

**KOONABURRA**

**1982**



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# PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE

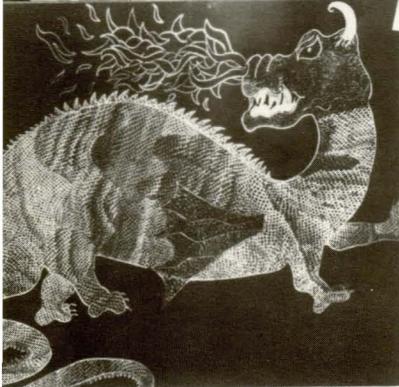
A College of the Uniting Church

# KOOKABURRA

# 1982



CORNER McNEIL AND VIEW STREETS, PEPPERMINT GROVE,  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA 6011



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# Editorial



Left to right: G. Gibbs (Photographer), M. Cohn (Editor), K. McArthur (Photographer).

By the time you get your copy of the 1982 *Kookaburra*, the dreaded and horrifying experience known as the T.A.E. will be over, and 121 ecstatic females will emerge from their cosy cocoons of Black Watch tartan, and fly into a whole new world!

Yes, it's THAT time of the year again when all Year 12s discover that they only have eight weeks until the unmentionable "three letters"—T.A.E.—cease to loom on the horizon and materialise with a rapidity that is frankly fearful! Year 12s disappear into thin air and are no longer seen capering and cavorting in the quad. Instead, the normally deserted library's population is miraculously boosted, as capacity crowds flock to do that "last minute cram".

Before we know it our years at P.L.C. will be memories and we will become a part of those forgotten names which embellish the honour boards in the gym. However, I am sure that the memories of everything that was 1982 at P.L.C. will never be forgotten by "The Class of '82. . . ."

"Everybody's working for the weekend", "Thank God it's Friday", hot-dogs, endless cups of weak canteen coffee, dreading Mondays, the bomb scare, war-cry practice, Cot and Relief, berets, LONG assemblies, liquid paper, new romances, standards, trendies, bus-stops, toffees, "P" plates, shows, exams, pimples, MORE exams, elusive diets, hysterics, "triumph and disaster", lectures, observing builders from the

history room, trying to do tests to the sound of harmonious (?) pneumatic drills, Reverend's sermons, newsletters, Lit. assignments (not another one?), after-school duty, lunchtime gossip, stirring teachers, longing for Rottnest. . . . Need I say more?

For some, their memories will be happy, for others, sad or angry, but I am sure we will all agree that 1982 has been a year of challenges. (Which will hopefully prove to be rewarding for everyone!)

The *Kookaburra* is representative of everyone at P.L.C., and I sincerely hope that it appeals to everybody in at least some way!

P.L.C., along with the rest of the world, is heading into the space-age, and computers are becoming a very important part of our lives (thus the cover.) After all, we are only two years away from George Orwell's predicted 1984. (Hopefully we won't get to the stage when "Big Brother" is watching US!)

No matter how computerised life may become, human nature will always remain the same, and we will all have to face the many problems and prospects that the world has to offer us.

"... whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul . . . with all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy." (Desiderata).

Here's to a happy and successful 1983 for everyone!

Melissa Cohn  
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☺

## Thank You!

A million and one thanks to everyone who has helped me to produce the *Kookaburra*!

Mrs. McMahon and the Media girls for their mammoth effort (especially Karen and Genevieve); Mrs. Godwin for her help and advice; Mr. Mansey for his patience and good humour; the office staff for tackling the tedious typing with tremendous speed, and all sorts of other help.

All the girls who worked above and beyond the call of duty to do reports (especially to those who volunteered and didn't have to be told twice).

Sara Meszaros and Jodie Cooper for all the time and effort that they put into the magnificent artwork; all my great friends (especially Dan) who put up with my constant hysterics and Brett and my family for lots of encouragement!

Without you it wouldn't have been possible.

Thank you! M.J.C.

# OFFICIAL REPORTS

## Head Prefect's Report



T. Ventouras

After the initial shock of returning to school and the official induction of the 1982 officials, P.L.C. settled down to an interesting, enjoyable yet constructive year.

The position of Head Prefect was made so much easier by the positive attitude and the great sense of unity that the school adopted.

As it is, there were some disappointments, although the rewards far outweighed these.

In First Term P.L.C. won the Inter-School Swimming Carnival again, and we were also hostess school. This laid a good basis to start the year off.

Also in First Term the Year 12 Annual School Dance was held. It showed the fantastic co-operation and unity that existed between the Year 12s. Every Year 12 contributed by wrapping boxes in silver, pink or white to decorate the hall. I believe that because all girls were directly involved with the School Dance, it proved to be a great success!

In Second Term the performing arts and the inter-house athletics occupied most students' time. Most girls participated but it was disappointing to see

some girls stand back and let others do the work. If you believe you can learn self-motivation at school it will make forth-coming years successful and you will have a much more fulfilling school life.

During this term P.L.C. also hosted the Annual Prefects' Meeting which proved to be most successful. It was a good opportunity for officials and the Student Council to look critically at themselves and their involvement with each other.

At this point I would especially like to thank Veronica, Katy and Margie for their untiring efforts throughout the year, and to the Student Council, who, I am sure, will never forget our eventful Thursday morning meetings!

To the school as a whole I would personally like to extend my thanks for the co-operation you have given me, especially in regard to such things as correct wearing of the uniform. I felt that during the year the majority of girls came to terms with the fact that you DO have to wear a beret at some stage during the school year.

Well, the year has drawn to a close and I am sure most Year 12s will have strong feelings about leaving "our sheltered life at school". Obviously there will be those who cannot wait to leave school and decapitate their pom-poms on their beret, but I am sure even those girls will feel a little sad during their last days of school life at P.L.C.

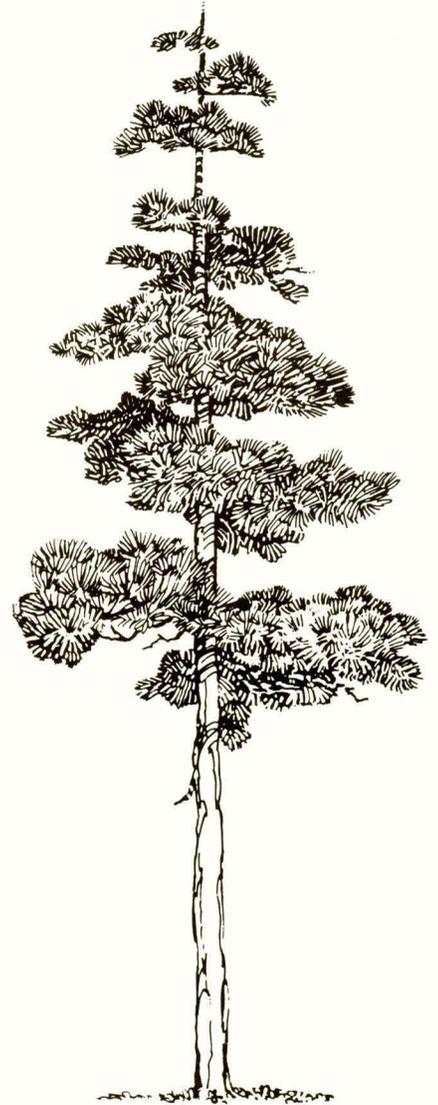
I would like to thank Miss Barr for her continued encouragement throughout the year, and Mrs. Day and Mrs. West for their support in Miss Barr's absence during Second Term.

I wish everyone associated with P.L.C. a great year in 1983—also good luck to next year's officials and Head Prefect, Helen de Burgh.

Best wishes.

THEONA VENTOURAS

*The Year Of ...  
"The Tree"*



# BOARDING HOUSE

A "Boarding House Report"? What on earth is a "Boarding House Report"? . . . "There was a report from the boarding house as the lights blacked out and the S.E.C. was cursed" . . . "there was a loud report from the boarding house as the fire alarm began another oratory" . . . "there was an even louder report from dorm 34 as yet another Year 12 realised that the T.A.E. is only 10 weeks away!"

Well, the year got off to a start with no big bangs and things ran pretty smoothly, beginning with the traditional trip to Rottnest on the first Saturday of term. This was enjoyed by the majority of younger girls although several of the older girls and those who have been here longer mentioned that it would be nice to go to a different place—any good suggestions?

Once again the girls of P.L.C. were called on to help with the annual Red Cross Doorknock Appeal. However, the apathetic response resulted in only about 18 girls taking part, and as there was the whole of the area between M.L.C. and P.L.C. on the river side of the Stirling Highway to cover, our task was not easy. Very hearty congratulations to those who did help, though (despite the blustery conditions)—over \$600 was collected. It is very rewarding to know that our time and help was so worthwhile.

Several Boarders' Markets were conducted to raise money for boarding house amenities, and a poster competition to advertise the market was held in July. The results were good and the posters were brilliant—the great talents of the boarding house were revealed and displayed around the school, considerably brightening the place up! The eventual winner from the rest of the very high standard posters was Michelle Murray's.

Several socials were held for girls of younger years and other outings were also arranged. One of the most thoroughly enjoyed outings was the visit to the Entertainment Centre to see the famous Harlem Globetrotters. The evening was highlighted for some by the fact that they got the autographs of some of the Globetrotters!



**PREFECTS.** *Left to right:* C. Fleay, S. Castle, C. Bunny, M. Weir, M. Doncon, J. Hyde.

Weekend activities were also made available. The cake-decorating course conducted by Mrs. Bennett was very rewarding for a number of girls who entered cakes in the 1982 Perth Royal Show—P.L.C. talent on public display again!

Barbeques in the courtyard were held on some weekends and these were kindly organised by the Parents' Association. These were greatly appreciated by the boarders and added variety to the weekend meals.

In general it has been a good year in the boarding house. Sometimes when there are things to be done there is a lack of enthusiasm and spirit, but you may never notice it until you get to Year 12 or if you are trying to organise something. On the other hand, sometimes there is an overwhelming response and a terrific attitude which makes everything so much easier for all concerned—when everyone pulls their weight the load is lighter and the wagon moves faster.

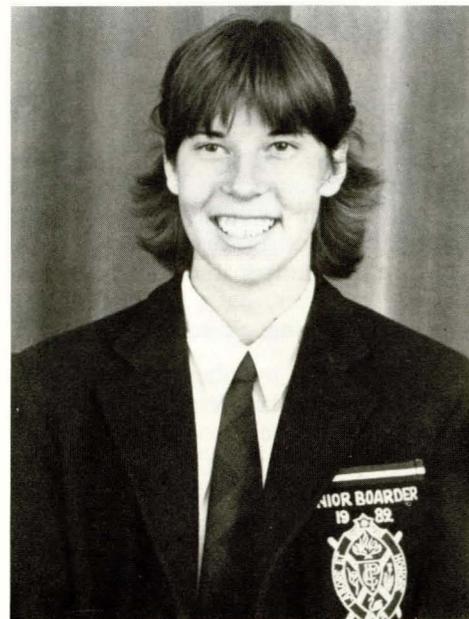
Although some girls experience hardships here, the boarding house is a great place to live and there is always someone you can turn to, though, often it takes hardships, difficulties, and perhaps sorrows before girls realise this. But remember, a boarding house is only as good as you make it.

My thanks must go to Miss Barr, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Stewart (who left us at the end of First Term), Mrs. Hann (who occupied Mrs. Stewart's position during

Second Term), Sister Horton and all the mistresses. My sincere gratitude goes to all the Year 12s in the boarding house who were always willing to stand by and help me, and especially my close friends and the four boarding house prefects. Finally, and most important of all, my greatest appreciation goes to Caroline Bunny, the Deputy Senior Boarder, who is a good friend and a terrific person to work with.

Best of luck to next year's officials and to everyone in the years to come.

*MARGIE WEIR*



# STUDENT COUNCIL



Twenty-two minds, charging at each other, swapping, bartering and shaping. Destiny hinges upon the final motion; these minds collectively hold all power allowed within the constitution.

Such is the scene of the Cabinet room in Federal Parliament. Some have compared this to our own Student Council, but whether it is school council or Federal Parliament the experience for the participants is probably similar.

The Student Council has had another successful but again, rather routine year. Over the year several annual events have been controlled from the council, and these have begun to monopolise its time.

But this year, aside from the very successful school dances for Years 11 and 12, and socials for other years, the council has found time to discuss the demerit system and, more importantly, the introduction of two new houses to increase the number to eight. Both these affairs, however, have proceeded little beyond preliminary discussions.

I am sure all members of our school Student Council have enjoyed the experience and wish the school and following councils success in the exciting years to come. I would also like to thank Miss Barr, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Dharmalingam and Mrs. Godwin for their attendance and contribution.

MIMI CLOUGH

Back row, l. to r.: H. Gladstones, C. Stewart, S. Jones, V. Giles, T. Ventouras, K. Langdon, M. Weir, S. Cook, S. Leighton. Front row, l. to r.: D. Thompson, S. Waddell, A. Kailis, J. Malloch, M. Clough, V. Beresford, C. Bunny.

## Speech Night 1981

Speech Night 1981 was once again a great success. It was held in the Perth Concert Hall which looked as if it was going to explode at the seams with the capacity audience.

The night began with the School Orchestra entertaining the early comers until the official party arrived, piped in by the Year 12 pipers. "God Save the Queen" and the School song, "Land of Our Birth" were sung by all.

Reverend Williams then led us in a prayer which was then followed by the report of the Chairman of Council, Mr. Benson. We then heard the Choral Speaking Group who performed at the Schools' Concert for the Royal visit earlier last year.

As the night proceeded we heard Miss Barr's report in which she spoke of the many achievements the school and individual girls had had last year.

The School Choir then performed, followed by the Moderator's message.

We were fortunate to have Professor Walker to address us with a very interesting, thoughtful and entertaining speech. This was followed by the distribution of many prizes.

The Head Prefect, Andrea Boys, then delivered her thanks and appreciation.

The Jazz Ballet girls performed a very entertaining theme from "Star Wars". This was followed by the Senior Band playing "Close Encounters of the Third King", under the baton of Mr. James.

The night was very sentimental as the band played "Auld Lang Syne" for all the Year 12 girls who were leaving, and also for Mr. Page on his last Speech Night.

Thanks must go to everyone concerned with the magnificent production of Speech Night, which made it such an entertaining and memorable occasion.

JENNIE EASTWOOD, Year 12

# COT and RELIEF



C. Hassell.

Many people outside the school appear rather puzzled on hearing the seemingly enigmatic words "Cot and Relief" for the first time. The Cot Fund was originally begun in 1923 by Miss Finlayson, who was Principal at the time. Money raised by the girls was sent to the Children's Hospital, now Princess Margaret Hospital, in order to pay the cost of a cot.

The very first fund-raising event was an Olde English Faire organised by Miss Finlayson. It involved the whole school and raised £108.

The Relief Fund was begun in 1942, during the war, following a suggestion from senior girls. The idea was to give relief to war victims living in distressed areas in which the war had been fought.

Since then, the Cot and Relief Funds have retained their original names. The total amount in the two Funds up until June 1982 was \$952.34.

The money in the Relief Fund is now divided between the three children and two families whom P.L.C. sponsors

overseas. P.L.C. currently sponsors two families from Korea, Mosele Mothata (14) from Lesotho in Africa, Kalavathy (15) from India and Lavern Lava (16) from St. Vincent in the West Indies. The children correspond regularly with the school and a number of return letters were sent from P.L.C. in first term.

This year each House has put in a special effort to raise money for Save the Children's Fund Rice Bowl Appeal in the form of a week of concentrated fund-raising activity. The relief fund also supports Force Ten and the Aboriginal College Canteen.

The money in the Cot Fund is given to local organisations such as Rocky Bay Village, Wanslea, Princess Margaret Hospital and King Edward Memorial Hospital. This year the girls have tried to become more personally involved with those whom they support. Each House has chosen a particular charity to which some of the money raised by the House is donated. The girls have been encouraged to visit the organisations and people whom they are helping.

Last December I delivered a cheque to Miss Denny, the Matron of King

Edward Memorial Hospital. She invited me back to tour the hospital with some school friends. It makes the effort of fund-raising worthwhile when one sees the actual use to which the money is put. I left the hospital inspired to try to do my job well and encourage others to give for the benefit of the needy.

Encouraging girls to join in has seemed an uphill task at times but it has been extremely gratifying to discover a positive response. Thank you to all who have supported House fund-raising and especially to those who have willingly volunteered to assist in the various street appeals and door-knocks in which P.L.C. participates, and to those who have replied to the letters from the sponsored children.

Finally, I would like to thank Maryellen, Katrina, Sophia, Sarah, Janie, and Bronwynne, the House Cot and Relief organisers who have supported me untiringly throughout the year.

Best of luck to next year's Cot and Relief organisers. I hope you enjoy 1983 as much as I have enjoyed 1982.

CATHY HASSELL



Top, left:  
K. Fairweather, McNeil.

Top, centre:  
S. Hall, Stewart.

Top, right:  
S. Wright, Ferguson.

Far left:  
J. Sands, Baird.

Left:  
M. Yencken, Carmichael.

# BAIRD

Baird has continued this year with their great enthusiasm for participating in the many house activities. Our successes throughout the year may be attributed to the girls' co-operation and effort in every activity.

One of the greatest successes this year would be the fashion parade, organised in aid of the deaf children's hostel in Daglish. Much credit should go to Janie Sands and Mrs. Haustead in the organisation and co-ordination of the evening, which raised over \$650. The Year 8s did a fantastic job in decorating the catwalk. Years 11 and 12 may be credited on their modelling techniques and Nikki Wendt on compering the show.

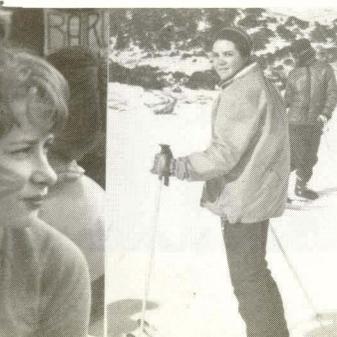
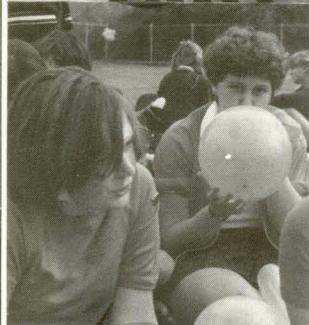
There have been some pleasing results on the sporting field. Participation, again, was excellent, and we were unlucky to get put out in some of the final games. The Year 8 and 9 hockey team represented Baird in the grand final. The Year 10, 11 and 12 netball and hockey teams also gave creditable performances. The Inter-house Swimming was quite well supported and good performances were given by many individuals. Sue's efforts in the organisation of teams was greatly appreciated.

The field of Arts is one in which Baird tries very hard. Participation is always excellent as is the girls' enthusiasm. In the Public Speaking competition Erica Kennealy produced an entertaining speech and came runner-up in the Year 10 section. Functional Arts entries were very good and the competition was well supported, a field of the Arts competition in which Annique Gutteridge, Lyn Anderson and Collette Saunders did very well. The House Band over the years has improved in numbers and in sound (?). A commendable performance was given by our musicians.

This year's house play, "Talking Shop", was excellent in the eyes of many loyal Baird supporters. Much work was put into the play by all involved. Thanks to Heather Mitchell who directed the play, Mrs. Wood who helped tremendously, and the backstage crew. The actresses all gave very good performances. Congratulations to Nikki Wendt who won joint best actress for her performance as Grandpa. We came equal fifth with Carmichael and all the scores were apparently very close. I hope Baird continues to put as much effort into everything in 1983 as they did for the play.

Baird House has improved in spirit and participation over the past years and will most probably continue to do so. Thanks must also go to all the girls in Baird House and to the teachers who have provided great support for us. Mrs. Stenhouse, our House Adviser, Mrs. Haustead and Mrs. Wood have all been tremendous. Sue, Heather and I would like to thank all the teachers and girls for their enthusiasm. Keep up your house spirit and enthusiasm for next year's officials and please give them the support that you all gave us.

VICTORIA BERESFORD



# CARMICHAEL

The first major event of the year was the Inter-house Swimming Sports. Pale blue-clad bodies expelled raucous screams of enthusiasm to the participators, and well-known cries filled the air. Special congratulations to the acknowledged aquatic members of the house—Tiffany Trail, Selena Fitzgerald and Veronica Giles. Thanks also go to Veronica and Jody for their great organisation.

Carmichael won other sporting activities throughout the year—the Senior Tennis, Junior Inter-house Netball, Senior Netball, and Senior Volleyball.

The last major sporting event was the Athletics. The blue legs seemed to lack natural marching ability but there were other great successes on the day including Tiffanie as Year 9 champion and Sally as Year 11 champion. Thanks also go to the Year 11s for their help with the Athletics.

Carmichael has been extremely busy this year with the many Arts competitions. The Public Speaking was the first competition and Bronwen Luke, Heather Williams, and Melissa Hasluck spoke extremely well in the finals. The next activity was the Functional Arts. Thanks go to all those who contributed to the Functional Arts Festival, particularly to the Year 11 boarders who assisted in the organisation. The mammoth cookery queen, Veronica Giles, displayed great talent in mass production, and over all Carmichael gained third place.

The Band Competition was also viewed with enthusiasm. Carmichael played "Rock Explosion" and every possible person was included in our performance. The band was composed of cellos and a violin player, as well as the usual instruments.

The next event was the Play Competition. After an incredible search for a suitable play, Melissa discovered one called "The Man Who Would Not Go to Heaven". The cast was made up from all years, which gave an opportunity to younger years to gain experience. The girls in the play were Pippa Nash, Fiona Argyle, Sara Macliver, Heather Williams, Libby Bryant, Alison Manners, Alexandra Jones, Bronwen Luke, Theona Ventouras, Megan Longwell and many angels and willing backstage workers. Well done to everyone involved, especially to Melissa who directed the play.

The gateway to heaven was beautifully made, but fell over during the performance which gave the audience a laugh when Alex added "They don't make heaven the way they used to."

Another big activity in the field of Arts is the Performing Arts. Congratulations to all the talented performers: the winner of the Junior Solo Singing, Anne-Marie Thompson; the winner of the Senior Speech, Theona Ventouras; the winner of the Senior Woodwind, Cathy Hassell; the winners of the other sections, and also to everyone else who helped. Well done to Alex on her impromptu solo singing and thanks also to Sara Macliver for a great effort. There was such involvement and enthusiasm from all the performers, which achieved such a high standard. Carmichael won the festival and won overall, which was fantastic!

The Cot and Relief activities have continued throughout the year. They have consisted of a Hot-dog Day, Cake Stalls, a Spider Day, a Crumpet and Muffin Day, and Guess When the Clock Stops Competition. Thanks go to Cathy and Maryellen.

Special thanks to the staff of the house, especially to Mrs. "J" and Mrs. Bull for their endless encouragement and assistance. Also, thanks to Mrs. Betts for her great help with the choir, and for accompanying on the piano many of the girls performing in the festival. Thank you to Mrs. Church for her assistance with public speaking and the play.

Last of all, thank you to the house for the spirit that has been fostered throughout the many different activities during the year.

Lots of luck to the House Captain and the other house officials for next year!

DANIELLE THOMPSON



# FERGUSON

Well, next year can be nothing but rosy-red for all Fergusonites. As officials for Ferguson in 1982 Jessica Malloch (Sports Captain), Helen Gladstones (Arts Captain) and I could hardly have asked (demanded?) more from Ferguson than the house gave.

We started the year off brilliantly, winning the Inter-house Swimming Trophy for the first time in seven years. Congratulations must go to Mandy Linton (Year 8), Karen McCowan (Year 9), Pip Evans (Year 10), Nina Fitch (Year 11) and Jessica, who all did excellently in the swimming, performing super-humanly.

Our next effort was the Band Competition, and although we came last the effort was there. Thanks to all those girls who participated, especially Rachel Stafford and Helen. The Arts Festival was a more inspirational event and Ferguson gained an overall fourth place—which can be improved upon by ALL Fergusonites in 1983.

Our big Second Term event was the House Play—“Ernie’s Incredible Illucinations” directed by Helen Gladstones—a gargantuan task well done. Ferguson earned first place due to our most talented actresses, and Anna Gubbay was awarded best actress for her part in the play. Thank you to Mrs. Hetherington, Miss Reilly and Mrs. McArthur for their advice and support.

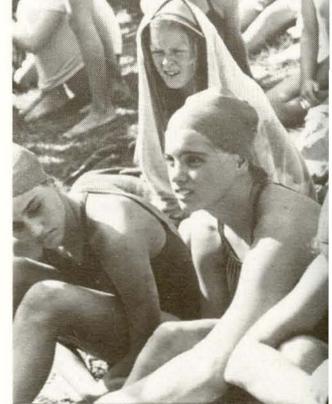
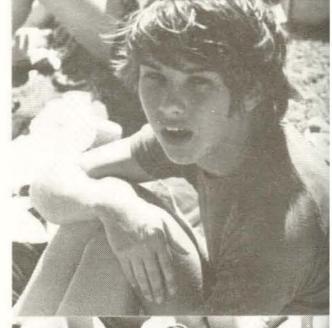
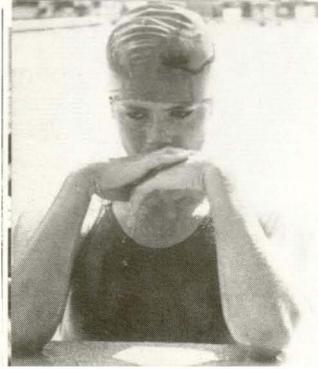
In team events, Ferguson did relatively well, but there is still room for improvement which I am sure will happen in 1983. Thank you to Linda Braddock, Nina Fitch and Anna Miles for their help in organising sport. Athletics was not as successful as we might have hoped (we came last!) but next year. . . . It is essential that Fergusonites support activities to the very end, as we know what we can do with little support!

A more consistent effort in raising money for Cot and Relief is necessary for next year if we are to improve our prowess as money raisers. We have never been famous for our fund-raising activities but next year. . . . (First time for everything!)

Thank you to all Fergusonites and house teachers for making our final year so fantastic. Optimism and participation will thrust Ferguson into 1983. If Ferguson supports 1983’s officials as Helen, Jessica and I were supported . . . there will be no holding us back. Move over all you others, Ferguson is coming through.

Best of luck to house officials in 1983, and everybody else.

CAROLINE STEWART



# McNEIL

To whom it may concern: this is a modest report on one of the leading houses in 1982, led by Mrs. Mac' and her team of Mighty Macs.

We started off the year on a successful note as runner-up in the Swimming, despite our enormous amphibious talent. Thanks must go to Katie for her excellent organisation before and on the day, and to supporters on the bank. Congratulations to Jodie Phillips (Year 8 Champion) and Sally Gordon (Year 10 Champion). Other summer sports were volleyball and tennis. Winter sports contested were hockey, basketball and netball. The athletics proved to be a cause for celebration. The participation in standards and our fleet-footed team became a combination too powerful for the other houses. Katie and I, like proud mothers, willingly accepted the trophy.

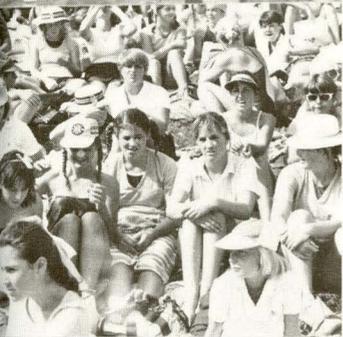
In the arts arena our orators gained second place overall, with Vanessa Farrell and Katy Langdon (who won the senior section) appearing in the finals. Despite Amanda's absence, the Functional Arts was added to our list of successes. Thanks also to the Year 11s for their help. Musicians brought victory with second place in the Band Competition. The House Play, "Streuth", was a play about an amateur play, directed and produced by Katrina, Amanda and company. Budding performers and others gained second place in the Performing Arts, giving us second place overall in the Arts.

We have had some very successful Cot and Relief ventures, the most prominent being the Casual Day that saw teachers and students dressed up against the cold.

Our "project" this year was Rocky Bay Village in Mosman Park. Several trips were arranged for girls willing to help with various activities after school.

I would like to thank all McNeil girls for their support and participation throughout the year, making it such a fun and successful one, and thanks to the house teachers and Mrs. McMahon for their help. Katie, Amanda and I have had a rage this year and good luck in 1983 to the officials and the whole house!

SALLY COOK



# STEWART

What a year!

Megan, Susheela and I want to thank you for your continual support throughout the year. In return I must thank them too, including Sophia, who organised Cot and Relief.

Regarding sport, we did well in swimming standard points due to the enthusiasm of the younger years, which enabled us to come fourth in the Inter-house Swimming Competition. These girls, after a little hesitation, swam races like the 50 m butterfly (which is dreaded by most), just to gain points for Stewart. With support from girls like this, Stewart is sure to come through again like last year when we were Champion House. We were successful in reaching the finals in Years 11 and 12 Tennis, Years 10, 11 and 12 Netball, and Years 8 and 9 Hockey. All girls who participated are to be commended, and as most did, the whole house can be commended.

We started the year enthusiastically with our public speakers all getting into the second round; however, despite their valiant efforts they were defeated. The Stewart Band came fourth in the last Inter-house Band Competition after many exhausting rehearsals. The Functional Arts entries were numerous and of a high standard in all sections. However, we excelled in the Art and Craft section by coming first, with many thanks to Seet Lai Ho and Heather Stewart. We finished second overall. Stewart's House Play, "The Enchanted Christmas Tree", was a great success, producing the result of third in the competition at Scotch College. Thanks must go to all girls who participated.

It has been a successful year for Stewart and I would like to thank all the teachers for their support. On behalf of the house, I would like to extend my thanks to the Year 12s and wish them good luck in their pursuits in 1983. Good luck to next year's house officials and good luck Stewart.

*SIMONE JONES*



# SUMMERS

Sue, Sue and Sylvia from Summers.

Although this combination proved confusing sometimes it added to the fun and excitement of our house. Summers, named in honour of Dr. Summers, was started in 1977 and, with a motto of "Aim High", has competed successfully since its first year, this year not being an exception. Our Summers Sport has improved incredibly under the helpful and organised eye of Sylvia. Even though we did not feature in the Swimming Carnival, our team efforts and spirit have improved dramatically since last year.

Our warmest thanks must go to Karen McArthur for her unrewarded enthusiasm and determination during the swimming season.

Summers Arts have been very successful this year. Sue D. had managed to organise and do a million and one things, all superbly. "Hoedown", "Scotland the Brave" and a few rehearsals won us the Band Competition, with Sue's determination and help from the Band Leader, Anne Robinson. Summers is well known for its outspoken people and this showed in the Public Speaking. Thanks to Alex Denham, Cathy Robinson and Jane Sanders who won their individual sections. Nina Young also reached the grand finals. Sue's marathon solo effort on the House Plays was outstanding. Our second place was thoroughly deserved. "The Odyssey of Runyon Jones" was almost as good as "Godspell". Summers featured well in this Christchurch/P.L.C. production. Our stars were Sue Denham, Nina Young, Anne Reid, Miranda Picton-Warlow, Jo Denham and Phillipa Clarke. Congratulations must also go to Jenny Marsh, in the State Basketball Team; Anne and Julie Reid who won Singing Scholarships; Julie Waddell in the State Under-19 Hockey Team; and our Sports Captain, Sylvia, who won a Rotary Scholarship.

Although Summers did not feature brilliantly in the Performing Arts, Athletics or Marching, at least we are consistent, with fourth being our favourite place. Even though this is not up to our normal high standard where the arts are concerned, I am sure this is just a temporary lapse and we will fire again next year. Our athletics and marching are much improved from our normal last, and it's good to see an improvement in areas where both personal and team efforts are required simultaneously. A marvellous performance by Jenny Marsh gained her the Year 8 Championship. It makes all the work worthwhile, doesn't it? Good luck for the years to come.

The introduction of house teacher groups has helped draw the house together and improved our spirit. Although we have done particularly well this year, this is not the most important aspect of life in a house group. Sport and competition should be enjoyed and entered into with enthusiasm. Just watch a senior hockey match between Carmichael and Summers! Unfortunately, most juniors see participation as a duty and something to be avoided at all cost. If this attitude was not a pre-requisite for all players or actors or performers then people might find that they enjoy themselves. We have tried to encourage enthusiasm, spirit and participation in our house so that more people can experience the joy of participating for a house, and so a selected few don't end up doing everything and hating it. We hope we have succeeded.

Thanks to all the kids in Summers for being so friendly and accepting us. It made our lives much easier. A house is only as good as the people in it. We think you're terrific. Keep it up.

Good luck.

SUE WADDELL





K. Langdon

Congratulations to everyone who has participated in or enjoyed seeing the arts activities this year. Congratulations and many thanks must also be given to the arts captains for the fine work they have done. I am sure that Amanda, Helen, Sue, Melissa, Susheela and last and littlest, Heather, have all felt satisfied and frustrated by their efforts.

The term for a position as an arts captain begins in Third Term of Year 11 and the first items which loom upon the calendar are the inter-house choirs and debating competitions. On October 28th the six frightened novices presented their choirs and the results were surprisingly pleasant. The Carmichael choir proved too melodic. Unfortunately, juicy topics for the debating were difficult to find; however, overall, the competition was very successful and there was some excellent arguing at the finals. Summers House showed their strength in this field and reached the finals in three out of the four sections. The inter-school debating teams have also done very well this year and have retained their enthusiasm despite their meagre recognition.

First Term saw the return of the seven of us charged with enthusiasm and we were soon immersed in the preparations for the house band, drama and public speaking competitions. Choosing topics again proved to be a difficult task but eventually all the competitors spoke on something, even if it was only the school uniform. The finals were extremely entertaining with Bronwen Luke almost leading the student body to revolution. Melissa Hasluck's saucy comments,

# ARTS

which I'm sure went over most (?) of the audience's heads, caused many a chuckle amongst the staff, and another speaker with her morbid humour also caused a few red faces.

The House Bands Competition is always a chore for some houses because of the unusual combination of instruments or the lack of a combination of instruments which they have to work with. Summers' polished rendition of "Hoedown" led to victory with McNeil's "Hogan's Heroes" not so far behind.

The Functional Arts Festival lacked a little of the lustre it has had in previous years although there were some excellent entries, especially those by Jane Sanders.

The House Plays were again a stunning success with plays which varied from the abstract through the satirical to an Australian comedy. The red menace struck here with Helen's slick production of "Ernie's Incredible Illucinations"—which earned a well-deserved first and revealed a superb actress in Anna Gubbay. Equal best actress was Nikki Wendt, in Baird's play as none other than Grandpa Dingle. Summers' Harpe (Nina Young) and McNeil's dead body (a dilapidated shop dummy) were also features of the festival.

The Arts Festival was well supported and as usual there were some tireless performers. Who will forget "Summer Loving", or Nikki and "If They Could See Me Now", or Helen and Simone's sweet version of Neil Young, or the Reid angels, or those Hare Krishnas—or Theona announcing Carmichael's victory?

The staff at P.L.C. must also be commended on their superb performances in the "grand finale" of the Arts Festival. The revelations of some of their secret dreams were a little disturbing, however, with the mild mannered Mr. Melville admitting to wishing he was a policeman, and even worse, Mrs. Wood, the bad tempered John McEnroe. Reverend Williams starred again this year and we were privileged enough to get a view of a pair of shapely knees. The three little maids sang very sweetly; however, their dancing gave away their true profession.

Throughout 1982, the arts at P.L.C. have suffered some serious losses as well as felt some inspiring boosts. Mrs. Dharmalingam is leaving P.L.C. this year, and on behalf of this year's arts captains, and all the girls she has encouraged over these last ten years, I would like to thank her for her interest, support and dedication.

It is Third Term again so the seven of us arts captains have settled down to a bit of study. Good luck to next year's officials and I hope you work well together and devise some successful schemes to encourage participation, and try not to resort to bribery.

Bye for now!

KATY LANGDON



# CHOIR



Back row, l. to r.: K. Langdon, V. Rayner, H. de Burgh, S. Herzfeld, R. Smith, S. Dharmalingam, A. Kibblewhite, C. Smith, E. Bowen, S. Hall. Fourth row, l. to r.: J. van den Hoek, K. Kelly, H. Gladstones, N. Antoine, E. Anderson, S. Debnam, A. Walker, A. Reid, J. Reid, D. O'Connor, A. Jones, R. Smith. Third row, l. to r.: C. Robins, M. Mazzucchelli, F. Frazer, K.

Kneebone, K. Wilson, S. Macliver, A. Thompson, A. Stimson, S. van den Hoek, A. Bunning, M. Lang. Second row, l. to r.: C. Hatch, C. Stratton, K. McCowan, M. Murray, R. Walker, J. Cox, A. McKenna, S. Waddell, R. Harding. P. Clarke. Front row: l. to r.: A. Clarke, R. Cotton, J. Harkness, S. Williams, B. Luke, M. Way, K. Godwin, K. Bullock, S. Legge.

We started this year differently when a small group from the choir sang at Peta-Jane Smith's wedding, with Katy Langdon as the soloist, singing "The Wedding Song".

We performed for the Easter Service singing "Christ is Arisen".

The choir then went into recess until the beginning of Second Term as Mrs. Page left on a well-deserved holiday (Long Service Leave).

With the arrival of Second Term came Mr. Lambert and the enormous increase in the number of choir members.

Our first performance with Mr. Lambert was the annual Church Service,

when we sang "Crimond", "Take my Life" and "God be in My Head". We also performed at the Performing Arts Concert, singing "It's a Good Day for a Song" and "The Water is Wide".

We are now looking forward to Speech Night and rehearsals will start soon.

In spite of the crowded conditions we have enjoyed choir very much, and thanks must go to Mr. Lambert for his enthusiasm in training our many voices.

SUSHEELA DHARMALINGAM,  
ANNE REID



# SCHOOL BAND



*Back row, l. to r.:* A. Kailis, H. Gladstones, K. Medcalf, N. Fancott, D. Perkins, K. Langdon, N. Young, N. Smith, F. Kelsall, M. Evans, S. Leighton, J. Eastwood, T. Newton, V. Giles, S. Evans, V. Rosser, D. Thompson. *Fifth row, l. to r.:* K. Triggs, K. Purser, A. Willis, M. Atchison, H. Oliver, R. Walker, S. Cook, A. Bunning, A. Robinson, M. Clough, R. Smith, T. Ventouras, J. van den Hoek, A. Walker. *Fourth row, l. to r.:* H. de Burgh, R. Maclean, D. Cook, M. Yencken, K. Benney, K. Cox, G. Vincent, S. Waddell, A. Stimson, S. Dharmalingam, N. Antoine, E. Anderson, C. Walkley, R. Stafford, P. Wright, A. Robertson, F. Cooke. *Third row, l. to r.:*

A. McTaggart, E. Bryant, A. Eastwood, B. Luke, K. Bullock, S. Nathan, L. Bremner, A. Thompson, S. Carter, B. Green, M. Gillett, S. Kennealy, C. O'Dea, C. Hassell, M. Gregg. *Second row, l. to r.:* Mr. B. Rust, G. Denny, A. Leeming, J. Quinlivan, A. O'Connor, K. Luck, A. Seymour, K. Oakley, S. Horley, R. Hewett, P. Clarke, J. Crawford, J. Bowman, Mr. T. Lambert. *Front row, l. to r.:* S. Hogg, F. Hogg, V. Farrell, J. Anderson, L. McCusker, F. Dowling, M. Hopkins, D. House, S. Page, M. Murray, A. Brown, J. Martin.

1982 can perhaps be described as the year of change in music at P.L.C. Between the sad departure of Mr. Page due to illness, and the happy arrival of Mr. Lambert from South Australia, music direction was in the capable hands of Mr. James, ably assisted by Mr. Rust. Both gentlemen spent many hours training the band in marching practice at 7.30 a.m. every morning (as many neighbours will remember) for participation in the Anzac Day Parade. Happy memories still exist of the P.L.C. Band leading naval veterans in the parade. The excellent performance of the girls, the moving cheers and congratulations of the ex-naval representatives, made the many early morning practices at the school worth the effort.

One of Mr. Page's last duties at the school was to adjudicate the inter-house Band Competition, which was won by Summers.

Second and third term engagements are to include an arts concert at the end of second term, marching at the Perth Royal Show, a performance at the Grove, a band competition at John Forrest Senior High School and the final performance will be Speech Night.

I hope girls of future years will widen the strength of music at P.L.C. by working hard to develop the Orchestra and Swing Band and improve even further the standard of our School Band. On behalf of the Year 12 band members I would like to thank Mr. Lambert, Mr. James and Mr. Rust for the support they continuously give the band, and I wish the band every success for 1983.

ANNE ROBINSON, Band Captain



# TRAINING BAND



*Back row, l. to r.:* A. O'Donovan, A. Brown, A. Crabbe, A. Zwicky, C. Smith, S. van den Hoek, M. Antoine, S. Macliver, M. Mazzuchelli. *Third row, l. to r.:* G. Miller, J. Cox, C. Blandford, W. Clarke, R. Smith, N. Brown, K. Leighton, M. Livingstone, A. Morris. *Second row, l. to r.:* A. O'Brien, S. Norlin, C. Bannister, S. Ormonde, J. Gollinger, E. Cumbor, E. Cerini, P. Rollo. *Front row, l. to r.:* Mr. B. Rust, N. Day, J. Stratton, J. Martin, A. Burgess, M. Murray, Mr. T. Lambert.



**BAND CAPTAINS.** *Left to right:* S. Debnam, A. Robinson.

# ORCHESTRA



*Back row, l. to r.:* A. Rees, R. Hewett, S. Horley, A. Seymour, A. Wegner, N. Brown, K. Leighton, K. Kelley, E. Willis. *Fouth row, l. to r.:* C. Hatch, P. Clarke, C. Howard, L. Bremner, C. O'Dea, F. Hogg, M. Evans, N. Smith. *Third row, l. to r.:* B. Smith, A. Rodgers, L. Motherwell, M. Carew-Reid, M.

Lang, M. Williams, H. Williams. *Second row, l. to r.:* H. de Burgh, K. Oakley, K. Langdon, Mr. T. Lambert, H. Gladstones, S. Debnam, E. Anderson. *Front row, l. to r.:* M. Adams, H. Turner, A. Brackenridge, M. Brackenridge, N. Silbert, F. Williams, N. Antoine.

# STAGE BAND



Back row, l. to r.: G. Gibbs, S. van den Hoek, C. Smith, Mr. B. James, F. Raven, A. Robinson, A. Stimson. Second row, l. to r.: J. Cox, P. Wright, J. van den Hoek, R. Smith, S. Dharmalingam, M. Evans. Front row, l. to r.: K. Triggs, A. Walker, L. Bremner, A. Thompson.

# PIPE BAND



Back row, l. to r.: K. Lefroy, R. Abbott, K. Klug, Mrs. K. Jones, Mrs. A. Miller, A. Miles, S. Brazier, R. Sampson. Second row, l. to r.: W. Quilty, G. More, S. Matthews, K. Miles, T. Staines, R. Cotton, A. Lapping, E. Kennealy. Front row, l. to r.: J. Fisher, J. Bowman, R. Lapsley, K. Johnston, T. Reid, S. Fisher.

# Band Competition

On Sunday, September 26th, the P.L.C. Senior Band took part in the S.G.I.O. Western Australian Schools' Band Festival held at John Forrest Senior High School.

At the conclusion of the festival, Sir Charles Court presented the 26 participating bands with their certificates.

P.L.C. was judged excellent in their division.

Many thanks to the girls of the band and music staff who gave up hours of their free time (including weekends) to rehearse for this occasion. I'm sure the girls felt it was a worthwhile experience.

ANNE ROBINSON, Band Captain

# Mr. Page

When asked to write the Memoriam to Mr. Eric Page, I had to convince myself he was no longer one of us in the Music Rooms at P.L.C.; yet in many respects, he is with us.

I once read "A sudden ending brings an awakening of a lifetime of lovely memories". How true this statement is when related to Mr. Page. The fact that many P.L.C. girls from across the years took time to attend memorial services, and to contact Mrs. Page, showed the deep respect the girls had for him, and the influence he had on the school. "Lovely memories" do exist. Not a note is played without something happening which is a reminder of Mr. Page's comments, humour and personality.

For many months before Mr. Page's forced retirement, at the end of first term, we were aware of the fact he was seriously ill, yet he fought his adversity to guide P.L.C. music students. Such courage should be an example to us all.

On July 8th the school was notified Mr. Page had died suddenly while holidaying in Queensland. Our thoughts were of Mr. Page and for Mrs. Page. No one would deny the influence Mr. Page had on the P.L.C. Music Department. Through his guidance the P.L.C. Band grew in prominence and admiration.

He has gone, but memories remain. I am sure his greatest wish was to see music at P.L.C. expand. I sincerely hope the girls will honour this wish. To his loving wife, I hope "lovely memories" provide strength.

ANNE ROBINSON

Words  
can mean so much  
yet so little.  
Sometimes words touch  
the essence of what  
I am attempting to tell you  
but rarely.

DANIELLE BENDA, Year 10

# House Plays

For weeks cries of anguish and despair could be heard coming from Carmichael Hall. House Play directors were seen with mournful frowns upon their faces, and were even known to threaten to throw themselves off the third floor balcony. But when "The Big Night" arrived and the curtain opened it became obvious that the many hours of practice put in by cast and crew had paid off.

A great variety of plays was performed, ranging from "whodunnits" to heavenly comedies. The time and work that had gone into all the plays was evident from the high standard of performance and it was apparent that both the audience and cast enjoyed themselves.

The first night opened with Ferguson's "Ernie's Incredible Illucinations" which was a superb production, and the fact that it gained first place speaks for itself. Anna Gubbay as Ernie was awarded equal best actress after an excellent performance. Then came McNeil's "Streuth", which I suppose could be described as a play about a play that went wrong. They gained fourth place and certainly kept the audience laughing. Baird's "Talking Shop", set in outback Australia, was very well performed and gained equal fifth place. An unrecognisable Nikki Wendt as Grandfather was also awarded equal best actress.

The second night began with Summers' "The Odyssey of Runyan Jones", which was performed wonderfully by the large cast. It was a very unusual play with some very unusual characters, and well deserved the second place it was awarded. Carmichael's amusing "The Man Who Wouldn't Go to Heaven" was performed next. Again, it was a very unusual play with some great acting. It was awarded equal fifth place. The evening was completed with Stewart's production of "The Enchanted Christmas Tree", which included some excellent singing as well as acting, and gained third place.

Credit for the smoothness with which the plays ran must go to Mrs. Dharmalingam, who seemed to have a solution for the multitude of problems which arose.

*KATRINA FAIRWEATHER*



# “Godspell”

In 1982, Christ Church and P.L.C. combined their talents to produce the rock musical “Godspell”. The show was a raging success thanks to Mrs. Hetherington’s (Mum’s) imagination and patience, Mr. Hutch’s musicality and persistence, Miss Tyler’s agility and Mrs. Mell’s dexterity.

All good gifts of the cast were given a means of expression through “Godspell” and this provided the rest of the cast and crew with some hilarious episodes at rehearsal. The props also proved to be a source of amusement especially the whip and water pistols. Day by day as we learnt our lessons well, our self-consciousness was replaced by a feeling of friendship and security among the cast. The rehearsals, and especially the camp, were great fun because as “Godspell” was shaped, approaches were always changing and talents were shining out of unexpected people, while gradually the bonds between all of us involved grew as we had the rest of the cast by our sides.

Very soon after the camp, as we prepared the way of the show, we beseeched Thee to make it a success. The tap dancers headed by Nikki Wendt (bless her soul) got it right, Nina perfected her shaking, and Sue Denham—well many a man was seen turning back to have a second look at her. Peter Salom and Justin Birchmore were lucky enough to be asked to sing in front of an assembly of girls while Katy Langdon made an impact in the paper. Hamish developed the muscles to wield the whip and his dumb-bells, and Ann Reid developed the vocal cords to reach the peaks in “Bless the Lord”. The light of the world (Nick Reynolds) almost sang “Oh God I’m Dying” in earnest when he ran into a hockey stick the day of the finals. David Hobbs, the chameleon of “Godspell” gave it his all and his best in every show.

Finally the costumes were added and all the girls noticed how stunning Nick, Adrian and David were in their tights. The boys were also fascinated by Jayne, Philippa and the two singing angels of “Godspell”, Anne-Marie Thompson and Sam Legge, in theirs. It was also noticed that P.L.C. girls make stunning clowns as well as sax players, seeds, sheep, goats, fire-eaters, tight-rope walkers, bare-back riders and good-time girls. The term of rehearsing leading to “Godspell” and its success made the crash back to earth when it was all over all the more painful. We had to face five nights a week of homework without a mid-week boost to make it bearable. (Even the 9 999 . . . renditions of “Save the People” are looked back upon fondly these days.)

Anyway, now that “Godspell” has been performed, I’m sure that the cast and crew feel that part of our lives has been hung on the willows there.

KATY LANGDON



# Public Speaking

This year, for the first time, our Inter-house Public Speaking Competition consisted of five divisions—one for each year.

The speeches were most entertaining and of a very high standard, with topics ranging from "We can do better" to "Robin Hood was right" to the macabre "Football and other blood sports".

Our guest adjudicator for the Year 11 and 12 finals was Mr. Gerard Lace, a member of the Jaycees organisation which is actively involved in Public Speaking.

Mr. Lace's eventual decision was:

*Year 12:* Katy Langdon (McNeil) defeated Melissa Hasluck (Carmichael).

*Year 11:* Jane Sanders (Summers) defeated Heather Williams (Carmichael).

The Years 8, 9 and 10 finals were held a few days later, with Miss Linda Vuletic (a former student of P.L.C.) as adjudicator. Her decision was:

*Year 10:* Bronwen Luke (Carmichael) defeated Vanessa Farrell (McNeil).

*Year 9:* Cathy Robins (Summers) defeated Erica Kennealy (Baird).

*Year 8:* Alex Denham (Summers) defeated Bethany Lucas (Ferguson).

The competition was a great success (especially for Summers who ran out winners overall) and a most enjoyable experience for both audience and participants.

As well as our school competition, P.L.C. girls have also participated in Public Speaking competitions run by Jaycees, Rostrum, and the Royal Commonwealth Society.

JANE SANDERS



*Back row, l. to r.:* V. Farrell, J. Sanders, H. Williams, K. Langdon, M. Hasluck. *Front row, l. to r.:* C. Robins, B. Luke, A. Denham, B. Lucas.

# Appreciation

The deaths occurred in 1981 of two members of the College Council, Mr. W. L. Brine and Mr. J. F. Ockerby. Mr. Ockerby was a Life Member of the College Council, and had for many years been Secretary to the College. The school is indebted to Mr. Brine and Mr.

Ockerby for their many years of service and the very great contribution each made to the school. Daughters of both these gentlemen attended P.L.C. and granddaughters are among the present students.

# Amnesty International

"Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person"—Article 3, *United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights*.

The P.L.C. Amnesty group known as Pisces began later in the year than usual, but our group numbers increased in size. Our fund raising effort was well supported and it aided the expenses of our letter writing. Our monthly newsletters gave us details of whom to write to and how to approach them.

What is Amnesty International? It is an organisation that has been formed to aid prisoners of conscience—that is people who have been arrested because of their religious and political beliefs, colour, sex, ethnic origin or language. These prisoners have not used or advocated violence, and their continuing detention is a violation of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. International appeals can help to secure the release of the prisoners or to improve their conditions.

"First they came to fetch the communist. Then they came to fetch the workers, members of trade unions; I did not speak because I was not a trade union activist. Afterwards, they came to fetch the Catholics and the Jews. I did not say anything because I was a Protestant. Eventually they came to fetch me, and nobody was left to speak. . . ." *(Martin Niemoller)*

ANDREA STIMSON, CAROLINE FLEAY  
ANNA KIBBLEWHITE

# School Service

Once again the Annual School Service was a successful occasion. The service on August 22nd is one of the rare official occasions when students, staff and parents join together in their entirety.

St. Andrew's Church was filled to capacity with the sound of singing voices as the school hymn was sung and the Bible and school flag handed over.

During the course of the service the choir, led by Mr. Lambert (Musical Director) sang "Take My Life". The choir, under Mr. Lambert's direction, maintained their previous high standard and reputation. The readings and the sermon delivered by Rev. G. Blyth were interesting and memorable.

The service in commemoration of the decision to found a Presbyterian School for girls in 1915 was closed with the traditional "God be in my Head", and the handing back of the school flag.

KERSTEN NORLIN

# CONTRIBUTIONS

## COPENHAGEN

Nelson, Nelson, what did you see  
As the waters boiled about you  
And the air was filled with smoke and shot  
As the Danish fought to rout you,

When the cannon fired and the air grew  
dark  
As ships began to burn  
And the *Neptune* close on your starboard  
bow  
Was split from prow to stern?

'Neath the splintered masts and fractured  
booms  
And the sails that hung like hair  
What could it have been, Rear Admiral,  
Sir,  
That caused you to linger there?

When the signal came from the "Powers  
Above"  
Who advised you to give up hope?  
What caused you to put to your blinded eye  
Your trusty telescope?

What caused you to cry "I cannot see  
The flags of which you speak.  
Now! Back to the fray to win for ourselves  
The victory that we seek!"

So the Danes were sunk and the battle won  
And in England you were knighted.  
You rode through the streets and waved at  
the crowd,  
Whom patriotism united.

But Nelson, Nelson, how did you feel  
For your men sunk to watery graves?  
Or didn't they count when compared to the  
fact  
That Britannia Rules the Waves?

AMANDA WILLIS, Year 11

## MISCALCULATED FRIENDSHIP

I have tried and failed.  
Done and paid.  
Loved and hated.  
Argued and debated.  
I have had friends and enemies,  
But the best friend was you.  
Now I realise I have lost you too!

COLLETTE SAUNDERS, Year 12

This morning, while I was thinking,  
I hung wet clothes on the line, and  
I saw a glint in the grass.  
I moved forward  
(To get a better view)  
But it disappeared.  
I moved back,  
And it came back again,  
Sparkling, brilliant,  
A myriad bijou colours.  
More radiance  
Than the best-cut diamond,  
Ever  
So I stopped hanging out  
The mundane but clean clothes,  
And watched my little jewel,  
A perfection rivalling the stars,  
I remained and stared  
As the jealous sun rose over the house,  
And my back was warm.  
I watched as my jewel faded,  
Growing pale  
Until finally,  
It evaporated.

HELEN GLADSTONES, Year 12

## YEAR EIGHTS

It is the start of a new school year,  
And the year eights look round, their faces  
hold fear.

Their brand new blouses are crisp and  
white,  
And they all wear ties that are pulled up  
tight.

Their hair is shiny, brushed and neat,  
And their polished shoes gleam on their  
dainty feet.

They stand lonely, lost and scared,  
Will they be in Carmichael, Stewart or  
Baird?

They clutch their books and try to smile,  
While the teacher looks and they drop a  
file.

In assembly their backs are straight and  
stiff,  
And they try not to fiddle, cry or sniff.

In the canteen at lunchtime, as the crowd  
grew,  
The year eights are pushed to the end of the  
queue.

When the siren goes, they collect their bags,  
And their mothers are waiting with their  
Jags.

SALLY WATKINS, Year 11

## STOCKINGS!

I tenderly open the packet.  
Cautiously lift up the lid and pull them  
And they stretch.  
They're black.  
I push my finger through.  
"Oh! No!" I shout. I've made a hole.  
They're stockings.  
The hole begins to run.  
What can I do?  
I must wear stockings with my school  
shoes.  
I've done my best,  
To darn the rest.  
It all comes undone,  
I'll have to leave it to Mum.

H. STEWART, Year 8

*Year Eights*



## WAR IN THE TRENCHES

The stale night air hangs  
above the bodies  
no breeze to freshen the stifling stench  
or movement to replace  
the tent of human odour.

The surroundings are silent, only  
whispers to the Almighty quietly  
echo throughout the trench.

A pen cautiously writes to a loved one,  
using only the dim light of a match  
which sends a weak beam along the hall.  
The ray of comfort lightens the  
narrow passage, though the light  
is soft.

Bodies coated with grot and blood  
are motionless,  
eyes glimmering in the light are  
tearful and anxious,  
though their chins are high  
a weak smile is worn.  
Theirs is a quiet pride and honour.

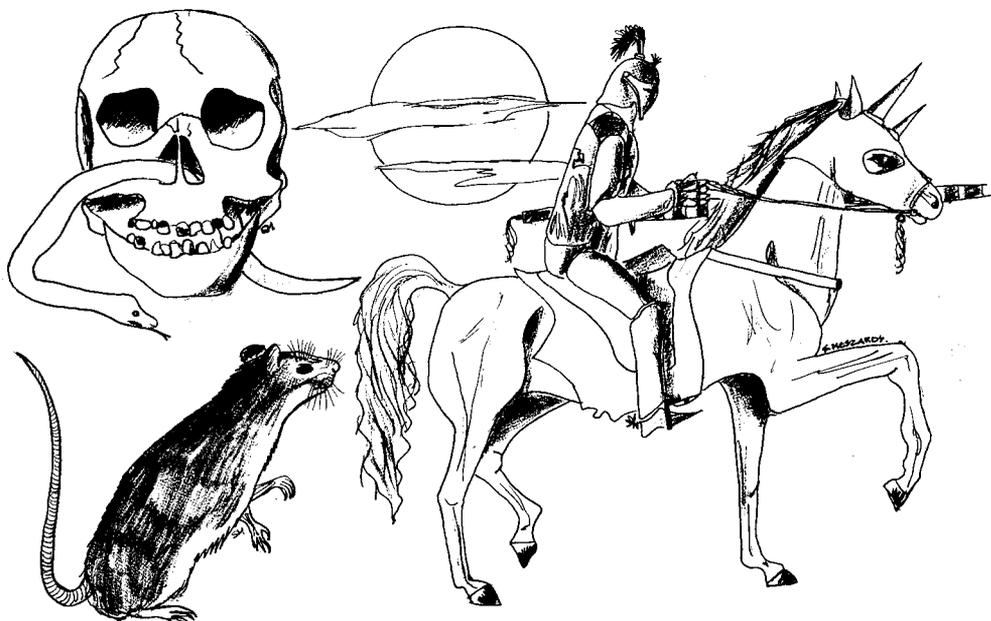
*LESLEY BREMNER, Year 10*

## THE CAPTIVES

Trapped:

Imprisoned by my own thoughts  
Thoughts that race and turn,  
and stop, then start, but always  
end up where they began.  
Like the cars at the speedway  
they tear around, always  
running on the verge of being  
out of control;  
But still on the one track.  
Imprisoned in my house:  
The walls hold me in;  
The roof holds me down;  
The windows let me see what's  
out there but  
they are just teasing:  
I can't get through them.  
Like an ant  
stuck at the bottom  
of an ant lion's trap.  
Struggling up the steep sandy slopes.  
Running harder and faster but  
getting nowhere.  
Able to see the top  
but never reaching it  
And if by chance,  
we reach the top,  
or find a door  
we can escape  
we can be free;  
But, free to do what?  
Where to, then?

*SUE WADDELL, Year 12*



## DEATH OF A FRIEND

What is a tear?  
An icicle of misery?  
An ounce of self-pity?  
A plea for forgiveness?  
A token of love?  
A drop of sadness?  
A start to despair?

Why do I feel empty?  
Why do I mourn?  
Is it selfishness?  
Ignorance?  
Lack of understanding?

As I say goodbye,  
Why is my heart buried too?  
Why can't I feel?  
Why am I empty of emotion?

As night hides my sorrow,  
Why don't I taste salt?  
Why can't I say my final goodbye?  
Am I to lock you inside me?  
Am I never to feel happiness?

I see your face.  
What are you saying?  
Why am I left in confusion?  
Why? Am I saying  
goodbye to more than a loved one?  
Am I saying goodbye to  
that girl I see crying?

I feel my face: dry.  
Do I say why or  
do I say: I understand.

*MARGOT EVANS, Year 10*

## DESTITUTE

Gnarled branches of dying trees.  
Rustle and sway in the whipping breeze.  
Dropping leaves of sullen brown  
That once did float upon its crown.

The lonely house upon the hill,  
Holding dust and creatures ill,  
Does have a sense of majestic sin.  
Who knows the secrets held within?

The pungent smells of rotting wood,  
Tell that there was never good.  
In the gallery, along the wall  
The framed faces seem to call.

The dungeon below smells of the dead.  
Rafters display a decaying head.  
Who was left here years ago?  
To rattle chains and evils sew.

Outside in the blowing gale  
Those who died, dance and sail,  
They re-appear in the pitch black night  
And re-enact their bravest fight.

*COLLETTE SAUNDERS, Year 12*

## CARS

He who sits in them, is a  
reigning monarch,  
He has power,  
He has speed,  
He is superior, supreme!  
And as he wallows in his luxury,  
He leaves a deplorable odour,  
Spoiling, polluting,  
To those who flounder behind.

*BRONWEN LUKE, Year 10*

## THE SILENT WAVES

The golden sun was shining down on five figures. Four of them were in a group; the fifth, smaller boy, trailed along behind as though he had all the time in the world. Suddenly, he started to run, tripping and stumbling as he did so. "Wait for me!" A sorrowful cry came from behind but the plea was not heard, or rather ignored.

Further up the beach the older boys stopped, stripped off and plunged into the cool refreshing water. When finally the small boy reached the scattered pile of clothing he sat down and silently sobbed, for at only six he could not play as the others did and felt left out and rejected. He longed to do what the others did so that he might finally be accepted as "one of them," instead of always being an outsider.

Not long after, the boys returned to the warm sandy beach, and, taking a deep breath, the small boy rubbed away his tears and looked up with a forced, cheerful sort of look.

"Let's climb that," screeched the eldest who was only twelve. On that suggestion they dressed hurriedly and ran towards the nearby rocky cliff. The small boy slowly stood up, began to walk after them and eventually reached the base of the rock. He looked up with horror on his face, but inside him he knew he had to climb it to meet the other boys' approval.

He screwed up all his courage and began to make the first step to the top. For him the climb was difficult. The rocks slipped from his feet, cut into his hands and fingers, although the others seemed to find it easy.

Slowly, dark clouds moved across the sun and the light faded, giving everything a shadowy look. A cool wind started to blow, chilling the small boy to his bones. Trembling with fright he looked up but could no longer see the other boys. He could feel himself weakening and each hand-hold seemed beyond his reach. His senses reeled and the earth seemed to be spinning around him. Suddenly everything went black.

The boys above looked down and saw only the dark waves crashing over the rocks below.

*ANNA BILLINGHAM, Year 10*

## DROWNING?

The water swirls around my head,  
I am engulfed by darkness.  
I let out a scream; it goes by unnoticed.  
My eyes are shut tightly,  
I feel the foam building on my skull.  
Then the gush of the water removes it,  
This water and foam I hate it,  
I am trapped, imprisoned.  
Oh why, why does this happen to me?  
Why must my mother wash my hair?

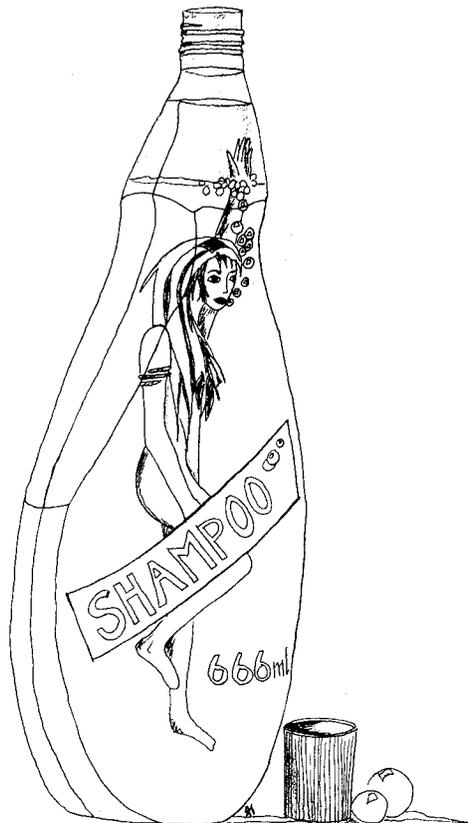
*ELISABETH BRYANT, Year 11*

## THE DEVIL'S TRADEMARK: FIRE

It's crackling  
and spitting  
in front of me—  
staring me in the eyes  
makes me think  
of many things:  
bushfire,  
devastation,  
heartache—  
and in it  
I see images:  
tongue spitting snakes  
squirming here and there;  
roaring lions,  
leaping,  
jumping  
prowling;  
evil devils  
devouring the logs  
we place within their reach—  
and then as I sit  
the flames die down—  
leaving red hot coals—  
like devils' footprints  
left in their place.

*ANNALEE FERSTAT, Year 9*

*Drowning*



## ON THE MARSH

The first rays of sunlight were glinting on the deserted marsh. Deserted that is, apart from the birds.

The sound of light footsteps moving at a hurried pace were heard in the distance, and from over the top of the hill appeared the figure of a young girl. She was about twelve years old and had blonde hair and a fair complexion; she was also rather dirty.

"Oh darn," she whispered angrily to herself. "I've missed it." She was referring to the sunrise.

She stood still for a moment, listening to the harsh cries of the seagulls and the faint sounds of the skylarks high above.

The wind rustled slightly through the trees and high up in the sky the grey clouds were racing about.

She began to walk towards the sea and for some reason stopped suddenly.

She listened intently to a sound that her sharp, attentive ears had caught. It was a sound she had never heard before. She turned her head towards the sea and walked a few steps. Skimming low over the sea was a bird she had never seen before. It was all white, apart from the black wing tips. She was a large, graceful bird and seemed to be lost.

A loud movement in the rushes behind her distracted her attention. It was a hunter.

He raised his gun and took careful aim. "BANG!" The girl jumped and gave a loud cry, then ran over to where the beautiful bird had fallen.

*EMMA COUPLAND, Year 8*

## THE SOMME

They staggered through the deep mud,  
Eyes stinging from morning frost.  
Feet blistered and bleeding, numb from pain.  
Ears deafened by the noise of the battlefield.  
They clasped their family photos as they prepared for battle.

The top of the hill,  
below, the valley of death waited,  
filled with maddened artillery.  
Its victims laid sprawled across the field.

They rested, then proceeded down the slope,  
There was silence in every man,  
who knew the monstrosity of war.  
They paused,  
The signal was given,  
Thousands hurled themselves towards the enemy.

I heard the bullets ring past,  
And I saw the fear in their eyes,  
as they went down.

*REBECCA CEARNS, Year 9*



## SILENT SOUND

Professors working in their labs,  
Marking inventions with red tabs.  
One, who was working with a hound,  
Suddenly discovered ultrasound.

If a hound sounds rather strange,  
Dogs hear things above our range.  
Too much ultra in his head,  
Made the poor mutt drop down dead.

“Aha”, said the professor,  
“I have a plan,  
To bring disaster to every man.  
I’ll form a brand new sound-strong army,  
Whose weapons turn people completely  
barmy.”

So the sound-strong army with its guns,  
Fed on fresh-baked bread and buns,  
Then they blew the world sky-high,  
Yelling loudly, “Your time is nigh!”

The professor took a one-way trip,  
Taking with him French Onion Dip.  
The one-way trip took him to Mars,  
Where he took to making cars.

*S. GARGETT, Year 10*

## YOU CAME AND WENT . . .

You came into my sunlight  
of private thoughts and sorrows.  
I thought you were a rainbow,  
filled with our tomorrows.  
You left just like the sunset,  
A light, and then the dark,  
You took with you a warming glow  
That surely left its mark.  
So now I’m left with pure memories  
of a long, awaited joy.  
To remember, my first love  
Like a child’s abandoned toy.

*SHANNON MARTIN, Year 11*

## AGE

It starts at your toes  
And then, as it grows  
It climbs to the top of your thighs.  
It wrinkles your skin,  
And makes you look thin,  
Dark bags form under your eyes.

You begin to hobble,  
And your knees start to wobble,  
You’re sure that it is the end.  
But you’ve nothing to fear—  
The end is not near  
For it’s merely the start of the end.

You find that your brain  
Can’t remember your name,  
You quickly start to forget  
The things you once knew  
When red was not blue—  
And blue was not possibly red.

You find your head quakes  
And your hands start to shake;  
You can’t control them at all.  
You dream of the days  
When you walked through a maze  
Of jarrah trees fifty feet tall.

But now you are old  
And your bones feel the cold  
And this is all because of AGE.  
It continues to kill  
As it always will.  
We’ll be cursed for an age and an age.

*CATHY ROBINS, Year 9*

## ROTTNEST

As we look past the mingled boats,  
We see the scurrying wind whip the sand,  
As if mother is sweeping the floor,  
And dust is floating around the room.

Over the hill bounces an inquisitive quokka,  
With the sun setting behind the dune,  
It silhouettes the animal into a small,  
lonesome figure,  
On top of a desolate hill.

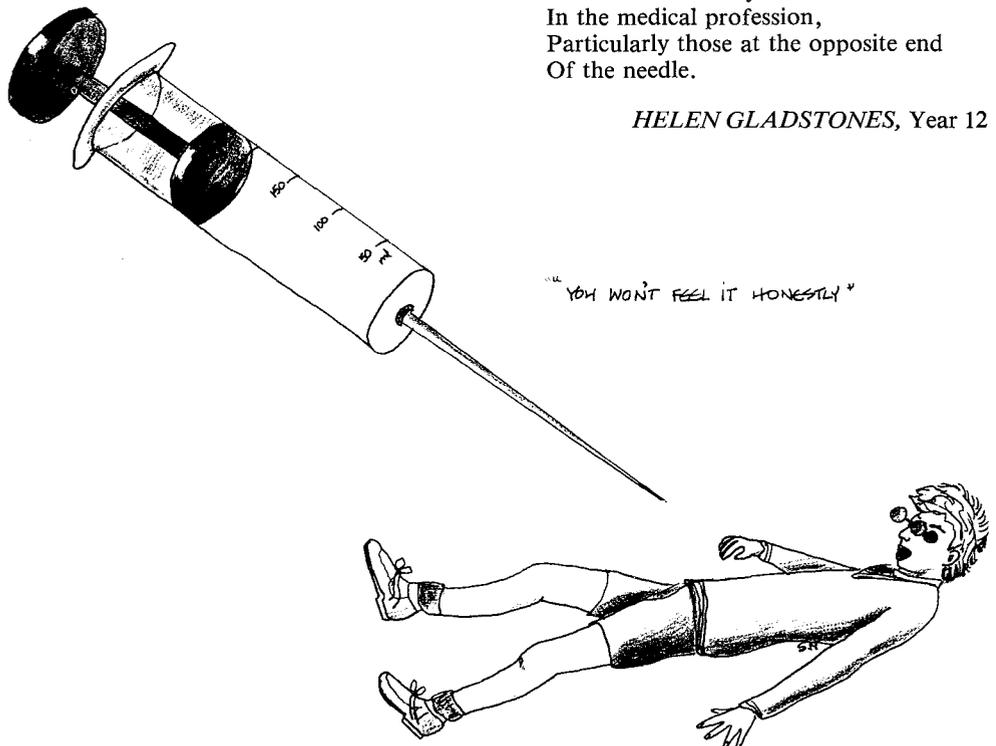
Then all is gone, except for the dark outline  
of the horizon,  
The squawking of the gulls and the  
whistling of the hurrying wind.

*LISA DORRINGTON, Year 8*

## REACTION

They told me it wouldn’t hurt,  
So I, a gullible fool,  
Believed them.  
“You won’t feel it,” they said,  
And I willingly allowed them  
To continue their preparations.  
“Honestly,” they reassured.  
And so, in my innocence,  
I let them make ready my flesh  
To receive unto itself their ministrations.  
“Just relax,” they instructed.  
“You won’t know it has happened.”  
And yet here I sit, my arm swollen—  
Immobilised by the good doctor’s orders.  
Vague murmers of “Reaction.”  
“Localised infection.”  
I fear ’twill be a long time  
Before I recover my faith  
In the medical profession,  
Particularly those at the opposite end  
Of the needle.

*HELEN GLADSTONES, Year 12*



## AH, TO BE A PIG

If I were a pig, I'd wallow all day  
In slushy mud or squelchy clay.  
I'd laze all day—never do any work,  
That sounds to me like a wonderful quirk.

Sometimes I'd eat—and quite a lot,  
And I might e'en develop a pot.  
I'd sneer at those who passed me by  
While looking out of my cosy pig-sty.

Now this is the life I think'd be unreal.  
I envy the pigs, they know a good deal.  
About taking it easy—no sweat and  
no strain  
No Physics or Chem'stry, 'cause gee  
they're a pain.

If you were a pig, would y'wallow all day  
In slushy mud or squelchy clay?  
One thing is sure—you'd have great fun.  
A pig's work is perpetually done.

C. HATCH, Year 11

Fine fluted fragility,  
Misty pink panes dented with regular  
ridges,  
Carelessly perforated with white dots,  
Tinted with an intangible touch,  
An impenetrable fog,  
A foam that rises and subsides,  
And all that remains  
Is a supportive stem and a single memory.

DANIELLE THOMPSON, Year 12



## DEATH OF THE MORNING

On his white steed, a-riding he galloped,  
Over the hills never ending.  
As the magpies gargled their greetings,  
The sun rose like a fire ascending.

The land's beauty sped past as he galloped  
so quickly,  
His heart pumping madly, his body  
lurching,  
And still the birds hailed the morning.

They did not know of the danger awaiting,  
As they perched on their branches so  
calmly,  
His breath grew quicker and his head was  
throbbing,  
And still the great fire burned overhead.

He drew closer, the great fire grew hotter,  
He stopped and stared a-waiting  
Then slowly, so slowly, he drew his great  
sword  
And plunged it into the fire.

No longer the sun shines,  
The magpies' gargle has ceased,  
And homeward the rider is trotting.

LISA RORRISON, Year 11

## A VISION OF THE BIZARRE

A vision of the bizarre,  
Weirdly entrancing, yet wildly shocking.  
Harlequin be his image.  
A haze of pastel and sequins  
Face of stone,  
White as the hand of death,  
Lips like a drop of blood upon the snow.  
Eyes glazed, reflecting curiosity yet  
mockery,  
Secretly summarising fellow man.  
A single eye of sapphire, tearing man to  
shreds.  
Another of emerald silently ridiculing.  
A crown of shocking red hair,  
A turmoil upon his head.  
He stands high  
A figure of the exotic.  
A hand poised above his brow,  
Nonchalantly poised, as if in deep  
contemplation.  
He, a vision of the bizarre.

SARA MESZAROS, Year 10



## THE P.L.C. SCHOOL DANCE

Embarrassment plus! My hair was up in rollers (all my protests were in vain). I was dressed only in a blue towel. Every friend and relative that lived in Perth was squashed in our lounge-room to see the final product, and Peter, my partner, was walking up the front drive. These are the terrible recollections I have of the moments before the social event of the year, the P.L.C. School Dance!

I was quite happily coating my eyelashes with mascara, when my mother yelled out, "Eerk! Jenny it's a quarter to eight," and rushed into the bathroom with the dreaded hot rollers under her arm. Of course, my immediate reaction was "no way". However, my mother was quite sure I had no say in the matter (after all it was only *my* school dance) and began to attack my hair. In a few minutes I had hairclips sticking into my scalp and hot rollers burning my ears, but after all who cares whether one has a slightly charcoal ear? It's all in the name of beauty. After convincing my mother that I did not want a mass of Shirley Temple ringlets or a "Decore, shake your head for Dusty" effect, she took the rollers out. Boy, was I in for a shock.

I opened my eyes and beheld in front of me this mass of curls. My poor, little, insignificant face was buried beneath bouncy, tight, corkscrew curls. The more I brushed, the more they curled. The time was five minutes to eight. Peter was due any moment, and I was dressed in only a towel and bouncy curls. It was too late to start crying and my usual spoilt brat tantrum act, and besides my make-up would run, so there I stood in front of the mirror, bewildered. Only I couldn't stand there too long because all the "rels" were waiting to see the ugly caterpillar emerge from her chrysalis as a stunning butterfly. It was a real shame I had to disappoint them. Anyhow, I quickly got dressed, and when I had my five-inch, spiky stilettos on, stumbled elegantly down the hall. Of course, I took great care to make sure I stomped as hard as I could on my mother's bare feet as she came to tell me my hair "looked so pretty". Putting a hole through my mother's foot was the highlight of my whole evening.

I walked into the lounge-room, thanking God Peter was late and praying he'd be late, so he couldn't see the fuss that friends and relations were making. "Oh, doesn't she look lovely!" "I didn't think she was capable of looking so nice," "Dear, aren't those shoes a little high?" All the usual meaningless comments! I scowled at my mother as she limped in and said very sweetly, "Do you like her hair?"

My grandfather was just suggesting that I put a little chewing gum in my cleavage, to hold the strapless dress up (it obviously didn't look very safe being held up by the bust I don't have) when I heard a knock at the door. Panic! I felt like shoving the crowd

in our lounge-room out the back door so I wouldn't have to introduce them to Peter. After all, one doesn't want it to look as if Mum has invited all the relations around to see their darling all dolled up for a school dance. Nevertheless I knew I would have to introduce him to my dear relations.

I carefully walked to the door, after instructing my injured mother *not* to rush to answer it, and calmly opened it. Peter looked at me, smiling this very sarcastic smile and said, "I like your hair." I knew it wasn't going to be a good night.

MELISSA HASLUCK, Year 12



## DEAR DOLLY

Dear Dolly, can you help me?  
I think I'll go insane,  
I'm in love with my kid brother.  
Help me give him up!—Lorraine.

Dear Lorraine, you needn't worry—  
Many girls like you I've seen!  
Take my word for it, you're normal—  
From your favourite magazine.

Dear Dolly, there's a girl at school  
Who just despises me!  
She broke my bike and stole my clothes—  
How can I stop her?—Lee.

Don't worry, Lee, she's jealous.  
Don't agitate yourself!  
And most of all, don't get uptight—  
It damages your health.

Dear Dolly, I'm in trouble!  
My parents threw me out.  
I'm pregnant with autistic twins  
There's certainly no doubt.  
A mugger stole my Bankcard,  
And broke my arm and face,  
How can I get out of this mess?  
Please tell me, please—from Grace.

Dear Grace, it's quite okay, I'm sure  
You'll soon know your own mind.  
You must learn to make decisions  
And you probably will find,  
That there really is no problem  
If you take care of your hair,  
You'll get over all your hassles.  
Love, from Dolly—'cause we care.

ANNA ZWICKY, Year 9

HI!

Hi! Handsome hunting man,  
Fire your little gun.  
Bang! Now the animal  
Is dead and dumb and done.  
Never more to peep again, creep again, leap  
again,  
Eat or sleep or drink again,  
Oh! What fun!

VANESSA HEATH, Year 11



## CONFLICT AT DAWN

The morning drew misty and grey, the air close but chilly. The sun had not risen yet, and would probably not do so for at least another three hours.

David Hill looked extremely uncomfortable and slightly disturbed as he stirred in his sleep. His eyes opened sleepily and glanced at the large, round, loudly ticking clock on his bedside table. 3 a.m.

"Hell," he murmured, and rolled over, attempting to block out the monotonous ticking of the old-fashioned timepiece. He was now facing the wall, the wall which separated his parents' bedroom from his own.

He heard voices. Not loud. Not really in any way offensive, but nevertheless voices at three o'clock in the morning. He put one ear against the wall and discovered that they were coming from his parents' bedroom.

How strange. They were both heavy sleepers, and there really was no particular reason for them to be talking at this hour.

Listening closer, it became apparent that they were arguing.

"I don't care, I'm sick to death of your lies."

That was the voice of his mother's husband, his much-hated stepfather. But she didn't lie. She was the kindest, sweetest person he knew. Everybody said so. It was he who was the liar. Ever since David's mother had married that man, she seemed to be different. Sort of uneasy, uptight.

"And I don't think much of your sly son, either! He hates me as much as I hate him, and makes no damn secret of it! Y' don't know how to run a house, let alone a seventeen year old boy! If he were my son I'd. . ."

David didn't hear the rest. His head burned in fury. How dare that swine bring *him* into it?

"But James! How can you say that? David's never been a problem! He's lovely! Always doing what he can for me—it's just that you're never around long enough to realise it!" That was just

like her. She'd fight till the end for David, and he knew it. Little did he know that she probably would have to.

Sleep now was beyond David. James and his mother seemed as though they would never stop.

Their arguing grew louder, and David could finally take no more. He decided to go into their room and try to stop them.

Standing to one side of the door which was half open, he could see his mother sitting on the bed with tears streaming down her face, and James standing in the furthest corner of the room, looking fierce. The look on his face was indescribable. It was sort of hard, grey, cement-like, as if he would never, ever see her point of view.

"And one more thing," he started again. "Don't you ever let me catch you doing what I caught you doing tonight. Your first husband is dead and gone. I am now the man you've go to look after!"

David had seen James angry before, but never like this, never to the extent where he seemed capable of killing.

"Darling, you don't. . ."

"Don't give me that 'darling' rubbish!"

"I'm sorry, James, you don't seem to understand. Ever since John's death I have spent hours with photos of him, crying. If you had been a decent, caring husband, you would have noticed!"

"Well, my dear, you can rest assured that you will never see another photo of John as long as you live!" And with that, he strode determinedly to the collection of photos on the feminine, white dressing table, and with a forceful sweep of his arm sent fragments of shattered picture frames flying to the floor.

David, from his hallway hiding place, watched treasured photographs of his beloved father lying torn on the wooden floor. Tears of anger poured from his eyes, and he impulsively screamed, "NO!"

Silence. David was now standing inside the room. Two pairs of frantic, surprised eyes were watching him.

"What in the hell are you doing?" cried James.

"I—I heard voices," David muttered.

"Why, you eavesdropping little. . ."

"No", David's mother screamed, as James' huge fist crashed into her son's dark head.

The three suddenly became motivated. A brawl broke out between David and James, while the third frantically cried, "Stop, stop! . . ."

When David had been punched for perhaps the seventh time, his mother could finally stand no more. She picked up a piece of the broken glass and ground it into her husband's back.

He slowly rose, tears of total fury staining his face.

He hissed an obscenity in her direction, then went to the wardrobe and began fossicking around in it.

David and his mother watched in total disbelief as James pulled out a long, oak rifle.

"You wouldn't dare," said David in a soft, dry voice.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" came the reply. Slowly, he raised the rifle to his shoulder and took aim.

David and his mother stood together frozen. The barrel clicked. Then, silence. Thump. She was dead. David fell to the ground. He wept at first, not really realising what had happened. Then, after two minutes or so, his humble sniffles turned to sobs.

He turned to look at James—the murderer. He was crouched in the corner of the room, with tears streaming down his face. The rifle had been thrown against a wall, and had landed near the door. David glanced at James, then to the gun, then back at James.

"I'm sorry, son," sobbed James.

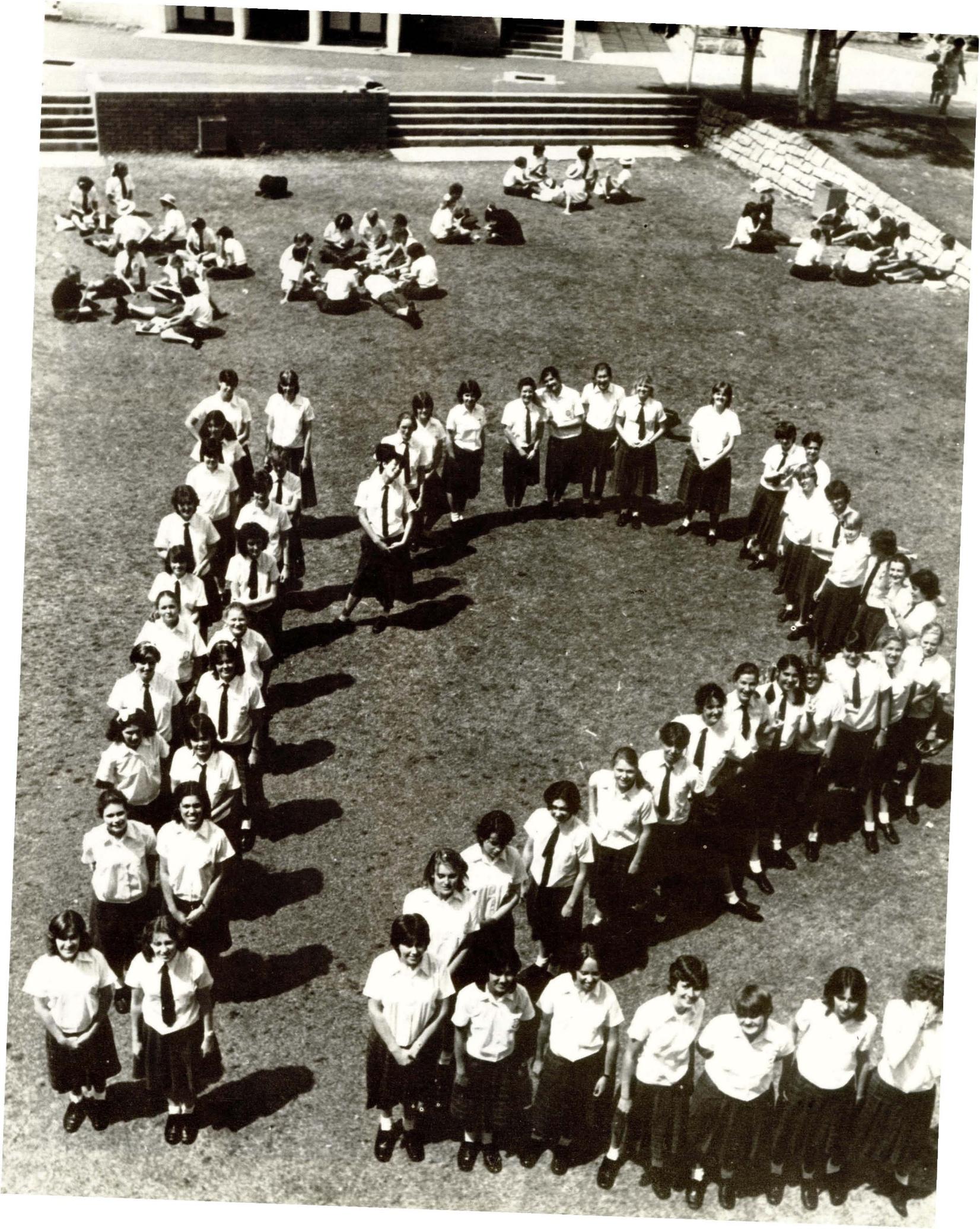
"Don't call me 'son', *murderer!*"

He picked up the rifle. Aiming, carefully, determinedly, and with dignity, he pulled the trigger. James' head was covered in blood.

David sat down on his mother's bed. As he mourned in silence, the sun's rays peeped over the hill and glided peacefully through the open window.

Conflict at dawn.

NIKKI WENDT, Year 11



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

**Pauline Abbott (Abbott)**

*Ambition: Nursing. Length of Sentence: 3 years.*



**Martha Adams (Marf)**

*Medicine. 3 years.*



**Elsbeth Anderson (El)**

*Kindy Teacher. 5 years.*

**Nicole Antoine (Froggy, Nic)**

*Occupational Therapy. 6 1/3 years.*

**Moira Atchison**

*Medicine (?). 5 1/3 years.*

**Yvette Bell**

*13 years.*

**Kristina Benney (Tina)**

*Lawyer. 5 years.*

**Victoria Beresford (Vicky)**

*5 years.*

**Leigh Blechynden (Blechy)**

*Farm Manager. 2 years.*

**Linda Braddock (Loopy)**

*Pharmacy. 5 years.*

**Jenny Bradshaw (Bradshaw)**

*Nursing. 3 years.*

**Stephanie Bruce**

*Languages. 4 years.*

**Angela Bunning (Ange)**

*Vet. Science. 14 years.*

**Caroline Bunny (Bunny)**

*Vet. Science. 4 years.*

**Angela Calvert**

*Nursing. 5 years.*

**Jennifer Campbell (Jen)**

*Physiotherapy. 5 years.*

**Susan Castle (Sue)**

*Bank or Farm. 5 years.*

**Andrea Cerini**

*4 years.*





**Carol Christie (Boo)**

*Ambition: Uni. of Calgary, Canada.  
Length of Sentence: 2 years.*

**Jeannette Clay (Mud)**

*P.E. 13 years.*

**Margaret Clough (Mimi, Cluff)**

*5 years.*



**Melissa Cohn (Melis, Mullet)**

*Become President of the W.A. Ferret Society. Nursing. 6 years.*

**Sally Cook (Cookie)**

*14 years.*

**Joanne Cooper (Jody, Coops)**

*To be a garden gnome. 3 years.*



**Kathrine Cox (Katie)**

*P.E. or Nursing. 5 years.*

**Katy Cox-Sutton**

*P.E. 5 years.*

**Gemma Cuzens**

*5 years.*



**Stephanie Debnam**

*Primary Teacher. 5 years.*

**Karen de Jong**

*Food and Nutrition. 5 years.*

**Susan Denham (Denham)**

*Doctor Denham. 4<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> years.*



**Susheela Dharmalingam (Sheela)**

*B.Commerce, U.W.A. 11 years.*

**Megan Doncon (Mege)**

*Defer one year. 4 years.*

**Susan Dukes**

*Law. 5 years.*



**Jennifer Eastwood (Jen)**

*Nursing. 6 years.*

**Genevieve Evans (Vee Vee)**

*Nursing, Primary Teacher. 10 years.*

**Jane Evans**

*Nursing. 5 years.*

**Sally Evans (Dudley)**

*Ambition: Nursing. Length of sentence: 5 years.*



**Rosemary Eyres (Rose)**

*Nursing. 5 years.*

**Katrina Fairweather (Trina, Toothpick)**

*Law (?), Physio. (?). 5 years.*

**Nadine Fancott**

*Speech Therapy. 6 2/3 years.*



**Caroline Fleay (Fleagle)**

*Journalist. 5 years.*

**Genevieve Gibbs (Gen)**

*Millionairess. Photographic Journalist. 5 years.*

**Jane Gibbs (Janabelle)**

*Child Care. 5 years.*



**Veronica Giles (Ronky)**

*Commerce. 5 years.*

**Helen Gladstones (Peanuts)**

*Oenology. 11 years.*

**Ronnie Goldberg (Redge)**

*5 years.*



**Sophia Hall (!!\*)**

*Starring role in "Grease III". 3 years.*

**Melissa Hasluck (Liss)**

*Get revenge on all orthodontists. 5 years.*

**Catherine Hassell (Hassell)**

*Medicine. 5 years.*



**Paola Hewett (Hewie)**

*Commercial Art. 5 years.*

**Patricia Hassell (Hassle)**

*5 years.*

**Joanne Hyde (Jodi)**

*P.E. 4 years.*



**Wendy Hyde (Wen)**

*Teacher. 4 years.*

**Megan James**

*Muresk. 5 years.*

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:



**Robin Johnston (Rob)**

*Ambition: Mercenary. Length of sentence: 2 years.*

**Jocelyn Jones (Joce)**

*Nursing. 5 years.*

**Simone Jones (Mone)**

*Kindy Teacher. 5 years.*



**Amanda Kailis**

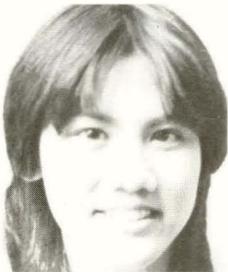
*Law. 10 years.*

**Felicite Kelsall (Fiddy)**

*Nursing. 5 years.*

**Anna Kibblewhite (Kibbles)**

*Vet. Science. 3 years.*



**Kwek Bian Noi (Elise)**

*Secretary. 2 years.*

**Katherine Langdon (Katy)**

*"I just wanna be a star" (Doctor). 13 years.*

**Suzanne Legge (Suzy)**

*Business. 5 years.*



**Sylvia Leighton (Sylv)**

*To be part of the Australian film industry. 9 2/3 years.*

**Megan Longwill**

*Actress. 5 years.*

**Jessica Malloch (Jess)**

*P.E. or Teaching. 5 years.*



**Clare Martin**

*Design at W.A.I.T. 5 years.*

**Suzanne Merry (Suzie)**

*Kindy Teacher. 13 years.*

**Kaye Medcalf**

*Vet. Science. 5 years.*



**Allison Manners (JK Junior)**

*Fashion Co-ordinator. 5 years.*

**Lynne Millard**

*Primary Teaching. 13 years.*

**Heather Mitchell (Heth)**

*T.V. Compere, Dental Therapy. 5 years.*

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

**Karen McArthur (Kaz, Macka)**

*Ambition: Move over Eugene Smith.  
Length of Sentence: 5 years.*



**Jennifer Nash (Nashy)**

*To be a tree lopper. 14 years.*

**Ticia Newton (Tishe)**

*Mrs. Whippy lady. 5 years.*

**Kersten Norlin (Crusty)**

*To stop being called a "mod".  
12 years.*



**Helen Oliver (Oli)**

*Business. 5 years.*

**Sarah O'Meehan**

*(?). 5 years.*

**Fiona Parkinson**

*Graphic Design. 5 years.*



**Deborah Perkins (Debbie)**

*Agric. Science. 6 years.*

**Camilla Picton-Warlow (Milly)**

*5 years.*

**Anne Reid (Annie)**

*Performing Arts, W.A.I.T. 2 terms.*



**Meredith Reynolds (Mem)**

*Kindy Teacher. 5 years.*

**Anne Robinson (Annie)**

*Music at Nedlands. 5 years.*

**Vanessa Rosser (Ness)**

*Architecture. 5 years.*



**Simone Rutherford**

*5 years.*

**Joanne Saleeba (Cuddly Boomps)**

*Pharmacy Assistant. 5 years.*

**Jane Sands (Jaynie)**

*Nursing. 2 years.*



**Collette Saunders**

*Economic abdicator/Tax evader.  
5 years.*

**Lai Ho Seet**

*Accounting. 2 years.*



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

**Louisa Simpson (Louise)**

*Ambition: Vet. Science. Length of Sentence: 3 years.*

**Michelle Simpson**

*Commerce. 5 years.*

**Roslyn Smith (Ros)**

*Journalist. 5 years.*



**Rosalyn Spencer (Ros)**

*One of those people your mother warned you about. 5 years.*

**Elizabeth Spragg (Liz)**

*Dental Nurse. 5 years.*

**Melissa Stafford (Melon)**

*Gossip Columnist. 5 years.*



**Rachel Stafford (Froggy)**

*Physiotherapy. 5 years.*

**Bronwynne Stannard (Bron)**

*Bachelor of Business. 6 years.*

**Caroline Stewart (Ra)**

*Law. 5 years.*



**Andrea Stimson**

*Music at University. 2 years.*

**Nicol Taylor (Nic)**

*Farm Manager. 3 years.*

**Jane Taylor**

*University. 3 years.*



**Nicole Telford (Harry)**

*Become a rolling stone. 5 years.*

**Danielle Thompson (Dan, Dhufish)**

*Nursing. 10 years.*

**Patricia Thompson (Thommo)**

*Bank. 5 years.*



**Jennifer van den Hoek**

*5 years.*

**Theona Ventouras (Thelma)**

*“Move over Rupert Murdoch.” 8 years.*

**Genevieve Vincent**

*H. Biol. at W.A.I.T. 6½ years.*

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

**Susan Waddell (Waddle)**

*Ambition: Professional Surfer.  
Length of Sentence: 6 years.*



**Anne-Marie Walker (Ant)**

*Secondary Teaching. 6 years.*

**Rachel Walker**

*Vet. 5 years.*

**Claire Walkely**

*Commerce. 5 years.*

**Catherine Weijma (Cathy)**

*Medicine. 2 years.*

**Margaret Weir (Margie)**

*Geophysics, W.A.I.T. 2 years.*

**Elizabeth Whitford (Libby)**

*Nursing. 5 years.*

**Liesl Wilding (Weasel)**

*Pig Farmer. 2 years.*

**Maria Wilding**

*Primary Teaching. 2 years.*

**Anne Wittenoom**

*To matriculate. 5 years.*

**Sarah Wright (Sare Bear)**

*Rural Journalism. 2 years.*

**Maryellen Yenken (Melon)**

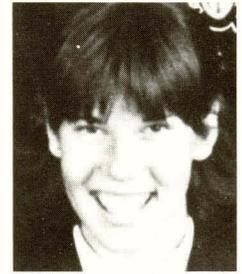
*Genetic Engineering. 4 years.*

**Veronica Yeo (Vron)**

*Nothing or something. 5 years.*

**Nina Young**

*Mrs. Jagger. 5 years.*



# YEAR 12 DANCE

As the days drew nearer to Friday, 26th March, boys and fashion became the main topics of conversation for most Year 12 students, for Friday, 26th March, was the set date for the Annual Year 12 Dance.

While other Year 12 girls were either summoning up their courage to dial the lucky "fella" or rushing madly from one boutique to another desperately trying to snap up a dress before some other prospective buyer did so, the girls of the Dance Decorating Committee were devoting much of their time and effort to producing a dance which would outshine any other previously held.

After much fruitless, time-consuming consultation as to what the theme of the dance should be, the Committee finally came up with the brilliant suggestion of a silver and pink colour theme, for which every girl was to exert her imagination and creative talents to transforming cardboard boxes into silver and pink presents.

The night of the dance saw the arrival of glamorous girls and their partners who had made a valiant effort to appear respectable while being introduced to Miss Barr. The Committee's efforts had, of course, not been in vain, for the decorations in the hall of the Subiaco Civic Centre looked outstanding. The boxes had been piled up and placed in various spots around the hall, large parachutes had been suspended from the ceiling, pink and silver balloons dotted the hall here and there, and most noticeable was a fluorescent pink backdrop adorning the back of the stage.

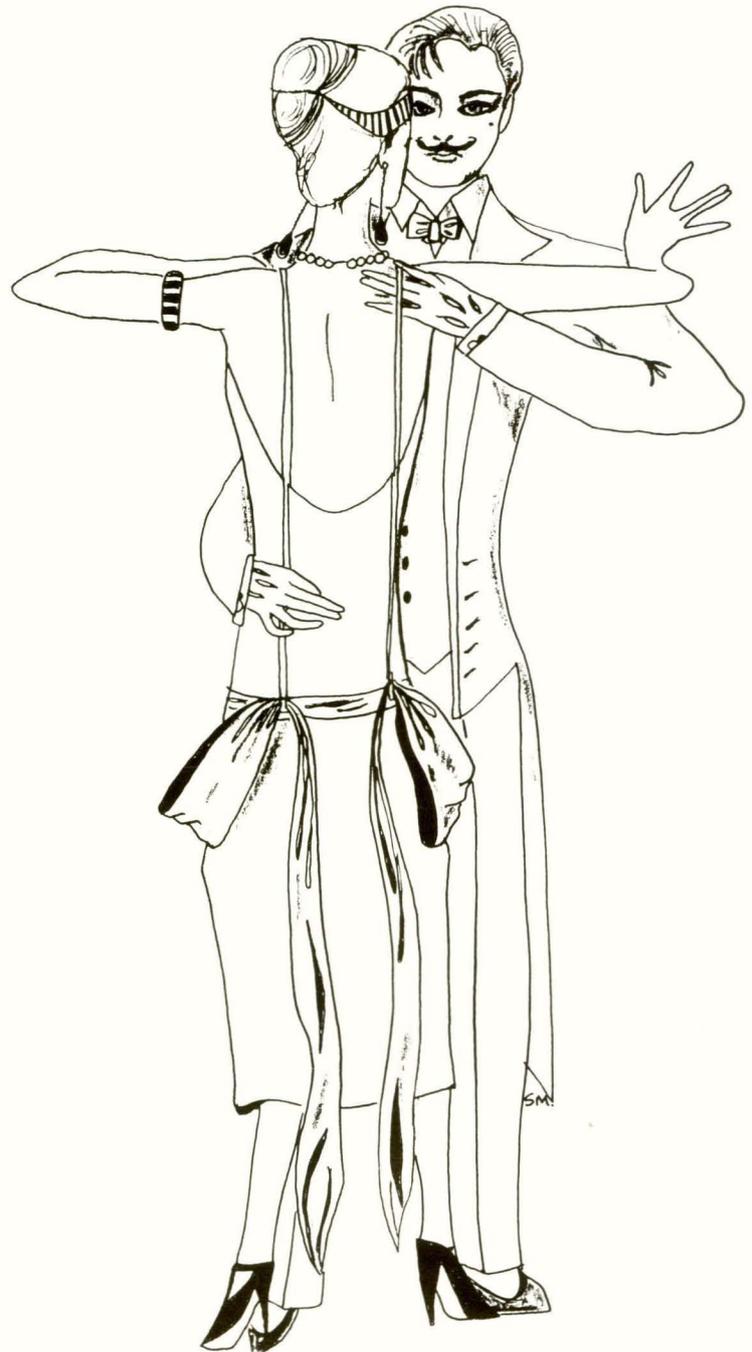
"The Essentials" were an excellent band. They created a lively atmosphere and managed to keep girls and their partners on the dance floor for most of the evening.

The supper, which was kindly prepared by the mothers, was delicious and especially appreciated by the male sex.

Many fathers also helped out that night by standing on roster at the doors of the hall.

The dance, overall, was a tremendous success, and thanks must be extended to all those who put in so much time and hard work.

*ANGELA BUNNING*





# Year 11 Dance

Upon entering the gym on the 7th May, every Year 11 girl and her partner was totally spellbound at the fantastic transformation of the gym. The usual dull, musty gym had blossomed into a multi-hued flower. The girls buzzed around like beautiful insects, and the care they had taken with their own appearances mirrored the care taken with the appearance of everything in the gym.

Taffeta, lace, tulle, silk and frills made up many of the dresses and everyone looked stunning. Partners all came suitably attired and a few decked out in tails added that extra bit of *panache*.

Unequaled by any Hollywood Extravaganza the decorations were too unbelievable for words. Large splashes of coloured dots scattered the walls, as well as balloons, streamers, bows, parachutes (courtesy of Mr. Wendt) and presents. The Year 12s lent us the pink and white presents from their dance and each Year 11 made an extra box, and "Hey Presto" we had a sight Father Christmas would be pea-green about!

Our first impression was of the foyer and it succeeded in pleasing everyone with its cascades of pink, white, silver and apricot streamers. Here, thanks must go to Mrs. Wendt, Mrs. Luck and Mrs. Silbert, who happily raided the Wendts' house and brought back some beautiful palm leaves and branches to add life to the entrance.

Thus, the decorations having been admired, all there was to enjoy now was the band and

the supper. Dancing was enjoyed by many and "Silent Type" played a repertoire of their own creations to which it was great to "Bop till you drop".

Worming, of course, was a necessary part of the night and was skilfully executed by a few fun-lovers.

A hip, hip, hooray must be conveyed to the Year 11 Student Council who organised the dance so efficiently that it has been proclaimed the most successful dance ever held. Special thanks go to Mrs. Godwin for her encouragement, enthusiasm and co-operation. It was greatly appreciated.

Also, thanks to Mrs. Luck and her band of mothers who organised the refreshments. The work of the Year 10s who served them was appreciated also. The photographs were excellent and thanks to Karen McArthur for a job well done.

The heartiest thank you of all, however, must go to the Dads who guarded the entries and kept away the thousands of gatecrashers who demanded entry.

Altogether, it was a night of fun and enjoyment paralleled by no other. Thanks, girls, for your excellent behaviour and conduct. You all made the school very proud of you and this dance will be remembered by all, for many years to come.

JUSTINE SILBERT



# Debating



*Back row, l. to r.: S. van den Hoek, L. Bremner, A. Jones, K. Kelly, A. O'Donovan, A. Keep. Second row, l. to r.: A. Osta, E. McCall, J. Sanders, R. Maclean, E. Kennealy, S. Macliver. Front row, l. to r.: D. Perkins, H. Gladstones, A. Kailis, J. van den Hoek.*



The P.L.C. Debating Club perhaps has not flourished this year but we have survived quite healthily. We began the year with a vast increase in membership. This has disappeared somewhat, but we have maintained two senior and three junior teams. Unfortunately, whereas the season was started in high spirits, some of the enthusiasm died. Debating is a commitment, and people must realise that this commitment is part of debating.

Debating is always (?) enjoyable and the seniors have the added pleasure of impromptu debates which we actually prefer (less preparation). This, however, requires the specialised skill of maintaining wit and logic while on one's feet. P.L.C. has developed a new tactic for which we are now famous, i.e. one nameless secretary resorted to fainting for lack of things to say . . . which reminds me of audiences. Many people tell us they would like to hear a debate or two, but never discover when they are on. Please ask! Those who attend invariably enjoy the experience (and the supper), and it does wonders for our morale to speak to more than three people.

We initially tried to have debating run as a club. Once again, the year started well, but it proved impractical to have regular meetings as no school time is allotted to club activities. We have found it more realistic to have individual teams organising themselves. Help is given to any team by the teachers involved, and experience is encouraged through social and competition debates.

If you wish to join the debating club? society? pty ltd.? come to some of the meetings so you can join a team.

Well done to all who participated this year in the W.A. Debating League's competition, particularly to one of the junior teams who are so far undefeated—Kate, Alex and Erica. Thanks especially to Mrs. Papineau and Mrs. Haustead who have helped us greatly even to the extent of sacrificing some Friday nights for the Year 12 team.

Best wishes to next year's debaters—remember at all times your ultimate aim: an all-P.L.C. State debating team.

AMANDA KAILIS  
and HELEN GLADSTONES

# Year 11 Camp

While perusing the past four editions of *Kookaburra*, I noted, with a generous measure of interest, the previous "Year 11 Camp" reports. As they all seemed to be fairly similar in content, I had hoped to report the Year 11 Camp of '82 in a different manner.

All reports began with the story of a long journey on a crowded bus, which ended in what seemed an oasis in the middle of absolutely nowhere. (In our case, it took three crowded buses, one being a double decker, and our oasis, as it turned out, was actually the swinging metropolis of downtown Mandurah.)

They also gave descriptions of the exciting events which took place during their week.

Our week, (which incidently, began on Tuesday, the 13th day of July, 1982) was spent in blissful relaxation, with all one hundred and something girls partaking in such peaceful activities as a two-hour bike ride to the nearest shop and back, ably escorted by Miss Tilley; two hours of "putting up and taking down tents", races (we lost), and "who can eat the most damper the quickest" competitions (I won!)

There was also an interesting "getting lost in the bush" session, which the girls nicknamed "Orienteering", and a session called "waxing eyebrows and tinting eyelashes", which was fondly, though a trifle sarcastically referred to by the girls as "beauty".

There was many a happy hour spent hitting golf balls (or attempting to hit golf balls), making a hanging basket for Mum, and for all the budding mechanics, Reverend Williams displayed his hidden talents and taught us, among other "handy hints", to "change the tyre and check the oil". (I'm sure Reverend's daughter's new Corolla will never be quite the same!)

Perhaps the most interesting activity, however, was horse-riding. (Maybe Jenny's Corolla won't be the same, but what I'm worried about is my lower half. I still can't walk!)

Mr. Ruddle, alias "The Man from Greenacres", took the girls to the nearest riding school for their two-hour session on horseback. Jenny Busby proved herself a true equestrienne at Greenacres, and on the night of the

formal dinner, was awarded the "Princess Anne Award".

While on the subject of the formal dinner (a superb evening organised by the girls of Dorms 3 and 8, namely Justine Silbert and Lisa Rorrison) I must mention the other notable prizes which were awarded. To Philippa Wulff went the "Most Dangerous Cyclist Award" (she fell off twice and caused at least one crash).

The teachers felt that the award for "The Most Helpless Blonde" should go to Rebecca Grace—and so it did. I'm sure if there was a prize for the "Girl With the Healthiest Appetite", Yours Truly would have taken the cake and eaten it with gusto! (Gutso?)

The concert was an "interesting" night too, with many and varied acts. One that springs to mind is the "creation" by Natalie S., Selena F., Nadine G., and Caryn F., which was a dance which brought the odd tear of sheer delight to many an eye. Perhaps the most memorable act was the raunchy, rip-roaring rendition of "Hey There Reverend" by the Absolute Angels, alias the girls from Dorm 4.

Well, there it is—the Year 11 Camp Report for 1982. I thought I could make my report a little different from those of past years, but somehow it turned out to be "the same old thing". And now I know why.

The feelings of enthusiasm and appreciation, the pleasures and the friendships that we shared for four days, were just the same as those shared by the girls of 1981. We had just as much fun, and made just as many new friends as the girls in years gone by, if not more.

NIKKI WENDT, Year 11

## Media

Although media is only a C.S.E. subject it entails a lot of practical and time-consuming work. Throughout Years 11 and 12 we cover a comprehensive course which analyses the communication system and the various media therein. Nearly every area studied in the course involves a practical assignment in that medium, and valuable experience has been gained by students who have gone

out in the community and investigated a social issue. Even with this great amount of work, we have all had so much fun, and next year all of the Year 12 media students know that they will really miss their media lessons.

This year Mrs. MacMahon and Mrs. Papineau decided to take Year 11 and 12s on two camps. The first one, in First Term, was at luxurious Mandurah Holiday Village. It was combined with media students from Churchlands High School and from Christian Brothers College. We arrived on Friday afternoon and spent that time settling in, and some went for a swim either at the beach or the pool or sauna. On Saturday, Year 12s focused on doing television studio work which ranged from anti-shampoo ads with Ronnie and her greasy hair, to dancing fly swats (?!) Meanwhile, Year 11s did some experimental photography with different types of lenses and came back with some stunning shots.

On Saturday night we were rudely interrupted from our activities by a thunderstorm which caused a black-out. The rain poured down that night, but managed to clear up by the following morning so that Sue could go for her early morning jog in her slinky pair of tight-fitting shorts. The rest of Sunday was spent finishing off our exercises, and after a quick lunch we all squashed back into the bus like a tin of exhausted sardines.

The second camp was in Second Term at Toodyay Youth Hostel. The rural setting with superb scenery, and perfect weather all weekend, made this camp an especially memorable one, because it was to be the Year 12s last media camp. It was held in conjunction with Scotch College media students and the Churchlands High media students. Year 12s worked on their major films. Some of the films covered subjects like horse-riding or a comedy. We also celebrated Tania's and Jessica's (although she was absent) birthdays. We had access to some video recordings of some recent films, which I'm sure none of the girls will forget.

Both camps were a huge success and very worthwhile (thanks to Mrs. Mac').

Good luck to all those other girls who decide to do media in the future, and I hope you get just as much fun and enjoyment out of it as we have had when we were together.

SYLVIA LEIGHTON, Year 12

# Geography Camp

After what seemed to be endless weeks of study of Christallian theories on CPs, the day, 10th May, finally arrived when 54 excited "budding geographers" and five anxious teachers, namely Mr. Ruddle, Miss Clarke, Mesdames Edinger, Hafekost and Haustead, boarded the coach and bus and departed for Yallingup, leaving P.L.C. in a cloud of black smoke.

The bus trip down was fairly slow with a few stops, such as Alcoa, Pinjarra, for a wet lunch, and lastly the Dunsborough Bakery. After trying the wares we continued on and descended on Yallingup, the surf city of W.A. Unloading the bus was done quickly, for much of its cargo was food for our hungry Hideway inhabitants. Tuesday night was fairly uneventful, the only highlight being Mr. Ruddle's fascinating lesson on making transects.

In the wee small hours of Wednesday morning, when most were still clutching

to every ounce of beauty sleep, one group began aerobic exercises to their radio and followed that up with an invigorating dip. After breakfast, we put Mr. Ruddle's transect into operation, studying the blow-out where Mrs. Ed was quite at home among the arctotheca seedlings and windswept melaleucas.

At Gunyulup Creek, there was the opportunity to prove, but in the process, disprove, the Geographical Laws governing streams. Here, we also saw a budding geographer wanting to measure personally the stream's velocity, getting a little damp in the process. Mrs. Ed found a new arboreal mammal and the shutter-bugging got going.

The two Mrs. Hs (as in Hafekost and Haustead) attempted to explain the process at work in Bunker Bay. Wednesday night saw the awarding of the most coveted award, the "Mega, Mega, Tendies".

Thursday, it was "up and out" when we seemed to do the impossible by being ready to leave by 8.30 a.m.! At Bunbury we looked at Bunbury's land-use and vertical exaggeration, before continuing our travels on to Mandurah, where we lunched with the seagulls.

On the trip back to Perth, some worn out people tried to sleep, but found it difficult to contend with the Walkman's blaring and the coach driver's 6WN

Near Rockingham at those traffic lights, with the dual carriage-way, the speed rebel, Mr. Ruddle swung into top gear as he tried, without success, to beat the coach.

We arrived back at school a bit earlier than scheduled, but safely.

*BRONWYNNE STANNARD*

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# U.N.Y.A. Conference

During the Easter holidays I attended the Australian Hammaskjold Memorial Interschool Conference—A.H.M.I.C.—with seven other Western Australians. Our selection process started in September last year, at the State Hammaskjold Conference. A very long "short list" was made from the 120 students who attended. Following this we held U.N.Y.A. meetings, a weekend camp, and finally the State Selection trials, where we had individual interviews and were tested on our political awareness.

Once we had been selected we were each given a country to research. We all had a "brother or sister" in the same country in a different state. Part of the conference is a mock General Assembly of the United Nations, and the delegates from each country try to represent the views of their country's government in general debate.

The theme of the conference was "Youth, the Aged and Peace", and we were addressed on each of these topics by a speaker or panel. The most interesting was a talk on Disarmament, an issue in which we were all interested.

In the General Assembly we discussed many things including the current dispute in the Falkland Islands. Originally Argentina was not represented, but a rapid merger of Malaysia and Kenya solved this problem. The ensuing debate became very heated, but also very interesting. As I was representing France, I was obliged to remain fairly neutral in the matter.

I discovered why the United Nations, while full of potential, is a relatively impotent body. It is because of the large number of necessary formal procedures, and because many people are inclined to dismiss with contempt and sarcasm the ideas of others which seem too idealistic.

To resolve problems through discussion, a little compromise is needed, but while people with opposing views remain staunchly polarised, a life-time of discussion will not bring solutions.

This year the conference was held in Brisbane. We stayed at B.B.C. (Brisbane Boys' College), and were taken through Brisbane to see as much as possible. We left from Coolangatta, having visited Surfers' Paradise (where it rained), and there were many surreptitious tears, as firm interstate friendships had been formed.

The Year 11s who are interested in A.H.M.I.C. 1983 should attend U.N.Y.A. meetings (first Sunday of each month, in the Sunken Gardens at U.W.A.), where we talk about practically anything and generally enjoy ourselves.

*HELEN GLADSTONES*

# French Trip

A few tears, a wave of the hand and we were off! After spending 24 hours in the plane we finally arrived in Frankfurt, greeted by 12°C and our German Mercedes coach, which to our despair was driven by a German who spoke neither English nor French. Madame Kotai's (commonly known as Maman!) trilingual talents were quickly put into full swing. We drove directly to Besancon where the group split into two and ours continued on to Aix-en-Provence the next morning.

On arriving in Aix, we nervously met our families, and found that our pre-apprehensions were totally unnecessary. Through choice or not, we were quickly forced to live as the French do, and for most of us it was fabulous.

It did not take long before we all fell in love with the "Cours Mirabeau", a beautiful main street lined with open-air cafes, plane trees and a large water fountain in the centre. Many a happy hour was spent there, elegantly sipping our oranginas.

After spending eleven days of warm sunshine and fun, we were once again thrust into an entirely different family and way of life. While in Besancon, we spent a weekend in the French Alps at a ski resort, passing through Switzerland on both ways. Chamonix was one of the highlights of the trip—to see the Alps, glaciers and play in the snow. Wow!

It was in Besancon that we had our intense French lessons with topics ranging from French politics to how to cope with French coiffures. One brave member of our group returned to Australia minus a few inches of hair and looking stunning after gallantly experiencing a French haircut.

Time went quickly in France and it wasn't long before we were heading for Paris, perhaps the most awaited part of the trip. Paris fulfilled all our expectations and more! Highlights included visits to Notre Dame, Arc de Triomphe, Champs Elysees and of course la Tour Eiffel, where we perilously climbed to the top and encountered a magnificent but foggy view of Paris—not to mention our night-trip around Paris which included the "Moulin Rouge".

The cuisine of France cannot go without a mention. Nearly every patisserie in Aix and Besancon did not go without a visit from at least one of the 32 Australians. The "tarte aux fraises" ranked the most popular gâteau.

Like all good things there must come an end, and unfortunately, our little French adventure ended too soon. For all people fortunate enough to go on the trip, it will remain a month of our lives never to be forgotten. For any girls wishing to go in future years, it is definitely worth it!

MARYELLEN and SALLY



# German Trip

On 6th May, after having met each other at two previous organised meetings, twenty-one girls and two boys boarded the plane at Perth Airport.

We stopped three times on the way—at Bombay, Athens and Rome, and arrived at Frankfurt Airport in the early afternoon of 7th May.

From Frankfurt we went by bus to Heidelberg, stopping just outside the town at the Schloss which contains the largest beer barrel in the world, a well-known tourist spot.

Heidelberg is one of the most famous university towns in the south-west of Germany and has a marvellous combination of the old and the new.

The next afternoon we drove down to Munich, where we stayed in a "Jugendhaus International", and were taken on a guided tour of the city. We passed the Olympiade stadium, which is a really spectacular sight and the famous B.M.W. building which is in the shape of a 3D three-leaved clover.

Further into the city we visited the Marienplatz, a much larger version of Perth's Hay Street Mall, and were also shown the University, War Memorial, and the place where Hitler made his first speech.

Having seen all this, we went back to the Marienplatz and joined the hundreds of other tourists waiting to see the Glockenspiel. This is a special clock on a cathedral, with a moving display of a jousting tournament and traditional dancers at special times in the day.

After that we went to see the Nymphenburg Schloss which is very beautiful and opulent. There is gold everywhere! The gardens of this castle stretched for miles and contained two extra castles for the prince's mistresses!

(continued overleaf)

# Ski Trip

In the afternoon we went to one of the very few concentration camps left in West Germany—Dachau. Some of the sights there were truly horrifying. Gas chambers, cells, cemeteries and the multiple graves gave a background to the horrific photographs on display in the museum.

Next morning we went by bus across the border to a village called St. Michael in the north of Austria. Here we stayed in a youth hostel with two other German groups.

During our week at the youth hostel we had lessons in the mornings and visited different places in the afternoon. One day we went "to the snow" and had snow fights with the teachers—a great delight for both parties! Another day we went on a train across the countryside to a little village. Yet another day, we went by bus to a tower called Pyramidkogel from which we were able to look down on the famed lakes of the Worthersee. After that we went to a place called Minimundus which displays miniature replicas of about 100 of the famous buildings in the world, such as 10 Downing Street, Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Empire State Building. There was nothing from Australia, but we came across some men digging a large hole and upon enquiry, discovered that the Sydney Opera House was to be built there!

I am sure I am speaking for everyone on the trip when I say that we had a marvellous time and that it was a really wonderful experience!

*SOPHIA HALL*



On Saturday the 4th of September a group of P.L.C. students arrived at Perth Airport to embark on a journey to Melbourne and the snow fields.

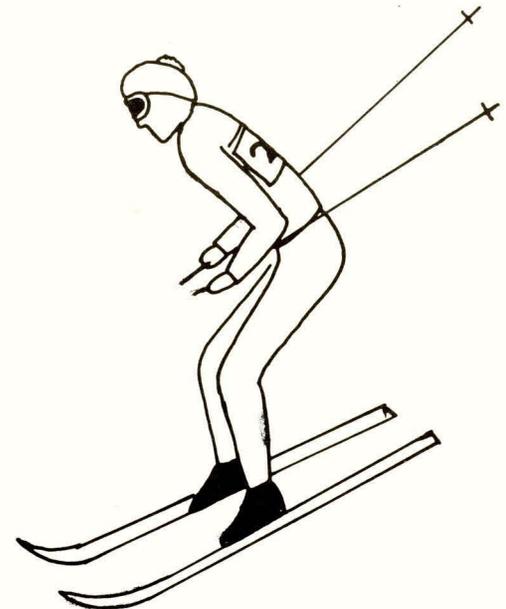
We arrived in Melbourne at 5 a.m. to meet our bus driver to take us into the snow. We then took off on a long scenic journey to Mt. Beauty, where we were to stay at Mirikki Motel. We received, to the delight of the girls, our own rooms and, best of all, breakfast in bed every morning. What luxury! We arrived first at Mt. Beauty before any of the other tour buses that afternoon, giving us the opportunity to explore our new environment. Ironically, because our bus was numbered six in a group of six, we were last to have tea and then last to get our

ski gear. By 11.30 that night 21 P.L.C. girls finally flopped into bed for a well earned night's sleep.

Although in recent weeks leading up to the ski trip there hadn't been any significant snow falls, luckily we were greeted on the Monday morning with heavy falls of snow, which was a welcome surprise for many of us.

That week proved to be most enjoyable and successful. Not only did we all learn to ski, but we also made many new friends. We would like to thank Mrs. McMahon and Mrs. Robison for making the trip possible.

*JESSICA MALLOCH*



# JUNIOR SCHOOL

Third Term commenced with a suggestion of spring weather, which provided a good start for the planting of seeds for the tree-growing competition we have entered in this, the Year of the Tree.

The Year 6 girls have had their usual highly successful camp at Bridgetown Camp School and the Year 7 girls will be undertaking the study of minerals on their tour of the goldfields. These tours enable the girls to study at first-hand, the work covered in part of the Social Studies syllabus.

Book Week provided a focal point for our on-going interest in reading, and a visit by Trevor Todd, an author of delightful children's books, inspired many girls to greater literary effort. The Readathon which raises money for multiple sclerosis, encouraged some girls to read a prodigious number of books, and the money raised for the Multiple Sclerosis Society was very gratefully received.

The idea of caring for those less fortunate than ourselves has continued and fund-raising efforts to support various charities have been admirably supported by the girls and parents.

Musical offerings have again been delightful this year and we look forward to those still to come, as well as the Junior School Church Service and Speech Night.

(Mrs.) J. Evans, Teacher in Charge



**OFFICIALS.** Back row, l. to r.: N. Lee, A. Hodgkinson, M. Sadler, K. Clarke, N. Dempster. Front row, l. to r.: K. Pitt, E. Kerr, M. Barrett, J. Jarrott, J. Farrell.

## EISTEDDFOD—MUSIC

Recorder (winner in under 13 section): Sasha Ezekiel, Year 6D.

## WALES MATHS COMPETITION

Prize: Dorothy Hatch, Year 7T.

Distinctions: Anne Strahan, Joanna Farrell, Rachel Page.

## ATHLETICS

Yvette Watkins, Year 7T, selected for the hurdles at the Colgate-Pacific School Games to be held in Hobart. (Yvette did not make the trip.)

## CURRAN CUP FOR LIFE-SAVING

Year 6: Bronwen Morris, Karen Lawson, Kim Hughes.

## BOOK WEEK

Children's Book Council of Australia—Make-A-Book Competition

Second Prize (Years 4-7 Division): Jane Davenport, Year 7T.

Merit Awards (Years 4-7): Helen Davis, Dorothy Hatch.

Merit Awards (Years 1-3): Devika Hovell, Sophie Nicoll.

## BAKE-OFF

Year 1 winner: Peta Nankivell  
Special Mention: Catherine Forbes

Year 2 winner: Robyn Vernadt  
Special Mention: Anna Head

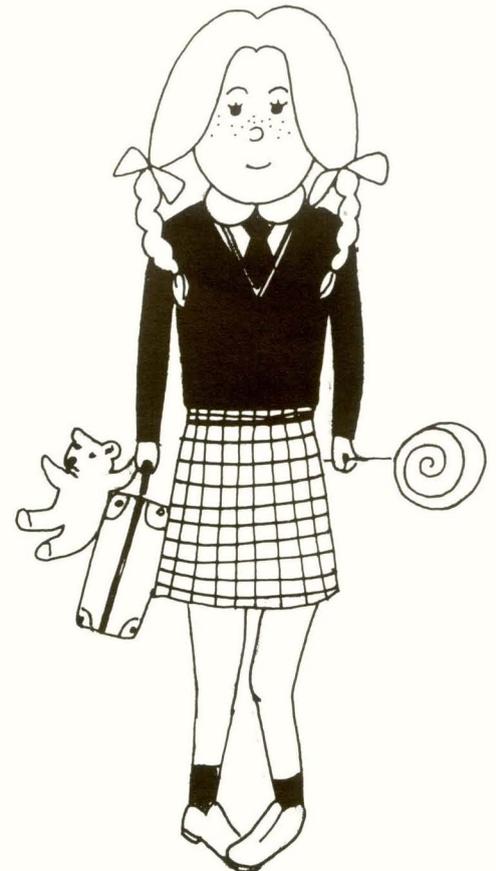
Year 3 winner: Peta Horrex  
Special Mention: Sally Voce

Year 4 winner: Amy Chapple  
Special Mention: Bianca Hartz

Year 5 winner: Kate Gray  
Special Mention: Victoria Colless

Year 6 winner: Katherine Hay  
Special Mention: Nina Dempster

Year 7 winner: Bernice Smith  
Special Mention: Kirsten Vallve





# Junior Contributions

## FANTASY!

Don't weep, there's a sheep.  
Don't gloat, there's a goat.  
Look! Some Llamas in pyjamas!  
Look! A Silkworm! With a hair-perm!

HELEN WILCOX, Year 2

## PRAYER

Thank you God that we are alive today and  
that we have such lovely things. Help us to be  
friendly to others. Please help us to make  
other people happy.

Amen

DEVIKA HOVELL, Year 2

## TWINKLING STARS

All the stars that lay so high  
Make a twinkle in the sky.  
Even though they are a rock  
They still make a twinkle up so high.

PORTIA VENTOURAS, Year 4



## W.A.

W.A. is a wonderful place,  
Everywhere I go there's a smiling face,  
Beautiful flowers,  
And very tall towers,  
Pretty blue seas  
And lovely green trees,  
That's what I like about W.A.  
W.A. is a great place to stay.

KATE COBBOLD, Year 4

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

On top of a hill there was a dark dark  
house with big green tall trees around it. It  
had a little old fence made of little children's  
bones with a little creaky gate-way and  
cobwebs.

Once upon a time in the Haunted House  
there lived a Witch with her cat. They were  
casting a spell on a little girl. She was going to  
be cut up and eaten for dinner. The little girl  
screamed and then chop the little girl was  
dead. So the Witch laughed and laughed. She  
said poor little girl and then laughed again.

The little girl's sister came in but Scratch  
the cat scratched her eyes out. The poor little  
girl, said the Witch and laughed. Now we can  
have some stew said the Witch. But the two  
little sisters were not there. A Wizard had  
taken them away and made them alive, so  
they lived happily and very safe with the  
Wizard.

ELIZABETH BURT, Year 3

## PRAYER

Thank you for the sky and birds and all the  
creatures but most of all thank you for you  
up in the sky.

Amen

NOVA BURBURY, Year 2



## AUSTRALIA

Australia is a beautiful place,  
They have lovely blue seas  
and long green trees.  
There are flowers and shark  
and dogs that bark.  
Birds that whistle, bees that hum  
makes Australia the number one.  
All these things we have to see  
make Australia better for me.

BIANCA HARTZ, Year 4

## JOURNEY OF A WATERFALL

Flowing Water, Beginning at a  
Waterfall on a Creek

Water gushing down, thundering into a  
twirling muddle, then gently flowing on-  
wards, tossing and catching fallen debris  
and depositing it on trees left lying across the  
water by violent storms in previous times. At  
last it finds the river and joins the hurrying  
current raging on towards the ocean.

DOROTHY HATCH, Year 7



## WHAT DO WE PLANT?

What do we plant when we plant a tree?  
We plant a pencil that writes a C.  
We plant the gate that'll keep houses neat;  
And safe from the dogs that roam the  
street.  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.  
What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the furniture for you and me.  
We plant the stairs we daily climb.  
We plant the clock that tells the time.  
We plant all these things when we plant  
the tree.  
What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the paper as you can see.  
We plant the clogs that are worn by  
the Dutch.  
We plant the home of the rabbit that's  
called a hutch.  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

ANTOINETTE ANG, Year 4

## UPSIDE-DOWN

I know a girl who lives upside-down,  
So everyone stares at her when she goes  
to town,  
Her brothers are normal all except one,  
And the boy is two and he sucks his thumb.  
He will never drink or eat food,  
And he is extremely rude.  
He shouts at the shop-keeper and pulls lots  
of faces,  
But worst of all he cheats in races.

HEIDI WATSON, Year 4

## THE YEAR OF THE TREES

Trees, trees everywhere,  
Now they're here, now they're there,  
Skinny, fat, round, tall,  
Watch out they're going to fall.  
Fat, skinny, heavy, light,  
I lift them with all my might.  
I love trees, I hope you do,  
Especially when they are given to you.

SASHA BOSICH, Year 5

## FISHERMAN OF THE SEA

Wheeling, reeling over the waves,  
Screeching loud and long,  
Diving, swooping skilfully,  
Calling to his throng.

Circling lower, lower still,  
Spying with his dreaded eye.  
Into the murky waters, cold,  
His foolish prey will shortly die.

His beady eye misses nothing,  
His sharp beak and talons gold  
Await, silently, his next full meal  
His sleek grey coat fits without a fold.

He flies higher, higher, higher still  
Hovers far above the ocean  
Swoops, catches, fights and kills  
Then rises a phoenix in motion.

Victoriously he rises upwards  
Flies off past the blue horizon  
To some protected, sheltered rock  
To dine in peace on his captive.

HELEN DAVIS, Year 7

On 6th May 1982 Mrs. Korsgard brought her antique dolls to show Year 5. There were some unusual ones. The smallest one was about as big as your fingernail. The dog which was an English Bulldog barked when you pulled the leash on his back. Mrs. Korsgard's favourite was a doll sitting in a baby chair and it became a table down low as well. There was a cat that looked very shiny and he had a ribbon around his tail. The biggest one she brought was about a metre high and she made you think of a girl in our class. We were very lucky to see such a wonderful collection of dolls.

REBECCA FORNARO, Year 5



## THE WELL-DRESSED POTATO

Cairo, Monday . . .

*A man in Cairo was shot in the back by a potato.*

A potato has escaped from Cairo jail. He was serving a twelve-year sentence for robbing a bank. When asked about the escape a prison spokesman said, "Potatoes are a growing worry. More and more are escaping all over the country."

The escaped potato walked into a shop and demanded two bow-ties and a three-piece suit. The potato then grew very violent, pulled a gun from his pants and shot the shop attendants. Witnesses to the accident agreed that the potato had four green eyes, just beginning to shoot growth, white skin, fat body and was about 30-40 cm high. He was a very well-dressed potato and was clean shaven. If you see any walking potatoes please contact the police of your district. It is feared that potatoes are not all sweet but that many are planning a revolution.

PORTLAND JONES, Year 7

## FRIDGE

Open my stomach  
Pull out some ham,  
Munch it and crunch it and spread it with jam.

Open my stomach  
Hunger still stays,  
Slowly eating my insides away.

Middle of night  
A sleep-walker thief  
Opens me up and takes out some beef.

My insides aren't ever in the same place,  
For people are stuffing them into their face!

RAQUEL HORWOOD, Year 7

## CATS

Of a cat's nine lives it must be said  
Only eight are gone when he is dead,  
For when he's on his way to heaven  
He uses up about eleven.  
He will get run over by buses or bikes,  
For a cat will walk wherever he likes.  
He will go to sleep in an incinerator  
A crocodile or an alligator.  
St. Peter at a cat will frown  
Even if it's pink and brown,  
For a cat even if mild or meek  
Will give the Lord some terrible cheek.  
He will not obey commandments ten,  
Ane he will pinch and eat the  
neighbour's hen.  
So let's leave the cat on heaven's door  
Before he can start a 3rd World War.  
A cat can tread on steely claws  
As well as it can on velvet paws.

PORTLAND JONES, Year 7

## LOST IN MUM'S HANDBAG!

Well, it all started when I was sitting on Mum's dresser, watching her get ready for a luncheon. I was 30 cm. You see I had shrunk in the bath when Mum tried some new bubble bath on me, and she is a scientist, a mad one too. She was all in a flutter because she was late. Suddenly she pushed all the things on the dresser into her new bag, including me! Then she ran to the car, banging the door behind her. I was scared to death. We drove at great speed to the luncheon. In Mum's handbag I nearly got gassed by the French perfume, and then I turned around and, oh! no! the lid of the lipstick came off and I got smothered in Rose lipstick. Ouch! I sat on Mum's bristle brush. Looking around I saw a mirror, I could see I was a mess. I heard footsteps coming, and I quickly hid under the mirror, but it was Mum, getting her handkerchief. When she saw me she was nearly crying with laughter. She picked me up and took me home and washed me.

JANE VIOL, Year 6

## A TIME TO THINK

Outside in the school grounds at about 9.30 a.m. it is still cool. A gentle breeze makes it pleasant. It is beautiful, although you are looking at the same old cream and brown buildings. You are sitting in a place where you have never sat before, in a corner isolated and undisturbed.

Above you is the sound of a piano being played and children singing. The voices of children having a game of tennis and the soft sound of the ball hitting the racquet. Far in the distance the sound of reticulation. Although there are all these noises going on, and more, it can still be described as silent. The music has changed now to a more definite tune, but you can still notice other things like the flight of a green parrot and the beauty of an old rusty pole.

When you are alone you notice many more things such as the calls of the birds, the swaying of huge green trees and the different textures of houses. Huge white clouds looming above you like dobs of cotton wool usually staying, but just now you notice every change they make. The smell of the air is different, fresh and clean, as if the world had been washed overnight. The shadows of different buildings on the netball court, changing as the sun gets higher in the sky.

You can see things which you have never seen before, such as the different greens of trees, some brown leaves as winter draws nearer. You can take the time to think out your problems, or what you are going to do on the weekend, or just sit and do nothing except live.

Inside when you are alone you can feel frightened and scared, there's noise going on. Outside you can play indescribable games with yourself without knowing it. Watch people doing things. Hear cars purring along lanes and people's footsteps on the hard concrete. Be thoroughly unhappy or happy, not the awful feeling of uncertainty. You can make mistakes and feel embarrassed without anyone knowing. You can love and hate at the same time, or just sit and daydream. It seems as if you have the whole world to yourself. A world of magic.

KATE SINDLE, Year 7

## DOLLS

Dolls are fun to play with. You can get them in all sizes. Tall, small, fat, skinny and some with Fuzzy hair.

Some people collect china dolls and enjoy them.

Dolls have different expressions on their faces.

I like bride dolls best.

JENNY SEARS, Year 5



# SPORT



V. Giles

play in a social atmosphere, giving the girls an opportunity to meet other members of the school.

The decision to have one teacher responsible for all sport in the junior school has been most successful. Miss Allen-Williams' enthusiasm and efforts have been much appreciated and she has also found time to assist with some senior school activities.

The opportunities in sport at P.L.C. are immense with numerous activities ranging from jazz ballet (baby elephants aren't allowed!) to cricket (tomboys are allowed!).

Among its many achievements this year P.L.C. has enjoyed successes in gymnastics, swimming, hockey and basketball.

Last but certainly not least I must congratulate the five P.E. mistresses on the fine standard of sport they have continued at P.L.C. Their endless help and encouragement has been greatly appreciated by many girls. I would also like to thank them for their continuous support and advice during the year. Thanks also to the six house sports captains who have worked so hard throughout 1982.

Best wishes to next year's sports captain. I hope you enjoy the same support I have received.

VERONICA GILES

Without any doubt the highlight of my year as Sports Captain was the inter-school swimming. Besides winning the competition, equalling the record of six wins in a row and doing such an efficient job as hostess school, it was the school's spirit and unity which made me so proud to be part of P.L.C. Not only the team but also the spectators showed good sportsmanship by getting behind every competitor and cheering for her until they were hoarse. Having stood nervously on the starting block myself I won't hesitate to say how much of a boost it is to know you have such great support.

This is only a reflection of the general eagerness and enthusiasm with which girls approach sport at P.L.C. Whatever their sporting ability the "young ladies" of P.L.C. throw themselves into their sport and give everything they possibly can.

Although the system of inter-house sport has been quite successful it may be changed next year, as it is very hectic at lunch-times and the season seems to drag on endlessly. I hope whatever the format is for next year girls will respond eagerly and attempt to make it successful. The aim of inter-house sport is to



## SWIMMING

## LIFE SAVING

## TENNIS



## GYM

## HOCKEY. J

## FUN RUN



## B'BALL



# Swimming



**YEAR 12 TEAM.** Back row, l. to r.: S. Jones, S. Merry, K. McArthur, C. Stewart, F. Kelsall, J. Evans. Second row, l. to r.: J. Nash, A. Manners, K. Benney, V. Giles, K. Norlin, Y. Bell. Front row, l. to r.: K. Cox-Sutton, G. Cuzens, S. Legge, J. Malloch, V. Beresford, V. Rosser.



**YEAR 11 TEAM.** Back row, l. to r.: N. Stevens, S. Watkins, E. McCall, G. Pethick, V. Heath. Second row, l. to r.: F. Karlson, G. Denny, W. Stevenson, D. Hill, J. Busby. Front row, l. to r.: A. McTaggart, D. Cook, N. Fitch, S. Fitzgerald, P. Dowland.



**YEAR 10 TEAM.** Back row, l. to r.: J. Crawford, M. Rodgers, P. Evans, S. Gordon, J. Spencer. Second row, l. to r.: C. Mackley, J. Terry, L. Brazier, M. Picton-Warlow, P. Christie. Front row, l. to r.: B. Luke, D. House, N. Mairs, S. Manners, M. Silbert.



**YEAR 9 TEAM.** Back row, l. to r.: F. Watson, N. Day, A. Smith, A. Jones, K. Douglas. Second row, l. to r.: T. Trail, S. Ormonde, P. Michael, A. Thomas, C. Robins. Front row, l. to r.: G. Miller, S. Legge, E. Cerini.



**YEAR 8 TEAM.** Back row, l. to r.: M. Linton, N. Muir, C. Tootell, C. England, S. Herzfeld, M. Way. Second row, l. to r.: K. Hay, R. Kelsall, J. Phillips, G. Smith, A. Walker. Front row, l. to r.: R. Cotton, A. Somes, A. Cox, C. Chipper, F. Argyle.

This year swimming once again started early for the keen, enthusiastic swimmers who wanted some extra training. Mrs. Chidgey and Mrs. Pears willingly gave up their last few weeks of the holidays to train these girls.

Again this year P.L.C. had swimming meets against Scotch, J.T.C. and Newman College, and these proved very successful as it gave P.L.C. time to get used to the 50 metre pool and the tough competition.

Then in the third week back, was the Inter-house Carnival; it was a most successful day and enjoyed by all. Thanks must go to the P.E. staff for the brilliant organisation of the carnival. The final results saw Ferguson victors over McNeil, who came a close second.

Now it was time to settle down into hard training. The squad was picked and started training the very next day. The atmosphere at every session was one of anxiety and excitement as P.L.C. were looking for a win to get us equal to St. Hilda's on six consecutive wins.

Then the big day arrived. The team was all very excited and the Year 8s were more stunned by the excitement and nerves which were being felt by all.

Friday the 12th was a very successful night, not only in the swimming but also P.L.C. were hostess school and with the help from Mrs. L. Malone it was very well organised.

P.L.C. won the night, finally, after St. Mary's and M.L.C. made us work extremely hard to become eventual winners by 83 points over St. Mary's, who came second.

Congratulations must go to the cheer leaders who, with small numbers, led the war cries, to Years 10, 11 and 12 for winning the year pennants and to the whole swimming team on the fantastic effort (all the hard work eventually paid off).

Thanks must go to our brilliant coaches whose hard work is appreciated by all. Thanks to Mrs. Pears, Mr. and Mrs. Chidgey, Miss Tilley, Miss Allen-Williams and Miss McFarlane.

Special thanks go to Mrs. Giles who helped my mum in the preparation of food for the night, and to Veronica Giles, who helped me during the pre-inters worries. Thank you to each and every parent in supporting your girls too.

I would like to wish next year's team the "Best of British Luck". I, and many others, will be thinking of you. Good luck.

*JESSICA MALLOCH,*  
Swimming Captain

## RESULTS

*Madame de Mouncey:* Year 11/12 "A"—2nd.

*McKellar-Hall Cup:* Year 11/12 "A"—2nd.

*Davis Trophy:* Year 11 "A"—2nd.

*Halliday Shield:* Year 11 "A"—4th.

*Bader Memorial Cup:* Year 10 "A"—2nd, "B"—5th.

*E. Moreland Perpetual Trophy:* Year 10/9 "A"—2nd.

*Bunbury Cup:* Year 9 "A"—2nd.

*Goudie Trophy:* Year 8 "A"—1st.

# Life-saving



**SENIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: E. Wilson, S. Fitzgerald, D. Cook, A. McTaggart, C. Stewart, J. Gibbs, J. Hannon, J. Bell, P. Wright, S. Legge. Second row, l. to r.: J. Clay, J. Terry, S. Matthews, V. Giles, J. Cox, F. Russell, H. Smith, A. Dawes. Front row, l. to r.: M. Hopkins, L. Bremner, L. Brazier, J. Malloch, K. Benney, P. Nash, B. Stallard, J. Crawford, A. Eastwood.



**JUNIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: S. Rowe, T. Trail, A. Cox, C. England, A. Jones, C. Tootell, R. Matthews, P. Michael, F. Watson, V. Bell, G. Smith. Second row, l. to r.: J. Bowman, S. Herzfeld, M. Lang, T. Gates, S. Ormonde, M. Murray, H. Gibbs, M. Livingston, M. Way, F. Brazier, M. Linton. Front row, l. to r.: C. Russell, R. Kelsall, A. Somes, F. Argyle, R. Stone, A. Brackenridge, M. Brackenridge, K. Lees, K. Hay.

Life-saving training started immediately after the swimming inters and many girls trained hard in unfavourably cold conditions during the few weeks which followed.

Perseverance and team-work are very important factors which help to contribute to success in life-saving. P.L.C. performed very well on Saturday, 27th March, in the State Life-saving Carnival held at Beatty Park, entering 19 teams in the Carnival involving 68 girls.

The State Life-saving Carnival is not the only life-saving event on the school calendar during the year. There were girls who worked to gain a life-saving award, most of whom were successful. This brings a sense of personal achievement and satisfaction to the girls, as well as gaining credit for the school.

Special thanks must go to the Physical Education staff for their effort, organisation and time spent in training the girls for the carnival and awards.

*KRISTINA BENNEY*



**SENIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: M. Turner, H. Turner, A. McTaggart, K. Purser, S. Watkins, K. Luck. Second row, l. to r.: J. Hyde, R. Walker, T. Newton, K. Medcalf, W. Hyde, V. Giles, S. Waddell. Front row, l. to r.: S. Fitzgerald, C. Clements, J. Waddell, W. Stevenson, S. Clement.



**JUNIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: K. Miles, L. Hay, F. Watson, D. O'Connor, M. Picton-Warlow, M. Gregg, F. Russell, J. Bolton, J. Roe, D. Benda, J. Hannon, P. Orr, J. Millard, R. Benda. Third row, l. to r.: N. Brown, R. Cotton, P. Sinclair, E. Hawkins, K. Hay, K. McCusker, M. Linton, R. Cearn, J. Bowman, F. Dowling, J. Phillips, C. Mackley, K. McCowan, G. Binet, S. Purser. Second row, l. to r.: J. Marsh, M. Eldrid, L. Edwards, J. Dowling, H. Stewart, A. Ferstat, A. Morris, G. Smith, T. Trail, T. Manolas, A. Clarke, J. Thom, J. Joyce, J. Terry. Front row, l. to r.: L. Newing, R. Buhler, L. Lovelock, C. Russell, J. Lang, D. Brandenburg, J. Lefroy, C. England.



# Athletics

This year's Athletics Carnival, unlike previous years, is to be held four weeks into Third Term. This will enable the team that extra time to reach peak form. I am confident that the team will have performed to the best of its ability.

Many thanks must go to the continuous interest and untiring effort shown by our coaches throughout the training of the team: Mrs. Pears, Miss Richardson and Mrs. Flecker, in training the sprinters and hurdlers. Also Mesdames Tilley, McFarlane and Allen-Williams and Mrs. Chidgey in training the throwers and jumpers.

I would also like to congratulate and thank the whole team for its enthusiasm and dedication towards training.

The Inter-house Athletics Competition was enthusiastically contested by all houses. McNeil held a slight advantage throughout, occasionally changing the lead with Baird in the course of the day. In the end McNeil were comfortable winners over Baird and Carmichael.

I would also like to extend my best wishes to the 1983 Athletics Team.

*JODIE HYDE*, Athletics Captain



# Volleyball



**SENIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: A. Leeming, P. Thompson, A. Miles, M. Weir, W. Hyde, S. Castle. Second row, l. to r.: S. Brazier, J. Hyde, K. Purser, E. Bryant. Front row, l. to r.: S. Hamersley, E. Wilson, K. Lefroy.

This year's volleyball season got off to a good start. The attendance as usual in the beginning was commendable, but towards the conclusion of the season numbers diminished. However, there was no evidence of lack of enthusiasm and on the whole girls in both teams were co-operative members.

The Senior "B" Team must be congratulated on their performance, undefeated throughout the season.

The Senior "A" Team performed well, but unfortunately were up against experienced sides.

Congratulations also must go to the Junior Teams who played very well.

Our thanks must go to Miss Wright who spent valuable time coaching and supporting the teams.

Best of luck to those who play next year.

SUE CASTLE, Year 12



**JUNIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: K. Miles, J. Terry, G. Binet, E. Hodgson, S. Purser, J. Seymour, D. Benda, P. Orr, C. Mills. Second row, l. to r.: P. Voce, C. Hobday, B. Hardie, E. Walker, S. Wakeman, S. Matthews, K. Wilson, N. Hughes. Front row, l. to r.: S. Herzfeld, C. Nicholson, J. Kennedy, K. Hewett, R. Lapsley, J. Lefroy, C. Bunning.



## I.G.S.A. RESULTS

Seniors		Juniors	
St. Mary's .....	36	St. Hilda's .....	38
Iona .....	30	St. Mary's .....	34
St. Hilda's .....	28	M.L.C. ....	28
M.L.C. ....	26	Penrhos .....	24
P.L.C. ....	22	Iona .....	20
Penrhos .....	16	P.L.C. ....	17
J.T.C. ....	10	P.C. ....	5
P.C. ....	0	J.T.C. ....	4

# Netball



**SENIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: L. Palmer, E. Bryant, K. Jones, H. de Burgh, A. McTaggart, N. Gosden. Third row, l. to r.: K. Luck, A. Miles, J. Silbert, N. Griffin, C. Fleay, P. Dowland. Second row, l. to r.: G. Pethick, P. Palassis, T. Ventouras, J. Malloch, C. Stannard. Front row, l. to r.: V. Giles, M. Doncon, R. Walker, V. Beresford.

Once again P.L.C. performed well in the Inter-school Netball Competition to gain second place overall.

There were a large number of junior girls wishing to play this year but unfortunately they could not all make the teams. Due to exams and other commitments the seniors could only field three teams.

I would like to take the opportunity to thank Mrs. Flecker and Miss Tilley for their tireless help, especially with the senior teams, as they were often looking for replacements up to the last moment. Without their continual support and encouragement the P.L.C. teams would not have done nearly so well.

I would also like to congratulate the players on their enthusiasm and good sportsmanship which is reflected in the fine results.

Congratulations and best wishes for 1983.

VERONICA GILES

## RESULTS

*Seniors:*

- "A" Team, 3rd
- "B" Team, 2nd
- "C" Team, 5th

*Juniors:*

- "A" Team, 3rd
- "B" Team, 2nd
- "C" Team, 4th
- "D" Team, 3rd



**JUNIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: J. Bowman, F. Sutherland, M. Evans, F. Dowling, K. Miles, C. Morgan. Second row, l. to r.: K. McCowan, A. Robertson, L. Brazier, J. Crawford, K. Hewett. Front row, l. to r.: J. Seymour, N. Mairs, B. Hardie.

## YOUNG WRITERS' COMPETITION

*Group 4 Prose*

Highly Commended: Collette Saunders, Year 12.

*Group 4 Poetry*

Won by Amanda Willis, Year 11.





**SENIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: S. Waddell, J. Hyde, S. Watkins, S. Evans, W. Stevenson, S. Wright, S. Castle, K. Purser. Second row, l. to r.: J. Loxton, A. Willis, S. Clement, K. Johnston, B. Hyde, B. Ward. Front row, l. to r.: L. Braddock, D. Hill, S. Carter, J. Waddell.



**JUNIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: J. Marsh, E. Kennealy, G. Castle, S. Hope, C. Barrows, T. Staines, R. Cotton, K. Wilson. Third row, l. to r.: A. Brown, H. Smith, L. Cox, P. Nash, S. Macliver, P. Orr, J. Lang. Second row, l. to r.: G. More, A. Ferstat, N. Brown, M. Gillett. Front row, l. to r.: L. Bremner, G. Purser, J. Terry, A. Scanlon.

### MATHS TALENT QUEST (Year 9-10)

*1st Prize (Year 10):* D. House, S. Page, J. Terry, J. Perkins

*3rd Prize (Year 10):* R. Smith, M. Gillett.

*The Best Year 9 Entry:* M. Williams.

### I.B.M. MATHS COMPETITION

*Certificates of Merit (Year 10):* J. Perkins, V. Farrell.

### AUSTRALIAN MATHS COMPETITION

*Year 10 Prize:* J. Perkins.

# Hockey

This year and in previous years there has been great interest and determination in all P.L.C. teams to do well. The school again did well in both senior and junior teams. There should be special mention of the Senior "B" and the Junior "B", "C", "D" who all won pennants.

Our thanks must also go to Mrs. Chidgey, Miss McFarlane and Miss MacNamara who gave us all the encouragement to enjoy our season of hockey. Congratulations to all the players for making such a good season of hockey and having such a good attitude in all the matches. By seeing how many junior pennants we have won there are a lot of up-and-coming juniors for the senior teams next year. The best of luck to all hockey players and coaches for the next season.

SUE CASTLE, Year 12

### D.A.S. RESULTS 1982

*Division 1:* Clare Martin (D), Sophia Hall (D, 2nd Prize), Nadine Fancott (P), Jennifer van den Hoek (D), Michelle Simpson (P).

*Division 2:* Sharon Peterson (D), Jenny Loxton (P), Amanda Willis (D), Felicity Williams (D), A. J. Law (P), Fiona North (P), Liz Kennedy (D), Carolyn Wilson (D).

*Division 3:* Emma Pinnick (P), Julia Morrison (D, 2nd Prize), Sara Meszaros (P), Elizabeth Pethick (D), Sally Williams (P), Fiona Dowling (D), Bronwen Luke (D)

*Division 4:* Susannah Baldock (P), Vanessa King (D), Stephanie van den Hoek (D), Jenny Straton (D), Julie Reid (D), Kate Kelly (P), Kate MacGregor (D), Mary Williams (D), Anthea Gardner (D), Natalie Brown (P), Elizabeth Melville-Jones (D), Rosalie Greay (D), Debra O'Connor (D), Charlotte Smith (D), Anna Zwicky (D).

*Division 5:* Annabelle Scanlon (D), Helen MacLeod (D), Catherine Robins (D), Ann Lapping (D), Cathy Toomey (D), Jennifer Kennedy (P), Venetia Mathias (D), Martina Mazzucchelli (D, 2nd Prize), Megan Ludlow (P).

# Basketball



**SENIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: J. Hyde, P. Thompson, D. Cook, M. Doncon. Second row, l. to r.: A. McTaggart, A. Miles, S. Fitzgerald. Front row, l. to r.: E. Bryant, V. Giles, K. Luck, K. Purser.



**JUNIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: J. Marsh, F. Warn, K. Miles, N. Brown, S. Wakelam, L. McGlew, K. Wilson, N. Day. Second row, l. to r.: R. Benda, L. Vermeer, J. Seymour, A. Robertson, L. Baldwin, J. Bowman, R. Larard. Front row, l. to r.: H. Gibbs, C. Barrows, G. Purser.

The highlights of this year's basketball season included a shaky start by the seniors and an enthusiastic approach by the juniors. Our depth of talent enabled P.L.C. to become the 1982 competition winners. We were very fortunate to have as coaches Miss Rucks, an "A" Grade player, and Miss Allen-Williams (whose administrative talents surely rival her famed hockey-playing ability). Their efforts were greatly appreciated and resulted in undoubted improvement in the standard of our play.

The most impressive thing this season was the strength and skill of the juniors which proved that P.L.C. will still be the team to beat in the future. Congratulations and thanks to all girls for the effort they put into basketball this year. Best of luck to all future P.L.C. players!

*K. LUCK*

## RESULTS

<i>Senior:</i>	<i>Junior:</i>
"A" Team, 1st	"A" Team, 1st
"B" Team, 3rd	"B" Team,
"C" Team, 5th	"C" Team, 2nd

## Overall

*Seniors: 4th Juniors: 1st*

*School Position: 1st*

# Fun Run

Lying in bed, dreading the alarm clock bell at 6.30 a.m. to say "get out of bed and go for a run." Stagger out of bed and crash around trying to be quiet when getting dressed, with eyelids propped up by matchsticks. Drag yourself to the door then out for the run. Get back exhausted, look as if you pretended you really enjoyed it and exclaim over how fit you will be in the ten weeks.

This is the preparation for the fun run.

Finally, the grand day arrives. We all leap out of bed and rush to early breakfast, eating twice as much as usual, telling ourselves it is all for energy when really it is only a good excuse to eat more, and then we all nearly die of indigestion anyway!



**SENIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: C. Fleay, P. Abbott, W. Hyde, S. Castle, R. Eyres, J. Clay, R. Sampson, A. Miles, J. Braddock. Second row, l. to r.: J. Bradshaw, N. Stevens, A. Seymour, S. Clement, K. Oakley, K. Purser, J. Hyde. Front row, l. to r.: C. Bunny, H. Venerys, A. Bulleid, S. Carter, F. North, E. Bryant.

This year three Senior and three Junior tennis teams represented P.L.C. in inter-school matches. The teams won on some occasions and lost on others, but we all had a lot of fun in participating.

Special credit must go to the Junior "A" Team who won their pennant, and thus helped the Juniors to a final overall placing of third.

The Seniors didn't go quite as well as the Juniors, but finally finished up at fifth position overall.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Flecker, whose interest and enthusiasm was greatly appreciated by everyone.

Congratulations to everyone who participated this year. Good luck for next year's teams.

LINDA BRADDOCK

The bus arrives and everyone climbs aboard, looking forward to the next two hours if they haven't been in it before, and dreading it if they have.

The atmosphere is tense at the starting line when you and 5 000 other people are all standing waiting for the count down. Other people jog up and down warming up their muscles, but I don't want to exhaust myself too early, so I just stand there trying to look as if I am incredibly fit but feeling the exact opposite.

Tension mounts and after having already been to the toilet about ten times, the final count down begins. Channel 9 helicopters fly above and 5 000 people start chanting 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, GO! and we are off past Newspaper House, pretending this is what we have been looking forward to for weeks.

People cheer from the sidelines giving one's morale a good boost, and some of the better runners give encouraging

words as they fly past. I thought I'd try this once and about two kilometres later that same person jogged confidently past and I was just wishing I could die.

The kilometre pegs flash by at about negative two kilometres an hour, with drinks (non-alcoholic) on the way.

We struggle through Perry Lakes and are finally on the last stretch.

Everyone receives their time on a piece of cardboard, and gasp that they must have done better than that. Then proudly show it around explaining that they got cramp or something else, and that is why it is so slow, otherwise. . . .

**FUN RUN.** Back row, l. to r.: A. Miles, P. Hassell, P. Abbott, S. Castle, J. Bradshaw, L. Wilding. Front row, l. to r.: B. Hardie, K. Miles, E. Bryant, C. Bunny.

# Tennis



**JUNIOR.** Back row, l. to r.: K. Miles, E. Hodgson, P. Watson, A. Ferstat, J. Terry, S. Purser, K. Leighton, V. King, N. Brown, M. Gregg. Second row, l. to r.: S. Clements, K. Bell, A. Clarkson, J. Marsh, A. Brown, K. Hewett, B. Hardie, F. Sutherland, L. McCusker. Front row, l. to r.: E. Melville-Jones, D. Ridley, S. Nathan, S. Macliver, K. McGregor, J. Lang, L. Bremner.

## I.G.S.A. Results

Seniors		Juniors	
St. Mary's	33	M.L.C.	32
Iona	31	St. Mary's	28
M.L.C.	29	P.L.C.	25
Penrhos	25	Iona	24
P.L.C.	23	Penrhos	24
St. Hilda's	17	J.T.C.	21
J.T.C.	10	St. Hilda's	14
P.C.	2	P.C.	0

The day is April 4th, and about 20 P.L.C. girls flop exhaustedly into the ocean after just making the hundred metres to the beach. We all dread tomorrow when we, the famous fitness fanatics, will be walking stiffly around groaning and moaning as if we had all just run 12 kilometres in the City to Surf Fun Run.



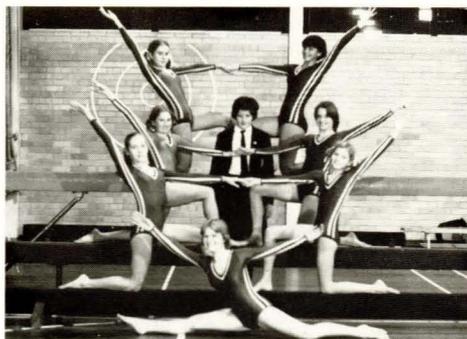
# Gymnastics



**SENIOR.** *Top beam:* C. Clements. *Bottom beam, l. to r.:* N. Silbert, M. Silbert, H. Turner. *Floor:* S. Dharmalingam.



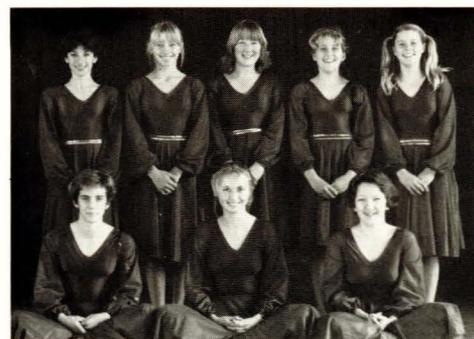
**RHYTHMIC GYM.** *Back row, l. to r.:* L. Palmer, L. Anderson, V. Farrell, J. Anderson, K. Winterton. *Front row, l. to r.:* S. Macliver, D. House, K. McCowan, M. Lang, C. Robins.



**JUNIOR.** *Back, row, l. to r.:* K. Hay, G. Smith. *Third row, l. to r.:* R. Stone, S. Hoare (in uniform), T. Manolas. *Second row, l. to r.:* S. Xouris, F. Gascoine. *Front row, l. to r.:* R. Lapsley.



**JUNIOR.** *Top beam, l. to r.:* L. Motherwell, J. Phillips, A. Clarkson. *Bottom beam:* T. Trail. *Floor:* S. Legge.



**JAZZ BALLET.** *Back row, l. to r.:* M. Silbert, J. Hadley, L. Anderson, M. Lang, J. Phillips. *Front row, l. to r.:* T. Trail, J. Cresswell, R. Smith.

## RESULTS

*I.G.S.A.:* P.L.C., 6th overall.

*State School Girls':* Senior "A", 3rd.

*Inter-house:* Carmichael, 1st.  
McNeil, 2nd.  
Stewart, 3rd.  
Baird, 4th.  
Ferguson, 5th.  
Summers, 6th.

*Individual:* C. Clements, 1st.  
S. Dharmalingam, 2nd.  
M. Silbert, 3rd.  
T. Trail, 4th.  
J. Phillips, 5th.  
H. Turner, 6th.

## JOHN FORREST GEOGRAPHY AWARDS

*Cartographic Section (Highly commended—\$50):* B. Stannard.

*Geography Section (Merit certificates):*  
S. Leighton, L. Simpson.

## MATH-O-QUEST (Year 8)

*1st Prize (Polyiamonds):* Lisa Dorrington, Kirsten Hay, Vanessa Wharton.

*2nd Prize (Trees):* Fiona Grieve, Helen McLeod, Michelle Pontague.

## NATIONAL MUSIC CAMP

Helen Gladstones (Year 12) was selected to attend the camp in Brisbane this year.

## STATE TEAMS

*Pacific School Games—Swimming:*  
Caroline Mackley.

*Rhythmic Gymnastics:* Karen Winterton, Karen McCowan.

*Hockey:* Julie Waddell.

*Basketball:* Jenny Marsh, Kerry Luck.

*Netball, Waterpolo:* Veronica Giles.

*Synchronised Swimming:* Jeanette Clay.

*Custom Credit—Tennis:* Annalee Ferstat.

# Principal's Study Leave

Most of my three months' Study Leave was spent in U.S.A., where I visited about 20 schools, several tertiary institutions and the office of the National Association of Secondary School Principals. I went *via* New Zealand, and returned *via* England, U.K.

In addition to visiting schools and talking with people about schools, and education generally, I also did much reading. Included in this were school handbooks, outlines of programmes and assessment procedures, articles and books about the role of the Principal, organisation of schools, communication, leadership, student activities, effective learning, school size, how to change a school, implementing the aims of a school.

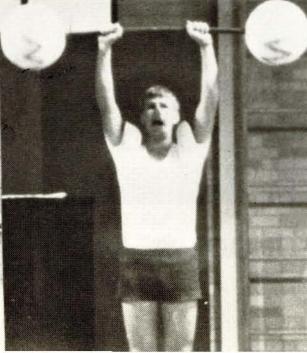
Schools I visited included public (i.e. government or local authority), independent, girls' schools, co-educational schools; day and boarding schools; elementary, middle, junior high, and high schools; and schools, like P.L.C., for Kindergarten to Year 12. The American schools I visited were in Denver, Colorado; Washington, D.C.; Reston, Virginia; Minneapolis-St. Paul in Minnesota; Connecticut and New York City. I spoke with children, teachers, parents, principals, members of school boards, professors of education. They were as interested to hear about what we do in Australia as I was to hear about what they do in the U.S.A.

In general, our school compared favourably with others I visited, but the impressions I gained from seeing, and hearing about, what is done elsewhere help me to evaluate what we do ourselves, and what we should be trying to do in the future.

An overall impression is that of the importance of each person—every person with whom I came in contact, including people in corridors and buses, as well as in school offices and classrooms, contributed to my impressions, which were formed in a variety of ways, e.g. through people's conversations, manner, interest, enthusiasm, standards of work, personal appearance, attitudes of care; impressions from notice-boards, displays, school magazines and handbooks, care and condition of buildings and grounds.

The main overall impression was of a seriousness of purpose, greater than I had expected, and a concern that education in schools should be very worthwhile.

H. BARR





SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF



JUNIOR SCHOOL STAFF

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*Visiting Instructors:* Mr. J. Cook, Flute, Clarinet, Saxophone; Mrs. M. Gadsdon, A.Mus.A., Piano; Mr. J. Harrison, Dip. Teach., A.Mus.A., Oboe; Mr. A. Marshall, Tennis; Mrs. F. McCallum, Gymnastics; Mrs. A. Miller, Bagpipes; Mrs. M. Miller, Pipe and Drums; Mrs. B. Robinson, A.R.C.M., M.I.M.T., A.T.M.A., Stringed Instruments; Mr. W. Tattersall, Drums; Mr. B. Weekes, Guitar.

*School Counsellor:* Mrs. J. Crooke, B.A., M.A.P.S.

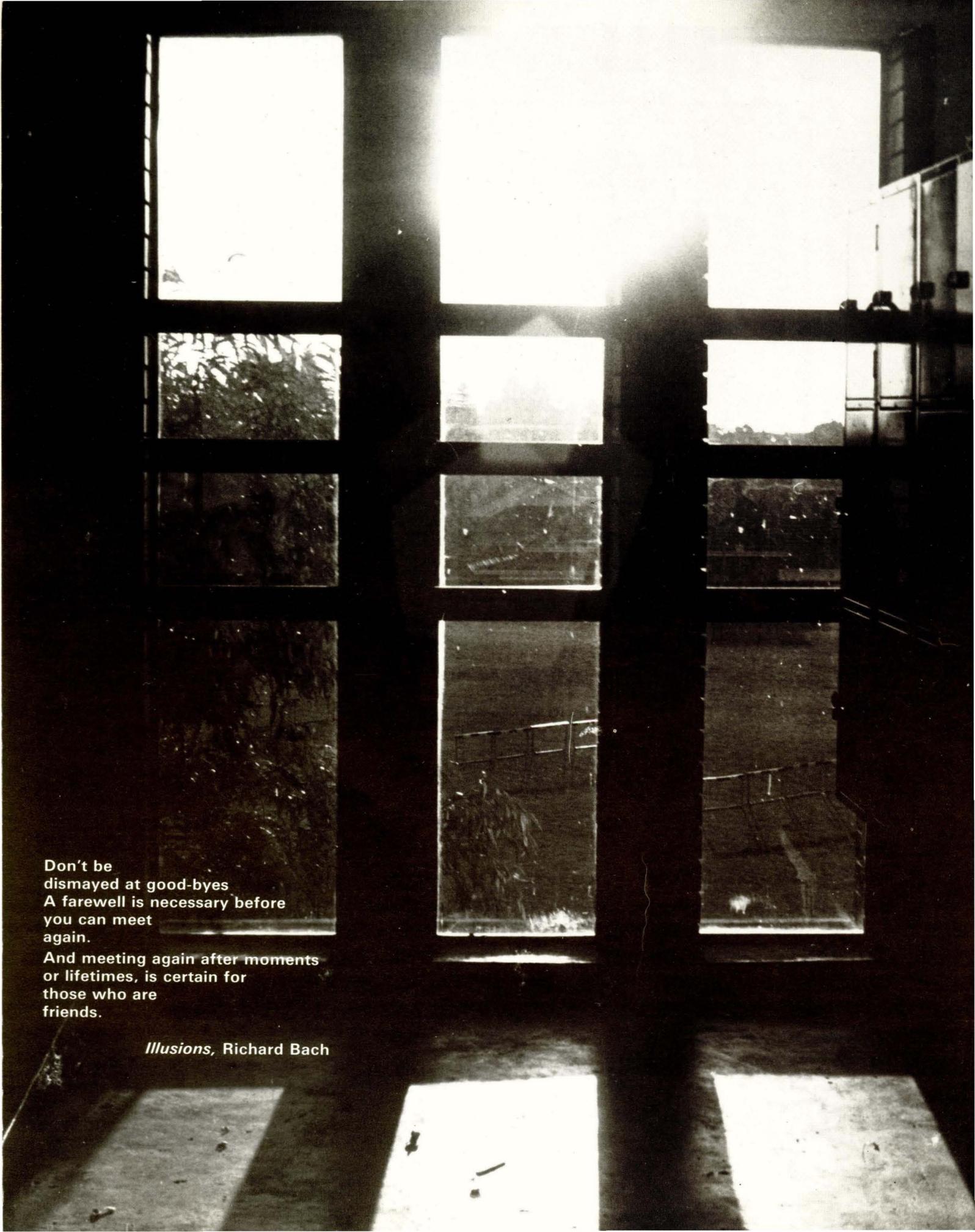
*Library Staff:* Mrs. B. M. Shield, B.Sc., Senior School Librarian; Mrs. E. C. Smith, Ass. Dip. Lib. Med., Library Technician; Mrs. A. West, Library Clerical Assistant; Mrs. J. E. Edmunds, B.A., Dip. Lib. Stud., Junior School Librarian; Mrs. A. Macliver, Junior School Library Clerical Assistant.

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*Office Staff:* Miss. J. Hedemann, Principal's Personal Assistant, Secretary; Mrs. J. Kennedy, Registrar; Mrs. G. Simmonds, Accounts; Mrs. M. Flower, Office; Mrs. D. Lee, Receptionist/Telephonist; Mrs. D. Salmon, Bookroom.

*Senior Boarding House Staff:* Mrs. P. Horton, S.R.N., Assoc. Dip. He. Ed., Supervisor; Mrs. P. Hatch, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Mrs. M. Whitehouse; Mrs. A. Coupland; Mrs. M. J. Cameron; Mrs. H. Cumming; Mrs. B. Dennis.

*Nursing Sisters (part-time):* Miss K. Cooper, S.R.N. Mid.; Mrs. J. P. Norris, S.R.N.; Mrs. A. Stead, S.R.N., C.M.B.



Don't be  
dismayed at good-byes  
A farewell is necessary before  
you can meet  
again.

And meeting again after moments  
or lifetimes, is certain for  
those who are  
friends.

*Illusions*, Richard Bach

**yeareleven**rhondaabbottcatherineakermanlynleyandersonjaneangelonilisaarnoldcarolynbaileylisablanchardjodybondhelenboothelizabethbowensarabrazierelizabethbryantannabulleidjenniferbusbyjodiebuzzalucillecainejaninecarbonisarahcarterlisacaseyraneechristophersusanclementcarolynclementssaracolemandoscardianacooklisadavisjonninedayhelendeburghjoannedenhamgilliandennyjoannadepledgephilippadowlandmariannedravnieksCarolynengelalisonfarrissamandafimistercarynfishersarafisherninafitchselenafitzgeraldelizabethfrenchalexandragellardnatashagosdenrebeccagracelisagrahambethgreennadinegriffina nagubbayanniquegutteridgesarahamersleychristinehatchsarahhayvanessaheathrebecca hewettdonnahi llosokepenghostephaniehoggsarahorleylouisehorwoodemmahuntbronwenhydevanessajameskatherinejohnstonelizabethjoneskathrynjonesfelicitykarlsonelizabethkennedykimklugjacquelinekornalicejoyelawaneleemingkathleenlefroyjanelesterjenniferloxtonkerryluckkarenlumshannonmartintanyamartinannamile sannamilnerelizabethmccallcarolinemccullochrowanmacleanbeatricemcloughlinannamctaggartannalisa nelsonfionanorthleonoranursekatherineoakleyalisonoconnoraidaostapippenpalassisisapalmerfionapearmansharonpetersonginapethicksuzannephillipsphilippaprattmichelleproudsuzannekatepurserwinsomequiltyjenniferquinlivansamantharankinewilsonvanessaraynerfionareynoldsllisarorrisonSusanRussellRoslynsonsonjanesandersantheasandsdianneschultzanneseymourwendyshadboltnatalieshepherdjustinesilbertricolesilbertamandaslingernaomismithsharonspencercarolynstannardnicoleestevenswendystevensonmichellesymesclaretaylorhelenturnermelissaturnerhelenvenerysjuliewaddellbrendawardsallywatkinsalisonwegnernicolewendtfelicitywilliamsheatherwilliamsamandawillisharonwillmottcarolynwilsonelizabethwilsonkarenwintertonphilippawulff**yeartwelve** paulineabbottmarthaadamselpethandersonnicoleantonemoiraatchisonyvettebellkristinabenneyvictoriaberessfordleighblechyndenlindabraddockjennybradshawstephaniebruceangelabunningcarolinebunnyangelacalvertjennifercampbellsusancastleandreacerinicarolchristiejeannetteclaymargaretcloughmelissacohnsallycookjoannecooperkathrinecoxkatecoxstongemmacuzensstephaniedebnamkarendejongsusandenhamsusheeladharmalingammegandonconsusandukesjennifereastwoodgenevieveevansjaneevanssallyevansrosemaryeyreskatrinafairweathernadinefancottcarolinefleaygenevievegibbsjanegibbsveronicagileshelengladstonesronniegoldbergsophiaha llmelissahasluckcatherinehassellpatriciahassellpaolahewettjoannehydewendyhydemeganjamesrobinjohnstonjocelynjonessimonejonesamandakailisfelicitekelsallannakibblewhitebiahnoikwekkatherinelangdonsuzanneleggesylvialeightonmeganlongwilljessicamallochallisonmannersclaremartinsuzannemerrykayemedcalflynnemillardheathermitchellkarenmcarthurjennifernashticianewtonkerstennorlinhelenoliverSarahomeehanfionaparkinsondeborahperkinscamillapictonwarlowannereidmeredithreynoldsannerobinsonvanessarossersimonerutherfordjoannesaleebajanesandscollettesaunderslaihoseetlouisasimpsonmichellesimpsonroslynsmithrosalynspencerelisabethspraggmelissastaffordrachelstaffordbronwynnestannardcarolinestewartandreastimsonjanetaylornicoltaylornicoletelforddaniellethompsonpatriciahompsonjennifervandenhoektheonaventourasgenevievevincentsusanwaddellannemariewalkerrachelwalkerclairewalkleycatherineweijmamargaretweirelizabwhitfordlieswildingmariawildingannwittenoomsarahwrightmaryellenyenckenveronicayeoninayoung**staff**hmrbarhjdabgodwinhjevansdewilliamsdjallaneballenwilliamsdaallsoppdiamdersonhatchisonmlbestlmbettssebonnermibouckergmbullrcharleswchidgeyschurchagconroyjdcruzfdharmalingamjidougejreastontmebertdjedingermfleckerkfrichotlrgoldflamdmgrantjhafekostcmharringtondmhausteadmhealyhheptinstalljehetheringtonvkhutchesonwkjamessmjarvisssenkinekenworthypjkotaitlambertdmcarthuramcelroyjlmcfarlanejamcmahongmatthewsjbmelldmelvillebmillsemilnefjnaldermlpagejapapineauatpearsmjreillyjrobisongmroutleydjruddlebrustjsharpasmithpsmithcmstanilandsmstenhousecasumnerdrtaidtilleystylerswardmlwilliamsnjwoodpawrightjcookmgadsonjharrisonamarshallfmccallumamillermmillerbrobinsonwtattersalljcrookebmshieldecsmithahwestjeedmundsamaclivercpraterdburgedohararpelhamihannestenhousedemannjkennedygsimmondsmflowerdleedsalmonphortonphatchmwhitehouseacouplandhcummingbdenniskcooperjpnorrisastead

