

KOOKABURRA

1970



PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE

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EDITORIAL

School: A place to live—diffidently, shyly, slowly gaining confidence and friends; but so desperately aware of home and family at the slightest tumble, slightest cross word, or the sight of that great big girl of eight who glares at you.

School: A place to give character to—by the emission of sharp noises, by loud quarrellings, sudden changes of friends; it is now that peers become so important, that school-work affects prestige, that you suffer unfairness and heartbreak; it is now that you rush home to unburden the pain or demand that your family glory in your triumph.

School: A place. Tentative groping for ideals, for romance in essence; grappling with moral issues,

wrestling with oneself, one's friends, one's enemies, one's parents, one's . . . Slowly coming to an awareness of one's limitations, one's prickles, and other people's limitations and prickles; and very slowly coming to an acceptance of same.

School: A place to work, a place to dodge work; a place to enjoy one's friends, a place to relax when not made to work; a place where some people are human and some are not. School: A dump . . . But it is here you have learned to make decisions, have grown into tolerance, have grown into adulthood, have lived . . . here are your affections, your loyalties—and you have to leave.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Back Row (l. to r.): J. Skinner, J. Bayly, R. Hickey.

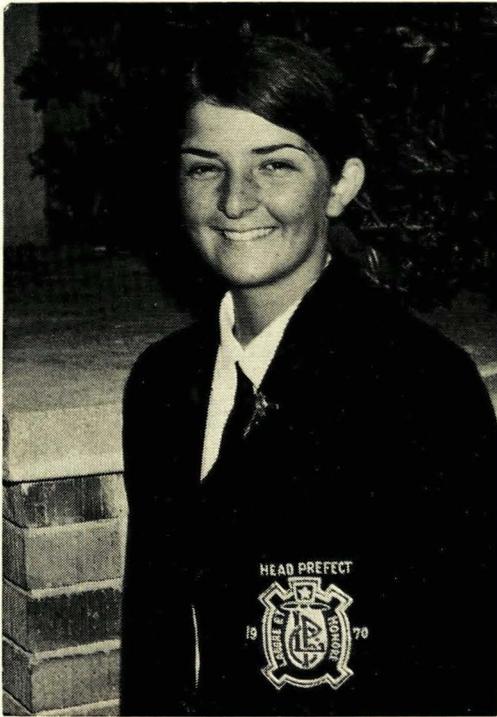
Front Row: A. Edwards, J. Gordon (Co-Editor), S. Benjamin (Co-Editor), L. A. Williams (Co-Editor).



SCHOOL PREFECTS AND HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row (l. to r.): J. Parry, N. Charles, M. Scott, C. Burges, K. James.

**Front Row: B. Tuckwell, K. Digwood, A. Giles (Head Prefect), Miss H. Barr (Principal),
R. Thompson (Senior Boarder), N. Jeffery, J. Rae.**



PREFECTS' NOTES

Alas, but we now say farewell to the sturdy little Prefects' rooms which have endured many generations of P.L.C. Prefects. The old, we are sad to say, must make way for the new and our little building must go to make way for the new school. A pity? Yes, but that is progress. The rooms have been a hive of activity all year with birthday parties, afternoon teas and working bees making decorations for various occasions. So you can see they have served their purpose.

No sooner had the 1970 school year begun than we started preparing for our first important function, the Inter-School Swimming. P.L.C. was hostess school this year. Leavings and Prefects were allotted special duties for that night.

All of the Prefects took part in the annual School Service at St. Andrew's. Three of us read lessons while others acted out small parts in the Reverend Jacob's sermon. His unorthodox presentation of his address proved to be an interesting change from our usual service.

This year once again we held our own Anzac Day Service which was led by the chaplain, Mr. Maley.

\$40 for a maternity hospital in Korea was the result of a money chain run by the Prefects. It was held over a couple of days and its increasing length caused much interest and excitement.

PREFECTS' NOTES

Head Prefect
ANNE GILES

The 1970 Prefects participated ACTIVELY in the field of sport. Congratulations go to Judy on her pocket for tennis and to both Judy and Rosie on their pockets for hockey. Those not so athletically inclined showed their skills either on the stage or in debating. Many of us were in either the production of "St. Joan" or "Orpheus" and Kathy was the secretary of the debating club.

The more artistic members of the Leaving year came up with some marvellous ideas for our dance at the beginning of second term. Trying to please everyone is a worrying business but we all had fun in the trying and the final effect seemed to please all. Our thanks go to the hard-working mothers who did the catering and to the fathers who endured the cold and rain outside. We all had a wonderful evening.

A challenge was offered to the Christ Church Prefects to come and play us at International Rules Basketball. They accepted and both teams played magnificently despite handicaps which arose from the fact that we were in fancy costumes. I am sure the school enjoyed watching us as much as we enjoyed playing. A softball match is planned for the last day of the term. This time a Leaving team will play the Christ Church boys.

Last week the teachers attended an afternoon tea in the Prefects' room. Although most teachers seemed to be on diets, Mrs. Davy's daughter, Elizabeth, managed to cover her face and hands in a layer of chocolate while enjoying a plate of chocolate biscuits. The Prefects all had too many cream cakes and biscuits for their own good, but there's always tomorrow to diet.

We would like to extend our thanks to Miss Barr, Mrs. Baird and Mrs. Adam for all their help and understanding throughout the year. Thank you also to all members of staff and girls who have helped and co-operated with us. 1970 is a year we will never forget.

Best wishes to the 1971 Prefects.



BOARDERS' NOTES

Senior Boarder
ROSEMARY THOMPSON

Monday afternoon, the opening of a new school year for the boarders, brought girls of all shapes, sizes, ages and suntans to the gates of P.L.C. once again; or, in the case of new girls, for the first time. What was the year to hold in store for all of us? That was the question which faced us and which we anticipated, either with fear and trepidation of the work ahead of us, or excitement of entering the new world so far removed from home.

Certainly, boarding-house life has not been dull and the whole year has flown with what now seems amazing speed. In first term we were all sorry to have to lose Matron Davies after her eighteen years at P.L.C., and we will never forget her devotion to us all. However, we were equally glad to welcome Matron Carson, under whose capable hands we now live and thrive rather heartily.

The Boarders' Student Council has been considerably more active this year, with its ideas of improving the existing facilities and of organising social activities. I hope it will continue to be concerned about the improvement of all aspects of boarding-house life in future years.

The girls of the senior years have had the privilege of enjoying a very active social life this year. This is due to the many socials we have either held or attended with the various boys' colleges such as Scotch, Guildford, Aquinas, Hale and Wesley. Social activities also included attending several outside functions and these, too, were greatly appreciated. However, the highlight of our social life was definitely

the boarders' dance, which we so fortunately were allowed. This was a dance for third, fourth and fifth years and we all enjoyed the night of grooving Latin American by candle-light.

Boarders have also benefited from the generosity of the Parents' Association which has provided us with a table-tennis set and a record player, hence many hours of pleasure.

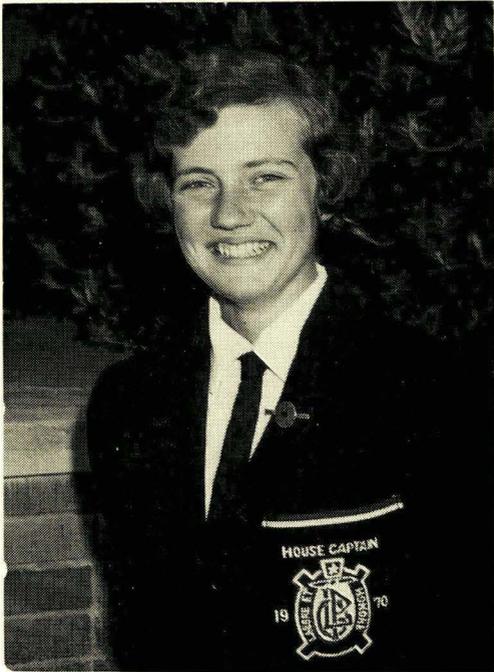
As usual, the boarders have proved their excellence in most fields of sport. The enthusiasm demonstrated in athletic and swimming relays against "day-bugs" and old girls showed the unbeatable spirit which still survives with us.

Sincere thanks to Miss Barr and Matron for their guidance throughout the year. Also many thanks to the boarding-house staff and especially to Miss Robertson who has enabled us to enjoy many hours of extra privileges. We also thank Mr. Maley for sharing prayers with us throughout the year.

Many of us have been associated with the boarding house for many years and will find it difficult tearing ourselves away from the good old long-sock and D.B. days, to adapt ourselves to the outside world.

I am most grateful to the Leavings for the support they have given me at all times, and I hope that those who are leaving P.L.C. will have happiness and success in the years ahead. May those who remain have as many happy days as we have had during our life at P.L.C.

Rosemary



CARMICHAEL HOUSE NOTES

CATHERINE BURGES

"Play the Game" is our motto and play the game we do, and this year we have done rather well.

As usual the year begins with the swimming, and training began on the first day. All too soon the inter-house swimming was held. The day began with great excitement and all teams were even, but those red fish from Ferguson ended up the final winners with Carmichael third. Congratulations to Sue Van Noort who was the U-15 champion. The Junior School came third and over all Carmichael was placed third. Congratulations to the 16 girls who represented the school in both the Inters and Lifesaving.

The senior tennis team did not do very well and came last, but thank you everyone who took part and tried.

Public speaking was the cultural aspect of the house competition this year. Thank you, H. Brine, M. Hammond, G. Owen, A. Illich and S. A. Turner for doing so well.

First term ended with Carmichael coming a very close second to Ferguson.

Second term outdoor sports were hockey and basketball. There were senior, third, second and first year teams competing in both sports and we did excellently in each of these. Even greater than the goal scores was the enthusiasm and spirit shown by everyone; this, to me, is more important than winning. Thanks to Meredith Scott who helped me with the hockey.

In the indoor sports Carmichael came fourth in badminton, third in volleyball and a close second to

McNeil in International Rules basketball. Although not winning, everyone had tremendous fun playing the games.

Third term arrived—athletics. I went looking for a team. It was most strange: I seemed to find most of them in cupboards and under desks (fourth year classes). This year a new system was introduced, the standards. This enabled girls, whether good or bad at field events, to earn points for their house. Carmichael excelled at this so we began sports day with more points than the other houses. Without these points we would not have won the senior school sports. We only won from Ferguson by five points. It was a very exciting sports day. The Junior School came third and, over all, Carmichael was placed second, just behind Ferguson. Congratulations to Kathy Giles who was U-15 champion and to all the girls who were in the Inters team.

The softball and U-15 tennis has not begun but I know it is going to be a do or die effort. I would like to thank Miriam Biddiscombe, Jane Blanckensee and Gail Challen who are going to encourage and help the teams on.

I would like to thank the house mistresses, Mrs. Binsted, and Miss Teasdale, for their interest and badminton playing. A sincere thank you to Mrs. Morison, Mrs. Lyon and Miss Renner for all their help and advice. Also, I would like to give an extra special thank you to Mrs. Smith, who has not only helped me this year but every year I have been at P.L.C.

My last and greatest THANK YOU is to Carmichael house who have made this a wonderful year for me.

Best of luck for next year, 1971, and remember—always "Play the Game".

Cathy

FERGUSON HOUSE NOTES



NERIDA CHARLES

"Always Straight Forward" is our motto and that is how we proceeded this year with our heads held high, working for victory. Our efforts were rewarded when at length we defeated our opponents in both the interhouse swimming and the athletic competition.

Throughout the swimming season great enthusiasm was shown and this climaxed, when on the 25th February, Ferguson came in a victorious first, being over 130 points in front of our nearest rival, McNeil. Congratulations to our three of the five champions of the day, namely Evelyn (Senior), Terry (U-14) and Robin (U-13). We were also happy to own four runners-up. Special mention must be given to the girls in the U-16 Freestyle Relay team and to Terry H. for their record-breaking performances. Our Junior School came second, enabling us to maintain first position in the overall total. Congrats to all Fergusonites who represented us in the Inters.

Thanks go to all our lifesavers who gained awards and valuable points for the house.

Owing to the efforts of Nesta, Judy, Angela and Evelyn, we coasted in an easy second in the senior tennis after a final tussle with Stewart for first position.

Our public speakers Roz and Jann gained well-earned places in the senior section but, unfortunately, our Juniors were not quite so successful.

Easily our strength in second term was basketball in which we were placed first. Hockey, on the other hand, left much to be desired. Although we battled hard we always seemed to be short of that important commodity known as goals! Congrats to the other houses who performed well and especially to Stewart for their outright victory.

Practice makes perfect—so the old saying goes—but we just didn't have the time. Therefore our indoor sports suffered badly even though there was much obvious house spirit. Volleyball proved too strenuous for us feminine Fergusonites—the ball just wouldn't go up, up and away! As a result we were placed fourth.

Third term commenced with a few enthusiastic house supporters, apparent on the oval, trying their ability at gaining standard points. Luckily the numbers and enthusiasm gradually increased until we were at our peak on the day of the sports. After a hard-fought struggle Ferguson emerged just $7\frac{1}{2}$ points behind Carmichael to hold second position. We were fortunate, however, to be able to fall back on the results of the Junior School, who at the "eleventh hour" came to the rescue with a first, bringing Ferguson in the final total to the seat of victory. Thank you, Junior School competitors. Heartiest congratulations must go to Lyn R. for her splendid effort in breaking the senior hurdles record and for outclassing all other open competitors to become the senior champion. Congrats also to our only runner-up, Sue Cornish (Senior).

The softball season is under way but not yet finished.

Besides sport there were many activities within the school in which Ferguson girls participated, such as choir, debates and the play. Thank you to those girls. Your efforts have not gone unnoticed.

My thank go to Vicki, Jane, Kathy, Angela, Sue, Jill and Sandra for their capable help in times of need.

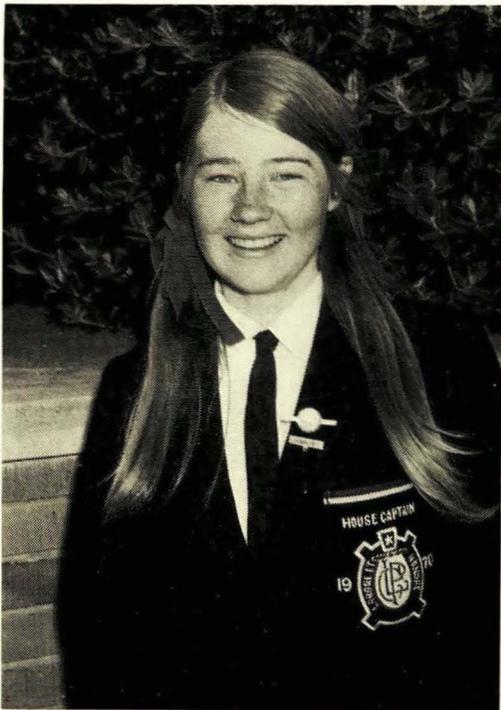
A special thank you I extend to my deputy and vice house captain Lyn Royal for all her work and never-failing support throughout the year.

To all sportsmistresses, past and present, go my thanks for their advice and guidance during the year; and to our House Mistresses, Mrs. Adam, Mrs. Edinger, Miss Honter and Mrs. Prince. Unfortunately, we lost Mrs. Nikulinsky towards the end of second term.

I am indebted to all the girls who were willing and co-operative in house activities this year. For myself it has been a year never to be forgotten, owing to the support I have received and the great house spirit that has prevailed within Ferguson.

Best of luck for House and Captain 1971.

Nerida



McNEIL HOUSE NOTES

It is better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all.

Although we may not end up as Champion House this year we have certainly put up a good fight, and we have taken our fair share of the wins and the losses.

We finished a magnificent second in the Swimming sports. Thanks go to Ferguson for the strong competition and "well done" to all McNeil girls who took part. A special 'thank you' to the Junior School who came first in their Swimming, another magnificent effort. Jenny T. definitely earned her title as Under 16 Champion and Alison C. as U-15 runner-up.

Quite a few girls received lifesaving certificates this year. These girls are not only an asset to the House but also an asset to the community.

After a hard battle we were placed third in the Senior Tennis, a good effort by our tennis players.

McNeil really excelled itself in the indoor winter sports this year. We came first in the Volleyball, thanks to Anne, Sharon, Judy, Kaye and Chris. We were also victorious in International Rules Basketball, thanks to Ali, Lynda, Julie, Judy, Jenny, Sally, Chris and Pauline. We came a close second in the Badminton.

McNEIL HOUSE NOTES

KANDY JAMES

We seem to be more successful in the indoor than outdoor sports but once again everybody did her best. We had to have eight Hockey and Basketball teams. This was great because eighty girls out of our 110 each played three matches. That's quite a percentage!

In the Athletics the enthusiasm was terrific and it was a pity we came third because the final scores were so close and we seemed to be doing so well. Our congratulations go to Judy A. and Jane W. as the U-16 and U-14 Captains at the Inters.

We may not be the best athletes but we certainly are the best talkers! We were placed first in both sections of the Public Speaking and we also gained a fourth—congratulations to Jennie D., Sally C. and Sally W.

If you are not the sporting type don't think that McNeil does not appreciate you; lots of girls have gained points by being in the choir, in debates, in school plays or even by being academic!

At the time of writing this the Softball and Junior Tennis matches are being played. We hope to be the first to have our name engraved on the new Softball trophy.

I would like to thank the sportsmistresses whose guidance has been invaluable and also the leaving and sub-leaving girls who have assisted me at various times.

During the year the Captain gets to know most of the girls, not only those with natural abilities, but those who are always eager to do their utmost for their House, and I would like to thank each one of you for your contribution.

All the best, and continued success for the "Mighty Macs" of 1971.

Kandy



STEWART HOUSE NOTES

JUDITH PARRY

With the thought that the spirit of sport is more important than winning, Stewart set out to be both good competitors and sportswomen. Our highest aim was victory but if that could not be achieved we were determined to be valiant losers. Although we aimed at victory, it somehow eluded us in the swimming and athletics, as we finished a healthy last in both. Congratulations are extended to Ferguson for winning these events.

Stewart did not excel in the inter-house swimming but many points were gained through active participation in lifesaving. Thank you to all who tried and gained certificates.

This rather bad beginning was compensated for by winning the senior house tennis and thanks must go to all girls who helped achieve this position. We only hope that in the latter part of the season the Juniors can maintain this form.

Stewart showed varied areas of talent in second term lunch hour sports as we finished first, second and fourth in badminton, volleyball and international rules respectively. We are grateful for the efforts of all girls who so generously sacrificed their precious hour of liberty to compete for the house.

However, in whatever other fields Stewart's weaknesses may lie, we definitely are proud of our overwhelming strength in house hockey for all four teams were successful in obtaining their ultimate goal. The basketball teams were not quite as fortunate and

could only manage to prove their sportsmanship. Thanks must go to all girls who gave skill and time for the needs of the house.

The inter-house athletics began on a bad footing due to poor weather and after several events had to be postponed. This is perhaps the reason for Stewart's unsuccessful attempts at winning, both in the junior and senior school and we had to settle for fourth after Ferguson, Carmichael and McNeil respectively. However, congratulations to Angela, the U-14 champion, and runner-up U-15 champion Jenny.

In softball, the only remaining sport, lies our final hope of obtaining the 1970 shield. However, whether or not we win, good luck and thanks to those girls competing.

In conclusion, I would like to thank my capable helpers, Ann, Rosie, Noell, Helen, Michelle, Jill, Jenny, Ingrid, Jennie and Helen for their support at needed times. My thanks are also extended to the sportsmistresses, Mrs. Morison, Mrs. Lyon, Miss Renner, Mrs. Barblett, and, earlier, Mrs. Smith who all gave valuable help and encouragement. Lastly, special thanks to all Stewartites who participated in house activities of any kind during the year; I really appreciate your efforts. It has been a memorable year for me and I must wish all the best of luck for the "Stupendous Stewartites" in the '71 season.

Judy

CALENDAR 1970

February—

- 9 Boarders return.
Sundowner Party arranged by Parents' Association for parents and staff.
- 10 First day of term.
- 13 4th and 5th yr. boarders—"Measure for Measure"—New Fortune Theatre.
- 16 Grade 7 girls attended service in St. George's Cathedral marking the opening of the Legal Year.
- 17 Induction of Prefects and House Captains.
- 25 Inter-House Swimming.

March—

- 11 3, 4, 5th Year Boarders—Hamlet—Windsor Theatre.
- 13 Inter-School Swimming.
- 18 Matron Grant spoke to Leaving girls on topic of "Life is for Living".
- 19 Visit of Rabbi Coleman to 5th Year Scripture.
- 20 Junior School Swimming.
- 21 Life-Saving Carnival.
- 22 13 girls assisted in Red Cross Door Knock.
Leaving girls' discussion with Matron Grant.
Debate against Scotch College.
- 25 School closed for Easter.

April—

- 2 A group of girls with Mrs. Hunt visited the Deaf School.
Junior Debate against Scotch College.
- 3-5 2nd Year Biology Camp.
- 8 Miss Barr and two students attended R.P.H. Graduation Ceremony.
- 9 Professor Huckstep from Uganda spoke at Assembly.
- 9, 10, 11 St. Joan.
- 10, 11 Matriculation Seminar.
- 14 Marian Fraser talked to 4th and 5th Yrs. about American Field Scholarships.
- 20 Exams commenced.
- 24 Anzac Service in Carmichael Hall.
Talk by Dr. Blakemore on Mental Health.
- 27 Dr. Debanesen, Principal, Madras Christian College, spoke at Assembly.
Mr. Flood of Health Education Council spoke to each class on Uses and Misuses of Alcohol.
- 28 National Theatre players presented excerpts from Merchant of Venice in Carmichael Hall.
- 29 4th and 5th Years—Playhouse—Arms and the Man.
Mr. V. Garland visited Assembly to present the school with an Australian Flag.

May—

- 5 3rd Year Science—An expedition to the sandhills.
Staff-Student debate.
- 6 Badminton Demonstration.
- 6 Term closed.
- 25 Official opening of Science Block.
- 26 Term commenced.
- 29 Prefects' Dance.

June—

- 3 Matron Grant spoke to 4th Years.
Debate against Scarborough High.
- 4, 5, 6 "Orpheus in the Underworld".
- 7 4th Year discussion with Matron Grant.
- 12 Visit of the Moderator of Presbyterian Church in W.A. to Assembly.
- 19 5th Years attended "Othello".
- 20 39 Boarders to "Anything to Declare".
- 24 Debate against St. Hilda's.
4th and 5th Year Physiology and Hygiene girls visited Ngala.
Debate against Our Lady of the Missions.

July—

- 9 Meeting of teachers and parents of 1st year students.
- 10 School closed for boarders' weekend.
- 20, 21, 22 Visit of District Superintendent, Mr. Horner, to the Junior School.
- 23 T.B. Vaccinations for 2nd years.
- 29, 30 Money Chain raised \$40 for Korean mission boxes.
- 29, 30 Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship exams and T.E.E.P. tests.
- 31 I.E.A. Science Tests for selected Leaving students.

August—

- 1 University Seminar attended by Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Hunt and representative senior girls.
- 14 Leaving visits to classes for blind, deaf, spastic, crippled, retarded, ill.
- 14 3rd Year Home Economics students attended a demonstration of meat cutting.
- 14 H. Brine and H. Bott represented the school at the opening of the Conference of the Australian Federation of University Women.
- 14 4th Year Dance.
- 15 Inter-School Gymkhana.
- 14-16 Choir Camp.
- 16 School Service.
- 17 Police Lectures.
- 18 Senior debate at Fremantle Prison.
- 19 Term closed.
- 24-31 Tasmanian Tour.

September—

- 8 3rd Term Commenced.
- 11 Robin Ferrero spoke at Assembly.
- 14 Arrival at P.L.C. of Hiroko Okubo, a Japanese Rotary Exchange student.
- 25 Inter-House Athletics—started but postponed because of weather.
- 26 Alliance Francaise examinations.
P.L.C. Entrance Scholarship exam.
- 27 17 senior girls assisted with Freedom from Hunger Door Knock.
- 28 Show Holiday.
- 29 Senior School Athletics.
- 30 Austerity lunch (raised \$128 for Relief Fund).

October—

- 1 Assembly of the combined Junior and Senior Schools.
- 3 Alliance Francaise examinations.
- 7 Report of the College presented to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in W.A.
- 8, 9 Interviews of students for entry to Teachers' Colleges.
- 10 Inter-School Athletics followed by P.L.C. barbecue.
- 13 Grand Final of W.A. Debating Federation attended by nine Leaving students.
- 14, 16 Speech exams, Leaving Art exam.
- 18 Open Day at King Edward Memorial Hospital, attended by a group of boarders.
One Day Event for Horse Riding at Kobeelya.
- 19 Scholastic Aptitude Tests for Matriculation students.
- 20 U.N. Flag Raising Ceremony attended by 40 Fourth Year girls.
- 21 Mr. Seng, a teacher from Cambodia, visited the school.
- 23 Mrs. Matthews, from Gove, N.T., spoke at Assembly.
4th year girls debated against Fremantle Prison team.
- 27 Our Head Prefect spoke at S. Hilda's Assembly.
Junior School dairy excursion.

November—

- 18 Public Examinations commenced.

December—

- 8 Speech Night—End of Term.



Anne Giles as St. Joan

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

ST. JOAN

Acting is an equaliser. For where else in our society would you find a cheeky brat describing her direct superior, to her face, as being self-conceited, than on a stage?

This, however, is exactly what happened on three consecutive nights in first term in our school hall this year. What's more, before an audience of distinguished guests, beaming parents and hysterical friends. The occasion was the presentation of "St. Joan" by the more inspired members of our community.

Despite the untimely closure of the curtains upon a Bishop and several of his distinguished friends, owing to an error in calculation on the part of our all-purpose worker, the whole production went off extremely well. Our heroine, slightly charred but still walking, retired after the final performance to the less vigorous business of running the school; but do not think St. Joan is gone forever. Drop in any lunchtime to the leaving's group and you will hear a complete performance being carried on by a few of the members of the company who still like to think they hold some power over their contemporaries.

What more can I say to describe the lasting impression the occasion left on nearly all of us? I just hope our producer, Mrs. Day, feels the same way and will remember with affection her brave little group of actors who struggled to turn a lot of words on a page into something memorable and meaningful.

"Charlie"



EXTRACT FROM STUDENT-TEACHER DEBATE

We are here to show you "that school days are the happiest days of our lives". I will tell you about my school days, and why I could not be torn away from the school life, and eventually came back as a teacher.

Let me analyse the topic:

That—A word commonly linked with this.

School—A place of learning—not to be confused with the alcoholic beverage Skol — which also makes one happy.

Days—A daze is a state the student gets into after trying to absorb too much Maths for too long.

Are—18th letter of the alphabet—commonly used by doctors for diagnosis of sore throat.

The—Undefined.

Happiest—Charlie Brown says happiness is jumping in puddles. Some say happiness is skulling Happy-Ade. Others that Gest is happiness coming in a can.

Of—Of means multiply. What does of mean? Of means multiply—right! What's $4/6$ of 24—Hands up! That's right—15.

Our—An hour is too long to sit on a hard floor in assembly on Friday mornings.

Lives—Opposite to deads.

School days are the happiest days of our lives. If one did not go to school one would have to work, perhaps in an office. Working in an office one clocks up 1,960 hours a year. Therefore school is 936 hours happier. If we didn't have school we wouldn't have those long school holidays which can be almost as happy as school itself.

At school one has few responsibilities to weigh one down and attention can be turned to other pleasant things—like student-teacher debating. Or drama—Saint Joan. Remember that warm, happy feeling when the Head Prefect was burnt at the stake.

School gives you time to mature—like cheese.

Regular schooling gives one such a sense of security—that's why we feel security blankets are unnecessary in winter.

You have the benefit of experienced teachers—and as Socrates said: "If you love instruction you will be well instructed", meaning school is as happy as you make it.

When you get out into the wide, wicked world you will probably take my lead and become a teacher.

Kandy James, 5P

UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE

In the May holidays I attended the eighth Dag Hammarskjold Memorial Conference at the Jane Franklin Hall in Hobart. As this was the 25th anniversary of the United Nations, we had delegates from several Asian countries including Korea, Thailand, South Vietnam, Philippines, Pakistan, Indonesia, Singapore and Malaysia, as well as delegates from New Guinea and New Zealand. There were 48 Australians, representing the six States and the Northern Territory, including two Aboriginal students from Western Australia.

The theme of the conference was "The importance of the United Nations to the Asian-Pacific region." We had talks from visiting lecturers each day, followed by discussion on various aspects of the United Nations' work as related to each lecture. Delegates divided into six discussion groups, each group including both Australian and Asian delegates.

Both the lectures and discussions were very inspiring and during these times we learnt much about each other.

The social side of the conference was considered to be equally as important as the "work" side as it was in this time that we met and talked with others, particularly those Asians who were not in our group and we began to understand something of the problems facing their rapidly developing countries.

Although the theme of the conference was "The importance of the United Nations to the Asian-Pacific region", one of the main aims was to promote international understanding. It has been agreed by all who attended the conference that this understanding was achieved very easily and helped to make the conference as successful as it was. We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and I would like to thank the school very much for giving me the opportunity to go and especially Mrs. Hunt who gave me so much help before I left.

H.W., 5Q

THE SCHOOL SERVICE

The school service in St. Andrew's Church was held on the last Sunday of second term. The service was conducted by Rev. Maley and Rev. Jacobs preached the sermon. The minister of St. Andrew's, Rev. New, gave prayers of thanksgiving.

The prefects took an active part in the service, some with readings and some with participation in the sermon, symbolising aspects of our lives.

The school choir presented two pieces entirely new to the service this year, *Dona Nobis Pacem* (Give Us Peace) and *Creation's Hymn*, composed by Beethoven, besides several more familiar hymns.

H.G.

Second Year Biology Camp

In April nine girls from P.L.C. attended a Biology camp organised by the Education Department. We travelled with students from other schools by bus to Point Peron.

For the weekend we were divided into groups for excursions: some of the things we looked for were birds, animals, insects and marine life. Point Peron has the startling record of having over seventy different species of birds. While at the camp we were fortunate enough to see the camp's sea-horse deliver forty-three babies. After being shown a film on the preservation of animals, some of us joined the Gould League to help protect wild life in Western Australia. At the end of each day we had a social evening.

Thanks go to the Education Department and to Miss Barr and Miss Robertson for making this enjoyable weekend possible.

L. Biggin

A greeting to Tong-Nae Girls' High School, Pusan

Wednesday, 20th May, 1970.

On behalf of the teachers and students of Presbyterian Ladies' College in Western Australia, I am pleased to establish a link between our school and Tong-Nae Girls' High School.

Presbyterian Ladies' College, of which I am Principal and also an Old Collegian, is in Cottesloe, a suburb of Perth, the capital city of Western Australia. We have 660 students, 485 of whom are in the secondary school which is like a combination of your middle and high schools. The others are in primary school and kindergarten. One hundred and fifty of our students are boarders from country districts.

I have given your Principal some magazines and information about our school. I have also given him letters from some of our students. They would be pleased if some of you would write to them and to other girls in the school. I am sorry that neither they nor I can speak or understand Korean. We shall have to rely on your English.

Both Tong-Nae Girls' High School and Presbyterian Ladies' College were founded by members of the Presbyterian Church in Australia. Because of our similar beginnings and the tradition of good education which each of our schools has, I am particularly pleased to greet you, the staff and students of Tong-Nae Girls' High School, as a sister school.

Heather M. R. Barr,

Principal,
Presbyterian Ladies' College,
Cottesloe, Western Australia.



PREFECTS' DANCE

I wish I could say that the 29th of May was warm with balmy breezes gently flowing but, unfortunately, it poured with rain and blew a gale. However, the Prefects and Fifth Years, although soaked to the skin, managed to smile sweetly through tangled masses of lacquered hair! The hall was decorated with pink, mauve and black streamers, with black baskets of greenery adorning the centre. To further the effect, a large black matador was painted as a backdrop. The hall really did look nice. I am not lying when I say that everyone had a tremendous night—teachers and girls (and I hope partners)—and it seemed incredible that the madly organising, industrious, arguing Fifth Years could metamorphose into attractive (?), smiling young ladies. One of the main highlights of the evening was of course supper which the mothers had so kindly prepared. Not even the pouring rain could stop people from crowding into the gaily-decorated marquee. The water on the tent had caused the red and white flowers to blend into the canvas and the effect was attractive and unusual. After further merry-making in the hall to the sound of the "Soul Purpose", the couples wended their weary way home, and the evening will be remembered by all of us as one of our most memorable and enjoyable occasions at P.L.C.

Jo C.

SPEECH NIGHT 1969

Preparations for an open-air speech night had to be abandoned as weather conditions (not predetermined by the bureau) continued to deteriorate. Nevertheless, once full, the gym proved to be a successful and more intimate setting for the occasion.

The evening began enthusiastically with the singing of the school hymn, followed by the formal reports of the chairman, Mr. Benson, and of Miss Barr. A few words of advice and encouragement from the Rt. Rev. H. D. McAndrew reminded us of our parts in the future and, more important, our responsibilities now.

Any tensions felt from this quick look at reality were soon to pass when our distinguished guest, Miss Suzanne McClelland, addressed her audience with a much appreciated light-hearted humour. She related to us some of her more outstanding and amusing experiences, suggesting that anything can happen to a P.L.C. collegian!

After the distribution of prizes to those whose achievements had been outstanding in the various fields, Helen Murray proposed her vote of thanks.

The audience then joined in the singing of "O come all ye Faithful", followed by the Benediction pronounced by the Moderator. In conclusion to an enjoyable evening, everyone remained standing for the National Anthem.

S.B., VQ

ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD

"Practice makes perfect", and while the product of the months of rehearsals for "Orpheus in the Underworld" may not be termed "perfect" by some critics, it was not for lack of trying.

The main problem at the outset was the lack of males (a commodity of which P.L.C. seems to be disastrously short) to take singing parts in the play. This was soon overcome, however, with the help of Messrs. B. Prevost, T. Luckett, D. Luckett and J. Kruiskamp. Miss T. Burrige played the leading female role and our own Miss Robertson played a large part.

The producer, Mr. Shaw, and the cast are grateful for the help of these "outsiders", without whom we couldn't have managed, and for that of the members of the orchestra, who supplied the musical backing. Our thanks must also go to our make-up ladies, Mrs. Cornish, Mrs. van Hattem and Mrs. Luckett, and to Miss Dorrington for her help during rehearsals. Again, Mrs. Adam and Mrs. Baird proved invaluable in the smooth running of the production.

After much hair-tearing on the part of Mr. Shaw, we were ready (a debatable point) for opening night on the 4th June. With unprecedented bravery, we worked our way through the three performances, and Saturday night saw the end of much hard work, but a great deal of enjoyment for all concerned.

The sincere thanks of the cast go to Mr. Shaw and all those people who, we feel, are no longer "outsiders".

H. Luckett, 5P

Typical 4th Year History Discussion

What were the problems in China before 1912?
Over-population.

What solutions were possible?

Grow more food.

Limited by the available land.

Emigration.

Limited by various factors.

Don't have so many kids.

This would depend on improved education, wouldn't it?

No. Lots of educated people are Roman Catholics and they don't believe in the Pill.

Then shall we say "improved **secular** education"?

That wouldn't be a solution because they probably know all about sex anyhow.

We could condense it and say:

By the end of the 19th century education in Australia was free, secular and compulsory.



BUSINESS GAME TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): M. Hudson, C. De Boer, S. Hubbard.

Front Row: L. Day, J. Bruce, H. Butchart, J. Dall.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"The Kookaburra" committee gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following magazines:—

"The Swan"—Guildford Grammar School.

"Reporter"—Scotch College.

"Patchwork"—P.L.C., Burwood.

"The Chronicle"—S. Hilda's School.

"Cygnet"—Hale School.

"The Collegian"—M.L.C., Claremont.

"Myola"—Perth College.

The Magazine of Aquinas College.

The Magazine of Trinity College.

The Magazine of P.L.C., Pymble.

"The Western Wyvern"—Wesley College.

"Saga"—Penrhos M.L.C.

"Kobeelyan"—Church of England Girls' School, Katanning.

"Firbank Log"—Church of England Girls' School, Brighton.

"The Mitre"—Christ Church Grammar School.

"The Leonardian"—St. Leonard's Presbyterian Girls' College.

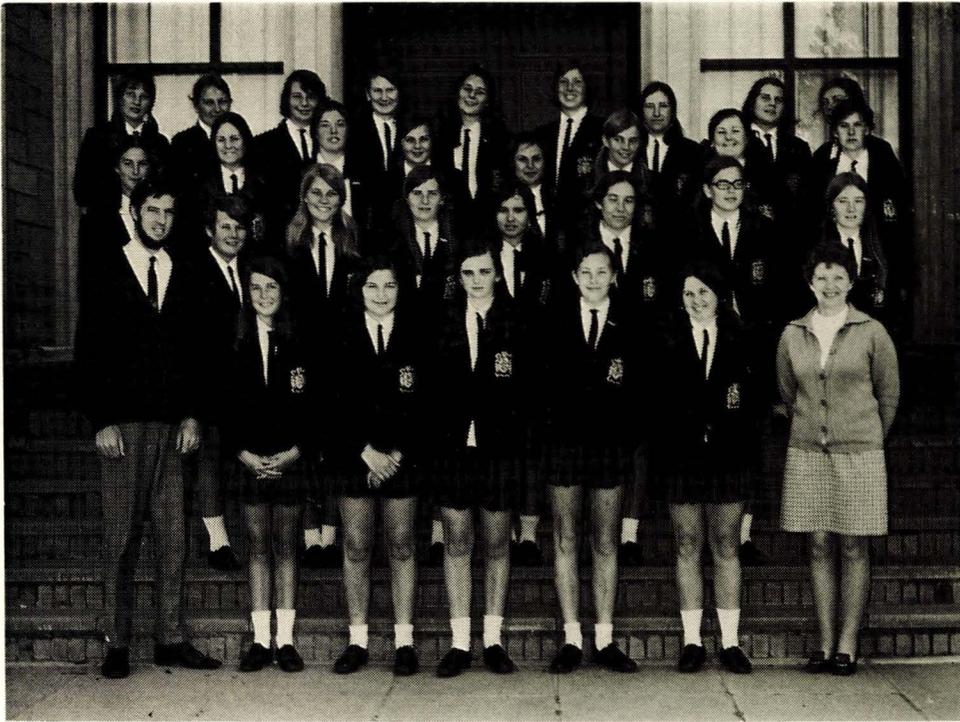
"The Sydneian"—Sydney Grammar School.

"Girrahween"—Armadale Senior High School.

"Sentinel"—John Curtin High School.

"Scimitar"—Applecross Senior High School.

We apologise for any possible omissions.



SENIOR SCHOOL CHOIR

Back Row (l. to r.): F. Brine, M. Luckett, J. Wilkinson, J. Wilton, J. Dall, J. Ollquist, B. Teakle, H. Grenville, D. Malcolm.

2nd from Back: S. Matthews, J. Rae (President), A. Blake, M. Hammond, M. Malacari, L. Taylor, H. Luckett, M. Hudson.

3rd from Back: Mr. Shaw, M. Wilson, S. A. Turner, J. Newnham, R. van Hattem, J. Blanckensee, C. De Boer, K. James.

Front Row: L. MacKenzie, J. Last, S. Wilson, A. Leake, J. Skinner, Miss Dorrington.

CHOIR NOTES

1970 has been very active for the P.L.C. Choir. In first term we were invited to sing at the weddings of Lesley Silcock and Rhonda Herbert.

In June many members were seen on stage in the school performance of "Orpheus". Everyone thoroughly enjoyed herself. (It showed our "versatility"!)

During second term we sang at the Princess Margaret Hospital—we relaxed with "Puff the Magic Dragon", "It's Raining, It's Pouring", "Michael Row the Boat Ashore", "Rock My Soul" and "This Old Man". We were sorry to leave the hospital and all

the girls liked the outing. After this we went to our President's home and proceeded "to eat, drink and be merry."

The weekend before the School Service we invaded the Old York Hospital on a choir camp and had a marvellous time rehearsing for the service. The camp helped bring the choir closer together. Our thanks go to Miss Rogers and Miss Dorrington for their help at rehearsals, and to Mrs. Shaw for help in organising the food for us at the camp.

To our "courageous" choirmaster, Mr. Shaw, go the thanks of the whole choir. Without his growls, praises and teaching, we would not be a choir.

J. Rae, President



HISTORY CLUB
L. to r.: R. Thomson, Mrs. Hunt. Inset: S. Wood.

HISTORY CLUB NOTES

President: Rosalind Thomson.

Secretary: Sally Wood.

This year the History Club was able to invite many interesting speakers who were of great help to history students and also of general interest to others.

Our first visitor, Mrs. Hortsman, came during first term to speak and show slides illustrating the idea that America's history can be traced through its architecture. Her visit was both interesting and educational. "Major" Cousins, leader of a social group with an interest in American history, came to discuss the American Civil War. He wore the full dress uniform of the High Confederate Command and although greatly biased (in favour of the "Southerners") his visit was very entertaining.

During second term we were very fortunate to be addressed by Mr. Gandini, secretary of the Communist Party of W.A., who attempted to explain to us some of the ideas behind communism and to explain the socialistic and communistic methods of solving our social problems. Soon after we were honoured to have Mr. Marchant, a world authority on China, come to speak to us about Mao Tse Tung's China and the beliefs of the Chinese people. Many students from Loreto, M.L.C. and S. Hilda's were able to attend this valuable meeting and benefited with us from it. We hope to have two more speakers before the end of this year: Mr. Harwood from the Department of Native Welfare and Mr. Nicols, vice-president of the W.A. branch of the United Nations Association of Australia.

Our sincere thanks go to all the girls who have supported our activities and special thanks to Mrs. Hunt, without whose assistance, guidance and encouragement, the History Club could not function.

S.W.



LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Back Row (l. to r.): J. Croft, H. Weston.

Front Row: J. Rose, M. Luckett, L. Morey.

"I longed to be like her"

She was wrinkled and withered like a dried flower. Her life in the sun had left her skin a tough, nutty brown. Her wispy hair was grey, and tucked into a little bun at the base of her neck. She was clutching an old black leather handbag as she fought her way against the wind. Her long grey-green coat was blowing in folds around her legs. It was so long, it almost covered her brown, high-heeled shoes. From a distance one would have thought her a most pitiful figure, but on a closer scrutiny, one could hardly help noticing her sparkling eyes. They shone with an expression of utmost exhilaration. One knew that she loved the wind, and the sun, and the sea that pounded below the cliff. She was a part of the elements, she had always been, and she always would be. To me, she made a welcome change from the materialism of my routine, and I longed to be like her.

S.H., 4T

The Breaking of the Drought

All the cattle were dying,
 And all the earth was bare;
 Every farmer was sighing,
 All were in despair.
 What grass there was, was burnt and brown.
 The water-holes were dry.
 The animal number was going down,
 And the thermometer was high.
 Oh how they wished for rain for the crop,
 Then all of a sudden there came the rain;
 It poured and poured and would not stop,
 Until all the land was right again.

Suzanne Paterson, 1D

We were told to write a chroniological account of the events of the early revolutionary years.

This was known as the Bruce-Page coalition and it was this government which slowly led Australia towards the economic depression.

First of all the party must be purged. Then this putrefied party must create a united front.



DEBATING CLUB

Back Row (l. to r.): M. Scott, K. Digwood, H. Lockett.
Front Row: M. Hammond, R. Hickey, A. Prince.

DEBATING CLUB NOTES

The Debating Club has been very active this year although there was often a disappointing lack of support from the school. The highlights of the year included a student-teacher debate, and two debates against the juvenile "Pros and Cons" team of the Fremantle Prison.

Our grateful thanks go to Mrs. House for all her help and also to Mr. Lockett who arranged the debates against the "Pros and Cons".

Over \$20 was raised at the student-teacher debate on the topic "That School Days are the Happiest Days of our Lives". Congratulations and thanks to Mrs. Adam, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Marsh, Kandy James, Meredith Scott and Helen Lockett for presenting such a hilarious battle. The adjudicator, Mrs. House, was speechless. The money raised was used to buy a stop-watch and a small bell for future debates—a welcome change from laboriously following the second hand of a wrist watch and bashing a kerosene bottle with a spanner.

The debates against the prisoners were a fascinating experience, and we were thrilled to be presented with a small calendar at the end of the second visit. A group of fifth years supported the A grade prison team who went on to win the State grand final.

Unfortunately, we were not very successful in the Federation debates; however, sincere thanks to the girls who spent so much time in preparation—namely Helen Lockett, Meredith Scott, Kathy Digwood, Margot Hammond, Ruth Hickey and Alison Prince.

The U-15 teams had social debates against Scotch College, M.L.C. and Aquinas, and also several interhouse matches.

The seniors had social debates against Scotch College and an impromptu against Chirst Church.

We also managed to reintroduce badges (which have not been awarded for some years) to those who put a lot of time and effort into debating. Four badges were awarded to Helen Lockett, Meredith Scott, Kathy Digwood and Margot Hammond.

Finally, a big thank you to Rosemary, Meredith, Judy, Vicki and all the other boarders who helped with the supper preparations.

K.D.



JUNIOR SCHOOL LIBRARY COMMITTEE

L. to r.: J. McCulloch, R. Digwood, R. Brine.



QUIZ TEAM

L. to r.: S. Hoare, H. Finch, C. Campbell.



LEAVING BOARDERS

**Back Row (l. to r.): L. Chappell, B. Adams, H. Shipley, L. Skinner,
J. Pugh, M. Scott.**

**Middle Row: J. Monks, A. McIlroy, V. Larkins, G. Davies, J. Ollquist,
R. Thompson, J. Carruthers.**

Front Row: M. Wyle, R. Gorfin, P. Anderson, M. Williamson.



JUNIOR SCHOOL PREFECTS

L. to R.: C. Napier, M. F. Prevost, V. Cook, B. Allen.



LEAVING DAY GIRLS

Back Row (l. to r.): L. Preen, A. Brookes, C. Burges, S. Benjamin, H. McRostie, A. Gunnell, G. Cambridge.

Fourth Row: H. Brine, A. Giles, J. Parry, P. Home, J. Nott, N. Kelly, R. Thomson.

Third Row: M. Hammond, J. Rae, J. Brisbane, M. A. Ctercteko, C. Forte, G. Davies, V. Nathan, V. Bell, H. Lockett, A. Ferry, J. Hickson.

Second Row: A. Blake, H. Wilson, N. Charles, S. Craig, V. Walker, C. Menzies, K. Smith, M. Irvin, K. James, J. Chellew.

Front Row: H. Bott, K. Kirton, L. Royal, J. Brinsden, L. A. Williams, J. Gordon, K. Rowe, J. Clayton, K. Digwood, N. Jeffery, B. Tuckwell.



Softball



UNDER 15 "A" AND "B" SOFTBALL TEAMS

Back Row (l. to r.): K. Bennison, C. Gordon, J. Barry, M. Goldney,
R. Kenny, L. Porter, J. Rogers.

Centre Row: S. Olsen, J. Crane, R. Day, E. Scott, A. Delroy, J. Sawyer.

Front Row: G. Clementson, J. Anderson, A. Barblett, C. Franklin.



SENIOR "A" SOFTBALL

Back Row (l. to r.): H. Butchart, A. Giles, S. Poultney, J. Forrester.

Middle Row: V. Pilkington, J. Larkins, M. Smith.

Front Row: C. Haig, J. Parry (Capt.).

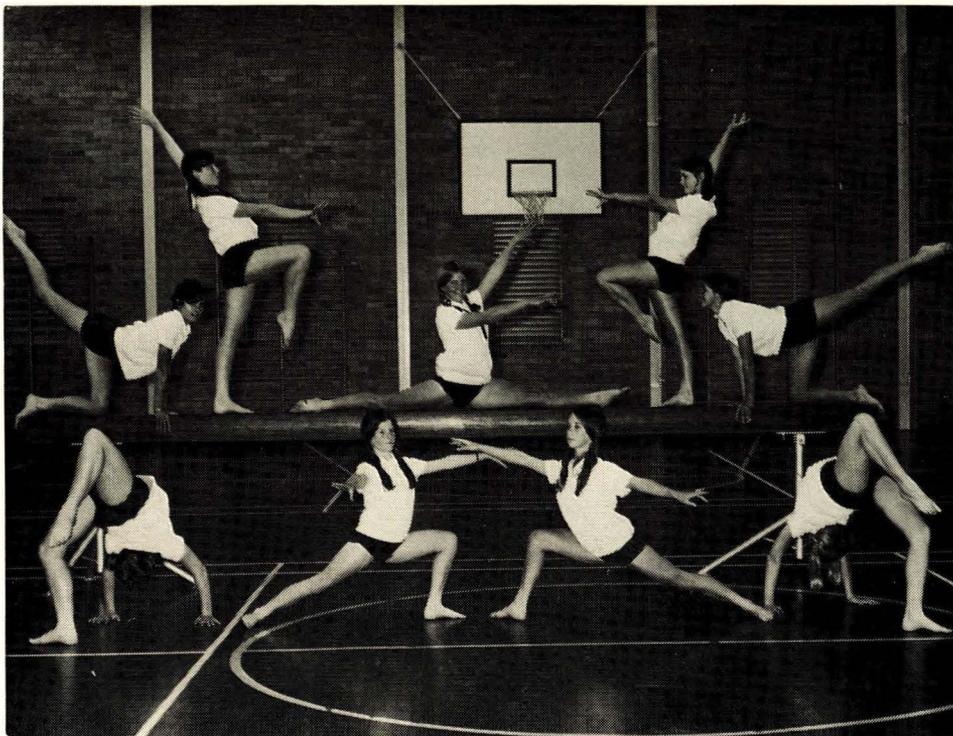


SENIOR "B" SOFTBALL

Back Row (l. to r.): E. Rowse, J. Anderson, J. Simpson.

Middle Row: F. Dempster, A. Craig, L. Wayman, H. Breen.

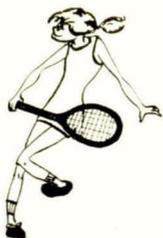
Front Row: M. Irvin, S. Johnson (Capt.).



GYM CLUB

Back Row (l. to r.): M. Graham, C. Brand, A. Craig, J. Goldby, A. Lissiman.

Front Row: G. Cook, J. Barblett, J. White, J. Dawson.



Tennis

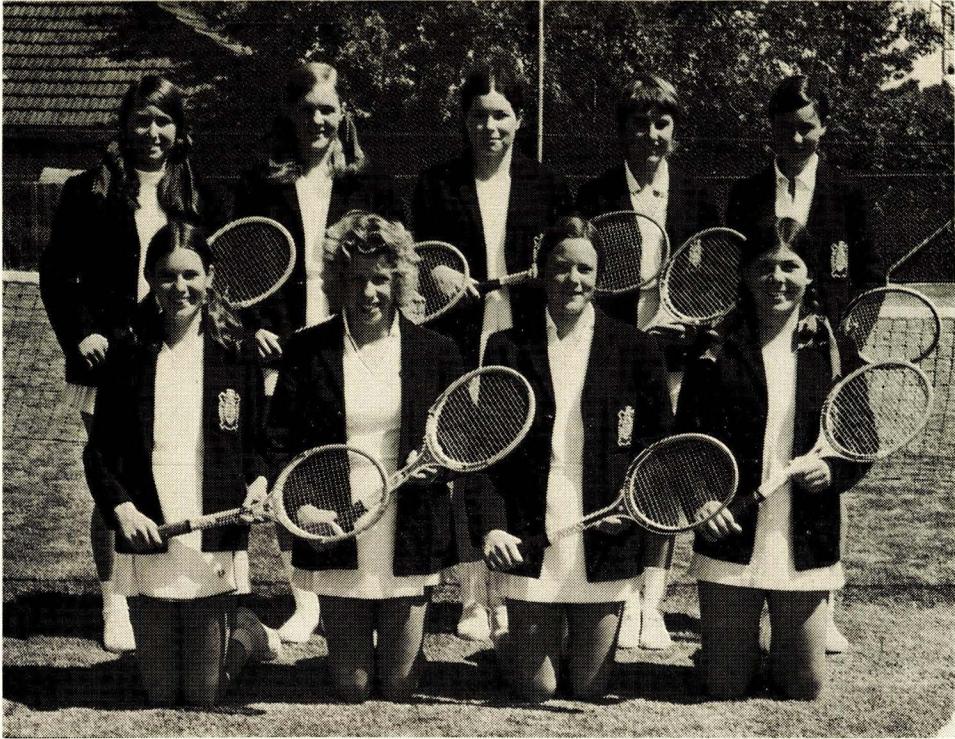


SENIOR TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): J. McIntosh, J. Nott, J. Pugh, B. Tuckwell.

Front Row: N. Kelly, J. Parry (Capt.), J. Anderson.

Absent: S. Smith, S. Benjamin.



JUNIOR TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): N. Jones, H. Kent, L. Williamson, S. Van Noort (Capt.), A. Rogers.

Front Row: A. Barblett, G. Clementson, J. Rogers, L. Tuckwell.

TENNIS NOTES

Early in first term, the school tennis teams began practising hard under the supervision of Mr. Marshall. At one of the earliest practices, a match was arranged with some of the mothers—we soon realised how unfit we all were! Despite ambitious hopes and everyone's efforts, the teams did not meet with outstanding success in the inter-school competition. Although they were finally placed sixth, the senior team fought hard and in most matches were only defeated by a narrow margin. Likewise, the junior team finished in fifth place with only a matter of eight points determining the difference between

M.L.C. (the winner) and P.L.C. Although not as successful as had been hoped, both teams enjoyed the season immensely.

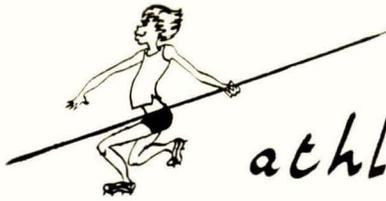
The school championships were played towards the end of the first term and the results were as follows:

Senior Singles: Judith Parry d. Jillian Pugh.

Senior Doubles: J. Parry and N. Kelly d. J. Pugh and J. Nott.

Junior Singles: Angela Rogers d. Susan Van Noort.

Junior Doubles: S. Van Noort and J. Rogers d. A. Rogers and W. Carlin.



athletics



INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS TEAM

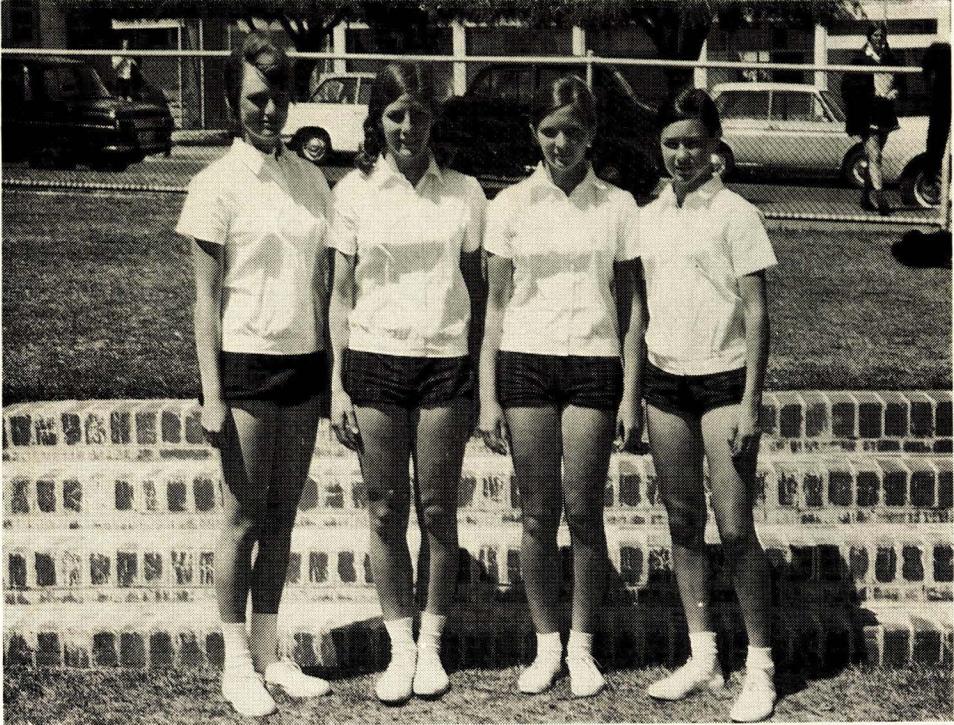
Back Row (l. to r.): R. Simmonds, S. Wood, A. Trotter, J. Parry, N. Jeffery, C. Burges, S. Poultney, A. Brookes, M. Biddiscombe, A. Paterson, S. Cornish.

2nd From Back: F. Demster, R. Bishop, L. Porter, E. Rouse, S. Van Noort, A. Humphries, J. Adams, A. Craig, L. Royal (Capt.), R. Thompson, P. Doncon, V. Seaby.

3rd From Back: C. Franklin, J. Grant, S. Olson, J. Rogers, A. Barblett, K. Giles, J. Crane, S. Goedheer, H. Prater, A. Parnell, Z. Bateman.

Front Row: J. Digwood, C. Kitchen, E. Scott, W. Twight, A. Rogers, S. Breidahl, F. Johnston, S. Gibson, P. Davis, J. White.

Absent: J. McIntosh, L. Morey, K. Humphries.



AGE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

L. to R.: Senior—L. Royal. U-16—J. Adams. U-15—K. Giles. U-14—A. Rogers.



basketball



SENIOR "A" BASKETBALL

Back Row (l. to r.): P. Homes, L. Royal (Capt.), M. Williamson, A. Craig,
G. Challen, K. Duncan, S. Johnson.



SENIOR "B" BASKETBALL

Back Row (l. to r.): V. Pilkington, C. Haigh, A. Paterson, H. Butchart,
S. Clough.

Front Row: C. Burges (Capt.), J. Anderson.

BASKETBALL NOTES

As soon as the tennis and swimming season ended, many enthusiastic basketballers took their places on the basketball court. By the end of first term, under the guidance of Miss Edmonson, Miss Knox and Mrs Speed, the teams were chosen and given strenuous training sessions in readiness for the forthcoming season.

All teams fared successfully in many of their matches. Congratulations to the Junior "A" who brought back a pennant and also to Loreto for winning both the Senior "A" and "B".

Many inter-school matches were played by Senior and Junior "C" and "D" teams as well as first year teams, and those were enjoyed by all who participated.

Members of the basketball teams would like to extend a very special thank you to Miss Edmonson, Miss Knox and Mrs Speed for their constant encouragement and advice throughout the season.



UNDER 15 "A" AND "B" BASKETBALL TEAMS

**Back Row (l. to r.): K. Oldham, L. Wayman, J. Anderson, L. Hart,
K. Bennison.**

Centre Row: R. Day, C. Gordon, L. Porter.

Front Row: A. Rogers, H. Howard, J. Larkins, B. Cockerill.

Centre Front: A. Humphries.



Hockey



SENIOR "A" HOCKEY

Back Row (l. to r.): L. Herbert, A. Brookes, R. Thompson, J. Carruthers, J. Pugh, M. Scott.

Front Row: J. Forrester, R. Gorfin, V. Larkins, J. Parry, P. Lapsley.



SENIOR "B" HOCKEY

Back Row (l. to r.): E. Denison, V. Seaby.

Middle Row: N. Jones, K. James, S. Poultney, J. Nott.

Front Row: L. Tuckwell, E. Grieg, B. Tuckwell, K. Bridge.

HOCKEY NOTES

Once again the hockey season was off to a great start. Practices began in the last weeks of first term and training continued throughout the holidays.

We returned in second term to greet our new coach Miss Ballingall. Although all teams trained hard and played with enthusiasm, we were unable to win all the pennants. Congratulations must go to M.L.C. on winning the Senior "A" and "B" and Junior "A" pennants in which we came third, fourth and second respectively. Congratulations also to our own Junior "Bs" who won!!

Pockets were awarded to Judy Parry, Robyn Gorfin,

Jill Forrester, Lesley Herbert, Jill Pugh and Rosemary Thompson. Other members of the Senior "A" received emblems, outstanding players in the Senior "B" and Junior "A" received the appropriate stripes.

Once again P.L.C. entered the association competition, being up-graded to C3. Thanks go to all girls who played and especially Meredith who "press-ganged" players each week. We hope the team will continue next year.

Once again our thanks go to Mrs. Lyon and Miss Ballingall for their continuous and vigorous backing throughout the season.



UNDER 15 "A" AND "B" HOCKEY TEAMS

Back Row (l. to r.): C. Tremlett, C. Kitchen, J. Grant, H. O'Dea, A. M. Shadbolt, G. Clementson, L. Percy, L. Herbert, K. Medway.

Centre Row: L. Williamson, R. Bishop, V. Jones, J. Rogers, A. Delroy, J. Sawyer, L. Franklin.

Front Row: J. Jones, J. Adams, A. Barblett, E. Wuttrich, C. Wilson (absent).

HOWLERS

Shylock even whets his knife in earnest.
(Is this important?)

* * *

When a cavicular breathen inhales his cavicle bones
his shoulders rise.

* * *

There should be no rigidity of the jaw as this hibits
production of clear speech.



Swimming

This year P.L.C. was the Hostess School and thanks must go, not only to the staff and all concerned in the smooth running of the carnival, but also to the senior girls for their help.

Congratulations to S. Hilda's, the winning school.

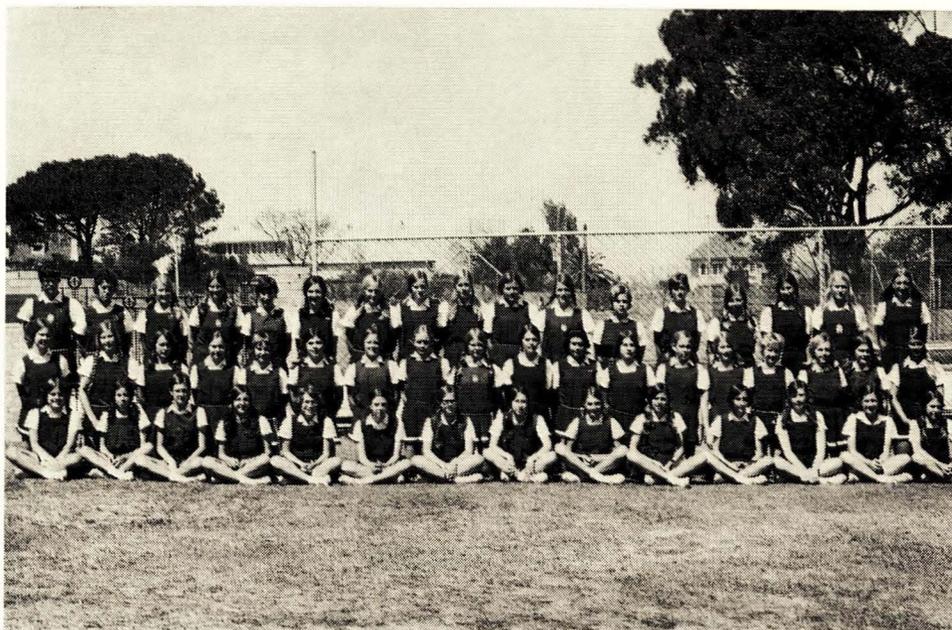
Final results:	1. S. Hilda's	411
	2. M.L.C.	356
	3. Loreto	323
	4. P.L.C.	311
	5. Perth College	257
	6. St. Mary's	248
	7. Penrhos	141
	8. Kobeelya	50

Age Pennants:	16 and over, S. Hilda's.
	U-16, M.L.C.
	U-15, S. Hilda's.
	U-14, M.L.C.

INTERSCHOOL SWIMMING

The sixth annual meeting of the Independent Girls' Schools Swimming Association took place on Friday, 13th March, at Beatty Park Pool.

The thanks of the 1970 swimming team go to the sportsmistresses for all their help in training. Special thanks go to our coach, Mr. Brand, for all his enthusiasm and coaching advice.



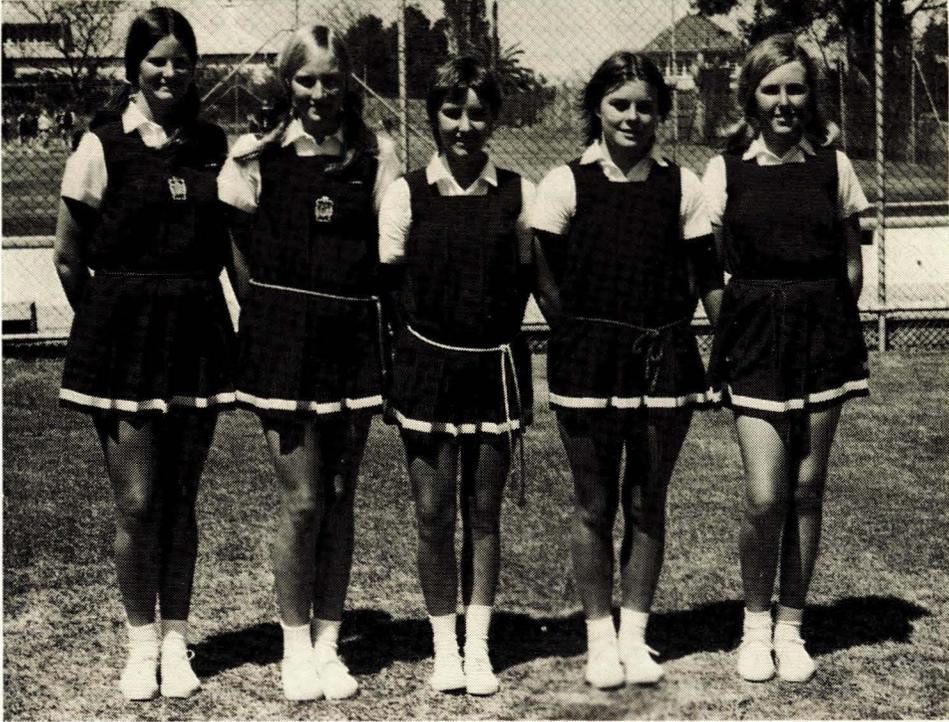
INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): A. Brookes, S. Poultney, A. Paterson, E. Dennison (Capt.), S. Cornish, N. Charles, J. Twogood, S. Royal, L. Skelton, M. Scott, N. Kelly, J. Miles, L. Royal, M. Irvin, A. Gunnell, A. Edwards, M. Horstman.

Middle Row: L. Bateman, T. Gunnell, R. Day, S. Jones, S. Van Noort, L. Tuckwell, J. Rogers, R. Douglas, A. Craig, A. Trotter, E. Rowse, H. Prater, G. Rigney, K. Oldham, J. Van Noort, R. Pedlow, H. Cambridge, S. Hubbard.

Front Row: T. Harris, J. Digwood, J. Grant, J. Clayton, M. A. Smith, W. Davies, A. Prater, J. Jones, W. Twight, S. Breidahl, S. Kyle, C. Brand, G. Cook, A. Edwards.

Absent: S. Brandenburg, P. Howie, S. Swift, F. England, R. Prentice.



SWIMMING AGE CHAMPIONS

L. to R.: E. Denison, J. Twogood, S. Van Noort, T. Harris, R. Pedlow.

INTERHOUSE SWIMMING

The senior Interhouse Swimming Carnival was held at Beatty Park on Wednesday, 25th February.

Thanks go to the sports mistresses, and the academic staff for the smooth running of the carnival; and to the Perth City Council for the use of the pool once again.

For the first time grade seven teams were included in freestyle, breaststroke and backstroke events.

The individual champions were as follows: Senior, Evelyn Denison; U-16, Jenny Twogood; U-15, Susan Van Noort; U-14, Terri Harris; U-13, Robyn Pedlow.

Congratulations go to Ferguson, the clear winner from McNeil, Carmichael and Stewart.

The Junior School Interhouse Swimming Carnival was held on Friday, 20th March, at the school pool. The resulting placings were: McNeil, Ferguson, Carmichael, Stewart.

Junior and Senior house points were combined to give the following results: Ferguson 832, McNeil 713½, Carmichael 623½, Stewart 528.

LIFE SAVING

The State Life Saving Carnival was held at Beatty Park on Saturday, 21st March.

EVENT 3—Girls' Primary (under 11) for the "Curran Cup": P.L.C. second.

EVENT 5—Girls' Primary (under 11) for the "Anderson Cup": P.L.C. fourth.

EVENT 9—Girls' Secondary Schools Open Championship for the "Madame de Mouncey Memorial Trophy": P.L.C. fourth.

EVENT 15—Girls' Inter-Secondary Open Medley Relay for the "McKellar Hall Cup": P.L.C. fourth.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

My First Impression of Australia

When someone asks me "What is your first impression of Australia?" "I think it's very nice people and country," I always reply. Truly I think so.

When I came here from Japan, I was much surprised at friendly people, clear blue sky and river (Swan River), beautiful flowers and animals, and wild and native places. It's truly peaceful place, I think. Especially I live quiet and peacefully place now. I think it's too quiet. Even if I take a walk, sometimes I never meet anybody. And I wonder "Nobody live in." Truly too quiet.

Whenever Australian people look at me, they soon smile, not laugh (I think) for me. They are very friendly, especially children are.

In school I have many nice and good friends. They are very kind to teach me good and nice English (I'm sure). They also teach me many things about school and private things (?). And I was also surprised that school is very free and friendly teachers. In Japan when we met teachers in school, we must always bow to teachers and when we have lessons, we must always listen to what teachers say and look at teacher's face. It is just custom and courtesy.

But here when we have lessons, somebody knits, read other book, speaking, draw pictures, correspond with the other people. (It's true because this is my experience.) But I admired that in here, students and teachers have many discussions and the students are very positive to have lessons.

Well, one month has passed since I came here. But all of these things and every day is very new and first impressions for me. By the way, I wonder, little newspaper's boys—they work until nine o'clock in the evening and they smoke. I think it's wrong.

You are Australian people. What do you think of it? That is a social problem I think. I don't want to know only good things about Australia. I want to know wrong things about Australia. This is my study and I must think of them.

Anyway I don't know about Australian people's national character yet. I want to know. This is one of my biggest studies here. I want to study many things; Australian people's national character, social problems, customs, their thoughts, etc.

Now I am always busy and tired, but I'm happy to live here and go to school. I always expect what happen to me in this one year.

Hiroko Okubo, 4U

HAPPINESS

Happiness is having a winner,
To a mother it's having a good wringer,
To a husband it's having a good dinner,
And to a nightclub owner it's having a good singer.
Happiness to an Eskimo is a heat-wave,
To a housewife it's men to save,
To a surfer it's a great big wave,
And to a man it's to be really brave.

Heather Smith, VIID

MY COLOUR DREAM

My dream took place in "nowhere". I had gone up to the clouds, but I had changed into a nymph. The clouds were psychedelic like a spectrum with millions of rainbows dancing. I could run up and down the rainbows and float through the air like a feather.

I felt like a bubble being blown around by a soft, cool breeze and when I landed it was like alighting on a thousand feather-filled cushions. I wanted to shout for joy but before I could manage it the rainbows and colours faded before my eyes and I was falling, falling through space until "splash", I landed in an ocean and much to my surprise I had changed from a nymph to a glamorous mermaid. "Free", I was free to speed through the white-capped waves and play with the playful dolphins and fish.

However, to my horror I was slowly sinking, sinking to the deep, dark depths of the ocean. Struggling, I tried to swim to the surface until suddenly I awoke to find myself struggling with my bed-sheets on the floor. I felt feeble but soon regained my strength and sank into deep slumber to think over my previous dream.

V. Cook, VIIH

THE FLY

A fly upon the ceiling crawls,
Upside down, but never falls,
This is clever you'll agree
But when the fly looks down at me
It wonders how I walk or it,
For I am upside down to it.

Wendy Evans, 7H

UNDERSTATED

There I was, a little girl sitting in a little boat a little way out to sea after being pulled out by a strong little undertow. Mum looked so little as I watched her waving to me. But when I happily waved back she ran to the lifeguard. Then I saw my little sister run to Mum with that cute little paddle that floated away a while ago. It was so peaceful out there in my little boat.

SILLY SAM

Silly Sam the stockman
Was herding all the sheep.
Some were small and weedy,
Some were fat and sleek.
Suddenly Sam gave a yell;
He'd fallen in the creek;
They all look like they're laughing
 he mumbled to himself.
Then he realised he was drowning
And yelled hard for help.

Rhian Smyrna Jones, VIID

WINTER

The shadows lengthen day by day,
The wind begins to blow, leaving behind
The days for which I long—
The days spent in hazy pictures of sun, surf, sand
 and smiles.
Glistening bodies spread like corpses, burn.
All I have now is a faded bikini, memories,
And an inexplicable longing for the sun to shine
 again..

Jane Bayly, IVV

UNDERSTATED

The worst moment of my life occurred when I went skiing with a homicidal maniac (my uncle, actually). To cut a long story very short—I can vaguely remember chewing thoughtfully on one ski as I slowly but surely submerged with the other.

OVERSTATED

My mind was in an agony of indecision, doubts, fear and anger. The good prospects of a whole evening began to crumble and fade and ruin and I was miserably unhappy—the cause? A horrible little plaster on my third finger. Now I couldn't wear my ring.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS

I was born. This may come as a shock to some sceptics who like to imagine I am just a bad dream who will go away if they wish hard enough. It was also a shock to my mother, who was expecting another boy (she has a desire to produce bad-tempered men who will marry and thus produce unhappy wives. She is a sadist.) However, she armed me with a football and a cricket ball and shoved me outside to mingle with small boys. I suppose she had some vain hope that male characteristics would rub off on me. She is also an ignoramus. I, however, showed my disapproval by remaining female and refusing to grow. This latter became a habit hard to break and I am afraid is something that will remain with me until I die. If I die. Some say I will just disappear some day in a shower of obscene words hurled by the approving crowd.

I went to school. Here I waited to go home again. Or waited for the holidays to come. Or waited for the canteen to open. The latter a trifle more anxiously. In physics I waited for biology. In biology I waited for break. In the time I wasn't waiting I took notes which remain forever lost in a pad that will never be found. Occasionally I wrote an essay. For personal enjoyment, not out of any guilt. The teachers, however, were so shocked by this proof that I could still write that they marked it. Then the typing started and they lost even this small example of action. At home I sat at my desk, in front of the radiator, typing furiously. The fruit of my labour was shared equally amongst those who have read the "Mad Seagull".

We acquired a chicken farm. This was a turning point in my life. At last I had something substantial to bore people with. I started to talk. I have yet to stop. The typing continued, a bit faster (I was gaining experience). The chickens laid eggs. I sold eggs. Cherry ate eggs. So did Jill, Cathy, Kate, Geraldine and Bibby. I did not eat eggs.

So the cycle continues unto this very day. Birth, school, eggs. But now I can drive. Which brings me to the moral of this rigmarole. You can drive to school, to eggs but you can't drive a Valiant in a parking area if you are under five foot.

J. Treadgold, VP

A DAY AT THE SHOW

(Grade 1)

I went on the chairlift wihnt my sisda. I had a turn of the clowns.—Lesley Bell.

I went on the pony. I went on the ferris wheel. At the show I got some bags.—Suzanne Pedlow.

I went on the bumper cars. I saw the monkey. I went in the ghost train. I saw the cows. I saw the chairlift. I went around the show.—Judith Clarke.

THE DANCERS

I sit in a seat all quiet and neat.
I look up on stage completely engaged.
Up goes the curtain and what do I see?
A pretty little fountain that looks like a tree.
In comes the dancer, dancing so well,
I wonder who she is, no one can tell.
In comes the man jumping so high, without
any belt and without any tie.
He lifts up the lady without any groans.
He lifts her o'er streams,
He lifts her o'er stones.
A few moments later they're back on their feet,
They're dancing so fast it gives us a treat.
The lady took a curtsy, the man took a bow.
How do they do it, oh pray tell me how.

Susan Allen, V

WINTER BEACH

The waves roll in, tumbling and swirling,
Setting the white sand all a-whirling,
Pounding the beach with its might,
Driven on by the wind in its frantic flight.
The seagulls a-squawking for joy of the air,
The dogs run around barking, they all love it there.
The wind is a-raging, the sky is all grey,
The rain falls in gallons, it continues all day.
The waves get higher, they swallow up the beach,
They roar and crash and seem to reach
For the land, as they wallow and swirl about,
Turning the seaweed inside out.

Gillian Cook, IL

OLD MAN BUSH

The old man sat in his old, dilapidated rocking chair and creaked back and forwards, forwards and back. His dim eyes slowly scanned the ramshackle hut—his home. Squirrels scampered over the rusty tin roof, chasing the acorns as they rolled down the corrugations, bumping and rattling. The wind gently whistled through the boughs of the pines, the everlasting, everpresent wind.

The old man was calm and at peace. He knew he did not have long to live. Life had been full—full of loves, hates, births and deaths, gains and losses. He waited patiently for the cold hand of death to clutch at his throat and snuff out his life. The black cat mewed and purred at the old man's feet. Such a soft thing Tammy was, thought the old man. She will be lonely when I am gone—when I am gone.

The wind whistled, the squirrels played and the old man creaked to and fro. His hair was pure white—there was still quite a lot there he thought proudly; his hands had long ago lost their dexterity, now they were old and gnarled, just like the ancient oak over the house; the big army boots contained his wasting feet which were very cold, very cold; his body was weak and he waited for death.

Again he thought, as the feeble sunlight flickered through the holes in the roof, and the wind whistled. Many years had passed since he last saw his family. How he wished they would come and see him. The only person he ever saw was old Jack who brought provisions for him every fortnight. Many meal-times had passed and the old man had not eaten. Next time old Jack comes, thought the creaking old man, he will have no one to talk to, to talk to.

My, I am becoming colder, colder, thought the old man as he drew the tattered grey blanket around his sunken shoulders. I can hardly feel my feet or hands now. It is becoming darker, darker. It is near, it is near. But I am ready. I will go, I will go . . .

The wind stopped and so did the rumble of acorns on the roof. The squirrels stopped and the cat mewed piteously. The old man stopped, stopped.

Ruth Hickey, 4U

West Suburban Section, March 1970

Apparently there is a danger that the new Science Block at P.L.C. may have drifted into the school pool during the strong downpours this week. This intelligence was communicated to us today by one of the school's stronger swimmers who also brought the alarming news that the leaving Physics class is resorting to eating lengths of fuse wire in an effort to curb their hunger pains. The twenty girls and their teacher have been trapped in the rapidly crumbling building since the prac. lesson last Friday. A message sent from a morse code unit set up by Miss B. Tuckwell said that they were planning to start eating each other unless help arrived soon, starting from the smallest girl and working up. It is rumoured that Miss C. Menzies (one of the more voracious eaters) has already devoured her neighbour's left foot; but we do not know whether to take this seriously.

The headmistress has warned the girls not to panic and calms their fears with the words "Kutu funht pischt", a well-known Korean saying.

The teacher in charge of the stranded girls has them all industriously making graphs of the rising water and plotting the sine curves of their rapidly decreasing waistlines.

But help is on the way. Just one sunny day and our school's broomstick will have dried out enough to fly provisions to the expectant ones.

J.T., 5P

FOUR SEASONS

Spring is the season when all that we see
Is blossom blooming on all the peach trees;
Summer the season for surf, sand and sun,
Is the time when fun is enjoyed by everyone;
Autumn the time for colourful leaves
Falling from all the deciduous trees;
Winter the time for rain and snow,
Hiding the grass all ready to mow:
These are the seasons that we know well,
And they are all beautiful as you can tell.

Mandy Carew Reid, 7H

TRAGEDY

SMALL WHITE DOG

A tiny red car.
A small white dog.
Aha, ha, ha.
Along the road
My tiny red car did flog.
Small white dog.
Sob, sob, sob.

Nola Creagh, 1L

SNOW !

Mehitabel is a small, white ball of fluff; she has lived with us for more than two years now, but at the time this story takes place she was just one year old. Mehitabel is rather a long name for a cat, so we call her Tibs for short.

It had snowed heavily during the night and everything outdoors was pure white. The windscreen on my car was thoroughly iced and the water had frozen in several taps.

As usual, Tibs wanted her early morning run, so I opened the door. Tibs sprang outside purring happily. Suddenly she stopped in complete astonishment, then she turned and fled inside faster than she had gone out.

Naturally I laughed. Tibs regarded me, hurt and very puzzled. She turned and sniffed curiously at a small snow flake on the door mat. She patted it cautiously. No, it didn't bite or bark or snarl so it must be harmless. It was cold though.

Tibs tilted her head on one side; she stood like this for several minutes, one paw raised as though ready to leap away at the slightest alarm.

Suddenly she pounced on the rapidly diminishing flake and tried to flick it up into her mouth. It simply stuck to her paw.

I had to giggle. Tibs jumped. For a while she watched me suspiciously and then looked back to where the snowflake should have been under her paw. "Hey, where did it go?" Alarmed, she lifted her paw. It wasn't there, only some water remained on the rubber mat.

Anxiously she glanced round, then began searching wildly. "Ooh that crafty creature, just wait till I catch him! Ah, there it is." Tibs swooped on the offending object. Suddenly a whole pile of snow was blown onto the doormat.

Tibs sat down to survey the situation. It was cold. Quickly, she stood up. Tibs shivered. Snow flew everywhere. Gee, that was fun. Tibs jumped into the snow and energetically began to scatter it from here to kingdom come!

Tibs leapt, pounced, rolled, burrowed and slid happily for the next two hours. Then, she trotted indoors, tail held high and daintily shaking snow from her fur.

I could've sworn she smiled at me. She gave me a reassuring glance just to say:

"Queer stuff that, but don't worry, I've got it under control," before she stretched herself luxuriously, yawned and went to sleep.

P. Davis, 1L

STONEHENGE

Overhead the sky is heavy, forbidding, dark.
And like master flogging serf with a sturdy cane,
The wind beats unmercifully on Salisbury Plain.
All is restless, but for thirty-two great stones, tall,
stark.

The gale lashes out but the rocks remain intact.
This mass has stood many a wild and restless storm,
So though all around suffers, nothing harms this
huge form,

As it stands a guard, over the plain, rain hacked.
In days long gone by were these Druidical rings
The head temple of Druidical worship,
Did people come to this unique English strip,
And gather to honour their immortal kings.

But whatever the origin, race or creed,
Stonehenge stands a symbol of Britain,
strong and free.

J. Weigold, IE

A RUNAWAY CAR

One day Mrs. Black went shopping. When we arrived Mrs. Black got out; she also left my brake off. Ah, I thought, my chance to get away from that cruel Mrs. Black and those awful children of hers who bounce on my seats and make all the foam rubber fall out of me.

So I pushed myself, and off, down the hill, I went. I felt very happy and I decided to keep my horn blaring out. I felt like shouting.

People watched as if they had never seen a Ford car before.

Then I came to a dead end. "What now?" I thought, then crash! Ouch, that hurt. Soon Mrs. Black came along.

After I was fixed I was sold and now I am happy because I have a lot of new friends in the second-hand sale yards.

R. Barsden, VI

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

Il y avait une fois une ville ou, toute l'année, mais surtout en hiver, les enfants avaient faim, toujours faim. Personne ne savait la raison de cette faim. Les enfants mangeaient tout: les vêtements, les meubles, et même l'évier de la cuisine . . .

La ville était pauvre. Les habitants gagnaient leur vie vendant les peaux des rats, car, si les enfants étaient le tourment de la ville, les rats en étaient la consolation. Ils étaient gros, gras, bien portants, en un mot, superbes. Les dames les plus riches de la ville portaient les peaux des rats sous forme de jaquettes, paletots, chales et quelquefois, chapeaux. Les rats étaient le dernier cri d'élégance.

Mais un jour, les enfants ayant tout mangé, décidèrent de s'attaquer aux rats. Quelle horreur. La ville en fut terrifiée. Le maire réclama l'exterminateur, mais celui-ci demandait en paiement 200 rats—et les plus beaux de la ville . . . pour son chat, comme honoraires. "Je refuse de vous débarrasser des enfants sans mes 200 rats".

Il marcha donc vers la porte de la ville jouant de sa guitare électrique, et tous les rats de le suivre, chantant et dansant. Ils ne furent plus revus. Et les enfants?

Ils mangent encore.

Heath Greville, 4U

THE PEACOCK

The peacock is a graceful bird,
But he is seldom seen or heard.
I am told his tail is the shape of a fan,
With bright colours that would delight any man.
I wish I knew the time of day,
That he would come out to display,
That wonderful tail we all want to see,
I hope one day it will be in front of me.

Linda Kenyon

COMING AND GOING

Many people like watching the ship as it slowly drifts out to sea. All along the dock you can see people standing still, and some might have tears in their eyes that are brushed away quickly.

When the ship has vanished the scene is no longer a stand-still but a busy, bustling port.

Lisa Mackay, VIID

WHAT PUZZLES ME

What puzzles me
Is about the ocean and the sea,
About the birds and trees and bees,
And the life cycle of a flea.
If the mermaids are real at all,
Or if there were really horses very small,
How the bee got its sting
And a bird on a wing.
Why we have teachers in a school,
Why we have chlorine in a pool,
How the nasturtium's leaf became flat,
Why women are like parrots and chat.
But what puzzles me most,
Is there really a ghost?

K. V. B. Brown, Grade 7H

TRAVEL

I wish that I could sail a boat,
To the islands remote,
Where the sunshine reaches out,
To the palm trees growing stout.
And the beaches white as snow,
Clear as glass, will flow.
And the flowers growing wild,
Sleep at night calm and mild.

Natalie Prevost, Grade 6

THE DENTIST

I never worry much, if at all, about dentists. The only thing that irritated me last time I faced the prospect of a visit was the number of encouraging remarks which friends and relatives showered upon me.

"Don't worry, he'll stop if the pain gets excruciating,"—my father in his most comforting voice.

"I hope he pulls a whole stack of teeth out and all your face swells up and blood drips out of your mouth all day,"—small brother.

And so on. Comments like these changed my untroubled thoughts into a frenzy of ghastly anticipation. I stood in front of the bathroom mirror and opened wide. Suddenly, all my molars and premolars and incisors—the lot—appeared to be rotting away like some maggoty apple.

Thus it was next day as I marched into the dentist's surgery, I saw all those interesting, exotic instruments through new eyes. All those nasty, sharp, cutting things—oh no, it was too awful.

I sat down and he pumped up the chair. His ghoulish face loomed over me, menacing. He muttered some kind of salutation. I managed to squeak from somewhere above my tonsils.

"Open wide," his fangs glittered as the saliva dribbled down his chin. His eyes opened wide, a ghastly grin of sadistic fascination covered his face. He peered down my throat, and gave a horrible laugh.

"Nothing, see you next August, and do remember to brush morning and night, won't you?"

H.G.

IMAGINATION

I'm sure it's every child's delight,
And certainly a sweet sensation
Climbing the everlasting flight
To lands of her imagination.

On rainy days when sky is dull,
She wanders down her path of leisure,
Past the bluebells by the pool
To a world of secret pleasure.

Her thoughts take her to lands anew,
Places, people, never seen.
If only it could all be true
Our world would be so evergreen.

Jeanette Gilmour, 1M

CLASSROOM FLIGHT

She has not yet realised I am no longer present. Instead I have disappeared into a phase of illusions and hopes, jumbled together into thoughts. I sit quiet, behind a facade of studious concentration—Her words flow smoothly past, floating, dotted with questions and ideas, as I sit in my own little bubble, alone.
Until it bursts.

Jane Bayly, 4V

A Satirical View on School Rules

"It's a 1/6" too short—take it down and rehem it; make sure you get it right this time."

"Yes, Mrs. X."

"You there! Your pants are two shades too light. You've been told that they are to be navy or black. Those certainly aren't navy. I'd call them midnight blue. Do something about them immediately!"

"Yes, Mrs. X."

"Girls, I've said before no one is to go to matron without permission. We have plenty of Aspros in the staff room."

"Miss M., may I have an Aspro, please?"

"I'm sorry, I've just taken the last one. Miss P. is going over to matron to get a few for the staff."

". . . and all girls are to be in class ready for roll call as soon after the bell goes as possible."

"Jane, do you think we should go get Mrs. Y.? After all, the bell went ten minutes ago."

"As we are going into winter uniform, may I remind you that your Scottish bonnet is to be worn with the badge over the left eye."

"Sue, do you look under the badge, or around it?"

"Also, let me remind you girls that during winter, witches britches are not to be worn, and rugs are not to be used. I **am** considering letting senior girls wear knee pads to reduce cracked knee caps (due to knees knocking together)."

". . . and so, girls, as I've said, I'm sure you are all honest and trustworthy. Now the last thing I want to say is that the library will be open from 7.45 a.m. until 5.10 p.m. every school day."

"Mrs. J., why is the library being locked now—it's break?"

"Because I am unable to remain in the library during recess to watch you girls."

"Mary! Your hair is touching your collar. I'm sure you could make several small pigtails if your hair isn't long enough to make two."

"The new gym building has a lovely floor, so please remember to wear nothing on your feet but sandshoes. Speech night will be held **in** the gym owing to the weather, so don't forget to tell your parents to bring their sandshoes."

". . . and so, girls, on the last day of school let me wish you a happy holiday, and we are looking forward to seeing the Leaving girls back in three or four years as our teachers."

C. Dodson, 4U

THE KOOKABURRA

I awoke one morning so early and bright
To hear a treat that begins at light.
The brown or grey and white-winged creature,
Has one extraordinary, popular feature.
At dawn before the sun goes down
The creature begins his laughing round.
His laugh is bright, happy or sad,
Because of things we do which are good or bad,
But early in the morning his laughing is at his best,
For all around the earth's at rest.
But some people like me,
Like to hear this creature's voice ring!
His luncheon is of a poisonous make
Which rids us of one more deadly snake.
But he has his faults like all of us,
'Cause for his nest he does not make a fuss.
He brings up his young ones in some other bird's nest,
Which makes him to other birds a very bad pest!
But now as the time moves on to seven o'clock,
The kookaburra's laughing begins to stop,
And now as all the hustle and bustle begins,
The kookaburra flies on to find a nestling,
And if you ever want to hear such a joyful sound,
Just wake up at dawn to hear his round.

Raelene Vivian, 7D

STEPPING INTO A WORLD

Sometimes I wish to be alone,
To leave the daily buzz of motor car, television and telephone,
And seek the sanctity of a windblown beach;
Away from all contact, out of all reach,
Stepping into a world where I am alone.
Away from all signs of human life,
Alone with the rain and away from all strife.
The wind cuts my flesh with arrows of cold,
And I, like an unwanted trespasser bold,
Step into a world where I am alone.
The sand is harsh beneath my feet,
The waves are coming crashing down to meet
The endless, almost infinite shore
Which I seem to love more and more,
Stepping into a world where I am alone.
Why, I wonder, why
Do I love this endless lonely beach with a dark,
forbidding sky?
Why do I love this emptiness I seem to invade,
Which no man has created, no man has made,
As I step into a world where I am alone.
It is peaceful and restful and I am warm
With the feeling that I have escaped from problems,
which, like a storm,
Frighten, startle, alarm every part of me;
But here to this wonderful sanctity
I am stepping into a world where I am alone.

S. Turner, 2I

EDUCATION AND THE FUNCTION OF SCHOOLS

Education today is one of the most frequently discussed topics of conversation. It concerns almost everyone in Australia and therefore deserves some thought on their behalf. The aims of education vary, as education itself takes many forms, but I would think it means an increase in the understanding of a person. Education starts from a few weeks after a baby's birth and if the person is interested it can continue until the day of death.

A school is the accepted institution for education and therefore when one thinks of education, a school is instantly brought to mind. In Australia, one starts school at the age of five or six, and by law does not leave until the age of fifteen while many continue on at school for two or three years after this. During these years the child matures—mentally, physically and emotionally.

Mentally the average child matures greatly. His mind sharpens as his wish for knowledge increases. In front of today's children lie the books, the facilities, the guidance and the time to give them every opportunity to gain in the never-ending quest for knowledge. Physically, the child also matures while at school until the day he leaves when he is physically prepared to enter the world in the shape of an adult.

The fact that during his school years the child matures emotionally is far more important than his physical or mental capabilities. The child who matures emotionally is the one whose outlook on life broadens, the one, for example, who is able to decide whether in life he will be honest and have the courage to stick by his decision, never finding the necessity to lie to get himself out of something. He is the one who when he leaves school will be able to take his place in the community in a responsible way.

The function of a school should be to provide the necessary guidance for the child in his maturing years. The school should not only be able to turn out scholars or athletes, but also a generation which as citizens the school will be proud of. To educate individuals instead of the mob should be the aim of a school which should encourage the student's initiative and encourage such organisations as student councils which should be given a large part to play in school life.

For a school to cater for all of its students it needs to radiate enthusiasm not only for scholastic and athletic achievements but also encourage other cultural activities. The fact that many students do not feel a pride for the school is because they are not made to feel a part of it. The solution for this is the inclusion in the school of many other extra-curricular clubs and societies which need to have, apart from the verbal attraction which is presented to the body of the school at the beginning of each year, action to keep the club going for the rest of the year.

Clubs which would be of interest to students and also helpful to them would be ones such as political clubs, current affairs clubs, drama clubs, debating, music, film and theatre clubs. In ones such as these a student could air his views and hear the views of others on a subject not in the curriculum but of topical interest.

Soon I will leave school and take my place in the community as, I hope, a responsible citizen. I will have the right to vote, the right to drive and the right to drink but the moral code by which I abide will have to be my own. I know nothing or very little about any of these major steps which I will soon take. Although I have been at school for ten years, have I begun my education?

Sally Callander, 3N

BEWARE OF CLOWNS

When James went to the circus, he had no idea what was in store for him. He sat through the performance, right in the front row, watching with shining eyes while the animals and entertainers performed their acts. He rocked with laughter at the antics of the clown. Then in a loud voice the biggest clown cried: "Would that small, most handsome lad from the front row come and be an assistant to us clumsy old clowns?" Amazed, all James could say was "Yes." So James slowly rose from his seat, blushed and in a daze he finally walked to where the clowns were standing. He glanced back to see the big crowd cheering and laughing. What was he to think? Would they hurt him? He then strutted up to the waiting clowns, kicking sawdust everywhere.

"Please stand on this rubber box," the clown told him. Too embarrassed to say no, James climbed a small red ladder and stood on the box. Suddenly, the box collapsed and James was left bewildered in the middle of the box with flour on his head.

The crowd found this very humorous and as James gazed around he realised what he had done and he, too, began to laugh.

"Very well done," the larger clown laughed. "Maybe you'll do another act for me." James enjoyed it, and did the next act which was to pick up the hose. James did this easily and wondered why he was given such an easy task, but he soon found out.

The smaller clown, Steven Sad Clown, turned on the tap which squirted the bigger clown. They then chased each other out of the tent and James went back to his seat. Maybe James is going to be a clown like those clowns. Do you think so?

P. Milne, Grade 5

EDUCATION

When mention is made of the word "education", most people immediately think of lessons, homework, and teachers. This association is certainly true to a certain extent, as lessons do provide the information which is essential for mental training. Nowadays, more than ever before, it is necessary for a person to have a good general education, meaning that he has committed certain facts, figures and formulae to memory. Without this knowledge, it will be increasingly difficult to find employment because competition for jobs is growing fiercer as the population increases.

In order to obtain qualifications for certain positions, sufficient facilities in the form of adequately equipped and staffed educational institutions must be available. These institutions begin at kindergarten level, where the very young, easily-impressionable child forms his first opinions and learns his first very simple lessons away from the home. From kindergarten, children advance to schools, where the basic responsibility is to provide necessary factual information, together with physical education in the form of sport, and creative education in the fields of literature, art, music, drama or similar areas. Higher educational qualifications may then be attained at universities or technical schools.

These institutions are primarily concerned with the mental training of a person. This is only one part of his education; however, an equally important part of education is moral training, which is closely linked with social training.

Moral training involves guidance in forming individual opinions on various issues and the creation of ideals which make a person beneficial to the community. Australia is generally regarded as a Christian country, so the philosophies of the Christian religion are taught in our schools, as part of the educational curriculum concerned with moral training. The importance of making apparent the benefits which may be reaped from such a doctrine is stressed, naturally enough, in church schools, such as our own P.L.C. The practical application of Christian teachings such as consideration, love and tolerance of our fellow man is a noticeable difference between church schools, which feel the obligations of providing a moral training, and government schools where, generally speaking, mainly mental training is provided. In government-run schools, the emphasis often seems to be placed on "being the best" in some particular field, whereas in a church school, the individuals are not only encouraged to give of their best, but their best is shown to be just as important to the school community as the champion's. An illustration of this idea is P.L.C.'s theme for 1970: "Everyone matters".

Social training is the education of the individual in the ways of the community in which he lives. This training is important, as it enables a person to feel needed, and not uncomfortably out of place among his fellows. Social training begins when people

first come in contact with other people. They should learn to accept one another, living together amicably in a manner which benefits the society, if anything, and most importantly, in a way which does not make anyone feel unhappy.

The personality of a child is influenced in the earliest years by the home-life. Upon this atmosphere depends, to a great extent, the ease with which the child fits into society. For many children, kindergarten is the first venture into a community, but school is the community of which almost all children are a part. Schools are playing an increasing role in the social training of today's children. Until very recently, subjects such as sex education were only discussed in the home. Nowadays, however, this knowledge is supplemented in some schools which feel the social obligation of providing a more complete education in the true sense of the word. Problems of today's society, such as alcohol and drug abuse are becoming among the range of topics being tackled by schools in the hope that the citizens of tomorrow will show a greater concern for one another. This will be an important factor in a world which will be made even more difficult to live in, due to problems such as pollution, racial prejudice and an increasing population.

For these reasons, an education covering mental, moral and social training, not just one of these aspects, is becoming more necessary. Mental training is necessary to enable people to communicate with one another; understand one another's problems and do something constructive about these problems. The teaching of languages does away with part of the basic communication difficulty, and mathematics is essential to work out financial problems in poorer nations. Qualified, professional people such as nurses, teachers, and agricultural advisers also give invaluable service overseas by training the inhabitants of underdeveloped countries to improve conditions among their countrymen. Moral and social training should enable us to show greater concern for the welfare and feelings of others. Such a concern might then lead more of us to offer our help in solving the problems of our world.

Perhaps, one day, we shall have communities of people who have been educated in the true sense of the word. Such a community would then be free of problems such as crime, hunger, alcoholism and drug abuse. Surely this is a worthwhile goal for which to strive.

Pam Hendry, 21

WILL SHE EVER COME BACK ?

It was at night that I saw her,
Silhouetted out against the sky.
As yet she hadn't seen me and I hoped she never
would.
I stayed there for hours just watching her,
But then as if someone was calling her,
She pricked up her ears and then she slowly faded
out of sight.
Would I ever see her again?
I rode slowly home pondering over what I had seen.
But one thing's for sure, it wasn't a dream.
Early next morning I rode out again,
To see if I could find her.
I searched everywhere but all in vain.
She will never come back.
But just at that moment I saw something move.
I must have been imagining it, nothing was there,
nothing at all.
So once again I rode home. I stopped once and
turned around, but the mare had gone never
to come back.

D. Salvaris, 7D

THE RUGGED SCENE

Heat from an almost white-hot sun pours its rays
on to the rocks and cliffs, the colours of which
change from a dried blood-red near the sea to a
butter-yellow on the cliffs. The sun seems to have
infected the rocks with its colour and strength. Not
an object moves, unless you count the mirage which
shimmers sweatily in the distance. Silence is broken
only by the languid splash of the waves on the lower
rocks. Later in the season the sea will become turbu-
lent and dangerous, but at the moment it sparkles
and is deep blue under the sun. The caves which
are scattered all along the coast have a half-magical,
half-sinister aura in the glare of mid-day. A mile to
the right there is a long silver-white beach stretching
to infinity. In the other direction the red-gold rocks
of the bluff disappear in the haze. Behind me is the
dull green low bush which is strangely silent. The
lazy, lethargic sea is in front of me. One wonders
at the fear men have of it. Supreme peace reigns
over everything.

D. Malcolm, 4

LET US LEARN

Of words in books and essays,
Of drama in poetry and songs,
Of art in painting and sculpture,
Of these things let us learn.
Of great lives, past and present,
Of great deeds, here and afar,

EDUCATION AND THE WORK OF THE SCHOOLS

Education—the bringing up, as for a child; the
training that goes to cultivate the power and
form of character; instruction.

“The bringing up as for a child”. The first defini-
tion, the longest and hardest part of education.

From its first breath a child starts out on the
long, winding road, education.

Even at first a child is sometimes educating itself;
it knows that screaming is an entirely easy thing to
master and will immediately bring attention. At six
months it wants to see its delightful surroundings and
sits up. One year walking (an entirely conventional
thing when baby wants to get a piece of fluff in
the corner!). Then up the embankment and along
the strange road to school.

“The training that goes to cultivate the powers and
form of character.” “Twenty plus twenty, minus that
sum from a hundred. But it won't work out.”

Enter the teacher.

Teachers are supposed to help, teach and control
a child and its class. Teachers play a vital part in
the education and bringing up of the children at
school. Many teachers do this but some do not.
Starting out with a bad teacher alters the whole of
a child's education. A teacher who is shy and unable
to control a class, gives the pupils no idea of control,
manners or even the lessons. Some teachers are too
stern and too strict and children in the classes be-
come subdued and frightened and their own ideas
and talents become diffused. They are like a flock
of sheep following the one ram. Most teachers
though can teach properly at any time.

“Instruction”—The last and the most full of the
three for it is them all!

As from the moment we draw our first breath to
the moment we have drawn our last, we are instructed
in the lesson of life by many teachers, parents, fam-
ily, friends, school teachers, the person in the street,
in fact everybody and everything that has ever been
in our lives.

And even ourselves.

Jane Parkinson, 1D

Of great thoughts, beliefs and religions,
Of these things let us learn.
Of lands, vast and varied,
Of ideas, new and strange,
Of people, coloured and different,
Of these things let us learn.

Veronica Cook, 7H

ON BEING WITHOUT MONEY

The evils and advantages of being rich or poor are a very interesting topic of discussion. I have listened to many discussions, and read many articles on this subject. I agree with them all. The only terrible position to be in, it seems, is that of an average income, individual or family.

The greatest of all great advantages of having no money, is the happiness one has. This is because there is no money to come between friends, parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister; there are no fights or arguments, no hate, no jealousy, or coveting, and no looking down from the lofty heights of one's superior possessions. In the event of an accident or illness, there is always someone next door, willing and able to pay hospital fees, doctors' bills, etc. Or at the least a young, handsome and sympathetic doctor willing to give us his own time and money, attending to the patient free of charge. Being in the lower income bracket, one does not, of course, have to pay income tax. Thus, all road maintenance, personal safety, and old age pensions come free.

On the other hand, being rich, there is again no worry about money coming between people. If one has thirty-two genuine pearl necklaces, five diamond bracelets, two emerald tiaras, and matching rings, endless semi-precious stone jewellery, and two cupboards full of furs, one doesn't worry if one's next door neighbour has thirty-three genuine pearl necklaces, five diamond bracelets, two emerald tiaras and matching rings, endless semi-precious stone jewellery, and three cupboards full of furs. With this much money, one can even afford to forget snobbery, and treat those without money as equals. And money, of course, buys everything.

From this it can be easily seen that the two positions balance each other very well. Why, then, is there an average class?

For most people, the advantages of being rich outweigh the evils, while the advantages of being poor only cancel out the evils. So, they decide to become rich. To get there, they have to pass through the stage of being one of the despised middle-class and, due to great competitions, they never seem to get out of it.

J.B., 4U

PEACEFUL

In the leafy treetops,
I lie and look in rest,
And watch and hear the animals,
And all that God has blessed.
I hear the bees humming,
I see the birds in flight,

RAIN IN THE DESERT

Horizon shimmering in the heat,
Wave on wave of tortured dust.
Only weeds stubborn to concede defeat
Could survive in such a red and barren land,
The unrelenting sun burnt the very crust
Of earth and stifled vegetation.
The strengthening wind sent black clouds scudding
Across the suffocating azure sky,
A tremendous crash, the heavens split and rain came
thudding,
Bringing life to the parched and dying desert.
The cloudburst was over, the land left to cry
Until at last it came again, the rain.

H. Cambridge, 1L

In Search of the Answer

Minds reeling, groping for an answer—
feeling,
fumbling,
striving to find the core of another problem.
Brows pucker, frowns deepen.
Brains work slowly, grinding over possibilities,
probabilities and even impossibilities.
Thoughts wander aimlessly, hoping they may grasp
the fact—the one infinite fact—which opens the
pathway to truth
and life
and understanding.

That one fact that relieves the heavy thought and
tension, the overtaxed brain, the puckered brow. So
that all else may be thrown away, flipped into the air
like little bits of torn-up paper to float away with a
gust of wind.

And then laugh with the sheer relief of it.

Ann McIlroy, VQ

I hear the leaves rustling
As the anteaters fight.
I hear lyre-birds singing,
While their mates look listening at the sky.
The echoes of the mountains ringing,
I lie and look down at the world going by.

Tundie Piesse, 1D

EXAMS TOMORROW !

I've got to work!
Exams tomorrow!
No time for thought,
No time for sorrow—
I've got to work!
The fever mounts;
No time at all!
Each second counts—
I've got to work!
I really must!
I can't forever
On my waffling trust.
I've got to work!
I want to show 'em
That I can pass
Through writing a poem—
The night before.
I've got to work!
(Pencils gnawed to the core.)
I've got to work!
And learn right now!
Exams tomorrow!
(But I've forgotten how.)

Ann McIlroy, VQ

TWO LITTLE KINGS

The two kingdoms lay side by side on the green plain. The sun shone brightly, the clouds danced across the sky, the flowers grew and the birds sang sweetly. But the two little kings were unhappy. They were always fighting over each other's land. Although many battles had been fought, no one had convincingly won. So the two little kings decided to have a really grand battle. This one would be the one to end all battles!

The two little kings' days became filled with preparations. Troops were conscripted and trained to march, fight, and do many other things to make them good soldiers. Cannon were made, the guns were cleaned, and banners and flags were made by the score. The two little kings both appointed generals, captains, and many other men to lead the soldiers in the great battle. As time grew less the two little kings grew more and more excited.

The sun heralded the appointed day. Clear and bright, blue and white. It was going to be a lovely day. The little kings both put on their shiny armour, mounted their horses and rode out to the battle.

The two little kings marched valiantly onto the green plain, a banner in hand and sword unsheathed. Advance!

But nobody came . . .

Ruth Hickey, 4U

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE

At twilight there was an uncanny hush in the jungle, just before the evening chorus of crickets and cicadas starts up. It was deadly still, when suddenly a tall palm frond started swaying madly backwards and forwards for no apparent reason. For some time I had had the feeling that I was being followed. I heard a stealthy sound behind me but when I stopped to listen the rustling sound stopped too. There was a deathly silence. Even the insects seemed to hold their breath. I turned around. Nothing moved.

Beside me a cicada set up a din. More followed him in chorus.

The light slowly faded. The silent stillness and the eerie light lent the scene a sinister air. Finally darkness closed in. The jungle seemed to draw closer.

In the distance a rotten tree crashed down, dragging others with it by the entwining vines and creepers.

A monkey chattered in a far-off tree top and was answered by another. Faint rustlings and scamperings sounded all around. The mosquitoes were out in swarms by the time a light breeze blew up to dispel the clammy stickiness of the tropical day. Far off another tree fell. The buzzing of the mosquitoes replaced the now silent cicadas.

I sensed rather than felt the movement at my feet. At first I thought it was my strained nerves but that thought was instantly dispelled when I felt slimy, cold coils multiply around my ankle and move slowly up my leg, loop by loop. I froze. My blood ceased to flow. I felt ice cold. The beat of my heart replaced all sound as the coils rose higher. They were now above my knee. Distantly I heard another tree crash down. Would I fall like that tree when I had my life crushed out? I wondered.

Then panic seized me. I don't want to die. Not yet anyhow. What could I do? Wrestle with the ever-growing coils. Numbly I reached to my belt for the knife I always carry there. The coils were up to my hips now. The jungle was silent, waiting—waiting.

Down flashed the knife. Through the scales at the head of the coils. Again and again I plunged it deep into the writhing body. My legs were being crushed but the constriction was growing less and less.

Great was my relief when my skirt of coils fell from me. I stepped out of it and sank into a shivering heap on the rotting vegetation at the base of a tree.

Dawn flooded silently over the sky. As the light increased birds and monkeys began their daily business. In the gloom beneath the trees I could make out my night's acquaintance. A sixty foot python lay coiled on the ground, its head a mass of blood on the decaying earth.

Katherine Wilkin, 1E

FIRST FLIGHT

The aircraft's canopy thundered shut. Suddenly I was in the flying seat of a Cessna light aircraft for the first time in my life, even conscious of the dampness of my palms on the steering wheel that seemed to stare me in the eye. The rudder bar seemed stiff and the trim wheel, rows of levers, switches and dials, strange and remote. I felt closed in, alone except for the instructor sitting in the seat beside me. The tang of aviation gas and the smell of warm leather suddenly became overwhelming and I felt like fainting. I collected my thoughts, just in time, however, to listen to the drills that the instructor was telling me.

I forced a smile to acknowledge to him that I had been listening. With a heart-thumping roar, the engine came to life, first time, spinning the propeller in its silver arc. Gathering confidence, I taxied the Cessna down to the end of the runway and turned it into the wind. Mentally going through the take-off drills as well as checking my trim and alignment I ran up the engine to ninety-five per cent and even though my heart was in my mouth, I released the brakes.

The aircraft started rolling down the white line. Ten—fifteen—forty miles an hour. Concentrating with all my might to keep her straight. I harked at the runway grittily humming and bumping beneath the wheels of the plane. The low hill at the end of the runway suddenly loomed larger and the combination of this and the trees that were flashing past made me feel more than slightly scared.

Fifty—sixty-five—eighty. Surely we should be off by now, I thought, and at the same time I was trying to think what the instructor had told me previous to the flight. However, I need not have worried as I was suddenly aware of a smoothness: all the humming and bumping had gone, even the vibrations had diminished considerably. The Cessna soared into its element. The hills then became flat and the sea calm as I had never seen it before, all this brought to life a new aspect of Australia; something I had never experienced before.

The tension was now released and I felt like singing with joy. However, the thought of landing the aircraft more than dampened my joy; the minutes of enjoyment were now gone and the plane began to descend. Eight hundred—six hundred—four hundred feet. Our speed was gradually diminishing as our altitude grew less and less. The tarmac lay forbiddingly below us, as if ready to swallow us up. The wheels hovered only a few inches above the runway and I prepared myself to meet with the expected bump, but in actual fact it was hardly noticeable, and the next thing I knew was that we were taxiing the plane towards the parking bay.

Once safely installed on my own two feet, I felt like jumping for joy. I'd done it! All my life I had wanted to fly a plane and now I had succeeded in my ambition. All my horror was left behind me and

I was set on letting all my friends and family know how much fun it had been. I mustn't deny, however, that in some places it was a frightening experience as the unexpected is always lurking in some hidden, dark corner of the sky.

Liz Hawdon

The Hot Sticky Breath Breathing Down My Neck

All of it started when I was walking along a side street in Melbourne. I had only been in Melbourne for about three days, and I seemed to be lost.

I was alone. The street was very quiet and very eerie. It was about 6 p.m. and quite dark. I didn't know what to do, I kept on walking, my pace getting faster and faster. I didn't dare look back—suddenly I heard footsteps, they were right behind me. I started to run faster and faster and faster—who was it, what was it? I heard it scream something at me, but I didn't take any notice. It was following me. I turned left, it followed; I turned right, it followed.

The footsteps were getting fainter, I just couldn't go on. I had to stop, I thought the footsteps had stopped. Whoever it was had given it up, but suddenly I felt a hot and sticky breath breathe down my neck. I turned round quickly. It was only Mum. She had a hot breath as she had been running so hard.

Mum thought I was lost and came to look for me. The voice that I heard was Mum calling to me. Next time I will look round and hope it is only Mum.

Diana Salvaris, VIID

"AGE"

Her clothes always smelt of mothballs, which was rather eerie for me. It seemed as though she was kept in the linen cupboard, except when we went to visit. Also, I disliked having to kiss her hello because she always looked very stern, bundled up in a pile of technicolour crocheted rugs, glaring over her bifocals. She invariably complained about the lady in the next room who turned on all the taps in the bathroom and left them running. The lady in the next room was 97, and my grandmother was 80. She said she hoped she never got to be 97, and I hoped so, too, mainly because I thought that seventeen years was a long time to keep visiting a grandmother.

Another favourite topic for conversation was a yacht race which my uncle had won about 35 years ago. It amazed me that she never forgot the yacht race—but she still asked me how old I was every time I went to see her. I was tempted to say "I told you last week" but I never did. She was much more interested in the yacht race anyway. It puzzled me that when she died she left me \$1,000. I thought she should have left it to the yacht club.

Heath Greville, 4U

INFORMAL SPEECH

Persuading Girls to go to Debate

As you all know, girls, we're having a debate next week against the Chi-Chi Bangles School for Young Ladies. Now you realise that the Bangles is our chief opponent and that we must really thrash them if we're to have any prestige left at all. The topic is "That a half pint full is better than a full half-pint" and we are the negative. The team, which consists of Beatrice Glug, Pollenasia Gurgle and Cynthia Cyanide, is in desperate need of moral support and they would all be very grateful if you could come along. Seeing it's our last chance to enter grade "Z" of the Debating Union, I would like to see you all there to encourage the team and applaud good old St. "Germs" to victory. Rally round and show some school spirit! . . . Those who live close to the school will all find it easy to get here and think of all the homework you can miss. Just tell your parents it's educational: they'll believe you. It promises to be a highly enlightening and amusing evening and you'll all enjoy it. You don't even have to pay. Now a show of hands of all those coming: Beatrice Glug, Pollenasia Gurgle and Cynthia Cyanide; well, I suppose it's a start.

Helen Luckett, VP

A RESCUE

I am a pilot and drive an emergency helicopter. Recently there have been many floods and many people are homeless around my way. I thought I might go and see if everything was all right. Out and into the helicopter I scrambled with everything I needed. Finally I came to a flooded area and the water was quite high. Suddenly I saw a little boy on a branch of a tree. I zoomed down to him and let down a rope. By and by a gust of wind came by. I found it hard to keep the helicopter still but finally he managed to climb up the rope, shivering with fear. I rushed back, gave him some hot cocoa, dry clothes and drove him back to his parents. They were very pleased and so was I.

Philippa Cook, IV

YOUTH

Lost in a world of love, and hate and learning,
Feeling your way with bated breath and yearning;
Childhood's simplicity is left behind to fade.

Jane Bayly, 4V

FATE

The sun hung low in the sky,
White clouds were tinged with pink.
I heard the seagulls cry,
As the boat began to sink.
Blue sky had turned to grey,
When the moon began to show.
All my hopes had gone astray,
For the future lay below.
My heart was filled with fear,
As the waves began to roll.
My fate was all too clear,
The sea would take its toll.

Wendy Carlin, IL

VIETNAM WARRIOR

His hand is warm and his eyes are sad,
We walk alone in the crowd.
Not a word—
He cannot speak to break
The magic silence that holds us in her grip.
The time has come and my tears flow,
He holds me in his arms and whispers words of love,
One last kiss—and then we part,
I stood there all alone.
The roar of engines begins his flight,
Silver bird wings her way to a place unknown to me.
I save my tears for the lonely nights.
They brought me word today.
I sit, numb, by the window and see his gentle smile,
misty,
As the tears run down my face.

Jane Bayly, 4V

THE PRISON

My fear was numbed as I shared the awe-inspiring scene with nature. The tremendous bare walls surrounded me in a glowing red and gold prison from which there seemed no escape. The blood-red moon shone through the darkening clouds throwing a death-like shadow over the valley floor and silhouetting my prison against the dark night sky. The river at my feet tore its way recklessly along the valley floor, harassing all possible vegetation in its path, swirling and gurgling murderously against the out-jutting rocks, causing the spasmodic issuing forth of a massive column of water, reddened by the moon, while the wind whined endlessly in the ghostly caverns of the cliff faces and annoyed the already harassed and pathetic trees.

My fear was only aroused again as the huge and supreme black eagle wheeled in the heights above the cliffs and reminded my soul of freedom.

Jill Smith, 4U

Dieting Is Not Good For The Character

Dieting is not good for the character, nor for the people associated with the dieter.

Before going on a diet, a person must be in a sufficiently depressed state to endure the agony. This is done by standing in front of a mirror and watching the rolls of fat, or trying to don last year's clothes and finding pink flesh oozing through the gaps.

The first step of the dieter is to discuss which diet he or she will use—egg, liquid or fruit or anything on the back of a packet of crispbread. This singles the person out from his companions because they talk about what chocolates, cakes and biscuits they consumed the day before, which is one of their main topics of conversation. When started on the diet, the dieter begins to feel superior. All he talks about is what he refused and he usually does this while his obese friend consumes another doughnut; or he adds up the calories in his friend's morning snack, finding that it is twice the daily allowance. This feeling of superiority increases to conceit and self-centredness. The dieter inspects himself from every angle and declares that the perfect figure was there all the time; only a little self-restraint was required to uncover it. This friend has such self-importance that he only speaks to the elite "skinny" set, and his pleasures lie in parading around and admiring his bones.

The economising on intake of food leads to economising on other things such as buying items of clothing or groceries. So the whole character of the person becomes mean and grasping and he does not associate with his fat, generous friends. Selfishness is not a good trait in a character nor is conceit or being miserly, therefore do not diet!

G. Cambridge, 5P

A BIRD'S FIRST FLIGHT

The azure waters reeled before his eyes. The cries of other gulls seemed to mock at the awkward adolescent who hovered on the cliff-top. Before this moment his world had been the nest and the seagull colony; now it would become the sea and sky. He spread his wings and before he knew it the water was looming closer and in a desperate effort he flapped upward into the blue. Now he was really flying and he dimly remembered his childhood. The gull's life prior to this had not been happy—it was a choice of eat or be eaten. Being the smallest in the family he was always last in the fight for food and his mother did little to help him. His early days had been nothing but a grim battle for survival but he had triumphed. The treacherous steps on the cliff-top had been his victory and now he reigned supreme. The actual take-off had taken all his strength and now it seemed so natural it was hard to believe he had hesitated. His mother, who had been flying close by, swooped down and snapped up a fish. She did this twice as an example; if the gull did not learn then he would have to learn for himself. Now it was his turn and suddenly a flash of silver beneath him caught his eye and he swooped down on his prey. The fish, although as quick as lightning, fell victim to the gull who enjoyed his first self-caught meal. He was becoming tired and he dropped like a stone onto the surface of the water. Soon, however, he spread his wings and rose once more into the sky, diving occasionally for a fish. Nearing the cliff top he began a series of wheeling circles. Finally he dropped into a sea of babbling seagulls. For the gull one of the most important events of his life had been successful. His first flight was over.

H. Cambridge, 1L

EXAM RESULTS 1969

KEY—

C.S.—Commonwealth Scholarship.

A.E.—Advanced Education Scholarship.

D.—Distinction.

T.B.—Teacher's Bursary.

N.B.—Nursing Bursary.

M.—Matriculation.

LEAVING

M. P. Adams (6)
C. R. Alexander (5) 2 M., A.E.
S. J. Allan (3)
G. E. Allen-Williams (6) 2 D., 3 M.
J. M. Armstrong (6) 3 M.
S. F. Arnold (5) 1 D., 3 M.
V. J. Bamford (5)
B. Banks (4)
D. E. Barrington (5) 2 M., A.E.
J. M. Bateman (5) 2 M.
R. A. Bateman (5) 3 M.
G. K. Benson (5) 4 M., C.S.
G. Binks (4) 1 D.
K. I. Bishop (5) 3 M.
H. I. Butler (6) 1 D., 4 M., C.S.
W. E. Callander (6) 1 D., 2 M.
R. M. Chester (2)
M. G. Chin (5) 2 D., 1 M.
S. W. Clarkson (5) 1 D.
C. E. Condry (6) 1 D.
B. A. Cooke (5) 1 D.
L. J. Cooper (5) 4 M.
Jennifer A. Craig (4) 1 D., 1 M.
Jillian A. Craig (5) 1 D., 3 M., C.S.
P. C. Cummins (6) 2 D., 4 M., C.S.
J. F. Cusack (6) 1 D., 3 M.
P. J. Davey (6) 1 D., 4 M., C.S.
A. B. Downie (3) 1 D.
S. C. Dunn (3) 2 M.
D. M. Elliot (1)
J. A. Ferguson (6) 2 D., 4 M., C.S.
G. A. Folvig (5) 3 M.
P. J. Ford (6) 4 M.
M. E. Forrester (6) 2 D., 3 M.
B. J. Galloway (4)
J. H. Goedheer (5) 4 M.
S. J. Gordon (6) 1 D., 4 M., C.S.
G. M. Green (6) 1 D., 4 M.
C. R. Halleen (6) 2 D., 3 M.
J. M. Hearman (6)
A. P. Heath (6)
C. E. Hoare (6) 5 D., 4 M., C.S.
J. E. Lee (6) 2 D., 4 M.
K. Mahood (5) 4 D., 3 M., C.S.
P. J. Marshall (6) 3 M.
R. A. McDonald (3) 1 D.
M. A. McNeill (3)
L. J. Miller (6)
H. L. Murray (6) 5 D., 4 M., C.S.
V. M. Nix (6)
J. E. Nott (3)
J. A. O'Shaughnessy (6) 2 D.,
4 M., C.S.
J. L. Porter (6) 3 D., 4 M., C.S.
E. J. Preston (1)
H. K. Pugh (6) 1 D.
D. Rees (6) 1 D., 4 M.
J. M. Richardson (6) 2 D., 4 M.
H. E. Roberts (7) 3 M.
J. E. Roberts (4) 2 D.
J. M. Robertson (5) 1 D.
H. S. Robinson (7) 2 D., 4 M.,
C.S.
H. J. Sainsbury (6)
I. J. Sassella (6) 1 D.
V. J. Slee (6) 4 D., 4 M., C.S.
E. W. Smith (6) 3 M.
B. P. Soderland (6) 4 D., 4 M., C.S.
J. P. Sutherland (6) 1 D., 4 M.
S. C. Swift (3)
E. A. Taylor (3)
J. M. Thornton (2)
H. L. Turner (3)
M. A. Tyler (3)
C. S. Wilmot (4)
R. A. Young (5)

EXAM RESULTS 1969

JUNIOR

B. J. Abbott (7)
J. L. Anderson (9) C.S.
A. J. Atkinson (1)
S. A. Barnes (3)
D. J. Barry (8) C.S.
J. E. Bayly (5)
J. A. Bedells (8) T.B.
M. A. Biddiscombe (8)
J. M. Blanckensee (8)
P. A. Boan (4)
S. L. Bovell (6)
H. M. Breen (7)
K. M. Bridge (7)
S. D. Brown (2)
J. L. Bruce (9) C.S.
H. P. Butchart (8) C.S.
J. G. Challen (7)
D. M. Challis (6)
P. S. Clarke (5)
J. S. Clough (7)
L. E. Cooke (8)
S. J. Cornish (9)
D. J. Craig (6)
L. J. Crane (8) C.S.
J. M. Croft (7)
J. L. Dall (9) C.S.
L. F. Day (8)
J. A. Dermer (5)
A. Dixon (7)
H. E. Domahidy (6)
C. K. Draper (5)
S. C. Duncan (8)
A. J. Edwards (4)
B. A. Falloon (8) C.S.
I. Forrester (7)
J. E. Forrester (6)
P. C. Foulds (5)
L. J. Fowler (6)
J. E. Gershon (3)
J. J. Gilmour (8)
J. Glendinning (2)
R. I. Godkin (7) C.S.
S. L. Goedheer (8) N.B.
E. W. Greig (6)
E. M. Hammond (8)
R. E. Hands (6)
C. M. Harley (6)
E. A. Hawdon (6)
L. K. Herbert (8)
R. L. Hickey (8) C.S.
M. J. Horstman (3)
S. V. Hubbard (8) C.S.
M. L. Hudson (9) C.S.
A. J. Jacob (7)
S. E. Kendell (6)
S. J. Keys (8)
V. J. Kiffin-Peterson (7)
C. J. Knox (8)
S. E. Letham (8)
D. J. Macdonald (6)
M. L. Mackay (6)
D. E. Malcolm (8)
S. Malcolm (6)
A. M. McBain (4)
P. J. McDonald (3)
J. S. McGibbon (7)
J. A. McGregor (3)
S. M. McLean (5)
J. A. McLennan (6)
C. A. McSwain (4)
R. S. Oldham (8)
H. L. Parkinson (3)
A. M. Paterson (9)
D. M. Perks (1)
S. C. Poultney (3)
A. M. Prince (8) T.B.
W. A. Reed (2)
E. G. Reid (6)
M. E. Rose (8) N.B.
S. L. Royal (6)
V. R. Seaby (8)
J. K. Simpson (8)
J. M. Skinner (5)
J. K. Smith (7)
N. J. Smith (4)
S. J. Smith (7)
C. B. Snowden (7)
C. L. Spencer (6)
J. C. Sprigg (7)
J. L. Stewart (5)
D. L. Taggart (5)
L. C. Taylor (8) C.S.
B. Teakle (5)
G. A. Thompson (9) C.S.
J. R. Thornbury (5)
G. M. Trotter (6)
J. A. Twogood (3)
R. van Hattem (7)
N. C. Wakeham (6)
D. F. Warren (5)
E. A. Webster (6)
H. C. Weston (8)
T. Williams (6)

Alliance Francaise Results 1969

Div. II (a)

Pass

J. Goedheer
H. Murray
V. Slee
J. Sutherland

II (b)

H. Bott
H. Brine
K. Digwood
K. James
N. Jeffery
J. Monks
L. A. Williams
P. Eyles

III

J. Anderson
D. Barry
H. Butchart
S. Cornish
J. Dall
S. Duncan (D)
J. Gilmour
L. Herbert
S. Hubbard
J. Simpson
R. Van Hattem (D)
H. Weston
D. Malcolm
G. Challen
M. Hudson
L. Taylor

IV

S. Angeloni
S. Baker
A. Barblett
C. Bean
S. Callander
M. Clark
A. Craig
J. S. Hoare (D)
A. Lissiman
H. McNeil
K. Milloy
A. Morris
F. Nichols
R. Prentice
M. Silcock
M. van Mens
L. Wayman

D.A.S. Results 1969

D—Distinction

DIVISION I

H. Butler
J. Goedheer (D)

DIVISION II

J. Hickson
L. Preen

DIVISION III

J. Anderson (D)
D. Barry
H. Butchart

G. Challen
S. Cornish
H. Domahidy
S. Duncan (D)
S. Hubbard
M. Hudson
M. Mackay
J. Smith
L. Taylor
J. Thornbury
R. van Hattem

DIVISION IVA

A. Balston
R. Douglas
F. England
A. Lissiman
H. Moser
M. A. Smith
M. van Mens
H. Finch

D.A.S. Results 1970

DIVISION I

J. Hickson
L. Preen

DIVISION II

J. Anderson
D. Barry
H. Butchart
G. Challen
H. Domahidy
S. Hubbard
M. Hudson
M. Mackay
J. Smith
L. Taylor
R. van Hattem

DIVISION III

A. Balston
J. Burgoyne
F. England
H. Finch (D)
B. Forsyth
J. Larkins
A. Lissiman (D)
H. Moser (D)
A. Parnell
L. Percy
M. van Mens
J. Westlake

DIVISION IV

J. Barry
B. Butchart (D)
R. Day
A. Delroy
J. Digwood
K. Fuller
H. Hay
V. Hawkins
R. Kenny
H. Love
S. Mackay
R. Sullivan
S. Wilson (D)

P.L.C. O.G.A.

Once again a small band of loyal Old Girls has rallied to form an enthusiastic committee to plan the year for the O.G.A.

The activities have been along the lines of previous years. The Ball drew the largest numbers as usual—mostly from the younger girls, but the committee hopes that if we change the format of the evening we may attract girls from different age groups and thus enlarge the scope of the association.

The annual dinner held in August was voted a great success. This year the venue was the Highway Hotel and judging by the attendance of over 70 members of the O.G.A. from varying age groups this is still popular with old girls generally. This year we invited an old girl to be our after-dinner speaker, and were most interested to hear Jean Versheuer (nee Slatyer) tell us of her work of landscape architecture.

P.L.C. O.G.A. once again invited Old Girls from other schools to their golf day at Cottesloe. In this way we are able to thank the other associations for invitations to their varied "at homes" during the year. Those who attended enjoyed a good morning of golf followed by lunch and P.L.C. were pleased that two of our old girls, Lynley Bower and Judith Nott, won the trophy.

We have ordinary financial members and this year 165 life members. Copies of the "Tartan News" are posted to all financial members and those girls who have just left school. We do urge these girls to join the O.G.A., each year, or better still as life members now. Perhaps your parents would be pleased to do this for you. Even if you are unable to join in the functions you will be kept in touch with the doings of the school, and the O.G.A., and will not find it difficult to link up with your school friends again when you wish.

The committee of the O.G.A. hopes that the future will bring a greater number of Old Girls into the Association. Many now have girls at the school, and so are aware of what is going on, but for many others it is the chance to renew old friendships and enjoy participation in our activities.

Anne Blanckensee

COT FUND 1969

RECEIPTS

	\$	c
Balance in Bank on 22/1/69	43.11	
Contributions	318.26	
Bank Interest	8.76	
	<hr/>	
	\$370.13	

PAYMENTS

	\$	c
Australian Red Cross Society March Appeal	50.00	
University Camp for Children Club	16.00	
Braemar Presbyterian Home for the Aged	20.00	
Freedom from Hunger Campaign	22.00	
W.A. Guild of Business	20.00	
British & Foreign Bible Society	20.00	
Mental Health Assoc.	20.00	
League of Home Help, Meals on Wheels	20.00	
Spastic Welfare Assoc.	20.00	
Paraplegic Assoc. of W.A.	20.00	
Guide Dogs for the Blind	20.00	
Children's Medical Research Foundation ...	25.00	
Presbyterian Women's Association:		
A.I.M.	25.00	
Aborigines and Overseas		
Mission	25.00	
	<hr/>	
	50.00	
	<hr/>	
	323.00	
Balance in Bank as at 9/12/69	47.13	
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	\$370.13	

RELIEF FUND Year 1969

RECEIPTS

	\$	c
Balance in Bank as on 11/3/69	485.91	
Contributions and Tuckshops	593.39	
Bank Interest	14.14	
Swimathon	458.84	
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	\$1552.28	

EXPENSES

	\$	c
Sponsorships	531.50	
Materials for Presbyterian Women's Association Project	5.68	
Inter-Church Aid Force Ten	12.00	
Wheel Chairs for New Guinea	80.00	
Rice Bowl Appeal	249.91	
	<hr/>	
	879.09	
Balance in Bank on 9/12/69	673.19	
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	\$1552.28	

SCHOOL COUNCIL

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W. L. Lapsley, Esq., F.A.F.A.
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Rev. L. G. Maley

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Miss M. Stewart

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

Office Staff: Mrs. M. Cullen, Miss J. Hedemann, Mrs. P. Culley.

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Part-time: Miss S. Bennett, B.A., A.S.D.A.; Mrs. J. Davy, B.A.; Mrs. L. Goldflam, T.C.; Mr. M. F. Han, B.Sc. (Hons.); Miss R. Harrington, B.A.; Mrs. M. Hetherington, B.A.; Mrs. J. House, T.C.; Mrs. L. W. Mackenzie, B.Sc.; Mrs. J. McMahon, T.C.; Mr. A. Marshall (tennis); Miss M. Millar, T.C.; Mr. T. van Kempen.

Librarians: Mrs. B. M. Shield, B.Sc.; Mrs. G. Kennedy, T.C. (assistant, part-time).

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

JUNIOR SCHOOL: Mrs. D. Tyler, T.C. (Head of Junior School); Mrs. M. Davies, T.C.; Miss D. Holmes, T.C.; Mrs. M. Williams, T.C.; Mrs. G. Solomon, T.C.; Miss M. Hubbard, T.C.; Mrs. R. Catt, T.C.; Mrs. V. Loudon, T.C.; Mrs. N. E. Read, T.C. (Kindergarten).

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VQ A. McIlroy
VF A. Gunnell
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IVU J. McGibbon
IVV C. Sprigg
IVS S. Poultney
IIIN A. Morris
IIIO B. Forsyth
IIIH F. Sassella
IIIB L. Williamson
IIF H. Bennison
IIJ M. Howard
IIK L. Burns
IIC B. Gaze
IL L. Ellies
IM M. Howard
ID A. Rogers
IE J. Simpson

Cot Reps.

C. Menzies
S. Wood
R. Gorfin
S. Keys
G. Challen
S. Goedheer
S. Barnes
C. Bean
L. Skelton
D. Smith
E. Stenhouse
J. Goldby
J. Rose
C. Gorfin
W. Twilight
G. Cook
C. Kitchen
B. Owen
J. Weigold

Relief Reps.

H. Luckett
H. Bott
M. Williamson
D. Barry
V. Kiffin-Petersen
B. Abbott
J. Twogood
H. Finch
J. Ingram
W. Davies
S. Geddes
D. Mayrhofer
M. Pearson
L. Biggen
C. Franklin
J. Clive
H. Falloon
B. Owen
J. Warren

