaki Mens' B Grade League.

1987 NORTH ISLAND NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS:

As last year's magazine was going to print, our junior boys' and girls' teams were busy attempting to qualify for the North Island Junior Nationals at Wanganui. The boys' team of Matt Mong, Darin Hills, Tony Wagstaff, Alban Clareburt, Mark Schmidt, Stephen O'Donnell, Nigel Collins and Wade Thomas had a most successful third term.

This team breezed through the North Taranaki District tournament winning with five straight wins and followed this up with another three wins at the Taranaki regional day-one tournament. Three further wins at the regional day-two tournament saw the team going into the final match against Inglewood HS seeking twelve consecutive wins. After a win in the first set and losing the second set we could not manage to get things together and lost the final set and with it an unbeaten record.

The team travelled to Wanganui for the North Island Championships where we recorded two wins in section play and became the first boys' team from Taranaki, (senior or junior), to make the top eight play-off division. Results were:

Lost to Porirua College: 0-2, 9-15, 9-15; beat Kamo HS: 2-1, 15-9, 11-15, 15-6; beat Inglewood HS: 2-1, 15-13, 10-15, 15-8.

In post-section play we lost to Taupo College: 0-2, 12-15, 7-15; lost to Kawerau College: 0-2, 1-15, 2-15; lost to Karamu HS: 0-2, 12-15, 9-15; lost to Porirua College: 1-2, 15-13, 1-15, 4-15.

Despite our losses in post-section play, the team gained in confidence as the tournament progressed and can be happy with its eighth placing in the North Island.

1987/88 SUMMER LEAGUE:

Spotswood entered four boys' and two girls' teams in the 1987/88 New Plymouth summer league volleyball competition played at the YMCA stadium on Sunday nights. The summer league commenced on 1st November and continued through until 17th April.

Final placings were:

Clubs 5th in A grade; Aces 3rd in B grade; and in C2 grade, the Diamonds and 85's were 2nd equal, and the 86's 7th.

1988 SENIOR NATIONAL QUALIFYING SERIES:

This year, we entered two boys' and two girls' teams in the qualifying series of the Taranaki regional contest to decide the team to represent the province at this year's senior championships at Tauranga.

All four teams qualified for the Taranaki regional day-one tournament at Hawera HS where the girls' C team was eliminated.

At the Taranaki regional day-two tournament our girls' B team suffered three straight losses to Hawera HS, Spotswood A and NPGHS to finish in 5th position. The boys' B team lost to Hawera HS, Inglewood HS, and Spotswood A while beating Opunake HS to take out 4th place, while the A team with three good wins looked odds on to take out the qualifying spot. These wins over Opunake HS 2-0, Inglewood HS 2-1, and Spotswood B 2-0, did not provide enough challenge for the A team who despite holding commanding leads in both, sets lost to Hawera HS 0-2, 13-15, 14-16, to allow the Hawera team to go forward to the National championships.

1988 TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS:

This year's Taranaki secondary schools' volleyball championships were held at New Plymouth Boys' High School on Thursday 14th April. The pressure was on the senior and junior squads to repeat last year's effort when we won both titles.

It was a most successful day with eight wins from eight games played and both senior and junior secondary school titles.

1988 WINTER LEAGUE:

The 1988 New Plymouth winter league volleyball competition commenced on Sunday 22nd May and continued through until finals night on 9th October.

This year's winter league teams were grouped into seven grades according to ability, with teams being promoted and relegated a grade at the end of the first and second rounds. At the end of the third round final placings were:

- A1 grade: Gladiators 6th,
- A2 grade: Barbarians 3rd,
- B2 grade: Trumps 6th,
- C1 grade: 86's 2nd, 85's 3rd,
- C2 grade: Aces 1st, Clubs 4th,
- C3 grade: Diamonds 3rd, 88's 5th, Hearts 6th.

Two teams qualified to play-off in the grand finals' night on 9th October where the 86's were defeated 1-2, 4-15, 15-13, 8-15, by The Galahs in the C1 grade final; and the Aces just lost to the Night Owls 1-2, 9-15, 15-13, 14-16 in their C2 final.

1988 TARANAKI MENS B GRADE LEAGUE:

The 1988 Taranaki Men's B league championship was contested over three days' play at the Stratford High School gymnasium on 12th and 26th June, and 10th July. Four teams were entered for this year's league which was played over three round-robin series. Our squad was Dean Riddick, Greg Plimmer, Anthony Barkley, Tim Mason, Mark Holdt, Matthew Smith, Dion Ryan, Joel Krutz, Mark Schmidt and Stephen O'Donnell.

On the first day we recorded wins against Stratford 2-0, 15-0, 15-4; and Hawera HS 2-0, 15-8, 15-11; and a loss to Inglewood HS 1-2, 15-9, 7-15, 0-15. The second day was most successful with three wins being recorded this time - 2-1, 10-15, 15-7, 15-6 against Hawera HS - 2-0, 15-4, 15-0 over Stratford HS, and 2-0, 15-7, 15-2 over Inglewood HS to give us five wins from six games and the lead in the league.

Our final day's play saw two good wins early in the piece, the first over Inglewood HS 2-1, 7-15, 15-12, 15-1, and the second over Stratford HS 2-0, 15-12, 15-3; while we lost our final game to Hawera HS 0-2, 16-18, 8-15.

This left us with a playing record of seven wins from nine games and first place in the B grade league.

1988 TARANAKI UNDER 16 CHAMPIONSHIPS:

The 1988 Taranaki Under 16 championships were held at the Stratford High School gymnasium, Sunday 14th August. Eight boys' teams - four representing Spotswood, and nine girls' teams - three representing Spotswood - contested in this year's championships. For the fifth form teams it was a final chance to play at this age-group level; for the fourths a second chance to have a go for the title; while for the new third form players it was their 'introduction' to competition volleyball.

The fifth form boys' team played through the championship undefeated accounting for Inglewood HS 2-0, Spotswood D 2-0, Waitara HS 2-0, Spotswood B 2-1; and in the final beating Waitara HS again 2-0, 15-8, 15-11. Spotswood B with two wins and a loss finished 4th, Spotswood with one win and three losses was 6th, while Spotswood D with four losses finished 8th.

In the girls' grade, Spotswood A with two wins and two losses was 5th; Spotswood B with one win and a loss was 7th, while Spotswood C also with one win and a loss were 8th.

INTER-SCHOOL VISITS:

On Friday 22nd July, Fraser High School (Hamilton) visited Spotswood for a winter sports exchange which is hoped to be an annual event on the College sports calendar.

The Fraser HS 4th form boys' team represented their school and played against our 5th form squad - in a best of five sets. We got off to a poor start losing the first two sets 6-15, 8-15 before we finally settled down and attempted to win back the game. Slowly we managed to edge ourselves back into the game taking the next three sets 15-5, 15-11, 15-7, and with it the game 3-2.

Kawerau College, as part of their nine-day North Island tour, visited Spotswood on 12th and 13th August. On Friday 12th, they played against our 5th form squad losing the first set 13-15 and winning the second 15-11. The two sets against the 4th form squad saw Kawerau take out both 15-4, 15-13. On the Saturday prior to the Taranaki/Auckland Ranfurly Shield rugby match, Kawerau and our 4th form team played a four-set match with Kawerau winning 3-1, 12-15, 15-12, 15-13, 15-10.

1988 JUNIOR NORTH ISLAND NATIONALS:

As we go to print, two girls' and four boys' teams are competing in the regional play-offs to decide which two teams will represent Taranaki at this year's North Island finals in Auckland in November. We will report on this competition in next year's magazine.

1988/89 SUMMER LEAGUE:

The 1988/89 New Plymouth summer league competition commenced on 30th October and continues through until 7th May, 1989. A report on the progress of our eight teams will also appear in next year's magazine.

SUMMARY:

As mentioned at the start of this report, Volleyball continues to increase in popularity at Spotswood as our teams compete throughout New Zealand with good success. One good aspect of our teams is the good comments made by teachers and coaches from other schools, who remark on the sportsmanship and behaviour of our students. It is really comforting to be able to ask players to umpire, referee and do scoring duties and have these accepted and carried out in a thorough manner.

Finally, my thanks to the senior players who have helped coach and assist with the juniors, - your efforts are much appreciated. To those returning next year let's make the Nationals and win the secondary schools' local titles again!!

P. GAYTON



FOURTH FORM VOLLEYBALL

Standing left to right: Dion Ryan, Mark Holdt, Anthony Barkley, Mr P. H. Gayton (Coach).

Seated left to right: Matthew Smith, Greg Plimmer, Dean Riddick (Captain), Tim Mason, Joel Krutz.



FIFTH FORM VOLLEYBALL

Standing left to right: Alban Clareburt, Darin Hills, Nigel Collins, Mark Schmidt, Mr P. H. Gayton (Coach).
Seated left to right: Stephen O' Donnell, Matt Mong (Captain), Tony Wagstaff.



THIRD FORM VOLLEYBALL - ACES TEAM

Standing left to right: Scott McCabe, Bevan Erueti, Wayne Sanger, Mr P. H. Gayton (Coach).
Seated left to right: Rodney Sampson, Kirk Sanger (Captain), Graham Bond.
Absent: Jason Palmer.



THIRD FORM VOLLEYBALL - CLUBS TEAM

Standing left to right: Dean Jolly, David Jones, Scott Ruakere, Gavin Newport, Mr P. H. Gayton (Coach).
Seated left to right: Aaron Riddick, John Gray, Greg Moratti.



THIRD FORM VOLLEYBALL - DIAMONDS TEAM

Standing left to right: Michael Caley, Dion Jordan, Andrew Burton, Michael Smith, Mr P. H. Gayton (Coach).
Seated left to right: Robert Spittal, Mark Sweeney (Captain), Jamie Wiseman.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The 1988 College Cross-Country championships were held on Friday 23rd September in calm and over-cast conditions. Several changes were made to this year's championships - the first being a reversal back to running the events in age groups (junior, intermediate, senior) rather than in forms, and the same course was run by both boys and girls.

Results of this year's championships were:

JUNIOR GIRLS (3km): 1. Melany Hunt (D) 15 min, 5 secs. 2. Keryn Robinson (B). 3. Dianna Cottam (A).

1. Barrett - 689; 2. Atkinson - 830; 3. Darnell - 850; 4. Richmond - 888.

INTERMEDIATE GIRLS (3km): 1. Louise Mann (R) 14 mins, 27 secs. 2. Tracey Hayward (D). 3. Alene Parks (R).

1. Richmond - 885; 2. Darnell - 983; 3. Barrett - 1107; 4. Atkinson - 1222.

SENIOR GIRLS (3km): 1. Stacey Roper (D). 2. Joanne Parker (R). 3. Deidre Hasell (A).

1. Darnell - 201; 2. Atkinson - 207; 3. Richmond - 244; 4. Barrett - 413.

JUNIOR BOYS (3km): 1. Richard Pattison (R) 12 mins, 58 secs. 2. Wade Picard (B). 3. John Gray (R).

1. Richmond - 801; 2. Atkinson - 857; 3. Darnell - 917; 4. Barrett - 938.

INTERMEDIATE BOYS (3.5km): 1. Karl Looney (D) 14 mins, 59 secs. 2. Mark Magee (A). 3. Trent Riddick (D).

1. Barrett - 640; 2. Darnell - 794; 3. Atkinson - 839; 4. Richmond - 1020.

SENIOR BOYS (3.5 km): 1. Tony Brownrigg (A) 14 mins, 10 secs. 2. Simon Eaddy (D). 3. Euan Mitchell (D).

1. Richmond - 94; 2. Barrett - 99; 3. Darnell - 100; 4. Atkinson - 136.

OVERALL HOUSE POINTS FOR THE BALLINGER CUP
1st equal: Richmond (3-firsts, 1-third, 2-fourths).

Darnell (1-first, 2-seconds, 3-thirds) - 16 points.

3rd: Barrett (2-firsts, 1-second, 1-third, 2-fourths) - 15 points.

4th: Atkinson (3-seconds, 1-third, 2-fourths) - 13 points.

The first eight finishers in each of the six events were chosen to represent the College at the Taranaki Secondary Schools Cross-Country Championships held at the Patea Golf Links in fine but very windy conditions on Wednesday 12th October.

Our team was not as successful as previous years as far as individual efforts were concerned but as a team in each event Spotswood turned in creditable performances.

Results were:

JUNIOR GIRLS: Melany Hunt 10th; Keryn Robinson 23rd; Michelle Richardson 25th; Diana Cottam 34th; Sarah Dawson 41st; Sonja Thurman 42nd; Joanne George 52nd; Josie Taylor 59th. Placed 5th out of 10 in teams event.

JUNIOR BOYS: Richard Pattison 11th; David Jones 12th; John Gray 17th; Warwick Magon 48th; Ryan Brown 51st; John Doherty 52nd; Nathan Moetara 50th; Nicholas Kirk 63rd. Placed 5th out of 9 in teams event.

INTERMEDIATE GIRLS: Alene Parks 9th; Tracy Hayward 17th; Kathy Hall 30th; Julie Withers 40th; Jenny Sharpe 48th.

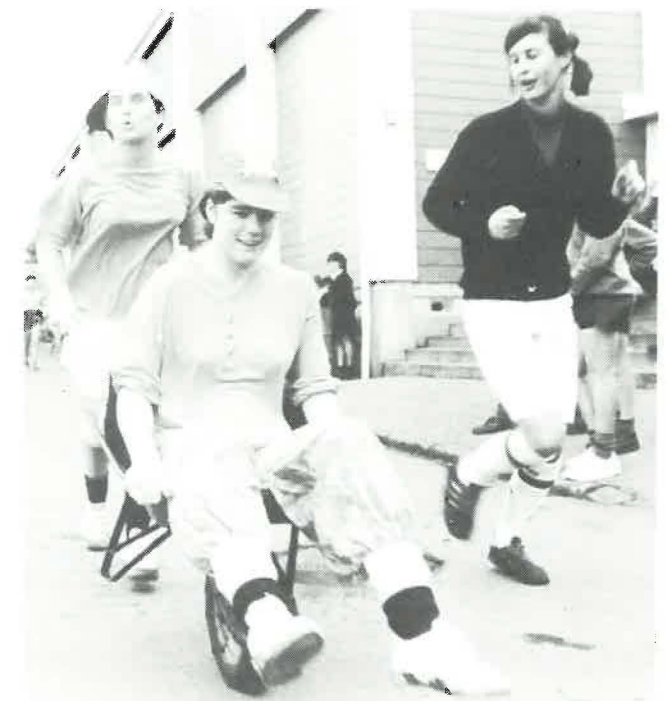
INTERMEDIATE BOYS: Karl Looney 13th; Mark Magee 15th; Greg Plimmer 28th; Craig Caldwell 31st; Trent Riddick 38th; Dean Riddick 39th; Bruce Thomas 44th. Placed 5th out of 10 in teams event.

SENIOR GIRLS: Joanne Parker 4th; Stacy Roper 6th; Sarah Fussell 29th; Jackie Roper 31st; Sue Morch 35th; Sally Hale 36th. Placed 4th out of 7 in teams event.

SENIOR BOYS: Tony Brownrigg 2nd; Euan Mitchell 5th; Simon Eaddy 12th; Jeremy Coward 27th; John Brooker 33rd; Patrick Moore 40th; Blair Staddon 43rd. Place 4th out of 9 in teams event.



Intermediate Girls.



It's plain to see why these 7th formers didn't win the Cross-Country event.

NETBALL

It was another good year for Spotswood College, with 13 teams entered in the weekly competitions at the Waiwakaiho courts.

This year the competition was divided into three areas:

(1) Open grade for the more serious players who were expected to play during the May holidays and were eligible for the club championships. Spotswood teams in this grade were: Spotswood A and B; Spotswood 'Heroes' (top third team).

(2) Collegiate grade, designed mainly for school teams as they were not required to play during the holidays or were eligible for club championships. Spotswood teams in this grade were: Spotswood Warriors, Idols, Aces, Angels, Rockers, Dudes, Diamond, Rambles, Lazars, and Od Squad.

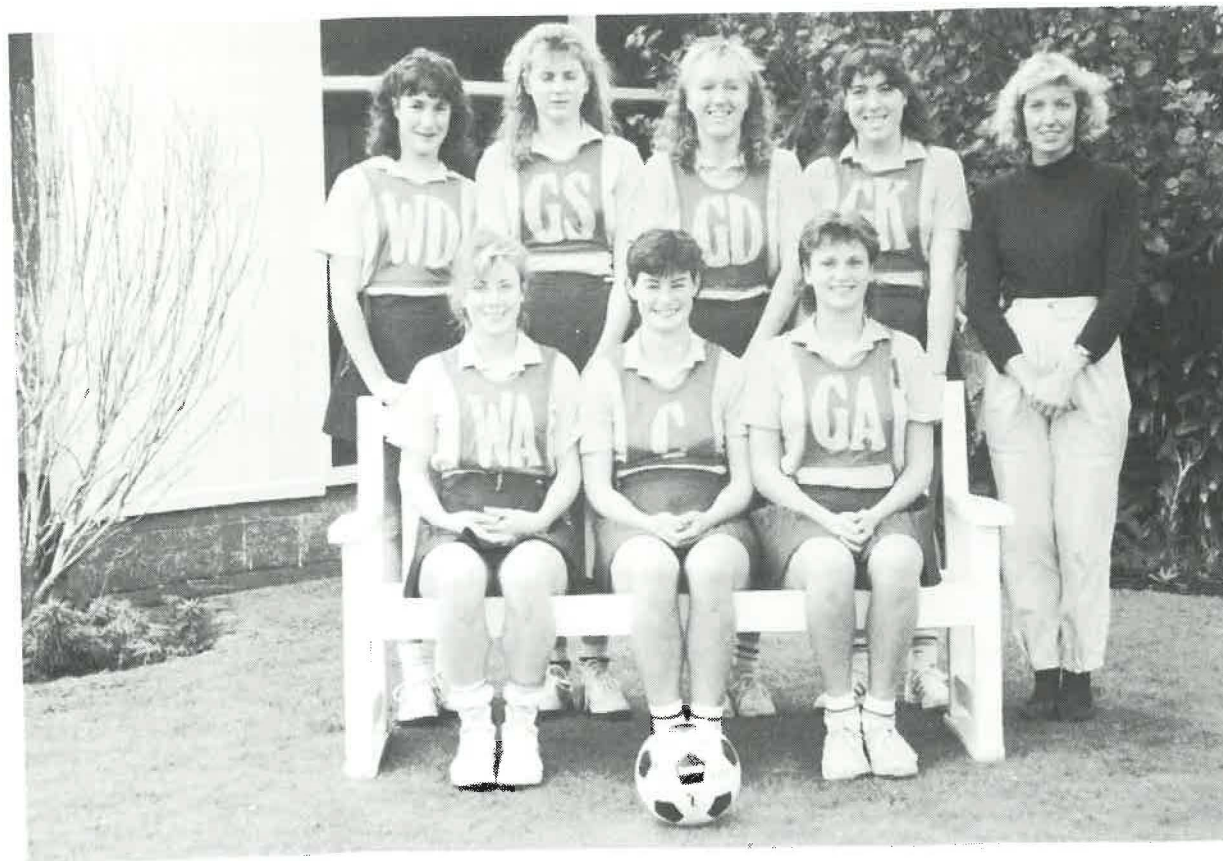
(3) Social grade in which we did not have a team entered.

As this was the first time for this type of competition, it was hard to know in which grade to place each team.

In most cases the college teams were correctly placed, being able to compete quite successfully against the other teams, notably the Diamonds who won Collegiate grade three and the Od Squad who won the seventh form social team who had a clear round to victory.

Such success is a fitting reward for the players and coach who have all worked so hard during the season.

We managed to find a coach for each team which is always a great worry at the start of any season. Most of the coaching was carried out by the senior girls, who had to organise practices around their own sporting commitments. A most sincere vote of thanks must go to Debbie Richardson, Tracy McCurdy, Debbie Gilbert, Rachel Hitchcock, Michelle Turner, and to Mrs Rowlands, Mrs Sweeny and Miss Norman for the many hours of work they have devoted to their teams.



SENIOR A NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Julie Withers, Nicki Gardiner, Lisa Shaw, Mrs Rowlands (Coach).
Front: Louise Mann, Sally Hale (Capt.), Rachel Hitchcock.
Absent: Leanne Herbert.

Sponsored by: D. V. SUTHERLAND LTD, 21-23 Devon Street East, New Plymouth.



SENIOR B

Back Row: Mrs Rowlands (Coach), Sara Wood, Carmen Walsh, Debbie Paton, Pauline Graham, Kelly Whittaker.
Front Row: Jackie Price, Angela Koot (Capt.), Lorraine Manu.

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE B NETBALL TEAM

The Spotswood College B team went fairly well this season. We played in the third grade and came fourth place.

Two of the teams younger players made it to the North Taranaki U16 team, they were: Jackie Price (GA), and Pauline Graham (GD).

Other members of the team were: Angela Koot (C), Lorraine Manu, Sarah Ward, Debbie Paton, Carmen Walsh, Kelly Whittaker.

Part way through the season Miriama Manu joined the B team to play in the goal circle.

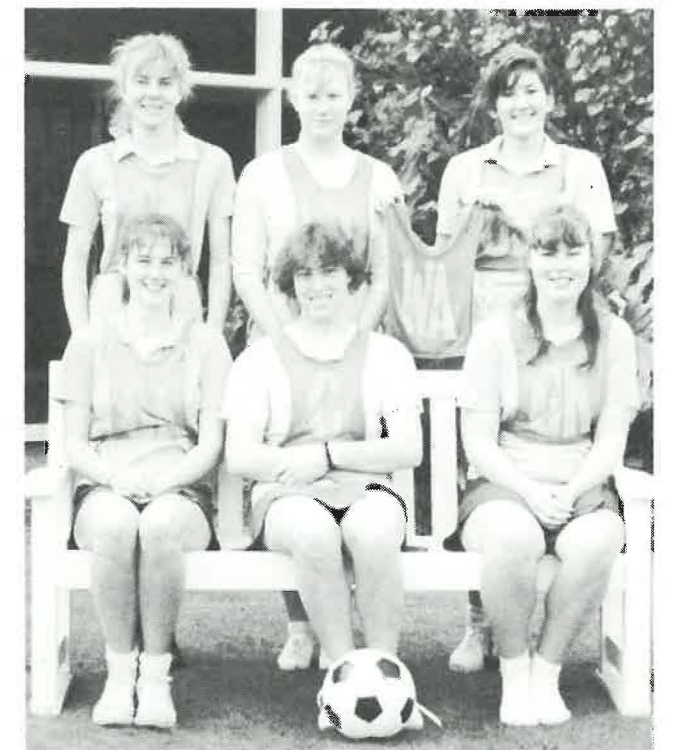
The team looked good in the pleated uniforms worn for the first time.

We had a really good game against Hawera High A team. We all played well but unfortunately came second.

It was an enjoyable season although panicky at some stages as some players arrived on the starting bell for their Saturday games!

ODSQUAD

1988 was a highly successful year for our senior casual team. We won all our games throughout the season, turning up without fail - rain or shine. Our dedicated practices after school paid off when we won our division to become College Champs '88!



ODSQUAD

Back: Tracy Fitzpatrick, Catherine Brooker, Seleena Ramsay.
Front: Brenda Wood, Yvonne Shaw, Andrea Murray.

SENIOR A

This year the team entered in a few pre-season tournaments against much higher graded teams for pre-season court time. Although the games were hard, the girls gained valuable experience which showed as the season progressed.

It was also a good chance to sort the team into appropriate positions, especially when you have one or two players that 'shine' in all areas.

We were also able to persuade seventh former Lisa Shaw to join the side. A special mention must go to her for giving up many hours of her time to play.

We again entered for second grade which was comprised of only one section of 10 teams compared with two sections of eight last year, so the girls did extremely well to earn a place in a very competitive field.

NETBALL REPRESENTATIVES

Taranaki Under 18: Sally Hale, Lisa Shaw. (Yvonne Shaw called in as a replacement during the season.)

Under 16: Julie Withers.

North Division: To play on divisional day: Under 18: Sally Hale, Lisa Shaw, Nicki Gardiner, Leanne Herbert, Rachel Hitchcock.

Under 16: Julie Withers, Louise Mann, Pauline Graham, Jackie Price.

Susan Buckley, seventh form student who played for the Tukupa club first team, was a member of the North Division and Taranaki under 21 team.

Thanks to all supporters for their encouragement over the season.



Sally Hale, Julie Withers, Lisa Shaw.



HEROES

Back: Melanie Long, Justine Olsen, Hinewai Wallace, Michelle Richardson, Paula Ratahi.

Front: Paula Koot, Cindi Manu (Coach), Freida Mong, Rachel Hitchcock (Captain).

Spotswood College Heroes (Third Form A) netball team had a very successful season. Even though we had our share of wins and losses, the team always lost with dignity and good sportsmanship.

Heroes played at Hawera High School and lost by a considerable amount, but came back fighting at the Secondary Schools Tournament at Waitara.

They still lost but not by as much, which was an excellent effort by all.

Cyndi Manu, our captain was committed to her job and worked at it well.

At the end of the season we had a Potluck Dinner. We all enjoyed it immensely.

Certain awards were given out:

Excellence in Captaincy - Cyndi Manu.

Player of the Year - Justine Olsen.

Fitness Award - Melanie Long.

Most Improved Players - Michelle Richardson, Paula Koot.

Most Versatile Players - Paula Ratahi, Hinewai Wallace.

Sportsmanship Award - Frieda Mong.

The team's Best Supporter Award went to Mrs Olsen who attended every game and cheered the girls on.

Thank you Mrs Olsen for giving us the support we needed.

I would like to thank Mrs Rowlands for giving me the opportunity to coach such a talented team.

RACHAEL HITCHCOCK
COACH



DIAMONDS

Back: Bridget O'Neil, Kim Muir, Julianne Crane.

Front: Cushla Russell, Linda Sheehy, Marcel Avey.

Absent: Michelle Dobbins.



ANGELS

Back: Lisa Schrider, Heidi Pope, Joelene Christiansen, Shelly Avery, Tracey McCurdy (Coach).

Front: Sharmela Patel, Keryn Cook (Capt.), Carol Wills.

BADMINTON

Badminton was run on a Monday after school for all students interested in the sport. From the players that supported the school, a team was chosen to play in the Taranaki Secondary School Championship on the 15th July at Spotswood College. The team had some success with Robert Stewart-McDonald winning the senior boys singles and the combination of Robert and Mathew Mong winning the senior boys doubles.

The team was: Robert Stewart-McDonald, Sharon Watson, Mathew Mong, Marie Sodkin, Jason Watts, Tracey McDonald, Tim Penwarden, Natasha Sarwin.

The next challenge was the interschool clash with Fraser High School from Hamilton on the 20 July. Our team proved too strong with Spotswood winning 16 games to Fraser's 0. The Fraser coach said he will be out for revenge next year.

The team was: Robert Stewart-McDonald, Freda Mong, Mathew Mong, Sharon Watson, Trent Riddick, Paula Drewery, Aaron Bruce, Tracey McDonald.

My thanks to the students that supported the sport and helped me run the school Badminton this year. Hope to see you all again next year.

TEACHER IN CHARGE, N. J. O'KEEFFE.



Absent: Aaron Bruce, Jason Watts, Natasha Garvin.

Back, left to right: Tim Penwarden, Robert Stewart-McDonald, Mathew Mong, Trent Riddick.

Front: Marie Godkin, Sharon Watson, Freda Mong, Tracey McDonald, Paula Drewery.

SKATEBOARDING SURFING

Surfing and its closely related partner Skateboarding have reached an all time high in popularity in Spotswood College. The reasons are obvious but if you didn't know already, it's healthy, exciting (and scary) but always fun. There was a large number of competent surfers to select two teams from.

The two teams were:

Boys: Craig Rumbal (Captain)
Kelcy Taratoa
Dorrien Andrews
Luke Selby
Justyn Selby
Paul Byrnes (reserve).

Girls: Nikki Paton
Teri Coxhead
Tina Barwich
Carman Amai
Sharolan Baker

Unfortunately Alan Barlow was in Australia carving it up.

Here's an in-depth report of the Boys' Trials from Craig.

"The trials were held earlier this year at Back Beach with a 1.5 metre northerly swell and light east to north-east winds creating some smallish but consistent

waves, there were even a few left handers barrelling to the beach. Because Kelly and Craig were in the team last year they had to put up with judging a gruelling and very competitive contest. The first rounds went smoothly with no major upsets, but in the last stages the tough competition seemed to bring out the best in everyone, turning out some split decisions. Dorrien was a favourite for the team and his experience showed as he scored the highest wave in the entire contest. Luke paddled into many rights and displayed consistent backhand cut backs. Justyn appeared to just wait for the bigger sets and this showed to be a good strategy. But Paul just kept going left and with some good long rides his amount of points increased. Despite flashes of brilliance from Justyn Jolly and Rhys Braddick we approached this end result that proved well enough with Spotswood coming second to Boys High in the Taranaki School Boy Competition."

The Intersecondary School Surfing Championship was held in sunny conditions at Ahu-Ahu Beach with a 1.5 metre swell. Teri Coxhead was placed second and Carman Amai fourth in the girls final.

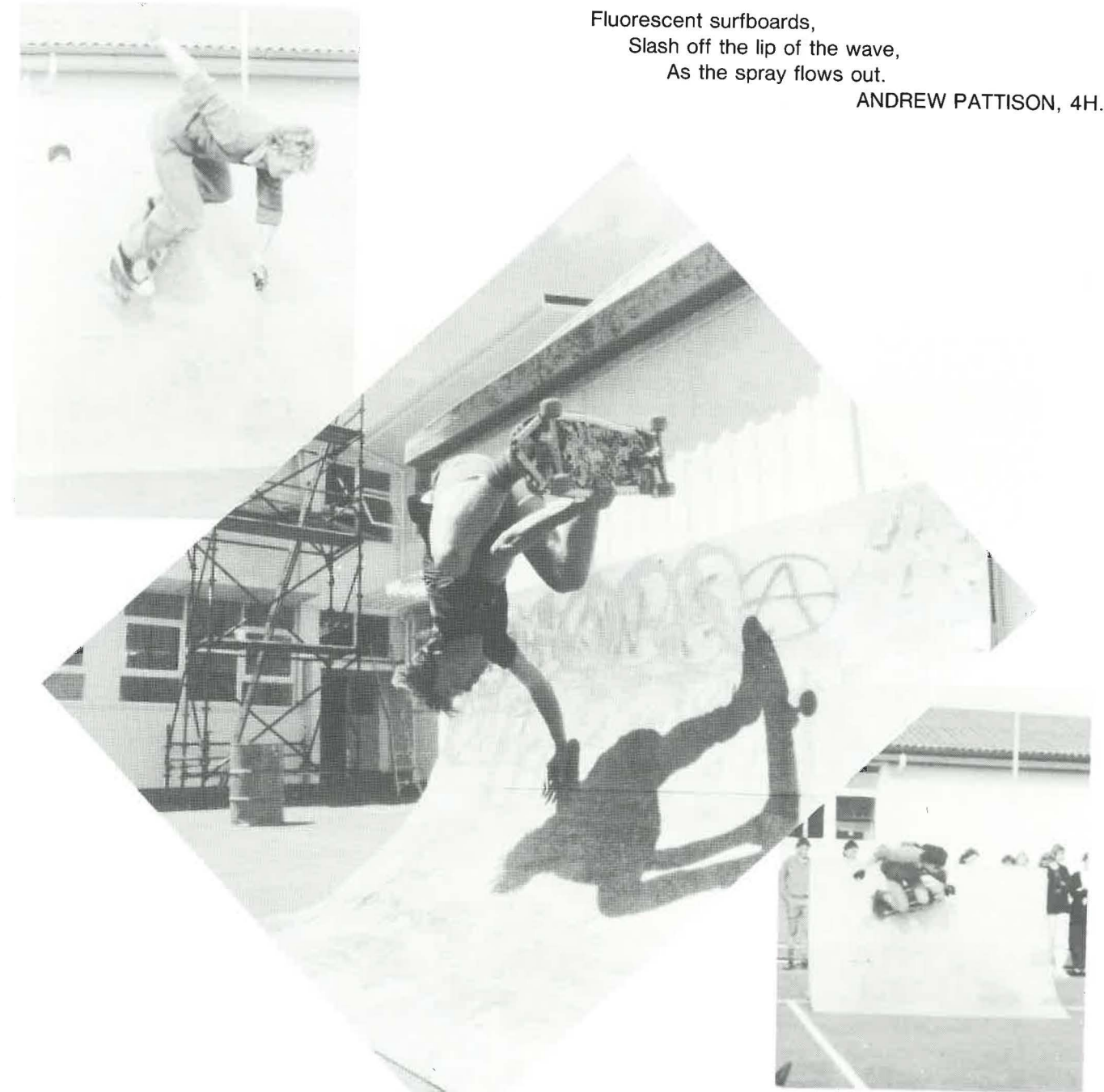
So keep surfing this summer and be ready for next year.

MR PETERS AND CRAIG RUMBAL.



Fluorescent surfboards,
Slash off the lip of the wave,
As the spray flows out.

ANDREW PATTISON, 4H.



WINDSURFING

Pushing my board on to the glistening water,
taking off into the blue expanse,
leaning hard on the sail,
The stiff wind sending a stinging spray on my lips.

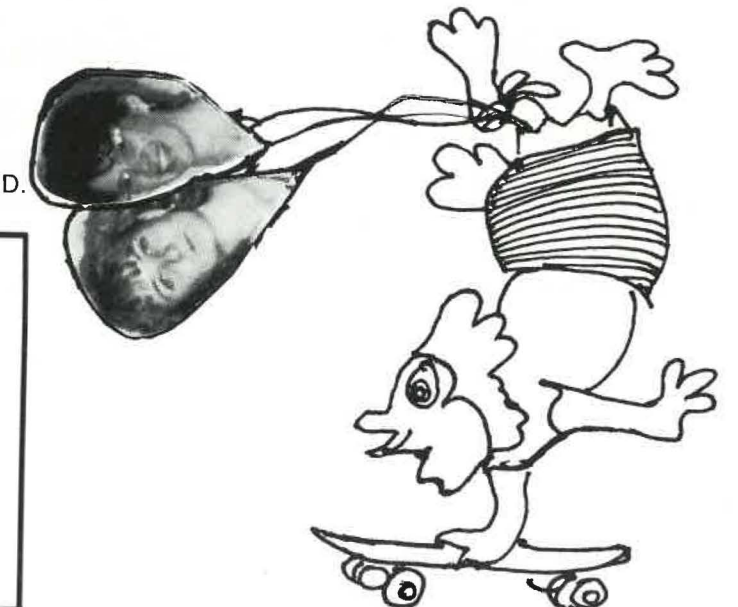
KARL HUGGARD, 3D.

JAGMEN

....IF THERE WAS ENOUGH
TO GO ROUND...IT WOULDN'T BE JAG.

OVERDRIVE

133 Devon St East, N.P. 81-889



CRICKET



1ST ELEVEN CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: John Eaddy, (Player/Coach), Anthony Drake.
Middle Row: Anna McGlashan (Team Manager), Andrew Aitken, Paul Wilkinson, Allan Wilkinson, Mrs Wilkinson (team scorer).
Front Row: Wayne Murray, Simon Eaddy (Captain), Kane Taylor (Vice-Captain), Russell Jones.

Spotswood College 1st XI performed well in the North Taranaki 3rd grade competition. The team finished the season in fifth place in the league table. The side had less playing talent than last year, but had excellent team spirit and discipline which carried them through some tough games.

Particular highlights of the season were winning against Boys High School on both occasions we played them. Once by six wickets at Spotswood and again by eight wickets at Boys High.

The main run scorers of the team were Wayne Murray, who showed great improvement from last season. Russel Jones who was inconsistent throughout the season, but had some big scores to finish second top scorer. Simon Eaddy had a good season, and played some good innings to finish as the season's top scorer.

Kane Taylor was the top all rounder and finished third top run scorer and second top wicket taker.

Paul and Alan Wilkinson both performed well as did Andrew Aitken.

For such an old man coach John Eaddy, played well all season, and was by far our best bowler. Trent Riddick improved greatly and bowled consistently throughout the season.

Anthony Drake was our regular wicket keeper and took 10 catches and 3 stumping.

Batting	Innings	Runs	Not		Ave.
			Out	50s	
W. Murray	20	206	—	—	10.3
R. Jones	19	263	—	7	13.8
S. Eaddy	21	734	5	7	45.9
K. Taylor	20	248	—	—	12.4
A. Aitken	17	116	4	—	8.9
T. Riddick	14	97	2	—	8.1
A. Wilkinson	11	54	1	—	5.4
P. Wilkinson	14	133	1	—	10.2
A. Drake	8	57	2	—	9.5
J. Eaddy	13	74	8	—	14.8
Coach.					

Bowling	Overs	Mdns	Runs	Wkts	Ave.
A. Aitken	58.2	12	191	17	11.2
J. Eaddy	232	31	281	38	7.4
T. Riddick	93	13	306	23	13.3
A. Wilkinson	77	13	213	15	14.2

Catches: T. Riddick 11, K. Taylor 7, S. Eaddy 13, A. Wilkinson 7, J. Eaddy 3, A. Aitken 8, A. Drake 10, W. Murray 7, R. Jones 6.

GIRLS CRICKET REPORT

This season proved to be the best for the Spotswood College Girls First XI. Despite the lack of experience, we managed not only to win the Northern Division competition, but also beat our arch rivals, Inglewood.

Our opening batsmen, Darlene Murfitt and Margo Tomlinson proved worthy of their cause, sticking around when the side needed them most. We also have a new wicket keeper, Lyn Walls, who despite her lack of experience proved to be a real asset behind the stumps.

The team had some well hit batting performances coming from Alison Mancer, Milou Stolte, Vivian Campbell and Margo Tomlinson. The bowlers showed they could knock the wickets over with Alison Mancer taking 6-0 and Julie Lambourne taking 5-20.

There were a lot of girls who lacked experience this year, but showed great potential throughout the season and hopefully will continue as valuable team members for the seasons to follow. A few of these girls are Ratna Moral, Maree Godkin, Rachel Anderson and Selina Ramsey.

I would personally like to thank Mr Ward whose persistent coaching and dedication helped us to the top. I would also like to thank Mrs M. Mancer for being our 'official' scorer and supporter. Thanking both of you very much. I know the girls appreciated it.

I would also like to thank the First XI boys who were our constant supporters, and thanks to Kane Taylor and Russell Jones who were, many times, woken up early to come and umpire.

ALISON MANCER, Captain.



Back Row: R. Anderson, S. Ramsay, A. Kemsley, D. Murfitt.
Middle Row: Mr R. Ward (Coach), M. Stolte, V. Campbell, S. Roper, L. Walls, Mrs A. Mancer (Manager).
Front Row: M. Tomlinson, J. Lambourne, A. Mancer (Captain), M. Godkin, I. R. Moral.

**4TH GRADE "SOMERSET" 1987-88
CRICKET TEAM REPORT**

Another cricket season goes by and we can say to ourselves that we didn't do too bad. Sure we had our ups and downs (although we won most of our games). But we achieved a very important thing, team spirit. We showed others the true meaning of sportsmanship, and at times, although we may have suffered disappointment, we never lost heart.

The whole team showed talent both individually and as a whole throughout the season. There were a few players who stood out and made large contributions to the team's efforts. Angus Fisher displayed some impressive batting skills as an opener. He and Robert McDonald put on some good first wicket partnerships

for which the team could build on. There was some solid batting from Rhys Braddock and some good hitting down the order from Brett McGregor and Jeremy Birss. At the bowling crease Aaron Krelsler was always taking wickets somehow, with good economical stuff from Justyn Ruskere and John Worsley.

The fielding was tremendous - hardly ever did a ball slip through anyone's fingers. The pressure was maintained and wickets were taken. Top stuff.

I'd like to thank Mr Paling, our team supervisor, for his time in keeping us at practice and for doing a great job in umpiring.

J. BUTLER (CAPTAIN)

HOCKEY

This year's 1st XI girls hockey team was a mixture of experienced players and juniors, but we eventually moulded together as a unit, with the younger players gaining from playing alongside the senior girls.

The team was placed fifth in the Taranaki A grade competition and the highlight of the season was participating in the North Island Secondary Schoolgirls tournament held this year in New Plymouth. Our congratulations go to Trudi Beaurepaire and Joanne Krutz who were selected as members of the Taranaki Rep team that attended National Secondary Schoolgirls tournament in Blenheim and to Lynne Walls who was in the Taranaki 3rd and 4th form team who travelled to Masterton for tournament. Congratulations also to

Loren Astridge, Trudi and Joanne for being in the Taranaki Under 19 squad.

Our 2nd XI was a very young team, with many girls who were new to the sport. The team struggled with coaching problems throughout the season, but despite this, they won the North Taranaki 3rd grade competition. Well done girls. My sincere thanks go to Vanessa Wood as captain for holding the team together and continually encouraging and supporting them.

My thanks go to all team members for their support and co-operation throughout the season. I do hope that they have enjoyed playing hockey and have gained from participating in a team sport.

HELEN BEAUREPAIRE
COACH



2ND HOCKEY ELEVEN

Back Row: Vivienne Finer, Tracey Hinde, Narelle Byrne, Helen Salisbury, Kate Fowler.
Seated: Phillipa Butler, Angela Brace-Boyd, Marion Sharpe, Vanessa Wood (Coach), Charlotte Wilson, Emma Neale.



Event

Junior Girls

50 m Freestyle
50 m Breaststroke
50 m Backstroke
100 m Freestyle
100 m Breaststroke
100 m Backstroke

1st

Alene Parkes (R)
Michelle Ward (D)
Penni Campbell (R)
Alene Parkes (R)
Michelle Ward (D)
Penni Campbell (R)

1988 SWIMMING CHAMPS

2nd

Carly Julian (R)
Sarah Dawson (B)
Carly Julian (R)
Jolene Christiansen (A)
Alene Parkes (R)
Nicki Holdt (R)

3rd

Jolene Christiansen (A)
Miriam Kingsley (A)
Leah Rumbal (D)
Kirsty Cruickshank (A)
Miriam Kingsley (A)
Leah Rumbal (D)

Time

34.6
48.47
42.91
1.19.56
1.48.59
1.42.69

Intermediate Girls

50 m Freestyle
50 m Breaststroke
50 m Backstroke
100 m Freestyle
100 m Breaststroke
100 m Backstroke

Phillippa Ashman (D)
Louise Benton (B)
Karmin Ruakere (D)
Janeen Wairariki (A)
Gail Walton (A)
Karmin Ruakere (D)

Carolyn Kirkpatrick (B)
Gail Walton (A)
Carmen Hitchcock (B)
Phillippa Ashman (D)
Toni Walsham (D)
Debbie Richardson (B)

Janeen Wairariki (A)
Bridgette O'Neill (D)
Justine Dix (R)
Karmin Ruakere (D)
Louise Benton (B)
Carmen Hitchcock (B)

33.64
54.1
44.75
1.27.5
1.56.4
1.39.69

Senior Girls

50 m Freestyle
50 m Breaststroke
50 m Backstroke
100 m Freestyle
100 m Breaststroke
100 m Backstroke

Joanne Parker (R)
Joanne Parker (R)
Sally Hale (A)
Joanne Parker (R)
Joanne Parker (R)
Sally Hale (A)

Trudy Garvin (B)
Trudy Garvin (B)
Katie Beale (A)
Leanne Brennan (B)
Trudy Garvin (B)
Katie Beale (A)

Joanne Collins (R)
Swinta Majoor (A)
Collette Wilson (D)
Trudy Garvin (B)
Leanne Brennan (B)
Petrina Watson (B)

33.88
44.37
43.9
1.20.00
1.42.29
1.40.7

Junior Boys

50 m Freestyle
50 m Breaststroke
50 m Backstroke
100 m Freestyle
100 m Breaststroke
100 m Backstroke

Darryl McDonald (R)
Leland Le Breton (B)
Darryl McDonald (R)
Darryl McDonald (R)
Leland Le Breton (B)
Darryl McDonald (R)

Richard Lister (B)
Simon Rilko (A)
Mathew Jans (A)
Mark Jorgensen (B)
Wayne Copestake (B)
Greg Plimmer (B)

Mark Jorgensen (B)
Wayne Copestake (B)
Greg Plimmer (B)
Richard Lister (B)
Rodney Sampson (D)
Simon Rilko (A)

32.8
50.5
41.44
1.17.56
1.56.4
1.32.22

Intermediate Boys

50 m Freestyle
50 m Breaststroke
50 m Backstroke
100 m Freestyle
100 m Breaststroke
100 m Backstroke

Farrel Murdoch (R)
Blair Haase (D)
Farrel Murdoch (R)
Farrel Murdoch (R)
Blair Haase (D)
Farrel Murdoch (R)

Grant Fraser (A)
Michael Trigger (A)
Kalyn Hine (D)
Blair Haase (D)
Craig Clarke (A)
Michael Trigger (A)

Craig Rumbal (B)
Sanjo Kuindersma (R)
Andrew Aitken (D)
Craig Rumbal (B)
Greg Withers (D)
Andrew Aitken (R)

30.35
47.63
37.6
1.08.78
1.47.40
1.24.7

Senior Boys

50 m Freestyle
50 m Breaststroke
50 m Backstroke
100 m Freestyle
100 m Breaststroke
100 m Backstroke

David Dalziel (A)
Gary Shirtcliffe (R)
Larne Davies (B)
Kane Taylor (D)
Paul Ashman (A)
Max Benton (D)

Kane Taylor (D)
Paul Ashman (A)
Douglas Voon (B)
David Dalziel (A)
Jeremy Dick (B)
Larne Davies (B)

Barclay Gordon (R)
Kane Taylor (D)
Edward Hodgkinson (E)
Jeremy Coward (R)
Jeremy Coward (R)
Kane Taylor (D)

30.05
53.9
43.4
1.14.05
2.12.25
1.40

Relays

Junior Girls
Junior Boys
Intermediate Girls
Intermediate Boys
Senior Girls
Senior Boys

1st

Richmond
Richmond
Darnell
Richmond
Richmond
Richmond

2nd

Atkinson
Barrett
Barrett
Darnell
Atkinson
Darnell

3rd

Darnell
Atkinson
Atkinson
Barrett
Atkinson

4th

Barrett
Darnell
Richmond
Barrett
Darnell
Barrett

Overall Points

Richmond 493
Darnell 482
Atkinson 477
Barrett 473

Champions

Junior Girls
Junior Boys
Intermediate Girls
Intermediate Boys
Senior Girls
Senior Boys

Alene Parkes (R)
Darryl McDonald (R)
Karmin Ruakere (D)
Farrel Murdoch (R)
Joanne Parker (R)
Kane Taylor (D)

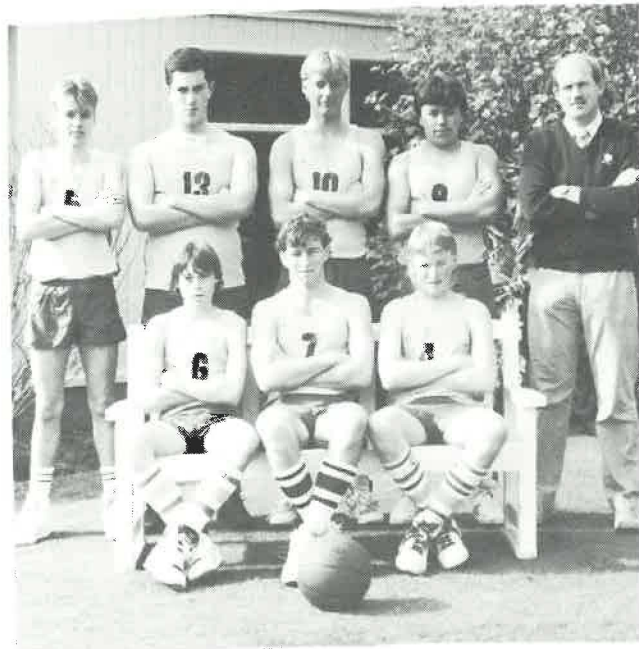
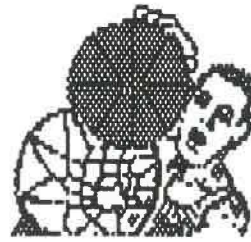
**TARANAKI SECONDARY SCHOOLS
SWIMMING MEETING - 1988**

Date: Wednesday, February 24, 1988. Venue: Opunake High School and community pool. Starting time: 4.00 pm sharp.

Junior girls 100 yards freestyle - Alene Parkes 3.
Senior girls 100 yards freestyle - Joanne Parker 2.
Senior girls 66 2/3 breaststroke - Joanne Parker 1.
Senior girls 66 2/3 butterfly - Joanne Parker 2. Junior girls 66 2/3 breaststroke - Sarah Dawson 3.

Junior girls 4x1 medly relay - Spotswood 2. Junior girls 4x1 freestyle relay - Spotswood 2. Senior girls 4x1 relay - Spotswood 3.

BASKETBALL



A TEAM

Gordon Bassett, Jon Kinge, David Dalziel, Warren Waru (Mr B. Bayley: Coach), Andrew Friar, Kane Taylor, Greg Boucher.

Basketball continues to gain popularity due to the high profile of the New Plymouth Mens League Team. Spectators watch teams like this, at close range, and can become greatly involved in the game.

We have seen, here at Spotswood, a tremendous increase in the number of pupils wishing to play - in 1988 we have 6 teams (boys) and 7 teams (girls). Our Senior Boys and Senior Girls teams have played extremely well all season, in local competition games, interschool games, and in tournaments. The Senior Girls won the Island Tournament held in Auckland over the August Holidays and the Senior Boys finished 3rd in a similar tournament held in New Plymouth.

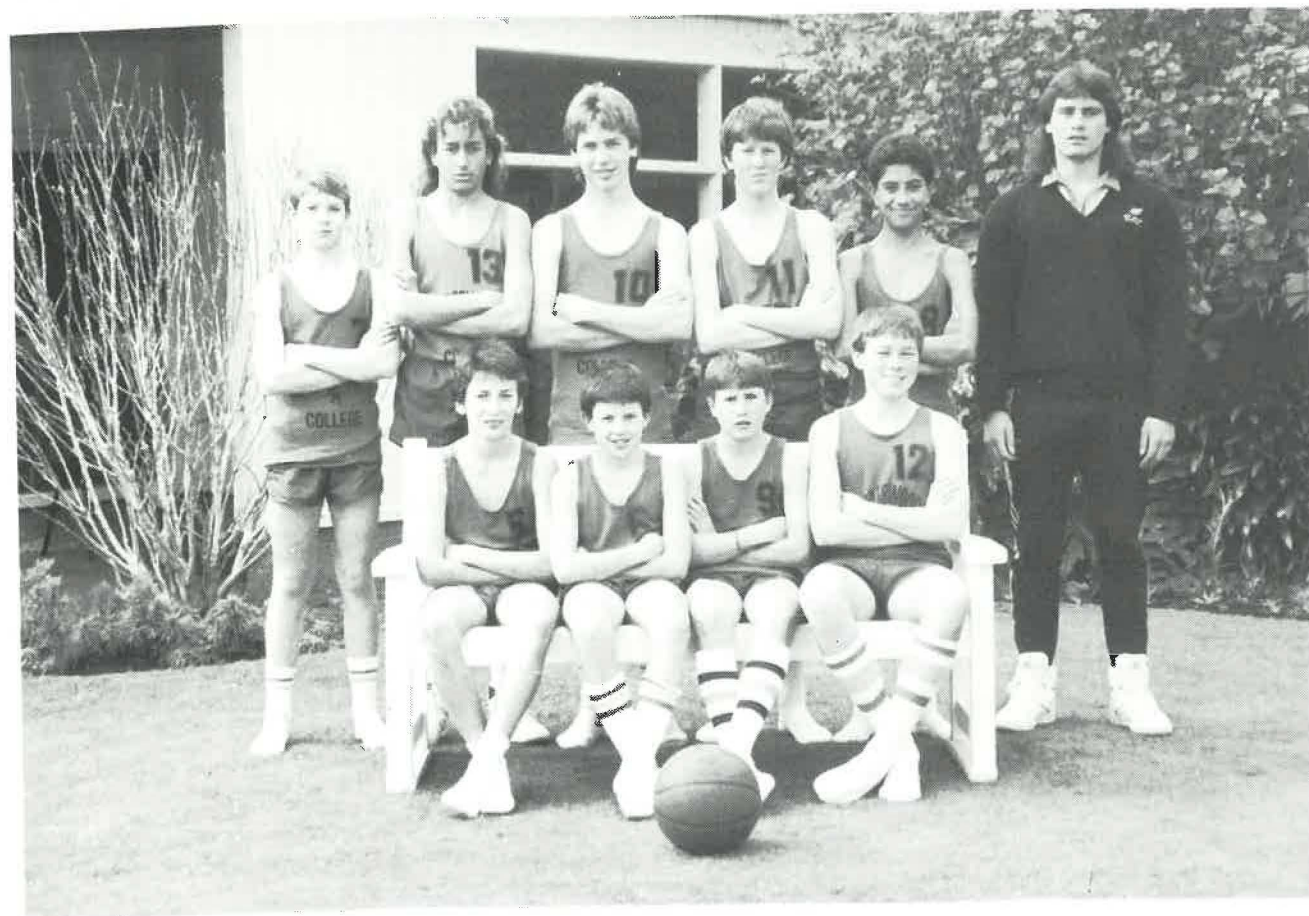
We would like to thank all those people (players, parents, supporters) who have given their time during 1988 to one of the most exciting sports!

MR KEENAN/MR BAYLY

3RD FORM ROCKETS TEAM

WINNERS OF NEW PLYMOUTH UNDER 14 COMPETITION

Andrew Burton, Jason Horten, Matthew Jans, Martin Halls, Bevan Eruiti (Coach: John Wickham), Glen Reynolds, Bevan Gillon, Greg Moratti, Ritchie Boucher.



BASKETBALL

This year saw a real resurgence in the game with the 3rd form team, Rockets, taking the Under 14 New Plymouth title.

The other two teams played really well and backed up their playing with a 4th and 7th in the competition. This was the best overall junior result in a number of years. The enthusiasm of the juniors could well prove to be a competitive force in Taranaki in future years.

The Under 16 teams, Racers and Jets, both had an enjoyable season which saw both of them placed in the middle of the competition. Thanks to the coaches, Mr Butler for the Racers and John Wickham for the Rockets for their support and their encouragement.

Selected from these teams was a combined third/fourth form team which represented the school in the Taranaki Secondary Schools competition, this was held at Francis Douglas College and Spotswood came a very creditable third equal, on points with BHS.

The 'A' team had a very competitive year and ended up on the bottom of the points table in the New Plymouth Mens A reserve competition. They, and two other teams had 8 points. This was a good result considering the standard and the progress made throughout the season. We did win our last three games.

In June the team travelled to Wanganui to play in the Regional Tournament, this included teams from the Manawatu, Wanganui, Taranaki Region. The team played very well and gained a very creditable 7th placing. This qualified us for the Island Tournament in the August Holidays. Again the team improved and went down to the eventual winners of the tournament by 3 points in the semi finals.

Highlights of the season, Greg Boucher was selected for the Under 16 team, Kane Taylor and David Dalziel won the selection in the Island Tournament team. Thanks to all the parents who supported us, and to Mr Bayly our coach.

CAVALIERS 1988 THIRD FORM BASKETBALL TEAM

We started off with ten players in the team. At stages through the season players dropped out, leaving us with six dedicated players. These six players and our loyal coach Tracey Third were the ones that made the team so enjoyable to be in. We didn't play to win. We played for the chocolate fish that Tracey bribed us with. That is probably why we managed to come 2nd in our league.

PHILLIES BASKETBALL TEAM

We didn't have a very good season and came third from bottom in our draw. The team got on well together and we enjoyed most of the games we played.

We changed coaches half-way through the season. Thanks Mr Keenan, you were a great coach, and thanks also to Katrina and Georgie.



Back: Katherine Elson (Coach), Mirelle Quinn, Aroha Butler, Jolene Christenson, Mr Keenan (Coach).
Sitting: Rachel Taite, Marcelle Waller, Paula Ratahi, Trina Hignett, Linda Bishop.



Tracey Third, Tina Julian, Trudy Shaw, Sasha Novak, Melanie Long, Michelle Ward, Justine Olsen.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

This year we had 7 teams playing in the local league. The 'A' team played 'A' grade competition, the 'B' team in 'B' grade - these two teams playing club sides during the week.

The other 5 teams played in the Friday night schools league. This competition is split into U14 and U16 grades and is to be serious but enjoyable, and is played at the Star Gym. The main idea is that players will be able to learn the game while playing against people their own age. Although we didn't win either grade I think it is fair to say all players enjoyed the experience of playing in this league.

The support from parents and friends of players was tremendous and with the enthusiasm of players I am sure that our future looks very bright.

My thanks to coaches/players/supporters for a very enjoyable season and I look forward to seeing you on court in 1989.



SPOTSWOOD ROCKETS, U16's

Back Row left to right: Leeanne Erb (Coach), Leigh Honnor, Tina Barwick, Aylene Kemsley, Michelle Turner, Janice Cowley, Lisa Reed (Coach).

Front Row left to right: Janine Aird, Cindy Dye, Tracey House, (Mouse), Janeen Harvey, Janine Murfitt.

Absent: Christina Nagle.

Most of us started the season as beginners with two things in common - the dislike of our teams name -Rockets - and an uncontrollable urge to play basketball at 7.30 on a Tuesday morning. We put our all, and into this season and got 6th in the division. Thanks to our coaches Lisa and Leanne who were much more than more than patient with us - we can only get better!

Leanne - "Get that girl in the knickers"
 Lisa - "Well you're getting better...I think?"
 Leigh - "No. Don't throw me the ball, I'll break."
 Tina - "Have I really missed another game?"
 Aylene - "But I'm too tall to jump."
 Michelle - "You mean you can't just run into people?"
 Janice - "Why can't I just stand in the middle of the court?"
 Janine A - "Twice as fast - with my new boots."
 Cindy - "Not another foul - I'm sure I can do that."
 Mouse - "Will someone help me?"
 Janeen H - "What do we do now?"
 Janine M - "Is Ross watching me now?"
 Christina - "School...um, what's that?"



UNDER 16 SPOTSWOOD MAVERICKS

Coach Mr Keenan, Karmin Ruakere, Melanie Elston, Carmen Hitchcock, Tracey Ollver.

Sitting: Megan McKenzie, Nardiya Mischefski, Carly Julien, Cindy Gray, Carol West.

Absent: Alene Parkes.

We learnt skills and techniques through the year from Mr Keenan. We continued to improve on these throughout the year and really enjoyed the season. Thank you Mr Keenan.

SENIOR GIRLS 'B' BASKETBALL

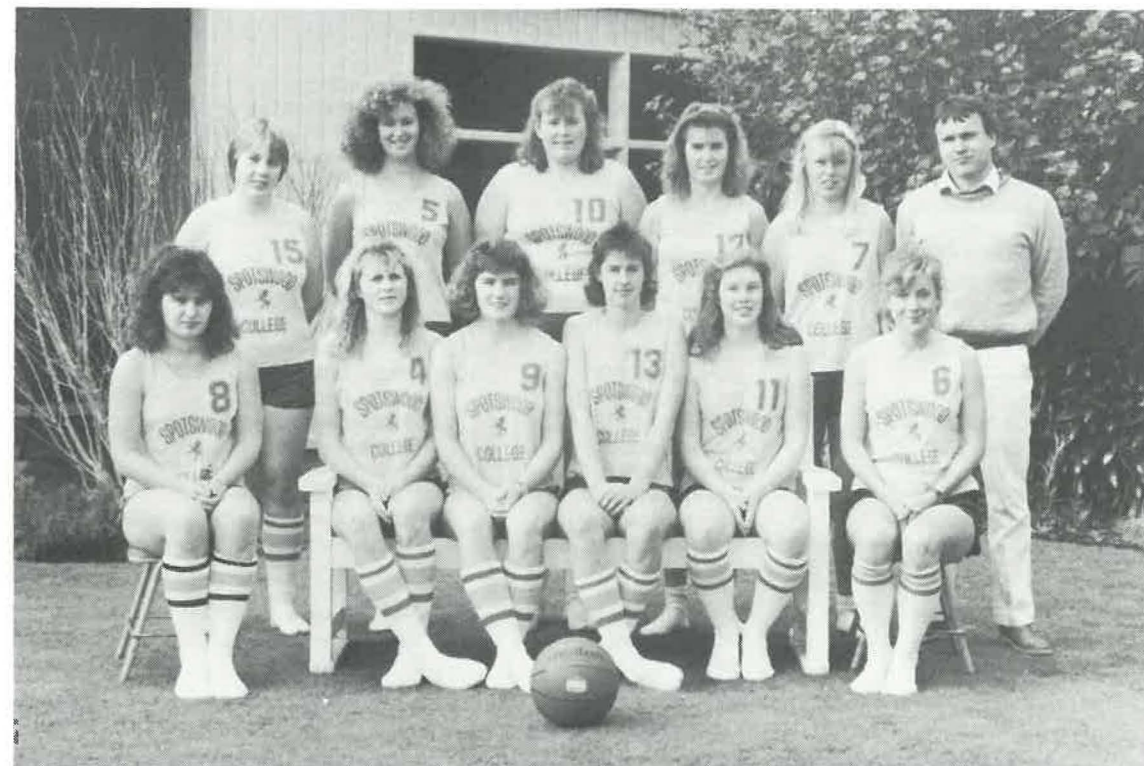
We started the season with a win and we ended the season with a win. We won't discuss what happened in the middle. We enjoyed our games, especially the five-minute sleep break half way through each game. Even Mr K's bellowing couldn't snap us out of that. You could say our feet were firmly planted on the ground, but our spirits reached a high level. Thanks to our supporters, I know you both got a few laughs and thank you Mr Keenan for giving up your time to coach such a motley crew.



SENIOR GIRLS 'B' TEAM

Back left to right: Mr Keenan, Georgina Thomas, Tracey Third, Michelle Evans.

Front left to right: Lee Goodin, Katrine Elston, Bronwyn McCurdy, Christie Garnett, Kate Lamport.



BASKETBALL GIRLS 'A' TEAM

Back: Shelley Zimmerman, Vanessa Green, Adele Bullo, Stephanie Long, Milou Stolte, Mr H. Slaats (Coach).
Seated: Leanne Erb, Nicky Gardiner, Prue Lobb, Lisa Read, Erica Read, Louise Mann.

SENIOR GIRLS 'A' BASKETBALL TEAM

Prue Lobb (Captain), (Poo Slobb), Point Guard/Guard.

Lisa Read (Vice-Captain), (Lease), Forward/Centre.
 Leanne Erb, (Woddles, Erby, Nymph II), Point Guard/Guard/Centre.

Erica Read, (Eggs '88, Nymph I), Point Guard/Guard.

Stephanie Long (Nifty, Stiff), Forward/Centre.

Louise Mann, (Lou), Point Guard/Guard.

Nikki Gardiner, (Jugless, Nik), Forward.

Vanessa Green (Nessie, Big Bird), Forward/Centre.

Adele Bullo, (Del Baby), Forward/Centre.

Shelley Zimmerman, (Shell), Forward/Centre.

Milou Stolte, (Horse, Moo, Period Nose), Guard/Forward.

Henry Slaats (Coach), (Henricus).

This was our first year in the Women's A Grade which we worked so hard to reach. We were somewhat intimidated by the vast experience of other teams but gradually overcame it. We lost more than we won but we gained from the experience.

We played two of our long-time rivals - Ufala B and NPGHS - beating both twice out of the three times we played them.

Our first tournament of the year was Queens Birthday Weekend in New Plymouth. This was more a social event rather than a sporting achievement, we came third.

The aim of the season was to reach Nationals in Dunedin for which we had done extensive fundraising. We played in the Regional Tournament at Wanganui which enabled two teams to qualify for the Nationals. This was a disappointing weekend for us as we did not play up to our usual standard thereby not qualifying.

After our disappointment we decided to enter a North Island Tournament in Auckland. This trip started on a rather 'high' note and went exceptionally quick for some. The tournament itself was to be the highlight of our season as we beat every team by 20 points or more, and managed not to have any of our players fouled out of any games.

We played Tongarua in the final and won 83-60. We were each awarded certificates and a team trophy.

Prue Lobb and Lisa Read were selected for the North Island Tournament Team. Celebrations were in order.

Our last game of the season was against our oldest rivals NPGHS to decide who would play a promotion/relegation game. We won 29-20 and finished off the season on a winning note.

1988 ATHLETICS

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time/Distance
Junior Girls				
80 m	Kristine Eagles (A)	Paula Koot (A)	Nickola Shepherd (A)	12.00
100 m	Joanne Eagle (R)	Paula Koot (A)	Kristine Eagles (A)	14.7
200 m	Joanne Eagle (R)	Karina Wallace (D)	Kimberley Robinson (A)	
400 m	Karina Wallace (D)	Kimberley Robinson (A)	Sarah Dawson (B)	69.5
Open 800 m	Erica Reed (R)	Yvonne Shaw (B)	Michelle Richardson (A)	2.46.1
Open 1500 m	Louise Mann (R)	Michelle Richardson (A)	Tracy Hayward (D)	5m 21.0
Discus	Maria Gribbon (A)	Nickola Shepherd (A)	Kylie Ranford (D)	24.60
Shot	Carly Julian (R)	Fiona Cotterill (R)	Melanie Long (B)	7.36
Javelin	Michelle Ward (D)	Melanie Long (B)	Hayley Lawson (B)	14.55
Long Jump	Carley Julian (R)	Debbie Pepperell (B)	Julie Withers (R)	3.90
Intermediate Girls				
80 m	Andrea Rodgers (B)	Donna Roper (B)	Kirsten Johnson (D)	12.1
100 m	Margo Tomlinson (R)	Pauline Graham (B)	Andrea Rodgers (B)	14.4
200 m	Margo Tomlinson (R)	Joanne Krutz (B)	Tricia Meijer (A)	30.6
400 m	Joy Cook (B)	Jenny Sharp (R)	Tricia Meijer (A)	72.4
Discus	Tania Farrant (B)	Adrienne Urwin (D)	Christina Nagle (A)	21.85
Shot	Pauline Graham (B)	Alison Mancer (D)	Tracey McCurdy (A)	8m 94
Javelin	Vivian Campbell (D)	Christina Nagle (A)	Natasha Garvin (B)	14.8
Long Jump	Pauline Graham (B)	Phillippa Ashman (D)	Adrienne Urwin (D)	4.29
Senior Girls				
80 m	Trudy Garvin (B)	Sandra Smillie (R)	Petrina Watson (B)	12.1
100 m	Erica Read (R)	Deidre Hassel (A)	Wendy Leong (A)	14.1
200 m	Sally Hale (A)	Deidre Hassel (A)	Trudy Garvin (B)	29.8
400 m	Sally Hale (A)	Rochelle La Roche (B)	Nelita Bryne (B)	71.7
Discus	Lisa Read (D)	Trina Diakowski (B)	Michelle Cook (A)	19.12
Shot	Trina Diakowski (B)	Leigh Johansen (R)	Vicki Loveridge (B)	8m 91
Javelin	Lisa Read (D)	Lorraine Manu (R)	Stacey Roper (D)	22.32
Long Jump	Sally Hale (A)	Erica Read (R)	Yvonne Shaw (B)	4.28
Junior Boys				
100 m	Nathan Moetara (B)	Todd Smythe (R)	Anthony Barkley (B)	
200 m	Todd Smythe (R)	Warwick Magon (A)	Matthew Jans (A)	1.04.9
400 m	Alistair Aldridge (B)	Jackie Rangitonga (D)	Kirk Sanger (A)	2.30.2
800 m	Alistair Aldridge (B)	Richard Pattison (R)	Ryan Brown (B)	5m 0.7
1500 m	Richard Pattison (R)	Greg Plimmer (B)	Wade Picard (B)	29.25
Discus	Greg Plimmer (B)	Neil Spranger (R)	Tim Himura (D)	9.25
Shot	Ropana Tahana (R)	Mathew Jans (A)	Joseph Manu (R)	27.6
Javelin	Tim Himura (D)	Warwick Magon (A)	Anthony Barkley (B)	45.56
Long Jump	Jackie Rangitonga (D)	Warwick Magon (A)	Neil Spranger (R)	
Intermediate Boys				
100 m	Andrew Pattison (A)	Mathew Mong (D)	Tama Tokotaua (D)	12.78
200 m	Jason Smith (A)	Mathew Mong (D)	Andrew Pattison (A)	60.2
400 m	Jason Smith (A)	Aaron Read (B)	Greg Withers (D)	2.23
800 m	Karl Looney (D)	Aaron Read (B)	Trent Riddick (D)	4.42.1
1500 m	Karl Looney (D)	Trent Riddick (D)	Deane Riddick (A)	25.65
Discus	Stephen Meijer (B)	John Kinge (D)	Leon Bradley (A)	10.11
Shot	Nicky Gray (A)	John Kinge (D)	Tony Parrish (D)	30.82
Javelin	Shaun Salisbury (B)	Rhys Taylor (R)	Tua Talau (A)	5.21
Long Jump	Jason Taiaroa (D)	Jason Woodward (R)	Kalyn Hine (D)	10.71
Triple Jump	Mathew Mong (D)	Tama Tokotaua (D)	Lee Hall (B)	
Senior Boys				
100 m	Glenn Smythe (R)	Dean Garrod (A)	Edward Hodgkinson (D)	12.8
200 m	Glenn Smythe (R)	Craig Russell (R)	Stephen Francis (A)	25.41
400 m	Jon Mayhead (D)	Gordon Bassett (B)	Paul Ashman (A)	1.02.5
800 m	Tony Brownrigg (A)	Jeremy Coward (R)	Simon Eaddy (D)	4.33
1500 m	Tony Brownrigg (A)	Euan Mitchell (D)	Simon Eaddy (D)	26.55
Discus	Craig Russell (R)	Dean Garrod (A)	Barclay Gordon (R)	10.34
Shot	Craig Russell (R)	Ted Stolte (B)	Gary Shirtcliffe (R)	40.14
Javelin	Ted Stolte (B)	Scott Maindonald (R)	Glenn Smythe (R)	5.68
Long Jump	Pip Lewis (R)	Jon Mayhead (D)	Paul Ashman (A)	10.26
Triple Jump	Edward Hodgkinson (D)	Paul Ashman (A)	Scott Heard (R)	
RELAYS:				
Junior Girls	1st Atkinson	2nd Richmond	3rd Darnell	4th Barrett
Intermediate Girls	Barrett	Darnell	Richmond	Atkinson
Senior Girls	Atkinson	Barrett	Richmond	Darnell
Junior Boys	Barrett	Atkinson	Richmond	Nil
Intermediate Boys	Darnell	Atkinson	Barrett	Richmond
Senior Boys	Richmond	Atkinson	Darnell	Barrett

Points: Barrett 720.5; Atkinson 641; Richmond 618.5; Darnell 616.

7TH FORM PROFILES

FS: Favourite Saying
PO: Possible Occupation
PD: Possible Destination
L: Likes
D: Dislikes

PAUL ASHMAN (Flash, Smoking Ash)
FS: "No Neil, I haven't got the car"
PO: Pig. Calculus teacher
PD: Manila rubbish dump
L: Rugby, aerobics, all sport
D: Calculus, physics, all other intellectual pursuits

SAMANTHA BAKER (Sam, Samantha the Panther)
FS: Not tonight, I'm studying
PO: Vet
PD: Butcher
L: Tiffany, Bros, Rick Astley

TRACY BARBER (Frizz, Babs, TB Porky)
FS: What a gromitt, "Stop hitting me Edward"
PO: Air Hostess
PD: Barefoot, pregnant in the rubbish dump of Manilla.
L: Men, brown eyes, blond curly hair
D: Sneezy women who go after 'L' above.

HELEN BEAMISH (Blemish, Water-melon)
FS: Gosh! Golly gee!
PO: Fine Artist
PD: Street cleaner
L: Street cleaners, art
D: Neill.

CYNTHIA BEATTIE (TINT)
FS: I am trying to think: I have a headache
PO: Maternity nurse
PD: Selling babies on the black market
L: Grapefruit, Nicholas, Mars Bars, Nicholas
D: Sarcasm.

SHARON BELL (Twiggy: Ding Dong)
FS: Sex is wrong
PO: Doctor
PD: Planting rice in Paddy Fields of Manila
L: Cliff Richard, Abba, Neil Penno
D: People not listening to me talking about Neil.

MAX BENTON (Bendon)
FS: Not now Catherine there's people watching
PO: Funeral Director
PD: Grave Digger
L: Catherine; getting kicked out of the library
D: Library teachers

PETER BLYDE (Meaty Petey, Pete)
FS: I'm man enough to handle both of you
PO: Economics, solving the world's problems
PD: Stark raving capitalist screwing the working class
L: School, assemblies, videos
D: Being a sex slave.

JAN BRIDGEMAN (B.Person, Jay Bee)
FS: "Gothics don't like Jeremiah was a bullfrog, Neil".
 "You call that music?"
PO: Penniless student
PD: Wellington
L: Good British alternative music - Gothics
D: Yuppies

CATHERINE BROOKER (Bob, Great White Whale)
FS: I pasted her in that first exam.
PO: Topflite gynaecologist
PD: Back-street abortionist
L: Hugs, pancake lunches
D: 'Wetfish' handshakes

TONY BROWNRIGG (Two tone Tony)
FS: He's useless: I'm better
PO: Olympic gold medalist 1992
PD: Steroid addict
L: Being No 1
D: Not winning, walking.

SUE-ZIN BUCKLEY (Black Adder, Alfalfa)
FS: Tomorrow Peter you will have no eyelashes
PO: Talent scout for male stripper agency
PD: Witch
L: Healthshops, jelly-beans
D: Toothless maggots.

NELITA BYRNE (Maggie, Nellie)
FS: James and I had a fight last night.
BRENT COOK (Cookie)
FS: 'Aye, I'll bunk stats with you Ted.'
PO: Capitalist enterpreneur
PD: State servant
L: Pies at lunch time
D: Staying home Saturday nights, stats.

SHELLEY DE FORGES (Rat)
FS: Yeeeeeeeees!
PO: Accountant for Pink Floyd
PD: Collecting taxes on haircuts
L: Organising things
D: McDonald's toilets

LEANNE ERB (Woddles)
FS: Apparently....Johnny, Gail.
PO: Surveyor
PD: Naturopath
L: Gossip
D: English periods, Chaddy.

MICHELLE EVANS (Shell)
L: Gossip, Peter
D: Eventless weekends.

MARK EWINGTON (Gonza)
FS: What have I done wrong now? That's life!
PO: Town planner
PD: Rubbish dump owner
L: Shaving
D: Hair.

DAVID FITNESS (Thickness)
FS: Wot, homework?
PO: Electrician
PD: Traffic light technician
L: Bunking, English, stats, etc
D: School!

TRACY FITZPATRICK (Trace-Face)
FS: I don't know, it's up to you
PO: Private accountant to the Prime Minister
PD: Tax collector in Bangkok
L: Accounting trips, jelly beans
D: Accounting, decision making.

TERRI FOX
FS: Didn't you know?
PO: Knitwear designer
PD: Yarn untangler
L: Knitting
D: Dropping stitches.

STEPHEN FRANCIS (Alex P. Keaton)
FS: What's wrong with Nixon?
PO: Minister of Finance
PD: Student bludger, unemployed
L: 'Family Ties', reading National Business Review
D: Socialists, Neill's jokes.

JODIE GALE (Joadster)
FS: Can you explain this Bio for me?
PO: Lawyer
PD: Stowaway on Sailing Ship
L: Snow.

IAN GARNETT (Maverick - Foggie)
FS: Bomb, kill, shoot, stab everyone
PO: Professional soldier
PD: Navel recruit testing officer
L: Anything explosive or deadly
D: Rubber bullets, peace treaties, sight of own blood

VANESSA GREEN (Vanny, Big Bird)
FS: What shall I buy?
PO: Nightclub or weight-lifting club owner
PD: Muscle bound bouncer
L: Body building, parties, food
D: Nothing happening, heroin.

JANINE HARRIS (Neens, Auntie Neens)
FS: I'll be at form room soon Iggy
PO: Nursing
PD: Helping back street abortionist
L: Study 1st period Monday, party on Friday
D: School, sick jokes.

ANNETTE HARVEY (Annie, Smurfette)
FS: Hey Ted! Yeh man!
PO: Photographer
PD: Rally driver
L: Gert (her car), Ted, short people, driving fast
D: Tall people, fast cars passing her.

EDWARD HODGKINSON (Eddy babe, Mr Ed)
FS: Wot!
PO: Opera Singer
PD: Teaching choir in Papua New Guinea
L: Lorraine, hot dogs
D: Mr Bradshaw's singing, shaving, hot liquid

LOREN HOWSON (Poohs)
FS: Daddy I need some money
PO: Business woman
PD: Living off dad
L: Tea, fags, gossip
D: Housework, accounting, Ian's cooking

JUSTIN JENKINS (JJ Jenks)
FS: I don't have any homework mum
PO: Pro skateboarder
PD: A nobody
L: Skateboards
D: Talking, wearing glasses, calculus.

INGE KUINDERSMA (Ing, Ingy, Winge)
FS: Can I have a ride home Mr Haque?

PO: Model/Agricultural economist
PD: School gardener
L: Blue sneakers, blue clothes, free food
D: Peter telling her what to do, typing out minutes, (what's minutes?)

RACHELLE LA ROACH (Roch)
FS: What's wrong with peanut butter and tree tomato sandwiches?
PO: Food taster at the Chateau
PD: Wino at Merrilands
L: Peanut butter/tree tomato sandwich
D: Sexist, abusive smelly boys.

KAREN LANDON-LANE (KAZ)
FS: Loren, buy a watch!
PO: Office executive
PD: General dogsbody
L: Food, study periods
D: Loren asking the time, 7th form English.

PRUE LOBB (Jess, Poo Slobb)
FS: Oh, no, Mrs Goldsworthy! What? No Way!
PO: PE Teacher
PD: Otago gymnasium for basketball practice
L: Being in the limelight
D: PE teachers.

SHANE MARTIN (Bubbles)
FS: Rakesh, not greasing again?
PO: Lab technician
PD: Mad scientist
L: Bunking form class
D: Form room, sports-cupboard.

DELWYN MASTERS (Deli, Delwit)
FS: Have you heard the one about....?
PO: Pulitzer prize winning journalist
PD: Loo cleaner in the antarctic
L: Dodging flying tennis balls in the common room.

CLAIRE MATHESON (Tungia)
FS: What did we do in chemistry yesterday?
PO: Minister of Education
PD: Back up vocal for Opunake Maori Club
L: Writing letters during chemistry exam, going home early.
D: Chemistry exams, going to class.

PATRICK MOORE (Patty, Patidge)
FS: I'll be your sex slave!
PO: Engineer
PD: Mongrel Mob mechanic
L: Sue, tramping, playing touch rugby in English lessons
D: Mispronunciation of Moorree words.

RICHARD MORAN (Rich)
FS: Not tonight Neill
PO: Engineering philosopher
PD: Robot sex therapist
L: Black shirts, yelling at teachers
D: Greasers, boppers, yuppies.

SUE MORCH (Scoob)
FS: What a bum!
PO: Guidance counsellor
PD: Gypsy
L: Pat, tea, gossip, scooters.
D: Pressure, calculus, a clean shaven Pat.

ANDREA MURRAY (Andy)
FS: I am sure I am going to fail
PO: Vet
PD: Dog catcher/adult delinquent
L: Michael, thinking about bunking
D: Stress, people who ask "Andrea how do you do this?"

LEE-ANN O'DONNELL (Lee-o-dee)
FS: Has Claire gone home again?
PO: Working with street kids
PD: Street kid
L: Maori culture, parties.....
D: Neill, Neill, Neill.

RAKESH PATEL (Hi Rau)
FS: Have a nice day. Yes Mrs Jonas
PO: Doctor
PD: Corner store owner
L: Wearing layers of clothes
D: Heavy metal, haircuts, failing.

CLIVE PINFOLD (Pin, Pinhead)
FS: Shut up Jeff!
PO: Engineer
PD: World's worst basketball player
L: Growing, airplanes, altitude
D: Greasers, boppers.

SELENA RAMSAY (Bernina, Semolina)
FS: Giddy bud!
PO: Chemistry teacher
PD: Protein tester in the sewage plant
L: Noise, socialising, chemistry
D: Being called Bernina, silence, chemistry.

NICHOLAS RATE (Nickie-Puffs)
FS: I haven't got any money, it's your shout!
PO: Artist
PD: Photographer
L: Nicola, cameras, food
D: 7th formers.

NEILL REA (Shorty, greasy spot)
FS: Can I.....? Give me.....! Tim....., Shoot the gap
PO: Journalist
PD: Hollywood gossip columnist
L: Greasing, food, drinks, himself
D: People who don't laugh at his jokes.

LISA READ (Juby, Giraffe)
FS: Food on lip, wipe, I'm right you're wrong
PO: Doorknob extraordinaire
PD: Sobbing in Waikato Uni - missing Todd.
L: Going home early, getting to school late
D: English class.

KAREN RUTHERFORD (Bung, stretch)
FS: "Yes", "More", "Again".
PO: Architect
PD: Chief whip in caucus
L: Male strippers, whips, chains
D: Tom Garrett and other normal beings.

JEFF SALISBURY (Stack: Adder)
FS: Yes, Mr Peters
PO: Architect
PD: Manager of Stack Hatters
L: Stackhats, meetings
D: People who abuse stackhats and won't wear them.

LISA SHAW (Lis, Yvonne)
FS: Rules are made to be broken
PO: Catholic rights lawyer in Barcelona
PD: Netball/soccer coach at Eltham Primary School
L: Catholics
D: Protestants

YVONNE SHAW (Y-Front, Lisa)
FS: Come round for a pancake lunch
PO: Professional foot massager
PD: Entrepreneur pancake maker
L: Pancakes, oddfellows
D: Burnt pancakes, male chauvinists

NIGEL SMART (Browzer, Eye brow)
FS: Always worth a crack!
PO: Beer tester
PD: Alcoholic rehab centre
L: Spending money, beating Edward at tennis
D: People hassling him about his hockey skills.

MICHELLE SOUTHAM (Oompa, squirt)
FS: An extension please
PO: Counsellor
PD: Psychiatric patient
L: Mars Bars, VW's
D: Geography, responsibilities.

TED STOLTE (Rambo)
FS: I'm going hunting this weekend. "Kill".
PO: Official deer killer for dept. of conservation
PD: Lost in the outback
L: Blood, physical violence
D: Living animals.

KANE TAYLOR (Mick, grunt)
FS: Ugh!
PO: All Black
PD: Second rate sex symbol
L: Cauliflower ears, one word sentences.
D: Thinking.

CATHERINE THORPE (Caf)
FS: So much to do; so little time
PO: Lab technician
PD: Mad scientist
L: Long skirts
D: Exams.

RACHEL VOON (Def, Possum)
FS: Rumpy, pumpy
PO: Top fashion designer
PD: DEKA shop assistant
L: Food, willpower, power
D: English teachers, cocaine, stress.

DOUGLAS VOON (Dougy, God)
FS: Ooooooo....censor that! All I need is a comb, a drum kit, a mirror and a dark room.
PO: A God
PD: St Peter's dogs-body
L: Full length mirror
D: Guys with messy hair.

MARCO WAANDERS (Un-co, light bulb)
FS: I'm late for stats
PO: Psychologist
PD: University caretaker
L: Arguing with teachers
D: Bronwyn, sports cupboard.

SARAH WALSH (Red, fuzzy)
FS: I don't understand it
PO: Food technician
PD: Permanent bud planter at Egmont Roses
L: Pancakes, people who like her hair
D: Neill, jokes about her hair.
 PETRINA WATSON (Pet, Petulia)
FS: I'm going home now!
PO: Manager of Pierre Cardin enterprises
PD: Op shop salesperson
L: Clothes, the albino deer
D: Cheese under the grill, carrying umbrellas.
 ALAN WILKINSON (Pubes, Vege)
FS: I want to boogie with you
PO: Chemist
PD: Addict (Food)
L: Madonna, spreading false rumours
D: Greasers, boppers, guns.
 SHARON WILLS (BS)
FS: Oh but he's soooooo cute!
PO: World famous artist
PD: Walking the Paris streets with a spray can
L: Food, spending money
D: Neill and other sex fiends. Fourth form girls.

A GLOSSARY OF SEVENTH FORM
 PARAPHERNALIA 1986

ADDITIONS (not much has changed)

Homework - frequently assigned - never done
Common Room - Sports arena, bedroom, swimming pool, laboratory.
Easy Chair - The chairs in the common room - they're easy to break BUT.... suddenly a breakthrough this year....easy chairs!
Canteen - The only place 7ths emerge from the common room to go to.
Balls - Enter the common room at own risk!
Statistics - Something funny (Neill?)
Calculus - Something really funny (19 percent median?)
Study periods - used for sunbathing, playing, fighting, cards, eating....anything but study.
Council - A chance to argue for the longest possible time about absolutely nothing and getting absolutely nowhere.
Work - A word introduced this year....in return for the easy chairs? (Forget it).
Formroom - Connotation Mr Haque?
Lifeskills - You only get caught bunking if you aren't really bunking.

I. K., 7th



OUR SLIGHTLY "TWISTED" 7TH FORMERS

Back Row: Alan Wilkinson, Edward Hodgkinson, Tony Brownrigg, Kane Taylor, Alan Welch.
2nd Back: Shane Martin, Stephen Francis, Paul Ashman, Juliette Sykes, Rachel Anderson, Tracy Fitzpatrick, Justin Jenkins, Richard Moran, Brent Cook.
3rd Back: Nigel Smart, Jon Mayhead, Douglas Voon, Stefan Knight, Glenn Smythe, Mark Ewington, Marco Waanders, Jeff Salisbury, Peter Blyde, Neil Rea, Nicholas Rate, David Fitness.
4th Back: Kirstin Olsen, Selina Ramsey, Karen Rutherford, Delwyn Masters, Brenda Buchanan, Vanessa Green, Helen Beamish, Lisa Read, Sue Buckley.
5th Back: Sarah Walsh, Nelita Byrne, Eleanor Rumbal, Leanne Erb, Debbie Arthur, Andrea Murray, Karen Landen-Lane, Catherine Brooker, Prue Lobb, Lisa Shaw, Janine Harris, Sharon Bell, Yvonne Shaw.
2nd Bottom: Catherine Thorpe, Rochelle La Roche, Cathy Sheath, Terri Fox, Shelley des Forges, Leanne O'Donnell, Sharon Wills, Lisa Radford, Tracey Barber, Denise Koorey, Sue Morch.
Bottom: Kim Dalton, Michelle Southam, Claire Mathieson, Jodie Gale, Cynthia Beatty, Loren Howson, Samantha Baker, Rachel Voon, Petrina Watson, Lee-anne Stevens, Annette Harvey.
Absent: Patrick Moore, Ted Stolte, Jan Bridgeman, Michelle Evans, Clive Pinfeld, Debbie Gilbert.

**JUNIOR PRIZEGIVING 1987
 SPORTS AWARDS
 EXCELLENCE IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION**

3rd Form Boys: Mathew Crowther
 Jason Smith
 Aaron Murphy
 Deane Riddick
 Mark Jorgensen
 Lyall Dakin
 Paul Neumann
 Stuart Hayman
 4th Form Boys: Jeremy Birss
 Shaun Salisbury
 Karl Looney
 Greg Withers
 Brett McGregor
 Rhys Braddock
 Evan Erb
 Andrew Hayman
 Cindy Gray
 3rd Form Girls: Nadia Mischefski
 Paula Drewery
 Carly Julian
 Donna Diakowski
 Rachel Lamb
 Andrea Rodgers
 Louise Mann
 Julie Fitzpatrick
 Adrienne Urwin
 Tracey Hinde
 Tiffany Howard
 4th Form Girls:

MERIT CERTIFICATES IN SPORT

Boys' Basketball
 3rd Form: Shaun Campbell
 Alastair Alldridge
 Andrew Pattison
 Chris Spittal
 Greg Boucher
 4th Form: Milou Stolte
 Nicki Gardiner
 Louise Mann
 Tracey House
 Lee Goodin
 Kate Lamport
 Boys' Volleyball 3rd Form: Tim Mason
 Dean Riddick
 Boys' Volleyball 4th Form (8th place North Island Junior Volleyball Champs): Mathew Mong
 Tony Wagstaff
 Wayne Thomas
 Darin Hills
 Stephen O'Donnell
 Mark Schmidt
 Nigel Collins
 Alban Clareburt
 Girls' Volleyball 4th Form: Claire Jackson
 Oreen Masengalo
 Julie Lambourne

Yachting (11th place New Zealand champs) Greg Withers
 Amanda McGregor
 Joanne Senior
 Netball Melanie Goodchap
 Rugby Farrell Murdoch
 Alma Perry
 Excellence in Athletics: Andrew Pattison
 Pauline Graham
 Excellence in Swimming: Farrell Murdoch
 Karmin Ruakere
 Excellence in Cross-Country, 3rd Form: Tracy Hayward
 Andrew Pattison
 4th Form: Louise Mann
 Karl Looney

CRICKET SHIELD

Best 3rd form player - Paul Wilkinson.

FOURTH FORM SHIELD

Best all round 4th form cricketer - Justin Butler.

D. V. SUTHERLAND AWARD

Endeavour in Cricket - Jason Watts

MORRISON TROPHY

Most improved 3rd form Netball player - Julie Withers.

RICHARDSON CUP

Most improved 4th form Netball player - Nicky Gardener.

GRIFFIN TROPHY

Most improved 3rd form Soccer player - Craig Sampson.

LUCAS TROPHY

and Miniature for the most improved Hockey player - Mathew Smith.

DAILY NEWS LITERARY PRIZE

Jennifer Davies

NP WEST ROTARY SPEECH AWARDS

3rd Form: Campbell Robertson
 4th Form: Jennifer Brown

CARNACHAN TROPHY

Most improved brass player - James Clareburt

JUNIOR DRAMA TROPHY

Angus Fisher

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

Third Form: Maori - Lee Goodin 1, Kawana Pihama, Nicola Sewell merit. French - Ian Beale 1, Craig Anderson merit. Maths Association Prize - Sanjo Kuindersma 1, Paul Wilkinson, Ian Beale, Tracey Hayward merit. Music - Nicola Sewell 1, Lisa Ruakere, Allison Emo, Carley Julian, Garrick Rigby, Grant Gaudin merit. Drama - Nicola Sewell, Joy Cook. Art -Chris Dunlop 1, Stacey Cameron, Tracey Oliver merit. Home Economics - Tabitha Anthony, Debbie McKee 1 =, Sally Ann Turner merit. Social Studies -Amanda Evans, Lisa Rossiter, James Clareburt. Consumer Studies - Sanjo Kuindersma, Michelle Grundy, Dianne Smith, Aaron Young, Phillipa Butt. Woodwork - Craig Sampson 1, Daniel Bishop, Campbell Robertson merit. Technical Drawing -Sanjo Kuindersma 1, Aaron Young merit. Work Experience - Stuart Hayman. Clothing - Jane Hodgkinson 1, Debbie McKee, Vivienne Jupp merit. Typing - Grant Gaudin 1, Aaron Young, Debbie Paton,

Tracey Hayward, Lisa Ruakere merit. Metalwork - Todd Smythe, Stacey Cameron. English - Michelle Drake.

Fourth Form: Maori - Joanne Bewley, Adrienne Urwin 1 = . French - Julie Fitzpatrick 1, Aylene Kemsley merit. German - Helen Salisbury 1, Cindy Rimmington merit. Music - Helen Salisbury 1, Nicola Wrigley merit. Art - Tae Allison 1, Louise Benton, Helen Salisbury merit. Horticulture - Alexander Trust Award - Karen Whitehead. Woodwork - Greg Boucher 1, Karen Whitehead, Lance Palmer merit. Home Economics - Helen Clarke 1, Jennifer Brown merit. Typing - Aylene Kemsley 1, Helen Clarke, Cindy Rimmington, Shelley Reader merit. Technical Drawing - Richard Eagles 1, Tracey Hunter, Mark Fisher merit. Metalwork - Brett McGregor 1, Gay Cook merit. Work Experience - Andrew Hayman. Maths Merit Awards - Joy Oldham, John Worsley, Christopher Fitzpatrick. Social Studies - Louise Mann merit award. Economic Studies - Tae Allison, Claire Jackson, Aylene Kemsley, Leon Bradley, Jeremy Birss. English - Tae Allison, Leigh Honnor. Clothing - Tracey Hinde 1, Michelle Tubby, Robyn Gilliver, Marie Godkin merit.

AGGREGATE AWARDS

Combination of Maths, Science, English, and Social Studies.

3F	1st Sanjo Kuindersma	2nd Aaron Young
3G	1st Philippa Butler	2nd Bruce Thomas
3D	1st Lyle Dakin	2nd Niall Wilson
3E	1st Scott Cox	2nd Donna Diakowski
3A	1st Leeann Sargent	2nd Jonathon Smith
3L	1st Graham Cockburn	2nd Natasha Cuc
3O	1st Lisa Ruakere	2nd Dion Myers
3R	1st Killan Gray	2nd Kelly Tunnicliff
3S	1st Megan Barber	2nd = Jennifer Alchin
		Paul Brewer
		2nd Richard Smith
3T		2nd Craig Clarke
3Y	1st Kylie Burns	
3EV	1st Raymond Foster	
4F	1st Helen Clarke	2nd Justin Butler
4G	1st Helen Salisbury	2nd Nicholas Ireland
4A	1st Benjamin Wise	2nd Darin Hills
4E	1st Glen Kitto	2nd Glyn MacDonald
4L	1st Tracey Hinde	2nd Stacey Frost
4O	1st Tiffany Howard	2nd Melanie Newman
4S	1st Aaron Kreisler	2nd Jocelyn Zimmerman
4T	1st Ross Hoffmann	2nd Joy Ludeman
4Y	1st John Kehely	2nd Jamie Clarke

SENIOR PRIZEGIVING 1987

EXCELLENCE IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Girls:	Georgina Thomas
	Bronwyn McCurdy
	Alexa Fussell
	Leigh Johansen
	Angela Koot
	Michelle Blanchard
	Lorraine Manu
	Michelle Cook

Boys: Dean Garrod
Simon Eaddy
Scott Muir
Murray Jorgensen

EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Intermediate Girls: Leanne Brennan
Intermediate Boys: Peter Fopma
Senior Girls: Joanne Parker
Senior Boys: Ronald Rumbal

EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Intermediate Girls: Sally Hale
Intermediate Boys: Dean Garrod
Intermediate Boys: Murray Jorgensen
Senior Girls: Kirsten Hasell
Senior Boys: Zane Weinberg

EXCELLENCE IN CROSS-COUNTRY

5th Form Girls: Erica Read
5th Form Boys: Simon Eaddy
6/7ths Form Girls: Yvonne Shaw
6/7ths Form Boys: Tony Brownrigg

SERVICES TO THE SCHOOL

Sharon Cottam For services to Hockey
Anthony Joe For services to Volleyball
Wendy James
Jenny Pool For services to Home Economics

INDIVIDUAL SPORTS AWARDS

Lorraine Lovell Challenge Trophy (Girls' Tennis) Leanne Erb
John Lawton Memorial Cup for Boys' tennis Nigel Lucas
Girls' Indoor Basketball Jenny Smart
Player of the Year
Boys' Indoor Basketball David Leigh
Player of the Year
Thomson Cup for the captain of the 1st XV. Ronald Rumbal
Tony Stuthridge Memorial Cup. Ronald Rumbal
The 1st XV trophy for the best all round team member. Brett Murray
Brodie Cup for the most improved girls volleyball player Yvonne Shaw
Wilson Trophy for the best senior volleyball player of the year Prue Lobb
L. J. Trophy for best senior player in netball Sally Hale

INTER-HOUSE AWARDS

Atkinson Craigmyle Cup for Swimming.
Chris Hamill Cup for Softball. Honour Cup for Rugby.
Darnell Moline Cup for Athletics. Gayton Cup for Volleyball. R. and N. Mong Cup for Indoor Basketball.

Richmond Shares the Chris Hamill Cup for Softball with Barrett.
Ballinger Cup for Cross-Country. Faye Hill Cup for Netball. Borrell Cup for Soccer.
Winner of the Inter-house Shield for 1987 - Darnell.

ACADEMIC AND CULTURAL AWARDS FORM 5 MERIT CERTIFICATES

Technical Drawing: Paula Sargent
Sandra Smillie
Craig Martin
Julie Keeper
Alvin Hunt
Engineering Shopwork: Andrew Walton
Workshop Technology: Craig Liggett
Art: Joanne Parker
Wendy Leong
Craig Russell
French: Brenda Wood
German: Tania Hatfield
English: Pip Lewis
Leah Russell
Prakriti Gopinathan

Typing: Anne Taunga
Morag Fisher
Denise Koorey
Accounting: Steven Richardson
Economic Studies: Andrea Frost
Geography: Katherine Beale
Music: Pip Lewis
Science: David Cowles
Simon Eaddy
Andrea Frost
Prakriti Gopinathan

Taranaki Science: Darren Morgan
Kelly Hooper
Maths: Andrea Frost
Carmen Walsh
Louise Smith
Simon Betts
Gary Layton
Maths and Science: Brendon McCall
Gareth Williams
Home Economics: Michelle McElroy
Embroidery and Weaving: Leanne O'Donnell

FORM 6 MERIT CERTIFICATES

French: Sharon Bell
Technical Drawing and Design Technology: Ted Stolte
Art History: Lisah Henry
Anita Kirby
Practical Art: Karen Rutherford
Accounting: Tracey Barber
Stephen Francis

English: Yvonne Shaw
Tracey Fitzpatrick
Alan Wilkinson
Maths: Peter Blyde
Peter Fopma
Karen Rutherford
Alan Wilkinson
Biology and Physics: Andrea Murray
Sharon Bell
Advanced Typing: Cynthia Beattie
History: Anita Kirby
Lisah Henry
Photography: Clive Pinfold
Rachael Way
Chemistry: Samantha Baker
Yvonne Shaw
Lisa Shaw
Inge Kuindersma
Clive Pinfold

NP WEST ROTARY SPEECH AWARDS

7th Form: Dorothy Dalziell
6th Form: Michelle Lamb
5th Form: Anne Taunga

DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

Senior Prize: Yvonne Shaw

LITTLE THEATRE CUP For The Best Stage Performance

Peter Blyde

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

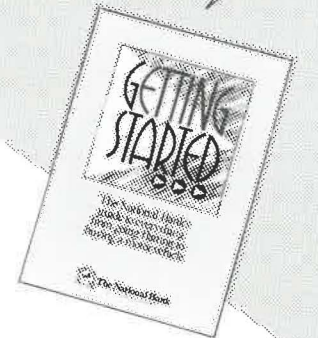
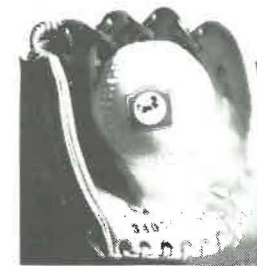
These go to the best pupil in each subject at that level.
Form 5: Kristin Holm - Best student in Maths, Science, French and History; Louise Smith - Accounting, Economic Studies, Art; Sally Hale - German; Anne Taunga - English; Scott Heard - Geography; Kim Honeyfield - Home Economics; Trina Diakowski - Clothing; Brenda Wood - Typing; Carmen Walsh - Shorthand Typing; Simon Eaddy - Horticulture, Alexander Trust Award; Andrew Walton - Kidd Garrett prize for Engineering Shopwork; Tony Magon - Metalwork Theory Prize; Lance Cockburn - Placemakers Prize for Woodwork Theory; Wade Jenkins - Eberts Prize for Woodwork Practical.

Form 6: Terri Fox - Best French student for 1987; Jan Bridgeman - Art History; Jeffrey Salisbury - Practical Art; Lisa Shaw - History; Peter Blyde - Accounting and Economics; Shane Martin - Computer Technology; Michelle Lamb - Noeline Brown Award for Shorthand; Aaron Robinson - T. Guy Prize for Design Technology; Andrea Murray - Maths and Chemistry; Inge Kuindersma - Biology; Nicholas Rate - Photography; Dorothy Dalziell - RSA Prize; Donna Butt - Spotswood Association Prize for Head Girl; Anthony Joe - L. M. Ross Memorial Prize for Head Boy; Heather Bassett - Alter Emeritus Cup for the best student taking subjects not taken by the dux; Shane Dye - Proxime Accessit (Runner up to dux); Alan Greenhead - Principal's prize, A. L. McPhail Dux Medal and the Dux Cup.

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