

Rhodes

KOOKABURRA

1969



PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE INC.

COTTESLOE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

The
KOOKABURRA

Editor — Kim Mahood

Sub-editor — Glynda Green

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SCHOOL PREFECTS and HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row (l. to r.): V. Slee, J. Cusack, C. Alexander, K. Bishop, J. Ferguson.

Front Row: M. Richardson, H. Murray (Head Prefect), Miss H. Barr (Principal), F. Elliott (Senior Boarder), J. Armstrong.

Absent: G. Chin.

Editorial

We are the youth of the permissive society, we stand on the brink of the age of change, the age of renewal. The ethics of today's youth are becoming more and more widely accepted, the rise in student power, the hippie colonies, the rejection of the old standards, all these factors point to the probability of change. And tomorrow, when we step out of the confines of the schoolgirl world, we will become even more actively involved in the tumultuous movement of today's youth. As yet we have gained only the most basic education, most of our education lies before us. And to make a success of living in the upheaval of our society a perceptive mind and a broad, open attitude is necessary.

For if we are to replace the old values, we must replace them with better values, not the values of the idealist and the romanticist, but the values of the realist. And how many of us at eighteen are realists? Do we know enough, have we experienced enough to understand the effects of world-wide change? Do we really want the responsibility of the world, the responsibility of humanity with all its crippling problems, thrust upon our shoulders, thrown into our inadequate hands? Maybe we do, maybe we don't, but it does not alter the fact that the world is going through a process of change, and that it is our responsibility, yours and mine, to approach the future with a mind unclouded with prejudices, and a heart free of self-deceit.

KIM MAHOOD

SCHOOL COUNCIL

The Moderator, the Rt. Rev. H. D. McAndrew, B.A., B.D.

The Chairman, W. D. Benson, Esq., B.A., B.E., D.I.C.

F. G. Barr, Esq., B.A., Dip.Ed.

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B. K. Bowen, Esq., B.Sc.

W. L. Brine, Jun., Esq.

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W. L. Lapsley, Esq., F.A.F.A.

J. C. Livingston, Esq.

Rev. L. G. Maley

A. J. T. Marshall, Esq., B.A., B.Sc.(Agric.),
Dip.Ed., A.C.I.V.

J. F. Ockerby, Esq., F.C.A.

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Major A. F. Shaw

Mrs. F. G. Stimson

Miss A. M. Tulloch, B.A., Dip.Ed.

R. D. Wilson, Esq., Q.C., LL.M.

Life Members

C. A. Hendry, Esq.

J. E. Nicholson, Esq.

C. H. Snowdon, Esq., F.C.I.V.

Miss M. Stewart

Secretary to Council: J. F. Ockerby, Esq., F.C.A.

Principal: Miss H. Barr, B.Ed., Dip.Ed.Admin., M.A.C.E.

TEACHING STAFF

SENIOR SCHOOL: Mrs. M. V. Adam, T.C.; Mrs. G. Baird, Ph.D. (Senior Mistresses); Mrs. G. Binsted, B.Sc.(Econ.); Miss P. Clancy, B.A.; Mrs. H. Day, B.A., A.A.S.A., L.T.C.L.; Mrs. D. Edinger, B.Sc.(Hons.); Miss D. Honter, B.A.; Mrs. I. L. Hunt, M.A., F.T.C.L.; Mrs. J. Lewis, Cert.Ed. (London); Mrs. L. Mackenzie, B.Sc.; Mrs. P. Marsh, B.A.; Mrs. P. Nikulinsky, T.C.; Mrs. A. Pace, Dip.Ed.Sec.; Mrs. P. Prevost, Baccalaureat Philosophie (Paris); Mrs. E. Prince, Cert.Ed. (Northern Universities); Miss J. Robertson, S.D.H. (W.S.A.C.), R.H.S.; Mr. P. Ruse, B.A., B.Sc.; Mrs. M. J. Sedlo, M.A., Dip. Ed.; Mrs. M. Speed, T.C.; Mr. A. Veth, M.A. (Utrecht); Miss L. Ward, T.C., A.S.D.A., A.T.C.L.; Mrs. A. Walsh, T.C.

Part-time: Mrs. J. Davy, B.A.; Mrs. L. Goldflam; Miss R. Harrington, B.A.; Miss V. Major, B.A.; Mrs. J. McMahon (Commercial); Mrs. L. Segal, B.Sc.; Miss T. Terpstra, B.Sc.

Art: Mrs. M. Hetherington, B.A.; Mrs. P. Nikulinsky, T.C.

Handicraft: Mrs. P. Nikulinsky, T.C.

Sport: Mrs. M. Smith; Miss Z. Hersta, Dip.Phys.Ed. (Tas.), Cert.Ed.; Mrs. P. Lyon, Dip.Phys.Ed.; Mr. A. Marshall (tennis).

Librarian: Mrs. B. M. Shield, B.Sc.

Speech: Mrs. H. Day, B.A., A.A.S.A., L.T.C.L.; Miss L. Ward, T.C., A.S.D.A., A.T.C.L.; Miss S. Bennett, A.S.D.A.

Domestic Science: Mrs. W. Whittell, Dip.Dom.Sc.

Music: Mr. W. Shaw, B.A., A.Mus.A.; Miss M. Dorrington, L.Mus.; Mrs. O. Foster, L.R.S.M.; Mrs. N. Mason, L.T.C.L.

JUNIOR SCHOOL: Mrs. D. Tyler, T.C. (Head of Junior School); Mrs. M. Davies, T.C.; Mrs. M. Williams, T.C.; Miss M. Hubbard, T.C.; Mrs. M. Hepworth, T.C.; Mrs. V. Loudon, T.C.; Miss A. Rexilius, T.C.; Mrs. G. Solomon, T.C.

Parents' Association Notes

You will probably be tired of reading a reference to the building fund appeal but I think it is acknowledged that the support which the parents were able to give, both in terms of manpower and money, was a significant factor in the success of the appeal.

I hope that the closer contacts between the school and parents which were brought about by the appeal will not be lost but rather cemented so that the increasing goodwill which I believe now exists between all those who are concerned for the welfare of P.L.C. will continue and that this will be further promoted by full participation of the parents in all activities which the Association proposes in 1970.

We have enjoyed considerable support in our activities this year and this is the most rewarding experience in working on behalf of your Association.

Thank you for help and support.

A. BLANCKENSEE, President.

Form Officers

| Form Captains | Cot | Relief |
|-------------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 5P Jenny Porter | Diane Rees | Lyn Cooper |
| 5Q Julie O'Shaughnessy | Jill Benson | Sue Clarkson |
| 5F Jane Nott | Vicki Nix | Joan Robertson |
| 4N Meredith Scott | Kaye Rowe | Jo Gordon |
| 4O Rosemary Thompson | Gillian Davies | Anne McIlroy |
| 4S Jackalene Williamson | Helen Shipley | Janice Wilkins |
| 3H Angela Paterson | Sue Keys | Helen Weston |
| 3I Bronwyn Teakle | José Croft | Sharon Poultney |
| 3J Clare Sprigg | Amanda Dixon | Stephanie Smith |
| 3B Nicola Smith | Janet Glendinning | Eileen Hammond |
| 2K Cathy Bean | Sally Callander | Sue Angeloni |
| 2L Helen O'Dea | Elizabeth Semple | Sian Jones |
| 2M Lesley Tuckwell | Wendy Davies | Susan Busby |
| 2G Neryl Jones | Pat Doncon | Jane Gunnell |
| 1C Janet Anderson | Sally Wilson | Helen Hay |
| 1Y Linda Herbert | Ann Delroy | Meredith Pearson |
| 1D Linda Burns | Tony Gunnell | Penny Bovell |
| 1E Jenny Last | Elizabeth Scott | Sally Macpherson |

1968 Cot and Relief Funds

| SENIOR SCHOOL | |
|---|------------------|
| COT | |
| Red Cross Society | \$43.75 |
| University Camp for Children | 16.00 |
| Mental Health Association | 16.00 |
| Slow Learning Children's Group | 20.00 |
| A.S.C.M. in Schools | 20.00 |
| Braemar Home for the Aged | 25.00 |
| St. David's Home for the Aged | 25.00 |
| Friends of R.P.H. | 25.00 |
| T.B. and Chest Association | 25.00 |
| Guide Dogs for the Blind | 25.00 |
| Meals on Wheels | 25.00 |
| A.I.M. | 50.00 |
| Aboriginal and Overseas Missions | 50.00 |
| Muscular Dystrophy Research | 50.00 |
| Cancer Crusade | 50.00 |
| Paraplegic Association | 50.00 |
| Children's Medical Research Foundations | 50.00 |
| TOTAL | \$550.75 |
| RELIEF | |
| S.C.F. Sponsorships | \$450.00 |
| S.C.F. Sponsorships | 100.00 |
| Rice Bowl Appeal | 253.90 |
| Parcel to Korea | 5.58 |
| Christmas Gifts (per S.C.F.) | 32.00 |
| Lord Mayor's Distress Relief Fund | 132.50 |
| Lord Mayor's Distress Relief Fund | 26.50 |
| TOTAL | \$1000.48 |

Old Collegians

The Old Collegians' Association, having had most of their activities reported in the two issues of the Black Watch this year, are not making their usual contribution to The Kookaburra. Among their activities have been fund-raising ventures, the Old Girls' dinner on the school's birthday in August, the annual golf day, and several inter-school Old Collegians' activities.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Student Council

The Student Council was established this year with the aim of enabling each girl in the Senior School to have her ideas put forward and so help to determine and implement policies which would benefit the school as a whole.

The Council consists of a chairman, a secretary, the head prefect or a deputy chosen by her, and one representative from each class in the Senior School. The Principal or a member of staff attends when invited.

Twelve meetings were held throughout the year and, after each, the chairman and secretary reported the decisions made to Miss Barr.

The main topics under discussion were the sports awards system, various parts of the school uniform, the canteen system, the requests for economics to be included in the school curriculum, and the socials for the respective years; as well as many other minor points.

Although the Student Council has not accomplished all that was hoped, it has been an interesting experiment, and we hope it will continue to be a worthwhile part of the school in following years.

KATHY DIGWOOD, Secretary

School Play

This year the P.L.C. Drama Club broke tradition to present a most unusual play. The play was very enlightening, discussing in layman's terms the differences between operas and plays. The audience was shown rehearsals, an audition and then the typical dress rehearsal with its inevitable confusion. This was followed by a complicated opera, illustrating the original discussion.

Audiences found that they were to play an important role. Unsuspecting fathers tunefully "pink-pinked" and "prrrrooooed" in a pseudo-bird-like fashion, much to the amusement of the cast!

For the first time on record the company "went on tour". We paid a visit to Kobeelya in Katanning, where we had a wonderful reception. As it was necessary to leave most of our properties behind, we had to improvise and where our ingenuity failed the imagination of the audience took over.

As our opera required three adult voices, we were very lucky to have with us Mrs. Denise Murray, an ex-collegian, Mr. Don Browne and Mr. Don Moore, friends of the school.

The thanks of the cast are extended to Mrs. Day and Mr. Shaw, our producers, Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Adam and of course the pianists, Miss Dorrington and Mrs. Foster, and the percussion players, Miss Bennett and Sally Paterson.

KANDY JAMES, 4N

Speech Night - 1968

The evening began with a stirring rendition of our school song which provoked in those not returning the following year a certain feeling of nostalgia.

After the formal reports from the chairman, Mr. W. D. Benson, and Miss Barr, the Moderator, Rt. Rev. J. A. Murray, gave the evening a true Scottish flavour; his broad accent together with his engaging sense of humour, delighted both girls and parents. Following this the 'goodwill' spirit of Christmas was instilled in us all by the admirable voices of our school choirs.

Our distinguished guest, the Hon. David Brand, M.L.A. (now Sir David), encouraged us by saying that he firmly believed it was true that the actions of teenagers received too much prominence, to the detriment of young people generally. He concluded his address by reminding us that we would soon have attained the voting age!

After the distribution of prizes to those who had achieved success academically, for sport and for outstanding citizenship, Verity Allen proposed her vote of thanks.

The evening was concluded with everyone upstanding in a mark of respect to our lady sovereign, Queen Elizabeth.

LYN COOPER

Sub-Leavings' Dance

Contrasting to last year's arrangements, the fourth years were able to have a separate dance this year. This was held on the last Saturday of second term (16th August).

Most of Friday was spent in decorating the hall with streamers of azure blue, royal blue and aqua, the pattern of which was occasionally broken by a single silver thread (kindly donated by "Masters Milk"!). Throughout Friday night's dancing classes, the decorations miraculously escaped injury owing to the jealous guarding of the boarders.

The domestic science room (where supper was served) was effectively converted into "Ye Olde Taverne" with the use of red candles and serviettes, posters proclaiming the rights of women, an enormous flag of Wales and a large reindeer's head. Thanks to the generous help of the mothers, the supper was excellent.

Everyone found the evening most enjoyable and special thanks must go to Mrs. Day and Mr. Shaw for contributing to this success.

BEVERLY TUCKWELL

Third Year Dance

Rats, bats and witches were to be found strung upon the walls of Carmichael Hall on the 9th August. This somewhat halloween-ish decor was the setting of the third year dance, which turned out to be quite a success all round. The music and games were provided by Purvisonic Sound (that guy on the stage), and there was plenty of fun and food for everyone.

And to mention last but not least what some would term the most important commodity—the boys supplied by Guildford, St. Louis, Christ Church and dear ole Scotch.

Everyone (except perhaps a few banned boarders) had a marvellous time, thanks to all the organisers, and it is hoped that after this maiden occurrence it could become an annual event.

G.T.

The Easter Play

On the last day before the Easter holidays, 1Y put on the play "The Crucifixion of Jesus Christ". Meredith Pearson played the main part, Jesus. The person who betrayed Jesus, that is Judas, was played by Kathy Medway. Pilate was played by Robyn Garrett and the High Priests, on his side were played by Vivienne Hawkins, Debbie Lapsley and Heather Howard; and Joseph of Arimathea was played by Valerie Vose. The rest of the class were either women, disciples, servants or soldiers. The full play lasted for most of the assembly time. The play was a complete success and we would like to thank Miss Barr for letting us put the play on, Mrs. Baird for choosing the costumes, Mrs. Hunt for helping to choose the characters and last but not least Mrs. Sedlo for organising the whole play.

ANN BARTER and DEBBIE LAPSLEY, 1Y

Matric Seminar

With serious doubts as to whether we would enjoy the weekend, five girls, including myself, attended a seminar held at Hollywood High on the theme "The Family of Man". The seminar was aimed at promoting discussion between students on major issues underlying matriculation courses. The seminar was divided into three sub-seminars; Di Rees attended the Social Sciences, Kim Mahood and Philippa Marshall, the Literature and Languages; and in the Natural Sciences, Sue Robinson and myself.

The seminar began on Saturday night with a preliminary talk on "the concept of family and its applicability in a world context", and the screening of "Ramayana", an ancient Hindu epic. We concluded with a well-earned supper.

Sunday morning consisted of two sessions in our individual sub-seminars, when we discussed and reported on our questions. The Natural Sciences discussed basic research in science and man's capacity to use this knowledge; also the problem of world population. After an hour for lunch the seminar met for the reports from each seminar and discussions in different groups.

The seminar concluded with everyone mentally exhausted but with a much deeper understanding of world affairs and problems. It was a weekend thoroughly enjoyed by everyone and there was a unanimous vote in favour of further seminars.

B. SODERLUND

Matric Seminar

"Modern Man and His Environment" was the topic for discussion which brought another group of students together in a Matriculation Seminar held at Perth Modern Senior High School on the weekend of 5-6 July, 1969.

The seminar commenced on Saturday night when we remained intact as a full-sized group while Professor M. J. Webb from the Department of Geography at the University gave an animated and wholly inspiring address which left most of us with an abundance of valuable information to reflect upon and a definite feeling as to our own inadequacies concerning knowledge of the subject. We were separated into our respective divisions and subdivided into smaller bodies, convenient for active discussion. Gillian Benson and Julie O'Shaughnessy represented P.L.C. in the Social Sciences sub-seminar and Georgina Folvig and I attended the Literature sub-seminar.

On Sunday morning the seminar proceeded and we immediately separated into our individual groups for discussions on particular aspects of the main topic, from the viewpoint of our special division. There were two of these sessions, broken only by a short morning-tea break in which we had opportunity to mix with members of other groups and divisions.

After lunch the grouping was rearranged and participants of different sub-seminars, from all three divisions (Literature, Social Sciences and Natural and Physical Sciences) were brought together to present accounts of the morning's discussions.

Finally we all reassembled in the hall where it was possible to direct questions, resulting from the seminar, to Professor Webb. We also listed our suggestions for promoting greater thought, and for obtaining more consequential results in any future seminars.

The weekend was a great success and was particularly stimulating, leaving us all, I think, with a sense of achievement. It seemed worthwhile to have devoted a weekend to a deeper research into the subject and I think all those who attended would hope for many more such seminars in future years.

GLYNDA GREEN

Prefects' Dance

The eve of the 31st June saw the culmination of much anticipation, rumination and expectation in the form of that annual extravaganza, the P.L.C. Prefects' dance.

After being greeted by Miss Barr and Helen, the guests moved into the hall to admire the Prefects' decorative skills: a canopy of purple, mauve and aqua streamers, interspersed with balloons and huge paper flowers and teamed (not altogether harmoniously) with a psychedelic backdrop.

The "Swan City Jazzmen" provided a versatile musical accompaniment and it was pleasing to see several of the braver members of staff venturing onto the floor.

Supper, always a highlight of the evening, was served in the library which had been disguised in a colour scheme of red, white and black: red and white table cloths with red napkins covered the groaning tables; the windows were blacked out and draped with red and white "wisteria" caught with a rosette; the walls were arrayed with humorous sketches donated by talented leaving artists.

Only too soon P.L.C's. Cinderellas were streaming through the doors again, this time to be farewelled by Miss Barr after an enjoyable and memorable evening.

G.F.

Youth Reception

On the 27th August Helen, Fleur, Christine and I attended the youth reception for the Duke and Duchess of Kent at Government House Ballroom. Unfortunately, the Duchess was unable to attend as she had the flu. There were over 500 people at the reception representing all the colleges, metropolitan and country high schools. When the Duke arrived at 6.45 p.m. he was welcomed by the Minister for Education, Mr. Lewis. He then gave his address. It was very interesting and he seemed impressed with Australia and Australians. He said that a lot of young people from Britain and Europe were attracted to Australia because of the challenges available. He commented on the publicity received by the youth of the world and thought it distorted and grossly unfair.

After his address he moved about talking with the groups. Mr. Dettman, the Director General for Education in W.A., introduced us to the Duke because with us was a girl who had come from Carnarvon especially for the occasion. The Duke was extremely pleasant and natural, and asked a great many questions about the school.

As he left he was applauded enthusiastically.

Supper was served and the reception drew to a close at about 8.30.

JAY ARMSTRONG

The School Service

The annual School Service was conducted by the Rev. J. Reid, B.D., at St. Andrew's Church on 17th August.

The Introit, "Holy, Holy, Holy"; the Anthem, ". . . All from the Sun's Uprise . . ." and "God be in My Head" were sung by the choir.

The chaplain, the Rev. L. Maley, led the prayer of Intercession; the prayer of Thanksgiving was led by the head prefect, Helen Murray.

The Old and New Testament lessons were read by Jay Armstrong and Denise Eliot respectively and, using a theme from Jay's reading, the Moderator, the Rt. Rev. J. A. Murray, Th.B., highlighted the service with a most interesting and unusual sermon.

J.S.

* * *

France set up a monarchy in Spain again for the King to carry on with his bloody repressive policy.

* * *

Most of the ringleaders in the French Revolution were either hanged, killed or executed.

* * *

One of Brutus' great mistakes was when he let Mark Antony speak at his funeral.



SENIOR SCHOOL CHOIR

This year has been a challenging and progressive one for the choir.

During first term, rehearsals ceased due to Mr. Shaw's preoccupation with "Let's Make an Opera", in which several choir members took part.

At the School Service we sang "All from the Sun's Uprise", "Glory to be Thee, O God Most High" and "God Be In My Head".

We sang at three weddings of Old Collegians, and spent some time learning hymns requested for them..

In third term the choir was re-formed. Before re-entering the choir, the girls had to audition, and then go through a period of five weeks' "probation", after which each girl was officially admitted to the choir and presented with a badge. It was decided that school choir pockets should be awarded to any girls who had shown outstanding and continued service to the choir. Part of this re-organisation was the invitation to members of staff to join the choir.

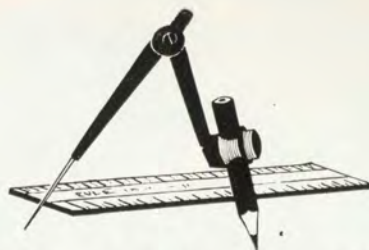
One of our visits as a choir was to Braemar, the Presbyterian Home for the Aged. Here we sang some light pieces from "My Fair Lady" and the Carmichael folk group entertained them with a number of items. This outing was followed by a barbecue at Mr. Shaw's home. It was a very enjoyable evening, rounded off by folk-singing, to guitar accompaniment.

At present we are rehearsing for a performance of The Christmas Music from Handel's "Messiah", which has been especially adapted for female voices. (Mrs. Edinger, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Robertson and Mrs. Sedlo joined the choir to sing with us on this occasion.)

Some of our sopranos were honoured with an invitation to join St. Paul's Church choir, in a performance of "All from the Sun's Uprise" on November 26th at a service of dedication.

The thanks of the choir are extended to Mr. Shaw for all his hard work throughout the year, and to Miss Dorrington for her aid in accompaniment. We are also grateful to Miss Barr for showing so much interest in the choir.

KANDY JAMES, 4N



Maths and Science Club

President: Jenny Porter.

Vice-President: Verity Lee.

Representatives: Sub-Leaving, Kandy James; Junior, Miranda Hudson; 2nd Year, Stella Hoare.

This year it was very encouraging to find so many of the younger girls in the school keen to take part in the activities of the Maths and Science Club.

During first term, we had several meetings to which girls brought along interesting problems and puzzles. On several occasions Leavings were seen asking the second years for the solutions, but the fact that the second years had attempted some of the problems previously was a consolation.

The Maths Circle meetings held at the University, were attended by several members and proved to be extremely interesting and helpful.

Also, during second term the Leaving Chemistry students visited the C.S.B.P. superphosphate works where they saw many of the parts of the plant in operation.

In January, two Leaving girls, Carolyn Hoare and Jenny Porter, spent ten days at the Student Enrichment Course held each year at the University. The sixty students attending stayed at Kingswood College and, besides having daily lectures in computer programming, probability and algebra, they enjoyed many activities and outings. By the end of the ten days everyone was feeling sorry at the thought of leaving, and all felt it had been a most worthwhile experience.

We are hoping to have a visit from Professor Allen-Williams who will be speaking on computers and also engineering as a career for women.

I would like to thank Mrs. Adam, Mrs. Binsted and Mrs. Goldflam for helping to make the meetings so successful. I hope the members of next year's Maths and Science Club gain as much enjoyment out of their year as we have.

J.P.



Chess and Bridge Club

President: Jan Sutherland.

Secretary: Beth Soderlund.

The Chess and Bridge Club was formed this year and started ambitiously in first term. On Tuesdays chess boards were borrowed from the junior school and lessons were held. Mrs. Adam sacrificed many Thursday lunch times to teach aspiring bridge players. Thank you, Mrs. Adam!

Thank you also to those senior school girls who went to the junior school on Fridays and took part in games against the junior school chess players.

I hope the Chess and Bridge Club will be more active next year. Perhaps having its own chess sets and packs of cards!



LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Back Row (l. to r.): C. Burges, H. Brine, K. James.

Seated: S. Wood, S. Craig.

Library Notes

The library, which is the coolest room in summer and the warmest in winter, was a gymnasium only five years ago. Soon it is to be converted into the canteen.

We received a Commonwealth library grant which will go towards buying books and building a new library. The new library is to be a part of the new construction complex.

We are very grateful to the Parents and Citizens' Association for their generous donation of \$600 with which we have acquired a set of encyclopaedias and other reference books.

Our library is once more decorated, by the painting of the 1968 Senior Art Prize winner, Carol Lapsley.

The committee of Sue Craig, Helen Brine, Cathy Burges, Sally Wood and Kandy James have spent quite a busy year, covering books, mending them and doing general work in the library.

The thanks of the school and the girls go to Mrs. Shield who has done so much for the library.

K.J.

* * *

A man had his eye on a seat in a bus and a woman sat on it.

* * *

Yuan Shih K'ai wanted to create a new imperial dysentery.

* * *

With regard to defence for some years Australia did nothing on a large scale.

* * *

This was a chaotic system where three quarters or more were ruled by one tiny majority—(New Maths?).



DEBATING CLUB

Back Row (l. to r.): H. Brine, H. Luckett (President), A. Gunnell, K. Rowe.

Front Row: K. James, J. Rae, K. Digwood.

This year has been a very successful debating year for many members of the school. Unfortunately, the leavings, due to the pressure of study, found little time for debating. However, the fourth years made up for this and took part in the Federation Debates enthusiastically and skilfully under the guidance of Mr. Luckett.

In the first debate Anne Gunnell, Kaye Rowe and Helen Luckett lost to Governor Stirling High School who proved that "Man doesn't need a Universal Language". "Motor cars are ruining our lives" was the topic for the second debate in which Kandy James, Kaye Rowe and Helen Luckett defeated Hampton High School. The final debate was "Democracy is Hypocrisy" and Kathy Digwood, Jill Rae and Kandy James were only narrowly beaten by one of the top teams, Swanbourne Senior High School.

The third years revealed their ability in a debate against Governor Stirling High School when they were defeated by only a few points. The second years were successful debaters this year and proved to be keen and talented. Enthusiasm among the first years resulted in several inter-form debates.

Our thanks go to Miss Ward for her help and organisation throughout the year.

JAY ARMSTRONG



History Club

President: Carolyn Hoare.

Secretary: Gillian Benson.

During first term we were honoured to have Mr. Spencer-Compton, a well-known historian and foundation member of the Royal Historical Society of Western Australia, to give a most interesting talk to many members of the senior school about the gold-rushes of the 1890s.

Mr. Spencer-Compton helped bring his subject to life by illustrating his address with old photographs, newspaper cuttings and samples of minerals, some of which he donated to the school. Those present, even though perhaps not all history students, benefited from the afternoon since the goldrushes are still of great importance to this State.

In second term, Mrs. Speelman spoke to leaving students concerning conditions in Indonesia during the Japanese occupation, and certainly much enlivened our study of Asian history.

At the beginning of October, Mr. Ellis, the Assistant Industrial Registrar, talked to leaving and sub-leaving history students about the Australian conciliation and arbitration system. His explanations were of great value in clarifying the complicated workings of this system to us.

Also in October, a large number of girls saw the documentary "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" at the Metro Theatre. All who attended found it not only helpful in the study of German history, but also very relevant to our modern world situation.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Mrs. Hunt very much for her assistance with the History Club this year.

CAROLYN HOARE

Christian Service Club

President: Jeannette Thornton.

Secretary: Elizabeth Allen-Williams.

Treasurer: Heather Butler.

We got off to a fine start this year, by changing our name from the S.C.M. to C.S.C. with the intention of placing more emphasis on Christian service. Many opportunities for serving the community came our way.

We are most grateful to Miss Barr for giving up her valuable time to explain the best method of understanding our Bible, and it was Miss Barr also who prompted our investigation into the meaning of the word "grace" in the Benediction.

After a rousing talk by Miss Helen McLeod on the needs of the Dampier Kindergarten, the C.S.C. rallied itself to an extensive toy hunt. The junior school saved the day as the seniors were most reluctant to part with tender memories of childhood.

With the beginning of a C.S.C. cheque account (the money for which was raised by two tuckshops, a money chain and generous donations) we bought Easter eggs for the Crippled Children Society.

Next we decided to test our dubious abilities at handling children, by visits to Lady Lawley Cottage and Princess Margaret Hospital. Much to our surprise we discovered that these projects proved to be a source of enjoyment and amusement to both parties. We thank all those who have given a hand in these.



CHRISTIAN SERVICE CLUB
 L. to R.: E. Allen-Williams, J. Thornton, H. Butler.
 Sitting: Mrs. M. J. Sedlo.

The C.S.C. was privileged to welcome our school chaplain, the Rev. Maley, who gave us a most interesting address on the theme that "Christians are the salt of the earth", illustrated by a fine example of Christian service shown by the P.O.Ws. on the River Kwai during the second World War.

Knitting needles clicked busily producing squares for the rugs we hope to complete by the end of the year (Nicola Smith knitted 78!). These will probably go to refugees. Other projects under way at the moment are amassing small gifts for the aged at Braemar, and a collection of books, toys and colouring books for a mission in New Guinea.

Our meetings often proved amusing rather than business-like, especially on one memorable occasion when our president lowered herself majestically into a dish of conc. H₂SO₄. Future presidents—beware of the lecture theatre!

To end on a more serious note, however, we wish to thank Mrs. Sedlo and Miss Barr and all others who have helped to make this year a success in Christian service and hope that the C.S.C. will meet with similar success and enjoyment as we have done. Thank you also to our members who have worked hard for the C.S.C. this year.

J. THORNTON & H. BUTLER



QUIZ TEAM
 Back Row (l. to r.): C. Burges, H. Brine, K. James.
 Front Row: K. Digwood, N. Jeffery, L. Preen.

Kookaburra Squawkers

Moses told them all to eat a lamb in travelling clothes.

* * *

They built a fire and Paul collected some maggots to put on it.

* * *

The Israelites had to eat unlevelled bread.

* * *

While building a fire a snake bit Paul.



Drama Club

President: Jo. Goedheer.

Secretary: Claire Condry.

The school play "Let's Make an Opera" by Eric Crozier and Benjamin Britten was done in conjunction with the Music Club and was the highlight of the year. Thanks go to Mrs. Day and Mr. Shaw for their tireless work as producer and musical director respectively, and congratulations to the cast.

At the end of first term we were visited by Mr. Crann, the artistic director of Patch Theatre, who showed us a little of what goes on behind the scenes in the training of actors and actresses.

During the year members of the Junior Theatre Club have been to see many productions at the Playhouse and various classes have been to see such productions as "Othello" at Patch Theatre, "Richard III" and the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" at the New Fortune Theatre—to mention only a few.

The Playhouse and Patch Theatre have brought excerpts from plays and one-act plays here to P.L.C. and the first years have acted out plays in class. Overall P.L.C. has been involved in quite a lot of drama, whether it be from the point of view of English and literature students or actresses, who have been in various plays we have produced.



Music Club

President: Sue Robinson.

Secretary: Colette Wilmot.

There was no tremendous enthusiasm in music this year. Although we discussed the possibilities of a record club this was not successful, as the hall was generally in demand for other activities.

During the year a series of recitals were conducted in the hall, providing opportunities for girls to listen to trained artists.

Our members acquitted themselves admirably in the music competition this year. The competition proved highly successful and revealed much unrealised talent. Sally Paterson must be congratulated for her contribution both to the music competition and the play. The girls who took part in the play (a musical) must also be congratulated. Many thanks to the music teachers, and especially Mr. Shaw, for their contributions throughout the year.

I hope to see an increasing interest in the folk section of the club next year, as it proved popular this year.

Good luck to all for the coming year.

SUE ROBINSON



Art and Photography Club

President: Gay Chin.

Secretary: Joanne Roberts.

This year the club began in high hopes of new activities but unfortunately only a few of these eventuated. Firstly, we became subscribers to all art galleries in the Perth area. We have received many invitations to various art exhibitions of pottery, mosaics, sculpture, glasswork, carvings and paintings, which some girls have attended during the year.

During first term, Mr. Nikulinsky demonstrated the process of film developing one evening. The meeting was well supported and the lecture theatre was crowded, but somehow I feel that a great deal of the interest was not in photography. (Boarders!!)

An art and photography competition was organised, but the response was discouraging. Our budding photographers didn't function at all.

Mr. Shaw asked for the club's co-operation in designing a poster and programme cover for the school production of "Let's Make an Opera" and these were duly done and displayed.

I would like to thank Mrs. Nikulinsky for her assistance; also Jo, who has helped me a great deal throughout the year, and all the representatives. I wish the sub-leavings who will take over club organisation next year all the very best.

GAY CHIN

Acknowledgments

The thanks of the whole school go to the mothers who have run the canteen so efficiently throughout the year, and to the ground staff who have managed, despite great odds, to keep the school grounds in good order.

OTHER MAGAZINES: ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: Guildford Grammar School, The Swan, June, 1969; Sydney Grammar School, The Sydneian, June, 1969; Perth College; Christ Church; Scotch; Wesley; Aquinas; Trinity; S. Hilda's; P.L.C., Pymble, Burwood. Thank you.

* * *
 "One is the Loneliest Number"—Especially during exams.
 * * *
 "Whatever Will Be, Will Be"—January results.
 * * *
 "Open Up Them Pearly Gates"—I've failed my leaving.
 * * *
 "A Hard Day's Night"—Night before Leaving.
 * * *
 "The Ox-Driving Song"—Study, study, study . . .



Head Prefect:
HELEN MURRAY

Prefects' Notes

This year the Prefects started their "term of office" with a burst of cleanliness, virtue and dedication to their duties such as had never been known before! We cleaned and fumigated our room (last year's kitchen!) and the finished effect in aqua and white is a real work of art. The House Captains are still (mid-October) trying to decide on a colour scheme for their room and will no doubt return in the holidays to do the painting!

Our first public appearance was at the annual general meeting of the Save the Children Fund in first term. Some of us also attended the annual service of this organisation in St. George's Cathedral.

Later in the term we held our own Anzac Service, instead of the usual combined schools service at Scotch, and several of the Prefects read lessons. We were fortunate enough to have the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Western Australia, the Rt. Rev. Murray, at this service. His sermons are always much appreciated because of their interest and humour.

In spite of our many functions for this term, the nerve-racking thought of the dance was ever present in our minds! However, we did have a lot of fun (!) with the decorations—and things would have been even funnier if some mechanically-minded male hadn't stepped in and helped us with the wiring! Despite our seeming lack of decorating ability, the final effect was marvellous and, to quote many authorities: "The best for years!" Many thanks to the hard-working mothers and fathers who provided us with such terrific sustenance for the evening.

One of the highlights of second term was the State reception for the Duke and Duchess of Kent. The Prefects who attended were lucky enough to be presented to the Duke.

Another major event of this term was the school service at which three of us read lessons and prayers.

The Prefects have acquitted themselves well in many fields this year. Our congratulations are extended to Judy and Verity who gained the Distinction Award for Lifesaving, which gave Judy an Honours Pocket, and to the other Prefects who represented the school in various teams. We are also very proud of Marian who was co-runner-up to the senior athletic champion.

Our talents are not restricted to sporting fields as can be seen by Fleur's presence in the choir and with Jay and Gay presidents of the debating and art and photography clubs respectively.

Many teachers were amazed at our culinary skill when they attended an afternoon tea in the Prefects' room in third term. It was a most enjoyable occasion and resulted in numerous slimming resolutions being made by staff and girls alike.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Miss Barr, Mrs. Adam and Mrs. Baird and other members of the staff for their help and encouragement throughout this year. We are also very appreciative of all those girls whose loyalty, co-operation and enthusiasm have made this year a memorable one for us.

Good luck and happy gardening to next year's Prefects!

HELEN



Form Notes

5P

We would like to thank all the teachers for their help during the year, and especially thank Mrs. Adam and Mr. Veth.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS OF 5P

- I, Beth, leave this school having seen no evil, heard no evil and done no evil.
I, Jane, leave this school no taller, no wiser, but wider.
I, Kleppy Cuey, leave this school with 200 rulers, 600 Biro's, 430 pencils, 57 rubbers and a high moral character.
I, Carolyn, leave this school having lost 200 rulers, 600 Biro's, 430 pencils, 57 rubbers and a high moral character.
I, Marian, leave running, running, running . . .
I, D . . . D . . . Di, I . . . leave this school a gib . . . gib . . . gibbering idiot.
I, Patty, leave this school forgetting something—I know not what.
I, Ratty, leave this school bubonic plague.
I, Jan, leave this school very little, having very little to leave.
I, Flea, go off to find another dog.
I, Jenny P., quit!
I, Sue G., leave with my illegible handwriting before someone discovers the code.
I, Phillipa, leave this school to grow up.
I, Kate, leave to some unknown identity something (?) lost sometime in the last seven years.
I, Kim, beat it with my swag and billycan.
I, Wendy, leave this school because the only alternative is to stay.
I, Anne, am not even leaving.
I, Jenny C., leave a large gap.
I, Pip M., leave this school standing—just.
I, Jill, leave this school hypnotised by the—running up the pipe and down the pipe, and up the pipe and down the pipe, and . . .
I, Varm, leave this school for other doodlers to decorate.
I, Liz, leave this school a toffee recipe.
I, Sue R., leave this school a thousand unfinished day-dreams and even more bits of junk.
I, Karla, leave an expert in guerilla warfare.
I, Marg, leave this school just ahead of the bankruptcy court.
We, Helen and Jay, leave without our hats and gloves—at last.
I, Coop, leave the pupil's rut for a bigger one—the teacher's.
"It is a far, far better thing we do now than we've ever done before!"

5F

It has been agreed unanimously that suffocating exam anxiety has made it almost impossible to write anything exciting or original in the way of form notes.

So I'm afraid you must be content (for you must admit we have a good excuse) to read the typical form notes once again.

It has, however, been decided that we are perhaps more cunning and skilful than we at first thought. I say this because we have managed to hoodwink all those in authority into believing we are tidy (as we've had only one reprimand for chairs not on desks), responsible (for we have been asked several times to be responsible for the litter at canteen), quiet (as the building and first years provide a suitable scape-goat for our noise) and a cheerful group of girls (ask Mrs. Marsh).

Our thanks go to our form captain Jane; to Marg, our canteen representative; and to our Cot and Relief representatives, Joan and Vicki, who have valiantly tried to change a mob of scrooges into willing donors.

To our teachers who so admirably helped us through the year—thank you. We hope your efforts have not been in vain. Last but not least we would all like to thank our form mistress, Mrs. Marsh, who has so patiently helped us enjoy (endure) our last year at school.

Our best wishes go to all the leaving year for the final exams and the future.
J.N. & H.P.

5Q

ODE TO 5Q (Apologies to P. B. Shelley)

O wild west wind, thou breath of winter's being
O thou with the mighty eye of all seeing—
Hast thou not seen the rats
Which appear between the cracks
Sending 5Q fleeing from the ceiling?
O cruel fate who chariotest to their deathly bed
The weak, the middling and others-who-never-cared
For afternoon's athletics training,
Were there chances of it raining
Cans't imagine us with fingers even bared?
And 'twas thou O mighty fate
Who brought us all one year too late,
'Twould be bliss for you and me
If we could just be free—
Successful in our Leaving?—we must wait . . .

I would like to express our gratitude to Rosie Bateman who has expressed in these lines, so aptly, our emotions. Our thanks also to Mrs. Hunt, our form mistress, and our other long-suffering teachers. Special thanks go to Miss Hope who put up with us while Mrs. Hunt was away.

J.O'S.

4N

Pattie and Julie: What's wrong with Sloppy Joes?
Helen B.: Our managing director.
Ann: He . . . He . . . He . . .
Cathy B.: Canteen forms going upppp!!
Jo C.: Met this fantastic horse on the weekend.
Jill: Who's pedantic?
Judy: Fair dink? Up in K.L. . . .
Sue C.: Shut-up, Cathy!
Kathy D.: Well actually I suppose so.
Pam: Fairy Floss.
Sue F.: She's off again!
Jo G.: Just don't ask me what colour it is.
Porky: Yeeeeeeeah!
Peta: Shurssh! you kids.
Kandy: Our Little Black Sweep.
Noell: Roll over Beethoven.
Vicki L.: Those — — — — day-bugs.
Helen M.: Headaches **do** come in handy sometimes.
Cherry: Heeeeeere's CHERRY!!!!
Prune: Only 903 records tall!
Kaye: Gus, Gus, Gus, Gus . . .
Merry: Gees Groover!
Kate: Yes, Mrs. Speed, I do understand.
Tready (alias The Mad Seagull): Grotty!
Bev: Our brainy boarder-bug.
Vicki W.: Did I say something wrong?
Lee: But I can't get them off.
Sally: Well, Mummy said it was going to be cold today.
Miss R.: Ye've gort to brrring a wee nort.

Och! We'd like to say thank'ee to our wee form mistress, Miss Robertson, for doing such a bonny job. Our sad farewells must go to Pam, who has been with us for two years, and Sue who came to us from Pommy Land at the beginning of the year.

4S

Mrs. Day: Always in a hurry and loves pavlova!
 Mary Mac: Gitarzanna!!
 Birdy: You're a stinker!!
 Helen: I hate him, no I love him!
 Shippo: The little wife!!
 Janice R.: Garry, Garry, Garry!!
 Izzy: Bags the nags!!
 Chap: Make sure they're good!
 Janice W.: What suburb's Beatty Park in?
 Giggles: Skippy's fan!!
 Jenni: Groovy baby!!
 Caroline: Have I lost any weight?
 Jane W.: I can't do it!!
 Jacky: Oh, that's stupid!!
 Gail: Have you started studying yet?
 Debbie: I haven't got any money!!
 Sue: Oh, you swine!!
 Janet: What's the time, kiddo?
 Marg: The local posty.
 Jane O.: Hi ducky!!
 Valmai: The boarders' source of food.
 Cathy: Conscientious Cathy!

On behalf of all the girls in 4S, I would like to thank Mrs. Day very much for all the help and encouragement she has given us throughout the year, and for being such a "topping" form mistress. It has been a "bonza" year for us "groovers" in 4S.
 JACKY

3B

All of 3B would like to thank Mrs. Lewis for being our form mistress and all the other teachers who helped us this year.

Special thanks to Mrs. Nikulinsky who organised tours to the Blood Bank, the Infant Health Centre and the Shenton Park Rehabilitation Centre to help us toward our Junior.

Our congratulations go to Sally Bovell who was in the school tennis team and to Deanne who captained the C team in basketball.

We would like to extend our best wishes to Deanne Perks, Janet Glendinning, Nola Wakeham, Christine Draper, Sue Brown and Anthea Atkinson who are leaving at the end of the year.
 NICOLA SMITH

3H

During this year members of our class took part in many activities. There was the play in which were Jane and Jenny; in debating were Alison, Ruth, Bronwyn, Cathy, Jane; and there were the nursing tours and the science and athletic camps.

Throughout the year 3H has been well to the fore in sporting activities. Congratulations go to:

Swimming: Sheridan (U. 15 champion) and Sue who were in the inters.

Tennis: Sue and Judy.

Hockey: Lesley Herbert who received the school emblem and Jane with one stripe.
 Basketball: Judy (captain U. 15 "A").

Athletics: Val (U. 16 champion), Sue (runner-up) and Lesley, Julie and Angela who were in the inters.

Softball: Helen.

Many thanks go to form representatives, especially Helen Weston with her relentless call for "Lunch orders!" Also to Sue Keys and the departed Cathy. Our sincere thanks to all the teachers who have tried . . . and especially to our form mistress, Mrs. Speed, for controlling (?) our mob.

We all hope to make it past the Junior and look forward to the Christmas holidays.
 ANGELA PATERSON

3J

This has been a most eventful year, including the loss of two good friends, Mill and Bug. Our thanks go to Miss Ward for coping with us and the endless worries we provided her with. Also, thank you, Miss Ward, for helping with the Third Year Social. At least life has not been dull in 3J.

Congratulations to all the girls who have been successful in any particular way. Sam and Beeny were reserves for the Inters., Debbie Mac. gained two stripes, Jenny was in the swimming inters. and our two tennis players are Steph and Cheryl (under 15 champion).

Jackie, Tez, Manda, Di and Lil were in various inter-school debates and Manda, Di and Debbie T. are in the choir. I think we were all pleasantly surprised when we heard Debbie sing "Tar and Cement" in the Inter-House singing. Our cot and relief reps. were Steph and Mandy.

Best of luck for everyone in her Junior results and we wish those leaving school every success.

Miss Ward: Who cannot spell humorous?

Lil (Leonie): "Krazy Horse!"

Gegers: Had a gas time at the barbecue!

Tez, Jack: Unreal! We psyched out at the Colosseum last night!

Enzymes (Steph): Get off the grass!

Barnes: 'Course Pete rang last night.

Bayles: I reckon!

Wen: Got a letter from Geoff!

Henri: Really?

Sandy: Gas!

Sam: It was r-e-a-l-l-y funny!

Beeny: 3J sound effects!

Clarrie: Countess . . . bet she doesn't have one!

Deb. Mac: Bub'll burst soon!

Teen: Jolly good!

Jenny: Deepheat!

Carol: "But, Mrs. Walsh . . . ?!"

Di: Bonjour, mes amies.

Manda: Anyone got any cot?

Barbie: No!

Sue: "and upon my knees, I charm you . . ."

Jane J.: Oh youse kids . . .

Marg: I don't care.

Debbie T.: Oh, you kids . . . you shouldn't!

Anne M.: I hurt it in the pool.

Cheryl: I never study!

Mill (ex 3J): Oh bull!

Bug (also ex 3J): I luv Andy!

JANE BAYLY

40

On the fourteenth day of the second month, of the year nineteen hundred and sixty-nine we thirty-five gathered and anticipated a promising year.

Keen interest and spirit were shown in sporting and school activities, revealing surprising talents. The booming social life, for example the fourth year dance and dancing classes (for the privileged groovers!) was highly appreciated by all who attended.

Therefore we all deserve congratulations but the most worthy to receive them, surely is Mrs. Binstead, for being so understanding! (Quick, quickly, girls!)

Now at nearly the close of yet another year, we look forward with fading hope to the ninth day of the twelfth month.

3I

This year we have been privileged to be inhabitants of I classroom. Surprisingly enough, the classroom has survived, and is still standing.

We would all like to say thank you to Mrs. Pace for doing the marvellous job of getting us to assembly—maybe a little late, but at least we got there. Thanks should also go to all the brave teachers who tried so hard to teach us.

Everyone will be sorry to say goodbye to Wilfred and Wilfreda. I am certain that no girl can honestly say that she has met a nicer pair of rats. (Maths. lessons won't be the same without them; poor Mrs. Goldflam).

The oval has been bursting with 3I girls this year, all training hard. As a result, we have discovered some great stars. Jenny was captain of the basketball team, Jill had great success with a hockey stick, and Sharron showed outstanding talent in discus throwing.

On behalf of the girls returning to school next year, I say goodbye to those leaving and wish them every success in the future.

Some of the more daring of the form thought they would dabble in writing form notes, so here are their comments:

Bodg: Wun widdle white wabbit wubber.
 Gib: Has anybody seen . . . ?
 Shaz: I'm not the blame for all the noise . . .
 Jill F.: Food for the foodless . . .
 Bert: I'm an Indian, too . . .
 Lee: Silent but deadly.
 Bebe: G-blub, g-blub.
 Ingrid: Anyone for maths?
 Jill S.: When I was in hospital . . .
 Jenny T.: I'm an escaped convict.
 Jenny C.: I can't help it if I've got big feet.
 Park: L'il chicken lickin.
 Jenny S.: Oh, Helen . . .
 Robby: Mrs. Go . . ld . . fl . . am.
 Jann: I gave you one cent last week.
 Libby: Guess who I saw on the weekend?
 Brow: I'm boss around here . . .
 Anne: Which tutor do I have tonight?
 Derm: Howdy.
 Sallie: Guess where I've just been . . .
 Deb: Shursh.
 Ro: I think I left it home . . .
 José: Not another essay . . .
 Trot: But I went out last night Fleur . . .
 Pam: I think I put too much milk in it . . .
 Jenny G.: What was that . . . ?
 Di: My horse . . .
 Vicki: How dare you read my notes.

2G

The girls in this class have been fairly active this term as Fliss Dempster was in the softball throw, Lois Williamson and myself were in the under-15 A hockey team (in which Lois received a stripe) and nearly all the class were in an event in the house sports. Julie Walmsley joined us at the beginning of third term and has fitted in very well in our classroom.

The two workers of the class, Sheenagh and Heather, have been achieving very good exam results.

This year has been very successful in sports and work. I'm very happy to have been the form captain of such a great class.

NERYL JONES

2M

Miss Honter: "Into your form room, please!"
 Faye: "I reckon!"
 Kath M.: "When am I going to start studying??"
 Les: "I realise this!!"
 Jude: "Same diff!!"
 Vicki: "Heck! Mrs. Walsh?"
 Vanessa: "Hi! Wal Features?"
 Debbie M.: "What I meant to say was . . .?"
 Sue A: "Oh Mrs. Ed!"
 Sue B.: "I nearly died . . . Truly!"
 Rhonda: "Any lunch orders??"
 Marion: "Schweppes!!!"
 Debbie R.: "Guess what??"
 Moo??: "That'd be right."
 M.G.!: "You should have seen it!!"
 Bub: "She really went off her face!"
 Cherie: "My algebra is terrible!"
 Deidre: "Oh help! I forgot to order my lunch."
 Wendy D.: "How about giving some relief?"
 Linda: "What's next lesson?"
 Kerry: "Am I a chatterbox??"
 Michelle: "I dunno!!"
 Verna: "I'm my normal self now!"
 Pam: "Bell's gone."
 Kathy D.: "Friendly?"
 Barb.: "Guess who I got a letter from?"
 Judy Mc.: "Hi ya, Miche!!!"
 Renno: "It's all in the mind—have to get yourself out of this depression."
 Wendy B.: "And everything like that!!"

LES TUCKWELL

2L

Phylum: Pests.
 Class: —less.
 Order: None.
 Species: Unique.
 Habitat: The antipodes of the staff-room.
 Characteristics: Fine school spirit; perfect manners; long, sleek hair; long, slim legs; skirt length—varies; short, clean fingernails; soft, gentle voices; baby-oil shine. Individualists.
 Habits: Eating, sunbathing, punctuality, neatness, bursts of study (annually).
 Economic Importance: Unlimited potential (undiscovered as yet).
 Outside Stimuli: Teachers . . . ?
 Response: A strong, positive reaction to the 3.25 p.m. bell.

2K

Kerry: The future Leonardo da Vinci.
 Sue: "Who's going to Bay View?"
 Linda: 2K laughing machine.
 Mary-Ann: "I left it at home."
 Cathy: "Shut up, you kids, here she comes."
 Ann: Pitch along with Annie.
 Robin: "Who's going to cant?"
 Elspeth: Our poet laureate.
 Penny: Our Clarinet Maestro.
 Stella: $1/3 a/c \times mn/2 = s^h$.
 Hen: "You moron."
 Muff: "But, Mrs. Adam, that's wrong!"

Fee: "What a doll."
 Sal: "You should have seen the drunk on the train . . ."
 Margie: Our local garbage collector.
 Helen: "I don't stink, Mr. Ruse."
 Angie "B": "Look, I'm growing."
 Rob., Sue, Mary-Ann: Beach lovers.
 Alison: Anyone for sailing, horse-riding, gym . . .
 Glenda: Sun-soaker.
 Heather: Binny's best friend.
 Parn: "What's home-work?"
 Pren: Cats, glorious cats.
 Anne, Margie: Dogs, glorious dogs.

We'd all like to thank Mrs. Prevost for being such a helpful form mistress and French teacher.

C.B.

1D

Our class has competed in many different sports. In the inter-school swimming we were represented by Toni Gunnell, and in the house athletics by Jaci Gilmore and Chris Franklin. We have played softball, basketball, tennis and hockey with great encouragement from Mrs. Lyon.

This year our class has worked pretty well. Most girls have done their work as well as they can. Our thanks go to all our teachers, especially Mrs. Walsh, our form mistress, who was kind and understanding towards us.

LINDA BURNS

1Y

We've had three form captains—all quite good,
 Debbie Zeffert and Rebecca, who do what they should.
 Jackie, Linda, Val and Ann are our horse champs.
 Joanna, Val and Jackie all collect stamps.
 Vivienne, Jill and Leigh are our nightingales,
 Robyn Garrett and Diane have the longest nails.
 Mrs. Sedlo is our teacher—she really is the best;
 She teaches maths. and scripture better than the rest.
 Moira has a talent at softball throwing
 And Anthea because of her name might try some flower-growing!
 The one who shoots rabbits is Ann Delroy, our gunner,
 And Jenny Grant is the best first year runner.
 Debbie won a bottle of Coke, playing good tennis.
 Robin Mak. is the centre, being the class.
 Ann Barter's good at Craft
 And Heather's our Latin brain,
 Kay's our German one,
 Meredith is not quite sane!
 There is a girl called Anna White and a girl called Debbie Hands;
 The decision really was quite right in choosing them as form captains.
 Alice Wyle is the sweetest,
 Georgina is the quietest,
 Anthea Stone's our artist,
 While Meredith's our pianist!
 Anne-Marie and Terry are very good at sport,
 Debbie Monks and Tina sometimes do what they ought.
 I'm afraid I haven't mentioned Kathy Medway or Sue Swift,
 But I hope they won't feel badly—they give our class a lift.
 I think we have convinced you 1Y is by far the best,
 And even if we have to mince you, we are the happiest.

1C

We, the class members, have been constantly reminded by certain unmentionables throughout the year "that we're all not perfect". Each morning Mrs. Prince was gracefully greeted by moans of joy, insane babblings, hysterical laughter and blank looks (thanks to Joseylove). Much against her nature, Mrs. Prince was often forced to raise her voice and tell "those four at the back" to stop talking and concentrate if they didn't want to fail exams. Those four at the back got together and proved the above theory in their second term exams.

In general, though, we're all great, terrific, good-looking, tremendous, obedient, well behaved, modest kids, lacking in only two unimportant items—scholastic minds and athletic bodies.

The few, and I mean the very few, sporting maniacs in C got together and decided that their annual "Sucked In, Sickly, Sunflower Sports Award" goes to Queen of the Jungle—Giant Jane—for her outstanding ability in breaking seven out of eight hurdles every time. Congratulations, Jane—a new record! Giant Jane was closely followed by Joseylove who represented us in the "mudley" at the swimming inters. and much to her surprise managed to bribe herself a place in the athletics also. In second term, although not a sport maniac, Cathy finally consented to lower herself and play with the rest of the serfs in the under-15 "A" basketball. But never again!

Our sincere thanks and apologies go out to all members of staff who, at any time throughout the year, have served under us.

J.D. & J.A.

1E

We are 1E, quiet and good;
 We do what we can, and we do what we should.
 We've had measles and chicken pox, asthma and flu,
 Appendicitis and broken bones, too.
 One of our number had fluid on the knee,
 Another had fillings in all teeth but three.
 We lost the softball four times in a row,
 We're not very good at sport you know!
 And when exams come round, well it just isn't fair;
 We search for the answer and it just isn't there!
 The lockers are broken, the cloakroom's a mess;
 I guess we cause everyone a lot of distress,
 But the term's almost over, the year's almost done;
 Though we've not done much work, we've sure had some fun.

The thanks of the whole class go to Mrs. Nikulinsky for her help and perseverance during the year, and to all the teachers who have done their best to teach us something. Thank you.

1E

Leaving Examination 1968

S. E. Abbotts (6) M.
 V. Allan (5).
 S. P. Andrews (3).
 S. G. Bennison (2).
 E. A. Blanckensee (2).
 L. M. Bowers (5) M.
 W. M. Brine (6) 1 D., M., C.S.
 D. Callander (3).
 J. E. Carr (7) 2 D., M., C.S.
 J. K. Cohen (6) M.
 H. M. Cresswell (3).
 A. L. Cummings (6) 1 D., M.
 E. S. Dahlström Sylvester (6) 2 D., M., C.S.
 D. C. Davidson (2) 1 D.
 J. L. Davies (1).
 J. P. Digwood (6) 1 D., M.
 E. J. Dougall (6) M.
 C. A. Esslemont (7) 1 D., M., C.S.
 R. R. Ferrero (7) 2 D., M., C.S.
 H. M. Forrester (6).
 H. J. Forsythe (4).
 D. L. Fraser (5).
 J. M. Fuller (6) 1 D., M., A.E.
 K. A. Gent (2).
 D. R. Glaskin (3)
 V. B. Goldsmith (6) M., C.S.
 I. A. Green (7) 2 D., C.S., M.
 L. A. Hadden (4).
 C. M. Hanson (2)
 S. M. Heath (2)
 J. A. Herd (5) M.
 S. L. Hill (1)
 D. E. Hinchcliffe (7) M.
 C. G. Hodson (1)
 S. E. Hodson (7) 2 D., M., C.S.
 A. M. Howson (1)
 M. J. Hunter (5)

D. D. Hyde (1)
 K. M. Jamieson (3)
 C. Lapsley (3) 1 D.
 A. F. Leake (4)
 G. M. Lewis (5) M.
 R. A. Lukin (1)
 F. M. Mackellar (4)
 L. K. Marshall (7) 2 D., M., C.S.
 H. M. Maxwell (3)
 K. A. McCormack (6) M.
 H. C. McKay (7) 3 D., M., C.S.
 M. J. McLarty (5)
 M. J. Mead (4)
 J. F. Miller (5)
 D. H. Munro (7) 1 D., M.
 W. M. Naughton (6) M.
 A. J. Packington (1)
 E. R. Pashley (3)
 C. M. Reed (1)
 N. J. Richardson (6) 1 D., M.
 M. P. Ross (7) M., C.S.
 P. D. Rowland (4)
 D. M. Smith (6) M.
 P. A. Sounness (1)
 P. A. Sounness (1)
 L. M. Stacy (1)
 C. L. Steenbergen (7) 1 D., M., A.E.
 A. C. Thomas (4)
 C. Y. Van Mens (1)
 S. M. Walton (2)
 Y. J. Watson (5)
 C. I. Webster (6) 1 D., M.
 M. K. Whyte (6)
 E. A. Wilson (3)
 E. M. Yeomans (5) M.
 B. E. Young (5) 1 D.

Alliance Francaise Results 1968

Div. II B

H. L. Murray
 J. L. Porter
 H. S. Robinson
 V. J. Slee

Div. III

S. J. Benjamin
 H. R. Bott
 H. J. Brine
 P. J. Brinsden
 C. L. Cameron
 G. Cambridge
 E. J. Chellew
 S. Y. Craig
 K. Digwood (D)
 P. G. Eyles
 A. R. Gunnell
 J. L. Hickson
 P. G. Howie
 K. A. James (D)
 N. J. Jeffery
 H. E. Luckett

H. F. McRostie

J. C. Monks
 J. A. Rae
 K. C. Smith
 J. E. Thorn
 B. F. Tuckwell
 V. L. Walker
 H. Wilson

Div. IV

J. L. Anderson (D)
 J. M. Blanckensee
 J. L. Bruce
 J. S. Clough
 S. J. Cornish
 S. L. Goedheer
 S. Hubbard
 D. E. Malcolm
 C. J. Perkins (D)
 J. Simpson
 R. Van Hattem (D)
 D. F. Warren
 H. C. Weston

Junior Examination 1968

B. P. Adams (8) N.B.
 P. J. Anderson (7)
 V. A. Armanasco (3)
 A. J. Atkinson (3)
 P. C. Baker (7)
 V. E. Bell (6)
 S. J. Benjamin (8) T.B.
 A. E. Blake (6)
 H. R. Bott (9) T.B.
 H. J. Brine (9) C.S.
 P. J. Brinsden (9)
 J. A. Brisbane (6)
 A. Brookes (7) C.S.
 C. L. Burges (7)
 R. A. Caisley (6)
 G. Cambridge (8) C.S.
 C. L. Cameron (6) C.S.
 J. E. Carruthers (8)
 L. J. Chappel (9) N.B.
 N. L. Charles (5)
 E. J. Chellew (9) C.S.
 S. A. Cockburn (1)
 S. Y. Craig (9)
 M. Ctercteko (6)
 G. J. Davies (8)
 P. A. Dickson (5)
 K. Digwood (9) C.S.
 C. M. Dixon (3)
 P. G. Eyles (8) C.S.
 A. V. Ferry (7)
 C. I. Forte (4)
 P. M. Foster (4)
 G. L. Glaskin (4)
 A. J. Gomer (5)
 J. C. Gordon (8) C.S.
 R. J. Gorfin (8)
 A. R. Gunnell (8)
 M. G. Hammond (8) N.B.
 J. K. Hard (2)
 J. L. Hickson (8)
 C. F. Hill (5)
 P. A. Home (8)
 P. G. Howie (8) C.S.
 D. M. Hunter (6)
 M. J. Irvin (7)
 J. A. Isbister (7)
 K. A. James (8)
 N. I. Jeffery (11) C.S.
 S. A. Johnson (8)
 J. Kalaf (7)
 N. M. Kelly (5)

P. C. Keys (9) C.S.
 K. M. Kirton (7)
 B. A. Kuring (3)
 P. L. Lapsley (6) N.B.
 V. J. Larkins (10)
 H. E. Luckett (7) C.S.
 J. K. Mackay (5)
 M. M. MacPherson (5)
 A. McIlroy (8) C.S.
 H. F. McRostie (6)
 C. S. Menzies (9) C.S.
 J. G. Miles (6)
 J. C. Monks (8) C.S.
 V. J. Nathan (7)
 J. A. Nott (8)
 J. E. Ollquist (3)
 J. H. Parry (7)
 S. Paterson (7)
 S. H. Perman (2)
 G. F. Pozzi (4)
 L. A. Preen (8) C.S.
 J. M. Pugh (8)
 J. A. Rae (8)
 A. M. Ranger (6)
 J. M. Richardson (6)
 K. D. Rowe (8)
 L. P. Royal (4)
 J. E. Rushton (4)
 H. P. Shipley (4)
 J. K. Simmons (4)
 L. M. Skinner (8)
 K. C. Smith (9) C.S.
 P. J. Swan (8)
 R. E. Thompson (9)
 J. E. Thorn (8) C.S.
 J. M. Treadgold (8) C.S.
 R. K. Trezise (5)
 B. F. Tuckwell (10) T.B.
 D. Verios (3)
 V. L. Walker (9)
 E. J. Watson (5)
 J. H. Wilberforce (4)
 J. S. Wilkins (2)
 L. Williams (10) T.B.
 J. D. Williamson (6)
 M. J. Williamson (7)
 H. J. Wilson (7)
 S. M. Wood (9) C.S.
 J. Wright (5)
 M. Wyle (4)

D.A.S. Results 1968

Leaving

J. Fuller
 K. Jamieson
 L. Marshall (D)
 S. Sylvester (D)
Sub-Leaving
 H. Butler
 J. Goedheer
 S. Robnison (D)

Junior

A. Brookes
 J. Hickson
 S. Paterson
 L. Preen (D)
 P. Swan
 D. Verios
 H. Wilson



KARLA BISHOP (Carmichael)



JANE FERGUSON (Ferguson)



JUDITH CUSACK (McNeil)



VERITY SLEE (Stewart)

House Notes

Carmichael House

"Play the Game" is our illustrious motto, but it doesn't specify whether to play it well or badly, and Carmichael managed its fair share of both this year.

On the first day of term we were handed the sports programme and the statement, "Swimming sports, three weeks today!" What had been merely a vague sense of trepidation became a chaotic panic, but the team rose (?) to the occasion and managed to flounder its way into third place. Congratulations must be extended to Caroline H., Sue van N. and Toni G. who were various age runner-up champions. The Junior school also gained third place, and our overall position remained third.

The lifesaving was a little more successful, with Carmichael in second place. Congratulations to Jenny P., who gained the distinction award, and to all girls who were members of school lifesaving teams.

The senior tennis managed a sad last, but our thanks go to everyone who took part.

(The Junior tennis has yet to be played.)

This year, as well as the senior hockey and basketball teams, first, second and third year teams were introduced. Although we did not excel with second in basketball and third in hockey, there was a great deal of enthusiasm shown, if not a great deal of skill, on the hockey field particularly. Possibly, however, Friday was not a well-chosen day for third year practices, for even the joys of the sporting field cannot compete with dancing classes. Many thanks to Jenny P., Robyn M., Barb C. and Helen P. for their help and support.

The indoor sports, although tackled with spirit, once again produced no spectacular results, with second in International Rules Basketball, third in Badminton and fourth in Volleyball. My thanks go to Claire C. and Anne G. for their help in team selection.

And then, just as we settled to grab a hurried breath, the bombshell was flung in our midst. House singing! Plaintive leavings made extravagant and wheedling promises to members of an unenthusiastic and suspicious house, and by means of blackmail or otherwise a few ragged practices were effected. But on the day we were glorious (in comparison with expectations anyway). Sue-Anne, Marjorie and Juliana gave an authentic-sounding rendition of "Sounds of Silence" and Renza blew a soulful "Born Free" on the trumpet. My thanks to everyone for the combined effort which gained us second place.

Third term and athletics arrived, and a few sleepy Carmichaelites emerged from their winter hibernation to float fairy-like around the vast distances of the oval (or be kicked around by merciless house-captains). But it all proved worthwhile, and we managed second place to McNeil, although we were uncomfortably pressed by Stewart. Special congratulations to Jo (senior champ.) and Renza B. (—15 runner-up). Thanks also to Anne, Jo, Bev, Meredith and Marsha.

The junior school sports resulted in a positioning of third for Carmichael.

The softball and under-15 tennis have not yet begun, but my thanks go to Cathy B., Robyn G., Jill P. and Sally B. who are sparing no effort to make both these sports successful.

I also extend my sincere thanks to the housemistresses, Mrs. Binsted, Miss Ward, Miss Terpstra and Mrs. McKenzie for their interest throughout the year (and particularly for the leavings' and first years' "luncheon party" in first term).

Thanks, too, to Jo who was an unfailing support throughout the year, and to all the leavings and fourth years who aided me in the tedious business of house captaincy.

To Mrs. Smith, Miss Hersta and Mrs. Lyon I would like to express my thanks and appreciation for their advice and guidance, and lastly, thanks, team, for a wonderful year, and all the best for 1970.

KARLA

Ferguson House

Although Ferguson borrowed home a good last in the athletics, we were fortunate that this pattern was not consistent.

We began the year well, with a concentrated effort on swimming whence much talent was discovered. Ferguson senior team came second and the Junior School first, bringing us to the seat of victory—thank you, Junior School. Congratulations to all the champions, especially Julie, Sheridan and Terry. Congrats also to all girls in the Inters team.

Once more we took to the water in training for lifesaving. However, our luck seemed to leave us despite the valiant efforts of a large number of girls, leaving us in fourth position.

The efforts of Lyn, Gill, Nesta and Col were alas not enough to ward off the Stewartites and we finished second. I hope that our talented junior tennis players will prove just as successful, if not more so, in the matches yet to be played.

By the beginning of second term it seemed obvious what the outcome of the hockey and basketball matches would be. Despite the determination and spirit of our hockey players, it was not apparently enough to score goals and we finished fourth. Fortunately, the basketballers came to the rescue by being placed first. We were strongly represented in the Senior School Basketball teams, forming the majority of players. Due to everyone's interest in the winter sports, first, second and third year hockey and basketball was introduced, following the usual pattern of the seniors.

Meanwhile indoor sports were taking place. Earlier badminton had been played and, although the girls fought very hard, the competition was too keen and we finished third. We fared better in the volleyball, coming second, and our international rules team came third.

The end of second term saw the beginning of panic, for it had finally been decided to have a singing competition. Although everyone tuned their vocal cords and smiled ever so sweetly, it was not enough to catch Mr. Shaw's wavelength and we finished a sad fourth, which may have been due, perhaps, to the slight (?) dispute about the hymn to be sung, which was decided on, alas, but a few hours prior to the momentous event. However, we were more strongly represented in the vocal and instrumental sections, thanks to Debby, Cathy, Valma, Anne and Judy; but this was not enough to undo the work of the choir and we finished fourth. Also many thanks to our accompanist Gill and to our dynamic conductor, Col, who spurred us on to the very last strained note.

Soon after third term commenced the oval was dotted (?) with Fergusonites eager to lose that excess fat and show their prowess to the rest of the world. But alas, all our efforts and hard work were to no avail for we fared no better than fourth. However, the Junior School came to our salvation by coming first and bringing the final result to second. Congrats to McNeil on their brilliant athletics performance and also to champion runners-up, Lyn and Sue.

I hope the junior tennis and softball, yet to be played, will prove successful.

Much to my surprise one of Ferguson's strongest fields seems to be work, in which we came first and second in the respective two terms. I hope third term will be just as consistent.

Thank you, Lyn, Cathy and Vicky, for your help during the athletics and I am sure that Kathy, Ros, Mary and Lyn will prove just as able during the softball and tennis seasons.

On behalf of all the Fergusonites, I would like to thank Mrs. Smith, Miss Hersta, and Mrs. Lyon for their help and guidance throughout the year. Thanks also go to the House Mistress Mrs. Adam, Mrs. Edinger, Miss Honter, Mrs. Nikulinsky and Mrs. Prince for their support during the year.

Thank you to all girls who were willing to participate in house activities and remember that no matter how small your contribution is, it does make a very big difference.

Best of luck to House Captain and House in 1970.

JANE

McNeil House

With our customary death-defying valour we have turned our attention to victory this year, and the rewards are many, the first being a win in the senior house swimming sports. Congrats. to Di and Jenny who excelled in their respective age groups and to the rest of the house for their tremendous contributions. In the junior school sports our teams' keenness was exceeded only by the speediness of the other houses.

Once again McNeil rose to the occasion to come a miraculous first in the lifesaving. A valiant house effort after the lowly fourth last year.

Congrats. to Stewart on their convincing win in the senior house tennis competition. Wendy, Sue, Judy and Julie battled hard but were only able to manage a close third.

Enthusiasm, keenness and tremendous house spirit enabled us to produce eight talented hockey and basketball teams. We were well rewarded for our efforts, to come a notable second in both sports. Without any help whatsoever, the junior school raced away to win their basketball competition. Well done, junior school. Thanks to the many girls who combined to form such a fine overall effort.

McNeil again did themselves credit in the winter indoor games competition, gaining a first in volleyball and second in both badminton and international rules basketball. My heartiest thanks and congratulations to Mrs. Sedlo and Mrs. Speed who played in the famous teachers' doubles. Unfortunately, however, their enthusiasm outdid their skill.

McNeil's versatility was proven when we became winners of the house singing competition. Not only can we run and swim, but also sing!! Our praise must be extended to Cathy Milloy for gaining the most individual points, and to our band of folk singers—thanks Sally, Sue, Kaye, Lee-Anne, Angela and Joce.

Slowly but surely McNeil has at last come from behind to be the proud winners of the 1969 inter-house athletics carnival. Congratulations, McNeilians, and also special congrats. to our champions Val, Judy and Jane, and to all girls who received awards for their efforts in the inters. The junior school again did us great justice by coming second to Ferguson.

As "Kookaburra" goes into print the inter-house softball and under-15 tennis matches are being played. Let's hope we can keep up the good work, for these results will determine the winning house. Many thanks to Anne, Pauline, Kaye, Sally, Lynn, Kandy and Peta who have helped with the organising of the athletics, softball and tennis.

But in "Victory or Death" all McNeil girls' thanks must go to the sportsmistresses, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Lyon and Miss Hersta, and to the housemistresses, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Sedlo, Mrs. Pace, Mrs. Speed and Mrs. Lewis, whose experience and guidance have been our greatest asset throughout the year.

My personal thanks go to Wendy, for her help and support, and to the rest of the leavings, especially the senior circular relay, for standing by me.

Finally, I sincerely thank the entire house for their wonderful support throughout my year as house captain.

Best of luck and continued success for 1970.

JUDY

* * *

"Sixteen, Going on Seventeen"—Licence in view.

* * *

"We're Movin' On"—Evil-doers.

Stewart House

"To be, or not to be: that is the question." With only the softball and junior tennis to be completed we are still very doubtful about who will have the final victory.

Unfortunately, the year commenced rather badly when after two weeks of arduous training (certainly not resulting from the hot weather . . .) we gained fourth position in the swimming. However, we were very proud to own Phillipa and Robyn, champions of their respective age groups. The junior school showed strength in this field by earning second position.

Congratulations to the many Stewartites who braved the icy waters of the late season and gained lifesaving certificates. Many points were earned by your spartan efforts.

Our pride was certainly restored when Glen, Ann, Helen, Judy and Jacky gained victory in the senior tennis. I only hope the junior tennis team can maintain the high standard.

Stewart's prospects brightened further when in second term we won the badminton and international rules basketball. We gained third position in the volleyball. Many thanks to all the girls who gave up their lunch times to play for us.

Strength and enthusiasm again earned us victory with the hockey. Unfortunately the score was evened when, although showing determination, our basketball teams, lacking the necessary height, were defeated.

Junior school basketball was introduced in second term and, despite forbidding weather, the young Stewartites' keenness and talent shone through and we came a fighting second to McNeil.

This year the whole house contributed their sweet voices and with Rosie conducting and Noell accompanying, we made a gallant effort in the singing competition. Congratulations to Rosie, Jill, Lesley, Glenda and Jenny for their tremendous performance of "Four Strong Winds" and to Noell for her brilliant display on the piano. Unfortunately, the judge did not recognise our supreme talent and we came a very close third.

However, our laurels were retained when at the beginning of third term we gained victory in the work points. Let's hope this position is held at the end of the year.

Fine weather announced the athletic season and many surprised girls found themselves, besides the normal events, rolling in sacks, crawling through hurdles, drinking Coke and being wheeled in wheelbarrows. Due to very long legs we found ourselves in first position at half-time. However, McNeil gained the final victory and we obtained third position. Congrats. to runner-up champ. Marian and champ. Jenny. The junior school was also unsuccessful in their attempts to show their talents and they battled in fourth.

We were certainly lucky to have keen badminton enthusiasts in our house mistresses as they gained us many points in being undefeated. Thank you for your support in other fields as well.

Many thanks to Marian, Glynda, Jan, Noell, Rosie, Helen, Judy, Ann, Jacky and Jenny for your capable help and support in times of need.

Special thanks to Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Lyon and Miss Hersta whose guidance, organisation and demands provided a year full of keen competition and victories (?!).

Many thanks to all those Stewartites who contributed their talents and determination enthusiastically to their house in any way. Your efforts have certainly made this year very rewarding.

Remember: "Spirit is the foundation of a house—so give it all you have!"

VERITY

SPORTING ACTIVITIES

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Up up and away | 5. Dig that figure |
| 2. Look out here it comes! | 6. Tennis, anyone? |
| 3. On the bottle | 7. Concentration plus! |
| 4. Ali doing her stuff | 8. Bombs away! |





Swimming

Life-Saving Carnival

On Saturday, March 29th, the annual lifesaving carnival was held at Beatty Park

Schools from all over the State competed. Unlike other years, there were no final heats. All the rescues were made across the pool and the winners were taken on times recorded. This new system was introduced in an effort to reduce the length of the carnival from one day to half a day.

P.L.C. competed creditably with entries from both the junior and senior school.

Results: Anderson Cup (Junior School), P.L.C. 3rd; Bunbury Cup (under 14), P.L.C. 4th; Halliday Cup (under 15), P.L.C. 3rd; Badu Memorial Cup (under 15), P.L.C. 2nd; McKellar Hall Cup (open), P.L.C. 7th.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

L. to R.: T. Harris (U-13), R. Douglas (U-14), P. Cummins (Senior), S. Hubbard (U-15), J. Dermer (U-16).

Inter-House Swimming Sports

On Tuesday, February 25th, at Beatty Park Pool the Inter-House Swimming Carnival was held. Conditions were ideal and the events were carried off successfully through the combined efforts of the sports mistresses, academic staff and house captains.

CHAMPIONS

Senior, Phillipa Cummins; U-16, Julie Dermer; U-15, Sheridan Hubbard; U-14, Robyn Douglas; U-13, Terry Harris.

Final positions: McNeil, Ferguson, Carmichael, Stewart.

The Junior School Sports were held in the school pool on March 20th, a bitterly cold and windy day. Nevertheless competition was keen and the results were: Ferguson, Stewart, Carmichael, McNeil.

The results of the Junior and Senior School combined gave the final results: Ferguson, 655 points; McNeil, 633 points; Carmichael, 625 points; Stewart, 484 points.

Congratulations go to the winning house and to the individual champions. Sincere thanks go to Mrs. Smith, Mrs. McRae and Miss Hersta for helping to make the swimming sports run smoothly and for their work in training the swimmers.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): S. Allan, E. Allen-Williams, W. Callander, V. Slee, D. Rees, P. Cummins, J. Dermer, N. Charles, S. Poultney, V. Seaby, H. Gibbs, S. Cornish.

2nd Row: S. Hubbard, A. Edwards, J. Twogood, L. Herbert, P. Howie, J. Wright, C. Hill, S. Van Noort.

Front Row: M.-A. Smith, L. Tuckwell, R. Douglas, T. Harris, J. Digwood, R. Day, S. Brandenburg.

Absent: G. Chin, C. Wilmot, M. Scott, W. Davies, R. Prentice, T. Gunnell, J. Grant.

Inter-School Swimming Sports

On the 7th March, 1969, the fifth annual meeting of the Independent Girls' School Swimming Association took place. This year we welcomed Loreto Convent to our Association.

The programme commenced at 6.00 p.m. with the diving, which was followed with the main swimming events at 7.00 p.m. During the evening the State Diving Team gave a display which was very enjoyable.

Despite keen competition from all schools, M.L.C. was impressive from the start and their lead increased as the programme progressed.

P.L.C. fought valiantly in hope of second position; however, St. Hilda's proved too strong and we had to be satisfied with third, followed rather closely by Loreto. Congratulations to Methodist Ladies' College.

Final scores: M.L.C., 318½; St. Hilda's, 283; P.L.C., 192; Loreto, 163.

Age pennants: 16 and over, M.L.C.; under 16, S.H.; under 15, M.L.C.; under 14, S.H.; under 13, M.L.C.



Tennis



SENIOR TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): H. Murray, H. Pugh, L. Cooper (Capt.), G. Binks, W. Callander.
Front Row: J. Williamson, J. Parry, A. Heath, S. Robinson.

Tennis

After many afternoons of match practice under the supervision of Mr. Marshall, we began the inter-school competition with ambitious hopes.

The Seniors battled hard with M.L.C. and St. Hilda's and at the conclusion of the season all three schools had an equal number of points. However, on a count-back of games, we finished third behind M.L.C. and St. Hilda's. Unfortunately the Juniors found that their opponents were hitting more winners than they did and finished sixth.

In the weekend competitions of Slazenger Cup, Mursell Shield (both senior events) and Herbert Edwards (for juniors) we were unlucky to meet strong teams in the early rounds, except for our Herbert Edwards No. 2 team which reached the semi-finals.

The school championships were contested at the conclusion of the inter-school competitions and the results were as follows:

Senior Singles: L. Cooper d. G. Binks.

Senior Doubles: L. Cooper and A. Heath d. G. Binks and H. Murray.

Junior Singles: C. Knox d. J. Anderson.

Junior Doubles: S. Van Noort and J. McIntosh d. C. Knox and J. Anderson.



UNDER-15 TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): S. Bovell, J. Forrester, J. Anderson, J. Gilmour, R. Oldham.
Front Row: S. Smith, S. Clough, S. Van Noort, J. McIntosh.



basketball



SENIOR "A" BASKETBALL

L. to R.: R. McDonald, L. Cooper (Capt.), L. Royal, B. Soderlund, D. Rees.

Front: H. Gibbs, M. Williamson.

Under the guidance of Miss Hersta and Miss Harben the basketball teams were given hard training sessions in readiness for the forthcoming season.

As there were to be no finals this year we knew we would need to be at our peak right from the first match. The Senior "A" team performed well throughout the season and managed to clinch the shield—the first time since 1958!

The Senior "B" and Junior "A", unfortunately, were not as successful and both finished fifth. The Junior "B" girls teamed very well and also won the pennant—encouragement for the future.



SENIOR "B" BASKETBALL

Back: C. Burges.

L. to R.: S. Benjamin, P. Home, P. Ford, R. Chester (Capt.), J. Ferguson.

Standing (front): E. Taylor.



UNDER 15 "A" AND "B" BASKETBALL TEAMS

Back Row (l. to r.): R. Douglas, H. Parkinson, L. Wayman, K. Duncan.
 3rd Row: B. Cockerill, C. Knox, A. Humphries, V. Pilkington.
 2nd Row: M. A. Smith, J. Larkins, J. McIntosh, C. Gordon.
 Front: J. Stewart (Capt. "B" Team), J. Anderson (Capt. "A" Team).



Hockey

Many exciting things have happened on the hockey field this year. Fresh from the holidays, players greeted hockey enthusiastically and teams even began their own training programmes under Cuey's "gentle" guidance. This paid off handsomely as at the end of the season the senior "A" emerged as pennant winners,



SENIOR "A" HOCKEY

L. to R.: S. Robinson, M. Richardson, L. Herbert, J. Forrester, H. Pugh, J. Cusack (Capt.), A. Downie, J. Parry, E. Allen-Williams, B. Cooke, H. Murray.

with the senior "B" runners-up. It was tough competition from the start, with no grand final, and congratulations to St. Mary's, M.L.C. and P.C. on being such worthy opponents. The special enthusiasm of our teams was largely due to an unexpected bonus in our coach, Wendy Butcher, who gave us valuable help and advice throughout the season. Our special thanks must go to her for her tremendous effort and moral support. Everyone was sad to see her go.

Another exciting event for P.L.C. hockey supporters was the choosing of an inter-school team from the Independent Schools to play a selected High School team, the match preceding an international match, W.A. v. Japan. Many people attended the matches and, although the games resembled under-water golf more than a hockey match and the independents were narrowly defeated, nevertheless it was a memorable occasion. P.L.C. was proud to have five members chosen in this team, Judy Cusack, Barb. Cook, Helen Murray, Helen Pugh and Marian Richardson and two reserves, Lesley Herbert and Liz Allen-Williams. Specials congrats. to Cuey on being chosen captain.

This year P.L.C. entered a team in the weekend competition. This is a tremendous idea and it is hoped next year's hockey players will continue with this team. P.C. were strong contenders throughout and they finally wrested the grand final from us. Congratulations, P.C.

The junior teams didn't fare so well. Results: Junior "A", 3rd; Junior "B", 3rd.

Theirs was a tremendous effort and special thanks must also go to them for their unfailing support in the weekend team.

With such a chain of events, hockey 1969 wound up as a highly successful year for P.L.C.



SENIOR "B" HOCKEY

Back Row (l. to r.): A. Brookes, J. Pugh, B. Tuckwell, K. Bishop.
 Centre Row: S. Swift, V. Larkins, R. Thompson.
 Front Row: J. Nott, M. Forrester (Capt.), J. Preston.



UNDER 15 "A" AND "B" HOCKEY

Back Row (l. to r.): J. Adams, E. Greig, L. Freemantle, V. Jones, S. Jones, A. M. Shadbolt, L. Pearcey.
 3rd Row: M. Wilson, L. Herbert, R. Bishop, N. Jones, S. Van Noort, J. Sawyer, G. Clementson, S. Pearce.
 2nd Row: J. Rogers, L. Williamson, J. Grant, H. O'Dea.
 Front Row: L. Tuckwell (Capt. "A" Team), J. Blanckensee (Capt. "B" Team).



Inter-House Sports

Thanks to the efforts of the sportsmistresses, our athletes were in fine shape for the beginning of the season. The inter-house sports were held on Thursday, September 25th, an unusually hot day for that time of the year.

However, despite the sun, the results included seven new records and one equalled. The points were as follows: McNeil 619½, Carmichael 514, Stewart 510, Ferguson 479½.

The junior school sports were held prior to this with Ferguson 167, McNeil 144, Carmichael 129½, Stewart 118½. These results were then halved and added to those of the senior school, giving the final results: McNeil 691½, Carmichael 678½, Stewart 569½, Ferguson 563.

Congratulations to the champions and runners-up.

Senior 16+ champion, J. Goedheer; runners-up, L. Coops, M. Richardson.

Under 16 champion: V. Seaby; runner-up, S. Cornish.

Under 15 champion: J. Adams; runner-up, R. Bishop.

Under 14 champion: J. Grant; runner-up, J. White.

We would also like to thank the academic staff for their help in officiating at the sports.



ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

L. to R.: J. Adams (U-15), V. Seaby (U-16), J. Goedheer (Senior), J. Grant (U-14).

Inter-School Athletics

This year the Inter-School Athletic Sports at Perry Lakes Stadium took place on Saturday, 11th October, in perfect weather.

Although P.L.C. did nothing really outstanding, we had a fairly well-balanced team even though our field events proved to be slightly stronger than our track events.

Lyn Cooper won the 16 and over, first division javelin; Helen Murray the 16 and over, second division javelin, and Lyn Royal the under 16, second division javelin. Sue Craig won the under 16 second division discus and Renza Bishop the under 15 first division high jump. Our outstanding under 15 athlete, Judy Adams, broke the under 15 80 metres hurdles record with a time of 12.6 seconds. Congratulations to these competitors.

The final results were: S. Hilda's, 314 points; St. Mary's, 276 points; Penrhos, 226½ points; P.L.C., 226 points; M.L.C., 217½ points; Perth College, 210 points, and Kobeelya, 48 points.

The age group trophies were awarded as follows: 16 and over, M.L.C.; under 16, S. Hilda's; under 15, St. Mary's, and under 16, Penrhos.

Congratulations to S. Hilda's on a well-deserved win.

This year a new sport award was introduced at P.L.C.—the school emblem. Val Seaby, Sharon Poultney and Lyn Royal gained these for their contributions.

Pockets were awarded to Marian Richardson, Lyn Cooper and Jo Goedheer.

In conclusion, our sincere thanks to Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Lyons and Miss Hersta for their invaluable help and encouragement.

Best of luck P.L.C. for next year!



ATHLETIC TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): R. Thompson, A. Brookes, L. Skinner, J. Stuart, S. Craig, H. Murray, J. Goedheer (Capt.), L. Cooper, M. Richardson, V. Slee, N. Jeffery.

3rd Row: V. Nathan, L. Royal, J. Parry, R. Gorfin, D. MacDonald, S. Poultney, S. Cornish, V. Seaby, L. Crane, M. Williamson.

2nd Row: S. Olsen, J. Adams, H. Prater, A. Trotter, R. Bishop, H. Breen, J. Gubgub, S.-A. Malcolm, E. Bell, M. Biddiscombe.

Front Row: J. Rogers, G. Clementson, K. Bennison, J. Crane, J. Digwood, J. White, R. Day, J. Grant, A. Paterson.

Absent: A. Parnell, J. Forrester, A. Downie, J. Simpson, F. Dempster, D. Cullen, E. Rowse, L. Bateman, H. Moser, W. Twight, L. Porter.



After much persuasion, we managed to form a very capable senior team. All members participated with enthusiasm and functioned efficiently as a team. The final placings were unfortunate for the Senior A as we only lost on averages.

Thanks and appreciation go to all the members of the A team for the enthusiasm and response shown towards the frequently enforced practices.

In conclusion we wish to thank Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lyon for their guidance and encouragement throughout the season.

Final results were: Senior A—M.L.C., P.L.C., S. Hilda's, P.C. Senior B—M.L.C., P.C., P.L.C., S. Hilda's. U. 15 A—S. Hilda's, M.L.C., P.L.C., P.C. U. 15 B—M.L.C., P.L.C., P.C., S. Hilda's.



SENIOR "A" SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): J. Stuart, H. Pugh, R. Chester, J. Parry.
 Centre Row: S. Poultney, G. Benson, E. Allen-Williams, H. Butchart
 Front: A. Downie (Capt.).



SENIOR "B" SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): L. Skinner, R. Gorfin, J. Williamson.
 2nd Row: J. Brinsden, S. Benjamin, N. Charles.
 Front Row: M. MacPherson, A. Blake (Capt.), A. Giles, J. Wright.



UNDER 15 "A" AND "B" SOFTBALL

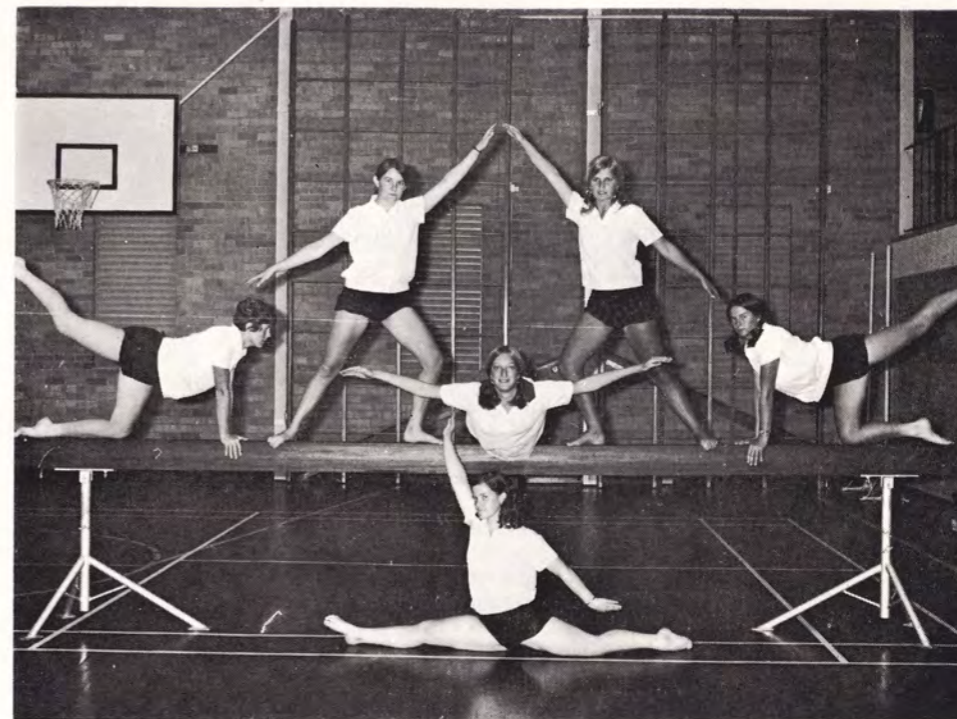
Back Row (l. to r.): R. Bishop, J. Rogers, A. Craig.

4th Row: F. Dempster, J. McIntosh, S. Van Noort, J. Ingram,
W. Bateman.

3rd Row: V. Pilkington, E. Rowse, C. Gordon, L. Wayman.

2nd Row: M.-A. Smith, J. Larkins, A. Humphries, F. Menzies.

Front Row: A. Barblett (Capt. "A" Team), J. Adams (Capt. "B" Team).



GYM CLUBS

L. to R.: N. Jeffery, K. Digwood, M. Horstman, R. Oldham, P. Howie.

Front: R. Godkin.

Gym Club

These are the inaugural notes of the Senior Gym Club. We started off the year with quite a number of girls. However, this finally decreased to six faithfuls who came every Monday afternoon despite all the bruises and stiff joints each of us experienced every Tuesday.

We now share the enjoyment which U. 15 and Junior Gym Clubs have had in previous years.

We participated in the Gym Display held in the gym before many parents, this being the result of much hard work done on the part of Mrs. McCallum. She had heaved us over bars and horses and persevered with us in the hope that we might perhaps accomplish something.

The Junior School Clubs have continued to function very successfully two afternoons a week and the U. 15 club on yet another afternoon with approximately 100 girls participating.

We would all like to thank Mrs. McCallum for her help and hope she will be with us next year to welcome any new members.

Original Contributions

The Pirate

The atmosphere was deadly,
The world around was dull,
The only sound on that ghost white beach
Was the cry of a distant gull.
The waves, they rolled and tumbled,
And beat upon the land,
And the feeling was that decades ago
Murder was on hand.
Up near the ruined shanty,
Behind the dunes of sand,
As though showing the way to the distant moon
Pointed a skeleton's hand.
He was a pirate of spirit,
He'd sailed the seven seas.
They say he toiled for many a year,
For the map to seize.
The map, it was creased and soiled,
But it still was cause for his pride.
The map, it was his and he'd found it,
So for the treasure he tried.
His was a chest full of sovereigns,
He fondled what he found.
Rivals came, they saw, and they murdered,
And left him to lie on the ground.

MARSHA GRAHAM, 1C

Bellbird

It's twenty to seven and all through the house,
Not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse.
The budgie stops singing, the clock can't be heard,
Everyone's waiting, it's time for Bellbird.
Here comes Mrs. Phillips and Lori and Tom.
There's Des and Fiona and Rhoda and Ron.
Will Max ever marry?—no one can say,
Good grief, it's all over, no more for today.
You can have your New Faces, the news, the whole lot,
Don't even think Frost is so very hot.
So we'll patiently wait till the old tune is heard,
And we'll turn up the tele, it's time for Bellbird.

CATHY GORDON, 1C

Mission Accomplished

I was standing ready, poised waiting like a leopard ready to pounce. It was just a matter of seconds before I had to carry out the mission I had been trained for a week or more. The excitement was gaining and the tension was making me nervous and shivery. I would have to gain control of myself if I was to accomplish my mission and do my duty successfully. The honour of my school and myself was at stake. I tried to control myself in a vain attempt. The moment was here, all eyes were now on me. I gave one shiver and I was off. Racing down the field with the precious object in my hands. It must not drop. It was essential that it did not drop. I could see the red ribbon in the distance, but I was ahead. The enemy had dropped behind and the treasured object on which everything depended was still safe in my hands. The ribbon was a foot away now and I was tearing through it. I had overcome the enemies and had accomplished my mission successfully. I was beside myself with joy. I had won the egg-and-spoon race!!!

SUE-ANN TURNER, 1C

Jonathan Joe

Since Jonathan Joe
Came to live at our home,
Our life has been changed
By this funny wee gnome.
Each morning at six,
From his new painted room,
His loud hungry cries,
Wake the morning's grey gloom.
From daylight till dark,
He laughs and he plays,
With time off for feeds,
This goes on through the days.
We love our wee man,
Like an angel he sleeps.
We're all very glad,
That he's with us for keeps.

SUSAN MACKAY, 1C

His Majesty

He wandered through the grassland, dignified,
The golden sun upon his golden mane,
His subjects looked upon him with respect,
And he was king; none dared to doubt his reign.
He'd always been the strongest and the best,
He kept, and made the others keep, the laws—
The Jungle Laws. He only killed for food,
The whole world meekly lay beneath his paws.
The hunters stared into the deep, dark pit,
He lay there on the spikes, in helpless pain,
His muscles still, his great head on the ground,
With blood and froth upon his tangled mane.
The hunters dared not go into the hole,
The lion could not fight, but in his eye
Was a look of warning—"Keep away!" it said,
So they left him there in peace and quiet to die.
He lay there dead within that fateful trap
But unmolested—no vultures on the wing.
For the animals felt, though he was still and dead,
Their mighty monarch always would be king.

SALLY WILSON, 1C

Dawn

The round orange harvest moon sinks
Over the field of burning gold corn,
Pink wildflowers, set in the field
Are surrounded by clusters of dead, fallen
leaves.
The gathering dawn will soon bring day,
When the burning gold corn, and the
flowers
Will be no more.

MARY CLARK, 2L

The Moon Landing

"One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind" were the memorable words of astronaut Neil Armstrong as he stepped from the space module of Apollo 11 on to the lunar surface. And a giant leap it has been, a leap which has opened up new and infinite possibilities in the field of space exploration.

Because he had been given the power of thought, man has become the most curious, the most wayward and the most intrepid of creatures, and his insatiable lust for knowledge will take him deeper and deeper into the unknown. And the first great move has been made by three brave men towards the discovery of what exists beyond our own puny planet.

* * *

" . . . I wish that I could live through those two hours all over again, even though the moment did not seem so important at the time . . . "

" . . . they were spoken to by President Nixon through a little window where he told them the whole world was pleased that they were back and safe . . . "

" . . . just to look up at the moon one night and think: Man has walked on the moon! . . . "

" . . . to me it was the most exciting thing I have ever witnessed . . . "

" . . . I wondered whether they would ever get back into the capsule again . . . "

" . . . when I saw Armstrong first step on to the moon I thought it would erupt, but it did not. After a while of cautiously walking around he started to hop about. I think it is the best thing man has ever done . . . "

* * *

As I look into the sky I marvel
At how much has been done for so little.
I think of all You have seen, Lord;
Are you not a little tired of man?
Animals are more pleasing surely,
They are kind and good; not like men.
But I'm glad, Lord, that you are still with us.
And I hope you appreciate the deeds
Of the men who so trustingly and bravely
Risked their lives for the good of mankind.

HEATHER FINCH, 2nd Year

Dance

Out in the night, they scream and dance,
Like dogs praising the moon;
The red-white flames leap and prance.
The tribal wars start soon.
The ground underfoot is trampled to dust,
As the old ones begin their witchery,
Entreating their gods, with rising blood-lust,
To savour the taste of victory.
The spears, shining hard and metallic
In the soft moon's glow,
Speak of wars, and things satanic,
And the arrow lies by the bow.

MARGARET LUCKETT, 2L

Snowgums

Around the old hut there is thick-piled snow
That sags in the roof and creeps up the old verandah.
Around, it, too, are the wind-tormented trees that stream
In a wind that does not blow—weird and twisted yet beautiful
In their agony.
They cringe and keep up to
A grey-pressed sky
That broods in chilly silence,
Yielding nothing.
They are laden and bowed with snow
Like luxuriant white blossom in the tree-forks.
Their gnarled old boles are grey like steel,
The whipping branches are a witch's fingers, clawing at the sky.
They are alive and breathing icy air
While the soft, thick blanket of snow
Flows and glitters among their roots.

WENDY BATEMAN, 2M

An Unusual Birthday Party

At four o'clock on a warm sunny day, we, Anna's guests, drove towards the Lion Gates of the Nairobi National Park. After paying the entrance fee, we travelled on through the archway on to the rough murrum road of the park. As we gained speed down our usual route, we glanced at the sun-bleached elephant's skull—a warning to visitors not to leave their cars.

Here we took the left fork, and Anna's father stepped on the brakes. Comfortably settled in the dust in the middle of the track was a large ostrich. Orders to move were screamed at it in a variety of childish voices. These, as we expected, were disregarded, so we bumped round the huge creature, disturbing a basking cobra, who slithered away in front of our wheels. Regaining the road once more, we hurried on down towards "Lion Valley".

We were too early to see the King of the Beasts; he with his pride would still be sleeping.

We mounted "White Grass Ridge" and ran into the herds of grass eaters—the zebras, two of which were standing nose to nose, almost like bookends; and the massive ungainly wildebeeste, with three great horned bulls standing guard over the herd. Farther from the road, the timid gazelles grazed. As we approached, they leapt away, almost as though they were competing in a hurdle race. Against the skyline fifteen foot of giraffe was silhouetted—an incredible sight.

Down the boulder-strewn track, across the "salt lick" we hurried, and before we were half way up the far slope, father baboon was an unwelcome passenger on the bonnet. "Up windows" was the barked order. He had seen the bananas and banged on the windscreen, so we gave him one through a small side window. He travelled with us for many miles, before becoming convinced the party was ours, not his; then leapt off the bonnet, to return to his pack.

Now we were dropping down towards the Athi River. As we pulled up at the picnic place, a disturbed wart-hog scuttled away.

Here we cut Anna's cake and wished her a happy birthday, watched by father, mother and baby giraffe—too close for comfort.

Accompanied by a park ranger, we went to the latest home of the hippos. Father, very aloof under the bank, mother and baby playing in the murky water, was the family party. We, and an ugly crocodile, were the intruders.

The journey out of the park was bumpy, dusty and hurried. "Out by sundown" was the rule. We glimpsed the lions preparing for their "kill", saw the cheetah streak across the plain, to kill for herself and cubs, and on the horizon, the breath-taking sight of snow-covered Mount Kenya.

ALISON PRINCE, 3H

Life ?

Dirty, brown sand,
Reflecting the soil of modern mechanism,
As it obliates nature's beauty.
Purple sky,
Discoloured by atomic detonations,
Murdering man and beast.
Green sea,
Neptune's playground, devoid of fish.
Only the seaweed,
Long sinister tentacles,
Red, orange, pink, blue,
So life circles.
We never experience satisfaction without greed
And ruination.
No! Life on earth is not true life,
Just a feeble substitute for a Christian existence,
Enveloped in social and moral apathy.
God, if you are there,
Please help!!
For you are the only one that can.

M. MALACARI, 2L

On Censorship

BAN CENSORSHIP — FREE NODDY !

This plaintive cry for freedom should touch the heart of anyone who has but an ounce of feeling—for Noddy, our childhood friend, is still in shackles, forcibly kept from the children of this generation by a group of adults with not a heart between them. Having, as I have, such a strong feeling for the oppressed, and being a champion of any quite lost cause (no matter who or what), I wholeheartedly support this plea on Noddy's behalf. Just what has the little chap done to be labelled offensive?

Are his stories full of sex, religious or political propaganda, violence, crime, bloodshed, advertisements or complaints? Does he remain seated during "God Save the Queen"? Is he a long hair?

Of course not! His books are only good, wholesome, enjoyable and utterly boring (what more does a child need at bedtime?)—and yet Noddy books are banned! In that case, newspapers, which contain most of the offensive material mentioned in the preceding paragraph, should be on the top of the list of banned literature, because they are nearly as widely read as Noddy books were.

It is utterly disgusting that society should have reached the stage where it must create jobs for adults (adults—are they human at all?), who all wish to be petty dictators—but who are so weak that they must attack inoffensive little gnomes, inoffensive little cars, with toally inoffensive little friends with big ears, who have no defence at all—just to satisfy the twisted cravings of their warped minds.

Noddy has become a part of our culture, indeed, a part of civilisation, and to take him from the hands of the little ones (and adults, too) who read and love him is to undermine democracy and, consequently, to undermine civilisation as we know it (but would life be worth living in a civilisation not built on the strong foundations of Noddy and his principles?).

If this be done then I foretell that disaster is imminent for Noddy is as essential to the men of tomorrow as "Weeties" are and, without him, these men of tomorrow will be like the censors of today (who were obviously not brought up on Noddy); that is, they will become bigoted, self-opinionated, egotistical, uncompassionate snobs, not worthy of the recognition of the Noddy-lovers of this world today.

CATHERINE PERKINS

Recipe for A Bore

The Oriental cooks of the West from the Stell-Hill-Marg-Pren-Su kitchens have compiled the recipe for making a bore.

Ingredients:

a mouthful of knowledge of oneself;
a pinch of "mes" and "Is";
one monotonous voice;
a cup of self-praising;
a throatful of vocal cords;
a ton of rubbish.

Method:

Add the monotonous voice to a throat of long-wearing vocal cords, mix in a pinch of Mes and Is, adding the mouthful of knowledge and the ton of rubbish. Beat with a pair of expressive arms, and sprinkle lightly with self-praising.

Leave to set on sofa in middle of party.

Serves four or more.

2K

Non Compos Mentis! (Irk!)

The waves of fatigue spread across the students as they furiously put pen to paper and record the many jumbled thoughts that race through their minds. A hot, humid day, a classroom crammed with exam-conscious students eagerly writing for their lives.

There, alone, a little way apart from the rest of the furiously-writing mob—sits me—all by myself! This is just another of those days when my brain is asleep, no inspirations will come, everyone and everything in this room annoys me to the extent I could almost scream. It is quiet, the air is heavy, sticky, no sound arises from the room save the scratching of pen on paper and the continual "hums" and "has" that occasionally escape from the hunch-backed pupils.

There's this incessant droning of a revolting little fly who simply will not stop tramping up and down the bridge of my nose. I brush him away—he returns. Only to annoy me even more with his continual buzzing. I brush him away again! He returns, seeming to enjoy performing his little game. I make a lightning swat at him—he roars away probably killing himself laughing. Next time I'll get him! Aha!! Here he comes, attempting to do a "wheelie" on my arm. When he's settled I do a karate chop with my ruler—smack! Got him! Yuk!!

Now, my peace restored, I turn my attention to study the various people surrounding me. Everyone is faithfully bent over her work—like a witch stirring her brew. Except me, of course, who gazes at each person in turn, giving everyone the "hairy eyeball".

If this doesn't stop I'll go mad! I wish that annoying little brat over there in the corner would stop spotting in her map. First blue, then red, then green, with an incessant tap, tap, tap!!

Oh, no! Not another damn fly! Probably the murdered one's mate come to revenge her friend's death! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Boy, does it bug me! I'm going mad! Stop that tapping, girl! Shut up, fly! I'M GOING TO SCREAM!!

To the outsider, a deathly silent examination room, so quiet one could hear a pin drop, is suddenly transformed, as an ear-piercing screech shatters the silence.

Moments later a big white van with barred windows stops outside the school, and funny little men in crisp, white uniforms enter the room and carry off the wild-eyed, chattering school girl, and lock her in the van. Inside the room, the huddled forms keep scribbling madly, totally unaware of the incident that has just occurred.

KAYE ROWE, 4N

* * *

First the Papal States revolted and then every other country that could raise a repulsive force.

The Australian Male

The criticism which is levelled at the Australian male is often over-exaggerated and has no basis in fact. It is usually very general and does not take into account the individual's own standards or way of life. There are many criticisms which can be said to be true of the Australian male generally.

The most obvious point of attack is the male's fanaticism for beer, sport and women, in that order. They seem to have little time to spare for anything of a more cultural nature. Women have their place in the kitchen and to go beyond this bound is a crime. In this respect, the Australian male is clinging tightly to the old standards and shows a stubbornness and certain dogmatic attitude which sets him apart from other men.

I cannot see that gambling has ever played an important part in the Australian way of life. Perhaps the occasional game of two-up or a "few bob" on the horses or a "go" on the machines down at the R.S.L., but this is about the extent of the gambling bug. Compared with other countries where huge casinos make thousands of dollars profit a night, Australia seems like a Salvation Army kindergarten. Naturally, most people prefer this "kindergarten" situation, and perhaps this is just as well, if we are to have a stable economy and domestic sanity.

The use of swear-words is yet another point of attack. Swearing is a good, healthy occupation, in men. It serves as an outlet for worries and stress, and consequently prevents the population from becoming neurotic and over-emotional. Men sound like men when they swear; the trouble is that ladies don't sound like ladies. The main problem is, not just the use of swear-words, but their over-use, and lack of another vocabulary.

Although it could have been said at one stage of our history, that Australian men had no interest in education, this no longer applies. The basis of the coming election is being fought on the educational issue. Surely this would indicate that the Australian people as a whole are interested in this issue. Male Australians with families are genuinely interested, as they expect the best for their children. This also makes the statement that all Australian males are lazy and lack ambition, false. Naturally there are a few bad apples in every bunch, but this desire for "something better for the kids" often drives a man to work hard for that "something better".

To generalise and say that Australian males lack all the social graces is unjust. More and more men are lately coming to realise that a woman likes to be treated as a woman. Many women find men with perfect manners intolerably boring, and an evening's entertainment can be thoroughly ruined by a man who persists in carrying out an accurate display of manners and showing her lack of them.

The Australian male comes in for more than his fair share of criticism and, although some of his faults may be very real, at least he is human. After all is said and done, it is the Australian female who has to put up with him, and who's complaining?

H. LUCKETT, 4N

Nothing to Tell

I've got nothing to tell. Nothing ever happened to me. As if I could make anyone laugh. I'm one of those real bore types. You know, the ones everyone tries to keep away from because they're such a drag. I try not to speak about the weather all the time but whenever I am with someone I always seem to talk about it. Maybe it's my tone of voice. Sometimes I try to be interesting and raise my voice when I say "sky" and lower it for "cloud".

Once, a while ago, I heard someone say I was a "goody-goody" or something. Still haven't worked out if it was an insult or a compliment. Someone called me a "conch" once. I think they meant that I studied. Well, I love studying. Nothing thrills me more. But as for trying to make someone laugh—it's just beyond me. I tried to tell a joke that I found in a book once and it fell so flat I never tried it again. I suppose the person who wrote it was just like me. I wonder if he had anyone to sit and eat his lunch with?

Not that I mind eating by myself.

JOANNE GORDON, 4N

The Gentle Art of Persuasion

Daddy darling! Best Dad in the whole wide world. You know how I didn't go out all last weekend, and have done homework all today and have helped Mum with the washing-up and tidied my room? You know how most of the other schools have finished their exams, well there's this party and do you think I'd be allowed to go? Mum says it's up to you. Please? Oh, Dad! Why not? I know, but they aren't for a week and the exams aren't so hard, and besides I've got to have a break sometime otherwise I'll get a reputation of being a study bug or a conch. If you let me go I'll study all tomorrow; I promise, Daddy darling. Oh, don't be so unreasonable, everyone else's parents let them go and everyone will be there except me, so why can't I go? Okay then, if that's the way you want it I just won't do any study all next week and I'll fail my exams and it'll be all your fault. So there!

* * *

Come on, you kids; it'll do you good. Only 30 cents to miss out on maths. Come on, someone has to go. I hear we're having a test that morning. Improve your minds. Pass all exams with flying colours. Well?—it doesn't matter if you're not studying those plays and characters. It'll give you background; background that's what you need to pass exams. Can't pass exams without background, that's what I always say. You ARE studying those characters? Well, all the better for you. You'll get a better idea of the characters as well as background. Come on, don't waste this golden opportunity. Only 30 cents to miss maths; a test; to gain background. Pass all exams with flying colours; improve your minds—do you the world of good. Come on; only 30 cents. Please, someone has to go!

* * *

Oh, come on, Jane—don't be so mean. I lent you my shoes to wear to that party and my jumper yesterday. I haven't borrowed any of your things for ages, and you never wear this. If you don't lend me it you'll never borrow anything of mine again and I've more things you want to borrow than you have that I want to borrow. And, anyway, if you don't lend it to me I'll tell Mum what you did yesterday. Thank you.

4N

The Disturbing Element

I couldn't believe it. For once, peace reigned. No nasty remarks, no screaming, no milk being spilt, no cat jumping all over the food, no mother screaming at the cat, no radio blaring at top volume, no newspapers scattered all over the floor, no smothering smoke of burnt toast filling the whole house, making breathing a virtual impossibility. It was actually peaceful. Dad was reading the paper. My sisters were eating. Mum was making more unburnt toast. I stood in the doorway hardly daring to believe my eyes. Was this our breakfast scene?

But no, I thought it was too good to be true. I sat down at the table in my usual uncheerful early-morning mood—hair awry, eyes battling to keep open, school uniform anything but neat (no socks, I couldn't remember where I keep them, no tie, that object also elusive in my searchings, skirt looking as though it had just been picked up from the floor (actually it had just been picked up from the floor). Anyway, as soon as I sat down everything sort of went wrong.

The family started making nasty remarks about my appearance, which went something like this: "Maybe it would be better if you didn't make an appearance." Then I started screaming at them; little sister knocked over some milk in her excitement; the cat jumped up on the table to join in the fun; Mum yelled at the cat; someone turned on the radio at top volume to obtain a little order; Dad's newspaper went everywhere; and Mum burnt the toast.

This was more like it.

LEE-ANNE WILLIAMS, 4N

* * *

Merrily merrily fill up the bowels.

The Australian Image – A Fallacy

I think Australians, and especially the males, are thoroughly tired of the age-old myths about themselves. The days of "Waltzing Matilda", "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" and "Fair dinkum, mate" are surely the olden days. We must have grown out of that stage a few years after the colony was settled. Whatever happened to our jolly swagman with his quaint little hat with corks attached (to keep away the blowies); so typical of us Aussies, but where is he? Sure, he frequently pops up in Yankee movies or those films concerning the Australian outback but never in "real life".

Perhaps it is our own fault that this false image persists; perhaps we created it ourselves and kept clinging to it as a sort of basis for recognition from the other countries. I mean, you must admit we are pretty unique. From this desire for independence and acknowledgment (and also because of the extreme weather conditions) developed our rough, but colourful speech; and the many other little idiosyncrasies that accompanied it. Our love of beer, gambling and footy. Our casual approach to dress; though this is sensible in our country, especially in summer, because of the extremely exhausting temperatures. The reason for our apparent disinterest in Asia is naturally caused by the distance separating the two continents. But this disinterest not only exists between Australia and her neighbours, but also within the country itself. It is not surprising to find New South Welshmen completely ignorant of West Australian affairs, and vice versa.

I do not blame foreigners for their impressionistic views of us. The "dinky-di Aussie" image is drummed into them so much through television, travel brochures and literature, so why should they disbelieve these exaggerations?

Perhaps it is time that we shook off this image, though it is only human nature to want to cling on to the remnants of our "childhood". Certainly this great image has shrunk over recent years and no doubt it will continue to do so. Let's not forget the colourful language of our predecessors, though. 'Cos it's a real bonza country and everyone gets a fair go, mate.

LEE-ANNE WILLIAMS, 4N

To travel hopefully is better than to arrive

Heine stamped his numbed feet painfully and shambled over to the ancient stove sagging in the corner. Curse the cruel cold, curse the elusive enemy, curse everything. He slumped on to the empty gasoline drum that served as a seat. They were on the retreat again. Snow shrieked through the creaking door as a stooped figure stamped in. He threw a crisp, white sheet of paper towards the grumbling Heine. Heine picked it up gingerly—this piece of paper was the key to all his hopes. "Karl!" he screamed. "Karl, I'm going home! Home to Germany!" Karl grunted and shuffled out into the fury of the snow.

Home! Home to the security of the Fatherland. Home away from the icy hell of Russia, away from the stinking death that was war; away from the hate-filled faces of the peasant women as they watched their menfolk fall before the firing squad. Home to the peaceful shade of the linden trees swaying gently in the breeze. Home to the tiny cottage he had bought his parents just before the war. Ten days! Ten whole days to soak in the normality of life at home, ten days at home in the hustle and bustle of Berlin, to walk hand in hand with Anna. How long had it been since he had seen her! Dear, beautiful Anna. How long had it been? He laughed bitterly. Yes, things had certainly altered. How young and enthusiastic he had been, fired by der Führer's patriotism Deutschland uber alles! The excitement, the glory of those days! And where was he now—tired of war, tired of the lies spewed out by Hitler, tired of the endless winter of Russia. He wanted to go home. In Germany everything would be all right. There he would be safe, he could forget the war.

The day of his departure dawned sunny and warm. The first day of spring—a sort of promise he reflected. The troop train was crammed full of the tattered

remnants of the glorious army. A waxen pallor of death haunted their features. They received their instructions and were given parcels of food. "For your families—the Führer guards his troops well. Any man who eats the contents will be shot." Coffee—real coffee and cheese! At home he would have plenty of these, but on the front they were unheard-of luxuries.

The train snaked slowly along the track, over the endless steppes, past the devastated villages. They saw no one. The Russians would hide by day and kill by night. Oh would they never get home? He would slide between the crisp, white sheets on the wooden bed and smell the crisp aroma of frying bacon. Home—home with his mother clucking anxiously over his every need, home where he could stretch beside his father in front of the roaring fire. How long had it been since he had been warm! Heine dozed off.

"Berlin, Berlin," roared a harsh voice. Heine started to his feet and rushed on to the platform. He satred in disbelief. Where was the station? the happy, smiling faces? Where were they? Silently, pale people pushed past him. Dazed, he walked on to the street and stared at the jagged silhouettes jutting into the blue sky. This wasn't Germany! It couldn't be! He grabbed an old woman. "What's happened, tell me, where am I?" She stared at him blankly and hurried on. Running, he rushed down the street leaping over rubble sprawling on to the pavement.

He came to Treistrasse. Here was home, no bombs would have fallen here. The linden trees waved merrily in the breeze, the small birds chirped happily. But the houses. Where were the houses? He stared dumbly at the crater where he had once lived. Little green curtains fluttered in the breeze, the door frame leaned sickly on to the mound of stone. Was this home—where were his parents—it was a dream surely. He would awaken and find himself looking at the comforting stone walls.

"Haben Sie etwas Brot?" He stared at the old man. The ugly heaps of rubble whirled crazily before his eyes. Dreams of home vanished into the utter desolation of war.

H. BUTLER, Q

Man

What, I say, is man's aim? Man who conquered the earth for himself, who rules the earth for himself—who destroyed that which was once beautiful, and who denies the fact that he, too, is an animal and not a god—

Who conquers places that belong to the stars—

Who destroys in his stupidity the happiness of living—

Who outdoes his own brethren for want of power so he may conquer them, too—

Who thrives on what he disdains as hypocrisy—

Who destroys the place in which he was given the right to live—

And survive.

Who destroys himself through his own greed and selfishness—

Who is to forgive man for throwing away his chance?

Who is to give man a second chance that he may build and destroy again?

Who is it that gave man the right to kill the weak to satisfy his own belly and to protect himself behind the hides of the weak?

Who gave man the right to snatch from the earth's flesh, that which has lain dormant for centuries?

— man! — but who is to question it? — man?

COL WILMOT, Leaving Q

Overseas Trip

The greatest wish of many is to travel and see the world. This year my family and I received the opportunity. My father's work sent us half-way across the world to Canada.

We left Australia for Hawaii on January 19th. Here we spent a couple of glorious days in the last bit of warmth we were to feel for some time, as it was winter in the Northern Hemisphere. San Francisco was our next stop and then to Vancouver (it was 21deg. here but that was nothing compared with what was to come) and finally to Edmonton, which was to be our home for the next five months.

Brrr! There is no other expression for it. For a family who had never seen snow before we were certainly going to get our share of it. When we arrived the temperature at Edmonton's International Airport was 47deg. below zero! I'm not joking. It really was about 80deg. below freezing point. Coming from above-century temperatures in Australia to this was quite a change. The city was in an extremely long, cold spell, the coldest on record in fact. We had arrived in the middle of it—26 consecutive days of below-zero temperatures. It was colder than Alaska.

Coming in from the airport the car took two hours to go fifteen miles. Rain had fallen and the roads were sheets of very smooth ice. Hot salt and sand (these being what they use to break up the ice) had no effect in such cold weather.

Warm clothes were the first items on our shopping list next day. Nothing one could possibly buy in Australia would be warm enough. Mittens, woollen hats, parkas and fleecy-lined boots were the order of the day. This was just for outdoor wear, though. All the homes are centrally heated and can be made warm enough to enable one to wear a summer dress inside, while looking out on a couple of feet of snow and an ice fog.

My brother and I attended a senior high school three miles from our home on the outskirts of the city. The school, Queen Elizabeth Composite High School, was for third, fourth and fifth years only, and had an enrolment of two thousand students. The school was all in one building two storeys high and composed of three wings. In winter it's too cold to go outside to change lessons and heating is much more economical in one large building.

The school is so large it's very easy to get lost; nothing seems to be where you remember it was the day before. Being Australians we were quite a novelty, and everyone was extremely friendly and helpful. It seems we have an accent, not they. I really enjoyed myself here, and I felt that I was learning a great deal. I only did the work because I wanted to; there was no pressure and no feeling that exams were just around the corner.

Edmonton is the capital of the province of Alberta, the oil centre of Canada. It is not only known for its vast oil resources but also for its scenic beauty. It is a land of extremes, from the Canadian Rockies in the west with their tourist resorts of Jasper and Banff to the flat prairie country around Edmonton. We made use of any spare time to get out and see the beautiful countryside. We made two trips to the mountains to see the breathtaking beauty of majestic snow-covered peaks, clear mountain lakes and great pine trees. We also visited the Badlands in Southern Alberta. This area is the site of many dinosaur findings and is a long, dry, desolate valley cut by the Red Deer River (sometimes called the miniature Grand Canyon). Driving straight up out of the valley beautiful rich prairie land again meets the eye, fields of golden wheat with oil wells dotted over the hills. Rich black soil on top and oil underneath, what more could you ask for?

We were in Canada for the coming of spring. This season is absolutely beautiful. The days get longer and longer. In summer the sun rises at four and sets at eight-thirty or nine. Can you imagine reading a newspaper at eight-thirty at night outside? It's possible. Because of this amount of sunshine, the grass grows very quickly and no sooner has the snow gone than the grass is up, the leaves appear on the trees and the flowers are out.

Our five months went all too quickly and we left Edmonton on June 7th to drive through to Vancouver to begin our homeward journey. We took two weeks' holiday coming home via Anchorage in Alaska, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore, but I could write for a lifetime on our experiences. I only hope many of you will have the same opportunity to travel.

ANNE GILES, 5P

Boarding House





Boarders' Notes

Senior Boarder:
DENISE ELLIOTT

February 10th, '69, saw a besprinkling of "talent" from the various country towns in the establishment of P.L.C. The "Oldies" crowded the sidelines to observe the unfortunate "beings" who were to serve time here with us veterans. We were blessed with fine, upstanding girls from such far-away places as West Indies, New Guinea, Albany, Esperance and Darwin.

The year began rather socially. All at once there seemed to be a rush of phone calls from boys' schools, asking for socials (we are very popular, you know!). Also many of the leavings and sub-leavings went to plays and films; those who were unable to attend these, were entertained by watching slides of different countries. The first and second years enjoyed seeing "Romeo and Juliet".

During first term we raised \$27 for the building fund, by offering a car wash at a local garage.

A student council was formed and I would like to thank the council members for doing much good work. As well as this, the Junior Farmers' Club was re-established and my special thanks go to Miss Robertson for her help.

Many additions have been made during the year to improve the appearance of the boarding house and to provide better facilities for all: new curtains were bought for the boarders' sitting room; new bedspreads (beware the fluff) for senior dorms.; a new sewing machine, which is greatly appreciated, was donated to us by the ladies' auxiliary; most of all, the new sick bay, which has been absolutely tremendous. Thank you, Sister Tracy, and our relieving sister, Sister Fraser, for caring for us so well; and a thank you to the new matrons and mistresses who have joined us throughout the year.

My thanks go to Miss Barr, matron, Mrs. Ongheer (whom we were very sorry to lose during third term) and Mrs. Alizart. They have been so helpful and tolerant at all times, and also thanks to the resident mistresses who have taken time and trouble (and energy) to accompany us to various functions.

Thanks to all those girls who have been co-operative through these pleasant weeks and months.

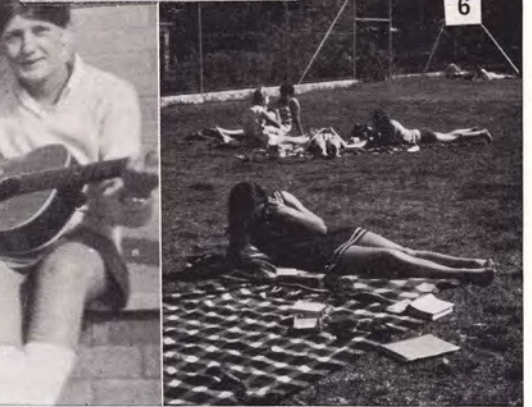
I would like to thank especially the cleaning, kitchen and cooking staff, without whose help and services the school could not function.

Best wishes to everyone.

DENISE ELLIOT, Senior Boarder

BOARDERS

1. What is this?
2. The Group
3. Boarder at Home
4. Bedtime
5. We have all kinds of people
6. Cleopatra and attendants?
7. Sunday refreshments



A Night in the Bush

Restlessly I got up from my blankets to stoke the ashes of the camp fire. All around me crickets and frogs were giving the whole bush a concert. Far above the moon shone gently on the resting earth, smiling.

Suddenly, in the distance I heard the howling of a dingo, hunting, continuing his nightly vigil, sadly taking up the thread of life once more. Swiftly an owl swooped on a small, unsuspecting creature. The bush was absolutely silent, still and peaceful, for, quite unexpectedly, all the night noises stopped and peace reigned once more. Filled with an indescribable longing to join the bush and be part of it, I rose and slipped as noiselessly as possible into the shadowy undergrowth. All around me the cockatoo bush, mallee trees and ghost gums closed in. The slender coppery trunks of the mallee trees were now turned to silver by the gentle rays of the moon.

It was not long before I entered the bluegum and granite country, leaping from boulder to boulder, not daring to make a sound lest I break a magical silence of the silver bush.

At length I reached the waterhole where the wild scrubbers drink in company with the kangaroos. The waterhole is surrounded by prickly scrub through which wallabies lead, winding in and out of the rocks, joining and crossing one another. I wanted to capture this beautiful feeling of peace and serenity. Even the muddy water of the much-frequented billabong seemed to gleam a ghostly silver.

Along one of the wallaby pads a snub-nosed wombat scurried past, apparently not noticing me standing in the shadows. I restrained from laughing at his antics as I did not want to frighten him.

In the distance I heard once more the melancholy cry of the dingo. It sounded so beautiful, so wild. It was enough to make me wish I was wild, and lived where I wanted, went where I wanted and spent my life as I wanted. But how could I break the ties of civilisation, how could I leave my home, my friends, my school?

Far to the east the sky blushed pink, and slowly the silver bush vanished. A soft light came over my world and animals woke and birds sang.

I lifted my face to the dawn and smiled, like someone who has just seen the most wonderful thing in their life.

Tonight, once more the moon will return bringing with it the beauty and tranquillity only the moon can bring, but this time I won't be there, but in civilisation where artificial light shines and no one sees the real night.

PHILIPPA DAVIS, Grade 7H

The Kangaroos

The kangaroos appear from the bush,
Along the dusty track they push,
Nibbling the grass in the scorching sun,
Keeping away from the farmer's gun.
Across the sandy plains they bound,
Across the strong, uneven ground,
Far away from the ruthless men,
Till all is still and quiet again.

ANNE RICHARDSON, Grade 7

* * *

"Green Green Grass of Home"—Homesick boarder.

Overworked

As I sat in school
I didn't feel like working.
The teacher screamed,
The teacher yelled,
"Do stop that shirking!
You'll be in trouble
And, cop double
Of all the work you hate,
And stay in school an hour late!"
I lifted my pen . . .
I lifted my head . . .
I really did feel dead.
Suddenly . . . the bell rang!
Hooray it's recess,
But the teacher said
Look at that mess!
You'll clean it up!
I burst into tears,
And what I mumbled under my breath
was not for teacher's ears.

VIVIENNE HAWKINS, 1Y

Home

Home is a place of work and play,
Mostly work the live-long day,
Home is a place near machinery sheds,
Of vast wheat crops with great big heads.
Home is the place for animals,
For cats, dogs, cows and cackling chooks,
Laying eggs in all the nooks,
For galloping horses and dams so deep,
For foxes and dingoes scoffing sheep,
Where crows search carrion and eagles fly high,
And where the wind sends dust whirling by.
Home is the place of the gum trees, salmon and blue,
For sandalwood and mallee and tea-trees, too,
For clover and grasses in winter time green,
But turning to gold as harvest is seen.
Home is a wonderful place,
The most beautiful of all,
If you don't believe me,
Give the boarders a call!

S. BRANDENBURG, 1C

* * *

"Homeward Bound"—End of term.

The Brumby Hunt

We have a colt on our farm which used to be shaggy and thin and weak. That was when he was a brumby colt and ate only thistles and coarse grass. Now he is sleek and muscular and strong. I have a special attachment to this colt for I was present on the day he was captured.

It was on the last May holidays. My father, brother and I were to go on a brumby hunt with the polocrosse club, of which my father is the president. We were going to Cockleshell Gully, near Jurien Bay, where we knew we would find the brumbies.

Early one morning we packed our truck with food and sleeping bags and our three horses were loaded into the stock crate at the back of the truck. We reached Jurien Bay at about 7 o'clock Friday night. Dad backed the truck against a sandhill and Craig and I unloaded the horses. We made a corral and cooked sausages for tea. The next day we loaded the horses on to the truck and started off towards Cockleshell Gully.

After several hours of rough riding—for there are almost no roads in this area—we reached the gully. The other members of the polo club were already there and saddling up.

We were soon on our way riding down gullies and up very, very steep banks. The scenery was gorgeous. The horses were very eager to get on the way so it was a very fast pace. We travelled about two miles when Mr. McHours sighted about 20 horses.

We split up and departed in small groups, Dad and Craig in one group and I with another. The former group went behind a hill to drive the brumbies towards us. Mrs. McHours dismounted and walked up the hill to see if they were coming. In a few minutes she was running for her life towards us. The next instant the horses came pounding over the hill. At first we were too stunned to move, because the sight of the 20 horses was breathtaking and even a little frightening. But after some hastily shouted instructions we were soon chasing them. They were magnificent—wild, and yet proud and beautiful. Dad and Craig close in on a little colt and lassoed it. It put up a great fight but finally it gave in, exhausted. Meanwhile people were dashing around trying to catch other horses but from the herd only our colt and a small filly were caught.

Our colt put up a real fight before we finally got him in the truck. He was screaming like a pig with rage. It was just as well we didn't catch a bigger horse because that little one put up such a strong fight. And now, as I said, the colt has grown. Soon he will be broken in and I'll be riding him within a few months.

CHRISTINE FRANKLIN, 1D

Frustration

I scratch my head and tear my hair,
Loud are my moans of utter despair,
I wring my hands in consternation,
What I need is an inspiration.
The end of my pen is chewed and nibbled,
On piles of paper I have scribbled
A jumble of words, I must confess
My mind is a blank, I'm in a mess.
I'm a quivering mass of nervous anxiety,
My problem is one of notoriety,
I simply cannot concentrate,
My brain is in a dreadful state.
I'm on the verge of shedding a tear,
But wait a moment, what have I here?
Utter surprise at the realisation
That here is a poem, my own creation!

PAM HENDRY, 1C

The Thing

It stared at me,
That mass of vivid colour;
What did it mean?
What did it represent?
The old Earth's end?
The new's beginning?
An orange sphere—
Is that the sun?
That blood-red shape—
Is that the moon?
Those symbols!
What does this mean?
It brings to my mind chaos,
People running,
People in panic,
No salvation,
All destruction,
Devastating atmosphere
Heavy with unfamiliar fear.
Ripping at children's hearts,
Those infants who knew no peace.
Atomic war!!
Oh foolish man, destroying all that is,
When will they ever learn?
But no, it is too late,
They will learn no more,
Or speak, or love, or fight.
A confusing mass of colour,
No living object, no peace,
Because of one man's greed.

LOUISE FREEMANTLE, 2L

A Journey in the Dark

The forbidding blackness of the night made me shiver. I simply couldn't see a thing. Reluctantly, I struggled from my warm, comfortable bed on to the invisible, cold floor. Nothing could stop me now. I simply couldn't turn back!

Nervously, I groped my way out to the passage. I heard all sorts of mysterious sounds in my imagination. The floorboards creaked in a frightening manner, but relentlessly I forced myself onwards.

After what seemed an eternity of endless creeping in eerie gloom, I arrived at my destination. Trembling in nervous anticipation, I grasped the handle of the door. A ghastly screeching sound greeted me as I turned the knob. By this time I was in a desperate hurry. It didn't matter now, though. I was there!

Several minutes later I found myself pressing that vital button. The next second there was the sound of churning, rushing water. With a sigh of relief, I closed the door behind me and made my way back to bed—mission accomplished!

PAM HENDRY, 1C

* * *

Lost—one figure—in the vicinity of the Boarding House.

One Day in the Air Force

It was a cloudless day when General Jill and Major Malcolm arrived in Viscount Val and taxied into Hanger Herbert. They climbed aboard Kerry Car and drove to Fort Forrester. On parking outside Bovell Barracks, Captain Cooke assembled the Bebe Batallion and when all was silent Sargent Sprigg and Corporal Kendall could be heard shouting orders to Mud hand McGregor and K.P. Chris. After a general inspection General Jill, Major Malcolm, Captain Cooke, Sargent Sprigg, Corporal Kendall and Private Poultney were all about to board "Bebe Bomber" of the Bebe Batallion when the news came through that Agent Anne had captured Rose the Rogue early that morning and the positions of German Gerry and Enemy Eileen, who Agent Anne had seen, were given. "Bebe Bomber" flew in the given direction and by luck they sighted German Gerry and Enemy Eileen resting near Stewart Stream. Private Poultney was so excited he became trigger happy with Tommy gun Thompson while Beeny Bomb and Bert bomb were released over the area. On returning to Fort Forrester they were notified by Agent Anne that German Gerry and Enemy Eileen had been killed. Of course there had to be a celebration so Sheryl's Sherry and Bruce's Brandy came in extremely handy!

J.F.

Desert Colour

This an utterly dead and desolate land, drained by the sun of colour.
In the glare the baked earth bare of grass, the spreading sand,
and dusty shrubs are drab.

In this fierce earth, no light and shade or colour can exist.
A camel lies beneath a shadeless tree, as dead white as the ground,
A buffalo merges its drab invisibility into a neutral bank,
beside a flow of wide and lifeless waters.

Faded dust hangs in the air above this mud-walled town, of
windowless houses with blind doorways, where even the shabby
children who have grown to womanhood inside, do not appear.
There is no hint of life in all this vast wilderness of no colour.
Till the sun declines—

And roofs are red, the bushes green, and girls' eyes suddenly sparkle.
And the dun of camels and cows and robes are briefly clean and
glowing.

As a child's face, after rest.

JANE OLLQUIST, 4th Yr.

* * *

"Never on a Sunday"—Do we go to bed with full bellies?

* * *

"Baby Elephant Walk"—Healthy boarders.

* * *

"Sinner Man"—A conduct mark!

* * *

"The Sound of Music"—Someone's got a tranny under the pillow.

Teenage Death

I am not what I am!
What am I?
I that am nothing, am everything.
I am timeless, I am meaningless, I am all powerful.
The sleazy, sliming sin of this suppurating paradise,
Gut green and greasy gold
Digests, destroys, defeats me,
And I slip in the darkling corridor
Slashed with blood and light.
Captive light in a sudden
Glassy splash
Exulting in a diabolic torrent,
Suspended, turgid, rainbow tears
Of calm.
Utopia, gold-winged Pegasus
With a sun-blue fire of heat,
Green-gold Pan of earth and evil,
Diamond drops of sound in the reed-pipe.
Sound shot through with silver,
Webbed and spun
And spinning wild
And wilder frenzied
Bursting, bursting,
God! No there is no god
Not here.
Blood in the bleeding eyes
And beating, beating
Barbaric throb of sound;
I am dying!
Hot death of terror
Splitting white with fire
And black dark
Pouring flame,
Cascade sparks of flame
And build and build and burst
In screaming, bloody flames of terror!
Dead.
Dead, and the walls glow pale
With a cloud-wisped grey
And pale with a glow of dawn
And gone,
Flown air and breath and walls
For freedom
Blown in on sunrise
And a rainbow.

MALADJUSTED TEENAGER

* * *

"Whisky on a Sunday"—Leavings' afternoon tea.

* * *

"My Favourite Things"—Church on Sunday.

Truth

From early childhood
It is drummed into the unreceptive brain,
Until the meaning becomes clear;
Tell the truth, no lies accepted.
So for a while truth predominates,
Until the wily brain turns to half-truths,
Or blatant lies, as a means
Of escaping trouble or reality.
Adults begin to expect evasion
And half-truths; the child
Is only human in his efforts
To escape punishment. Faith is lost.
Adults use lies to delude themselves.
Reality is always real;
It cannot be escaped.
Lies only defer the coming of reality.
So lies and half-truths
Are accepted in today's society
Without a flicker of conscience.
An oddity is he who tells the truth;
Truth will not be believed;
Truth hurts!

MARGARET FORRESTER, 5P



LEAVING BOARDERS

Junior School.





JUNIOR SCHOOL PREFECTS
L. to R.: P. Davis, A. Ford, G. Cook, R. Clough.

The Mystery

One quiet, still night two robbers crept into Mr. Crimsim's garage and stole his Rolls Royce. They took the petrol out of his Bentley. All of a sudden the burglar alarm went off. Joe and Berty jumped into the Rolls Royce and started the car. They tore off down the road. When they had gone about 20 miles they stopped to have a rest. In about half an hour Mr. Crimsims came along in a Mercedes. The Mercedes had just run out of petrol. Mr. Crimsims tied them to the two cars and they could pull it to Fremantle gaol. When they arrived there the police said they could have bread and water for 10 years.

KATHY CROOKE, Grade 3



JUNIOR SCHOOL LIBRARY
L. to R.: K. Dowland, F. Brine, J. Dawson.

My mother is a nursing sister and she works part-time and by the time she gets home by the look on her face I think she is utily fed up with it.

* * *

When I grow up I will try to have four children when I marry and be a phisotherapist.

* * *

Now that my mother has got rid of me she works in a hospital.

* * *

When I grow up I are going to be a housewife.

* * *

Dad sells life insureants.

* * *

My father is a carterd achonten.

* * *

My father is 41 and is of heavy build.

* * *

I like school, please don't think I'm boastful but I think I have improved.

* * *

In my future I want to be a movie star.

* * *

I have no special friends for each of the girls are equal.



JUNIOR SCHOOL CHOIR

The Autobiography of Bernie Bison

I was born in the midst of America, and was named Bernie; I don't know why but I guess my mother liked it. I live with my mum and dad in a sort of a cave.

My mum and I quarrel a lot and I don't like her much.

One day I left home to find my good fortune in the city. With a billy and a knapsack I started off on my long journey. I decided that it was a long way away and I tried to imagine myself as a bison in the zoo, or in the circus, or even on television. I would have to change my name though, something like Carry Bison or Rock Bison or maybe I'd have to keep Bernie. Oh well it can wait till I get there.

After days and nights travelling alone through dense, thick jungle I arrived at the city. Towering huge buildings and busy streets was the appearance of the city. A little later I was feeling very fatigued and went to the circus for a job. I thought I had better build up my reputation, and then they would take me. After explaining where I came from and what I wanted to do they thought me very intelligent. So I got the job of a trapeze artist. I had a good room mate called Humpy Bumpy Camel. He had one hump.

By now I was world famous and earned lots of money. (I would send my folks back a bit of money each year.)

One day I died, the keeper donated me to the greatest museum and duplicates were made of me all over the world.

KIM HUMPHREYS, Grade 7H



ERICA WALLACE, Grade 7H

What Australia Day Means To Me

I felt very sad before I started to write this essay because I didn't know why we celebrate Australia Day. I looked up in books and I listened to records and I asked my mother and father about it till I finally found out a lot more about it. Australia Day means to everybody that Australia was founded on the 26th January, 1788. Australia Day means to me a day when I think of my country. I think of all the things that are different from other countries. It means to me a place where sunshine stays for a long time. There are lots of places where I can go here but I couldn't go in other countries like Rottnest where I can see the quokkas. I think of koalas, kangaroos and kookaburras that I can't see in other countries. I think of barbecues in the hills and going to the beach. I think of those first settlers who had a lot of courage to leave their comfortable homes in England to come and live out here. I think of those soldiers who fought in wars for our country. I hope when I grow up that I can help Australia and not be one who is selfish and doesn't help Australia but just takes what is given. I am proud to be an Australian.

SARAH JONES, Grade 5



JOSEPHINE McCULLOCH, Grade 6 & 7H

A Visit to Agra

As the small jet plane took off from Delhi Airport, I felt a surge of excitement. I was flying to Agra, about 100 miles south of Delhi, the capital of India. After an hour of flying, we landed at the small airport near Agra. We left our luggage at the airport and proceeded to the famous monument, the Taj Mahal.

My first view of it was about 100 yards away. Little pools in the shape of rectangles, surrounded by footpaths, flowers, trees and lawns led up to the creamy marble building which was the most magnificent man-made creation I have ever seen. It was constructed many years ago by an Emperor, Shah Jahal, to his much-loved dead wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal. Inside there is a replica of the tombs which lie in a small, dim room underneath. Around this replica is a delicate ivory screen.

In the marble of the central dome, semi-precious stones in the shape of flowers and leaves are inlaid. At each corner of the base, a tall, graceful minaret stands. The Taj Mahal is an exquisite building, and no wonder it took 22 years to construct!

We all had lunch in an expensive hotel, and from its roof we could view the magnificent dome of the Taj. During the afternoon we visited the Red Fort, which is situated on the banks of an almost dry river, like the Taj. Here our family saw the well-known Peacock Throne and a secret passage which leads under the moat and emerges near the river. The Red Fort consists of many beautiful buildings, and is so called because it is built of red clay and brick. Next we visited a little bazaar nearby, and from there proceeded to an Indian temple, where crowds of poor people followed us, begging for money.

All too soon it was time to leave. As the aeroplane was late we had dinner at the airport. Finally the plane arrived at 9 p.m., and I was glad to arrive "home" though I had had a very exciting day. I will never forget my wonderful day in Agra.

F. BRINE, Grade 7D



KATHY GILES, Grade 7

Me and My Partner Ben

Over the dusty track I ride,
 To the mountains I am head,
 For my partner is in trouble,
 And he is nearly dead.
 For we are bushrangers,
 And he was nearly took,
 While we held up a coach,
 Bound for Ellorook.
 There were troopers on that coach you see
 And this we did not know,
 And my partner he was hit,
 While we put up a show.
 Now the troopers are on our tail,
 And we are hunted men,
 So we must reach our hideout,
 Me and my partner Ben.

KATHY GILES, Grade 7

