



# St Mark's Church School

**1991 MAGAZINE**

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# St Mark's Church School

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▲ Efficiency plus: the office ladies

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# 1991



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# Chairman's Report

Nineteen ninety-one has been a milestone year in the life of St Mark's Church School and the Board, both because of the changes which have taken place and the changes which have not taken place and will hopefully never take place.

Personnel have changed, but the underlying principles on which our school was established and built remain firmly intact along with the school's enduring philosophy and purpose.

Nineteen ninety-one has seen Mr James McDonald successfully and most ably take up the reins as Principal of our school.

Our Vicar, Mr Ray Oppenheim resigned to accept the challenge offered to him to lead a large Lower Hutt parish. Both the School and the Board is very sorry to lose him but look forward to Rev John Fairbrother joining us as Vicar early in the 1992 academic year.

During the transitional period between Vicars, we have been most fortunate to have enjoyed the services of the Right Reverend Bishop Brown on the Board. His active mind and sound judgement has been a great asset and his continuing support is gratefully appreciated.



*St Mark's House Captains 1991.*

Long-serving and dedicated Members of the Board, Hugh Gilman, Derek Lovering and Catherine Young, have stood down. Their commitment and dedication to St Mark's over many years is warmly acknowledged and will be missed.

John Durham, Mary-Anne Gates and Justin Joseph have joined the Board and have already made their marks in most positive and valuable ways.

With these changes in personnel and the pending celebration of our school's 75th Jubilee in September next year, the Board chose to pause and re-examine the objectives of St Mark's Church School and review the means by which we strive to achieve those objectives.

On completing that exercise the Board unanimously confirmed the objectives of St Mark's as recorded in our Constitution many years ago. We are firmly of the view these objectives are as important today as they have ever been.

We seek to achieve within an environment in which the Christian Faith is nurtured; the pursuit of excellence in all personal endeavours; the development of each child's potential, self-discipline and self-worth; the fostering of the qualities needed for good citizenship; and the promotion of spiritual and moral values.

With these objectives firmly in mind, St Mark's will continue to strive to maintain the very high personal and educational standards which have served this school and its pupils well over many years.



*At the cross-country, September 1991.*

St Mark's will achieve its goal within a school roll of between 500 and 550 and by continuing to employ, retain and benefit from the services of teachers of above average ability and performance.

We will seek to better utilize the school site and enhance the range of facilities available for the benefit of pupils. In this regard I am delighted to report we have been joined in that task by the Vestry. Their involvement introduces a splendid opportunity for us to jointly find the best possible use of the entire site, School and Church, to the substantial advantage of both bodies.

In setting the level at which fees will be charged, the Board acknowledges the demands fees make upon family budgets and has profound respect for the personal sacrifices being made, and the varying degrees of hardship faced by parents. With this in mind fees will continue to be set at the minimum level possible to enable the school to provide an above average standard of education with suitable facilities and amenities and meet the objectives outlined. In following this policy it is intended to ensure that our fees remain within the reach of the widest possible cross-section of the community and continue to compare very favourably indeed with comparable independent schools.

We believe that if we continue to progress within these broad guidelines, St Mark's will justifiably occupy its proud place among the leading primary schools in New Zealand.

As our school's seventy-fourth year draws to a close, the Board joins with me in congratulating the Principal and the professional teaching staff on their achievements throughout the year and thanks them for their personal dedication to each individual pupil and St Mark's Church School.

*Hon. A. P. D. Friedlander  
Chairman of the School Board*



# Principal's Report

## Prizegiving 1991

Mr Chairman, Bishop Tom Brown, Mr Joe Cooney, welcome to our annual prizegiving. Members of the School Board, Staff and colleagues, invited guests, parents and friends of the school, and most important, welcome to the pupils of St Mark's, especially those of you who are leaving us today.

It is my pleasure to present the 74th Annual Report of the school.

I would like to begin by adding my welcome to that of our Chairman in respect of our guest speaker, Mr Joe Cooney. I understand, sir, that you are certainly no stranger to this annual event. Your attendance tonight, however, has special significance for me personally. A little over eighteen months ago you represented my first contact with St Mark's as I sat in your office and took the first step on the journey towards my eventual selection as Principal of this very fine school. It is fitting, therefore, that you have the opportunity to address us this evening. Thank you for your presence; we look forward with interest to hearing what you have to say to us tonight.

## Comment

The last four years have seen huge and far-reaching changes in the way in which education is administered in this country. The state schools have been fed a constant diet of change and uncertainty within an absurdly short implementation time-line. In the lead-up to the advent of "Tomorrow's Schools" the independent school movement had seen the steady withdrawal of government grants (in the form of teacher salary subsidies) and the general hardening of attitudes towards independent schools. I'm pleased to report that the current government appears committed to reversing the process.

The 1991 Budget announced an increase in grants to private schools and an indication of a commitment to progressively restore grants to their former levels. It can only be hoped that this course of action will slow the rate of independent schools applying for integration into the state system. It is clear that the present government is supportive of the notion of providing parents with alternatives in education. Choice should not be a luxury — in my view it is a fundamental right. It would be quite unhealthy for the state to hold a monopoly in the provision of education to our nation's children. Until recently it seemed that the government wished to privatize everything except education. One can only wonder at the motivation behind such a move. Happily, while all this is going on, our waiting lists continue to expand.

It is clear that independent schools have an extremely valuable and important role to play in a world which, at present, appears to condone and promote constant change and uncertainty. In the present climate, schools such as ours are seen by many of today's parents as a haven of traditional values and academic excellence coupled with a never-ending desire to keep abreast of modern trends. In the latter area lies the great strength of the independent school movement. We enjoy the luxury of being able to critically examine these trends and add or discard as we see fit. In this process I am ever mindful of the old saying 'Nothing moves faster in a vacuum than a bandwagon.' St Mark's has never owned a bandwagon. I am certain that the founders of our school would instantly recognize the main ingredients of the recipe in use here today. Later this evening we will have an opportunity to honour and congratulate many of our current pupils who are products of this lasting and unique formula. Our challenge for the '90s will be to continue what we do well — and do it better.

## Highlights of the Year

Nineteen ninety-one has been yet another memorable year in the history of our school. The highlights of the past year are almost too numerous to mention. We began the year with a visit from the Life Education Trust mobile classroom. An exciting, thought-provoking and stimulating programme was presented to our pupils over a two-week period. We look forward to a repeat visit early in the new year.

Our annual Speech Competitions are always a highlight and this year proved no exception. Later this evening we will have an opportunity to compliment and acknowledge the winners.

Our school picnic, so ably organized by the Parents' Association, was again well-attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all who ventured to Day's Bay for this annual event.

In addition to our regular weekly and end-of-term chapel services our traditional term celebration services are a highlight of our divinity programme calendar. The Festival of St Mark, Founders' Day Service and our annual Carol Services are a source of enrichment and delight for pupils and parents alike. It is also worth noting that a record number of our pupils were admitted to communion earlier this year.

For the pupils, a list of highlights would certainly not be complete without a mention of the annual cup cake and ice-cream days organized by the Ladies' Auxiliary group. I'm sure many of the staff secretly look forward to these delightful breaks from regular routine, too.

In June the school was honoured in receiving an official visit from the Governor-General, Dame Catherine Tizard, thus continuing a tradition begun in 1935 by Lord Freyberg. During her visit, two of our pupils presented Her Excellency with a lion, symbolic both of St Mark's and Vice-Regal Office. Appropriately, the lion has been given the name 'Mark' and now has pride of place beside Winston, the dog, in the living room at Government House.

For only the second time in recent years, St Mark's entered a team in the Wellington provincial 'Mathswell' competition. We can be justly proud of our sixth placing among the 40 schools who competed in this annual event.

Undoubtedly, one of the more difficult highlights to achieve was the eventual sponsorship of a Tamarin monkey at Wellington Zoo. After many months of collecting cans for recycling, the pupils raised over \$500 for this worthy cause.

The School Science Fair, held during July, proved once again to be a source of wonder and pride as our pupils strove to repeat the high standards of previous years. We were not to be disappointed.

One of the more traditional highlights on our calendar is the annual Grandparents' Afternoon held during October. Many of our guests had travelled long distances to be with us on this happy occasion. The staff and I were delighted at the large numbers who attended this year's function. It was noted that several great-grandparents were able to be present.

Earlier this term the annual Newspapers in Education Quiz was held at the Michael Fowler Centre. Twenty-two teams from the lower North Island competed in the final. The fact that one of our teams won the competition is certainly one of the year's highlights!

During the year the school has continued and extended its involvement with various community groups, institutions and charitable organizations. Several grocery collections have resulted in large donations of food parcels to St Vincent de Paul, the Salvation Army, St Peter's Pantry and the City Mission. Before Easter our Senior Choir visited Hadfield House and more recently they have been involved in a return



visit to entertain the elderly residents with music and carols for the Festive Season. During September both our choirs again took part in the Fourth Annual Life Flight Variety Concert to raise money for the Peter Button Memorial Trust. Finally, last week our Junior Choir visited the Mary Potter Hospice and Wellington Hospital to present a selection of songs and carols to patients and staff. Our pupils can be justly proud of the way in which they have worked, contributed and given of themselves to the needs of others less fortunate.

## Sport

The physical education and sports programme at St Mark's has always been geared toward the fostering of respect for the individual and the awakening of interest, through maximum participation, in a variety of sporting codes. Hopefully, this leads to the creation of a well-adapted and rounded individual who is able to take a place in modern society.

The constraints of a lack of playground space is certainly not reflected in the results and involvement of our pupils. A healthy competitive spirit and the motivation to do well have produced some outstanding results. St Mark's teams have competed against other schools in netball, rugby and soccer. Our young cricketers have, through the encouragement of the Collegians' Cricket Club, again taken to the field to participate in Saturday morning fixtures. Miniball results were encouraging and the gratifying numbers of children involved in these competitions bodes well for the future. The water polo teams achieved distinction this year with a fine win over Scots College in the final of the competition. St Mark's swimmers represented the school with excellent results at the inter-zone competitions early in the year and we hosted a very successful Independent Schools' Cross-Country at Hataitai Park during the third term.

Outdoor Education was again this year, a feature of our curriculum. Our Standard Three and Four classes recently completed a very enjoyable and successful Outdoor Week programme with an overnight camping experience adjacent to the school, under the watchful eye of trainees from the New Zealand Fire Service. Our senior camp for Form II pupils took place during last week at Akatarawa. I understand the week proved to be a challenging, worthwhile experience for all concerned, pupils and adults alike.

We hope to extend the sporting programme further in the coming year and to establish a number of annual fixtures with other independent schools in the Wellington region.

Without the constant support and commitment of both staff and parents, our sports and outdoor education programmes would not survive. It is to your efforts that we must direct our thanks. The time freely given, the sacrifices made and the patience shown, benefits each and every child.

## Music

Under the able leadership of our music director, Mr Francis Cowan, our music programme continues to flourish and expand. I would also like to acknowledge the assistance and enthusiasm provided by our Head of Senior School, Mrs Lynne Strode-Penny and also Mrs Jean Morgan who directs our Junior Choir.

Undoubtedly the major highlights in this area for 1991 were the *Pennies from Heaven* production and the inaugural House Music Competition. Both of these events were the result of many hours of practice and dedication on the part of both students and staff.

## Staffing

In addition to my own appointment, there have been a number of changes in staffing during the course of the year. Early

in the year I had the pleasant task of appointing Mrs Margot Wilson as Deputy Principal. I am grateful to Mrs Wilson for the energy, dedication and good humour she has brought to the position.

We have welcomed two new teaching staff and a receptionist to St Mark's this year. Miss Suzanne Leask joined us as Head of Junior School earlier in the year, Mrs Jill Chapman has taken charge of a Form I class during this last term and Mrs Marian Knowles joined the team in the front office.

During the course of the year we said farewell to Mr Gavin Drew who had taught Form I for just over three years and to Mrs Josie Hunter, our P.E. teacher. We also said goodbye to Father Ray Oppenheim, the school's chaplain for the past five years.

As the school year comes to a close, we say farewell to Mr Mark Borthwick who has relieved in the position of P.E. teacher for the second half of the year and also to Father John Terris who has acted in the position of School Chaplain for the past six months. I thank them both for their co-operation and sincere contribution to St Mark's and wish them well in the future.

## In conclusion

I wish now to say some thank-yous, acknowledge some debts of gratitude and bid some farewells.

I should like to thank the Chairman, the Hon Tony Friedlander, and members of the School Board for their enthusiasm, dedication and support throughout this very busy year.

To all, staff, I would like to express my appreciation for their untiring conscientious commitment to the school. I wish to pay special tribute to Mrs Margot Wilson and the other senior staff for their co-operation and contributions to the life of the school during my first year as Principal.

I thank the Parents' Association, Ladies' Auxiliary and the Friends' Association for their untiring efforts over the past year on behalf of the school. Your support and plain hard work in a voluntary capacity is much valued and appreciated.

Lastly, I wish to thank the pupils of St Mark's for an excellent year. Some of you have taken on special responsibilities during your time here and I thank you on behalf of the school. I especially want to thank our Prefects and James Rees-Thomas, our Head Prefect, for 1991.

Congratulations to those pupils who have distinguished themselves in academic work, culturally or in sport and whose names appear on the prize list for this year.

Finally, I would like to say a few words to our Form II pupils who are leaving us today and moving on to secondary school in the new year. The staff and I wish you well as you prepare for another challenging phase in your education. I am reminded of the quotation: 'Ships are in no danger within the calm waters of a harbour — but that's not what they're built for.' As you venture out from the safe anchorage of St Mark's, I trust that you will very soon discover what you are made of. To those leaving, I wish you every success in the years ahead and I thank you for your contribution to the school. My personal best wishes to each and every one of you.

Nineteen ninety-one has been one of the most rewarding, stimulating and enjoyable years of my career to date. I have thoroughly enjoyed working alongside the various groups that combine to make up the St Mark's family and I look forward to working with you all again throughout the coming year. With the completion of a future Development Plan in sight and the forthcoming 75th Jubilee of the School, 1992 promises to be yet another memorable year for St Mark's.

May I conclude by wishing all pupils, parents and friends of the School a very happy Christmas and a pleasant holiday.

Mr J. A. McDonald  
Principal



# Staff Notes

This has been a year of change for the school, and with a completely new team at the helm, everyone has had adjustments to make. The staff are a very loyal group, both to the school and to each other. So it is hardly surprising that the professional skills of all the staff have come to the fore, and the transition has proceeded with minimal disruption to the programme.

We are fortunate to have the variety which new blood brings to the staff room. A very diverse band of new faces are part of the school scene. Miss Suzanne Leask has her own brand of enthusiasm as she brings her wealth of experience to the Junior School. No doubt as more of her skills like modern dance become known, she will be coerced into other activities throughout the school.

We have added the international flavour of Mr Mark Borthwick's temporary appointment and listened with interest and amusement to tales of his experiences in South Africa and England. As he is equally skilled with the bat or the artist's brush, we will farewell him with regret at the end of the year, when he takes up his new post at Wellington College.

The administration block has been a real hive of activity, with walls being knocked out and Mr Don Johnston, our caretaker moving into a bigger workshop area. Mrs Carolyn Anderson is ensconced in her new state-of-the-art office centre, and finding life as a full-time secretary twice as busy. Mrs Marian Knowles has brought an air of quiet competence and is the new front person as school receptionist. Her cheerful charm wins friends easily among pupils, staff, parents and visitors.

Mrs Susan Barclay, our librarian, fresh from her exciting trip to Paris in August, extended her activities to become another vital cog in the administration wheel. The staff are lucky to have the backing of such a great team.

Many staff members have continued with their own professional development. Miss Barbara Thompson added to her already impressive array of skills with a course on mathematics. Continuing education for staff has been across a wide spectrum of topics, from the whole brain learning technique to new reading skills; from science to technology.



**ST MARK'S STAFF 1991**

**Back Row (left to right): Mrs J. Duffy, Mrs A. Bland, Mrs J. Hunter (left), Mr D. Johnston**

**Fourth Row: Mrs J. Prentice, Mrs J. Morgan, Mrs M. Ward,  
Mr F. Cowan, Miss B. Thompson, Mrs G. Hellberg**

**Third Row: Mrs J. Voss, Mrs Y. Grove, Mrs C. Anderson, Mr J. Hunter, Mrs B. Turner, Mr G. Drew (left), Mrs R. Huggins**

**Second Row: Mrs J. Fox, Mrs M. McAlister, Mrs J. Lang, Mrs M. Thomas, Mrs N. Harding, Mrs M. Button, Mrs G. Old, Mrs S. Barclay**

**Front Row: Mrs Y. Dawson, Mrs A. Heath, Mrs L. Strobe-Penny, Mr J. A. McDonald (Principal), Mrs M. Wilson (Deputy Principal), Mrs C. Meredith, Fr R. Oppenheim**



The latest permanent appointments to the staff are Mrs Jill Chapman, a familiar face to us all as a relieving teacher. Staff and pupils alike were happy to know her study and family commitments meant a full-time position was possible. We look forward to Mrs Jennifer Meyer taking up her new post as P.E. teacher. We hope the shift from Auckland to Wellington will be a happy one.

While all education struggle with the new terms of reference that the advent of Tomorrow's Schools has brought, the St Mark's staff know that they are several steps ahead already, and have moved even further forward, making Tomorrow's Schools, yesterday's.

## Interview with Mr McDonald

Interviewed by Amber Nissen and Philip Cameron-Jones, Form 2

### Personal Information

#### 1. Where were you born?

Here in Wellington. My family lived in Miramar at that time.

#### 2. What do you remember most about your childhood?

I remember the trams in Wellington, the milk being delivered by horse and cart, fishing off Miramar Wharf and going to Boy Scouts where I became a Patrol Leader.

#### 3. Where were you educated?

**Mr McDonald**

I was educated at Miramar Central (primary school) and Waiouru School (primary school). For my secondary education I went to Hastings Boys' High School. I went to Ardmore Teachers' Training College in Auckland where I was educated to become a teacher.

#### 4. What were your favourite subjects while you were at school?

I enjoyed maths, art and drama.

#### 5. Do you remember any significant events or happenings from your early life?

The two that I remember the most in my early childhood would have to be the Tangiwai Rail Disaster and the building of Wellington Airport.

### Travel

#### 1. Do you enjoy travelling?

Yes, I enjoy it a lot!

#### 2. Do you travel frequently?

No, but I try to travel as much as I can.

#### 3. What trip did you enjoy most?

I enjoyed my trip to Japan a couple of years ago and I have plans to go again during 1992.

#### 4. Why did you enjoy it?

I enjoyed it because the Japanese and their culture is so different and extremely interesting.

#### 5. Is there any country that you would still like to visit?

I would like to visit Japan again and I would like to visit Europe.

### Teaching Career

#### 1. What have been the highlights of your teaching career?

Being appointed Principal of St Mark's. Another highlight was Chartwell School with its connections with Japan.

#### 2. Why did you decide to become a teacher?

I like people, including children and I enjoy talking! (I talked too much when I was young!)



#### 3. If you weren't a teacher, what career would you have chosen?

I would have loved to be an airline pilot but my eyesight was not good enough.

### Hobbies and Interests

#### 1. Were you a member of any sports clubs?

Yes — I was a member of a squash club in Hastings for ... several years, and a keen supporter of Hawke's Bay Rugby (especially during the period when Hawke's Bay held the ... Ranfurly Shield).

#### 2. Do you have any hobbies?

Mainly heraldry (family history), numismatics (coin collecting), photos of the history of Wellington and collecting paper-weights.

### Concluding ...

#### 1. What are you most proud of?

This school and my wife!

#### 2. Do you have any regrets?

No, just not moving back to Wellington earlier in my career.

## Profile on new Deputy Principal

A teaching career spanning three decades in three countries has equipped Mrs Margot Wilson well for the demanding job of Deputy Principal at St Mark's School. She has previously held the same position at a large school in the United Kingdom.

Margot joined the St Mark's family seven years ago, and has been Head of Junior School for six years, this promotion mirroring her experience in the same role in England. We are fortunate indeed that she accepted the position of Deputy Principal, as her experience and diplomacy will be valuable assets as St Mark's heads into new and exciting prospects.

In her leisure time, Margot enjoys paragliding and jet-boat-ing, with more tranquil interests being gardening and craft.



*Mrs Wilson on special projects with juniors.*

## Welcome to Father John Terris

Four Standard Four pupils interviewed the acting Vicar of St Mark's, Father John Terris.

Q: Where were you born?

A: Wanganui.

Q: What was your favourite school subject?

A: English.

Q: What kind of books do you enjoy reading?

A: All sorts. Funny, serious and in-between.

Q: What kind of music do you enjoy listening to?

A: American jazz.





- Q: What is your favourite food?  
A: Oysters.
- Q: What is your favourite colour?  
A: Green.
- Q: What do you enjoy doing in your spare time?  
A: Jogging, swimming and bird-watching.
- Q: Do you have any children?  
A: Yes. I have three children and two grandchildren.
- Q: How long have you been a priest?  
A: Twenty years.

*Father John Terris*

Q: Would you ever consider becoming a Member of Parliament again?

A: Yes. But I'm not very keen at the present time.

Q: How many previous jobs have you had?

A: Three or four. I've been on radio, television and a Member of Parliament.

Q: Do you enjoy teaching children?

A: Yes, I really do enjoy it.

Q: Do you have any pets?

A: No, because I don't have time to take care of them properly, but I am very fond of animals.

Q: Have you ever been to Jerusalem?

A: No, but I would like to go in the future.

Q: What do you think is the biggest crisis facing children today?

A: The education of children for the 21st century.

Q: What is your advice to them to overcome any problems?

A: To have faith in God.

Thank you Father John for answering all our questions. We hope you enjoy your position at St Mark's.

This coverage was brought to you by Jayshrika Patel, Kylie Sutcliffe, Helen Baynes and Analisa Yorkat.

## Library

Our school library contributes to the achievement of the educational goals of the school. It is also an essential resource for the planning and implementing of the school's "learning and teaching" programme. The library serves as an effective reference source, meeting both students' and teachers' needs for specific information and reading material. Our book stock is approximately 8,500 volumes to which fiction and non-fiction material is added to yearly.

Book Fortnight was held this year in July. Most classes participated in individual class programmes during this time. Competitions were held for various sections of the school. The Junior School's competition was to draw their favourite book character. Middle School designed and made a book mark, and the Senior School designed and made a book cover. Many entries from each category were received. The standard of entries were high and Mrs M. Wilson, the judge, had a difficult time picking out the winners.

The highlight of Book Fortnight was a visit to the school by



*In the library: Nicholas Johns, David Roche with Mrs Barclay.*

Ruth Corrin, second place winner in the Aim Book Awards with her book *Secrets*. Ruth held three separate seminars which were tailored to the age of her audiences. She spoke about her work in general, how her books were illustrated, and the processes of having a book published. She also told the children how she came by her ideas for her books. Her talks were enthusiastically received by the children. Middle School's enquiring and searching questions particularly delighted her. Samples of thank you letters written by Form 1, Standards 3 and 4, were forwarded onto her a couple of weeks after her visit.

I would like to extend my thanks to the group of librarians who help in the library throughout the year. The work they do contributes to the smooth running of our library, and without their help our library would not be the efficient resource centre that it is.

*Susan Barclay  
Librarian*



### *LIBRARIANS, 1991*

Back Row (left to right): Adam Mudge, Michael Fletcher, Emmett Morris, David Roche, Matthew Prentice, Jeffrey Boardman. Fourth Row: Sarah Wolff, Riana Davis, Renu Badiani, Angela Palmer, Nikita Ranchhod, Lara Cook, Charlotte Griffin. Third Row: Cassandra Bland, Yasmin Morris, Kirsty Weyde, Rebecca Bello, Phyllida Crawford (left), Donna Fong, Emma Sutcliffe, Alida Spencer. Second Row: Matthew Chan, Adonijah Menzies, Kerry Burchett, Vanessa Huppert, Darshna Patel, Kerry Ann Lee, Lindsay Paling, Nicholas Johns, Duncan Menzies (left). Front Row: Nikki Kirk-Burnnand, Arti Badiani, Sarah-Jane Harvey, Reshma Nagar, Jaysbrika Patel, Nicola Old, Rebecca Hills, Kylie Sutcliffe, Helen Baynes

## Special Needs Programme

St Mark's considers a Special Needs Programme enables special children to maximize the benefit of the education they receive while part of the St Mark's family.

This year saw the continuation of our very successful Early Intervention Programme. Thirteen children in J1 were monitored, assessed and then enrolled on an individualized pro-



gramme, designed to prevent difficulties occurring, and establish early success, thus preventing both the fear of failure, and failure itself.

Last year's J1s enrolled on the Early Intervention Programme were monitored, and all made satisfactory progress. We are pleased that, so far, this programme eliminates the need for Reading Recovery at St Mark's.

Some pupils from J2 to Standard 4 have also received specialized tuition.

Next year sees "Special Needs" expand to include the enrichment of class programmes, which will benefit all pupils, especially those who are considered "gifted and talented". Where desirable, some children will be offered a place in an additional short-term programme designed to enhance or expand a particular talent or gift.

The Parents' Association have offered to provide computer facilities which should enable more of our "special" pupils to maximize their potential.

## French

French continues to flourish at St Mark's and is taught from Standard 3 to Form 2 with emphasis on excellent oral pronunciation and everyday conversation looking into French life, customs and history. The guillotine and the fate of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI is of extreme interest to all classes and leads to many a lively discussion on methods of execution in other countries. In lighter vein the delight of food and eating are also explored with blue cheeses, frogs' legs and snails reaching new descriptive delights.

*Athena Bland  
French Specialist*



*Mrs Bland, the French teacher.*

## Parents' Association Report

Nineteen ninety-one has been a busy and successful year for the Parents' Association. We have worked our way through the year's activities:

- Tea, coffee and biscuits provided for the Parent/Teacher Interview Night
- Suppers provided and served for the Form 1 and 2 Socials
- School Picnic
- Sausage Sizzle
- Christmas party for Pre-school and the Junior School with drinks and entertainment provided
- Supper and drinks at the Form 2 Disco
- Mathsathon
- Raffle
- Hot Cross Buns

The Parents' Association are currently actively involved in preparations for the 75th Jubilee which will be held in September 1992.

We have provided the following for the school:

- Prizes for the school's end of year prize-giving.
- Suitable wet weather clothing for staff on the School Road Patrol.
- Prizes for the Science Fair.
- Funds for artwork and Christmas decorations.
- Music books for recorder classes.
- Ten cassette tape recorders for classroom use.
- One large tape deck with amplifier for outside use.
- Buckets and scoops for Pre-school.
- Mobilo construction toys for Pre-school.

This year we have made a substantial financial investment in the new uniform shop. The new shop is now situated in the Pre-school building. The shop is much larger and has specially designed new cupboards and shelves and has been fully redecorated. I believe this to be a wise investment in both the short and long term. The shop provides a much needed service to the parents of St Mark's and operates at a modest profit.

The uniform shop has been busy, with the second-hand uniforms in great demand. Special thanks to Michele Roche and the Ladies' Auxiliary for their efforts and support.

Relationships with the various school groups have been excellent. We have welcomed our new Principal, Mr James McDonald, and have enjoyed working with him.

As one of your School Board representatives I have pleasure in informing you that all is progressing well.

I would like to thank all of the parents who have supported us throughout the past year, my committee for their loyalty and support, the Principal, Mr James McDonald, the office and school staff for their help and co-operation.

*Ray Hope,  
President*



*House music competition winners.*



## Ladies' Auxiliary Report

Nineteen ninety-one started with the Ladies' Auxiliary funding the initial cost of the visit of the Life Education Caravan. Money was also made available for a set of bibs and netball skirts, and an additional photocopier for the teaching staff was purchased.

"Ice Cream Day" was held this year and was a great success with both children and staff. Our willing bakers produced 2,000 cup cakes for "Cup Cake Day", raising over \$300 for school funds. Pizzas were also sold to raise money and this proved a popular new venture.

Help was provided by our volunteers to run the Uniform Shop and carry out library duty. We also groomed the children for their school photographs.

The report provides an excellent opportunity to thank everyone involved in our activities. Firstly, my thanks to Mr McDonald and all his staff who are always willing and supportive. Thanks also go to all the parents and children of St Mark's who helped in so many ways to make this another successful year.

Lastly my thanks go to my ever hard-working and supportive committee.

*Anne Jenkin,  
Convenor*

## Friends of St Mark's Church School Association

The past year has been a quiet one for the Friends' Association. Nineteen ninety-two, however, promises to be a busy and exciting year which will conclude with the 75th Jubilee of the school to be held during September, 1992.

The Friends' Association was formed 15 years ago by a group of enthusiastic past pupils and friends of the school who attended the 60th Jubilee. The Association has continued to support the school and church over its many years of existence and looks forward to being involved in the 75th Jubilee celebrations.

A special welcome to Ray Hope and Bev Chapman who have joined the committee for the first time this year.

My thanks to all the committee members and friends who have assisted me over the past year and I hope that I will be meeting all members of Friends at the Jubilee in September, 1992.

*Phil Bedingsfield  
Chairman*



### HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1991

Back Row (left to right): *Shane Hope (West Watson), Daniel Goodwin (Averill), Simon Gill (Owen), Peter Durham (Julius), Mrs M. Wilson*

Front Row: *Angela Palmer (West Watson), Cassandra Bland (Averill), Vanessa Huppert (Owen), Kerry Ann Lee (Julius).*



**Kylie Sutcliffe from Standard 4 was thrilled to be awarded a prize in the Commended Category of the Ashton Scholastic-What Now?-Milky Way 1991 Short Story Competition. The prize was awarded for the following story.**



# In Her Mind's Eye

She stood, waiting, watching, solitary and alone. She was like a statue carved from stone, colourless and dead. As grey and pale as the mist that swirled and hung around her huge, dark cloak.

She sensed someone else watching. Watching her. Her sharp, blue eyes darted around .... But it was no use, she already knew who it was. Her mind's eye was sharper than her naked eye. She saw within her mind the face of a man, he was the seeker, and he had come to find her. She threw up her arms in disgust. The m-mist crept slowly, shamefully down to the rugged foot of the small, grassy hill. It revealed him. It revealed the seeker ...

For the first time he saw that she was truly beautiful. He knew that it was her face that kept his people alive. She had always been there. He had always seen her, but now she was four years older. Four years more beautiful. Now her face seemed strangely new to him. *'Bring her back seeker! Bring her back, we need her now!'*

Seeker could hear the voices of the old folk ringing in his ears. She heard them too. She knew they wanted her. But she did not want them.

She had run away from them. For four years she had run, she did not want to go back. She liked to be alone with her

thoughts, her hopes and her dreams. They thought that the birds had taken her, they thought she wanted to go back.

Seeker called to her, 'Joanne, come to me. Come to me now!' He did not know, he thought she was the same, the same as all of them. Only she knew that she was different, she was special, for she knew the call of the birds, the morepork, the kiwi and the kakapo. She called them now, and they came, the loud, piercing cry of the hawk came from deep inside her heart. It swooped down, she grabbed the huge talons of the great bird.

They glided swiftly and smoothly out over the rolling countryside of New Zealand. Joanne saw within herself the ancient, wrinkled faces of the old folk, they knew now that she did not want them. The oldest, wisest one held her, the new baby. A single, perfect teardrop glistened on the child's cheek, in it the old woman saw her, Joanne, creeping under a bush. They did not need her now. They had another beautiful face, that of the new baby. Joanne was free. She drifted off to sleep and dreamed about her future. She knew where she was going, and she knew now who she was going with. She had found him there under the bush. She had seen him before, he had been there in her thoughts and her hopes and her dreams.

*by Kylie Sutcliffe S4*

# Head Prefect's Report

This year has been a great learning experience for me and at some times challenging. I myself believe that I have gained the confidence of the staff and students and have also gained a lot of confidence in myself, confidence that I definitely did not have before being appointed to the position of Head Boy. I have learnt to have courage in myself and to strive to do my best.

The year has had a lot of things in it, but I think the one that we all really enjoyed was Speech Night which went extremely well and I give my congratulations to all the organizers, competitors and winners.

The Senior and Junior Cross-Country held recently was participated in with great enthusiasm. This was very pleasing to see especially when it was only Mr Borthwick's first time.

I think, though, that the most important thing of the year was having a new Headmaster and Deputy Head. I think that this has been a very challenging event for them and in some ways also for us. Our ex-Head and Deputy were great people and amazing leaders. I think everyone thought we would have a tough time finding people to take their places, but over the past year Mr McDonald and Mrs Wilson have proved to us all that they have the talent of keeping this school going as well as it has for the last 74 years.

I have learnt a lot at St Mark's and will miss it dearly, but I



*James Rees-Thomas talks to a resident of Hadfield House.*

know that it has given a great establishment in life for the future years. I would like to pledge my greatest thanks to all the teachers at St Mark's who have given me great support over the years, and wish them the best for the years to come.

*James Rees-Thomas  
Head Prefect*





**PREFECTS 1991**

Back Row (left to right): *Philip Cameron-Jones, Jeremy Fyson, Rodney Varga, James Rees-Thomas (Head), Daniel Wong, Matthew Oppenheim, Mr J. McDonald (Principal)*

Front Row: *Rebecca Hills, Emma Sutcliffe, Renu Badiani, Lena Balakrishnan, Phyllida Crawford (left), Reshma Nagar, Sarah-Jane Harvey*

Absent: *Amber Nissen*

## Prefect Profiles

*Name:* Renu Badiani  
*Nickname:* Colonel Rabuka, Renew a book.  
*Favourite Saying:* 'O yay.'  
*Intended Career:* Lawyer  
*Probable Career:* Owning a corner dairy  
*Natural Habitat:* Science Lab.

*Name:* Philip Cameron-Jones  
*Nickname:* Flea  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Jolly good show, old chap.'  
*Intended Career:* To get an OBE and then retire.  
*Probable Career:* Scientist  
*Natural Habitat:* Computer terminal.

*Name:* Lena Balakrishnan  
*Nickname:* Lencee  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Oh shoot!'  
*Intended Career:* Criminal Lawyer  
*Probable Career:* Criminal  
*Natural Habitat:* Daniel's or Peter's place.

*Name:* Jeremy Fyson  
*Nickname:* Germey or Geriatric  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Shut up!'  
*Intended Career:* Jeweller  
*Probable Career:* Curb Cleaner  
*Natural Habitat:* His bed.

*Name:* Sarah-Jane Harvey  
*Nickname:* Sister Jane or S.J.  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Oh! Really!'  
*Intended Career:* Teacher  
*Probable Career:* Rubbish collector  
*Natural Habitat:* Back of the bus.

*Name:* Rebecca Hills  
*Nickname:* Splurge; Baka of Cameroon  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Poor baby.' 'Get serious.'  
*Intended Career:* Architect  
*Probable Career:* Bricklayer  
*Natural Habitat:* Hanging out with the Posse.  
 (Kav, Kumera, Lean Bean)

*Name:* Reshma Nagar  
*Nickname:* Antelope, Elvie  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Oh shoot!'  
*Intended Career:* Accountant or lawyer  
*Probable Career:* Owning her own shop  
*Natural Habitat:* Behind the table in the library.

*Name:* Amber Nissen  
*Nickname:* Mobil 500, Brass face.  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Get real.'  
*Intended Career:* Lawyer  
*Probable Career:* Racing car driver.  
*Natural Habitat:* Posse with S.J., Reshma and Lara.



*Name:* Matthew Oppenheim  
*Nickname:* Opie, Op Shop  
*Favourite Saying:* 'I heard that!'  
*Intended Career:* Artist  
*Probable Career:* Street kid  
*Natural Habitat:* Looking at crystals or rocks.

*Name:* Emma Sutcliffe  
*Nickname:* Brainbox  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Bad one!'  
*Intended Career:* Lawyer  
*Probable Career:* Prime Minister  
*Natural Habitat:* Boys' area of the library.

*Name:* Daniel Wong  
*Nickname:* Danny Fanny, Willie Wong, Chinese Radio  
*Favourite Saying:* 'That's sad.'  
*Intended Career:* Accountant  
*Probable Career:* Owner of McDonald's  
*Natural Habitat:* McDonald's

*Name:* James Rees-Thomas  
*Nickname:* Jay  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Shambles, mate.'  
*Intended Career:* Lawyer  
*Probable Career:* Missionary  
*Natural Habitat:* Kitchen

*Name:* Rodney Varga  
*Nickname:* Rod  
*Favourite Saying:* 'Oh shoot!'  
*Intended Career:* Financier  
*Probable Career:* Bartender  
*Natural Habitat:* Species in the Manners Mall.



#### ROAD PATROL, 1991

**Back Row (left to right):** Ashton Bilbie, John Stephens, Raymond Cho, Aaron Lutton, Dylan Van Den Beld, Lena Balakrishnan, James Rees-Thomas  
**Fifth Row (L to R):** Janene Linford, Daniel Goodwin, Paul Tsinas, Mikiti Ranchhod, Angela Palmer, Renu Badiani, Marius Toime, Demetrius Blades, Rodney Varga  
**Fourth Row (L to R):** Elliot Chapman, Emma Sutcliffe, Clifford Deighton, Matthew Simpson, Lara Cook, Christopher Wyatt, Christian Imlach, Rebecca Bello, Amber Nissen, Donna Fong  
**Third Row:** Brad Murphy, Adam Mudge, Hema Patel, Cassandra Bland, Paula Johnson, Sarah Lange, Amy Tannahill, Mathew Ward, Hayden Bowers, Clayton Burns  
**Second Row:** Jeffrey Boardman, Philip Cameron-Jones, Vanessa Huppert, Matthew Oppenheim, David Fellows, Georgie Tsalis, Darshna Patel, Kerry Ann Lee, Kerry Burchett  
**Front Row:** Sarah-Jane Harvey, David Paling, Reshma Nagar, Hamish Dahya, Rebecca Hills, Shane Hope

## Salvete

We extend a warm welcome to the following pupils who have joined the school during the year.

Renee England  
 David Campbell  
 Juliette Campbell  
 Scott Duthie  
 Rochelle Duthie  
 Melanie Gibbons  
 Amisha Patel  
 Angela Etheridge  
 John-Paul Etheridge  
 Vincent Lowe  
 Reupena Fretton  
 Luanshya Fretton  
 Nicholas Hovenden  
 Jerome Guenole  
 Nicholas Hardman  
 Mark Switzer  
 Rebecca Paton  
 Steven Wong  
 Christian Imlach  
 Timothy Siau  
 Lewis Cattermole  
 Jane McManamon  
 Daniel Johns  
 Anastasia Bland  
 Shivani Bhula  
 David Hamilton-Williams  
 Simon Ratner  
 Leonie Carter  
 Tejal Patel  
 Joshua Spry  
 Hayley Tindle  
 Christopher Yardley  
 Jessica Oliver

Jaime McGuinness  
 Tibor Nissen  
 Jay Sowry  
 Ryan Kerr  
 Ravi Maisuria  
 Rebecca Stewart  
 David Keenan  
 Frank Cheung  
 Claire Hunter  
 Tina Simpson  
 Hamish O'Connor  
 Alexander O'Connor  
 Chetan Sukha  
 Mikey Halikias  
 Jainesh Patel  
 Thomas Dickson  
 Lenton Neale  
 Peter Moran  
 Shivanthan Shanthikumar  
 Peter Lamb  
 Bradley McGregor  
 Benjamin Eden  
 Joss Jenner-Leuthart  
 Prashant Patel  
 Kiran Paima  
 Miles Seddon  
 Taiki Yanagishima  
 Gioia Damosso  
 Jonathon Wood  
 Tina-Marie Housse  
 Hugh Parker  
 Kunal Madhav  
 Jaron Wilson

Sarah Chan  
 Ashleigh Rae  
 Kimesha Gopal  
 Christopher Cho  
 Terrence Walshe  
 Sarah Ny  
 Benjamin Tilyard  
 Vanessa Mudge  
 Matthew Falla  
 Karl Price  
 Ben Tinney  
 Warwick Black  
 Jennifer Richardson  
 Andrew Cassels  
 Delia Loizou  
 Ben Jenner-Leuthart  
 Pamela Chu  
 Sapna Chhibu  
 Edith Haturini  
 Alan Ormiston  
 Julian Tupai  
 Shanel Stephens  
 Freya Craig  
 Scott Hutchinson  
 Verity Gemmell  
 Rikhel Dahya  
 Demetri Serepisos  
 Sophia Papadopoulos  
 Manoj Patel  
 Emma Mansfield  
 Scott Christian



# Pre-school



Pre-school Heath had a very successful "Teddy Bear" week with "Teddy Bear" picnics, "Teddy Bear" stories and "Teddy Bear" pictures.



Chlöe, the canary, is an entertaining and occasionally noisy member of Pre-school Old.



The Pre-schoolers thoroughly enjoy the outdoor play equipment.



*James Sincock in the police car.*

Pre-school has regular visits from Police Constable Sincock. The children enjoy his illustrated talks and love looking at and sitting in the police car.



*Peter's picture of Grandma and Grandpa, painted with love.*

Grandparents' Afternoon is a very popular event in Pre-school.

## Witches

We put buttons and a liquorice hat on our gingerbread witches.

*by Claire Hunter*





*Pre-school Old's Witch's Hat Day.*

We put pebbles on our witch and gave her a broom.

*by Jamie McArtney*

I made a gingerbread witch. I put buttons and a hat on it.

*by Emma Ogilvie-Lee*

We made gingerbread witches. We put a broomstick and hat on them.

*by Anastasia Bland*

We put the pebbles on our witch with special icing.

*by Shivani Bhula*

We put buttons and a liquorice hat on our gingerbread witches.

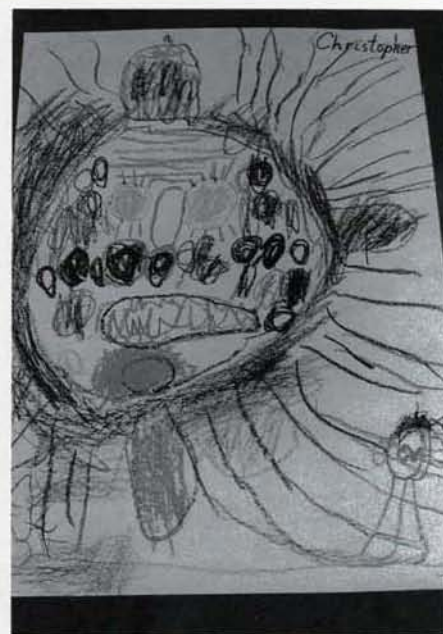
*by Rhys Clareburt*



*Edward Clark*



*Anastasia Bland*



*Christopher Yardley*



**PRE-SCHOOL HEATH, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Tejal Patel, Troy Nissen, Simon Ratner, Anastasia Bland, Hayley Tindle, Ravi Maisuria  
Second Row: Rhys Clareburt, Edward Clark, Rebecca Stewart, Joshua Spry, Ryan Kerr, David Hamilton-Williams  
Front Row: Jaime McGuinness, Nikhil Parbhu, Leonie Carter, Jessica Oliver, Daniel Johns, Jay Sowry, Shivani Bhula.



**PRE-SCHOOL OLD, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Luke Aldridge, Janita O'Connor, Karakate Ou, Risha Kumar, Jane McManamon, Lauren Kelly, Mrs N. Harding  
Second Row: Cameron Paterson, James Sincok, Danielle Caldwell, Christopher Yardley, Jasmine Gray, Edward Oppenheim, Daniel McLean  
Front Row: Martin Lee, Timothy Mackenzie, Lee Corleison, Rebecca Speer, Mariko Grainger, Jamie McArtney, Vaughn Tattersall, Lisa Dugdale.



# Junior School

The Junior Syndicate's year has been a somewhat hectic one. At the beginning of the first term our Head of Department, Mrs Margot Wilson, took over the job of Acting Deputy Principal while, at the same time, continuing with her duties as Head of Junior School. Then, in the second term, following Margot's permanent appointment as Deputy Principal, Mrs Marie Ward admirably filled the role of Acting Head of our Syndicate.



*Miss Suzanne Leask,  
Head of Junior School.*

In the Third Term we welcomed Miss Suzanne Leask to the position of Head of Junior School. Suzanne came to us from Ridgeway School where she was Deputy Principal and she has many years of teaching experience. Her varied interests include travel and drama. We all wish her a long and happy association with St Mark's.

Ours is the largest syndicate in the school, besides Suzanne in the New Entrants' Room, we have Judy Lang and Margaret Button teaching the J1 classes, Judy Fox and Jean Morgan in the J2 area and Marie Ward and Moira McAlister take our Standard One classes. We are supported and assisted by Mrs Marlene Thomas, our hardworking and ever cheerful classroom assistant.

In fact, hard work and cheerfulness are characteristics of the syndicate generally and we all enjoy the companionship of our colleagues and the very rewarding results which come from working with these very young and very individual children.

## Obituary

In July, one of the best known figures in the history of St Mark's died. Mrs Julianne Kirby was for many years Head of the Junior School and several of our teachers taught with her. Indeed, many of our senior students were taught by her.

Judy Lang delivered the following eulogy at Mrs Kirby's funeral and her words are a fitting tribute:

*'All of us are gathered here on this sad occasion to pay tribute to a woman who was an inspired teacher, a stimulating colleague, a personal friend and a devoted mother. Mrs Kirby will be remembered for her vibrant personality and her tall, slim figure striding along the corridors of St Mark's clad in her beautiful colour co-ordinated clothes from her neatly groomed hair to her elegant high heeled shoes. For me, she was a constant source of inspiration and is still today a reference point to which I constantly refer. Many of us will be able to remember the wonderful concerts and Junior School Assemblies at which she so skilfully played the piano. In 1971 the Kirbys were St Mark's. I still think of the many weekends they spent in painting the classrooms of the old school and the many fascinating things they unearthed in their efforts. Mrs Kirby led thousands of New Zealand children into reading and writing throughout her teaching career which spanned many decades. Her way became known as the Kirby way.'*

*'As I say a very heart-felt farewell and thanks to you Mrs Kirby, I feel immense pride in having been associated with the Kirby family as they raised this school to the prominent position it enjoys today.'*

## Performances

In April this year the "Odd Bods" came to perform a play for the Junior School. The play was about living with each other and how we have to be understanding of one another. This produced some very interesting discussions. As did the CCS who came with their puppet show in June. The puppets portrayed cerebral palsy, spina bifida, asthma, deafness and partially sighted disabilities. In August Norrie Gibson came and involved the children in the ballet *Petroushka*. September saw the whole Junior School going to Wellington College to see the annual senior drama production. This year the play was *The Hobbit* which was performed to the usual high standard. At the end of October the Shuttleback Theatre from Australia came. They told traditional stories and improvised stories which involved the audience. As you can see the Junior School has had a busy year.

## Windy Night

In the night  
I got such a fright.  
The telephone rang,  
The door slammed,  
The clock went cuckoo,  
The windows opened,  
Then everything was quiet.

*by Nadine Thomas J2*



*Phillip Newell and Edwina Cheung meeting the Governor-General.*



## The Witch

She twirled around,  
The sky at night.  
Giving everyone she saw a fright.  
She jumped, and snapped,  
And flew around.  
She was a dreadful sight.  
My little cousins aged  
Three, four and five  
They almost died.  
My mother and father and Uncle  
Blair shook with rage,  
As they played instruments on the  
Stage.

*by Jenna Mein J2*

## Grandparents' Day

On Grandparents' Day my Grandma did not come because my Grandpa had to have treatment. I had to do work. But I like doing work because it is fun. I talk to Jasper's mother, too. But the thing I liked best about Grandparents' Day was doing work while the grandmas and grandpas were talking to their granddaughters and grandsons.

*by Erini Houtas J2*

## My Grandparents

My grandparents are very generous. Every time they come and see us they give Amelia and me a little present. Last time they came they gave me a pop ball. In Taupo at their holiday house



*Jessica Bello's Grandmother.*



*Junior Percussion on Grandparents' Day.*

they grow beautiful green beans, and catch big trout. Once I caught a real biggie and it weighed about two pounds. We had it for dinner the next night and it was delicious.

*by Henry Johnson J2*

My grandfathers died before I was born. One died of old age and the other one died of a heart attack. But I still have my Gran and Granny in England. When my Granny came to New Zealand she went on Fiordland Travel and my Gran went on Australian Pacific. My Gran and Granny call us scallywags. My Gran bowls me cricket balls and I bat them back to her. When I go to my Granny's house, in the morning I say 'Boo' to her and she says 'Boo to you too' back. My Gran lives in Upminster and my Granny lives in Hull.

*by Steven Paling J2*

My Grandma and Grandpa live in India. My other Grandma lives in Palmerston North. She lives with my uncle. Some weekends I go to Palmerston North to meet them. My Mum's Dad died. My Mum was crying a lot. I made funny faces but it didn't work. I wiped her tears. Then she was all right. That happened a few days back. I love my grandparents.

*by Lavanya Raman J1*

## My Grandmother

My grandma is 100 years old. My Mum says that she's always living in the past. I guess so. My Grandma's daughter got married recently. When we go out she never comes with us. She says that she is too old. I guess so. Maybe it's her age she's worried about. She copes. I still wish her luck, for her dog as well.

*by Shalini Shanthikumar J2*

## My Grandfather

My grandfather has brown eyes. Every day after school I say hello to him. He lives with me. He wears pyjamas and glasses to read and glasses to watch TV. I help my grandfather to get to the kitchen because he cannot walk properly. I help him with most things. Sometimes he gives me a lolly for helping. My grandfather sometimes gets my clothes. I say thank you. I help him take his socks off when he has his bath. He gets draughts sometimes because he has asthma. Sometimes I eat fish and chips with him. I like being with him and playing checkers.

*by Jagrut Lallu J2*





*Jenna Mein's Grandmother.*

## My Experiment

One day I wanted to do an experiment with my chemistry set and first of all I put in some bibo mixture then I went up to my sister's bedroom and asked if she would help and she said yes. My sister's name is Julia and she is eight years old. I am six years old. My sister and I went down to the basement where I was making my experiment before. Then we put in gas acid and some pebble pobble mixture. After we had put in a few more things we went and put it on the oven to boil. We left it for two hours and five seconds. When we came back it was yellow, black, white, blue, red and crimson and brown and green. I put some on my testing table. Suddenly it disappeared and in its place there was a golden table. Then I noticed that the mixture I had made turned things in to gold. I told my Mummy about the table. Suddenly she went crazy, like she had feet in her ears and ears on her feet and bangers up her bottom. She asked me to put it on all the money we had. When I was doing that I spilt some on myself and I disappeared. It didn't change me into gold. Instead it changed me into a dog, but there was just one thing about it. It changed me back next day. But before I changed back I had an adventure. First I went after a cat and then had a fight with another dog and I won. Once I nearly got caught by a dog catcher but I got away and he swore. In the morning when I got changed back I saw my mother crying and banging her head against the wall. When she saw me she ran up to me and hugged me. Then she asked me the story and I told her everything that happened. Now Mummy never lets me use my chemistry set again and as for the experiment my Mummy tipped it down the sink and that was the end of my experiment.

*by Philip Baynes J2*

## My Bad Day

On Monday it was a school day. My Mum woke me up early in the morning. I said to Mum, 'Can't I sleep in a little bit?' My Mum said, 'No!' Then my Mum said, 'Get dressed and hurry up.' When I got out to have my breakfast my Dad was going and I wanted to see him off but Mum said, 'No, sit down and eat your breakfast.'

I had some muesli and four pieces of toast with honey on it. My Mum got ready for school. When I was about to put on my blazer and cap my sister had put them on. So I had to get the blazer and cap off her so I ran around the table and finally I got them off her and told her not to do that again. My Mum took me to school. My Mum picked up Hamish so I was very late for school. I did my homework then went down to assembly. I sat down and sang. Someone hit me and I hit them back and the teacher saw me and said 'Stand up.'

When assembly was over I ran in the corridor and when I got into the classroom Mrs McAlister told me off for yelling in the classroom. Then I said to myself 'My day is not what I want it to turn out to be.' I didn't go to P.E. because I had to catch up on things. So I did. When P.E. was over I had finished. Then the bell rang and I went out to play. I hurt someone because someone hurt me by accident. They told the teacher. The teacher told me off. The next play was lunch play. I played on the bars. I had a great time, but I kicked two people in the forehead. Both said 'Ouch!' I said 'Sorry.'

When the bell rang I went in. I worked very hard to catch up on maths and *The Hobbit* so I missed a little bit of play. Mrs Ward, my teacher, said 'Five minutes till we pack up.' If I didn't finish my things I'd finish them for homework.

I didn't finish my things so I did them for homework. I missed two kids' programmes. They were called *Denver*, *the Last Dinosaur* and *Peter Pan*. I saw *The Bugs Bunny Show*. I had a shower and I hate showers but I did have a shower. Ugh! When I went to bed it was seven-thirty. I said to myself 'Tomorrow is Tuesday,' and I went to sleep quickly and had a little nightmare.

*by Jordan Carter S1*

## My Very Worst Day

This is my worst day ever. Today, we got stuck in the traffic on the way to school. I dropped my play-lunch on the ground and someone stood on it. I didn't like my sandwiches because inside it was cheese and butter and I didn't like that. Also, the bread wasn't fresh. I gave my chips to Frances because she wanted them but I didn't. I ate my raisins. 'Yuck,' I said to myself. 'Those raisins are dry. I don't like them.'

When I went outside for play I played on the bars. I fell off the bars. What a day. I decided not to play on the bars. I ran around the play ground. Suddenly, I tripped and fell over. The teacher fixed me up and I played stiff candle.

After school I went swimming. The end of the day turned out to be a good day after all. When we got home I told Mum about my bad day. She thought it was very funny.

*by Jasmin Chan S1*

## Odd Bods

There were three people in *Odd Bods*. Their names were Pettifer, Joey and Peter. Peter and Joey lived in very small houses but Pettifer lived in a very big house. So Peter, Joey and Pettifer made a big house by putting all the houses together. Pettifer was clean, tidy and quiet. Joey was loud, messy and like to do exercises. Peter liked to play music and sing and dance and also he was messy. One day Pettifer showed Joey and Peter her music box and they played around with it and broke it. So Pettifer tried to fix it but she couldn't because Peter was playing music and singing. They never got



on well until Pettifer had an idea. She said they had to have rules. I don't have a favourite part about it because I liked all of it.

*by Natalie Newman S1*

On Friday my class went to a play. It was called *Odd Bods*. It was about some people who wanted a bigger house. Their names were Pettifer, Joey, and Ludwig. Well it all started like this. Joey wanted to keep fit, so she did exercises. The only problem was that her house was too small. The other lady liked to keep things clean. But the problem with her house was that she didn't have anything to do, but her house was also very small too. There was a man called Ludwig. His house was also small, just like the other houses. Whenever he took a bath his rubber ducky fell out! Then they all walked outside. After they had walked outside, they saw each other. They said, 'Hello' to each other. Then Pettifer said, 'We have all got small houses!' 'So we have,' said Joey and Ludwig together. 'I know what to do,' said Ludwig. 'We can put our houses together!' 'Yes, we can put our houses together,' said Joey and Pettifer. 'Well, let's get going,' said Joey. So they turned their houses around. Then they all looked in each other's houses. When they were in Joey's house everything smelt horrible. When they were in Pettifer's house everything was tidy. When they went in Ludwig's, he did not have nice things. Now they had their houses together, so they made some rules. But then they got into a fight so Pettifer went away. She went away because Joey and Ludwig had broken her music box. But then they fixed it so Pettifer came back.

*by Jacinta Syme S1*

## Jack and the Beanstalk

When Jack woke up in the night and saw the bean had grown up to the sky he said 'So that old lady was right.' He began his long journey up the beanstalk. At last he reached the top. He got to the castle and knocked on the door. The door opened. He saw a little mouse. A giant's wife stood before the mouse. The giant's wife was nice. The giant's wife told the boy that the giant had a gold cat. It gave birth to golden kittens and Jack would be rich. When the giant was sleeping he took it and ran as fast as he could. He called to his mother, 'Get the axe.' She did. The beanstalk fell on the giant and they lived happily ever after.

*by Alexandra Cooper J2*

In the morning, when Jack woke up he saw a green light. When Jack looked at the beanstalk from the left he saw it looked like gold. When he went to the right side he saw it looked like silver. He got onto the beanstalk and started climbing. He hadn't gone far when some birds came and perched right in Jack's way. He tried to scare them but the birds would not fly away so Jack climbed onto the other side. Just then he went through a cloud and when Jack got above the cloud, what did Jack see? He saw Wizard-land. He went to a humungus house. Jack opened the door. A giant was sleeping. Jack quickly climbed up a chair and grabbed the purse and ran to the beanstalk and dropped the purse by his mother's feet and ran back to the giant's castle.

Jack saw a hen. He wanted to take it home so he got on the table and stole the hen. Jack said 'Lay' and the hen laid Jack a golden egg. He dropped it down to his mother. Then he ran back to the castle and stole a harp and the giant opened his eyes and started to chase Jack to the beanstalk. When Jack got to the beanstalk it turned into a pole and Jack went down and when the giant got on the beanstalk the beanstalk broke.

*by Shehan Joseph J2*



*The Junior Choir on Grandparents' Day.*

## The Puppet Show

At first at the puppet show the girls talked. I forget the girls' names. This puppet came up. His name was called Mark. Another puppet came up. He was in a wheelchair. I forget the guy's name in the wheelchair. They were talking about pets. The guy in the wheelchair bought a rock. Mark said 'This is not a pet, it is a rock.'

*by Matthew Bourne J2*

## The Holidays

In the holidays I went to America. We went all around California and the first place we went to was San Francisco. In San Francisco we went shopping and I got pump Reebooks and my sister got a San Francisco sweatshirt and pump Reebooks. After we went shopping we went back to the hotel.

The next day we went on a tour around San Francisco and the first place we went to was this church that everyone could look at. After we finished looking at the church we got the bus. The bus driver drove the bus into the Bay Bridge and out. Then the bus driver drove the bus into the Golden Gate Bridge and out. Then everyone got off the bus and stood in a line to go on a boat to Alcatraz. Alcatraz is where the very bad criminals from all around California were. In Alcatraz we got a walkman and listened on the earphones about how these two criminals escaped. After we went to Alcatraz we went to the Levi's factory and I asked my Mum if I could get some Levi jeans because they were only twenty dollars and she said 'Yes.' After I got my Levi jeans we went to the Benetton shop and my sister got a grey sweatshirt that had 'Benetton' written in blue. After my sister got her Benetton sweatshirt we stood in a line to get the tickets for the tram ride. After we got the tickets a man asked if we would like to go in his limo and we said 'Yes.' When we went into the limo he told us what was the tallest building in San Francisco. When we got out of the limo we asked the driver if we could look at the white limo and he said 'Yes.' When we looked inside the limo there was a TV and a bar. After we looked at the limo we went back to the hotel. When we went to the hotel I wanted to see if my jeans fitted me and they did. After I tried my jeans I went to bed.

The next day we got a rental car and we drove down the crookedest street. After we drove down the crookedest street we drove down to the Santa Cruz Beach Boardwalk. The Santa Cruz Beach Boardwalk is a beach with log flumes and rollercoasters. After, we drove down the coast to get the tickets to go to Hearst Castle. Hearst Castle is a big castle that was built by William Randolph Hearst. After, we drove down to a little village called Salvang. In Salvang we got lots of danish



## 20 Junior School

pastries that were very tasty. After, we drove to Santa Barbara and we went shopping. After we went shopping we drove down to L.A.

When we went to L.A. we went to Disneyland. In Disneyland I had a picture with Pinocchio, Goofy, Pluto, Minnie and Mickey. Then we went on the log flume which is called 'Splash Mountain'. Splash Mountain was the best ride in Disneyland. Then we went on a ride called the Matterhorn. The Matterhorn is very scary and the thing that is scary about that ride is that you think you are going to crash in the ice but you don't. After we finished going on all the rides in Disneyland we caught a bus and went back to the hotel.

The next day we went to an amusement park which was called Knotts Berry Farm. In Knotts Berry Farm I went on an upside-down rollercoaster that was called Montezuma's Revenge. When I went upside down I kept on going down. The next ride I went on was an upside-down rollercoaster which was called the Boomerang. The Boomerang had three loops and you would go around the loops six times. When my Dad, my sister and I went upside down we were screaming. After we finished going on all the rides we had dinner at a Mexican restaurant. At the Mexican restaurant my Mum and I got some chips, and my sister got a taco and my Dad got some chilli beans. After we finished having dinner we went back to the hotel.

The next day my Mum, my Dad, my sister and I went to a beach called Newport Beach. In Newport Beach my sister and I went into the sea and our body was very itchy. After we came out of the water my Dad drove my Mum, my sister and me to another beach called Long Beach. Long Beach is a beach that has the *Spruce Goose* and the *Queen Mary*. The *Queen Mary* is the biggest ship in the world and it has ghosts. The *Spruce Goose* is in a dome and it is the biggest aeroplane ever built. After, we went back to the hotel. The next day we went on a tour to San Diego Seaworld. When we got to San Diego Seaworld we first went to the Dolphin Show and the Dolphins had to flip over a stick. After the Dolphin show had finished we went to the Shamu Stadium and the mother whale did some flips. After the show was finished we went back to the hotel. The next day we caught a bus and we went to L.A. Airport. In L.A. Airport my Mum got a little spoon. About four hours later we went into the plane.

*by Srivaths Rajasekar S1*

There the goblins saw a big blue worm which was dead. But it looked disgusting to the little goblins. Suddenly a boy grabbed them by their ears. The boy had big brown glasses and one goblin pulled off the boy's glasses. When the boy looked at the goblins they just looked like slime. So the boy put the goblins down and snatched the glasses off them. Soon the goblins made a deep hole and slept there. In the morning the goblins went and stole some cup cakes off a human. But a spider was following them so the goblins ran into a little, empty mouse hole. They decided to stay there forever. They stole some wood, a hammer and nails. They used it to make beds. Once they went outside but a huge cat started chasing them so they ran in their house so the cat couldn't get them. So the goblins stayed there forever and they lived happily ever after. One day Nick and Bill made a disco and it was on every Friday. They invited every animal they liked.

One day the goblins pulled the disco down. They made it closed. Some ants were jealous about the goblins. They made some guns and motor bikes and crash helmets. The ants were going to find them and catch them. When the goblins heard this they were afraid. But one was a scientist and he made a time machine anyway. The goblins didn't like violence. The other goblin thought it was incredible. When they went in time they landed on a triceratops, then they introduced themselves. Soon they made friends. But the problem was that the time machine was broken. One goblin thought it was impossible for the time machine to be broken and he didn't know what remarkable meant. The other goblin thought a whirlwind would come. Soon the time machine was fixed and they went home.

*by Tom Sheppard S1*

### Going to the Library

Going to the library is fun. You get to meet new books and experience the fun that you have. Activity books are excellent because you get to make your own toys, and magic tricks are fun and weird because some of use do not understand because they're very difficult. Pretend books are all right but they're a bit boring. I like Mrs Barclay because she is kind and generous. I feel happy when I go to the library.

*by Zoltan Cross S1*

### In the Holidays

I went to Raumatī on Thursday. The day we arrived, which was on Thursday, was a very busy day, but Hamish, Alexander and I ran onto the beach. We were all happy because it was sunny every day. At night-time I played Uno with Mum and Dad. After I played Uno I went to sleep. I slept on the top of the bunk bed. There are four bunk beds. There are two in the shed and two in the house. The next day, Alice, Anna and Rodger came to play. We went down to the stream. It was quite cold, but it wasn't very cold. We jumped in the water. We got soaking wet. It was fun. We ran over the bridge. Alice stayed for two nights. She was very good at playing Uno. I slept on one bunk and Alice slept on the other bunk. We played I Spy until we went to sleep. The next day we went to the park. We got an ice-block. I had a pineapple Fruju. It tasted nice. Then we went home. On Sunday we had a shower. We watched TV. The only programme that we watched was called *Batman*. After that we got ready to go home. My brothers went in Grandad's car. Alice and I went in Dad's car. We got some sweets.

*by Lydia O'Connor S1*



*Lydia O'Connor S1*

### The Adventure of the Two Goblins

One day two toy goblins came alive and they ran out to the garden. Their names were Nick and Bill. They had yellow eyes and a green body. The goblins thought all the insects looked revolting. A big black spider wanted to eat the two goblins. Suddenly a bird picked them up and carried them to its nest.



## Eastbourne

On a Sunday in 1989 we went to Eastbourne in a boat. My Mum and my sister went in a car. We went inside the boat. The sailor said 'Three people?' and my father said 'Yes,' because only my father, brother and me were going in the boat. Then the boat reversed. I never knew a boat could reverse! My father said that the inventions get newer and better. When the boat was out in the sea, we felt that the boat was rocking. But when I went out, the rocking feeling disappeared! I saw at the back of the boat water come soaking out. There was a tunnel right at the very bottom. My father saw that first. He said that the water can rush through the tunnel so it can go much faster. And when the boat got there, our mother and our sister had come to Eastbourne in the car, so we all went in the car and went back home.

by Colin Chow S1

## Bounce Like a Ball

Bounce bounce  
Like a ball  
Bouncing up to jump the wall.  
High high  
In the sky  
Where the pretty birds fly by.  
Down down  
To the ground  
Ready for another bounce.

by Bradford Stricker S1

## The Hobbit

We went to see a play at Wellington College. It was called *The Hobbit*. I have got the book of *The Hobbit*. *The Hobbit* is part of a three-part story called *The Lord of the Rings*. It is an adventure with Bilbo Baggins, the Hobbit, Gandolf, the Wizard (I liked him best), the Dwarves, Trolls and lots more. Bilbo joined a troop of Dwarves. Their leader, Gandolf, is a wizard. In the play Bilbo finds a ring that makes him invisible. Later, he finds out that it is Gollum's ring that he got for his birthday. The Dwarves, the Wizard, and Bilbo seek the treasure which the dragon Smaug stole from them. They have a dangerous journey fighting Elves, Trolls, Goblins, Spiders and people. At the end there is a battle and the most important of all the dwarves was killed.

by Michael Keenan S1

On 23 September we went to *The Hobbit*. First, we had to go along to Mrs Button's and get a partner. We had to look after the partner. *The Hobbit* was at the Wellington College. First, we had to walk along the drive. When we had got to Wellington College we had to go to the Brierley Theatre. When the play started the characters were Bilbo Baggins and Gandolf, the Wizard. The dwarves' names were Balin, Dwalin, Fili, Kili, Oin, Gloin, Nori and Ori. My favourite bit was when they were fighting. They were sent to kill a dragon because the dragon was living in their home. I liked the Hobbit. The dragon looked like a big lizard. It had a mouth. The mouth was made of cardboard. His eyes were red. I thought it would be hard to make the dragon. You would need a lot of things to make it. I thought the dragon was good. I liked it because it was good. Also, I liked it because it must have taken a lot of work to do that play.

by Andrew McManamon S1

On 23 September 1991 our class went to see *The Hobbit*. Before we went to see *The Hobbit* our class had to go and get a child from Mrs Button's class. Our class had to hold our partner's hand. When we were walking up, my partner said to me, 'There was only one hump and the sign said two humps.' I said, 'There's probably another hump coming ahead.' Then our class was finally there. Our class had to sit down for a while. Then we went in. When you went in, you had to go through a door. I had to go up and sit right at the top. My favourite part was when Bilbo Baggins was reading the paper and smoking a pipe. I liked the part when the dragon came into the stage. The dragon had red eyes. The dragon's voice was very gruff. I also liked the part where the dwarves' leader died because he laughed instead of being dead! I liked the part when the reader went up the stairs to James Clark and asked him if he was listening or not.

by Anita Manga S1

## A Windy Day

When the wind blows me about it feels like it's saying congratulations in my mind. The wind can be very cold some times. The wind can make ice. If the wind was very strong it could cause disasters. Once I heard that a ferry was on the sea and the wind caused disasters. When it's a hot day I wish that it was a little bit windy. I like it when the wind blows on your face and ears. If you think about it the wind is very handy. If you go down a hill when the wind is blowing it makes you go faster. The wind pushes you about, it pushes you sideways, backwards and forwards.

by Andrew McManamon S1

Once when it was a windy day it nearly blew down our aerial. It's incredible how strong it is and it's difficult for me to move when the wind blows. Most of the time the wind blows me down my street. Sometimes it sounds like it's whistling. Sometimes the wind makes me do a lot of exercise. Also when I play basketball the wind blows my ball. It's quite interesting hearing the noise of the wind. I think the wind does a lot of damage and it's quite remarkable too. Sometimes the wind is fun to play with. The wind is one of my favourite things to play with. Sometimes I think a whirlwind might come. Most of the time the wind is a pain.

by Tom Sheppard S1

A windy day is like the most powerful hairdryer that blows your hair around. You feel the nasty cold touching your skin. Sometimes the wind scares you. Some people say 'I don't care,' but I think that deep down they are very much frightened. I can never run with the wind, because it's too fast. I can't play on the bars, because it's too powerful for me, and it's even more stronger and heavier than I am. I don't like the wind being very much bigger than I am because it covers the whole earth.

by Zoltan Cross S1

A windy day is like someone pushing you around, treating you like a kid who could not control himself. It's like someone pushing you, especially when you are running down a hill on full speed. With my hair sticking up I go running down the hill, faster, faster, faster. Then I say to myself 'Stop,' but the wind says 'No.' Then the wind dies down. I stopped just in time. If I had gone zooming down the hill I would have crashed into a tree!

by Joss Jenner-Leuthart



## Kittens

Skipping, skipping  
Around the bush,  
Go the  
Kittens in  
Their mittens.  
Purring, when rubbing  
Their backs against  
The back of  
Trees,  
Hissing, hissing  
As they please.

*by Jacinta Syme*

## Jumping

I like jumping  
Yes I do.  
I like jumping on the tramp,  
On the floor,  
And even on my bed.  
I jump high,  
And I jump low.  
That's what I jump on,  
Boing, boing, boing.

*by Lydia O'Connor S1*

Jumping, skipping  
Hopping, swinging  
Try not to fall down  
Or you'll break your crown.  
First with a hop  
Then stop  
Second with a skip  
You'd better be quick  
Third with a swing  
That is with some skill.  
Last with a jump  
So I'm off now.

*by Nirmalie Rupasinghe*



*Andrew Durant, Matthew Bourne, Blair Ross, Katrina Nikitopoulos and Keri-Mei Zagrobelna with their ugly ducklings.*



*Some Junior and Pre-school children with the Pink Panther.*

## Pink Panther Parade

At midday on 17 October a procession of junior and pre-school children lined up in front of the church. A festive line-up of army trucks and decorated cars preceded the arrival of the Pink Panther. The publicity drive from the Island Bay Lions was to raise funds for Child Cancer and many stickers and lollies were in evidence.

## J1's visit to the Fire Station and the Courtenay Place Bus Depot

On 6 November the J1 classes braved the blustery conditions to visit first the Central Fire Station and then the Courtenay Place Bus Depot. They will not forget having a turn at holding the hose! At the Bus Depot, an excited bus-load of J1s took the ride through the bus wash.



*The Junior School Syndicate: Judy Lang, Jean Morgan, Marie Ward, Marlene Thomas, Margaret Button, Suzanne Leash, Moira McAlister, Judith Fox.*





J1B, 1991

Back Row (left to right): Vincent Cattermole, Guy de Groot (left), Damien Govind, Daniel Whelan, Niven Rama, Darren Park  
Third Row: Mrs M. Button, Wesley Logo, Daniel Wierenga, Mathew Vibert (left), Charles Trotter, Paris Serepis, Adam Roberts (left), Calvin Chan, Mrs M. Thomas. Second Row: Renee England, Emma Garlick, Teresa-Ann Chan, Jessica Connolly, Zoe Virtue (left), Jessica Aitchison. Front Row: Amanda Chu, Michele Munro, Radbika Patel, Jessica Bratt, Jayne Quarterman, Ala Falaumoetui, Julia Mulholland, Melissa Burney.



J1J, 1991

Back Row (left to right): Mrs J. Lang, Jay Harvie, Oliver Cox, Michael Gill, Blair Townley, Orestis Lytrs, Hament Patel, Lyndon McGaughran, Mrs M. Thomas. Second Row: Phillip Newell, Chelsea Stricker, Amin Khan, Ketan Chibbu, Lenoka Rupasinghe, Adrian Fong, Richard Snook. Front Row: Chloe Petherick, Jaysell Gopal, Amelia Lee, Edwina Cheung, Natalie Berkett, Lavanya Raman, Rebecca Mahon, Victoria Linford.



J2F, 1991

Back Row (left to right): Nino Tsalis, Richard Hosegood, Andrew Durant, Hamish Clareburt, Gregory Johns, Matthew Bourne  
Second Row: Shalini Shantbhikumar, Priscilla Patel, Blair Ross, Scott Bell, Jasper Chung-Evangelista, Shehan Joseph, Angelina Jackson. Third Row: Shinyi Chan, Alexandra Cooper, Keri-Mei Zagrobelna, Genevieve Ogilvie-Lee, Juliette Campbell, Karena Wong, Kate McCaul. Front Row: Joanna Chan, Sunita Maisuria, Alana Faleolo, Stephanie McMullan, Erini Houtas, Rebecca Wierenga, Erica Grainger, Katrina Nikitopoulos.



J2M, 1991

Back Row (left to right): Hayden Gemmell, Henry Johnson, Christopher Hunter, Nicolas Antonopoulos, James McKenzie, Matt Kirby, Jagrut Lallu. Third Row: Shane McGregor, Elliot Corlieson, Phirum Koy, Jonathan Tai, Steven Paling, Jonathan Papert (left), Samuel Rodbourn, Zoltan Partosh. Second Row: Keith Chau, Lisa Bason (left), Jenna Mein, Jessica Bello, Kristie Richardson, Tara Sincok, Philip Baynes. Front Row: Rashmi Chouhan, Diana Chan, Rabila David, Rosel Labone, Caroline Rae, Alexandra Papadopoulos, Anastasia Blades, Nadine Thomas.



STANDARD 1M, 1991

Back Row (left to right): Jonathan Fletcher, Tom Sheppard, Royce Goddard, Andrew McManamon, Bradford Stricker, Demetrios Nikitopoulos. Third Row: Noah Craig, Nicholas Mills, Lewis Cattermole, Robert Vibert (left), Zoltan Cross, Joshua Stephens (left). Second Row: Stephen England, Lydia O'Connor, Anita Manga, Nirmalie Rupasinghe, Helena Caldwell, Cathy Steensma, Srivaths Rajasekar. Front Row: Jennifer Clark, Louise Stephens, Petra Thompson (left), Amber Vink, Carina Harache, Bhavani Dabha, Jacinta Syme.



STANDARD 1W, 1991

Back Row (left to right): Scott Duthie, Richard Burney, Ronak Patel, James Clark, James Emmerson, Matthew Lawson. Third Row: Mrs M. Ward, Michael Keenan, Jordan Carter, Luke Roberts (left), Jared Dreyer, Adam Ranganui, Edward Leighton. Second Row: Katy Robertson, Colin Chow, Reena Maisuria, Natalie Newman, Tagiilima Vaeau, Norbert Lee, Damon Chu. Front Row: Amisha Patel, Jasmin Chan, Melanie Gibbons, Claire Birrell, Catherine Morgan, Frances Young, Diana Park.



# Middle School

## A Killer Whale

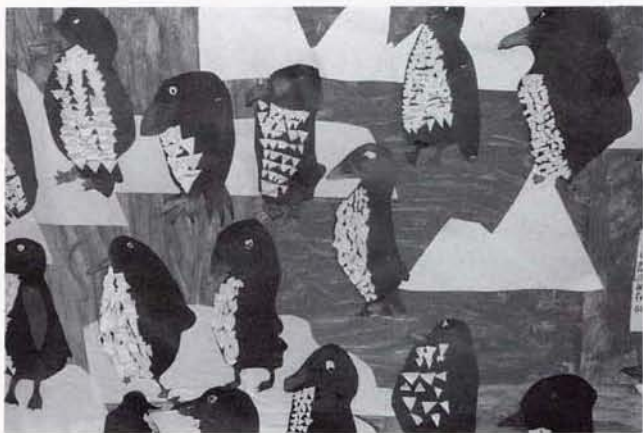
A shadow appears on the motionless sea. Little snowflakes made out of water dart up like a thousand rockets. Its mountainous tail like vanilla icecream with dark chocolate on it, plunges, breaking its glassy background. Soon it disappears to the bottom of the deep murky sea. It will soon start all over again.

*by Timothy Bourne S2*

## Hungry Birds

Struggling to keep warm, innocent little sparrows fluff up their multi-coloured feathers. It is freezing. Pushing and shoving they squabble over food. Stick-like legs are hooked over branches and they blend in with the background of the trees. Slowly they come down and start to eat again. As they peck away hungrily, a cheeky yellowhammer joins the crowd. As a sudden movement is made they all fly away but soon come back. The wind seems to be roaring everywhere. They give angry looks now and then. Scurrying around on the ground, tugging at the bread, chirping now and then. These birds are very busy. Very soon they will be so disappointed when the bread runs out.

*by Rosemary Clark S2*



Penguins, *Standard Two* artwork.

## Outside the Nocturnal House at the Zoo

We sat impatiently outside the Nocturnal House. The sun was beating down mercilessly on us as we sat on the hot concrete and waited. Leaves danced and made shadows jump around as a small breeze rippled through the trees. Cicadas chirped and birds sang making an orchestra of summer sounds.

*by Lindsay Paling S4*

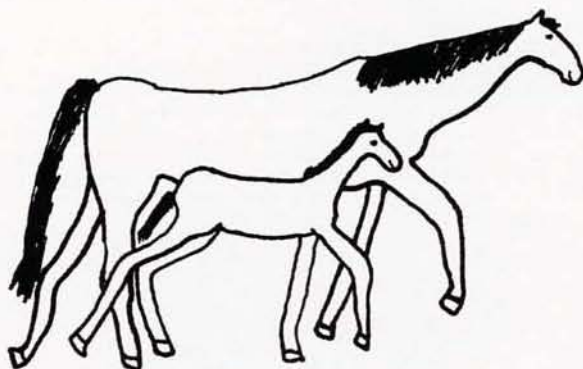
## Inside the Nocturnal House at the Zoo

The cold surprised us as we walked inside, away from the heat outside. There was very little light and the quiet stillness was strange after the noisy chirping of the cicadas. The muted colours and soft brown night creatures became clearer as our eyes adjusted to the twilight world inside.

*by Bunna Ny S4*

As I walked through the wet grass my feet  
Had a sinking sensation.  
Crystal clear drops, like a necklace of diamonds,  
Were scattered across the whole field.  
The cricket net was like a checker board.  
As I saw the flax bending from side to side,  
I thought of the snake with seven heads  
Swaying and hissing.

*by Ben Friedlander S4*



*Jesse Garlick S2*

## A Mare and Her Foal

It was a grey misty day as a mare and her foal were out for a morning run. In the distance tall, spooky trees loomed out of the fog. As the horses trotted across the green, lumpy grass a cold wind swept across the field. They hurried along, keeping close to the fence. The foal was struggling to keep up with the mother. The mother's tail was longer than the foal's and was streaming out behind. The only noise was the wind as they galloped along. Soon, the day would start and the silence would be gone.

*by Cameron Shea S4*



## Silent Waters

A fishing trawler stealthily slips through the silent ocean. The sea, deep green and mysterious, swells in and out, in and out overloaded with hungry fish, prey for the trawler. The trawler, a simple sailing ship, pushed by the wind alone, is old, old and rusty, floating on the glass-like waters. Greedy gulls fly over the silent waters scavenging, their keen eyes scanning the waters, noticing everything the sea produces.

*by Sam Sheppard S4*



Set against a cloudless, blue sky an old battered ship moves slowly and gently on the rippling sea. The sound of the gentle waves lapping against the ship's rusty side is almost drowned out by the shrieking of the open-winged gulls. The old ship had once been proud, shining and new. It had been through many years of hardship, seen the world from all kinds of angles. Now its only company was the gulls. Not that you could call gulls company. Now, as it looked at its fuzzy reflection in the blue sea it sighed. Still sighing, it trudged its way to the brown sands of the shore.

*by Agnes Hon S4*

## Pollution

Pollution is the contamination of our seas and air that we share with innocent creatures. It is our fault. It is humans that have polluted this earth, it is humans that must try, at least to stop the destruction. Stop pollution! Save our earth!

*by Kylie Sutcliffe S4*

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

The streets are being used as rubbish dumps. People are drinking fizzy drinks and dropping the can or bottle in the gutter. People are eating chips and screwing up the packets as they walk and spitting out their chewing gum. I do not like to think that I am living in a rubbish dump. There is only one world and I would like to stay on it for as long as I can. So come on, let's keep this world alive.

Yours faithfully,  
Jesse Garlick S2

## A Wet Day

Splish Splash, Bouncing Drops,  
Come Down Like Leaves From Heaven,  
On People Passing By!

*by Jack Sheppard S3*

## The Puddle

The crystal clear raindrops cascaded from a waterfall in the sky. As they reached the shallow pool of water they made a tiny splash. The puddle was so clear I could even see my own reflection in it. The water was icy cold, because when I dipped my finger into the puddle, it felt like my finger had fallen off. As another raindrop hit the crystal clear water it made a circling vibration. Sometimes little bits of dust floated in the water.

*by Ben Kelly S3*

## A Stormy Day

A belt of wind whipped my face. The raging wind makes people's hair fly all over the place. When I walk against the wind it feels like some ghost is pushing me. When I run it feels like I'm trying to walk through a tornado. A swirling wind pushes me back. It locks me in an icy and frozen dungeon. It feels damp with puddles all over the place. All around me are thick black clouds of rain and swirling winds. A ghost knocks me off a never-ending cliff and I keep tossing in a gust of wind.

*by Jonathan Wierenga S2*



*Nicholas Hardman and John Buck with flowers for Grandparents' Day.*

## A Friend Is ...

A person you lend things to and can trust to return them.  
Someone who helps you when you are sad or have fallen over.  
Someone who is willing to share with you.  
Someone you like and care for.  
Someone you can talk to.  
A person you can tell secrets to.  
Someone you can go to the movies with.  
Someone who stays the night.

If you had no friends life would be boring.

A friend makes you feel good inside.

I don't know what I would do without my friends.

*by Tulsi Patel S2*



*Friends by Nayan Chauhan S2*

## The Garden

The garden was silent  
Everything is still  
Crimson leaves  
Golden leaves  
Yellow, tan and brown  
Are dangling on the trees  
And are lying on the ground.  
Isn't it a beautiful sight  
To watch all day long?  
Leaves so lovely and bright,  
They really do belong.

*by Elizabeth Connor S2*



## Cat in the Cupboard

It was five o'clock and the *cat was missing*. We were at home and I had just had my shower. As usual when walking down the hall I tripped over the edge of my towel. As I picked myself up a flicker of movement caught my eye. I walked on down the hall and again I saw that small movement.

I began to walk at a quicker speed and curiously approached the cupboard door. Suddenly a small paw shot out of the quarter open cupboard and implanted itself on my foot. I let out a scream that rattled the window panes. The paw let go as I opened the door and a ball of fur pounced out and ran down the hall. Thank goodness that's over!

*by Helen Baynes S4*



Cat by Shane Oliver S2

## The Lonely Girl

She's staring at the end of her bedroom wondering what she can do on this rainy day. The air is cool and she is very cold in her short-sleeved dress. Her hands are covering her mouth and chin. Her black hair is covering her small ears. She is feeling sad because all her friends already have someone to play with. She looks at her toys wondering which one to play with even though she has played with them hundreds of times. Her bracelet is shining in the light of her bedroom lamp. She wonders why God ever created the world because most days are rain, rain and more rain.

*by John Buck S4*

## Angela's Sad Day

Angela pressed her face against the cool window pane and gazed at the silent garden. Her hot breath made a ring of steam on the glass and her eyes were dull and sad. 'How much longer would it be silent?' she thought to herself. No owls are howling in the windy weather. The trees are moving to and fro. Her father said, 'Go to bed Angela.' Angela didn't hear her father because she was thinking about the moon shining through the trees. They looked very ghostly in the moonlight. Angela sighed at the dark garden. Her grandmother had died

that day and she loved her grandmother very much. Her grandmother was sick and had painful legs and arms. Angela was a bit happy because her grandmother's legs and arms didn't hurt any more. From that day on she went to pray for her grandmother at church.

*by Gina Giannios S2*

## The School Playground

The playground was clear except for me. A swarm of silence was spreading. Suddenly a loud noise came from above as an aeroplane flew by. There was a swift breeze blowing as the birds flew over, high in the blue sky. Trees were waving their branches in the wind. The flowers were blooming in the garden, with their heads in the air. The birds were talking to one another. The bell rang and all the little children came out shouting and screaming and having fun while playing in the sun. The silence was gone.

*by Kirsten Johns S3*

In the hot playground you could hear honking horns echoing in the tunnel. In the field I could see a college boy's quick leg kicking the ball. It made a big thump as a goal was scored, making everybody cheer. A plane went soaring across the wide blue yonder as the noise burst my ears. It is not very quiet without any children in the playground, tweeting birds swoop down to the ground fighting over food. When Andrew whizzed down the slide it made a thundering sound. When the college boys were gone, the little kids came out for their play. They were even noisier than the college boys. Children were on the bars shouting, some of the children were running around the playground screaming their heads off as somebody was chasing them. When the bell rang the children went in, and everything started all over again the next day.

*by Ratanak Koy S3*

## Traffic around the Basin Reserve

Screeching tyres, screeching brakes, spinning tyres, noisy brakes. Horns are beeping, wheels are squeaking. They are smelly, bumpy and noisy. They swerve around corners sharply. What are they? Cars.

Fast, slow, noisy, rumbling. They are very smelly, bumpy and jumpy. What are they? Buses.

Fast, screeching around the corners, very noisy, *extra* smelly. What are they? Rumbling, bumpy trucks.

Smelly, bumpy, noisy. What is it? Traffic around the Basin Reserve.

*by Aimee Froud S3T*

The cars around the Basin Reserve whizzed and their tyres screeched and squealed as they rounded the corner. Towering above them were buses, that clicked as they changed tracks. The smell of burning rubber and carbon monoxide filled the air. As the traffic lights turned to red, cars stopped suddenly and their brakes squeaked.

*by Andrew Young S3*

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I would like to complain about the number of accidents that have been happening on the roads lately involving bikes. I would like to suggest the forming of special bike tracks beside the road so cyclists can ride in safety. Taxes should pay for this. There should be signs beside the road saying 'Do not ride on the road'. I feel very strongly about this and they should do it soon.

*from Elizabeth Connor S2*



## Production Thoughts

A production. I thought, 'Oh no! We're going to have lots of practices like we did last year for *Rats*,' and I was right.

*Oliver Labone S3*

It is a lot of hard work to get everything right — I enjoy doing a production and I'm really looking forward to being on stage. Most of us are sure it's going to be a great hit.

*Tibor Nissen S3*

I have heard the lines so often that I think that if I hear them once more I will know the whole production off by heart.

*Rochelle Duthie S3*

My best friend auditioned for the show and he got a part. His real name is Vincent and he is starring as the Debt Collector.

*Scott Richardson S3*

Each time I saw it it got better and better. The money is going to the Cancer Society. It is one of the best shows I have ever seen.

*Aaron Ross S3*

We have had so many practices that I can't count them.

*Daniel Quarterman S3*

## Can Collecting

St Mark's children have earned over \$550.00 by collecting and recycling aluminium cans. The scheme has been designed to benefit both the environment and community projects and is one of the community services undertaken by the school.

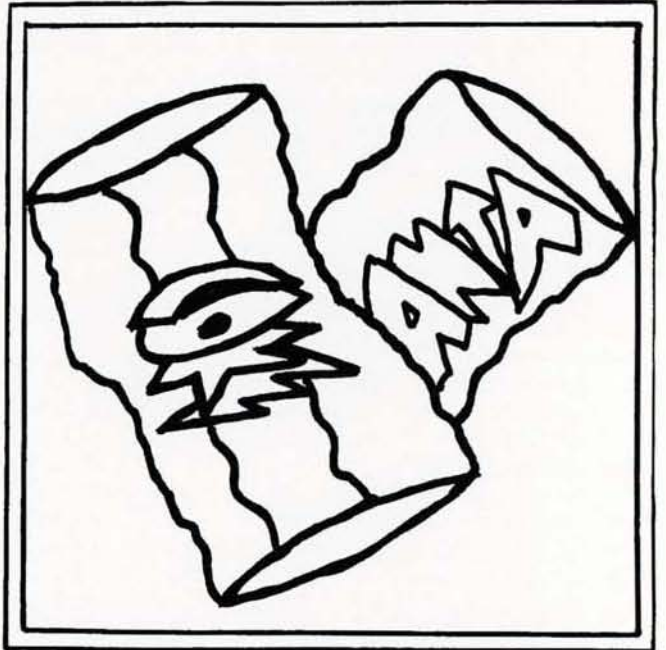
The scheme began in Term Three 1990 and the first beneficiaries were teenagers with cancer. One hundred dollars was donated to Can Teen. We are now well on the way to



*Mrs Hellberg organized the can collection to raise funds for a tamarind monkey.*

sponsoring a tamarind monkey as part of Wellington Zoo's endangered species programme.

Morning exercises include enthusiastic Middle School children jumping, crushing and counting cans. Each can earns the donor valuable house points. Mrs Hellberg and Mrs Turner regularly combine Saturday morning shopping with a trip to the "Cash for Cans" depot. A special thanks to all parents for their support of this worthwhile cause.



*Cans by Natasha Mulholland S2*

## Cans

Aluminium  
Carbonated cold moist can.  
Sparkling thirst quencher.

Light and delicate  
Crackly durable litter.  
Light, empty and vulnerable.

*by Arjay Magan S4*

Longing thirst awaits.  
Crack. Mist spirals up. Sparkling.  
Dry thirst is quenched. Empty.

Light, delicate can.  
Recyclable debris — waste.  
Wants to be re-used.

*by Kylie Sutcliffe S4*

Empty, light dry can  
Lying on the dirty path.  
I'll recycle it.

*by Clinton Williams S4*

Cans here, cans there,  
Cans just everywhere.  
Cans tumbling, cans rumbling.  
Cans in the alley.  
Cans in the street.  
Cans under your feet.  
The best part of all  
Is the stuff inside.

*by Natasha Mulholland S2*

## Chamber Music Comes to St Mark's

On Monday I found out what chamber music is all about. When the concert started I was startled to actually be there, listening to great music and learning new things. When Isidor



Saslav told us about himself I noticed that you don't have to be popular to be famous, and you don't have to be an expert to be able to play an instrument. When the Saslavs played, they played with enthusiasm.

by Priya Patel S3

As soon as he played the first note I knew I was going to enjoy the concert. Anne and Isidor Saslav had come to our school to play chamber music for us. The couple have been playing chamber music ever since they got married. Now Isidor is the Concert Master of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. *The Tuatara* was the tune I liked best with the piano and the violin making a plod like the sound of the tuatara's feet as it stalks flies and other insects. I was thoroughly entertained by this musical concert.

by Joe Sheppard S3

Ann and Isidor Saslav came to visit us yesterday. Isidor is a violinist and is the leader of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. Anne is a pianist. They played chamber music. They named it this because kings and queens used to listen to music in a room called a chamber room.

My favourite tune that they played was *The Tuatara*. They had a board with movable notes on it. They picked five different people to put the notes in different places. Isidor and Ann then played a tune using only those five notes. After that a boy called Nicholas played with Ann and Isidor. He is a very good violinist. After they had finished the Saslavs chose a boy from the audience who had never played the violin before. He only had to play two notes over and over again. I had a lot of fun.

by Tulsi Patel S2



Mr Menzies talked to S4 about the skeleton.

## News about the Skeleton

### *Dad's Visit*

Who would have guessed that just one week after telling Mrs Prentice that my Dad (Mr Menzies) had a skeleton that I would be walking down the school drive to meet him. Dad stepped out carrying a reasonably large, rectangular box with the skeleton in. My brother rushed up to meet Dad and his friends crowded around asking what he had in the box. As we neared the class I heard the recorders being played. 'Quite a reception,' said Dad. Mrs Prentice met us at the door. She had thoughtfully moved a desk for Dad to put his bones on, not his but somebody deceased! Dad explained to us all about our bones from the top of the head to the bottom of the toes. As Dad was leaving Kirk stood up and thanked him. He left to lecture to some of Wellington's future surgeons.

by Adonijah Menzies S4

### *An Intellectual Experience*

Yes, the day had finally come, the day when all brains were put to work. In case you don't know what I'm talking about it was the day when Mr Menzies came to St Mark's. Being a surgeon, Mr Menzies described the left side of a female's skeleton who had probably died at the age of 60. Bones, bones and more bones came flying out one by one of the wooden suitcase containing the newspaper-wrapped skeleton. Pelvis, sternum, thorax and lumbar. What did all these mean? After a knowledgeable half-hour had passed and everyone's brain knew about the 206 bones in the body it was sadly time to say 'Au revoir' (in other words goodbye) and to thank Mr Menzies very much for the enjoyable afternoon he gave us.

by Natalie Nesbitt S4

## Museum Visit

'Wow, look at that.' We were outside the Te Hau Ki Turanga meeting-house in the museum taking off our shoes.

'Walk on the right hand side,' said Miss Thompson. She explained that the people who own the meeting house sit on the left while visitors sit on the right.

Inside I looked around with awe. The carvings were unbelievable. Our guide explained that the meeting-house was a person. There was a head outside with pieces of wood coming down out of it symbolizing the arms. Inside the meeting house a long rafter with boards coming out of it was the backbone and ribs. In the middle of the meeting house was a big statue which represented the heart.

After we had gone away from the meeting-house our guide showed us the rest of the museum. It was extremely exciting.

by Laurence Toime S3

We began at the meeting-house and then split into groups. I was in Shelley's group. She took us to see the waka (canoe). It was huge. We saw Kupe's anchor. It was like a big rock with a hole for a rope to go through. We were photographed looking at the waka.

When we went to weave with flax, Con taught us how. He gave me two pieces of flax and showed me how to weave but I got muddled up. He showed me again but I still couldn't do it so he showed me the easy way. That was done, no sweat!

by Scott Richardson S3

## The Swimming Sports

'Get ready, get steady ... go,' yelled Mr Hope. I pushed off from the wall and sprang into action. Move your right arm,



move your left arm, breathe! Right, left, breathe, right, left, breathe! Faster! A little voice kept nagging me to go faster so I did. Suddenly I bumped into the wall. I looked up. Had I won? No. I had just come fifth. Oh well, I'd just have to try harder next time.

*by Aimee Froud S3*

We went down to the bus and in a couple of minutes we were there. The first race was a flutterboard race. There was an orange rod for first, a blue for second and a yellow for third. They went through all the races and then the relays. I was in the relay and swam first for my team. We all enjoyed the swimming sports very much. I think the teachers did too!

*by Julia Baynes S2*

Standard 2 upwards went to the swimming sports. We got changed. We were competing for house points. I am in West Watson. The flutter board race was first. I was in the freestyle and backstroke. I came fourth in the freestyle. Aaron bumped into me in that race. I was a bit disappointed. I thought Cameron and Shane Hope were very good. I was cheering quite a lot and calling out, 'Come on West Watson'.

*by Shane Tietjens S2*

## Ruth Corrin Visits St Mark's

Ruth Corrin is an author who writes novels and picture books for children. She has written *Mr Cat*, *It Always Rains for Jackie*, *Grandpa's Place* and *Secrets*. She told us she really enjoys writing books. She read us some of the books she had written. I really enjoyed her visit with us.

*by Annalise Wierenga S3*

Ruth Corrin set out to be an artist but when her father died she had to leave school and get a job. They were short of teachers at the time so she became a teacher. After thirteen years of teaching she was asked to go to a radio station where she organized scripts for a children's programme. She had eleven people writing for her but then she started to write herself. One day someone told her she was not a radio person but a writer. She gave up the radio and became an author. I really enjoyed her visit. I really like her books.

*by Carl Vink S3*

Dear Ruth,

Thank you very much for talking to Standard Three and Four about yourself and some of your books. I found out that I could relate to you when you said that you write all the time as I am in the middle of writing a book on chess. I seem to be always thinking of how I will write paragraphs and what words I will use.

I really enjoyed the books you read, especially *Mr Cat*. I thought that the illustrations were really excellent. I was flabbergasted to hear that you only received 80 cents for each one of the books you wrote, then sold. I also could understand when you said that you spend at least five to six hours at the computer a day, as I spent about three hours on my book on Sunday.

I really enjoyed your talk and loved your books.

Yours sincerely,

Nicholas Hardman S4

Dear Ruth,

Thank you for giving up your time to visit us. I really enjoyed the stories you read, even if I'm not three years old! I can't wait to read *Secrets* and *Seeing Double* (when you have finished writing it). I enjoyed you talking to us about your life. My mother says I should be an author or a journalist, well something along those lines! I wish I could see your house! It

was so strange that you went from teaching to a radio producer and now to writing. This time I hope you stay a writer. I thought writers know that they are going to become one, but poor you had to go through all of that, when you could've been writing!

Yours sincerely,

Angela Etheridge S4

## The Governor-General's Visit

Recorder practice for one whole week! What for? Who for? That's right, the Governor-General was coming to our school!

On the day that Dame Catherine Tizard arrived, the Standard Three and Four classes greeted her by lining the driveway. We all waved to her as her entourage drove up in a Ford. The Prefects even got to shake hands with her. When she came to our classroom, both Standard Four classes played five recorder pieces which she really enjoyed. A nice accompaniment was added to the recorders by two violins, a drum and a tambourine.

*by Analisa Yorkat S4*



*The Governor-General visits St Mark's.*

Yesterday Dame Catherine Tizard came to school with some companions. One of them was an aide-de-camp. Her Excellency came in a dark navy limousine with the New Zealand flag on it. She had a very pretty bouquet of flowers. Dame Catherine came to our classroom and talked to us. She was very interested in the nature table.

When she left Mrs Wilson gave her a stuffed lion called Mark. Her Excellency had a crown for a number plate. We waved as she drove down the drive. Her aide-de-camp held Mark the Lion in the limousine.

*by Sarah Chan S2*



*Standard Four classes played the recorder for Her Excellency, the Governor-General.*



## Our Trip to the Buddhist Monastery

We went to the Buddhist Monks in Stokes Valley. We saw round the Monastery and the new buildings. I learnt that Buddhism started in Northern India 2,500 years ago in 500 B.C. The most interesting part of the excursion was when the four Buddhist Monks were chanting before eating their only meal of the day. I would like to go again because it was warm, cosy and had a beautiful smell of incense. I thought it was very interesting and I would like to go again.

*by Peter Fitzjohn S2*



We went to the Buddhist Monastery. There were monks there and a statue of Buddha. We saw a bronze statue of Buddha, a bell and Buddhist monks meditating. I learnt that a Buddhist monk meditates to make himself calm and peaceful. The most interesting part of the excursion was watching the monks meditate and seeing the huts they live in tucked away in the bush. I would like to go again because I like to learn about different people and places.

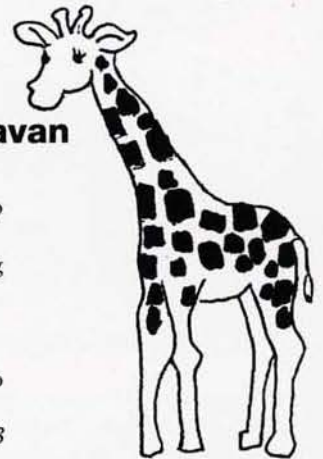
*by Milan Magan S2*



## Our Trip to the Islamic Centre

On Thursday, we went to the Islamic Centre. We had to take our shoes off before we went inside the Mosque. The Moslem people pray five times a day. Before they pray they wash their hands, feet and faces. The lady wrote our names in Arabic. Our names looked like wiggly lines. The Moslems write back to front. They call their Bible the Qu'ran. Mahommed is the Moslems' prophet like Jesus is God's prophet to us. Each time they pray they face Mecca and there is a big Arch on the wall to show Mecca.

*by Melanie Antonopoulos S2*



## Life Education Caravan

*Harold*

I'm glad that you've given up smoking  
It has saved you from coughing and choking.  
You would end up a wreck  
With a pain in the neck,  
And with your neck, that's no joking.

*by William Connor S3*

When the door closed we were safe and sheltered in the caravan. There was green carpet everywhere, even on the walls. There was a black ceiling with heaps of lights on it. Jenny stood at the front of the room. She explained about different people's personalities. She asked a few people about their personalities.

Next we moved on to things that were healthy for us. Jenny bought out a food pyramid. She showed us a big Barbie doll with all her skin peeled off. We examined her with a light to show us her parts.

*by Milan Magan S2*



*Standard 2D made Harold puppets after their visits to the Life Education Caravan.*

We were in the Life Education Caravan at last after an arduous day of school work. The instructor asked for a volunteer to come up and help. It was Ryan! She asked him what he had for lunch. We were going to learn what happens to any food we eat.

With the press of a button a diagram of the inside structure of a man was displayed on a screen. A red light traced the journey of our food as it's digested. One of the most remarkable facts we learnt was that the small intestine would be as long as a caravan if it was stretched out. I was also amazed to learn that if our arteries, veins and capillaries were stretched out



they would go two-and-a-half times around the world.

We had an even clearer view of how our bodies work when the instructor showed us a life-sized doll with nearly all its skin off.

I think our visit was excellent and I learned about my body in a fun way.

*by Laurence Toime S3*

## Our Museum Trip

As I study the huge moa from the leathery feet to the feathery head I feel amazed. I stroke the silky feathers of the tiny tui, as it sits still on the branch. I discover the texture of the beak and the scaly feet. The beak was bent and strong and the feet had sharp claws and bumpy skin. There were all different kinds of birds. The tui, morepork, kea, albatross, little blue penguin and the gannet. The skeleton of the moa was strange because of the way it looked with the huge neck making a curve. There was the brown kiwi with an egg that is nearly as big as itself. The kiwi has whiskers like a cat and fur like a dog. Everything was interesting and we all got to touch them. Many of the displays were real.

*by Melanie Antonopoulos S2*

## The National Library

Cathy was her name and she showed the Standard Four classes around the National Library.

First, Cathy showed us the main part of the library, the Service Information Room. After a few minutes we heard a strange noise. It was nothing other than the telifts. This was a track system made to help carry books around the library. This is useful because the library is so big that the librarians would get exhausted carrying the books around every time anyone wanted to look at them.

Next we went to a huge basement. When I say huge, I mean huge. As you looked through the shelves you could see rows and rows of books. Over two million books are stored in the basement.

Our next stop was at the top of the building. After climbing 100 steps we went to the Dorothy Neal White Room, a collection of old children's books. The oldest was a maths book.

Finally, we saw pictures of Wellington in the 1990s. There were even pictures of St Mark's children taken years ago. Sadly, it was time to leave all those lovely books and head back to school.

*by Jonathan Tupai S4T*

The National Library is an unusual library because it does not lend books. It is a reference library. Cathy, the lady who

showed us around the library, told us this fact and some other very interesting things.

The oldest book in the library is nearly 1,000 years old and surprisingly it is a maths book. It is kept sealed in a special room and even Cathy has never seen it.

The train system, or telecars, was also very interesting. Instead of the librarians rushing about with books they use this system. Little blue boxes on wheels that cling to the magnetic tracks carry messages and books around the library.

The basement is a private place and only people who work there are supposed to be let in. Cathy took us there and showed us the main telecar control station. The basement covers the whole block.

We climbed six flights of stairs to the Dorothy Neal White Room. This is a collection of children's books that were published before 1940. The books range from fairy tales to maths books and from English grammar to annuals.

The National Library was technologically very interesting and a good place to find interesting information.

*by Hannah Thompson S4*

As we approached the doors of the National Library we met a lady outside. She took us in and sat us down. We saw some boxes called telecars which carry books from the basement to other parts of the Library. This is all called a telift.

This Library is only for people who want information and the books are not allowed out of the buildings. We climbed from the basement to another room with all different kinds of children's books. They all had a different date for when they were made. There were a lot of books in another little room about Peter Rabbit, Jemima Duck and friends in all different series. In the whole National Library there are about two and a half million books.

*by Kirsten Johns S3*

On the morning of Wednesday 14 August we went to the National Library. First we went to the gallery and Mrs Fellows talked to us about the number of books in the library. There are 2,500,000 and 900,000 of those are children's books. Then we went and had a look at the Beatrix Potter Room.

When we went to the Reference Room we saw a blue box called a "telift". Mrs Fellows programmed the telift so that it started moving up the wall onto the ceiling along the track, onto another track and back to us. There are 35 telifts operating around the library. Books have to weigh less than 10 kilograms to be able to be moved in the telifts. I enjoyed the trip very much. I liked the telift and the large amount of books best.

*by Daniel McGaughan S2*



*Standard Three inspect the telecars at the National Library.*



*Sharing children's books at the National Library.*




**STANDARD 2D, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): David Campbell, David Lane, James Roche, Duncan Thurston, Adrien Weinert, Timothy Bourne, Peter Fitzjohn. Third Row: Jeremy Mansford, Nayan Chauhan, Daniel Tattersall, John-Paul Etheridge, Shane Oliver, Benjamin Plunkett, Richard Virtue (left), Milan Magan, Mrs J. Duffy. Second Row: Jamie Cavanaugh (left), Julia Baynes, Dimitri Goumas, Rosemary Clark, Paul Cooper, Clementine Ogilvie-Lee, Jesse Garlick, Cameron Hope. Front Row: Elizabeth Connor, Risha Solanki, Gina Giannios, Angela Gledstone, Virginia Abdel-Al, Melani Antonopoulos, Lara Bland, Sarah Chan.


**STANDARD 2H, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Kane Bennett, Thomas Austin, Shan Magan, Peter Yardley, Jamie Ross, Rlys Williams, Jonathan Wierenga. Third Row: Bradley Bilbie, Jamie Lewin (left), Patrick Hon, Thomas Harper, Shane Tietjens, Daniel McGaughran, Michael Cavanaugh (left), Aaron Dundon, Mrs G. Hellberg. Second Row: Dharmesh Patel, Jyana Vallabh, Matthew Harvey, Tulsi Patel, Harriet Cox, Janna De Groot (left), Radean Sos, Ajit Govind. Front Row: Alexandra Crawford, Priscilla Patel, Rachael Williams, Natasha Mulholland, Stacey Wong, Amy McMullan, Amelia Johnson, Melissa Fong.


**STANDARD 3M, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Carl Vink, William Connor, Daniel Quarterman, Jonathan Bennett, Joe Sheppard, Simon Bickers. Third Row: Mrs C. Meredith, Steven Chin, Aaron Ross, Geoffrey Young, Oliver Labone, Vincent Lowe, Scott Richardson, Jonathan Sum. Second Row: Gerturde Leuila, Angus Deacon, Adam McGuinness, Tibor Nissen, Jason Varubas, Victor Lee, Maria Ellis, James Keenan. Front Row: Priya Patel, Anne Harper, Farhan Khan, Frith Kirby (left), Daniela Williams, Rachel Morgan, Annalise Wierenga, Rochelle Duthie.


**STANDARD 3T, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Jordan Morris, Benjamin Kelly, Jack Sheppard, Ryan Moses, Julius To'o, Laurence Toime, Michael Oppenheim. Third Row: Mis B. Thompson, Anand Nagar, Richard Mackenzie, Charles Jackson, James Webb, Rian Holmwood (left), Joe Craig, Andrew Young, Dudley Leighton. Second Row: Ratanak Koy, Aimee Froud, Patrick McCashin, Luanshya Fretton, Derek Chan, Shelley Gray, Mark Stephens, Rajen Vallabh. Front Row: Lynette Turuwhenua, Kate Stuttle, Kirsten Johns, Joanne Kaiwai, Rana Abboud, Hanna Thomas, Danielle Gilmour, Brooke Shearer (left).


**STANDARD 4P, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Scott Steensma, Benjamin Friedlander, Nicholas Hardman, Alex Mulholland, Sam Sheppard, Hayden Woods, Cameron Shea, Jerome Guenole. Third Row: Duncan Mensies (left), Neil Robertson (left), Craig Munro, Adonijah Mensies, Mark Redmond, Daniel Green, John Buck, Rion Hogan, Mrs J. Prentice. Second Row: Chadwick Wong, Agnes Hon, Arti Badiani, Sarah Colman, Mark Switzer, Nicola Freeman, Roy Chow, Nigel Mudge. Front Row: Helen Baynes, Kannika Ou, Debbie Wong, Natalie Nesbitt, Karen Chapman, Analisa Yorkat, Anita Lindsay, Angela Etheridge.


**STANDARD 4T, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Theoharis Giannios, Kirk Mulholland, Matthew Prentice, Clinton Williams, Jonathon Tupai, Nicholas Hovenden, Miles Parker. Third Row: Mrs B. Turner, Robert Aldridge (left), Forum Patel, Nathan Cho, Arjay Magan, Craig Jenkin, James Tait, Patrick Yung, Matthew Norman. Second Row: Brandon Chu, Paul Freeman, Vanessa Illot (left), Jennifer Hoolihan, Kylie Sutcliffe, Bunna Ny, Biren Patel. Front Row: Claire Murphy, Melanie Brown, Tijana Cvetkovic, Danielle Franklin, Lindsay Paling, Jaysbrika Patel, Nadia Cook. Absent: Hannah Thompson, Wayne Newman.



# Senior School

## A View from the Top

It is often said that the reputation of any school stands or falls by the actions of its senior pupils. Nineteen ninety-one was no exception, as the academic, cultural and sporting prowess of the Form One and Two pupils came to the fore.

It has been a year of change, with two senior syndicate teachers resigning — Josie Hunter to extend her experience into the secondary arena at Queen Margaret College; and Gavin Drew to a new career at the Bible Society. Filling the breach in the interim has been Mark Borthwick, as the Physical Education Specialist, and Kate Shaw who relieved as the Form One teacher until the permanent appointment of Jill Chapman.

In a world-wide arena there has never been such dramatic change. Preparing our senior pupils for their change to secondary school presents a challenge to senior school staff.

## Form Two Activities

### Newspapers in Education Current Events Quiz

On Wednesday 16 October the two teams from St Mark's arrived at the Michael Fowler Centre for the regional final of the Newspapers in Education Quiz.

There were teams from the Wairarapa and Hawkes Bay competing. The members of our teams were Rhys Morgan, Emma Sutcliffe and Jeremy Fyson in Team 1 and David Paling, Sarah-Jane Harvey and Jeffrey Boardman in Team 2, with a total of 22 teams.

The competition was very close with Maidstone Intermediate leading up until the last round. Going in to the last round Maidstone were ahead by one mark from Team 1 of St Mark's.

The last round was 'Who am I?', a round we didn't do too well in the local competition. Luckily, our teams had learnt their lesson and could improve their marks.

Team 1 managed to win by one point in that crucial last round. Team 2 came fifth, a reasonably good result considering there were 22 teams in the competition.

*by Emma Sutcliffe F2*



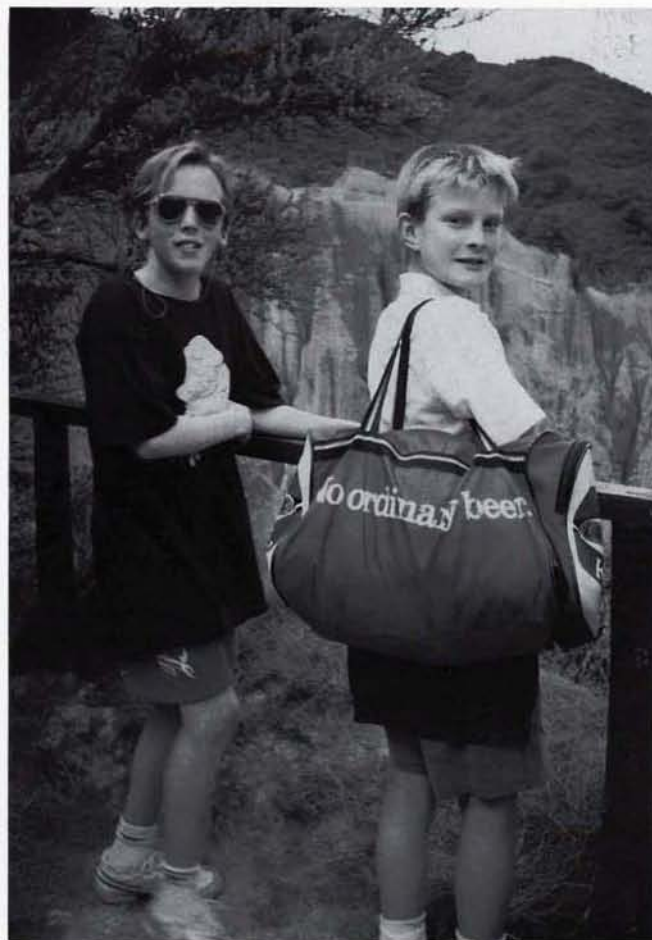
*Emma Sutcliffe, Jeremy Fyson and Rhys Morgan — winners of the intermediate schools' NIE Quiz.*

## Trip to the Pinnacles

The year began with a science rock and earth study trip to the Pinnacles. A welcome change to study these natural phenomena first hand.



*Kerry-Ann Lee, Sarah Lange, Sarah-Jane Harvey and Kerry Burchett at the river bed.*



*Peter Durham and Chris Wyatt look out at the Pinnacles.*



## Pinnacles

Pinnacles, here we come.

In the beautiful weather we approach the tall sharp jagged rocks.

Nobody in sight is to be seen besides our class.

Nasty sandflies getting ready to bite people.

An insect repellent scares them away.

Collecting different types of rocks to identify when we get back to school.

Lunchtime, looks like gemstones aren't on today's menu.

End of our exciting day's outing.

School, here we come.

*by Hamish Dabrya F2*

## Disasters Unit

Form 2P followed through a number of topics during the Disasters Unit including a visit to the Wellington Divisional Civil Defence Headquarters.

On 10 April, Wahine Day, in cold, stormy, southerly conditions, we saw first hand the type of weather which can make the entrance to the harbour so hazardous. In addition, we visited the Wahine Museum at Seatoun Pharmacy.

The Red Cross Course was held in conjunction with this study as a personal preparedness exercise.

Prior to Easter, this Red Cross first aid programme, started by St Mark's in 1990, was offered to all Form 2 pupils. This proved a popular and successful course with respiration fortunately tried out on the life-sized dummy first.

### Wahine Museum

The visit to the Wahine Museum was interesting about how a boat was totally mangled by one small reef that got in the way.

The part I found most interesting was how a cruiser was broken into tiny bits and a whole entire crankshaft was ripped out of the strong metal of the boat.

The part of the talk I liked most was how the people could have floated all the way to Eastbourne.

*by Deme Blades F2*

## School Speech Competition

The tradition of the school is to promote fluency in public speaking. The finalists represent the best, in a culmination of a half-term's class work from Standard 3 to Form 2.

Topics this year ranged from pets and family experiences, to travel and history — all entertaining and vibrant.

We were fortunate to have the services of Mr Hewitt Humphrey as a special guest adjudicator. He had the unenviable task of selecting a winner from each section.



*Hewitt Humphrey delivers his decisions on speech night.*

## Results

### Middle School Finalists

Matthew Prentice (Winner), Charles Jackson, Arti Badiani, Jonathan Sum, Kylie Sutcliffe and Farhana Khan.

### Senior School Finalists

Charlotte Griffin (Winner), Callum Strong, Christian Imlach, James Rees-Thomas, Renu Badiani and Michael Fletcher.

## Hadfield House Visit

Another Senior School tradition is raising funds by an internal raffle for an Easter Charity. Form 2P armed themselves with an array of chocolate eggs, little posies, and a selection of musical items and headed up to Hadfield House to entertain the senior citizens. This was an experience many of them — pupils and senior citizens alike — will not readily forget. It is planned to return in November to present a Christmas concert.

## How the Elderly Really Are

She spoke,  
In a kind soft voice  
She expressed  
Her love of her family.  
She told  
Of how she used to live  
In Masterton.  
She explained  
Her education.  
She described  
Her piano playing.  
She left  
Me a lasting image of how the  
Elderly  
Really are.

*by David Paling F2*



*Form 2P pupils entertain.*

## Memories

We were halfway through our performance,  
(On our trip to Hadfield House),  
When I looked around the room,  
And realized what it meant to them,  
(The residents, I mean).

For some, it sparked up memories,  
Of the "good old days", now gone,  
For others, of their childhood,  
Bathing in the sun,  
But for the lonely ones,  
(The kinless ones, I mean),  
They benefited most of all,  
For they now know that someone cares,  
In this Big, Strange, World.

*by Marius Toime F2*



## Hadfield Home

A quiet place in which  
No-one spoke.  
Old people looking glum,  
Old people looking bright,  
Greeting us with kindly  
Smiles,  
Looking for something to  
Unlock their trance.  
A sweet-sounding harmony  
Fills the room,  
Tunes known to them once,  
Refill their hearts,  
Leaving a smile on their face,  
Of thanks.

*by Reshma Nagar F2*

## The Old Man

The old man.  
Said he came to New Zealand in a modified sampan.  
He and his friends rowed it with oars,  
Along the desolate shores of N.Z.,  
Until he found a tribe,  
Which he didn't describe.  
All he said was, it was unusual.

Because of the Māori habits of sacrifice  
He decided to become a missionary in practice.  
His only possession was a Bible.  
The tribe he went to didn't realize the tribal  
Treaty with the *pakeha*.  
And disrespectful laughter  
Of their pale white skin.  
They knew of all the settlements,  
But refused to trade with them.

One said, 'They might have technology,  
And industry.'  
'I prefer living the old way.'

The Chinese man corrected the Māori ways,  
Became an Archdeacon.  
Started a Chinese church in Taranaki Street.  
Alas to say his friends died in  
A Māori sacrifice ceremony because of shock  
What uncivil ways of sacrificing!

When the Māoris said as a joke, 'You're next.'  
The old man said he prayed  
And prayed  
For his friend's life,  
He thought they were generally in strife.  
On the day, the day the chief was  
About to reveal the joke.  
His pals seemed to choke.  
The man lived through that event  
And is still a tough customer if ever I saw one.

He is also good at Tai Kwan Do.  
Everyone saw his skill at making an unpolite person,  
Polite.  
By knocking the biscuit out of her hand,  
As she was about to eat in the  
Middle of the concert.

*by Jeffrey Boardman F2*

## Mathswell Competition

An intrepid band of Form 2 mathematicians went to Hutt Valley High School to compete in the Wellington teams' events. The system is highly competitive and the art of working as a team was never more important. For our team to be placed sixth in the event was a credit to their tenacity and skill.

### Sample Question:

A boy is five times as old as his sister and in three years he will be three times as old as his sister. How old will he be in three years' time?



*The Mathswell team: Jeremy Fyson, Vanessa Huppert, Renu Badiani and Daniel Wong.*

## The Life Education Visit

Mid-April saw a new temporary classroom situated outside Calder Block. The enthusiasm of the Life Education staff was infectious in programmes targeted at all levels of the school. The senior pupils were treated to unique and thought-provoking lessons from the health syllabus.

## Science and Technology Roadshow

With a change in venue to the foyer of the Michael Fowler Centre, the Roadshow this year retained some of its former exhibits and introduced a series of new ones. From lasers to holograms or chemistry to facsimiles, there was something to fascinate everyone.

### The Telecom Technology Roadshow 1991

As we entered the Michael Fowler Centre banners and exhibits set the mood of science and technology. Demonstrations came first about centrifugal force.

After a few demonstrations we had about 40 minutes taking a look at all the bizarre and wondrous exhibits. Some of the exhibits were the Van de Graaff [generator], the bed of nails, a plasma globe, holograms and also a gyroscope.

The demonstrations came back with melting metals and gases. Loud bangs filled the room when we blew up balloons filled with hydrogen, LPG and CNG. The hydrogen filled the foyer with flames and surprised us greatly.

After 20 minutes of demonstrations we left with wonderful things in our minds.

*by Jason Feng F2*

### The Science and Technology Roadshow 1991

On 21 June 1991 all of the Senior Syndicate walked over to the Michael Fowler Centre to see the Science and Technology



Road Show, which was sponsored by Telecom. We were here, first of all to see the demonstrations done by the scientists who arranged the show and secondly, to test some of the exhibits on display for ourselves. We were also joined by some other schools in the Wellington region.

The exhibit I liked had more to do with technology than anything else. It was a remote control for every electrical appliance in the house. With a press of a button, you would be able to either turn on or off everyday household electrical items such as stereos, lights, microwaves, freezers, etc. I also liked the display in which three different-coloured lights were either switched on or off to form other colours, as the lights were primary colours, e.g. blue plus red equals purple.

*by Kerry Ann Lee F2*

The Science and Technology Roadshow for 1991 was held in the Michael Fowler Centre. We went on Friday 21 June. We entered a room full of amazing scientific experiments, and were allowed to try out anything we liked. There were microscopes, a fax machine, scientific demonstrations and lots of other gadgets.

The thing I liked the most was the double pendulum. It was a weight hung onto a stand with another weight at the bottom. It, when it was swung, reminding me of someone kicking their legs up. It was interesting to see how it worked.

*by Sarah-Jane Harvey F2*

This year's Roadshow was much better, in some ways, than last year's, but, in some ways, worse. They talked about different things and showed different things. The exhibit I liked the best was one with flashing lights.

It was a black box with one side cut out. It had a fluorescent strip light on the "ceiling" and a fan sticking out of the left wall facing up. You turn the fan and the light on and the light starts flashing and the fan spins, but although you can feel the wind, you can see the "propeller" or "corkscrew" clearly as if it had stopped. If you put your hand in and shake it around you can see your hand in three or more angles at the same time.

I think the way it works is that you see your hand or the fan more clearly in the light and the image stays in your eyes.

*by Philip Cameron-Jones F2*

## Wellington Regional Science Fair

Submitting an entry form led several senior pupils to Upper Hutt and the extensive range of ideas displayed by intermediate and college pupils alike. The standard was high as in previous years. Our pupils produced some very fine displays and continued to show sound scientific method together with excellent presentation.

## Ballroom Dancing

The usual moans and groans at the start of the lessons soon give way to enjoyment. Mrs Miller brings her considerable expertise to the course, and even the most heavy-footed students are able to flit through the Gay Gordons or the progressive cha-cha.

The socials, held on separate nights for Forms One and Two, are a glittering success, with a glamorous line-up of young ladies and an unrecognizably smart array of young gentlemen.

This St Mark's tradition is a social skill which is designed to last a lifetime.

## Mid-winter Solstice

Form 2P had a look at the festivals which have given rise to many cultural festivals throughout the world. The idea of pagan and Christian festivals often becoming entwined was evident in the idea of the nativity and Father Christmas, or Easter and the Easter Bunny. A look at the druids at Stonehenge for the northern summer solstice gave rise to our mid-winter Christmas dinner. Thanks to the sterling effort of Mrs Rees-Thomas, Mrs Oppenheim and Mrs Sutcliffe, we were able to have a full traditional hot dinner.

## Thanksgiving Day

See if you can guess the name of this festival. It's unique to America and the customary main meal is turkey.

No, it's not Christmas, it's on the fourth Thursday in November. Yes, it's Thanksgiving Day.

I'd like to tell you the story of how America's most important holiday began.

In the year 1620, 19 families from England — who today are called Pilgrim Fathers — set sail for America in a small sailing ship called the *Mayflower*. But why should they leave England? They left because, in England, they wanted a simple religion, not like that of the Church of England. In those days, it was dangerous to oppose the prominent religion, so they decided to move to this new country called America, where they could worship as they pleased.

The Pilgrims landed at a place they called Plymouth (in the state of Massachusetts), in memory of their last English port.

Their first winter was long and hard. They weren't used to the severe snow and cold. They didn't have enough food and many became sick.

In that first year they had to make seven times as many graves for their dead as they built huts for the living.

In the end their courage paid off and they managed to sow crops which they harvested.

Their leader, Governor Bradford, ordered a day of thanksgiving to celebrate this sign of hope.

They were joined by a tribe of Red Indians called the Wampanoag, who shared in the feast. The natives brought wild turkeys and venison.

Soon it became a custom in the state to set aside a day for Thanksgiving. In about 1860, a lady called Mrs Sara Josepha Hale wanted Thanksgiving to be celebrated in all of America. She wrote to President Lincoln, who liked the idea, and made it a national holiday.

Roast turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie are almost always served on Thanksgiving. An old tradition is to put a centrepiece on the table. It is a hollowed-out pumpkin, usually filled with chrysanthemums.

*by Marius Toime F2*

## I'm an Old House

The stairs groan, my floors have fallen and my windows are boarded up. A great metal monster is waiting for the signal to demolish me.

I remember when I was new with golden walls and a carefully tiled roof. My insides were smothered in pictures and the sun beamed in through my great windows. Some people, who slept on my huge stout wooden beds, would sunbathe with hats on their heads, on my balconies and children would play in the fields surrounding. Horses would gallop past in a hurry and I just sat there, a spectator to life. I would just be there to



be used by many generations then just crumble unnoticeably away.

Smash! Goodbye turret. Smash! Goodbye left side.

Smash! Goodbye right side. Smash!!

Good ... bye.

by Philip Cameron-Jones F2

## A Bedroom Description

'Oh great! Essays, that's all I need,' I said to myself. 'Hmm, this dressing-up one sounds alright,' I thought as I looked through my list of options (three). I started writing furiously only to be interrupted five minutes later by my idiot brother.

'Get lost!!' I said rather loudly. 'Can't you see I'm trying to do my homework?!' He backed away and shut the door behind him. I looked over my half-started essay. Well, tried to, anyway. My writing isn't exactly neat.

'A costume party!' I started to read aloud.

'Yeah a costume party!' said Renu.

'Of all the parties you want a costume party?!' Vanessa exclaimed.

'Yeah,' said Darshna, Nikita, Renu and I in unison.

'Okay,' said Vanessa in a small voice.

I skimmed through the rest of the essay but when I went back to write it, I found that had lost my train of thought.

'Great,' I groaned. Just then the great voice of Cathy Dennis filled the room as my stereo blared out my favourite song, *Just Another Dream*. I took a well-earned (not really) break to listen to the song. After that I went back to thinking.

'Okay, forget the dressing-up one,' I said to myself. What about this restaurant one? I thought ... but everyone seems to be doing this one, and I want to be "original". Well I guess this leaves only one thing ... to describe my bedroom.

'Well ... er ... um, I'll do it after *Home and Away*,' I said, looking at my alarm clock.

Half an hour later, I mentally prepared myself to go back to my essay. So after viewing the main stories on *Three National News*, I went into my room to start my essay on describing my bedroom.

I lay sprawled on my bed with a pencil poised over some rough paper, and listened to the radio DJ giving some weather details.

I thought ...

*My bedroom is very spacious, and its walls are masked by baby-blue wallpaper. The sky-blue curtains top off the huge, dove-grey framed windows just perfectly. It is through these windows that the blanket warmth and light of the sun fills the room each day. Looking across the room: my desk which is reasonably tidy, has a royal-blue desk lamp, a built-in shelf for my dictionary and other resource books and is jet black in colour. Next to my desk stands my book and display shelf. This piece of furniture is also done in black. My dresser is done in a jet-black colour as well but my mirror is encased in a royal-blue frame. The carpet is a soft dove grey as are the various borders around my room. Moving on, next is my bed which is embraced in a pale, blue-grey quilt. This scene is completed by a jet black night table. Immaculately positioned on this is a pale blue lamp, with matching lampshade which enclosed a dim light. Finally the huge (well, big enough) wardrobe on which a royal blue coat of paint has been applied.*

*Then to really top it off millions of tiny, crazy black figures are scribed on top of the paint. This same pattern is also featured on my door. My whole bedroom is really, really, really topped off by, wait for it ... a giant-sized Tom Cruise poster which is neatly positioned on the wall just beside my bed.*

'OUCH!' I said as I hit the hard floor with a thud. 'Huh! I wish!' I said when I realized that I had only been daydreaming.

'And you're with ZM-FM your music leader, always a better music mix, and that was Mariah Carey with her latest *I*

*Don't Wanna Cry*,' said the DJ as the sweet, soul voice of Mariah Carey faded away. I must've fallen in a daze listening to the song I thought, picking myself up.

'What a difference,' I said out loud. For a minute I compared "my" room (which I actually share!) with my dream blue bedroom with the giant Tom Cruise poster.

'Well, the walls for a start,' I said, looking at my beige wall-paper which was partially covered by posters. Then the carpet which is a horrible orange colour, I thought ... then the pale peach curtains. My wardrobe, which is not blue at all; it's brown, so are my shelves.

My next aim is to win Lotto (preferably first division) so that I can pay for my imaginary changes that I've made. So what's it going to be, blue or beige? Which one would you choose??

by Hema Patel F2

## Foreboding — Living Without Hope Brazil — Rio de Janeiro

*The Evening Post*, Monday, 4 June, 1991

The tropical South American city, Rio de Janeiro. The land of glitz and glamour. From dark, mysterious hills emerging from the mist and fog of the early morning, to the sun shedding its last rays of light onto the carefully curved beaches in the early evening, everyone and everything is carefree.

The beaches and hotels of Rio are beautiful and so are the people ... as long as you are "rich".

However, if you go "behind the scenes" to the back streets of Rio you find the lives of the "silent people". These are the people you do not see on the television commercials. These are the people of the "underworld".

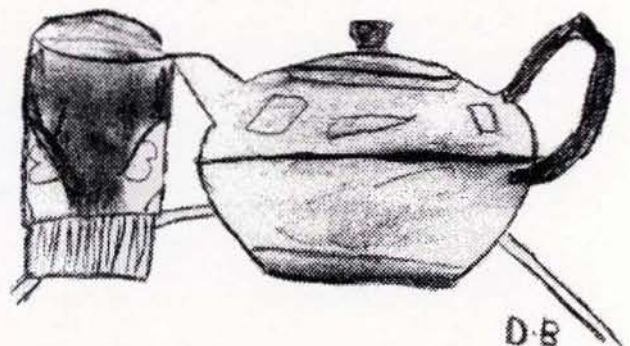
The tall hotels and business buildings tower over the city blotting out the rest from even the sharpest-eyed tourist. Hiding the truth.

Rio is Brazil's second largest city after São Paulo. It is the cultural capital and a principal port of the nation. It is one of the ten Brazilian cities with more than a million inhabitants due to the massive urban migration over the past generation.

It is a principal port because Brazil depends on export from huge farms to help get rid of an enormous \$105 (American) billion foreign debt.

The "cream of the crop" as you might call them, are the people who live at the top. They are at the top of Brazil's economic ladder. Ten per cent earn nearly half of the nation's annual income.

As you can imagine, this results in immense poverty. Although parts of Rio such as Rocinpal, (population 50,000), are transforming themselves from being one of the city's largest slums to a neighbourhood by gaining land rights, water and electricity, other parts like Rondonia, a city in Brazil's west, are magnets to those left out of the economic boom.



Deme Blades F2



They arrive with their meagre possessions to what they hope will be a better life, even though a muddy clay road, and dilapidated stores do not hold out hopeful prospects.

Millions of abandoned children live by their wits and petty crime, such as pick-pocketing. They will grab your wallet and run along dropping anything that is of no use to them: receipts, credit-cards; they keep the cash. They live anywhere they can: footpaths, bridges, under cardboard.

You can walk along a street at 5:00 P.M. and see whole families lying on the footpath under cardboard. You see groups of children huddled around fires. Some are fighting over small change. Some just sit there contemplating their miserable lives. They have not had any food that day. To escape their depressing world most children sniff glue.

Few leave the urban slums, where family planning is almost non-existent and the infant mortality rate is horrible.

These are the people that make up the 22 per cent of the adult population that is illiterate.

But although this may be bad enough, there is something worse. They say they are cleaning up the streets but cold-blooded murders abound. In fact there are paid killers. While the president is in his own private jet, innocent children are being murdered. The "hit-men" are paid by the rich hotel owners who are worried about their businesses. The children, they say "frighten" the hotel occupants. Sure, that may be true, but isn't murder going a bit far?

The children who sleep at night are oblivious to what is happening to their friends. Is he being murdered? Tomorrow they will find him, shot, surrounded by his own blood. They think, 'That could be me tomorrow. I could die.' They are living without hope.

I sat back in my chair, cool breeze blowing over my shoulders as the fan overhead turned quickly and methodically. I looked down at what I had just written. Why did it have to be true? I turned my face away. I got up from my chair and stretched. My joints crunched. I slowly walked over to my balcony and looked out. As a reporter I look at things differently. I turn my thoughts into statements, as I do now. I look out; everything is so perfect. The blue water, the white sand and the brown bodies. Yes, this part of Rio is perfect. But what if the cover was blown so everybody could know the whole Rio, the whole Brazil? What if people knew? Rio would not be so perfect, would it?

by Vanessa Huppert F2

## Dressing Up

The loud music, the crazy lights, the endless junk food and soft-drinks, all contributed to one of the best parties I've been to. And to think that the school had arranged it! But the main factors that made the party a success, were the ridiculous costumes everyone wore; plus the party was to celebrate the end of exams.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. That afternoon before the party, we (Hema, Nikita, Vanessa, Darshna and myself) had piled onto the bus, making quite a bit of noise, although we were in school uniform. We were heading towards my place where we would assemble some brilliant costumes (we hoped), then double back to school.

Now that we had reached my place, and brought the stuff into the lounge, I saw that we would be knee-deep in various clothes and accessories by the time we were through. Thank you Mum for going out tonight!

Darshna started flipping through a copy of *RTR Countdown* and suddenly exclaimed, 'Look, look, look Vanessa!' and pointed to a picture in the magazine. It was a picture of Christian Slater, Vanessa's favourite movie-star. 'Hey!' Darshna yelled, as Vanessa grabbed the magazine and gazed starry-eyed

at the picture asking us, over half a dozen times, 'Isn't he cute?'

I picked up a white-blond wig and placed it on my head saying, 'I've always wondered what it's like to be blonde.'

'Awful, if you look like that,' Vanessa said bluntly.

I got up to look in a mirror and replied, 'You're right. It may only be for a costume party but it's definitely not me.'

'Then pass it here,' Darshna said. I chucked it over. She put it on, then grabbed an electric-blue filmy scarf which she tied around the wig, headband fashion. Vanessa handed her a few accessories, and within ten minutes our first costume had been completed. This masterpiece consisted of the wig and scarf and two different earrings. She was wearing a canary yellow tee-shirt, topped off by a mesh singlet and a large, baggy, paint-splattered shirt. The "look" was completed with a pair of black stretch-pants and high-topped sneakers. Darshna, always acting the clown, put us into stitches of laughter, by adopting a voice to go with her newly adopted punk image.

After that we took a break from all our "hard work", to watch *Home and Away*. When it had finished, we got back to some serious costume-creating.

'Here Vanessa,' Hema said. 'Try this on for size,' and passed a neon wig to her.

'Come on. Who'd wear something like that?' Vanessa protested, but still put it on, and was about to take it off, when Darshna said, 'You know Vanessa, that look suits you. You should wear it more often.'

'I can just see you at school,' Nikita said.

'Yeah, it would go down really well with the uniform,' Hema kidded.

'True,' Vanessa replied. 'But I wouldn't want to give the teachers a heart attack.'

'Yes you would,' Hema and I contradicted her.

'So, are you going to wear it?' I asked.

'I guess so,' she replied.

'Here put this on,' Nikita said, handing Vanessa a black hat.



Hayden Bowers by Jeffrey Boardman.



## Commonwealth Competition

In one week I had to write a small child's story. I completed it at the last minute trying not to rush it too much. It was called *Fenkin Takes to the Sky*. It was about a little dragon who was too young to fly and could only glide downhill with his tiny wings. One day in a vicious storm he was swept up, up through the clouds and that's where the adventure begins.

For the New Zealand part of the Commonwealth Competition (in my age group) I won first prize, \$50 worth of book tokens, with which I bought a microscope set.

*by Philip Cameron-Jones F2*

*Each year entries are sought for the essay competition of the Royal Commonwealth Society. Philip Cameron-Jones won his section, and in addition, highly commended awards were given to Sarah-Jane Harvey and Marius Toime for their efforts.*



*Winner of the Commonwealth Competition, Philip Cameron-Jones.*

## Book Review — Kane and Abel

This is a long book written by Jeffrey Archer. He was born in 1940 and educated at Wellington School and Brasenose College, Oxford. He represented Oxford, Somerset, and Great Britain in the 100 metres in the early '60s. He became the youngest member of the House of Commons when he won a by-election at Louth in 1969. On leaving the "House" in 1974 he wrote his first novel, *Not a Penny More, Not a Penny Less*.

This book is a novel from birth to death about two men

She placed it on top of the wig. Then we started to hunt through the pile and came up with a fluorescent, baggy green tee-shirt, and a pair of tights with a couple of holes in them. Vanessa put them on according to our instructions and stood for inspection.

'Something's still missing,' Hema remarked and she dug through the pile to emerge with a yellow jacket.

'Nikita,' Darshna said, 'didn't your sister say you couldn't borrow her jacket?'

'Well, she had a change of heart she doesn't know about,' Nikita replied.

By then Vanessa had put on the jacket, a pair of sunglasses and a couple of bangles. 'There, I'm done,' Vanessa announced. 'Where's a mirror?'

'In my bedroom,' I replied.

'What is ...,' Nikita started to say, when a loud yell interrupted her.

'Vanessa most probably looked in the mirror,' Hema kidded.

As we were laughing, Vanessa came back into the lounge. 'I look so different,' she said.

'You're telling us,' Darshna replied.

'I barely recognized myself,' Vanessa explained.

'You wanted to?' I asked.

But before I could reply, Darshna interrupted, 'She doesn't need to. But there's someone she wants to recognize her.'

Meanwhile Nikita was trying on a bandana. As she was putting it on, Hema said, 'Why not be a hippie?'

'Are you nuts! I'm not wearing flares!' she exclaimed.

'Then wear a skirt,' Darshna suggested.

'I guess so, but which skirt?'

'This one,' and I handed her a longish blue skirt embossed with tiny, white flowers.

'And these.' Hema handed her a rainbow striped tee-shirt and a large peace symbol on a chain.

Nikita put on all the other accessories we handed her and then modelled her outfit for our benefit. I asked her, 'Aren't you going to have a look in the mirror?'

'Not if I can help it!'

I picked up another longish skirt, this time pink in colour with a band of flowers near the edge of the skirt. Nikita saw me looking at it and asked, 'Why not be a hippie too?'

'To keep you company, right?' I replied.

'Yeah, so I won't be the only one with a ridiculous costume.'

After many minor changes, I ended up wearing the skirt with a purple and white tie-dyed tee-shirt with 'Flower Power' written on it in black. Over that was a black waistcoat. Accessories included a bandana, earrings, chains and bracelets.

Realizing we only had half an hour left, Hema quickly decided to be a gypsy. Clothes went flying through the air to land at Hema's feet, and in a record-breaking time of five minutes she was outfitted in a full-length black skirt (from an everlasting supply of them), a cream frilly blouse, gauzy silver scarves, large silver earrings and chunky, beaded bracelets. Hema got up to have a look in the mirror; her reaction: 'Oh my God! I don't believe it!'

Having only fifteen minutes left, we quickly tidied (not exactly the correct word!) the lounge. We tried to cajole my Dad out of taking heaps of photos. Even the fact that there were only two photos left on the film didn't stop him from trying to take six or seven.

But finally we got my Dad into the car with the keys and the instructions, 'Get us there!'

We did get there and miraculously we were only five minutes late!

*by Renu Badiani F2*



born on the same day on opposite sides of the world. They are both destined to make a fortune and their paths clash in a world of power and business. Kane was born in America and Wladek was born in Poland. Wladek later changed his name to Abel.

Kane, born the son of a very wealthy banker, has an easier path until he meets Abel. Wladek, born in Poland had not such an easy life. He was found beside his mother who died while giving birth. A boy hunting for food for his family found Wladek. Wladek was taken back by the young scavenger into his poor family that lived in a two-room house. Sent to school Wladek was obviously different from the rest of the family. He was very intelligent. He was then tutored in a baron's castle. The castle was later attacked by the Germans and the dungeons of the baron's castle and in a prison camp was where Wladek spent most of his young life. How do these two children become such enemies wanting to destroy each other's business? Read the book to find out.

This story spans over 60 years and has a lot of sex and violence that has hardly any relevance to the storyline. It is the first of two books and can be found in any good bookstore and library. *The Prodigal Daughter* is its sequel.

The print is small, there are some hard words and it gets confusing when it flips back and forth between the two characters. I give this book a ten out of ten and recommend it for confident readers.

by Peter Durham F2

## Form One Activities

The Form One classes have been a real hive of activity all year. To the passer-by, the art work in the corridor has been colourful and a tribute to both the staff and pupils alike. Much of this work tied in with various studies made by the classes. The mural in F1 Huggins was a splendid example of this, as were the dynamic insects in F1 Drew.



*The road to Mount Bruce.*

## Field Trip to Mount Bruce

On Friday 1 November F2P went on a class trip to Mt Bruce and Rathkeale College to perform a musical. We left at 8:00 a.m. by coach, and finally arrived at Mt Bruce at 10:30 a.m. We had a look round at all the endangered birds which included the kiwi, takahe, New Zealand pigeon and stitch-bird. At 11:45 a.m. we left the sanctuary and went to Rathkeale College. As soon as we arrived we went straight to the big dining hall to have lunch.

After our delicious lunch we changed to perform our musical. It was called *Samson and Delilah*. We performed to the Masterton Senior Citizens' Club and third form pupils. After



*'Delilah' at Rathkeale College.*

our performance it was their turn. Their play was called *Mask of Anubis*.

We left Rathkeale College at 2:00 p.m. and arrived back at school at 4:30 p.m. The class had an exciting and enjoyable day which was all set up by we children from fundraising.

by Hamish Dahya F2

## The Botanic Garden's Education and Environment Centre

Form 1 Huggins broke new ground by visiting this new complex set up by the World Wildlife Fund and run by Terry McHugh, a former National Museum teacher. Environmental issues and conservation measures are considered a vital part of the St Mark's programme.

### Conservation Trip

On 31 July, F1 Huggins went to the Botanic Garden's Education and Environment Centre for conservation week. When we got there we had a little walk, only about half a kilometre. Inside the Education and Environment Centre it is very nice and clean. Mr McHugh took us into a classroom where we sat down and had questions fired at us.

About twenty minutes later we had to go to the AV room to see a movie about animals, plants and the world. Some animals on the movie were pandas, lizards, tigers, birds and many other animals. It had a lot of information about plants and botanic gardens all over the world and how they help the plants and animals. The movie also had information about the World Wildlife Fund which helps wildlife animals all over the world. Its special animal is the panda. The movie ran for about 15 minutes.



After the movie had finished we went back to the classroom in the centre and got a folder and a pencil and a question sheet to go outside with. I was in Mrs Upton's group. I got all my questions done except the poem. When we arrived back at the classroom in the centre we gave back the pencil and clipboard and we marked our work. Then it was time to go so we wrote the poem for homework.

*by David Roche F1*

#### *The Botanic Garden's Education and Environment Centre*

On Wednesday 31 July Form 1 Huggins went to the Botanic Garden's Education and Environment Centre. We got off the bus at the main gates of the Botanic Garden and then walked up to the Centre. When we got there we went into the classroom and talked about some of the animals and trees and things that we might see and things that are endangered. After this we went to the AV room to watch a video. The video was about forests and animals. Some of the animals and plants were endangered. When the video finished we went back to the classroom and talked about the video for a while. Then we were each given an activity sheet, a clipboard and a pencil. We were split up into groups. The groups went around the garden and answered our activity questions. At 2:00 we went back up to the classroom to talk about what we had seen and found, and then we handed our clipboard and pencil in. We walked back down to the bus and came back to school.

*by Nicholas Johns F1*

## Rainforest

Rivers in the rainforest  
Animals and trees too.  
In the woods deep down  
Never seen before.  
From the rainforest  
Out comes a  
Rat  
Eating each other  
Staring at the  
Trees.

*by Sushil Patel F1*

## Water

Water is very dear  
And it comes from far and near.  
We can drink it in a glass  
Or feed it to the grass.

It comes from in the sky  
And often seems to fly.  
It falls upon the ground  
And we all dance round and round.

*by Amanda Duthie F1*

## Hello, Goodbye

Hello plays, goodbye poems.  
Hello weekend, goodbye work.  
Hello work, goodbye normal state of mind.  
Hello cat, goodbye birdie.  
Hello dog, goodbye cat.  
Hello owner, goodbye dog.  
Hello Mt Everest, goodbye Rimutakas.  
Hello St Gregory, goodbye dark blue.  
Hello bedtime, goodbye morning.  
Hello Monday, goodbye sanity.  
Hello morning, goodbye time.

*by Jeremy Fyson F2*

## On the Mountain

Slipping and sliding through the cool, cool snow,  
With a twinkle in my eyes and a sway in my feet.  
Then the wind starts to blow  
And my heart skips a beat.

The sun begins to glisten  
The chair starts to rock.  
As I start to listen  
While my feet keep warm in my long woollen socks.

Coming down the mountain  
With a hat on my head,  
When my heart starts a pounding  
Oh, how I want to go to bed!

*by Charlotte Griffin F1*

## The National Museum

It is fortunate that we are so close to the Museum as subjects such as the 19th Century Wellington study take on a new meaning with hands-on material and interesting displays.

#### *The National Museum*

On 14 August we left the school grounds and ambled slowly out the drive, past shops, across roads to the Museum. We were greeted at the door by Mr Beatson. He took us through the Māori section of the Museum and through to the Early Days' Section where there were olden-day things that we could touch. We sat down on the soft moss-like carpet floor. Mr Beatson talked to us and gave us a worksheet. We had to go around that section and find out answers to the questions. The rooms of the houses had old antiques including harpsichords, grandfather clocks, rimu tables and drawers, etc. We went around and looked at the old methods of washing and cleaning. We saw kerosene lamps. We thought about how it would have been for people in the olden days without our modern luxuries like electricity and modern appliances.

*by Michael Fletcher F1*

#### *Our Museum Trip*

One day we set out to go to the Museum. We walked there and when we got there we sat down. We were introduced to a man who took us to a room with lots of early and old-fashioned things in it.

We were told about the early settlers and were given some sheets of paper. On the sheet of paper were rooms and pictures and questions that we had to name and answer. We were also given slates to try out. We were given pencils. The pencils were a kind of metal substance and made a neat white line on the slate which was easy to rub out.

For the rest of the time we answered the questions and had a go with the vacuum cleaners and irons. There was even an old butter-churner.

*by Simon Gilmour F1*

## The National Library

The F2P thrust for their visit in Term Three was the use of reference materials. This was part of their Library Skills' Certificate course.

The F1H visit in Term Two was part of the special exhibition called *Fabulous and Familiar*.

Both classes were given guided tours by Arnott Potter, the Education Officer of the Library.

#### *The National Library*

On Thursday 25 July we caught the bus to the National Library. A man called Arnott Potter talked to us about the



books and how old they were. After about half an hour we made our way down to the basement. He showed us a telelift station with about four telecars in it. He also showed us how the book shelves move apart. When you turn the handle the shelf moves in the same direction as the handle is turning. After that we went up four floors to the second floor and looked at some photos in groups of about four. One of the people in my group found a picture of St Mark's. After doing this we went down to the ground floor. On the ground floor we went and had a look at a special exhibition called *Fabulous and Familiar*. The expedition was all based on children's books. There was also a video but we did not get to see it. One of the books in there was the original copy. After looking at the *Fabulous and Familiar* exhibition we caught the bus back to school.

by Simon Pallin F1

## The Japanese Doll Festival

For hundreds of years the Japanese have paid the highest honour to their dolls. They hold a three-day Festival of Dolls on the third day of the third month of each year. Sometimes the celebration is called the Girls' Festival because all Japanese girls celebrate their birthday at that time, even if it falls on some other day. I'm not sure how they all manage to go to each other's parties. Another name for this festival is the Peach Festival, because March is the time of year that peach blossoms appear.

The festival dolls are not playthings. They are brought out only on this special day. During the year they are packed away carefully in the family treasure chest. Every family has these special dolls, which are passed on from parents to children. A set of elaborately decorated dolls would cost, on average, 200,000 yen (\$NZ1,500.50) in 1985. However, nowadays many young people have miniature sets of dolls in a glass case to save work and space.

To celebrate the day, children at nursery schools make their own dolls and peach blossoms using origami paper.

During the festival, five shelves are set up in the best room of the house. The dolls are arranged on these shelves. Richly dressed emperor and empress dolls are placed on the highest shelf, where no-one can look down on them. The other dolls are placed on the lower shelves in the order of their importance. After the emperor and empress dolls come their ladies-in-waiting, ministers, musicians, footmen and so on. The children's play dolls are not allowed on the shelves. But the children take care of the festival dolls, and entertain friends who come to visit them. Tea is served to the dolls, the family and the guests. The Japanese children cherish the dolls as living things, and always eagerly look forward to this fun-filled holiday.

## Mufti Day 1991

On Wednesday 26 September, the blue and red uniform, so well known as St Mark's School, disappeared, replaced by a bright array of coloured clothes. It was Mufti Day and we were free from our uniform for the price of a can or a packet of dried food. All were to be donated to the Wellington City Mission Food Bank.

We (Vanessa, myself and some boys and girls from my class) began the day by going round the classrooms collecting the various donations. Each class had brought a large amount of food and by 10 o'clock we managed to fill 14 boxes.

That afternoon, Father John Bowles of the Wellington City Mission came to collect the cans of food. He briefly told us how the food bank operated, and that our donations were to be used in making up food parcels to give to families in desperate situations and were unable to buy sufficient food for



*Renu Badiani and Vanessa Huppert with the Mufti Day donations to Father John Bowles of the Wellington City Mission Food Bank.*

themselves. It was unfortunate to hear that due to recent budget cuts, the number of families coming to the food bank had dramatically increased.

We had an enjoyable day for a worthy cause and felt slightly dejected that we would have to return to our uniforms the next day. We had collected over 600 cans, 30 odd packets of dried food and two muesli bars.

by Renu Badiani and Vanessa Huppert

## Dirty Streets

Manners Mall — a dirty and rough place. Street kids everywhere. The smell of glue drifts to your nose, it smells like Mitre 10.

'Money, please give me money.' I turn to see who asks, an old man.

'Sorry,' I say, 'but I know only too well where it will be spent.'

I felt bad for not giving it to him, but on a cold night he's bound to spend it on a nice whisky.

Police walking by dragging people behind them. An alarm goes off as someone throws a brick through the window of one of the shops.

This place really is rough. The people I came downtown with are telling me to hurry up as we are going to a movie.

The people here would do anything just to get even into a movie theatre. I walked away with a sad feeling in my heart.

by James Rees-Thomas F2

## Harbour Scene

The air was fresh. The night was young. Along the desolate pier I walk, taking careful note of everything. The moon glitters through the clouds: dark, foreboding clouds. A seagull cries, a crab scuttles; this is the voice of the night. The old pier creaks, and I coughed loudly; this is the voice of the night.

Along the desolate pier I walk, making careful note of everything....

by Marius Toime F2

## Our Harbour

The harbour was a busy, noisy and windy place with ships in the docks and fishermen on the pier. At night the harbour becomes an empty quiet place with the reflection of the street-lights dancing on the waves. It is like a beautiful palace that has beautiful chandeliers. By day it becomes a place for work and for ships to come and get cargo.

by Matthew Oppenheim F2



## Adventures with the Arts of New Zealand

On 10 June Isidor Saslav (Concert Master of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra) and his wife Ann (concert pianist) came to St Mark's to give us a concert on chamber music.

Isidor and Ann start by presenting pieces from famous composers. They will then start by explaining what their instruments can do etc. Such words as 'pizzicato' and 'legato' are bound to come up. The students from the audience will come up and do an impromptu performance.

Students from the audience will then compose a piece which will be played on the violin and piano.

It is now question time. You can ask questions from 'How long have you played the piano?' to just 'Can you please play the high E again please?'

Question time will be followed by one last song from Isidor and Ann.

*by Rhys Morgan F2*

## Ann and Isidor Saslav

On 10 June 1991 Ann and Isidor Saslav came to St Mark's to play their instruments and talk to us. We were each given a notice which said we were to bring two dollars. After lunch we went down to the church where we were seated. Then Mr Cowan introduced the couple and they told us what they were going to play. Ann Saslav plays the piano and Isidor Saslav plays the violin for the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra (of which he is the leader).

First of all, they played duet chamber music. Then they demonstrated different ways of playing the violin. After that students were asked to help compose a piece of music for both violin and piano to play. We had about four goes — each time the duo played different tunes. We then asked questions for the Saslavs to answer. Then they played together for the last time before they left. I think they were wonderful and I hope they are very successful. All in all I'm sure everyone had fun (even the teachers).

*by Rodney Varga F2*

## Music with the Saslavs

On Monday 10 June 1991 Isidor and Ann Saslav came to play some chamber music.

Ann plays the piano, Isidor plays the violin and is the Concert-master of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. They previously lived in America, then came to New Zealand four years ago.

They have been together since 1977 (when they got married). The Saslavs performed around the United States. In 1987 they came to New Zealand. Sponsored by UDC Finance they performed for many people around New Zealand.

First we heard some chamber music. Then they demonstrated the violin and what it can do. Then my favourite part when five students were chosen and they moved five notes around. Out of these notes the Saslavs made marches and waltzes. They did this several times.

When this was over we asked the Saslavs some questions about the piano and violin. Finally they played a final piece. I enjoyed this experience and I hope they will come again.

*by Rebecca Hills F2*

## The Concert Musical

Yesterday, 10 June, we had some visitors from the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. Their names were Ann and Isidor Saslav. I think Isidor had a funny voice but at the same

time he was a good violin player and I think Ann was good at the piano.

I was amazed at all the sounds of the violin and how he could make ghostly sounds on the violin. Ann and Isidor played excellent tunes on the violin and piano and it was the type of music you hear on records except a much better sound.

*by Deme Blades F2*

Famous concert pianist, Ann Saslav and her husband Isidor Saslav, Concert Master of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra came to visit our school on 10 June 1991.

They gave a brilliant one-hour concert all about chamber music, which developed in the courts of Europe when musicians performed to kings and queens. My favourite part of the concert was the demonstration of the violin by Isidor Saslav. It was most interesting learning about staccato and vibrato.

I think that Ann and Isidor Saslav are extremely good musicians. I also think that chamber music is especially nice to listen to. I most enjoyed the concert and the compositions that many members of the audience made up themselves.

*by Sarah-Jane Harvey F2*

## Lego Technics

This afternoon, Mrs Pernell, a lady who worked for Lego came to our classroom for the whole afternoon. First we had to move our desks 30cm apart, then get a kitset from the lady and made a bridge that would hold ten of the thick cards. We were told to work with someone we knew that we could work well with. I went with Jeremy. I measured the desks so that they were 30cm apart and Jeremy got the kitset.

We started off quite well but had to start again because the bridge was very weak. We started again and when we finished, we tested it out to see how strong it was. I started piling the thick cards on it and sure enough, it held them all. I looked underneath it to find the weak spots. There were quite a few of them. Jeremy and I went back to see what pieces of Lego were left to strengthen it. There weren't very many, but there were enough to make it stronger than it was.

Then came the big test. Twelve thick cards and four maths text books. Other groups tried it and got eight cards on when it collapsed. The one just before us was the strongest one so far. I didn't think that any other bridge could hold more than 12 cards and four maths text books. Then came the bridge built by Jeremy and me. All twelve of the cards went on, and then one maths book, then two maths books, then three maths books then four. They all stayed up. Other people started bringing maths books up, until there were seven maths books, two extra books and twelve cards. Ours was the strongest one yet. The next one got all four maths books on, and I thought their one would be stronger than ours but when they put the fifth maths book on it broke.

One of the reasons ours was the strongest is because we used the black rubber bands which were in the box.

*by Jonathan Yorkat F2*

## Hadfield House Christmas Visit

Today, 29 November 1991, my class and I went to the Hadfield House Retirement Home for the second time since Easter. We went to sing Christmas Carols to them and wish them a pleasant Christmas. We first started by singing *While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night*, holding candles and finished with *Silent Night*. After our candles were extinguished we went to give our gifts to the elderly people. We ended our visit with refreshments in the foyer and left the place with good memories.

*by Kerry Ann Lee F2*



## Nuclear Fallout

This wasn't my day! I'm trapped in a nuclear fallout centre and have to escape in three-quarters of an hour or in a half page or the centre would explode. I am in the engine room and can't escape. I open the door into another room. There's a room straight ahead and one to my right. This room is the main room. I see another hatch in this large room. It's started already. I turn back into the hall which I think is a decontamination room. I run for the door ahead, and up the never-ending flight of stairs and out into the open. I slam the door. Then I realize the place was a shelter and outside is nuclear waste. 'Switch off the movie now,' says Mum. I just couldn't get over how much the character was like me.

*by Jeffrey Boardman F2*

## A Sports Crowd

The big day's arrived. The World Cricket Cup Grand final Day. A huge crowd of 58,000 has arrived to cheer on their team. The crowd is very vocal from the start. They throw beer cans if they don't agree with a decision, but start worshipping the umpire if they do agree. There are banners making the crowd more colourful that give superlatives to their heroes and raspberries to their hated players. A cricket crowd is always enjoyable and usually well-behaved.

*by Rhys Morgan*

## A Night in the Harbour

It glinted and gleamed with hardly a ripple to disturb the perfect reflection of lights and buildings. In the harbour the water was still. The harbour-side street lamps reflecting into the blackness. As the wind blew a little stronger the lights made streaks of light across the water. The boats swayed a little and it appeared they were floating on nothing as the lights turned the water into cliffs, spilling down into the blackness.

*by Philip Cameron-Jones*

## A City Street at Night

Just off from my Dad's work is a street called Hanson Street, off Tory Street. It is hardly a street and I think it should be called a lane. There are about eight different companies and a small bookshop in which I have never seen a customer. I have never been inside the bookshop itself but I know it is small and mostly has Christian books in it.

There is one place where no-one uses a kind of old building about three stories high. It is like the Odlins five-storied deserted building with windows smashed on Taranaki Wharf.

The other companies are small-fry contractors which can't afford an even remotely busy place like Newtown.

*by Jeffrey Boardman F2*

This is a passage of a city street at night. I am originally from Wellington, a city, but nothing in comparison to Hong Kong, Los Angeles and Perth cities. These cities have streets of colour, excitement and action. A city street is always full of excitement. But when the sun comes down and the moon goes up everything really moves. The lights glitter, the laughing in the pub down the road is heard. Few people roam the streets but when they do, the action is such that a city can only imagine. A city street at night is scary, wonderful, fantastic all in one breath. A city street is spectacular night or day. A city street at night is a picture of lights.

*by Janene Linford F2*

## The Kurdish Refugee

He watches the dawn awakening  
With his fearful eyes of hatred for the south.  
He spits on the ground and tries  
To put his mind off things.

As he trudges on through minus-zero temperatures  
He is cold, but remains distant.  
As he climbs, with only his patchwork shawl  
Against the conditions so terrible.  
His eyes begin to cry for loss of his family.

But as he heads to the camp  
Dark brown eyes perceive a wonderful sight.  
'My wife,' he cries, 'my girl, you're here.'  
But then, as he gets near  
He finds that she has not survived.

He lies down on the soft green moss.  
And picks his matted hair.  
'My wife,' he cried with a croaky voice  
And turns around and looks at her.  
And just next to her he perished.

The Kurdish knock them off the cliff  
'Bodies around are unhygienic.'  
The bodies just fall down,  
Being mutilated by the jagged rocks.  
But the man's soul still lives on,  
'My wife,' he cries in vain.

*by David Paling F2*

## A Railway Station

As I sit on the old wooden bench at the Railway Station, casually knocking the paint off the old metal bars, I look around. It is a strange place. It is a place of smiles and tears. Smiles when people greet their loved ones. Tears when they don't. Every morning, as the sun rises, the old cleaner lights his pipe and with his wrinkled face, like a hawk, looks around. As he picks up his old broom he sweeps the littering papers onto the shining railway tracks, only to have to repeat the procedure tomorrow. His war is a never-ending one. That is his life. His livelihood.

As the commuters pass him by, he watches as they drop their litter. Carelessly and thoughtlessly. He will have to sweep it up tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, next week, even next year.

*by David Paling F2*

## The Haunted Street in the City

I walk swiftly through the dark street knowing it's my only way home. I turn around thinking someone is behind me. I turn and find nothing there except the damp cold air and cold wet pavement across the street where people are sleeping in a huddle. Up further lies a dead dog in the gutter. I skip past and smell the foul dead smell of the dead body and dry blood from its paw. The only light is from the ends of the street from other streets' streetlights. It's cold, dark and depressing and even an angel wouldn't smile in this street. The only living things are the rats and that's not the best company.

*by Amy Tannahill F2*



## Valete

We extend our best wishes to the following Form Two children and wish them every success at College.

Lena Balakrishnan  
Demetrius Blades  
Jeffrey Boardman  
Hayden Bowers  
Kerry Ann Burchett  
Philip Cameron-Jones  
Elliot Chapman  
Lara Cook  
Hamish Dahya  
Donna Fong  
Jeremy Fyson  
Sarah-Jane Harvey  
Rebecca Hills  
Kerry Ann Lee  
Janene Linford  
Rhys Morgan  
Adam Mudge  
Reshma Nagar  
Amber Nissen  
Matthew Oppenheim

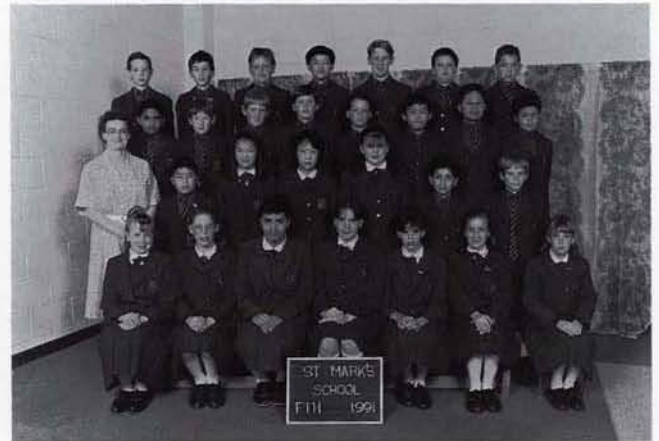
David Paling  
Angela Palmer  
James Rees-Thomas  
Emma Sutcliffe  
Amy Tannahill  
Marius Toime  
Rodney Varga  
Mathew Ward  
Jaron Wilson  
Daniel Wong  
Jonathan Yorkat  
Renu Badiani  
Rebecca Bello  
Ashton Bilbie  
Cassandra Bland  
Clayton Burns  
Raymond Cho  
Clifford Deighton  
Peter Durham  
David Fellows

Simon Gill  
Daniel Goodwin  
Shane Hope  
Vanessa Huppert  
Christian Imlach  
Paula Johnson  
Sarah Lange  
Aaron Lutton  
Brad Murphy  
Darshna Patel  
Hema Patel  
Nikiti Ranchhod  
Matthew Simpson  
John Stephens  
Chetan Sukha  
George Tsalis  
Paul Tsinas  
Dylan Van den Beld  
Sarah Wolff  
Christopher Wyatt



**FORM 1D, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Vinay Ranchhod, Junior Logo, Shavantha Rupasinghe, Emmett Morris, Quintin Webster, Callum Strong. Third Row: Mr G. Drew, Faiyaz Aslam, Ronil Lal, Andrew Chan, Matthew Lang, Amish Naran, Nicholas Virtue (left), Sonny Cho. Second Row: Amit Govind, Shelley Kirk-Burnnand, Tania Bennett, Kirsty Weyde, Yasmin Morris, Rebecca Paton, Jason Feng.  
Front Row: Rupel Patel, Anita Kontopos, Charlotte Griffin, Sherein Abdel-Al, Amanda Duthie, Stephanie Thompson (left), Nicola Old.



**FORM 1H 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Simon Gilmour, Michael Fletcher, Richard Upton, Steven Wong, Sean Wallis, Mark Yardley, David Roche. Third Row: Rahul Govindan, Nicholas Johns, Christopher Bourne, Mark Pickrill, Quentin Thomas, Timothy Siau, Reuben Fretton, Steven Haturini. Second Row: Matthew Chan, Donna Chu, Melissa Wong, Jane Norman, Sushil Patel, Simon Pallin. Front Row: Amanda Wood, Kirsten Smith, Riana Davis, Amy Blaxall, Eileen Weinert, Alida Spencer, Nicola Kirk-Burnnand



**FORM 2H 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Matthew Simpson, John Stephens, Raymond Cho, Aaron Lutton, Dylan Van Den Beld, Ashton Bilbie, Daniel Goodwin. Third Row: Mr J. Hunter, Clayton Burns, Peter Durham, Clifford Deighton, Christian Imlach, Paul Tsinas, Chris Wyatt, Simon Gill, David Fellows. Second Row: Shane Hope, Brad Murphy, Paula Johnson, Sarah Lange, Hema Patel, Cassandra Bland, George Tsalis. Front Row: Vanessa Huppert, Rebecca Bellow, Nikita Ranchhod, Renu Badiani, Sarah Wolff, Phyllida Crawford, Darshna Patel.



**FORM 2P 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Elliot Chapman, Daniel Wong, Deme Blades, James Rees-Thomas, Marius Toime, Rodney Varga, Mathew Ward. Third Row: Rhys Morgan, Adam Mudge, Hayden Bowers, Jeremy Fyson, Matthew Oppenheim, Philip Cameron-Jones, Jonathan Yorkat, Hamish Dahya, Mrs L. Strode-Penny. Second Row: Jeffrey Boardman, Kerry Burchett, Amy Tannahill, Emma Sutcliffe, Donna Fong, Kerry Ann Lee, David Paling. Front Row: Sarah-Jane Harve, Reshma Nagar, Janene Linford, Angela Palmer, Lena Balakrishnan, Lara Cook, Amber Nissen, Rebecca Hills.  
Enrolled mid-year: Jaron Wilson.



# Notes from the Music Department.



*The Chapel Choir*

Nineteen ninety-one has been a year of achievement and of expansion in the range of activities undertaken. St Mark's offers pupils a full range of opportunities in music and is noted for its choral music programme.

Our five choirs provide all pupils with the opportunity to sing music from popular styles through to serious choral repertoire. In Junior School, Mrs Jean Morgan ably leads the Junior Choir. This group is always a popular feature of Grandparents' Day and the Junior Carol Service. This choir, coupled with daily singing, provides a vital basic training which is then built on as children progress through the school.

From Standard Two children may join the big Festival Choir. This year we enjoyed the fine voices of over 130 pupils. The highlight of the year was our production *Pennies from Heaven*, in which the children not only had to sing, but dance twenty hits from the 1930s. The two performances played to warm appreciative audiences. After weeks of rehearsal, the excitement of the performance day - making up, hair slicked and parted, and facing a full house is an experience that cannot be easily forgotten.

For the second year running St Mark's featured along with Scots College at the Annual Life Flight Concert. I am sure the choir members involved enjoyed singing on the stage of the State Opera House.

The third term ended with the Festival Choir presenting the Senior Carol Service, this year given an international theme.

Over the past two years we have firmly established two chapel choirs to lead the singing in our school chapel. The highlights are the rare occasions where it is possible to com-

bine the two choirs. This usually occurs three times each term, the beginning and end of term services and the Sunday School services. Tragically, the choir was called together to sing at two funerals in Term Two. At the service for Mrs J. Kirby, the choir was augmented by former choral scholars and Parish Choir members as well as singers from All Saints' Church, Hataitai. The 52 singers sang Psalm 23 and John Rutter's beautiful *The Lord Bless You and Keep You*.

At Senior Carol Service the chapel choirs joined together to sing an excerpt from Handel's *Messiah* and descants for many of the carols. *The Evangelist* and *Angel* were magnificently sung by Peter Durham who has been our leading solo singer for the past three years.

St Mark's is one of only two New Zealand schools to offer a full choral training programme for church choristers. The sixteen choristers sing every Sunday of term time providing a psalm, anthem, setting of the Mass and four hymns. Several choristers have been awarded ribbons and medallions having met the requirement of the Royal School of Church Music Training Scheme. Sadly, we farewell a number of Form II choristers who have provided sterling service over the past few years. We wish them well as they pursue their musical careers at college.

St Mark's pupils featured strongly at the Royal School of Church Music May Choir School held at Wanganui Collegiate School. They enjoyed an intensive week of training and rehearsal leading to a magnificent final service in the beautiful College Chapel. Apart from the usual complaints about the food the children made many new friends and gained much from the experience.

In July, Philip Cameron-Jones, Simon Gilmour and Mark Stephens sang the boys' roles in Benjamin Britten's *St Nicholas' Cantata* with the Northern Chorale and Marsden Choir. The performance was repeated in November with the Capital Boys' Choir replacing Marsden who were not available at that time of year. The three boys learnt much by observing tenor, Peter Baillie, who sang the demanding role of St Nicholas.

The New Zealand season of *Les Misérables* seemed to be too great an opportunity to pass by, so on 26 June a large group of 57 flew to Auckland. After lunch and a visit to the Civic Theatre (New Zealand's famed atmospheric cinema) we settled down at the Aotea Centre to enjoy three hours of magic.

Our School Orchestra played for speech night and prizegiving. Playing together is an important skill for the orchestral instrument learner to acquire. Pupils are fortunate to be able to pursue this enjoyable activity at school. Unfortunately, we



*A scene from Pennies from Heaven.*





*The School Orchestra.*

have not had any brass players this year. I hope that we will be able to draw on a wider range of instruments in the future. My thanks go to Mrs Lynne Strode-Penny for all her work with the orchestra during Friday lunchtimes.

Many children have demonstrated special talents and skills in class music this year. A new dimension has been the introduction of recorder classes for Standards Two and Three. Mrs Brenda Turner and Mrs Jan Prentice have continued to work enthusiastically with Standard Four recorders. I look forward to 1992 as the new Standard Four starts on their second year.

A recorder ensemble was initiated in Term III. I hope they will become a regular feature of school life next year.

A number of visits have been arranged this year. Form 2P presented a concert for residents of Hadfield House and later in the year busied to the Wairarapa where they presented *Swingin' Samson* to pupils of Hadlow Preparatory School. Form 2H added significantly to St Mark's community outreach by presenting a programme at the City Mission. The Chapel Choir visited the Wellington College of Education to demonstrate how children can sing.

My congratulations go to all pupils who have passed outside music exams. Many impressive results have been attained.

I am grateful to all staff and parents for their support and encouragement of our pupils as we work together to enhance our musical experience.

*Mr Francis Cowan  
Director of Music*



*Isidor Saslav provides a few tips to Sam Sheppard.*

## The Saslav Concert

On 10 June we had Isidor Saslav and Ann Saslav to come and play their instruments to us. Isidor Saslav is an American violinist who is the Concertmaster of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra. Ann Saslav is an American pianist. They

go around America and New Zealand performing to schools and different audiences.

They have been married for 29 years. They started performing in New Zealand in 1987 and America in 1977.

Isidor was very good at the violin and has been playing since he was seven years old. He is now 50. Ann has been playing the piano since she was four years old.

I was amazed that when they chose five people to write one note each on some paper that they could make up a tune with those notes just by looking at them once.

What I found even more amazing was how fast he could play the violin. His hand was going back and forth so many times and so quickly, that you could tell he had been playing for over 40 years. Overall I enjoyed it very much and thought that they were excellent.

*by Mathew Ward F2*

## Les Misérables

Just imagine for a school trip, having to fly to Auckland; have dinner at Pizza Hut, and fly back the same day! Well, for our school trip to *Les Misérables* we did.

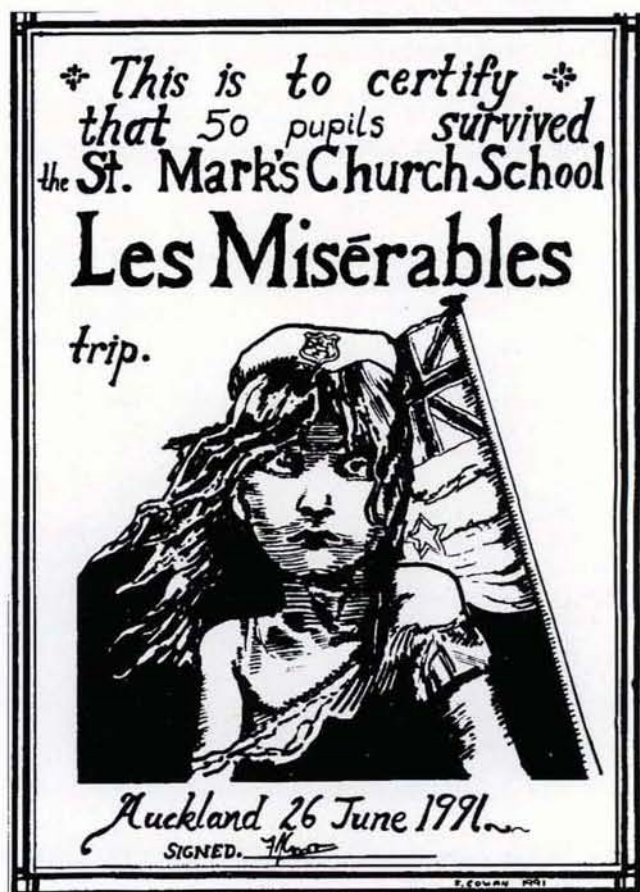
Waiting in the theatre foyer I thought we'd never get in, but I was proved wrong. We were right on time. Jean Valjean, the star of the show was simply amazing. My favourite song of his was *Who Am I?*

Young Gavroche, the twelve-year-old French rebel, had a mean face and a good singing voice.

Cosette, orphan "slave", sang probably the quaintest song in the show, but the grand finalé was just spectacular. I give *Les Misérables* a clear ten out of ten and recommend it to all music lovers.

*by Kirk Mulholland S4*

On Wednesday 26 June a group of school children went to see *Les Misérables* in Auckland. We were in Auckland at 10:50. We were taken to the Aotea Centre by bus. Then we had lunch at the Aotea Centre, and walked down to the Civic Theatre. The Civic Theatre was built in 1929 and took 33 weeks to build.





The theatre is well-known for the two lions guarding the stage. The walls and ceiling are made of fibreglass. The ceiling looks like the night sky. After we had seen the Civic Theatre we walked back to see *Les Misérables*. *Les Misérables* was too good for words, and my favourite song was *Red and Black*, *The Blood of Angry Men*. When the show had finished we went to Pizza Hut for tea. We flew back to Wellington and arrived at 8:40 p.m. It was a great day.

James Webb S3

## Choir School

It was 13 May. I arose bright and early this particular morning and packed my bag. I tried to squash the cat in but he wasn't going to fit. It was the May holidays and I was off to Choir School.

I trotted along to the bus stop with Mum. I had to work with her until ten-thirty, when the bus came to take me (and two other bus-loads of kids from various other choirs from around Wellington) to Choir School in Wanganui. I sat with Elliot on the bus while Amy and Cassandra sat behind us and bugged us all the way!

When we got there everyone scurried off the bus to get their bags. Once everyone had their bags, all two hundred of us went to a little room to get our music! Then we were told which dorms we were staying in. I didn't stay in a dorm. I stayed with some friends down the road from the College.

On the first day of the school I arrived at about 9:00 a.m. Everyone else had started the practice. We had a practice every morning for three-quarters of an hour. In all we practised three hours a day, once with a five-hour practice, and a church service every night. There were three houses — Griffiths was for the beginners and people who had never been before, then came Stanford which I was in (that was for older singers), then there was Byrd House for people aged between 15 and 19. If you were thirteen or over you were allowed to leave the grounds and go to town. Between practices I usually went to the gym.

The food there was great. I don't know what they had for breakfast because I wasn't there, but for lunch we had things like macaroni cheese and for tea we had meat and potatoes.

by Sean Wallis F1

## Festival Choir

### *The Life-Flight Concert*

We arrived at the Opera House at 1:00 p.m. We went backstage and lined up. We filed onto the stage ready to sing the New Zealand National Anthem. The curtains opened, as our mouths did when the orchestra started. Our performance was followed by thunderous applause. We smiled, and walked off the stage. Then we sat at the top of the theatre. We went on stage three times. The third time we went on stage, we sang *Starmaker* with the rest of the cast.



### *Grandparents' Day*

The Juniors sang as we waited. Then after a while, we stood up and sang *I Only Have Eyes For You*, *Lullaby of Broadway*, *Anything Goes* and *Pennies from Heaven*. We received loud applause.

As you can see, the Festival Choir does lots of things and if you were in it, I think you would very much like it.

by Aimee Froud and Rana Abboud S3

# PENNIES *from* HEAVEN.

## *Pennies from Heaven*

On Tuesday 20 and Wednesday 21 August, the Festival Choir performed a 1930s musical — *Pennies from Heaven*. The performance consisted of: show-girls, show-boys and of course, the cast. The show-girls' clothes were shorts, a frilly blouse with bows on it, shoes with bows on them and a silk scarf or band with a bow on it.

The show-boys' clothes were: a white singlet, black trouser pants, and braces (if the boys had them).

The performance tells of the troubles encountered while putting on a show in the 1930s.

by Aimee Froud and Rana Abboud S3



Left and above: Scenes from *Pennies from Heaven*.



## Orchestra

*'If music be the food of love, play on....'*

Shakespeare, Twelfth Night

### Inaugural House Music Competition

Mr Cowan and Mrs Penny saw their idea of allowing individual pupils to perform in public come to fruition with the House Music competition held in the church on Wednesday 6 November.

An amazing range of talent was revealed and the judging panel comprising Mrs Morgan, Mrs Turner and Dr Strode-Penny, had a difficult task making decisions about the winners in each section. Hopefully, this will become an annual event.

The overall winner for this year was pianist Marius Toime playing *Arabesque* by Schumann — a polished and entertaining performance.

### House Music Competition Results

#### Piano — Junior

1st Rana Abboud  
2nd Anališa Yorkat  
Highly Commended Emma Sutcliffe

#### Instrumental — Junior

1st Michael Fletcher  
2nd Lindsay Paling  
Highly Commended Natalie Nesbitt  
Julia Baynes

#### Intermediate — Piano

1st James Keenan  
2nd Joe Sheppard  
Jack Sheppard  
Highly Commended Andrew Young  
Jennifer Hoolihan  
Sarah Colman

#### Intermediate — Instrumental

1st Yasmin Morris  
2nd Kylie Sutcliffe  
Highly Commended Angela Etheridge  
Jeffrey Boardman

#### Vocal

1st James Webb  
Highly Commended Lewis Cattermole  
Mark Stephens

#### Senior — Instrumental

1st Laurence Toime  
2nd James Keenan  
Nicholas Hardman

#### Senior — Piano

1st Marius Toime  
2nd Amber Nissen

**Overall Winner:** Marius Toime

*'The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted.'*

Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice



CHORISTERS, 1991

Back Row (left to right): Mr F. Cowan, Simon Black, Elliot Chapman, Sean Wallis, Peter Durham, Michael Fletcher, Jonathan Bennett, Fr R. Oppenheim.  
Second Row: Jason Feng, Michael Oppenheim, Steven Haturini, Adrien Weinert (left), Mark Stephens.  
Front Row: Jasmin Chan, Anita Lindsay, Cassandra Bland, Lena Balakrishnan, Jennifer Hoolihan, Amy Tannabill, Sarah-Jane Harvey, Angela Gledstone (left).  
Absent: Lewis Cattermole.



JUNIOR CHOIR 1991

Back Row (left to right): Henry Johnson, Damon Chu, Srivaths Rajasekar, Robert Vibert (left), Zoltan Cross, Matthew Lawson, Jared Dreyer, Andrew Durant, Michael Keenan.  
Third Row: Scott Bell, Jagrut Lallu, Steven Paling, Keri-Mei Zagrabelna, Erini Houtas, Tagi Veau, Frances Young (left), Jonathan Tait, Zoltan Partosh.  
Second Row: Juliette Campbell, Jacinta Syme, Kathy Robertson, Rebecca Wierenga, Louise Stephens, Natalie Newman, Rosel Labone, Kristie Richardson.  
Front Row: Shinyi Chau, Diana Chan, Kate McCaul, Rahila David, Nadine Thomas, Genevieve Ogilvie-Lee, Amisha Patel, Angelina Jackson, Karina Wong.  
Absent: Jasmin Chan, Lydia O'Connor, Lewis Cattermole, Joss Jenner-Leuthart, Shehan Joseph.



The group travelling to Les Misérables.



# Sport

## Hockey

Hockey and I have been associated for about five years now. I never had thought of playing hockey, but it all came about after my mother dragged me off to ballet lessons. Seeing all those little girls prancing around in their tutus I knew instantly that ballet was not my thing. As Mum and Dad both played hockey I guess it was inevitable that I should play.

Being only a small person I was placed in the mini-hockey team for the Wellington Indian Sports Club. I only played mini-hockey for one season. The next season I played eight-a-side hockey, then finally in the third season I progressed onto primary girls' hockey. I have been playing primary hockey for three years now, and in the last two years have been selected to play as a Wellington Representative.

As a 1991 Wellington Representative I played in the position of a right half (the position I play during club games). The selection was tough because there were more than 100 competitors, many of whom were skilled and fit. After the team was chosen a programme was set up to help increase our fitness and skills.

All our games were on Sundays with every alternate game being out of Wellington, which meant I had to travel to places such as Palmerston North, Taranaki, the Wairarapa and Levin. The trip to Taranaki was a two-day mini-tournament. We played three games, the results of which were one loss, one draw and one win.

The end of the season culminated with the Rawleigh Primary "B" Girls' Tournament. There were teams from Manawatu, Horowhenua, Taranaki, Wanganui, Wairarapa and even the Wellington Under 11 "A" Team took part. Most of the country teams were stronger than the city teams with Manawatu proving to be the strongest, taking away the Rawleigh Cup. Second place went to Taranaki and third went to the Wairarapa. Unfortunately, we only managed to gain fifth position. I hope that maybe next year Wellington will win the cup.

Hockey has only just begun for me, but I hope to have a long and happy future in this sport.

*by Darshna Patel,  
Wellington Hockey Representative*

## Water Polo Reports

*"C" Team by Joe and Jack Sheppard*

Splash! We plunged into the water. Pheeeeeeeep! There goes the whistle. Well, here goes nothing. 'Swim boy!' goes the crowd as the game begins. Swimming down to get the ball and trying to score. What am I talking about? Water polo!

Playing Water polo is a team effort so training is vital. At 8:00 a.m. Friday, at the Aquatic Centre, we dedicate 45 minutes of our time to practise our water polo skills.

Being in the "C" Team means we train with Mr Hunter. We practise throwing, swimming with the ball, swimming and goal scoring. Last year I remember we used to play like bunnies, just learning how to play, swim, goal score, and keep afloat. Then, practice was really important.

But now we are better; so far so good. We have won all our games this season and we might come top of our D Grade competition. But we still have at least four more games to play so here's hoping. You might find the final result somewhere else in this school magazine.

*A Team by Simon Gill, Chris Wyatt and Mr James Hunter*

Water polo is a very popular sport in St Mark's but this was

not the case three years ago when Miss Walsh (a former Phys. Ed. teacher), introduced the sport to the St Mark's pupils. St Mark's entered only one team in the "B" Grade with little success that year but firm foundations were laid for the future.

St Mark's now has three teams in the Wellington Primary Schools' Competition with two teams enjoying great success in their respective grades. Last year, all of the success went to the "B" Team who won their grade. This year, the St Mark's "B" Team looks a very unlikely team to win its grade with only one win in out of four games played thus far in Term Three. However, the girls did beat the top team in their competition at the end of Term One. They could yet be a force to be reckoned with.

The "A" Team (last year's "B" team), is looking like the very likely side to win their grade. They have not lost a single game this year. The team's coach, Fred Roberts, who is a traffic officer, coaches us with particular emphasis on the tap shot which we rarely use during our games but is a spectacular way to achieve a goal. We are just so fortunate to have Mr Roberts as our coach and we owe much of our current placing in the competition to him.

Our captain, Peter Durham, assisted by the very shorn Hayden Bowers, has led the team through times of winning and losing. They are both very skilled and with Shane Hope, have formed the core of St Mark's Water Polo Club as well which helps the team a lot.

The rest of our team is a pretty mixed bunch. We have Simon Gill, Chris Wyatt and Rhys Morgan, all of Form II. And more regularly now a couple of girls from the "B" Team have been joining our games, Amber Nissen and Sarah Wolff. Their help greatly appreciated in defeating single-sex Scots College and Marsden Collegiate. Sean Wallis also plays for us and from the lower school we have Jonathan Bennett and sometimes Hayden Woods. These boys will be the important players in the years ahead.

But much of our competitive and team spirit is the result of the hard work of former St Mark's players; naming Glen Moyle, Hayley Archibald and Nicola Kaiwai in particular and should we take out the "splinter" trophy this year, (the "A" Grade Cup), this may be the only place to recognize their earlier efforts.



**WATERPOLO 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Jack Sheppard, Sam Sheppard, Simon Gill, Christopher Wyatt, John Stephens, Sean Wallis, Jonathan Bennett, Hayden Bowers, Shane Hope, Mr J. Hunter  
Second Row: Aaron Ross, Rhys Morgan, Tasmin Morris, Renu Badiani, Rebecca Bello, Paula Johnson, Cassandra Bland, Michael Cavanaugh (left), Cameron Hope  
Front Row: Vanessa Huppert, Amber Nissen, Angela Palmer, Peter Durham, Sarah Wolff, Joe Sheppard, Janene Linford, Kirsty Weyde, Clementine Ogilvie-Lee.



## Miracles Can Happen

'Haven't we done enough essays already?' I complained to no-one in particular. I was sitting in my room with a blank piece of paper in front of me, just waiting for the words to start the beginning of this essay. I glumly consulted the sheet on which the topics were written.

*Number One: 'At Last I'd Achieved My Ambition'*

Well, it had possibilities, but wasn't everyone doing that? Thinking about this conclusion further, I realized that my ambition was to get this essay over and done with. And the other five conclusions didn't appeal to me either.

Deciding that all this work was just too much for me, I figured: 'Why not ring Hema for some inspiration?' After all she was the one who was really good at creative writing!

I sat down on Mum and Dad's bed, picked up the phone and began dialling. Eight, three, six ... hung up and started again, this time remembering to add a three in front of her number.

After talking about nothing in particular for a while (which we were so good at) Hema asked, 'Don't you have a water-polo game tonight?'

'No, it's tom ...' I began, then suddenly realizing, 'I think I have to go now, Hema,' and hastily said goodbye.

I managed to reach the pool five minutes before the game started. Taking my glasses off leaves me with less than perfect vision, it's actually amazing that I can see the ball used during the game. I dived into the pool and swam to the other side of the goal, from where I was starting the game. We, the seven players on our team, waited apprehensively for the game to begin. Hopefully, we would thrash them.

The whistle blew, signalling the start of the game. The other team began swimming their hearts out towards the ball. So did we, but their swimming was just so much better than ours. In quick succession, three goals were scored by the opposition. Even with the many changes made to our team in between scoring we could not advance our score of nil, zilch, zero, before half-time.

During the short break after we swapped ends, our coach, Glenn, gave us his opinion of our playing. 'You're playing really well and you're getting through their defence a lot more easily than they are getting through ours. Only a couple of missed goals have put us slightly behind.'

Beneath this masquerade of kind words, the clear message was that we were playing poorly. And if we wanted a shot of winning, we better get our act together, and make it fast.

Even the "slower" ones of us, were able to decipher his words, and began improving dramatically, showing our hidden talents. We managed to quickly tie the game and then ... nothing ... neither team was able to do anything.

The ball, as if in a table-tennis match, ping-ponged to and fro to each end of the pool and back. With about two minutes left in the game, we began despairing of making another goal. Besides it was getting tiring treading water.

A sudden last-minute attempt made by the other team is deftly blocked by our goalie. He picks it up and sends it flying through the air to land directly in front of Vanessa. She picks it up and throws. It's going to go in! But the ball, having a mind of its own, rebounds off the goalie's hand. It springs back to land near Amber. Another attempt is about to be made.

'Come on!' the spectators yell. She picks it up and throws. 'Please go in,' we all think.

The ball soars high into the air and drops inside the goal. Victory was ours!

*by Renu Badiani F2*

## Cross-Country

The venue for this year's Cross-Country proved to be one of the best for this kind of competition in Wellington. The variety of surfaces and clear paths, as well as a number of small

obstacles proved to be an adequate test for all our distance athletes. Hataitai Park provided all of these, as well as mud!

There were two sections for both Senior and Middle School. The B section, which was a shorter course and which provided for those less adept at this form of athletics and the A Section which tested our better athletes' stamina and skill.

It was worthwhile seeing all the competitors returning to the lower rugby fields mud splattered, tired but with a sense of achievement at completing this testing course.

Prizes were awarded to those who competed in the A section competition.

### Results

#### Senior School

Girls — 3rd A. Palmer and A. Nissen, 2nd E. Weinert, 1st V. Huppert

Boys — 3rd C. Deighton, 2nd S. Gilmour, 1st C. Burns

#### Middle School

Girls — 3rd J. Gilmour, 2nd N. Cook, 1st N. Freeman

Boys — 3rd J. Sheppard, 2nd J. Webb, 1st N. Robertson

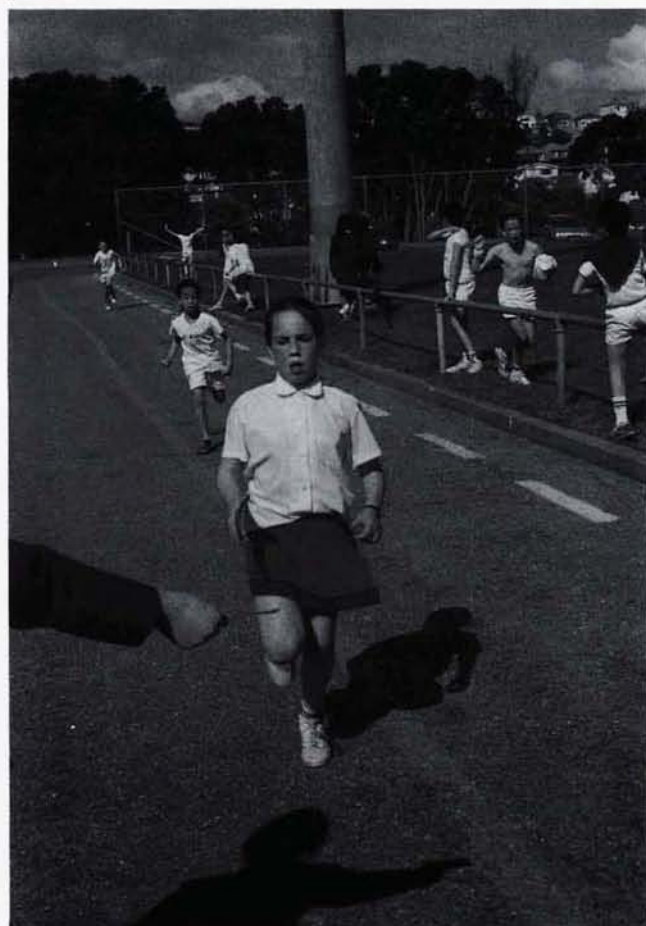
St Mark's hosted this year's Inter-Independent School Cross-Country at the same venue. Scots, Wellesley and Marsden dominated the event and showed that a great deal of effort and practice will be needed if we wish to compete at that level.

Unfortunately, both our top-line runners suffered injury on the day of the competition, but they were extremely well backed up by their fellow athletes from both senior and middle school. Congratulations to all the members of our St Mark's cross country teams.

### Results:

Girls — 3rd St Anne's 221 pts, 2nd St Mark's 193 pts, 1st Marsden 89 pts.

Boys — 5th St. Anne's 492 pts, 4th Cardinal McKeefry 385 pts, 3rd St Mark's 293 pts, 2nd Wellesley 152 pts, 1st Scots 92 pts.





Points were calculated by adding the runners' positions together, therefore the greater number of well-positioned runners the least points scored.

## St Mark's Cross-Country 1991

It was a hot, sultry day when St Mark's Forms One and Two walked up to Hataitai Park to participate in the Senior School Cross-Country.

After warm-ups, the "B" group were signalled to begin the race. After about 10 minutes, Simon Gill passed the finish line first. The look on his face showed it had been a "hard track" to follow. As the others arrived, muddled and bruised, I was grateful I had a back injury and could not compete in the race.

Then came the "A" group's race. With confident faces, they lined up, ready for their three-kilometre track. This time, it was eighteen minutes before Clayton Burns and another F1 came sprinting neck and neck down the hill. Clayton won.

From a spectator's point of view, it was a successful day altogether.

*by Marius Toime F2*

Yesterday, on 19 September 1991, the Senior Cross-Country was held at Hataitai Park. It started at 12:30 p.m.

We walked up to Hataitai Park at 12:15 p.m. and the "B" group was just about to start the race. Ready? Set? Go! They were off. Ten minutes and they were back with Simon Gill coming first. The course must have been tough because Simon was sick soon afterwards. Eventually the last of the group trotted past the line and it was the "A" group's turn. Ready? Set? Go! The "A" group raced off up the hill with Elliot Chapman in the lead. Eighteen minutes and three kilometres later Clayton Burns and Chris Gilmour were racing round the last bend ending up with Clayton first and Chris second. About two minutes later Clifford Deighton gasped home to finish

third. After that it was anyone's guess, but there were about ten good minutes between first and last. The first ten in a group are in the Inter-school Champs.

It was a fun afternoon with plenty of excitement even if it was a little confusing to watch. Thanks go to the teachers who organized the day's events.

*by Rodney Varga F2*

## 1991 Netball

It was an exciting season for our netballers as we were able to field six teams: two Form 2 teams, two Form 1 teams, a Standard 4 team and a Standard 3 team.

The girls were all very enthusiastic throughout the season and showed a tremendous amount of team and school spirit.

We have now been able to outfit the four senior teams with money generously donated by the St Mark's Ladies' Auxiliary. Many thanks to them. Hopefully next season we will be able to outfit our two younger teams as well.

I would like to take this opportunity to say a very big thank you to Mrs Rona Davis for coaching the two Form 2 teams, following the departure of Mrs Josie Hunter. She turned up every Wednesday afternoon no matter what the conditions, with very successful results. I look forward to working with you again next season, Rona.

Also, a very big thank you to Mrs Karen Williams, Mrs Raelene Morgan and Mrs Jill Mein who came religiously every Monday afternoon to coach our Standard 3 and 4 teams. I do hope they will continue to assist with St Mark's Netball again next year.

A highlight of the netball season were our games against Seatoun School. Four teams participated and the girls showed good team spirit in all the matches. We won two games and lost two. It was a lovely sunny day, and coupled with the parental support we received, made an enjoyable event and one I hope will be repeated again next year.

The Form 1 Red Team had a moderately successful season. With a number of team changes, we finally managed to come up with two good shooters and they received good support from the rest of the team. The Blue Team had a number of new inexperienced players who experienced their first season of netball. All tried hard and I hope they continue with their netball again next year.

Thank you girls, you were a tremendous group to work with. I hope you all go on and have a highly successful netball season in 1992.

*Judy Lang  
Coach*



**NETBALL, FORM 1 RED 1991**

Back Row (left to right): Mrs J. Lang, Kirsty Weyde, Sherein Abdel-al, Eileen Weinert  
Front Row: Stephanie Thompson, Riana Davis (Captain), Charlotte Griffin, Nikki Kirk-Burnnand.





## Standard Three and Four Netball

This year was the first time St Mark's has had Standard 3 and Standard 4 netball teams. They played every Saturday at the Wellington College of Education in Karori. The main aim for the girls in their first year was to learn ball-handling skills and the basic rules of netball. Although the Standard 3 team won no games, their play improved dramatically and the girls were starting to enjoy the new sport.

The Standard 4 team had some success including winning and drawing a few games. Both teams developed good team spirit and by the end of the season were playing as a team.

It was a season enjoyed by all.

*Karen Williams  
Coach*



**NETBALL, STANDARD THREE, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): *Priya Patel, Joanne Kaiwai, Hanna Thomas, Shelley Gray*  
Front Row: *Aimee Froud, Daniela Williams, Rachel Morgan, Luanshya Fretton, Danielle Gilmour.*



**NETBALL, STANDARD 4, 1991**

Back Row (left to right): *Melanie Brown, Karen Chapman, Tijana Cvetkovic, Sarah Colman*  
Front Row: *Helen Baynes, Angela Etheridge, Arti Badiani, Kylie Sutcliffe, Nadia Cook.*

## Form 2 Netball

The netball season had a few hiccups. We lost our fine coach, Mrs Josie Hunter, who took up a P.E. teaching position at Queen Margaret's College.

The two Form 2 teams adapted well to their new coach's training methods. The "B" Team consisted of new players, who worked extremely hard throughout the season and performed very well, considering the more experienced teams they had to play. The "A" Team had plenty of confidence and

Saturday. Having already played together the previous year their knowledge of the game and determination to win paid off.

The St Mark's "A" Netball Team had achieved third overall position in the competitions and were later commended for their fine efforts with a booklet on netball and a certificate each at school assembly. An achievement to be proud of.

Positive feedback from parents was a great boost for both the girls and the coach. Many thanks to those parents who made the effort and travelled to Onslow courts every Saturday to give support to their daughters. It was a delightful and entertaining season. The girls were a credit to their school and their families.

*Good luck to our future N.Z. netball reps!*

*Rona Davis  
Coach*



**NETBALL, FORM 2A 1991**

Back Row (left to right): *Lara Cook, Angela Palmer, Renu Badiani*  
Front Row: *Vanessa Huppert, Sarah Wolff, Emma Sutcliffe, Reshma Nagar.*



**NETBALL, FORM 2B 1991**

Back Row (left to right): *Janene Linford, Lena Balakrishnan, Hema Patel*  
Front Row: *Kerry Ann Lee, Donna Fong, Amy Tannabill, Sarah Jane Harvey.*

## Swimming Sports

I shivered with nervousness as my race was called over the intercom. Clunk! I was off, on my first race of the swimming sports (the boys' one-length backstroke). I powered my arms and hands to the last stroke, and jumped to my feet in a split second — I was fourth. I looked across the pool to see four other people swimming frantically towards me. I then swam to the edge of the pool and returned to my place.

Clunk! I was off once again, swimming freestyle (boys' two lengths) at a medium pace. I touched the edge and pushed off,



I had been increasing my speed through the first length, and now, I was increasing my speed even more and more until I couldn't go any faster. As I looked up to take a breath, I could see I was catching up to Chris, but the race finished too soon, and Chris beat me. When I looked up from the water only two people had finished, Chris and Hayden. I then received a yellow rod, which I handed to Mrs Hunter and returned to my place.

Clunk! I was off. This time on the boys' two-length back-stroke. I didn't seem so enthusiastic about this race compared to the others. My arm hit the end so I pushed off. When I pushed off I took a glimpse over the pool and found out I was coming last and in dead heat with a girl. My arms and legs were tired, but I was determined not to come last, so when I touched the edge I looked to my side to see that I just beat her. Feeling glad I didn't come last I half-walked, half-jogged back to my seat.

Clunk! I dived into the water breaking its smooth wavering surface, and started swimming for the boys' one-length freestyle. My arms were weaving in and out of the water and breaking its surface each time. Time meant nothing, I lost all awareness of where I was, all I could concentrate on was swimming as fast as I could and reaching the other end of the pool. I hit the edge with a thud, and looked up from the water on both sides to find out I had just missed third place.

Now all I had left was the senior house relay. That went quite quickly, and just before Renu touched the end I dived in. I swam like I had never swam before, but just before the edge of the pool I stuttered my swimming and lost the race for Averill. It didn't really matter that I lost because at least I enjoyed myself.

*by Elliot Chapman F2*



#### **SWIMMING, 1991**

**Back Row (left to right):** Jonathan Bennett, Yasmin Morris, Stephanie Thompson, Hayden Bowers, Emma Sutcliffe, Tijana Cvetkovic, Sam Sheppard, Paula Johnson

**Third Row:** Amanda Wood, Vanessa Huppert, Brad Murphy, Shelley Kirk-Burnnand, Kirk Mulholland, Joe Sheppard, Philip Cameron-Jones

**Second Row:** Neil Robertson (left), Carl Vink, Sarah Colman, Peter Yardley, Frith Kirby, Shane Hope, Mrs J. Hunter (left)

**Front Row:** Cameron Hope, Janna de Groot, Michael Cavanaugh, Rachel Morgan, Kylie Sutcliffe, Nicola Freeman, Paul Freeman, Clementine Ogilvie-Lee.

## **Gymnastic Inter-group Competition**

The impetus for this competition came from the combination of the two modes of expression that I felt were lacking within the framework of the P.E. programme, namely gymnastics and dance.

The senior school were set the task of grouping themselves

and performing movements to music that would express a theme or tell a story.

Initially, the amount of grunting and groaning that prevailed in the early stages of the various routines did not bode well for this presentation. It should be remembered that this exercise was not to be only physical and rhythmical, but also an exercise in tolerance, co-operation and sharing.

At each P.E. lesson the groups began to build up their routines together with their selected music, and although there were disputes and often hot debate about the progression of movements, all the various groups' sequences began to take shape.



#### **GYMNASTS, 1991**

**Back Row (left to right):** Vanessa Huppert, Cassandra Bland, Chris Wyatt, Angela Palmer, Sam Sheppard, Paula Johnson, Eileen Weinert

**Third Row:** Mr J. Hunter, Angela Gledstone, Nicola Freeman, David Fellows, Ben Friedlander, Kirk Mulholland, Shane Hope, Nicola Kirk-Burnnand, Kate Stuttle

**Second Row:** Nadia Cook, Rion Hogan, Laurence Toime, Daniela Williams, Adrien Weinert, Cameron Hope, Clementine Ogilvie-Lee

**Front:** Ann Harper, Kylie Sutcliffe.

Tremendous nervous tension prevailed as the performance date drew closer and the groups rounded off their routines. The Form Ones were to perform first and the Form Twos would follow after a short interval, while Middle School and their teachers would be in the audience.

The excitement of the occasion came to a head on the day of the performances, and the noise level in the Sunday School room below the stage threatened at times to drown out the music above. The audience proved to be highly appreciative, and the nervous faces that we had seen before each performance returned smiling and at times elated.

The day's events could not have been the same without the support of Mr David Burchett who supplied the lighting, which gave a real professional feel to the competition. Thanks





to him and his family for their support.

The big day was finally over and it seemed that both the Senior and Middle school had benefited from the event. The judges had awarded prizes in both the Form One and Form Two groups. Here are the results:

#### Form One

Third — 'Making of a Robot' — Mark Yardley, David Roche, Richard Upton, Nicholas Johns, Timothy Siau, Christopher Bourne

Second — 'Buddha Magic' — Michael Fletcher, Donna Chu, Alida Spencer, Melissa Wong, Simon Pallin

First — 'Stax of Stix' — Simon Black, Vinay Ranchhod, Jason Feng, Sonny Cho, Quentin Webster

Special Mention — 'Martial Arts'

#### Form Two

Second — 'Dream World' — Sarah-Jane Harvey, Lara Cook, Emma Sutcliffe, Reshma Nagar, Amber Nissen, Kerry Burchett

First — 'Tropical Tequila Sunrise' — Vanessa Huppert, Renu Badiani, Cassandra Bland, Sarah Lange, Sarah Wolff, Nikita Ranchhod, Hema Patel, Darshna Patel

Special Mention — 'Building of a Nation' and 'Circus Clowns'



#### MINIBALL 1991, FORM 1 and 2

Back Row (left to right): Mark Yardley, Daniel Goodwin, Paul Tsinas, Aaron Lutton, John Stephens, Ashton Bilbie, James Rees-Thomas

Second Row: Mr M. Borthwick, Sarah Wolff, Matthew Lang, Simon Gill, Emmett Morris, Christian Imlach, Lara Cook, Mr J. Hunter

Third Row: Sarah-Jane Harvey, Paula Johnson, Quentin Thomas, Rodney Varga, Matthew Simpson, Cassandra Bland, Meliss Wong

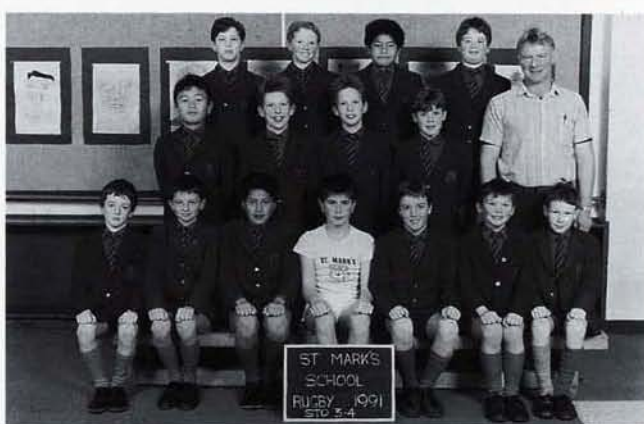
Front Row: Matthew Chan, Hamish Dahya.



#### ATOMS CRICKET TEAM 1991

Back Row (left to right): Theoharis Giannios, Vinay Ranchhod, Shavantha Rupasinghe, Jonathon Tupai, Adam Mudge

Front Row: Nigel Mudge, Faiyaz Aslam, Craig Jenkin, Alida Spencer, Adonijah Menzies, Bunna Ny, Matthew Norman.



#### RUGBY 1991, STANDARD 3 and 4

Back Row (left to right): Clinton Williams, Matthew Prentice, Jonathon Tupai, Jonathan Bennett

Second Row: Julius To'o, Jack Sheppard, Joe Sheppard, Benjamin Kelly, Mr J. Hunter

Front Row: Paul Freeman, Neil Robertson (left), Wayne Newman, Ben Friedlander, Adonijah Menzies, James Tait, Richard McKenzie.



#### SOCCER 1991, FORM 1

Back Row (left to right): Mr M. Borthwick, Emmett Morris, Shavantha Rupasinghe, David Roche, Mark Yardley

Second Row: Andrew Chan, Christopher Bourne, Simon Gilmour, Matthew Lang

Front Row: Sushil Patel, Reuben Fretton, Rahul Govindan, Nicholas Johns, Faiyaz Aslam, Matthew Chan.



# Prizegiving 1991

## Form II Long Service Awards

Lena Balakrishnan	Kerry Ann Lee
Ashton Bilbie	Janene Linford
Cassandra Bland	Reshma Nagar
Jeffrey Boardman	Amber Nissen
Kerry Burchett	Darshna Patel
Lara Cook	Emma Sutcliffe
Hamish Dahya	Amy Tannahill
David Fellows	Georgie Tsalis
Donna Fong	Paul Tsinas
Rebecca Hills	Rodney Varga
Shane Hope	Sarah Wolff
Vanessa Huppert	Daniel Wong
Christian Imlach	Christopher Wyatt
Paula Johnson	Jonathan Yorkat

## Academic Awards

### Standard II Duffy

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Jeremy Mansford
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Rosemary Clark

### Standard II Hellberg

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Daniel McGaughran
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Jonathan Weirenga

### Best Overall Students in Standard II

<i>Third</i>	Tulsi Patel
<i>Second</i>	Lara Bland
<i>First</i>	Julia Baynes

### Standard III Meredith

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Aaron Ross
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Daniel Quartermann

### Standard III Thompson

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Mark Stephens
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Joanne Kaiwai

### Best Overall Students in Standard III

<i>Third</i>	Jack Sheppard
<i>Second</i>	Charles Jackson
<i>First</i>	Joe Sheppard

### Standard IV Prentice

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Debbie Wong
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Helen Baynes

### Standard IV Turner

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Matthew Norman
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Melanie Brown

### Best Overall Students in Standard IV

<i>Second</i>	Lindsay Paling
<i>First Equal</i>	Kylie Sutcliffe, Cameron Shea

### Form I Chapman

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Kirsty Weyde
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Vinay Ranchhod

### Form I Huggins

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Jane Norman
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Donna Chu

### Best Overall Students in Form I

<i>Third</i>	Rahul Govindan
<i>Second</i>	Rebecca Paton
<i>First</i>	Callum Strong

### Form II Hunter

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Hema Patel
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Sarah Lange

### Form II Penny

<i>Most Improved Student</i>	Adam Mudge
<i>For Consistent Endeavour</i>	Daniel Wong

### Divinity

<i>Standard II Duffy</i>	Peter Fitzjohn
<i>Standard II Hellberg</i>	Alexandra Crawford
<i>Standard III Thompson</i>	Rana Abboud
<i>Standard III Meredith</i>	William Connor
<i>Standard IV Prentice</i>	Nicholas Hardman
<i>Standard IV Turner</i>	Lindsay Paling

### Maudley Memorial Prize for Divinity in Middle School

Helen Baynes	
<i>Form I Huggins</i>	Rahul Govindan
<i>Form I Chapman</i>	Junior Logo
<i>Form II Hunter</i>	Christian Imlach
<i>Form II Penny</i>	Emma Sutcliffe

### Bishop's Prize for Divinity in Senior School

Christian Imlach

### Silver Lion for Service to St Mark's Church and School

Michael Fletcher

### Claire Egarr Cup for Service to St Mark's Family

Matthew Oppenheim

### The Annie Holm Memorial Prize for the Head Prefect

James Rees-Thomas

## Sport

### A. J. Grey Cup for Excellence in Sport (Form I and II)

Rhys Morgan (Boys)  
Sarah Wolff (Girls)

### Upton Cricket Trophy

Daniel Goodwin

### Friends' Trophy for Sport in Middle School for Girls

Tijana Cvetkovic

### Judith Bydder Cup for Sport in Middle School for Boys

Matthew Prentice

### Soccer Trophy for Example and Ability

Andrew Chan



**Michael Sorenson Cup — Swimming**  
Shane Hope

**Stephanie Wilson Cup — Cross-Country**  
Clayton Burns

**Wellington Harriers Club for St Mark's Girls' Cross-Country Champion**  
Vanessa Huppert

**St Mark's Trophy for Middle School Cross-Country — Girls**  
Nicola Freeman

**St Mark's Trophy for Middle School Cross-Country — Boys**  
Neil Robertson

**The Glenn Moyle Trophy Awarded for Water-Polo**  
Hayden Bowers

**St Mark's Sports Shield for Highest Aggregate Cross-Country — Athletics and Swimming**  
Julius House

**School Supplies Cup for House Points**  
Averill House

## Special Awards and Cups

**Kirby Memorial Cup — Form II**  
*For the pupil who has spent all of his/her education at St Mark's and gained the most from it. It is in memory of a former long serving Headmaster, Mr Ronald Kirby. The winner is: Vanessa Huppert*

**The Lang Cup for Mathematics**  
Emma Sutcliffe

**Fulton Liberal Arts Cup — Form I and II**  
*Reflects an overall ability in speech, language, drama and music.*  
Sarah-Jane Harvey

**The French Cup**  
*Presented by the French Ambassador*  
Cassandra Bland

**Buckthought Cup for Art**  
Philip Cameron-Jones

**Jaimon Cup for Excellence in Musical Performance**  
Marius Toime

**Chapman Cup for Musical Endeavour in the Middle School**  
Jonathon Tupai

**Old Pupils' Rosebowl for Excellence in Arts**  
Philip Cameron-Jones

**Chapman Cup for Public Speaking (Middle School)**  
Matthew Prentice

**Janson Cup for Public Speaking (Senior School)**  
Charlotte Griffin

**Stringer Cup for Science — Form II**  
David Paling



*Winner of the Annie Holm Memorial Prize for the Head Prefect, James Rees-Thomas.*

**Partridge Cup for Girls' Helpfulness — Form I and II**  
Amber Nissen

**Clive Gaby Ibbotson Cup for Boys' Helpfulness — Form I and II**  
Aaron Lutton

**Ladies' Auxiliary Prize for Diligence in the Middle School**  
Aimee Froud

**Parents' Association Cup for All-Round Consistent Endeavour in Middle School:**  
Sarah Colman

**Huffam Cup for Best All-Round Student in Form I**  
Simon Gilmour

**Jonathan Soulis Memorial Prize for Consistent Endeavour in Senior School**  
*This prize is in memory of a former pupil, a consistently good worker, who died when he was a student in Form One. The winner is: Reshma Nagar*

**Maddeley Memorial Prize — Third Overall in Form II**  
Peter Durham

**Jane Gillies Memorial Prize for Proxime Accessit**  
Renu Badiani

*The Dux of St Mark's Church School for 1991*  
Emma Sutcliffe

**Cooney Scholarship**  
*Mr Joe Cooney, Managing Director of Cooney & Associates, presented an inscribed silver tray and a cheque to Emma Sutcliffe, winner of the Cooney & Associates Award.*



# Postscript

## Camp Akatarawa 1991

The best activity at camp would have to be the confidence course. The team one was the most fun because everyone helped each other. The individual course was also fun but with that one you had to help yourself.

The most challenging activity for me would be the individual confidence course because a lot of the course was quite high in the air and one thing you shouldn't do, which I did, was look down.

The most amusing incident was when we were canoeing and Donna was in one of the smaller canoes and as she was turning around she fell out and she was soaked.

I don't think the camp can be improved in many ways but it would have been better if the pool had been filled and the heaters were on the first few nights. Other than that it was fine!

*by Lara Cook F2*





**Jack Yan attended St Mark's between 1977 and 1985, and was Dux in his final year. In his time, there were two changes of principal and the erection of the Coffey Block. He is now the project manager at the Designature Group, and also a student at Victoria University.**



## *Beaux Idéals*

As I write this, the 75th anniversary edition of British *Vogue* has just gone on sale, with the mandatory special collector's supplement. The pages of *Vogue — 75 Years* show a selection of the covers that have graced the magazine, and a commentary of each decade follows, telling us how fashion has changed with the magazine. It travels through the bombing of London and rationing, the incredible post-war consumption, and the hippie era which ended the Swinging 'Sixties before reaching the years I have some recollection of.

Memories are, after all, what every one is made of. *Vogue — 75 Years* has shown me that two decades is indeed a very long time when you consider the changes, but they are years which have passed with a blink of the eyes. There was a beginning: for them, it was the ease of publishing a British edition of Condé Nast's magazine compared with importing the American one; my time with St Mark's began in 1977 when the late Rev Kirby was headmaster, and Rev Calder the vicar. They will be remembered, especially with the buildings that take their names, as men who contributed greatly to the strength of St Mark's, a strength that was founded by the Misses Holm and a strength which could not be simply pushed over by controversy.

Many can remember 1977 — Mr Muldoon was Prime Minister, and Donny and Marie Osmond showed that disco reflected the era and smiles reflected more than just happiness. The Bursar's Citroën had suspension which allowed the front of its body to be lifted by six J1 boys (although the wheels remained firmly on the ground). This was never attempted more than once, incidentally — the strap was a powerful and painful threat, and you would never want to be waiting in the corridor for Mr Kirby to come strolling by. And not that I can

remember any of the ceremony, but St Mark's celebrated its Diamond Jubilee.

The old boys and old girls who lived through 1977 are now at college or in the "real world". There is a tightrope in between that 70 per cent of private-school pupils walk, that of university, in hope that one will graduate to not only jobs but success in them. And then, considerations of the next generation. We usually have firm ideas of where to send them for the secondary schooling, for it is these years which are fondly remembered. My other Alma Mater, Scots College, celebrated its 75th this year, and this was very evident. These college years are credited for making us the better individual, but what of the framework which launched us into Form Three?

A great number of those at college now will be thankful that St Mark's education went further than any other school's. They already have study habits, a better general knowledge, and an excellent sense of respect to people, than many of their peers.

My hope is that 1992 will bring those with the same fondness for St Mark's back to the school. We are all made of memories, and St Mark's is a great part of them. We now have an opportunity to revel in these memories at the school where they were formed.

That is why we all must get behind the Jubilee in what ever way we can, be it history lessons in class or attendance at the Dinner next September. Because it does not merely affect the happiness of former pupils, but the outlook of *present* pupils. Let them know of the pride that is St Mark's and let them have memories as rich as ours.

*Jack Yan*





1917 1992  
**75<sup>th</sup>**  
Jubilee

# St Mark's 75th Jubilee

**St Mark's Church School  
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