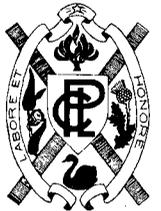


KOOKABURRA

1976





**PRESBYTERIAN LADIES'
COLLEGE, INC.**

PEPPERMINT GROVE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA



KOOKABURRA

1976

The Magazine Committee. Standing, l. to r.
Anna Ross, Meroula Richardson (Editor),
Sitting, l. to r., Christy Smith (Photographer),
Fiona Gawler, Jane Dymond.



EDITORIAL

Having just re-read past editorials of the *Kookaburra*, I find one recurring theme: the confusion and bewilderment of a girl about to leave a whole lifestyle, and a belief that she is on the threshold of "life". As the Leavings of 1976 approach the end of an era, which has lasted for two-thirds of their lives to date, they are probably no less bewildered, and not able to believe that school is (finally?) over. Some will leave with regret, some with joy. Almost without exception they will be leaving with high hopes and little doubt that life is indeed beginning; apparently twelve years of growing and learning are not included in the somewhat misty definition of that small word.

In this case, it is sad to think that such a great proportion of their lives so far is regarded as virtually wasted. To be sure, most will have gained the all-important certificates or slips of paper which will be their passports to their careers, but after so long expecting life to begin, there is no guarantee that they will not go on looking for "life" around the next corner.

We expect Life to be there after school waiting for us; then it is after university, after marriage, then "life begins at forty", and finally, after

retirement—always appearing just ahead, as a carrot tied in front of a donkey, or a desert mirage.

Until and unless we realise that life waits for no-one, and that life is now, we will wait that precious commodity away.

Life owes us nothing; it has been granted to us as a priceless opportunity, an opportunity to see, hear, feel—to use all our senses to grow in understanding, to be fully *alive* every day, every minute, every second. Life is also an opportunity to mould something of value to ourselves, be it a family, a career, a relationship, or the satisfaction of a "life-long" dream to see the Taj Mahal. The achievement of an ambition may take years, or decades, and it is a very costly ambition if the joy of the moment is sacrificed for the product of the years.

Everyone has a hundred such ambitions, and only one lifetime . . . yet we have already lived a quarter or a fifth of our lives, and a large part of that time has been passed in waiting for the future instead of fully living the present. No matter what sort of present it is, each moment of it is unique and irreplaceable; and no-one has more than a lifetime of moments.

HEAD PREFECT'S NOTES

What does 1976 mean to all of us at P.L.C.? Many things unique to each of us and also many things shared.

One of the highlights of this year was the week of camps. P.L.C. girls from all years, other than Year 12s (who enjoyed the solitude of the deserted school) were to be found from Araluen to Point Peron. At all camps great comradeship developed between the girls and the wonderfully enthusiastic staff and parents.

The loss by fire of the Common Room, and with it two years of hard work by the Year 12s of 1975 and 1976, was a great disappointment. However, the school very rapidly produced a replacement—a highly valued home for all the seniors.

We are fortunate at P.L.C. in having opportunities to express our ideas about school life through the Student Council and through the Forum (functioning for the first time this year). This opportunity certainly results in responsible thinking and action by most students.

People often ask whether the Student Council is really representative of student opinion and whether it can really recommend and implement change. The answer is—it is and it can and it does. A good example of student involvement in decision-making occurred with the proposal to introduce two new houses. The idea was first mentioned at a Student Council meeting early in the year and from there moved to discussion at student assemblies. Written suggestions and forum meetings were then followed by a secret ballot vote for all girls in the senior school. The proposal returned for further discussion at the Student Council and finally a consensus suggestion was passed to Miss Barr and the School Council—perhaps an inefficient system but one that develops a new awareness in many students of the need for careful thought.

During the year we have had several very useful meetings with senior representatives from

other schools, to discuss common aims and problems, and I hope these meetings will continue next year.

One of the problems facing senior girls is how to find opportunities for other girls to accept and share responsibility. There is a tendency among a few to stand back and avoid responsibility and to criticise without being constructively helpful and so spoil the positive attitude of others.

Generally, however, the spirit of the school is friendly and enthusiastic—as seen in the everyday life of P.L.C., as well as at the swimming sports with cheer-leaders in Indian costumes; in the smiling faces whenever the School Band marches in; in the fun of the School Dance, the Quiz Nights, the House Plays and Arts Festival and the many other sporting and social activities. I thank all members of the Student Council, my friends and work-mates, the staff and Miss Barr for helping me to encourage such spirit.

Now that we are near the end of the year, I cannot help but ask what happened to those shining ideals I had at the beginning of the year? Are they guiding my actions or are they submerged by the realities of administration, lack of time, some student apathy and my responsibilities to my studies?

Regardless of the answer, I will always remember my year as Head Prefect of P.L.C.

Sarah Jones



STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

It was a bit incredible at first—our Common Room on *Fire!* Our freshly painted chairs, numerous bean bags, cushions, sofas and our CAFEBAR—*gone!* With it went virtually 18 months' labour—the pride of last year's and this year's Leaving students. Fortunately though, not all is dismal. Thanks to Mr. Lapsley and our groundsmen we now have an alternative.

In the last couple of weeks the most controversial topic of conversation, especially for the Forum, is the possible appointment of two new houses.

An important event for the Student Council was the inaugural meeting of an inter-school

forum last April. Two or three student representatives were invited from each of the independent schools in the metropolitan area. It is uncertain whether it will be held on a regular basis.

Perhaps the Student Council is "in limbo" at the moment. It is difficult to propose, project and practise all we discuss in the 40-minute meetings. It is difficult to achieve much in so little time. However, current ideas will no doubt come to fruition in future years. Despite the frustration of lack of time Student Council meetings have generally been very worthwhile.



Year 12 Student Council. Front row, l. to r., Judy Lange, Elizabeth Benson, Kim Giles, Susan Kennedy. Middle row, l. to r., Jenny Lawrence, Anna Ross, Sara Fitch, Debbie Gamble, Susan Wainwright, Back row, l. to r., Janet Turner, Sarah Jones, Alison O'Meehan, Susan Wegner.

Year 11 Student Council.
Front row, l. to r., Jane Fischer, Helen Anderson, Rosemary Braidahl, Karen Seaby, Mary-Ellen King. Back row, l. to r., Roseanne Dowland, Penny Leighton, Lennie Barblett, Joanne Cruickshank, Jane McNamara.



BOARDING HOUSE REPORT



February 10th saw a gathering of girls from a variety of places, including two from Groote Eylandt and five from Christmas Island.

As a "get to know/welcome back" outing, a trip to Rottneest Island was made the first weekend. It was a great success, with everyone returning very tired but happy. At the beginning of second term, similar trips were made to Wanneroo and Yanhep.

The social life of the boarders was highlighted by a dance for Years 11 and 12 in first term. Our entertainment was shared by guys from Aquinas, Hale, Guildford, Scotch and Wesley. Year 11s also had an organised basketball match and barbeque tea with Scotch in second term.

The Boarding House welcomed all Year 8s of the school for Camp Week during second term. The Year 8s earned the gratitude of the boarders because their presence prompted a month's hire of a colour television set so that camp girls could watch the Olympic Games initially.

A boarders' concert was held half-way through second term, and to the delight of all many girls revealed "hidden talents".

Perhaps the most memorable incident this year was "The Fire". Those who were awake placed bets as to whether it was the gym, the common room or the science block. Since we were on the "sidelines", the scene to us was an orange sky sprinkled with floating ash and hazed with grey smoke. As some of our talented boarders had acquired a detective instinct in their childhood, they used their vivid imaginations in tracking causes and culprits.

Finally, my thanks to the Mothers' Auxiliary and the Parents' Association for their greatly appreciated help and donations throughout the year. Also, I would like to thank Miss Barr and the Boarding House mistresses for their much welcomed assistance, and last but not least my fellow Year 12s for their much appreciated help and co-operation throughout the year. My attempt as Senior Boarder would have been futile without them to support me. I wish every success and happiness to, not only those leaving, but also those returning to the Boarding House.

Allison

LEAVING DAY GIRLS



LEAVING BOARDERS



School Scene

School Dance

Rainbows and balloons—red, yellows, greens—and a back drop of Melanie decorated the Subiaco Civic Centre on the night of May the 10th.

After spending all day filling balloons with balloon gas, etc., most of us felt too exhausted to even think of dancing that night and we certainly never wanted to see another balloon or rainbow again.

But as it turned out, the dance was fantastic! The band, “Duck Soup”, were even more excited than we were, we danced till after midnight (I don’t know how) and found the time to eat the yummy supper prepared for us by the mothers. I’m sure I can say that it was enjoyed by nearly everyone (including the teachers) thanks to the mums and the rest of the Dance Committee.

Sara

(P.S. “Melanie” was burnt with the common room—so nobody else could ever have a dance as good as ours!)

Speech Night, 1975

The Diamond Jubilee year Speech Night was an exceptional success. For the first time we used the Perth Concert Hall—and to capacity—and the festive atmosphere was sustained by impressive and rousing performances of the Band.

The formalities followed tradition with the school hymn, succeeded by the prayer—this year led by the part-time chaplain of the school, Miss H. Jackson. Mr. W. D. Benson’s remarks continued the programme: then Miss H. Barr, in the 61st report of P.L.C., summarised the year’s activities and gave information on issues

raised. The Moderator’s message was presented by the Rt. Rev. D. Robinson, and Miss B. Grant was the guest speaker. All the speakers were interesting and stimulating. Dr. Summers presented the prizes.

The evening was interspersed with delightful items; a gymnastic floor-pattern, a creative dance, a national dance, and the euphony of the choir with its repertoire of wide appeal.

Church Service

The annual P.L.C. Church Service held in August this year once again enabled a memorable unification of the students, staff, parents and the Church.

A large amount of preparation was put into the organisation of the Church Service. The band and choir were well rehearsed after their beneficial Melbourne tour and on the day added a special atmosphere to the Service.

Rev. R. McCracken led the service, and I am sure he will be greatly missed in future years, as he is leaving St. Andrew’s to go to New South Wales.

“The Grace of God” was the theme of the Sermon by Rev. K. Melville, Deputy Principal of St. Columba College. This theme of “Grace” was further emphasised by posters on the walls of the Church representing love, peace and happiness. This was the idea of Miss Jackson, and was executed by Mrs. Mell and the art students.

The school students contributed greatly to the service in hymn singing and also through the readings by Alison and Sarah. Year 12 members of the Student Council took up the offering. This year the money will be used to help Miss Dorothy Watson, an Australian deaconess, continue her fine work in helping Korean University students at Ewha Women’s University in Seoul, Korea.

Gumbooya, 1976

When we first arrived at the boarding house, we had mixed feelings of apprehension and curiosity. The other delegates arrived in dribs and drabs and were very varied to the point of some appearing quite odd. As there were so many people whom we didn't know and who didn't know us—all in the same situation—everyone was soon talking and mixing easily.

The leaders, who weren't much older than we were, joined in everything while still retaining our respect and the necessary discipline.

Although some of the delegates couldn't speak fluent English there was no language barrier, so successful was our theme of communication. Our activities at Gumbooya ranged from all night dancing to floating down the Swan River (in canoes). Our ten days together seemed like a compacted year of heightened life; and the end saw a tearful farewell as the delegates left for their various homelands.

*Jandy Miller, Lennie Barblett,
M. E. King, Robyn Wilson*

"It's Academic"

This year's quiz team performed creditably, winning their first round in fine style. The second heat, however, saw them "honorably discharged" from the competition, when they gained second place.

German Activities

German activities seem to have flourished this year. In Second Term all the fourth and fifth year girls participated in a camp at Serpentine, which nearly 80 German students from all over the State attended. Our trip out to Serpentine was highlighted by our chauffeur (Jane Langley) attempting to make a brilliant entry into what we thought was the camp-site, only to find the floor littered with meditating bodies. Anyway, we finally reached the right camp-site and settled down for a weekend of German (in theory at least). We were all divided into groups with names of German towns, like Frankfurt, Bremen and Hamburg, and consequently for the rest of the weekend became "Hamburgers" and "Frankfurters". Promptly at seven in the morning, we would be woken to Mrs. Veth's song "Guten Morgen" (nothing against Mrs. Veth's singing—only the time). Throughout the weekend, we had German food, but the best part of the menu was Sunday lunch, where we played the guinea pigs to some delicious dishes our German cooks made. I've only seen food go so quickly in the boarding house. I'm sure everyone thoroughly enjoyed the weekend, and our thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Veth and everyone else who helped.

Also this year, Gesa Schmidt, a German student on a scholarship, came to P.L.C. Wendy Carlin, a former German student at this school, while on a similar scholarship, stayed with Gesa's family in Germany. Although we didn't have many opportunities to talk to Gesa, because she was too busy learning about Australia, I'm sure her stay has been invaluable to us and let's hope she's enjoyed herself as well.

On the less interesting side, we have participated in an essay competition and the DAS exam, but don't let that put you off. It's been a great year.

*Auf Wiedersehen,
bis nachstes Jahr*

"It's Academic" Team. Anne Bockman, Marie-Louise Butterworth, Cathy Crooke. Reserve: Kate Fischer.



Clubs

A wide variety of clubs were formed this year, and were attended by all girls except Year 8s. Clubs for Year 12s generally evolved into extra lessons in Third Term, but Years 9-11 participated enthusiastically in activities as diverse as leatherwork, dancing, crocheting, and kite-flying on Tuesday afternoons.

The Forum

This year for the first time "The Forum" was established and meetings held with representatives from all forms. Examples of issues discussed were the introduction of two new houses, and the abolition of the beret. The forum is one example of attempts being made (sometimes in vain) to increase communication within the school and increase involvement in school activities.

Careers Evening

In Second Term an informative careers evening was held in Carmichael Hall. Sixteen speakers representing fields as diverse as law, air hostessing, dentistry, and architecture gave brief outlines of the nature of their careers, after which they were available to talk to interested girls. Other "consultants" were also available—quite a few were former students of P.L.C.—and the evening proved valuable to Year 12s still uncertain of what to do next year, and to younger girls thinking about the future.



Kite club testing weapons.

And they said it would never fly!



Junior School NEW EXTENSIONS

The new extensions to the Junior School are a great success.

The audio-visual room is used at least once a day and the equipment which has been bought by the school is very useful.

The change room is used very often in summer and a little less in the winter.

The large library is a fantastic success. Everyone, especially at lunch times, can enjoy reading and playing a game from a large choice. Another good thing about the library is its size. There is an incredible amount of room in the library to work and do research on certain subjects from the many reference books on the shelves.

Other extensions are the observatory, a larger staff room and a large, carpeted hall which makes having assembly much easier. It is also used as a drama, dancing and singing room. It's nice having the Grade Is here with us in the school, especially in a beautiful new classroom. The school now has wall-to-wall carpeting throughout, except for the washing and art and craft areas.

I think that the most successful and useful extension to the Junior School is the art and craft room. It is used often, and cooking, pottery and plenty of artistic work is done in this room.

All the extensions are beautiful and made good use of.

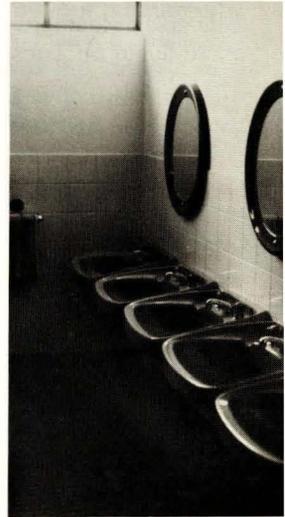
Robyn Watkins, 7H

How We Felt on 7th June

Could anyone who is not a pupil or teacher at P.L.C. Junior School imagine our feelings when, on 7th June, our lovely new Junior School was officially opened by Lady Kyle?

During the past year we endured the builders, bulldozers, bangings and inconveniences of all sorts as our new extensions were built, but we knew it was for a good cause. Finally the great day came when our buildings were to be declared open. We thought of how our teachers had been so patient and, of course, we were all happy. We felt relief, joy, anticipation of how our buildings would be used in the future, and the satisfaction of knowing that our P.L.C. Junior School must be one of the best schools in the State.

Jenny-Ann McLellan, 7H





Year 11 Araluen Camp

*Singing, no guys, no smoking, no drinking
Singing, no guys, no smokes, nor drink
Singing, no guys, no smoking, no drinking
Nice young ladies, it's really been great.*

At 9.30 one Monday, instead of the old routine, the Year 11s accumulated outside Carmichael Hall (with an assortment of all shapes and sizes of luggage), alert and ready to discard school for a week. Eventually, with as much haste as possible, we were off to Araluen.

When we arrived, everyone settled in—which naturally meant trying out how cold the river was (clothes and all).

Meals were “snatch or starve canteen style” with everyone eating anything, or more, they could lay their hands on—everyone’s diets crashed.

Then, of course, we had the excitement of running through the rain to have a shower.

Every day and night we participated in organised activities that were interesting as well as enjoyable for all concerned.

Most nights, we danced the hours away.

Tuesday, we had art and craft, where everyone discovered a talent at candle, flower or jewellery making, or copper enamelling. But, as with anything that involves mess, there was the cleaning up—like scraping wax off the verandah so it wasn’t quite so multi-coloured.

Wednesday morning, Mrs. Jarvis was in charge of watching us all throwing flour and water around attempting to make damper. The overall result was delicious.

In the afternoon everyone set out to orientate themselves around the countryside. This was the most enjoyed activity of the whole week and our thanks must go to Mrs. Wood for all the hard work she put into it. However, due to drenching rain, dense forest, treacherous paths and a few minor mishaps only 16 out of 34 groups finished the course. First were Suzette, Helen and Sue, and second were Karyn, Cindy, Lyn and Sally.

When we were all back, Sue, Cathy and Roseanne returned slightly less clean than most of us—in fact, they were covered in black mud after having had a fight.

A major mishap was Mandy’s sprained ankle. It was so bad in fact, that at three o’clock the next morning, Miss Hickinbotham was forced to leave her sleep to take her to hospital.

After our strenuous day, we relaxed to watch “Love Story”. Despite the large crowd and the heartless who laughed, a few tears were shed.

However, these were soon forgotten with the arrival of a “top” Perth group (better known as Mr. Johnson and his band). They were appreciated by all (some more than others).

Thursday, while everyone else went to Serpentine Dam, Miss Hickinbotham took her geographers on a field study in Jarrahdale. We had lunch at Langford Park. Everyone left on the buses except for our little girl lost—Tracy.

Thursday night nearly everyone turned out in fancy dress. We had some original ideas such a a bed (Sue), an upside down man (Kylie) and most suited to the people was the abominable snowman (alias Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Williams).

We had a competition for a design to put on a T-shirt. Although Fiona’s entry won, it was thought too complicated to print, so another was picked. If you see any Araluen T-shirts walking around, you will know it’s from our camp.

Friday, the last day, the last activity (apart from cleaning up) was a concert. Nearly everyone performed. The most outstanding was Maria’s and Julie’s strip-tease. The teachers also performed with a song. We also had impersonations of the teachers—one of the best was of Miss Williams and the inevitable Sonny.

With the concert and later the arrival of the buses to transport us back to civilisation, our week ended. But memories still linger, and on behalf of the Year 11s, I would like to express our gratitude to the part-time teachers and especially Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Hickinbotham, Mrs. Wood and Miss Williams for making those memories so happy.

Year 9 Araluen Camp

By 9 a.m. on the 7th June, we had all assembled to leave for our five-day camp at Araluen. We were accompanied by the Year 11s, which did not thrill us at first. (Doubtless the feelings were mutual!) The buses arrived and we all clambered in, overflowing with high spirits and excitement. Most of us sang heartily and untunefully, shouted even more heartily, and waved to each other all the way to the camp area. (Our apologies to the bus driver.)

That afternoon we settled in, walked and talked, and some indulged in an amusing game of volleyball against the staff, who (regrettably) won. After our evening meal, we all huddled in rugs and watched a film—"The Boyfriend"—which most enjoyed.

Next morning, after a very vocal night, we attended an art and craft session with Mrs. Mell. Everyone found this great fun and a few attractive pieces of work were produced, although the main result was a large mess. We spent most of the middle of the day picking wax off the verandah with our fingernails.

After a talk on "communications" by Mr. Lomas in the hall, we had a Quiz Night—which was joyfully won by Group 4. Also that night, Year 11s were entertained by Mr. Johnson's band, so naturally we wanted to join in. This we were allowed to do for a short time—after a few minutes of persuading the teachers to let us!



Wednesday was filled with a morning visit to the observatory and an afternoon of maths and a survey of the area. That night we sat slowly freezing in the cold, dark night and shone our

torches into the sky, trying to find Alpha and Beta Centauri and the Southern Cross.

On Thursday, we studied hard at our biology, and Dichotomous keyed everybody out. In the afternoon we walked to Canning Dam, which was lovely—both for the figure, and because of the view.



On the buses—Year 9s on the way to Araluen.

It was planned that Mrs Anderson would drive to our destination later and supply us with an apple and orange each. This she did dutifully and received a nasty shock for her efforts. Prior to her arrival, Mr. Comstock laid himself flat on his back on the road, while we stood around with looks of horror on our faces. The unsuspecting Mrs. Anderson rounded the corner to be greeted with this scene. A razor-sharp mind produced an instantaneous reaction, and just as she was about to attack him with her knowledge of first aid, he rose to his feet. (Shock No. 2.)

We then had a race back to camp, which exhausted everyone (except Tracey Patterson, who won), and showed us how unfit we were.

As this was our last night, we saw another film—"Love Story"—which produced some severe cases of crying and two cases of extreme mirth—Messrs. Comstock and Roseman, laughing at us.

On Friday morning there was the volleyball play-off, the skits and giving out of prizes, before we left our happy camp-site after a thoroughly enjoyable camp. Thanks to all concerned.

Year 10 Pt. Peron Camp

Rumours Rife!

Authorities Left Wondering

Pt. Peron. Friday, 23rd July.

In a small camp situated 33·8 miles from that sunny city Perth, a group of so-called young women from Presbyterian Ladies' College struck Point Peron Recreation Site. There had been rumours of supernatural happenings, abominable sandmen, enemy attacks on Mt. Lantern, fists through windows, scandalous beachwear, mysterious insects in food, and unaccounted bodies falling out of windows.

On the night of Thursday, 22nd, the enemy (us) invaded that goodie-goodie Commando Lee and his ten troopers, who were desperately trying to defend their fort. This great feat in Australian history will be for ever remembered by future civilians and military troops. Never has such courage and bravery been shown by "an amateur basketball playing gardening tool" (rake).

Starvation was overcome by smuggling hauls of bubble-gum through the foothills by day and night. The sea breeze was greatly welcomed by the contagious carriers of the dreaded "pop off" gas. Flash floods occurred at regular intervals and baths were created. Many girls braved the high seas and fortunately drownings were not reported.

A forceful jog was ordered for the morning, after a rather hectic and eventful night. The cause of this riotous evening could perhaps be put down to second servings of that delicious shepherd's pie.

One evening a suspicious character entered the camp boundaries looking for a so-called "Mary Jones". Girls hysterically crowded the windows while the authorities courageously risked their lives questioning the stranger. Nothing apparently eventuated from this midnight ordeal.

These scandalous rumours not only make headlines on paper but are locked in memories for ever.

Point Peron was . . .

Getting caught in bed. . . .

Getting sand in your. . . .

Drowning in the bathroom.

Sewerage chasing you down the hill.

Mr. Lee trying to sing.

Ideal weather (with a thought spared for the farmers).

Katies "egg" and subsequent black eyes.

An incredible assortment of beach wear and night attire.

The capacity of some girls—who shall be nameless—for food.

Luweeg's beanie which adhered to her head night and day, through thick and thin.

The lolly shop's sudden increase in profits.

A really worthwhile and fantastic camp.

Year 8 in the Boarding House

Monday, 19th July, brought mixed feelings among the Year 8s going to the camp at the Boarding House. Many of us were queasy about what life in the Boarding House really would be like. However, the first day brought dim sims, team games and art activities.

The next day we went on an all day excursion to see the beautiful horses at Bodoguero Stud. The following days were full of enjoyable activities ranging from candle-making to media. We had a social on the Thursday evening with Guildford and Wesley. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all. We all found the Boarding House camp exciting and a welcome change from the normal school routine. We would like to thank Mrs. Routley and the Boarding House staff for making the camp such a great success.

Arts



The last week in Second Term saw the culmination of the 1976 Arts Year and the third Annual Arts Festival. For the first time the Arts Festival was split into two major sections: the choirs and house plays being held at the end of First Term, leaving the photography, literature, art and craft, music, speech, dancing and skits to be held on Tuesday, 24th August.

Another first for the festival was the restriction in numbers of entries for the on-stage performances. Special thanks go to my arts captains for their censorship and encouragement, resulting in higher quality throughout.

The Stewart success story began with their choirs, both junior and senior, continued with their play and ended in overall triumph under the excellent and dedicated leadership of Teresa Parkinson. The Stewart House play "The Canterville Ghost" was a pleasure to place on the programme for the Parents' Concert on Tuesday, 24th. It was not only judged best play, but had best actress in Mara Vojkovic, particularly for her outstanding scene shared with the horrific ghost—Mary Callander. Second place was shared by McNeil and Carmichael, closely followed by Ferguson.

Vanessa Smith and Mara Vojkovic were outstanding entrants in a variety of sections, including speech, literature, skits and singing, as well as performing their own musical compositions. In 1977 girls will have to work hard to surpass the standards set by these two girls.

Mr. Sampson, Superintendent of Art and

Craft for the Education Department, judged all the arts and craft entries. Thanks go to Mrs. Mell, the arts captains and their supporting Leaving art students who stayed behind on Monday night to set up the exhibition. Record crowds of staff, students and parents viewed the exhibition and many comments were passed on the arrangement of the entries. The art and craft rooms also served as the venue for the display of both photographic and literary entries.

All music—judged by Prof. Tunley and Mr. Borgonon—was of an exceptionally high standard, with many of the winners coming from Years 8-10. Thanks must go to Mr. Page—the proof of his prowess was in the performance of the pupils.

Despite the quality of the Senior School's performances, Junior School Stewart captivated the audience with their singing of "I'd Do Anything". Their timing was perfect and the *joie de vivre* emanated from their radiant faces. Carmichael's Arts Captain Jane Langley led her house to a close second place for the festival, her folk group winning their section—the capricious Carm's lived up to their name.

As the 1976 Arts Year concludes I hope that in 1977 the trend towards recognition of Arts as a major component of school life will continue with ever increasing impetus, which it surely will under the dedication of Mrs. Dharmalingam, Mrs. Mell and Mr. Page.

Janet Turner



Arts Council. Back row, l. to r., Peta Makin, Mr. Page, Jane Langley.
Front row, l. to r., Debbie Gamble, Janet Turner, Mrs. Dharmalingam, Teresa Parkinson.

Debating

Competitively, 1976 for P.L.C. has been a season in the wilderness—but for fun it has been a year unrivalled, thanks to the unswerving loyalty to uproariousness upheld by the two staff members concerned: Mrs. N—, and Mrs. A—. Names deleted for obvious reasons.

Consider a typical, serious (?) Federation debating evening:

After a snatched dinner two senior members jump into the car (still dressing) to make their way to the rendezvous with the rest of the team at P.L.C. headquarters before setting out on the long safari to Kalamunda High School.

Picture the night: bitterly cold; steadily descending rain. An omen of bad luck? Not for the undaunted team. First practical problem encountered—a flat tyre—but a sprint and piteous plea to a neighbour remedies the problem. At last they arrive (late of course!) but what? Where are the rest of the team? (Held up at a service station trying to plead amnesia to an sceptical garage proprietor after filling up with petrol and then finding all useful means of exchange at home.) But at last they return, and the convoy of two vehicles led by Mrs. N— and Mrs. A— begins the long journey.

The teams were lulled into a false sense of security by the lack of mishaps, but this state was of a transient nature and could not last long. On a narrowly winding road at Kalamunda Heights, while *all* were viewing with aesthetic pleasure the lights of Perth, we narrowly missed annihilation by a road tanker! But the Gods were even with us!

At last we arrived—more mishaps deleted—and debated with much gusto. Of course after all the omens of bad luck we *won!* (One of the very few times we did succeed.) After a busy half hour of socialising we bade *adieu* to our rivals.

Outside the rain continued to sob from the heavens and as we made a dash to the convoy I slipped ankle deep in mud down a pothole.

At last we undertook our journey home. Once more along the agonising ribbon of road we precariously descended—this time without the helpful addition of brakes. In a Kombi van that lurched, our smallest member was nearly decapitated by boxes of census forms, that had

loosed themselves from their former positions, while the largest member's reflexes were tested by a wildly swinging fridge door, on the knee!

Added to this, every time Mrs. A— indicated that she was turning left, the horn hooted (try returning to P.L.C. only turning right). The hilarity that ensued from each hoot drew many quizzical (and horrified) looks from passing drivers.

Eventually we returned to P.L.C., and within minutes all had dissipated into the night—the night that I with my shattered nerves most vividly recall. Another adventurous debating evening was over.

Hope next year's team have as much fun as we did.

Janet Turner

Choir, 1976

This year turned out to be a successful year for the P.L.C. Senior School Choir. After the 1975 Speech Night, at which the choir performed, many girls were keen to join, and the choir's membership almost doubled.

During First Term we worked hard for the Melbourne Tour, the first inter-state trip ever taken by a P.L.C. Choir. Our thanks must go to Mr. Page, who directed and trained us faithfully, aided by Mrs. Steer who kindly helped us with extra training a few weeks before the tour. Miss Dorrington accompanied the choir—an invaluable service. I think I can safely say that our confidence has greatly improved.

Apart from the Melbourne trip, the choir performed at various other functions—notably the School Service. Many people have complimented us on our singing at the Service.

At the end of Second Term the choir were pleased to be able to sing at an old P.L.C. girl's wedding. Despite only 12 girls taking part, it was a great success (we had quality if not quantity!) and were only too happy to attend the ceremony. Jane Langley and Evelyn Bowen as choir captains were conscientious organisers, and we appreciated their assistance.

The choir is now learning some entertaining new pieces, and is looking forward to a new year with some great prospects.

Mara Vojkovic

PRE-MELBOURNE BAND NOTES

The first band practice saw a sea of very exuberant faces ready to plunge into the "Real Thing". So, away went "A Little Handel Suite" and out came "La Cumparsita" which was, among others, to be heard continuously for the next six months.

In order to create some know-how in the handling of large, unfamiliar audiences, the band played a variety of concerts before leaving for Melbourne.

During First Term we played at Perry Lakes Garden Week and at the concluding concert of the music camp held in May. In Second Term we played at Scotch, at the Dalkeith Primary School, and the band and choir gave a farewell concert at P.L.C. before leaving for Melbourne.

D-day came. Friday, July 16th, was approached with a little apprehension. However, it was a different story when on the night of our return, July 25th, the Perth Airport was treated to a chorus of 102 exhilarated P.L.C.

girls and five staff marching across the tarmac chanting "Scotland the Brave".

The band is at present practising its marching techniques and has grown considerably in size to at least 90 members as a result of the graduation of the Year 8s.

Our success is owed to many.

Firstly, thank you to the staff and all those who did the behind the scenes organising for the Melbourne trip. We really did have a time to remember.

We are also extremely grateful to the Music Committee of the Mothers' Auxiliary for the organisation of windcheaters and the tedious glueing of egg cartons on the band room ceiling—not to mention the most welcome refreshments during Sunday rehearsals!

Lastly, on behalf of the Year 12s of the band, thank you, Mr. Page, for a fantastic year, one that will always be remembered.

Teresa

THE MELBOURNE CHOIR



THE TRIP TO MELBOURNE

Goodbye, Melbourne! T.A.A. Flight 14 is just leaving Tullamarine with 104 happy P.L.C. girls aboard on their way home after a most memorable and thoroughly enjoyable trip.

We had been in Melbourne, as members of P.L.C. band and choir to participate in the Australian Youth Music Festival alongside bands, orchestras and choirs from Japan, Perth and Melbourne. The purpose of the festival was to let young people enjoy music together.

We arrived in Melbourne, in the very early and very cold hours of the morning of Saturday, 17th July, all very excited and curious (hopeful) about our prospective billet-families. After a 3 a.m. breakfast (Perth time) at the airport, we were taken to P.L.C. Burwood, our hostess school. Here we were collected by our host families and taken home for a nice long sleep.

Our first concert was at Dallas Brookes Hall on Sunday afternoon before a very large general audience. We were playing and singing in a programme with all the bands participating in the music festival. Apart from a slight case of nerves before the performance, we enjoyed the concert very much and were quite proud of our performance.

Monday morning we all braved that pleasant Melbourne chill and arrived at P.L.C. Burwood

to be taken by very comfortable Melbourne tourist buses to Chadstone for our first shopping centre concert. Most of us were as interested in the shopping prospects as in the musical aspects of our visit. We managed to get in a bit of both. This was our first experience in setting up the 30 stands, 68 chairs, numerous drum-kits, timpanies and other instruments in the three minutes "flat" allowed by Mr. Page, and consequently the scene was rather chaotic and something was bound to go wrong; it did, as we lost the cymbals but found them again later. Before the concert everyone went shopping—we pay a tribute to all Melbourne's Darrel Lea confectionery shops for braving the masses of Black-Watch-tartaned girls that invaded everyone of their shops that came in sight.

That afternoon we gave a concert at Lauriston Girls' School and then returned to P.L.C.

On Tuesday the choir and band went in separate directions. The choir and staff spent the day at Melbourne's enormous Art Gallery and in the carnival atmosphere of Melbourne. The band had an all-day tutorial session at Melbourne Boys' High School with all other bands. Their arrival here caused quite an uprising among the high school boys who interrupted their lessons to lean out of windows and wolf whistle at the girls.

THE MELBOURNE BAND



Wednesday brought a new and perhaps beneficial experience to the band and choir. At Frankston Technical School we were faced with a very unappreciative and restless audience with many boys even walking out during our concert. We were not really insulted and laughed about it among ourselves.

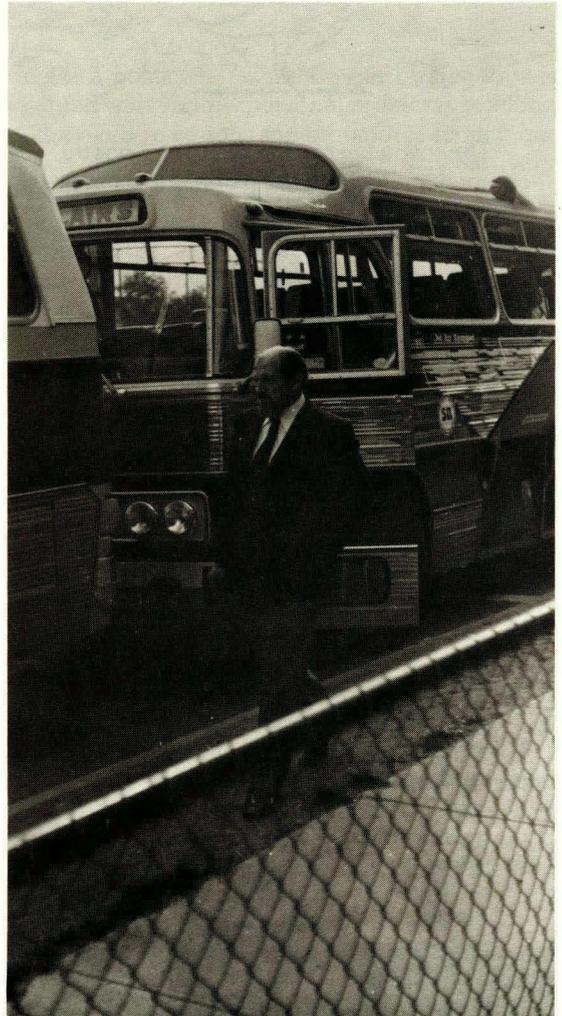
Our afternoon concert at Peninsula Boys' School made up for it as we performed in a lovely hall before a thoroughly interested and pleasant audience of Peninsula School and girls of Toorak College. By this time we could organise ourselves and our equipment with less trouble and our music had also improved.

Thursday was our rest day. We went with the Melbourne Youth Symphonic Band, on a "Puffing Billy", a genuine old steam-train. We travelled through the beautiful Dandenongs to Emerald on the train, and from there to Healesville Wildlife Sanctuary by bus. The sanctuary had been pre-warned of our visit but did not have enough food to provide lunches for us. So we survived on salt and vinegar chips and ice creams—but not without lots of complaining. Nevertheless the day was great fun and we enjoyed the company of the Melbourne Band.

On Friday we made a trip to Warragul in Victoria's beautiful Gippsland region. We performed for the technical, high and primary schools there. The highlight of this day was the marvellous casserole lunch provided by Warragul, everyone really appreciated it, especially after four days of sandwiches and cordial.

After a free day on Saturday we performed at Dallas Brookes Hall at the final concert of the festival. Our performance was very successful with the audience, and even with Mr. Page who gave us a mark of $9\frac{1}{2}$. (All week he had graded us at 5 or 7 or somewhere in between so we were very pleased.) This concert was our last and everybody felt a little sad when it was over.

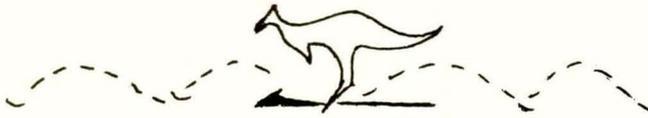
Sunday again was free and I think that every place in Melbourne with anything to offer was visited by at least one P.L.C. girl. For this we are grateful to our host families who showed us the life of Melbourne, and some even took girls to the snow for real picnics at Hanging Rock and other distant attractions.



Inspecting the troop transport.

Now we are home again after a very fun-filled and memorable trip. Every girl in the band and choir joins us in thanking the staff who organised and supervised us while in Melbourne and beforehand. Thank you, Miss Barr, Miss Hedemann, Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Langdon, Miss Dorrington and a special thanks to Mr. Page for making us into a band and choir worthy of playing in Melbourne.

Teresa and Jane



The following are the result of a poetry competition held on the plane returning from Melbourne

TAA

With leaps and bounds
we jump the Bight
and fast cross country
too,
and still the sign
goes pounding on;
the immortal
kangaroo.

Ann Beveridge
Year 10

THE AUDIENCE

Yatter, blurs
of green
and black
nervous giggles
talking back.

Their faces
turned
with dead, set smiles
they fill the hall, the rows and aisles.

But soon
upon
a sea of notes
we rise above
their fake fur coats.

Ann Beveridge
Year 10

There once was an all-girl band,
Who from Perth in Melbourne did land,
They blasted their way, to the end of the day,
Thanks, girls, you really were grand,
BUT . . .

Jenny and Mara

QUOTABLE QUOTES (through the trip)

- "Keep quiet and go to sleep!"
"Line up so I can count you."
"Quiet, girls, please!"
"FREEZE!" (Dynamic effect—not that we were ever warm.)
"I want 1000 per cent concentration, that's all."
"Very good, girls; but . . . !"
(General rubbishing.) "I'm sorry, but if only you would. . . ."
"99.9 per cent of you. . . ."
"Cchh Cchh!"
"You've got three minutes to set up!"
"Who's helping the percussion! Oh, come on, there must be more than that!"
"Watch me!"
"It's your fault, you weren't watching me!"

The best one:

"Thanks, girls, I'm really pleased with you—
AT LONG LAST!"

Compiled by *Jenny Kenworthy*

Don't call us, we'll call you!



P.L.C. IN PARLIAMENT

On Thursday, 30th September, P.L.C. took over Parliament House for a debate; students formed the Government, and parents and staff the Opposition. . . .

It is 7.07 and I questioned several members as they entered Parliament House. The Shadow Minister for Education evaded all questions and preferred to discuss badminton. Several ministers admitted to being anxious, but emphasised that they were definitely not nervous. Comrades Pushkin and Pushoff were there representing the Communist Party but didn't seem to know what was going on.

The House was called to order at 7.37, and there were firstly eight questions-without-notice, concerning noises coming from P.L.C. on Sunday afternoons, one on behalf of a Miss Kitty Litter, a query on whether inflation is causing the angles of walls to increase from 90° to 100°, and whether mineral claims were being pegged at P.L.C. under the thin guise of Arbor Day. The Shadow Minister for Education sat with a finger in his mouth before rising to query the unprobability of the P.L.C. Summer House as an Old People's Home. Questions were also raised on the effect of lump sugar on police horses' teeth, communism in the collection of lost property, the drop off of the growth of mushrooms at P.L.C., and possible staff distribution of litter at P.L.C.

At 7.55 the Leader of the Opposition introduced the motion—"That youth should take a greater part in decision-making in the community, and that the Government should introduce legislation to implement this forthwith". The first Government speaker was the Premier, who dramatically refuted the motion. A shadow minister spoke next, saying that "Councils are riddled with senility" and "doddering old goats". It is interesting to note that he himself is a council member. The shadow minister was called to order on irrelevancy, called to note the time twice, and finally told to be quiet. During the debate there were many interruptions, altercations over standing orders 81, 72, 81 again, 91 and 72 again, altercations over the use of defamatory words, and one minister was asked by Mr. President "not to carry

on like a politician". The Minister of Health was plagued with various personal problems resulting in the need to cough, sneeze, snore, scratch her scalp violently, kick, hum and scribble very loudly during the entire session.

The Opposition Whip finally summed up the Opposition's case with many and varied irrelevancies and accusations and then rested the Opposition's case. The Opposition not only put forward a convincing argument, but was very flattering towards today's youth. They virtually proved that the world should be run by teenagers, and that anyone over twenty-two is "over the hill" (a point agreed upon by all students present, and which will be remembered for future pupil/teacher debates/arguments). The debate was then closed and after much ringing of bells and a dramatic division of House the motion was defeated.

Mary Eilen King

P.S. We would like to point out that the only reason the motion was defeated was because certain imperialistic members of the capitalist based press mysteriously changed into M.L.C.s when the time came to vote. Since they sided with the fascist government, that body won dishonourably and ignobly.

Comrades Pushkin and Pushoff

Sacred portals.



After the debate, I asked several people how they thought it had gone.

The Premier: "It was clear from the beginning we had a strong hold on the Opposition. They were clearly dumbfounded by our brilliance."

The Shadow Minister for Education: "The Minister for Health has taken all the fleas. The Golden Fleece is dead."

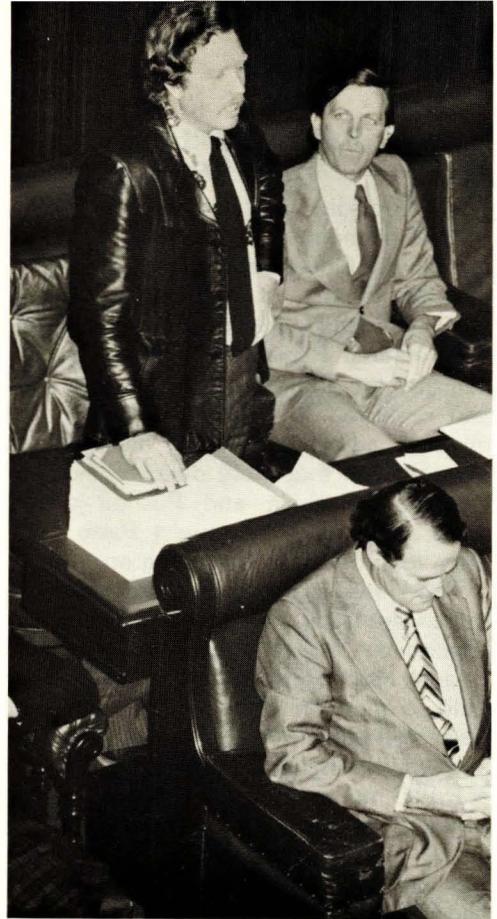
A Miss Anonymous: "As someone who didn't go, I found the event most enjoyable."

Comrade Pushoff stated flatly that it was "a walkover of imperialistic bourgeoisie capitalist pigs".

The Minister of Police stated that a certain anonymous Mr. J. should "deflea himself before he gets up to talk about himself".

The Shadow Minister for Education gave a brief resume of the event: "It was a very enjoyable and constructive evening, and, but for the abundance of imported ethnic and Shenton Park wildlife, would also have been very comfortable. The victory of the Opposition was a moral one, as the Government displayed its ineptitude yet again. The degree of physical degeneracy of some of the more aged Government members had to be seen to be appreciated."

(An explanation of the many shadowy references to fleas may clarify matters to those not fortunate enough to have attended the debate: the Shadow Minister for Education, in the course of his speech, apparently discovered a



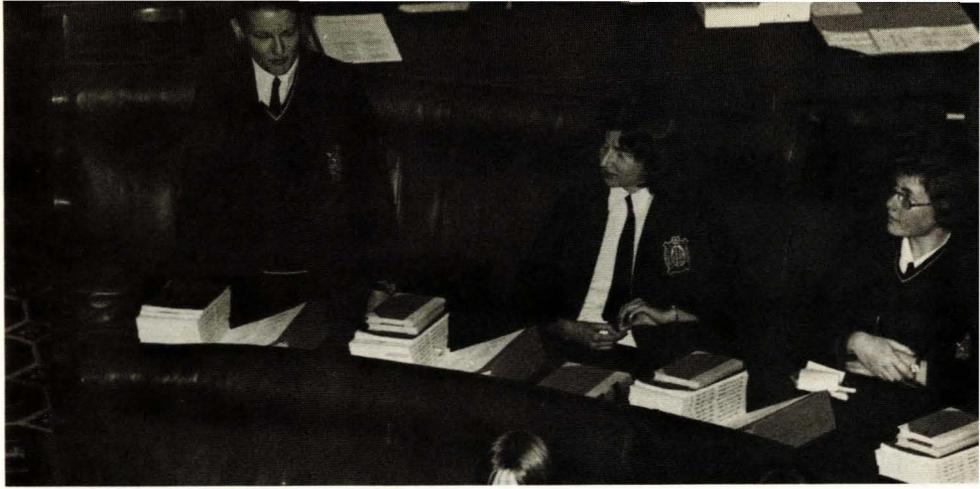
*The shadowy Shadow Minister for **Education(?)** bringing up a (possibly) relevant point.*

flea about his person. Being a man of logic, he demanded that "the Minister for Health keep her fleas to herself". After this, the debate took on a distinctly zoological flavour).



Taking sides.

Comrade Pushoff makes her presence felt.



Our press photographer, Mr. Borgonon, also noted "the press gallery full of desk-scratched quotes reminiscent of school days"—and recorded some of the choicer specimens:

"Socialise the mugs."

"Better still, shoot the mugs."

"Claude: 'What are you talking about?' (on awakening)."

"Don't laugh—one day you might be down there."

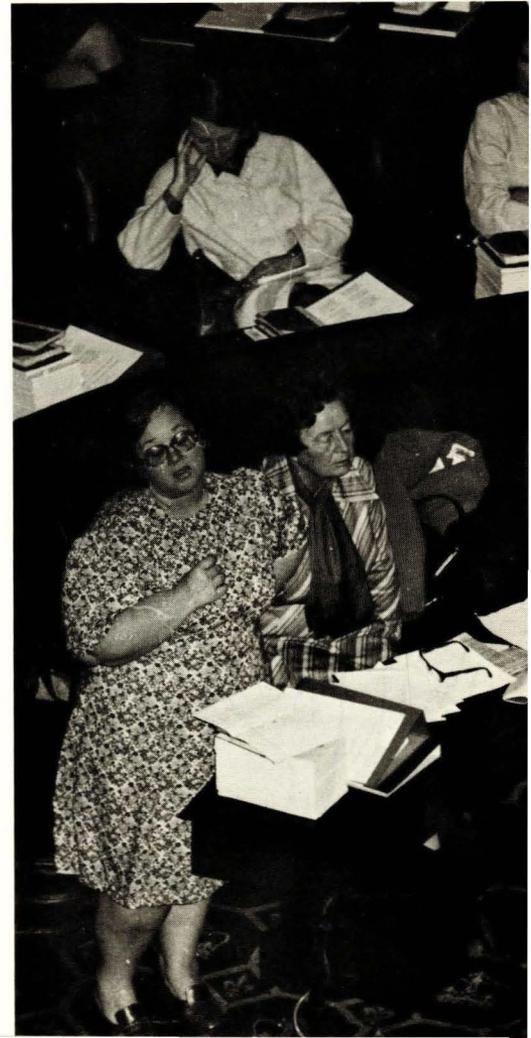
"Speak, O Great Benefactor, that we may be enriched and stupefied."

"Many mouths spreading fertiliser on the carpet."

"I have measured out my life with coffee spoons, and haven't stirred since."

M.E.K.

"Conviction!"



The defeated put on a brave face.



contributions



The Stallions

White and flashing.
Black and burning,
The two stallions met.
The white of their eyes were showing.
Their eyeballs burning like a vicious fire,
Eating dried summer grass.
The shining white teeth snapping.
Black hooves pawing the air
And occasionally landing on the
Tough, furry, sweating skin of his opponent.
The stallions were like desperate criminals.
Blood was pouring from the beasts,
The two were slowly weakening.
The black suddenly let off a terrorising scream,
As the blood poured from his throat.
He thudded to the ground kicking.
The white stallion dropped the furry flesh that
was in his mouth,
To neigh for VICTORY.

*Elizabeth Adamson
Year 7*



Australia, 2025

The year is 2025 and you're getting ready for work. In five minutes you will have to make the choice of Dialing-a-Bus or catching the rapid transit system which whisks you into the city in minutes. You have already eaten a nourishing low-calorie breakfast which was prepared for you by your house-managing robot.

With a carefree manner you slip into your drip-dry, anti-static, crease-resistant dress. No make-up is necessary as the clean, fresh air and sparkling sunshine are enough to enhance your features. There are no fumes or pollution, as all machines and cars, etc., are run on electricity. A great percentage of your surroundings is taken up by vegetation. Fauna is permitted to wander freely around the streets and therefore become tame and friendly.

Governments have ceased to exist and in their place is a corporation which makes all decisions for its community. These were formed when governments were overthrown in the Corporate Wars of the early 2000s. They are headed by a council of men with the highest I.Q.s for their community. A large computer checks every decision made by the council.

Life expectancy varies as you only begin to age when you are not performing a service for your community. The corporation decides when you will cease to perform your duty and begin to age.

Housing is basically the same although all facilities are automatic. Natural resources are no longer necessary due to new scientific methods and re-cycling of all produce. Basically your life is the same although your eventual fate is decided by the corporation. Holidays, etc., are still

your decisions and will stay that way provided the corporation is notified of your decision.

Is this how life will be in the year 2025? Will our children and grandchildren allow themselves to be led through life by someone else? Or will all of the present beings dissolve into nothingness at midnight of 31st December, 1999, and life start again from the beginning?

I cannot guess if any of these ideas will eventuate as the future is as unknown as the reason for the present and I for one prefer to leave things as they are and let the future develop naturally, without everyone worrying about the consequences.

*Kim Gibson
Year 9
December 1975*

The Shell

The battered hide belies the sleek inside,
Where tales of muffled thunder
And quietened tempest
Wear down the ocean's output.

Where else can creation be seen and sound
Come out from bounds of finite length?
In wonderment a single shell
Holds many books to read.

*Helen Sayer
Year 9*

Australia in the Year 2025 B.C.

Moppoke. Moppoke. The sound echoed down the river and was washed up on the far shore. It was heard by the dingo and a group of aborigines, the people of before. The moon shone on their greasy, black skins and reflected off the quiet river, glowing and yellow. The damp ground smelt sweetly of crushed foliage and aromatic plants washed clean by the rain. The faint rustlings betrayed the whereabouts of various bush animals, hunted or hunting, among the trees.

Time passes, bringing with it a new dawn, that of the first day of the year 2025 B.C. The sun has barely risen but the bush is alive, shaking the sleep out of its eyes. Animals scurry across the river banks and drink before the heat of the day sets in. A Tasmanian tiger prowls the bank to the north, slinking gently through the yellow, brown rocks.

The aborigines' day starts early with the gathering of roots and berries before the soil hardens and the sun shrivels. Fishing must be carried out before the fish retire into deeper pools, hunting before the animals disappear into the deep bush to escape the sun. As the day progresses, food is prepared and a morning "meal" is eaten consisting of large root grubs and dried meat.

It is midday and, except for the chirping of insects, the bush lies hot, heavy and still on the cracked ground. The heat pours out of the sun, evaporating the almost stagnant river and causing a white haze over the distant hills. Nothing stirs around the bush mia-mias. Only a child's crying breaks the monotony.

The cool of the evening brings relief to a parched land. A gentle breeze wafts away the heat and a kangaroo lopes past. The men are preparing for a hunt. Spears are sharpened and weapons tested. Women wander down to the river, clutching skin bags. Boys talk of the hunt and girls watch, wide-eyed, in the background.

That night, if the hunt is successful, a corroboree will be held to praise the spirits and to bring good luck to the tribe. If not, the bone will be pointed to prove the evil one guilty of ruining the hunt.

*Ann Beveridge
Year 9
December 1975*

Peeko said, "I will take you to the seaside".
So they went to the seaside and the blue teddy bear got buried.

*Rebecca Harding
Year 2*

Dracula!

I was walking home from my last screaming victim. I was upset, I had been interrupted, I had not had my fill, I needed more.

Then I remembered the beautiful blonde I'd met at a party earlier that week. I would pay her a visit later that night, when I'd calmed down.

I could see her now, a little surprised when she opened the door. She would invite me in, we would sit on the couch, talking and drinking night-caps. I would begin making advances to her, she would not resist at first, but at the height of my passion my features change and I turn into the monster that I really am. She will look at me in horror and disbelief. She will scream. I will have to kill her. I will sink my long fangs into her snow white throat, but why do I do this? I have tried to think of an answer. I do not enjoy killing people but I cannot overcome this tremendous urge and desire I get for human blood.

Andrea Matz
Year 7S

My Old Armchair

I love it. I love it and who shall dare,
Chide me for loving that old armchair.
The seams of its covers are ripped and torn,
And the cushions of satin are faded and worn.
Across its back are creases and crinkles,
Looking just like my grandmother's wrinkles.

My armchair renders so homely a smell,
Though of what it consists is hard to tell.
There's the scent of Matilda, my dear tabby cat,
And the smell of my dachshund so greedy and fat.
The musty smell of the ageing teak wood,
And the smell of tobacco, pungent but good.

The springs of my armchair are rheumatic and old,
Creaking and groaning but still able to hold,
Grandpa in comfort and mother in rest,
And me in her lap like a bird in its nest.
The seat's a bit rough and a coil pokes through,
And the half broken leg sets the chair askew.

But if others don't like it I just don't care,
'Cause nothing will change my love for that chair.

Juliette Mackenzie
Year 10

Our School

I go to P.L.C. Primary,
from nine till half past three
P.L.C. is a ladies' college—
(well . . . it's supposed to be)
My teacher's name is Miss Holmes
She teaches 7H
And when I reach school in the morning,
I wait for her at the gate . . . it's true.

The best thing is our classroom
It's an awful mess.
With paper and books thrown everywhere
And the desks . . .
are just *full* of mess
Down the back of our classroom
the lockers are full of junk.
And when you try and get one book out
—you get the rest—honest.

Friday is my favourite day
we have sport nearly all afternoon
We're mostly playing netball
and sometimes without shoes.
Also when it's Friday
you have no more days of school
Instead you have two whole days
to play it cool.

Robyn Watkins
Year 7H

(P.S. Exuberant exaggeration in places!)

The Librarian

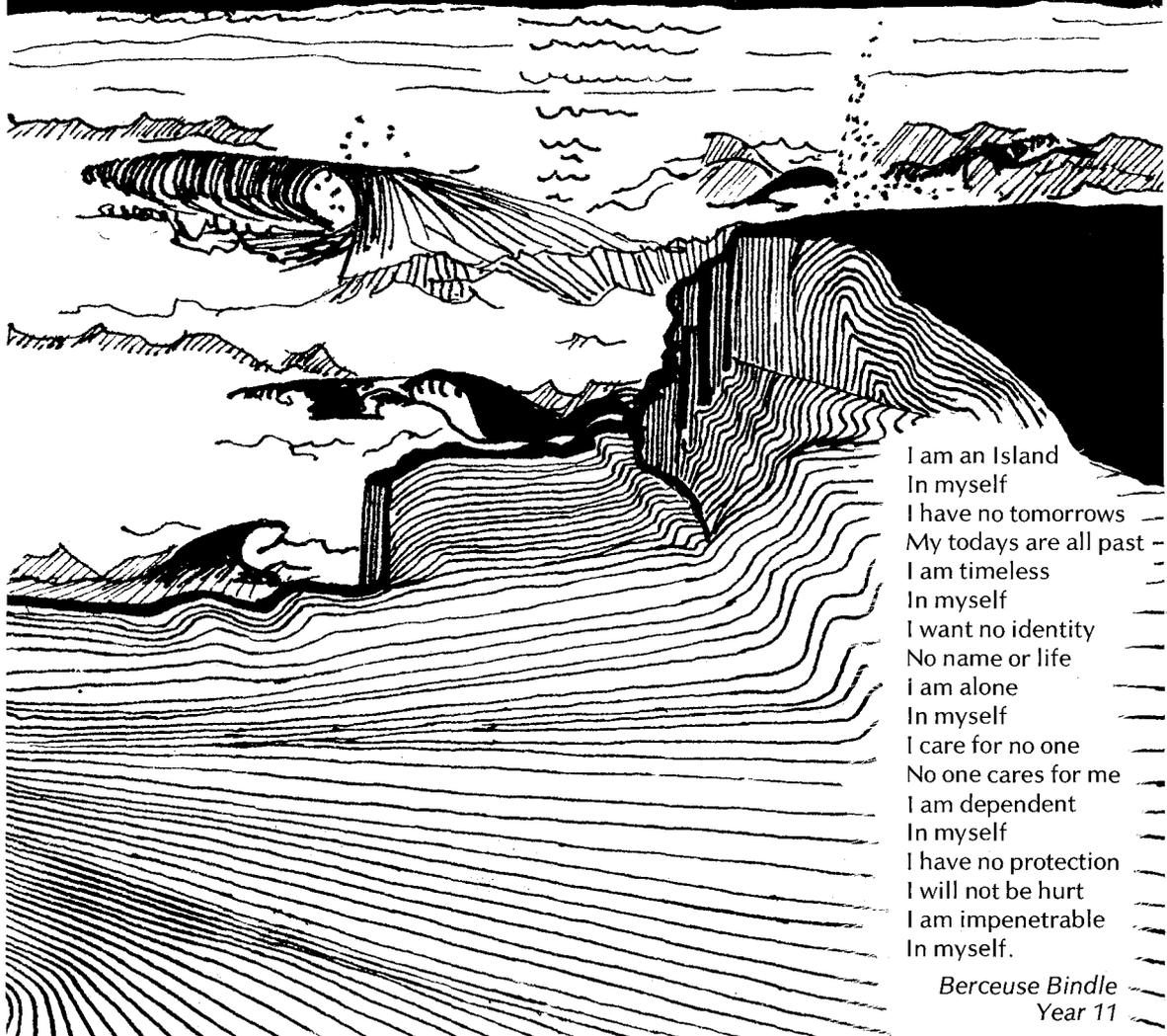
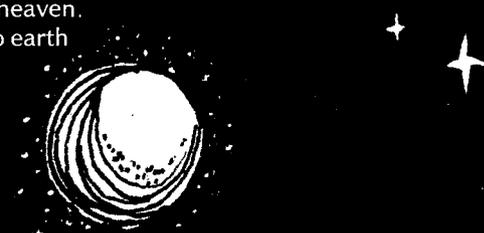
Behind glasses, green beady eyes;
Thin straggly hair, scraped into a bun.
Her dress is neat and precise,
And her step is light and efficient.

As she slowly creeps around,
Silencing the corridors
You wonder whether,
Lurking in her mind is the urge to shout
"NOISE!"

Elizabeth Langdon
Year 10

When you watch the waves, crash against the reef.
Or you see a flicker of light on the ocean.
You know he is there.
Closely watching every rock, every wave, every spray of foam,
Just so he can glide into a wind whipped heaven.
Where the board is the only connection to earth
And when you see the tissue moon
Making circles on the dunes
Singing melancholy tunes.
Like the seagulls,
You know he is there,
And only then,
For he is one of a thousand others,
A single star on a dust filled night.

*Vicki Boerema
Year 9*



I am an Island
In myself
I have no tomorrows
My todays are all past
I am timeless
In myself
I want no identity
No name or life
I am alone
In myself
I care for no one
No one cares for me
I am dependent
In myself
I have no protection
I will not be hurt
I am impenetrable
In myself.

*Bercese Bindle
Year 11*

Eternal Life— the Sea

Slapss, lapss, rollss, swishss,
Slaps on the hard grey rocks
Laps on the wooden jetty,
Rolls into caves,
Swishes into locks.

Claps, roars, frightens, laughs,
Claps on to the shore,
Roars when the wind's high,
Frightens the people on the shore,
Laughs as the fishes go by.

Vicious, snarling, hissing, sneering.
Vicious like a tiger,
Snarling like a lion,
Hissing like a cat,
Sneering at the way he has his life
planned out and people hustle
and bustle till they're dead.

Katy Langdon
Year 6

"Man Marks the Earth with Ruin"

Byron—*Childe Harold*

Man happened unto the Earth, as the Earth happened unto Man. They are at one; of one. Neither, assuming Man in his true form, is capable of doing the other injustice without a total backwash of destruction. The rash remark, "Man marks the earth with ruin," is an obvious distortion of the truth.

Two forces so similar—so complete as one, could not hope to conflict. Physically, Man is as the Earth; vital as the sea, hard as the rocks, rugged as the mountains—sometimes silky and gentle as the clover and winds. Waters or land, the anatomy and functions of Man are metaphorically comparable. Just as the moods of the Earth are spectacular, lending inspiration to all life and change, so are Man's moods. Volcanoes erupt, avalanches tremble—tumble, but the crazed waters soon run still and the massive sands lie flat. Man's moods are multiple; all are creative.

Both bodies are creative. Man admires the Earth's splendours and adorns himself with its treasures; necklaces of shining pearls, minute and delicate shells—the Earth's precious gifts of exquisite creation. *His* touch is equally entrancing; the Earth is in turn adorned with Man's creations—towering sky-scrapers, huge sculptures; magnificent structures of all description. Madly beautiful and artistic, Man strives to express himself through the Earth, and this is the only way he knows how. Just as the Earth gives, he will give of himself, and both will accept the offer with honour. These gestures are the very essence of life.

Ruin, to Man, is inconceivable. And so to reduce a comrade; a life partner; his own *soul*; the Earth; is impossible. Both are creative, so both leave their mark. But it is beautiful.

Helen Codde
Year 12



Our Farm

Our farm is on a property between York and Beverley, and it is called "Gwambygine". We go up there in the holidays. My brother and I sleep in a room with red curtains and red and white spotted bedspreads. Gregi made them for us. Early in the morning when we wake up, the sun shines through the curtains and makes the room look all red.

In the kitchen Gregi has two stoves. One is a new electric, and the other is an old stove which works from a small log fire. There is a fridge, lots of cupboards, a big table for ten, and many other things as well. After breakfast, Pop takes us out to see the sheep. Two years ago, Pop got a black lamb with white ears, a white tip on his tail and a white spot on his back. He used to have a white lamb with a black spot on his back.

The homestead was built in 1831 for the Reverend Wittenoom, who was the first colonial chaplain. He held some of the church services in this house until the church was built at Gilgering. The house was made out of mud taken from the Avon River, a few metres away. They made a mould with boards and poured in the mud to make the walls. When the walls were high enough, large wooden beams were placed across the top. A roof of thatched straw was then placed on. The ceilings were made of canvas and the floors made of wood. The walls were painted with white-wash. Many years later, the thatched roof was removed and replaced with wooden shingles. The shingles were later covered with an iron roof. It is much the same today, and is believed to be the oldest house in Western Australia in which people are still living.

Helen Venerys
Year 5

Pale Blue

So pale like water
Luminating my dream.
Drifting through world after world.
The paleness for ever surrounding.
Cool and fresh. The perfumes and
incense lingering in the air from
Paris to New Orleans
Always it is near.

Tracie Patterson
Year 9

The Fallow Deer

*As little boys patter by
A fallow deer starts to cry
With invisible tears rolling off her face.
She falls asleep with remarkable grace
When dusk bring forth its shining stars
Which gaze at her through iron bars
Her broken heart gives one last breath
And the fallow deer sleeps in death.*

Anna Joynt
Year 8

La Mode

De toutes les sociétés du monde, la plus tumultueuse et l'une qui a essuyé les plus changements, en peu de temps, est la société occidentale. Et les modes de notre société, elles reflètent tous les changements.

Par exemple, un article récent de "The West Australian" a dit que les ourlets se lèvent toujours quand l'économie est prospère. Leur évidence? Les jupes et les robes très courtes des années 20 et des années 60, et les ourlets aux molets dans les années 50.

A mon avis, la raison pour la mode est plus complexe, parce que ce n'est pas seulement les économies qui ont beaucoup changé depuis le commencement du siècle, mais, en effet, la structure même de la société qui a essuyé des pulsions profondes.

L'exemple le plus clair est la féminisme. Maintenant la fonction des femmes en société est plus que simplement décoratif. Les corsets de 1900 ne sont pas très pratiques si vous travaillez dans une usine! Après 1900 les femmes ont commencé de réaliser que la mode pouvait être confortable et élégante.

Après la dernière guerre les ourlets sont tombés encore. Ce n'était pas seulement l'économie des pays qui la provoquent mais bonnement, je crois, que c'était un luxe d'avoir beaucoup de tissu.

Et l'avenir? Qui sait! Probablement le plastique transparent. Mais la mode se repète régulièrement; les bonnets d'oursin? C'est bien possible

Jane Dymond
Year 12

The Enduro Race

There was movement at the pits for the word had passed
around,

That a race was being held on the best Enduro ground
All the tried and noted riders from the clubs both near and far
Had gathered at the course side overnight.

There was Harry on his Husky and John astride a Jawa,
They both were clean and gleaming, and both were set to go.

A youth astride his Yammy with his leather coat undone
His boots they were not polished, he was only there for fun.

Beside him on a Honda was a small and scrawny lad.

His leathers and his helmet were all the gear he had

His feet were shod in sandshoes, on his hand a cotton glove,

The scarf around his neck was wound with all his mother's love.

He had missed out on his breakfast, took his money from the
bank,

Went down to the bike shop and got some nitro for his tank.

All the riders in their Rossis regarded him with scorn,

Useless little twit, unlikely little prawn.

The starter gave his orders in a voice both stern and black,

"No breaking at the start, no shoving off the track

He who comes in first shall get the thousand pounds.

So remember all, to race the full five rounds"

He raised the flag above his head and paused with it held high.

He brought it down and stepped back to watch the riders fly

The spectators surged forward with a loud and mighty roar

As Harry took the lead with his Husky at full bore.

The fellow on his Yammy came next in hot pursuit,

A buckle had been broken from his Rossi MX boot

The bloke on his Buttaco did a wheelie at the start,

He lost about three places but did not give up heart.

The 'Zukis were all screaming as they slipped 'em up a cog,

The Maoco missed the corner and hit a fallen log.

The Kawasat crackled as it took the whoopy do's

The little Honda rider had mud in both his shoes.

The youth astride his Yammy took the Husky on the bend,

But he couldn't take the next one and did an end to end.

They were heading for a jump with an Ossa in the lead

I'll bet a bob on that one, said fat old Mr. Reid.

"Aw, what about the Husky, he's a downright gutsy lad."

"What of the Suzuki there? He's not going all that bad."

"I'll put me money on the Honda," yelled out Mr. Brown.

But the others roared with laughter and he was shouted down

"What? That scrawny little lad? He's naught but skin and bone."

"He'll win for sure," cried Mr. Brown. "He's backed by me
alone."

As the race continued three more bikes withdrew.

The blue flag was broken out to wave the remainder through.

Spattered and bedraggled, bikes all covered in grime

They fought it out in the last lap and down went number nine.

The little Honda rider was coming from the back,

The spectators roared louder as he hurtled down the track.

As the nitro started working the Honda picked up speed

"I should 'a' bet on that one," bawled out Mr. Reid.

The Ossa was in front and the Honda, second place

The thousand pounds was in his mind and grim was set his face.

But the nitro did its bit and that was plain to tell.

The Ossa did try hard and he was racing well.

The spectators were roaring as they slid around the bend.

The race was really on, it would only finish at the end

'Twas with grim determination that the Honda edged in front

A 'Zuki at the back like a train began to shunt.

They were heading down the straight at twice the speed of
sound,

The checkered flag was waving, round and round and round.

The race was really over, the Honda boy had won,

In third place was a 'Zuki, he had had a lot of fun.

The Honda lad was jubilant and dancing up and down.

"Where's me money from me bets?" yelled out Mr. Brown.

But his cry could not be heard over the noise around.

The little Honda rider by his mother was found

Washing down his motor-bike and dosing it with oil.

He then took off his helmet and brushed off most the soil.

The crowd was roaring louder and was shouting for the boy.

He got the thousand pounds and his face was lit with joy.

The race was really worth it and

He'd buy a better bike

He'd also get some Rossis, goggles and the like.

Anne Young
Year 8

Shipwreck

Land ahoy! The crewmen cry
As in the distance land appears
Land ahoy! The crewmen cry
And wept with joy, with joy.

Then the wind blew up with a frenzy storm
The crew began to panic
Land, land just a mile away
But though a reef was in their way
And the men wept, wept, wept.

Lightning struck and the wind blew up
With land just a mile away.
The cabin boy wept for his folks
And the cook for his pots and pans,
The crewmen wept for their wives and girls
As the ship began to sway

Then the ship sank, sank
And the planks went thwaink
And no survivor was there.
Then after the damage was done
Satisfied, the sea died down

down
down
down.

Amanda Kailis
Year 6



Mud

Mud squelching between
my toes,
Slide slip that's the way it goes.
Slipping sliding it feels
so nice,
Sliding slipping just like
ice.

Elizabeth Melville-Jones
Year 3

The Wombat

There's a wombat in our garden,
There might be one in yours, I know there's
one in our garden because he gnaws, gnaws,
gnaws.

He has sharp teeth that gnaw through boots,
Shovel-shaped nails too. But most of all he's a
marsupial, and I love him too.

Jane Cox
Year 4

Koala

Watch the Koala
Climb the tree
Now the baby
Sees the bee
Crunch
the bunch!
Waddle
Toddle
Koala sits quietly
In the tree.

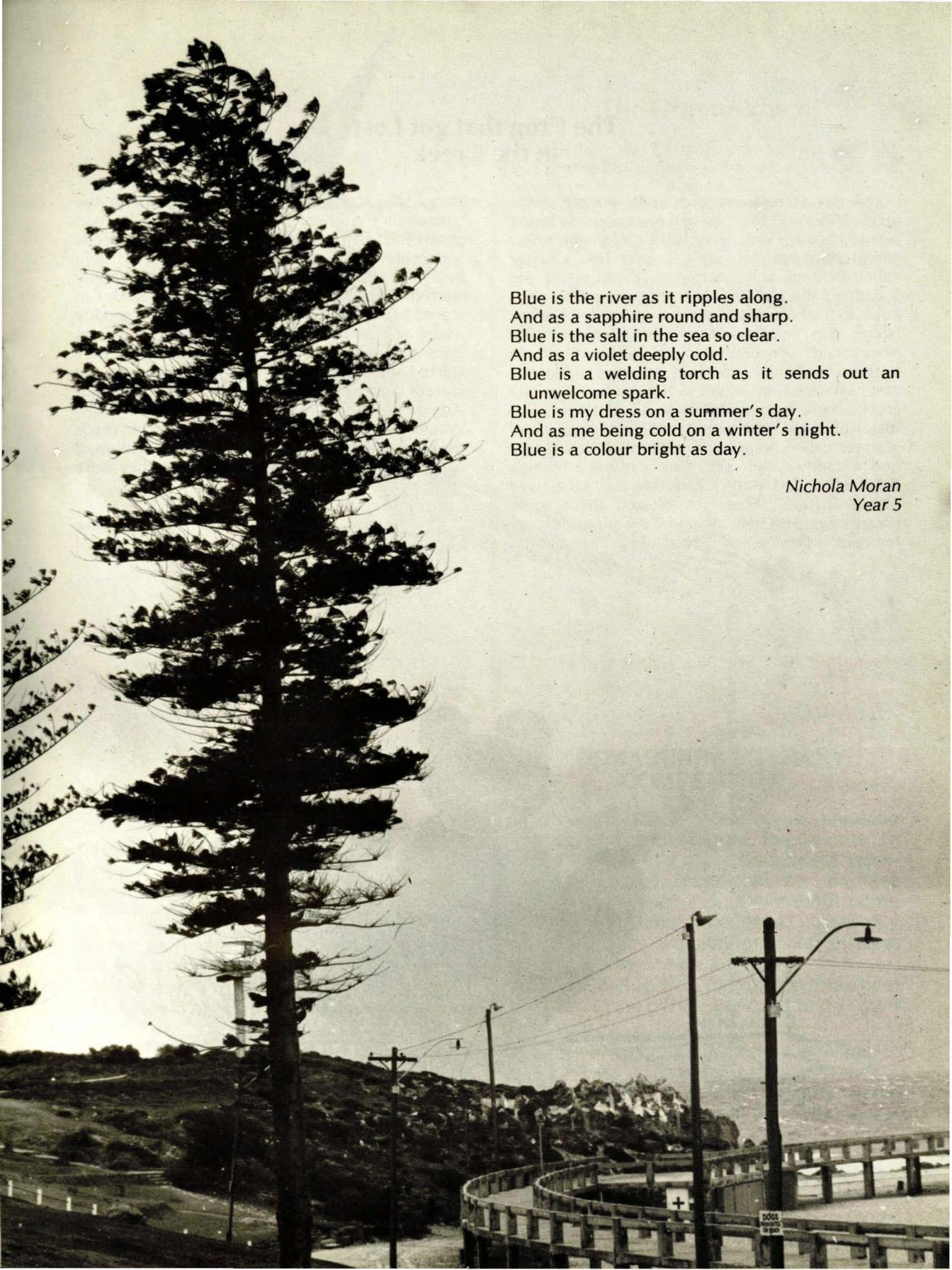
Rebecca Harding
Sally Rowe
Olivia Turner
Kirsten Hocking
Catherine Bunning
Andrea Cox

Year 2

And though you speak of love and friendship,
of hope and joy and peace,
I know that I am hearing only that part of your
mind you wish to express
And I wonder
Whether the words I hear spoken from your lips
Are telling me of you
Or telling me of a you that
you know will please me
And as I wonder this
I can not but help
But to glance out the window at the countless number of people
And wonder
Do we hear them speak their minds
Or do we hear them speak in cliched thoughts
Expressing to their companion
Thoughts they know will please
And on thinking this
I am scared
So I turn to your arms for comfort
But they are still
They do not reach out to embrace me
For you are asleep
Dreaming
of things only the real you
knows of
And I feel alone and lost
For you look as cold and unfeeling as stone

I do not know you
While you are sleeping
You are you
And think your own thoughts
And I am alien to these
I long to wake you
So you will embrace me
With your arms
And comfort me
With soothing words
And I will be able to look into your eyes
And see all the feeling you wish to express in them
And my despair will pass
And we will become one again.
For while we are awake
We need each other
To be ourselves
But while we are asleep
We are each our true self
And we could have a universe between us
This thought scares me
To an uncontrollable panic:
And yet
I know not why
But I can not force myself
To wake you
And bring you back to me
And let your soul rejoin mine.

Tracy Moffat
Year 11



Blue is the river as it ripples along.
And as a sapphire round and sharp.
Blue is the salt in the sea so clear.
And as a violet deeply cold.
Blue is a welding torch as it sends out an
unwelcome spark.
Blue is my dress on a summer's day.
And as me being cold on a winter's night.
Blue is a colour bright as day.

Nichola Moran
Year 5

The Frog that got Lost in the Creek

One day a frog went down to the bottom of the creek. Where all the mud and reed was. He found a frog called, Bent. Bent said "why don't you come and meet my family." Bent had a sister called Bentina, and a mummy called Pip-Nut and a daddy called Moley. The other frog who went down to the bottom of the creek was called Noogy. Noogy was so pleased to meet Bents family. Noogy said "why don't you and your family come to meet my family." So they all went to Noogys family. When they all got to Noogys house on the creeks bank in a muddy hole all of them went inside and said hello except for Noogy. Noogy had a sister called Nugget, a mummy called Buzzy and a daddy called Zex. Buzzy offered them a drink of a Zed water, and they all said "yes please Buzzy". Then Jex offered them some googy eggs, and they all said "yes please except for Bent". Bent asked if he could go for a walk.

Buzzy said "alright". So he went down to the bottom of the creek in the part where he had never been before and He got stuck in the reeds and couldn't get out. then he shoulded "help help help", but nobody heard him. Noogys tummy started to rumble a bit inside. Bent said I'm scared to death." Then Bent took a gulp of muddy water and started to die, as Bents family was coming home they went to look for Bent. As they started to swim toward Bent he began to get scared, because he could hear them. Then out popped his familys heads, from behind the reeds. When they tried to get Bent out of the reeds they all opened their mouths, and swallowed some muddy water. After a few hours they were all dead.

Melissa Harding
Year 4





The Green Which

Once there was a terrible green which. And she was dressed in a cloak and a hat with stars and moons on them. But she was a robber and she robs banks. She takes all of the money and makes them into spells. But one day when she went to rob the bank there was no money to rob, she had robbed all the money in the hole wide world. So she wasn't a robber any more.

*Rebecca Harding
Year 2*

Bunyip on Holiday

There lived a Bunyip, a very happy Bunyip.

Now, one day Benjamin Bunyip wanted to go on a holiday so he got Ha-Ha the Kookaburra, and Katie Kangaroo. Soon they all were at Rottnest. They found a cave and this is what happened.

Quickly quickly cried Katie. TREASURE, said Ha-Ha and fainted.

Jumping Jellyfish what a whopper Katie, said.

Soon Ha-Ha woke up and they had the box of treasure home and we're rich.

*Katrina McGregor
Year 3*

KOOKABURRA LITERARY COMPETITION

Although there were some pleasing entries, the adjudicators felt unable to award a prize this year. Competent workmanship is no substitute for creative quality; and creative quality cannot come from second-hand experience, it can only be forged from the play of mind on what one knows and feels intensely.

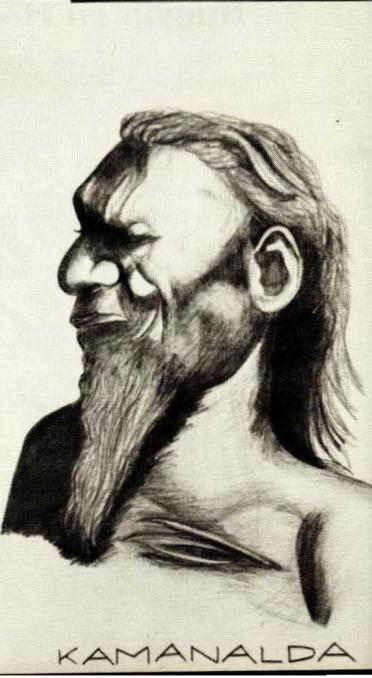
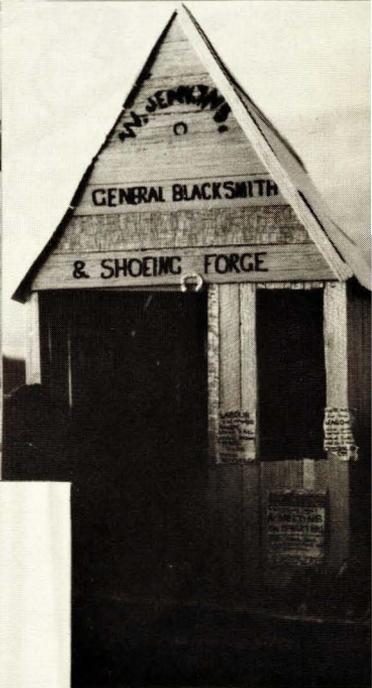
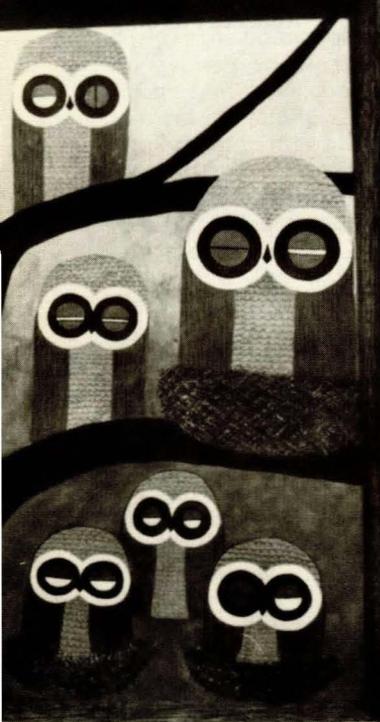
The following were judged the three best entries and the girls are advised to try again next year.

First: "Open Locks . . . Whoever Knocks", Tamara Silver.

Equal Second: "Cutler", Penny Hammond; and "Martha and The Necklace", Jackie Lang.



At the Diggings
by Fiona Tweedie



KAMANALDA



FIRE!



The death of a great institution!

Top: To Let: desirably situated residence with scope for improvement.

Centre: For Sale: Desirably situated building block, easy terms available.

Bottom: Abandon hope all ye who enter here!





STEWART

*Teresa Parkinson (Arts),
Susan Wegner (House),
Julie Conway (Sports).*

McNEIL

*Peta Makin (Arts), Susan
Wainwright (House), Sarah
England (Sports).*



FERGUSON

*Jelena Sardelic (Sports), Sara
Fitch (House), Debbie Gamble
(Arts).*

CARMICHAEL

*Jane Langley (Arts), Anna Ross
(House), Jane Abbotts (Sports).*



STEWART

This year, the House Captain's task involving a great deal of organisation, was alleviated by the help of two very dependable girls—Julie Conway, Sports Captain, and Teresa Parkinson, Art Captain.

Although Stewart was not renowned for great swimming and athletic ability overall, we did exceptionally well in netball, basketball, and hockey. These successes, I feel, are due to the enthusiasm and ability of some individuals to involve others—the lazy ones—in team activities.

The Stewartites, once again, bloomed in Arts. Our play, "The Canterville Ghost" was awarded first place, thanks to a very hardworking cast and crew. The vocal part was also successful, with the Stewart Senior Choir obtaining two first places, and the Junior Choir a first and a second.

Overall, I feel that although Stewart was successful in a number of fields this year, it was not the winning which was important; rather it was the attitude of the girls, and the outlook of the whole House which meant the most.

Well done, Stewart!

Sue

McNEIL

McNeil have had successes in a wide range of House activities so far this year, the highlight being the aptitude of the McNeilian tadpoles in their aquatic events, on the day of our Amphibian Meet. We scored a brilliant win from floundering Ferguson, sinking Stewart, and the bloated Blues.

In the Arts field our courageous choir valiantly attempted to croak out "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" backed and forwarded by the overwhelming din of our far from bashful band, and the radiant wand of our conductor. To everyone's stupendous awe, especially the croakers', we condescendingly took second place. "Sniff! Sniff!"

Thanks go to all captains and the aspirants because without them our successes would not have been possible.

Best of luck goes to the House for next year from all Year 12s.

Sarah, Peta and Sue

FERGUSON

We started the year, aiming high—1976 was to be a Ferguson Year—but we've done our best and had a lot of fun.

Our aim was to delegate as much responsibility to other Years as we could—and thus develop all the potential that we have.

The anti-climax of the year was our great performance in the House Singing—we enjoyed ourselves even though the judges didn't appreciate us.

Swimming and athletics—we've learnt that the trick is to get as many standard points as possible before the day—that's the way to ensure a victory.

Thanks to everybody for all your help and spirit. Special thanks to Alison, Felicity, Gai, Helen, Jane C., Judy, Jane F., Jane W., Julie, Jenny, Kerry, Lynette, Nicole, Penny, Rosie and Sheryl.

Good luck for the future.

Sara, Jelena and Debbie

CARMICHAEL

Although Carmichael had little success in obtaining trophies this year, the team efforts and spirit have compensated for this.

Many fine individual performances have shown that the potential in Carmichael is still being discovered. Congratulations to Katy Johnson and Terri Fitzgerald who once again equalled each other and became the 3rd Year Swimming Champions. The Inter-House Games as usual, proved to be a chance to have a lot of fun as well as doing something with and for the House, and thanks must go to all the girls who participated. The Arts Festival was not as successful for us as was last year's, where Carmichael did very well but it is hoped that the actresses, singers and writers of Carmichael will rise again to the occasion next year.

Special thanks to Judy Lange who always had time and help to give to the House. Thanks also to Sharon Yandle and Tracey Owen who participated throughout the year.

I wish Carmichael all the luck for next year and I hope that the House officials enjoy their position as much as I did.

Anna

SPORTS



Senior A and B Tennis. Back row, l. to r., J. McNamara, J. Conway, K. Goodier, J. Kyle, D. McBean, J. Cruickshank, Front row, l. to r., L. Dickens, D. Camble, J. Fischer, G. Rigney, J. Wishaw, R. Sullivan, J. Lange, J. Smith.



TENNIS

Tennis at P.L.C. is being played with great spirit and this year saw keen competition for places in all the teams. It was pleasing to see so many new faces at tennis practises and this helped to instil competition and enthusiastic team spirit. Something else which became obvious during the tennis season was the number of players in the younger years. Not only is their tennis of a high standard but their court etiquette is a credit to the school.

Our coach, Mrs. Hay, supervised the activities of the girls and gave great encouragement to the players. We were extremely lucky this year

because Mr. Arthur Marshall generously came to P.L.C. for five Friday mornings, helping the inter-school teams and any other interested players. His tuition, particularly in relation to tactics, proved to be of valuable assistance.

Our season was highlighted by the junior team's winning of the Herbert Edwards Division 2 Cup, which was presented by Mr. David Punch, Vice-President of the W.A.L.T.A.

If the present rate of enthusiasm and improvement is maintained, it will not be long before those trophies return to P.L.C.

Judy Lange

Junior A and B Tennis. Back row, l. to r., Y. Venn, F. Tweedie, S. Green, V. Cauldwell, S. Fisher. Front row, l. to r., J. Cameron, K. Fischer, S. Rigney. Absent: K. Gamble.



Tennis Champions. Back row, l. to r., J. Fischer, J. Lange. Front row, l. to r., K. Fischer, S. Green.



SWIMMING

This year, P.L.C. finished third in the I.G.S.A. Swimming Carnival, showing a fine effort from everyone in the team. As usual, our P.L.C. supporters were in fine voice, ably led by their cheer leaders. The team spirit was one of enthusiasm with every girl giving of her best, with some recording their best times.

The squad this year was divided into sections with one group training at P.L.C. and the other at Scotch College. This worked well as the girls could be given more individual attention. During the last week, all the team trained together at Scotch, and thanks must once again go to Scotch for allowing P.L.C. to use their pool. Special thanks must go to Mr. I. Shortland-Jones who helped our team and organised a swimming meet between P.L.C. and Scotch College to give the swimmers some experience of competition before the big night.

The people who deserve thanks for P.L.C.'s effort and attitude are well known to everyone involved in swimming. Mrs. Eddington and Sue Kyle who organised and supervised the team and the training of the squad, Mrs. Warrilow who coached the diving team to a very successful night, Mrs. McNamara who again gave us her time and enthusiasm and the P.E. staff.



Swimming Champions. Back row, l. to r., T. Campbell, A. Ross, K. Johnson. Front row, l. to r., A. Boys, S. Twogood, T. Fitzgerald.

Congratulations must go to the Year 11s who won their year pennant and to the tremendous overall effort by the 2nd Division relay teams. Tanya Campbell surpassed herself by breaking the 100 m freestyle record and the 50 m backstroke record.

We were delighted with the final result of the Inters. It was a very exciting struggle all night for the first three places and we would like to congratulate M.L.C. on their fine win.

Anna Ross

Swimming Team. Back row, l. to r., L. Cameron, K. Fischer, A. Bockman, T. Campbell, K. Johnson, T. Fitzgerald, J. Fischer, J. Cruickshank, V. Cruickshank, A. O'Meehan, S. Wainwright, S. Fitch, A. Ross. Third row, l. to r., Sue England, R. Breidahl, P. McBain, C. Longwill, A. Boys, K. McNamara, H. Barrie, J. Larard, H. Rennie, D. Simpson, J. McNamara, J. Kyle, S. Twogood. Second row, l. to r., J. Wallman, S. Jones, J. Camm, J. Wishaw, Sarah England, H. Codde, L. Bamford, D. Bennett, H. Cook, P. Giles, S. Carter, V. Newton, G. Simpson. Front row, l. to r., J. Brandenburg, N. Gibson, V. Ellison, D. Wishaw, D. Malloch, K. Gamble, G. Olden, S. Flecker, S. D'Orsogna.





Junior A and B Basketball. Back row, l. to r., C. Page, K. Kendall, C. Longwill, J. Cameron, J. Larard, C. McCarthur, L. Miller. Front row, l. to r., H. Thompson, A. Brandenburg, T. Patterson, J. Ross, J. Walters, K. Fischer, P. Cook. Absent: H. Barry, J. Lee Tong.



Senior A and B Basketball. Back row, l. to r., H. Anderson, M. E. King, M. Callender, V. Cox, B. McLean, J. Grieves, J. McFarlin, J. Wallman, R. Breidahl, T. Campbell. Front row, l. to r., S. Stratford, K. Seaby, J. Wishaw, J. Cruickshank, S. England, J. Sardelic, J. Fischer.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season was once again a successful one for P.L.C. About 35 girls were chosen to make up four good teams, and all did well in their respective grades.

Congratulations go especially to the Senior A and B and Junior A, who won their pennants. This success shows the enthusiasm and skill of the girls who participated. Congratulations are also extended to the girls who received awards.

Thanks should also go to our coaches, Vincent Lee and Linda Wayman, and also Felicity England for the junior teams, who put a lot of time into training, advice, and organisation throughout the season.

Thank you to every girl who played, and also to the umpires, without whom the games would have been impossible.

Bobbie McLean

Junior A and B Netball. Back row, l. to r., A. Brown, L. Cameron, A. Brandenburg, K. Fischer, T. Fitzgerald, J. Cameron, V. Paterson, K. Kendall. Front row, l. to r., S. Smith, K. Miller, M. Newman, P. Cook, C. Longwill. Absent: R. Taggart, H. Barry, T. Paterson.



NETBALL

P.L.C. teams were again among the strongest in this year's competition and, despite the fact that no pennants were won, all girls seemed to enjoy themselves and we gained second place in the overall trophy.

Trainings were usually well-attended, enthusiasm and effort were maintained and most

importantly girls always showed their good sportsmanship even in the most disappointing losses.

The senior teams wish to thank Mrs. Eddington and Jenny Whitely for coaching them and hope that next year will be even more successful.

Sarah England



Senior A and B Netball. Back row, l. to r., H. Anderson, H. Codde, K. Mardardy, L. Bamford, J. Cruickshank, T. Jones, A. O'Meehan, J. Conway, T. Campbell. Front row, l. to r., D. Gamble, B. McLean, J. Bovell, R. Sullivan, S. England, S. Wainwright, K. Young.

HOCKEY

1976 saw many interested and enthusiastic girls combine in four Senior, four Junior and two Year 8 teams. Congratulations must go to the Senior C and D teams for winning their pennants, also the Senior A and Junior C and D for gaining second place in their grade. All other teams must be noted for their participation and enthusiasm which were equally important.

P.L.C.'s hockey success can be attributed to the organisation and advice of Miss Williams, Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Shilkin and the time and effort put into training sessions by the girls themselves. Thank you also to the girls who volunteered to umpire the junior teams.

Elizabeth Prater



Senior A and B Hockey.

Back row, l. to r., E. Lefroy, A. Green, K. Giles, S. Keay, C. Vivien, J. McNamara, P. Hinkley, P. Leighton.
Middle row, l. to r., S. Newman, L. Dickens, F. Spragg, L. Leake, K. Seaby, F. Howard, J. McFarlane.
Front row, l. to r., J. Fischer, S. Stratford, D. Tyler, A. Pullman, H. Shepherd.
Absent: P. Jones.

Junior A and B Hockey.

Back row, l. to r., S. Fisher, S. Dale, P. Vermeer, R. Wilson, K. Smith, C. Zimpel, J. Ross, H. Thompson, L. Miller. Middle row, l. to r., H. Rennie, V. Caldwell, T. Holloway, S. Rigney, J. Love, S. Bluman, S. Green, F. Tweedie.
Front row, l. to r., C. Spackman, J. Larard, P. Robinson, J. Lunay.
Absent: K. McNamara.



Junior A and B Volleyball.

Back row, l. to r., E. Crabbe,
K. Jones, P. McBain, A. Bockman,
J. Walters, V. Rose. Front row,
l. to r., S. Maley, J. Lee-Tong, A.
Silberstein, P. Hammond,
G. Roberts, M. Craig.



VOLLEYBALL

This year's volleyball was very successful, with enthusiasm making up for lower numbers. The standard of play was higher than usual among all the schools due to the growing interest in the sport. Congratulations go to the Senior "B" team who remained undefeated, and to the Senior "A" who narrowly missed bringing home the pennant. (We beat the winning team M.L.C. but lost on overall points.)

Most girls must be heartily sick of hearing cries of "Set it up!" and, "Quick, off the net!" but everyone had a good time and the spirit was high. Our thanks go to Mrs. Shilkin for her coaching and assistance and perhaps 1977 will see that elusive Senior "A" pennant in our gymnasium.



Senior A and B Volleyball. Back row l. to r.,
J. Camm, M. Arnold, J.
Langley, S. Kennedy, J.
Adamson, C. Stratton,
B. Day. Front row, l. to r.,
R. Bredahl, S. Parker, H.
Tweedie, T. Clifford,
S. Milner, J. Thornton.

GYMNASTICS

Three teams and one individual contestant were entered in the inter-school competition this year. They consisted of one senior team, two junior teams, and Liz Manners, who entered a section for girls who have competed in "A", "B" or "C" teams within the last five years.

Although the senior team only had five contestants instead of the usual six, we did extremely well and won the pennant. The junior teams also did very well, the "A" team gaining sixth place and the "B" fifth.

Thanks and congratulations go to all contestants, especially to Liz Manners who came sixth in the elite section, which has a very high standard. Louise Mardardy also gained a well-earned individual place, coming fourth out of all the contestants in the junior "A" teams. Overall it has been a good year for inter-school gymnastics. Special thanks go to Mrs. McCallum, Caroline Brand and Kirstin Mardardy.

Julie Wallman

Footnote: Julie Wallman also did very well coming first in the Senior "A".



Senior Gymnastics. Back row, l. to r., J. McFarlin, J. Miller, J. Wallman. Front row, l. to r., M. Brookes, A. Fraser. Absent: T. Holloway.

Junior Gymnastics. Back row, l. to r., D. Wishaw, P. Hammond, S. Dharmalingam, N. Gibson, T. Owen, V. Newton, E. Manners, A. Bean. Middle row, l. to r., S. Brown, E. Hertzfeld. Front row, l. to r., D. Malloch, P. Gibson, L. Mardardy. Absent: M. Mackay.



ATHLETICS

Saturday, 2nd October, brought ideal weather for an athletic meeting, and fortunately the clouds kept away until the afternoon when the team, cheer-leaders, P.E. staff, and Year 12s were all at a barbeque at my place.

P.L.C. made a fantastic effort and secured equal second place with St. Hilda's. It was a surprise to many, but thoroughly deserved. We couldn't have done it without the assistance of Miss Williams, Mrs. Morison, Mrs. Hay and Miss Zouch. The team grumbled about Miss Williams' nagging, and few of us did the exercises properly, but it paid off, and we appreciated the trouble taken for us.

Some members of the team took advantage of Miss Zouch's early morning training especially Julie Wallman and Penny Leighton who were rewarded with a first and a third respectively in the 800 m. Our vice-captain, Rowena Lefroy, also contributed to P.L.C.'s tally by starring in the 200 m, long jump and hurdles. There are too many talented athletes to mention individually because everyone performed brilliantly.

A special mention must also go to our supporters for their never ending encouragement which we, the competitors, felt throughout the day.

Jelena

Athletics. Back row, l. to r., J. Green, J. Conway, T. Clifford, J. Wallman, D. Jeffries, S. Parker, R. Braidahl, D. McBean, K. Seaby, J. Smith. Fourth row, l. to r., K. Fischer, K. Johnson, V. Paterson, K. Smith, Sue England, A. Beasley, R. Lefroy, J. Sardelic, H. Rennie, P. Hinkley, S. Wegner, S. Rowe, K. Kendall. Third row, l. to r., G. Hodge, J. Love, A. Brown, L. Cameron, A. Brandenburg, V. Caldwell, S. Fisher, S. Rigney, J. Cameron, A. Boerema, L. Miller, D. Bennett. Second row, l. to r., J. Brandenburg, R. Mellor, C. Spackman, C. Brooks, L. Medcalf, S. Richardson, J. Lefroy, L. Dry, A. Cook, N. Gibson, E. Manners, S. Green, F. Smith, J. Potter. Front row l. to r., K. Green, S. Gomme, S. Twogood, D. Wishaw, C. Newman, S. Larard, S. Flecker, A. Palmer, K. O'Meehan, J. Robinson, L. Yelland, C. Wright. Absent: K. Gamble, J. McNamara, D. Simpson, K. Jones, J. Cruickshank.



LIFE-SAVING

This year P.L.C. once again gave a very creditable performance in the State Life-saving Carnival at Beatty Park on Saturday, 20th March. P.L.C. came first this year in the Halliday Shield, McKellar Hall Cup and the Chaffey Cup. P.L.C. entered three representatives, who took out the first three places. Tanya Campbell regained possession of the cup with a very fine performance, and Jane Camm and Joanne Cruickshank came second and third respectively.

In the State Water Skills Carnival both Jane and Kim McNamara were very successful, taking out between them two firsts, two seconds and one third place.

Again this year P.L.C. had a very large number of girls taking the various life-saving examinations, with most being very successful.

Our sincere thanks must go to all the P.E. staff, especially Miss Williams. Special thanks must also go to Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. McNamara who were such a great help in preparing girls for their Bronze Cross and Award of Merit examinations.



Life-saving. Back row, l. to r., K. Cameron, T. Campbell, J. Kyle, S. Fitch, K. Johnson, T. Fitzgerald, J. Fischer, J. Cruickshank, V. Cruickshank. Third row, l. to r., J. Brandenburg, A. Boys, J. McNamara, F. Evans, K. McNamara, H. Barry, R. Taggart. A. Ross. Second row, l. to r., A. Brown, J. Camm, J. Wishaw, S. England, J. Larard, H. Rennie, P. Cook. Front row, l. to r., N. Gibson, J. Fitch, D. Wishaw, D. Malloch, D. Bennet.

SOFTBALL

Unfortunately, softball teams had not been finalised before the magazine went to print.

RESULTS

HOCKEY—I.G.S.A. Results

P.L.C. vs.	SENIORS		JUNIORS	
	Results	Score	Results	Score
Loreto	Won	8 to 0	Won	4 to 0
Methodist Ladies' College	Won	3 to 2	Draw	0 to 0
Penrhos	Won	4 to 1	Won	5 to 1
Perth College	Won	2 to 0	Won	5 to 0
St. Hilda's	Won	1 to 0	Won	2 to 0
St. Mary's	Lost	3 to 2	Lost	1 to 0

Placings: Senior "A", P.L.C.—2nd; Junior "A", P.L.C.—3rd.

Pennants: Senior "C", Senior "D".

Aggregate Trophy: P.L.C.—2nd.

TENNIS – I.G.S.A. Results

P.L.C. vs.	SENIORS		JUNIORS	
	Results	Score	Results	Score
Loreto	Won	12 sets 0	Won	10 sets 2
Methodist Ladies' College	Lost	6 sets 6	Won	6 sets 6
Penrhos	Lost	7 sets 5	Won	9 sets 3
Perth College	Won	11 sets 1	Won	10 sets 2
St. Hilda's	Won	7 sets 5	Won	10 sets 2
St. Mary's	Won	9 sets 3	Lost	8 sets 4

Placings: Herbert Edwards Division—Winners and Runners-up.

Pennants: Nil.

Slazenger Cup: Runners-up.

Aggregate Trophy: P.L.C.—3rd.

School Championships

Senior: Singles—Year 12, J. Lange; Year 11, J. Fischer. Doubles—G. Rigney, J. Fischer.

Junior: Singles—Year 10, K. Fischer; Year 9, S. Green. Doubles—Year 10, J. Cameron, S. Rigney; Year 9—S. Green, K. Gamble.

NETBALL – I.G.S.A. Results

P.L.C. vs.	SENIORS		JUNIORS	
	Results	Score	Results	Score
Loreto	Won	24 to 19	Won	44 to 7
Methodist Ladies' College	Lost	40 to 37	Lost	40 to 35
Penrhos	Won	29 to 26	Won	28 to 21
Perth College	Won	42 to 18	Won	21 to 9
St. Hilda's	Won	21 to 1	Won	33 to 16
St. Mary's	Won	33 to 24	Draw	26 to 26

Placings: Senior “A”, P.L.C.—2nd; Junior “A”, P.L.C.—3rd.

Pennants: Nil.

Aggregate Trophy: P.L.C.—2nd.

BASKETBALL—I.G.S.A. Results

P.L.C. us.	SENIORS		JUNIORS	
	Results	Score	Results	Score
Loreto	Won	Forfeit	Won	38 to 10
Methodist Ladies' College	Won	35 to 18	Won	24 to 15
Penrhos	Won	36 to 7	Won	20 to 12
Perth College	Won	34 to 23	Lost	21 to 14
St. Hilda's	Won	23 to 22	Won	25 to 15
St. Mary's	Won	38 to 23	Won	25 to 18

Placings: Senior "A", P.L.C.—1st; Junior "A", P.L.C.—1st.

Pennants: Senior "A", Senior "B", Junior "A", Junior "B".

Aggregate Trophy: P.L.C.—1st.

VOLLEYBALL—I.G.S.A. Results

P.L.C. us.	SENIORS		JUNIORS	
	Results	Score	Results	Score
Loreto	Won	5 to 0	Won	Forfeit
Methodist Ladies' College	Won	3 to 2	Lost	5 to 0
Penrhos	Lost	2 to 3	Lost	4 to 1
Perth College	Lost	4 to 1	Lost	3 to 0
St. Hilda's	Won	4 to 1	Won	3 to 2
St. Mary's	Won	3 to 2	Won	4 to 1

Placings: Senior "A", P.L.C.—3rd; Junior "A", P.L.C.—3rd.

Pennants: Senior "B".

Aggregate Trophy: P.L.C.—3rd.

LIFE-SAVING AWARDS

Curran Cup: Performed well.

Anderson Cup:

Bunbury Cup: P.L.C.—2nd.

Halliday Shield: P.L.C.—1st.

McKellar Hall Cup: P.L.C.—1st.

Chaffey Memorial Cup: T. Campbell—1st;
J. Camm—2nd; J. Cruickshank—3rd.

State Water Skills Competition: J.
McNamara—one 1st, one 2nd; K.
McNamara, one 1st.

SWIMMING—I.G.S.A. Carnival

1st—Methodist Ladies' College

2nd—St. Hilda's

3rd—Presbyterian Ladies' College

4th—Penrhos

GYMNASTICS

Junior—P.L.C. 1st; Senior—P.L.C. 2nd.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1976

<i>SPORT</i>	<i>Carmichael</i>	<i>Ferguson</i>	<i>McNeil</i>	<i>Stewart</i>
Swimming	2	3	4	1
Life Saving Awards	1	2	4	1
Netball	1½	1½	3	4
Hockey	1	3½	2	3½
Volleyball	2½	4	2½	1
Basketball	1	3	2	4
Gymnastics	4	3	1	2
Athletics	1	4	2	3
Tennis	(Competition unfinished at date of printing)			
Totals to date	14	24	20½	19½

Sports Honours Pockets went to Jane McNamara, Tanya Campbell and Julie Wallman for outstanding sporting achievements, and keen participation.

Other activities which have kept P.L.C. girls fit this year: squash, ju-jitsu, golf, sailing, badminton, archery, riding and yoga.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1976

<i>ARTS</i>	<i>Carmichael</i>	<i>Ferguson</i>	<i>McNeil</i>	<i>Stewart</i>
House Plays	2½	1	2½	4
Junior Choir	2	1	3½	3½
Senior Choir	1½	2	2½	4
Art/Craft	3	1	1½	4½
Literature	3	½	4	3
Photography	1½	½	3½	3½
Music—Instrumental	4½	1½	½	4
Music—Singing	3½	½	4	4½
Speech	2	—	5	3
Dance	6	2½	—	—
Skits	3	1	2	4
Variety	1	5	—	3
Totals	33½	16½	29	41

Arts Honours Pockets: Janet Turner, Vanessa Smith, Teresa Parkinson, Jane Langley.

SOME DETAILS OF THE TERTIARY ADMISSIONS EXAMINATIONS, 1975

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	School Mean	State Mean	Number of Candidates	
										P.L.C.	State
English	6	15	27	11	7	6	1	59.11	56.09	76	8,775
French	—	1	4	4	1	—	—	66.80	64.82	10	633
German	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	72.33	60.04	3	235
Economics	5	8	7	3	—	1	—	61.63	51.80	24	3,506
Literature	6	9	15	13	1	2	—	59.30	54.83	46	2,757
Geography	3	2	10	9	4	10	—	48.39	50.89	38	3,746
History	8	9	6	5	2	1	—	63.00	53.17	31	2,922
Maths. I	19	5	11	7	—	1	—	67.02	48.72	43	3,795
Maths. II	—	2	4	—	—	—	—	73.93	63.21	6	1,831
Maths. III	2	1	1	2	—	—	—	68.83	55.88	6	1,820
Biology	19	8	19	15	4	5	—	62.43	56.23	70	4,419
Chemistry	1	1	2	8	4	3	1	47.00	53.35	20	2,507
Physics	—	1	7	10	5	3	—	41.77	45.28	26	2,251
Maths. IV	—	5	9	8	3	1	—	45.30	43.87	27	1,283
Art	3	6	7	1	—	—	—	66.29	57.68	17	1,177
Home Economics	1	1	6	3	1	3	—	58.27	58.30	15	500
Human Biology	11	5	12	7	—	3	—	66.63	57.49	38	1,788

The grades refer to proportions of the State total of candidates sitting for each subject. They refer to numbers of candidates, rather than to scores.

A—Top 10 per cent B—Next 10 per cent C—Next 25 per cent D—Next 25 per cent
 E—Next 15 per cent F—Next 13 per cent G—Bottom 2 per cent

For example: (a) In English, 10 per cent of the State total is 877, so 877 candidates would have received A, whereas in German only 23 of the State's candidates would have received A. (b) Raw scores in the 50s could have been graded as C, D, E or F depending on the subject and the range of raw scores in that subject.

D.A.S. RESULTS

Division 1: Jane Langley.
 Division 2: Alison Green (D).
 Division 3: Joanna Lunay (D).
 Division 4: Sue Kennedy, Anna Meszaros.

EXCHANGE SCHOLARSHIPS

Rotary exchange scholarships were won by Sara Fitch (to Denmark) and Allison O'Meehan (destination unknown to date). Best of luck to both!

Presbyterian Ladies' College Incorporated

Who's Who in '76

COUNCIL

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Rt. Rev. D. A. Robinson, B.A., B.D., Th.M. (1975-6).
Rt. Rev. J. Hutchinson (1976-7).

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

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F.I.E.A.

Senior Mistress

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M.A.C.E.

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Mrs. G. Bull, Dip.Home Sc.; Mr. A. L. Comstock, B.A.
(University of Connecticut), M.A. (Edu.) (California State
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Mrs. N. J. Wood, B.A. (Otago), Dip.Techg. (N.Z.).

Part-time Teachers

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M.A.C.E.; Mrs. J. House, Teachers' Cert.; Mrs. P. Marsh,
B.A., L.T.C.L., Teachers' Cert.; Mrs. G. Nicholas, B.Sc.,
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P. Prevost, Baccalaureat Philosophie (Paris).

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Teach. (Junior School Library Assistant); Mrs. A. Macliver
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Mrs. B. M. Shield, B.Sc. (Senior School Librarian); Mrs. E.
Smith (Senior School Librarian).

Visiting Instructors

Music: Piano—Mrs. M. Gadsdon, A.Mus.A.; Mrs. O. Foster,
L.R.S.M.; Mrs. M. Steere, L.R.S.M., A.Mus.A. (Piano),
A.Mus.A. (Voice Production and Singing). *Guitar*—Mr. F.
Ghouse. *Clarinet and saxophone*—Mr. R. Kegie, R.M.S.M.
Flute and Piccolo—Mr. A. E. Handley, R.M.S.M. *Cello*—
Mrs. E. Pate. *Gymnastics:* Mrs. F. McCallum. *Tennis:* Mr. A.
Marshall. *Squash:* Mrs. U. Rogers.

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Full-time: Miss H. Jackson (Senior Resident and part-time
Chaplain of the School); Mrs. C. Gray; Mrs. M. R. Russell,
J.P. *Part-time:* Mrs. M. Healy; Mrs. D. M. Phelps.

Full-time Sister: Sister E. Inkpen S.R.N. *Relieving Sister:*
Sister E. Sadleir, S.R.N.

Property Officer (part-time): Mr. L. Lapsley.

Head Groundsman: Mr. R. Pelham.

Principal's Secretary: Mrs. M. Cullen.

Office Staff: Miss J. Hedemann; Mrs. H. Causton; Mrs. D.
Salmon. *Part-time:* Mrs. P. Walsh; Mrs. I. McGinn.



Staff. Back row, l. to r., Mr. Page, Mr. Roseman, Miss Williams, Miss Dorrington, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Routley, Mrs. Shield, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Morison, Mrs. Nicholas. Third row, l. to r., Mr. Borgonon, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Goldflam, Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Armstrong. Second row, l. to r., Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Goldsmith, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Gadsdon, Miss Hickenbotham, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Brain, Mrs. Gard, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Mell, Mr. Ruse, Mr. Lomas, Mr. Veth. Front row, l. to r., Mrs. Day, Miss Barr (Principal), Mrs. Binsted, Mrs. Edinger, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Dharmalingam. Absent: Mrs. Pace, Mrs. Perry.

Acknowledgements

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**PRESBYTERIAN
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