

KOOKABURRA



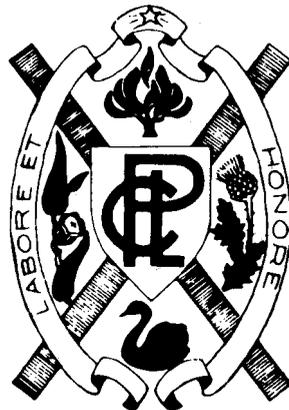
1984

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE

A College of the Uniting Church

KOOKABURRA

1984



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

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EDITORIAL



Left to right: A. Robertson;
S. Owen, *Kookaburra* Editor;
C. Mills.

I approach this editorial with the view that it is too good an opportunity to miss to make myself immortal in print before I'm cast into the anonymity of society.

The society which has undergone such dramatic changes in George Orwell's novel *1984* is not the only community having to readjust. Indeed the changes confronting every group of Year 12 students can be seen as a parallel.

During the final year at a secondary institution for Year 12s the air is tense and anxious. Many are asking the questions "Are we prepared enough to succeed through the radical changes that our world is undergoing in the last decades of the twentieth century?"; "Are we prepared to play our part in the rapidly changing arena of the world?"

These questions bring us back to the subject of school and the curriculum. A school's prime goal should be to prepare the young to cope as best they can outside of the sheltered school existence. Within the classroom our work should be directly related to everyday life, so when confronted with the world outside the school gates, we don't stand bewildered, having no indication of what is happening at all.

My life as a student at P.L.C. has been pleasurable and exciting. As one of the many who will be stepping out, I feel confident that once into the world I will be able to rely on recollecting moments and experiences from school to be useful outside the school system.

Although school is an institution for formal learning, it is also a microcosm of the world, and the opportunities provided by a school like P.L.C. go a long way to prepare us to take our place as adults in society. The principles that the school upholds are important for non-school life; principles like good citizenship, striving to do one's best even if there is no chance of great success and learning to get along with people from all walks of life.

At a school like P.L.C. students are also given the opportunity to form a body of officials to show leadership qualities. For the girls not recognised in that obvious way, the task of making their mark on the community is much more difficult, but their role in our society is just as important.

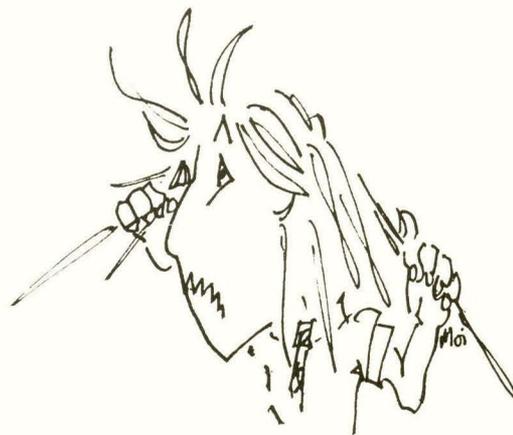
This year's *Kookaburra* has captured the very essence of P.L.C. Although our magazine is far removed from the goings-on in the world, it has demanded great dedication, co-operation and much responsible decision making. The magazine is a responsibility and it is through activities such as putting together *Kookaburra* that new avenues to find unexpected talents are opened up. Aspects such as meeting deadlines, business dealings, public relations and organisation provide valuable experience. These are abilities that a school in general should try to give to as many students as possible.

Many thanks must go to Mrs. Mac. and Miss Reilly for their time and co-operation, and sparing lessons to aid in the completion of the magazine. Special thanks must also go to the patient typists who miraculously had things typed at the drop of a hat. Last, but not least, a million-and-one thanks to Cathy, Rosie, Alisa, Jane, Sara and Sarah for all their time and effort involved in being the talented photographers and witty writers. Without all of them I would have despaired.

Best wishes to Cathy Robins as next year's editor.

P.S. Hope you all enjoy the next 72 pages.

Sarah Owen, Editor



KOOKABURRA COMMITTEE. Left to right: A. Robertson, S. Owen, S. Meszaros, J. Roe, R. Delaney, C. Mills, S. Mason.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT



Miss H. M. R. Barr, Principal

Vale William David Benson

*For all the saints who from their labours rest,
who thee by faith before the world confessed,
they name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.*

*O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
and win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.*

Mr. W. D. Benson, M.B.E., B.A., B.E., D.I.C., Chairman of Council of Presbyterian Ladies' College since 1968, died unexpectedly on 18th November, 1983, just a few weeks before the end of the school year.

At Speech Night, Sir Ronald Wilson spoke in tribute to Mr. Benson, concluding with an invitation for all present to join in the singing of very appropriate verses from the hymn, "For all the saints". The singing and the band's accompaniment were stirring, filled with feeling and appreciation.

Mr. Benson died just a few hours after arriving home from a meeting of principals and members of governing bodies of independent schools. As part of the tribute to him, Sir Ronald Wilson included the following extract from my Speech Night report:

"He was a fine man, and an able chairman who gave unstintingly of his time and energies for others. Through his association with the Church; his experience and ability in administration; his wide knowledge and interests; his keen interest in education, in the importance of the family, in the shared role of parents and school; in his understanding of the complexity of life and the need for guiding principles; in his able and harmonious leadership, he has made an outstanding contribution to this school which his four daughters attended. We give thanks to God for his life, and his work for the school, including his recognition and encouragement of the Christian faith as the basis of what we do."

At the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Church, Nedlands, P.L.C. was represented in the singing of the descant for Psalm 23, and the playing by P.L.C. pipers of "Amazing Grace".

Other Tributes

Last year's *Kookaburra* and my Speech Night report recorded the death, on 3rd May, 1983, of Dr. V. A. Summers, O.B.E., M.A., D.U. Paris, F.A.C.E.

Dr. Summers, born on 1st October, 1899, was Principal of Presbyterian Ladies' College from 1934 until her retirement in 1961, and had been on the staff for most of the time from 1920 until her appointment as Principal, her years away having been for study overseas. From 1928 to 1930 she studied at the Sorbonne, University of Paris, from which she was awarded a doctorate, with First Class Honours, in December, 1930 (*doctorat de l'Universite de Paris avec mention tres honourable*). The subject of her thesis was *L'Orientalisme d'Alfred de Vigny*.

Her earlier education had been at Perth College and the Universities of Western Australia and Witwatersrand.

My address at Dr. Summers' Thanksgiving Service, held at the school on 23rd June, was included in last year's *Kookaburra*.

Other people who have died in recent months, and who had made a significant contribution to Presbyterian Ladies' College, include Mrs. Mavis Adam, Mrs. Hilda Davies, Mrs. Nellie James and Major Arthur Shaw.

Mrs. Adam, who died on 16th September, 1983, was a very good maths. teacher and a very efficient, caring co-senior mistress. She retired in 1971. Many students and staff have reason to appreciate Mrs. Adam's guidance.

Mrs. Davies, known more commonly at P.L.C. as "Matron", died on 9th February, 1984. In the years 1968 and 1969 she came out of retirement to return to P.L.C. to be in charge of the Boarding House, a position she had held from 1951 to 1965. Matron was much loved and respected by girls and staff, and continued to be very interested in, and considered herself to be part of, the school throughout her life.

Mrs. James, laundress, and Matron Davies were contemporaries. Both were involved with P.L.C. before and after the area at the back of Scorgie House ceased to be dormitories, and all the boarders moved to the present Boarding House side of View Street.

Major Arthur Shaw was a very active member of the Parents' Association and of the College Council in the 1960s and early 1970s.

As we think of what others have done, we think, too, of what our part will be. As I said at Speech Night last year, what we do may not seem far-reaching at the time, but what we do is part of history.

Congratulations

Mrs. Godwin, Senior Mistress and Head of English, left P.L.C. at the end of 1983 to become Deputy Principal of St. Mary's Anglican Girls' School, where she has been joined in Third Term this year by Mrs. Chidgey, who has been appointed Head of Physical Education at St. Mary's. They have our congratulations and good wishes, and our thanks for their contributions to P.L.C.

HEAD PREFECT



Danielle Benda, Senior Prefect

It is the first day of third term, the last time I finish holidays and return to school. The thought, although exciting, is bewildering. The security of school life, an integral part of my life for the past twelve years, will be replaced as I am plunged into the big, bad world.

A big wrench will be leaving P.L.C. itself. Here I have had so many opportunities and experiences both as a boarder and a day scholar. The highlight has, of course, been my final year as Head Prefect. It has been a rewarding and enriching experience to see how the school operates behind the scenes. There are so many little decisions to be made.

The school dance (not such a little decision) held at the beginning of the year was a great success, although the last minute traumas (oh no—the lesser hall is booked . . . we'll have to have supper upstairs . . . will the tickets be printed in time? . . . who can pick up decorations?) may have indicated otherwise!

Throughout the year many house events in sports and arts were held. They all ran smoothly, indicating unity and house spirit among most girls. It is disappointing, however, that there are some girls who are happy to watch others participating and not join in themselves. School, especially P.L.C.,

has so many opportunities for girls in many different openings. It is a shame some girls don't take more advantage of them.

Throughout the year I have seen many periods of intense school pride and patriotism. Most evident were the school service, when girls took noticeable pride in their appearance and behaviour, and the inter-school swimming carnival. Although, for the first time in seven years, we lost the trophy, the swimmers did us proud with their spirit and determination. The school body in the grandstand was equally as inspiring with good sportsmanship, grace in defeat and pride in our swimmers, which made me so proud to belong to P.L.C.

One of my aims this year was to attempt to instil more pride in the appearance of the school and uniforms. It would seem that some people take pride in looking as slovenly as possible, which, while being definitely more eye catching (often unfavourably so), makes the job of seniors and prefects harder and lowers the general standards of appearance in our school. Non-compulsory usage of hats and berets, introduced for the first time this year, received mixed reactions from both parents and students. Although it is a pity to break with such a long-held tradition, head-wear was felt by many students to be cumbersome and outdated. The decision has led to far more uniformity among students.

The help and support of the Year 12s has made my task infinitely easier. They accepted the responsibility of being seniors and did what they could to ensure that people behaved well and looked good. Thank you to Kathryn, Bronwyn, Jane and Gillian for their continued help, support and co-operation. Thank you also to the Student Council (were all the early Wednesday mornings worth it?) and to Miss Barr, Mrs. Day and Mrs. Bull for so much help and advice.

As the "school days" epoch of our lives terminates it is good to think about how much I have gained from P.L.C. School has taught me so much about co-operation, unity, friendship and leadership, all of which I will remember, whatever the future will hold for me.



"Umm . . . I'll ask Miss Barr about that one girls."

From whatever point I look back on my school days in years to come, I know I shall always remember my pride in our school and the years of help, guidance and friendship I have gained.

Good luck to Alex Jones for a year just as good as mine as Head Prefect and to Sara Macliver, Anna-lee Ferstat and Rebecca Mathews who will be prefects in 1985.

Danielle Benda



BOARDING HOUSE



Gillian More, Senior Boarder

Lonely stood the boarding house until Monday, the 6th of February, when the doors opened and the chatting boarders returned from both near and far.

The year got off to a smooth start and everyone seemed to settle in well. There are always the few homesick girls who feel surrounded by strangers in such a big place, but once they get to know the other girls, staff and the boarding house routine they realise it's a great place to live, and sure enough it is.

Independence, appreciation of friends, parents and home and tolerance of others are things which are taught and experienced throughout the life of the boarder.

The first Saturday of term brings all the boarders together with the trip to Rottnest. Apart from the few red noses at the end of the day, the outing was enjoyed by the majority of the girls, especially the new ones who hadn't been before.

The girls of P.L.C. once again helped with the Red Cross Door Knock Appeal. It was a little disappointing to see the lack of response, but participation in many other activities far outweighed this lack of enthusiasm. Many thanks must go to the girls who did participate as their time and help was very worth-while and the school received many favourable comments from the public on the girls' appearance.

Much to the girls' delight, many invitations to attend socials of other boys' schools were received and in return the girls organised several socials. It's great to see the communication between schools!

Throughout the year boarders' markets were conducted and, due to the prizes of chocolate biscuits, many imaginative posters were made for the poster competition to advertise the markets.

The money which was raised supplemented tuckshop funds and also went towards boarding house amenities. Thank you to all girls who made posters and helped in the selling at the markets. Special thanks must go to all parents who supplied the produce.

In second term the Years 6, 7, 8, 9 and 11 had lunch at the Carillon Centre and then saw the performance, "Jesus Christ, Super Star". All who attended had an enjoyable day. Several other concerts and plays were enjoyed also.

To add a little variety to our boarding house activities a Haggis was addressed by Mr. George Morrison Hughes and it was piped into the dining room by the P.L.C. pipes and drums. Finally, the long awaited moment of sampling the traditional Scottish dish arrived. After hearing what it was made from, many girls weren't so keen, but confidence was gained and many who tasted it came back for seconds!

Towards the end of second term Mrs. Newing kindly gave up a weekend to come into the boarding house to help girls with dressmaking. This was much appreciated by all and we would like to thank Mrs. Newing very much.

Throughout the year the Boarding House prefects and myself have held meetings with the younger years. These have been very beneficial as they give a feeling of unity within the boarding house. Many problems were solved and ideas exchanged.

Well, the year is drawing to a close; my year as Senior Boarder has been very rewarding. Within the last year, because of many pressures, the Year 12s as a whole have become very close and the feelings about leaving are mixed, but no matter where we go in the future, many memories and friends shall always be treasured.

Thank you to Miss Barr, Mrs. Horton, Sister Norris and all the Boarding House mistresses for their help throughout the year. A special thanks must go to all the Year 12s for the support that they gave which was very much appreciated. The job couldn't have been tackled without their willing help. The assistance from the Boarding House prefects, Tambla Staines, Kathryn Miles, Emma Walker, Chris Gilbert and Binda Hardie, helped make my position as Senior Boarder so much easier and I couldn't have coped without their friendship.

Best wishes to the 1985 Boarding House prefects and to the future Year 12s.

Finally, I would like to wish next year's Senior Boarder, Rebecca Matthews, the best of luck and I hope her year is a very successful one.

Gillian More



BOARDING HOUSE PREFECTS. *Left to right:* B. Hardie, E. Walker, G. More, C. Gilbert, T. Staines.

STUDENT COUNCIL



STUDENT COUNCIL. Back row, l. to r.: L. Bremner, P. Wright, S. Owen, J. Cresswell, J. Crawford, C. Gilbert, V. Farrell, T. Staines, S. Mason, A. Eastwood. Front row, l. to r.: B. Luke, J. Terry, D. Benda, K. Miles, G. More. Absent: A. Thompson.

Senior School Speech Night, 1983

The Perth Concert Hall sold out! The occasion? Sky in concert? Rowan Atkinson? Billy Connolly? None of these, but an event that always fills the hall to capacity, P.L.C.'s Annual Speech Night. For the unaware, this might raise the eyebrows in surprise or even give rise to thoughts of pretension for holding an ordinary event in surroundings normally reserved for a different world. But therein lies the myth, for Speech Night '83 was a major event, it was a "concert" and it did merit the setting.

The school band provided a lively selection of music, until the ceremony as such began with the arrival of the official party, the singing of "God Save the Queen" and a prayer led by Rev. Williams.

Speech nights are for speeches not just prize giving and this year's were particularly important to all present. The evening was saddened with the news of

the loss of the Chairman of the College Council since 1968, Mr. Benson. Mr. Benson was a loyal and devoted member of the College Council and the school will miss the outstanding contribution he made throughout his association with P.L.C. Tribute was paid by Sir Ronald Wilson, Rev. Michael Owen and Miss Barr. Miss Barr in her report also paid tribute to Dr. Vera Summers, the school Principal from 1934 to 1961, who died earlier in the year. Dr. Summers, like Mr. Benson, had dedicated her life work to P.L.C.

With the school building programme now complete, great interest was taken in the Principal's news on the changes to P.L.C.'s funding situation. An appeal against the cut in government funding had been made.

A major innovation this year was a joint address by Katie Oakley and Nicole Wendt who together gave a

fascinating outline of the impact P.L.C. had made on their lives as a boarder and a day girl. The distribution of prizes followed with typical P.L.C. efficiency, discipline and pride. The House trophies were presented by Mr. Alan Bond who had arrived back from overseas that night.

There followed truly Concert Hall entertainment with a spectacular dance display by the gymnastics group, a rousing performance by the pipes and drums and a professional exhibition by the school band.

The evening came to a moving finale as the Year 12s made their last farewell. One by one they left, leaving gaps in the orchestra, band and pipes and drums, to be filled by the new year of students. It was a tearful moment and felt by all who hold P.L.C. dear to their heart.

Sarah Mason

COT, RELIEF and SERVICE



Joy Maxwell-Davis

other organisations and groups of people such as Red Cross, Muscular Dystrophy and hospitals in India. The first money-raising ventures for this year were two cake stalls. These were followed by a casual day which is always a popular way of raising money. One of the most successful fund-raising events for the year was the Quiz Night which was enjoyed by all who attended. I would like to thank all those people who generously donated prizes. Thank you also to Dr. Pike who was Quiz Master, to Rev. and Mrs. Milne for their help in marking, and also to Mrs. Smith who was the Adjudicator.

The Fashion Parade proved to be a very successful night. Clothes were supplied by Cargo and Tinkerbelle. Thank you to Mrs. Monger and Mrs. Trouchet and to all the mothers who assisted on the evening.

I would like to give special thanks to Mrs. Smith who has co-ordinated the Cot and Relief activities. Good luck to the Cot and Relief team for next year.

Joy Maxwell-Davis, Year 12

Service Co-ordinator

My job as Captain this year has been a challenging task. Unlike previous years when each house has been asked to raise money, this year there has been a combined school effort, with each house electing a house representative to form a committee. I would like to thank Jodie Bolton, Helen Frazer, Vanessa Farrell, Stephanie Matthews, Jane Perkins, Jane Anderson, Danielle Benda and Kathryn Miles for their help and support.

Each year the school sponsors children and families from overseas. This support comes in the form of money and personal contact with girls from P.L.C. Cot and Relief also supports





Mrs. Day

People, Pigeons and Horses

When we left on our recent holiday, we had several projects in mind:

- To see as much of England, Ireland and Wales as we could.
- To inspect some top-class racing pigeon lofts.
- To visit the Irish National Stud.
- To go to the English Derby.

Seven weeks and three thousand miles later, we had completed our mission.

It is difficult to select some outstanding features when every day is an exciting adventure!

Perhaps the most moving time occurred as we stood on a promontory near the tiny village of Castlegregory, in County Kerry, and looked down on the crypt where my husband's forefathers were buried. There was a deep sense of history and atmosphere, difficult to understand in Australia, where no buildings are really old. Our welcome by members of the family who had remained behind was overwhelming. It was obvious that the arrival of "the Australian couple" had been eagerly awaited.

Pigeon-racing is our favourite recreational pastime, so it was with interest that we visited lofts ranging from a huge one in Essex, owned by a millionaire, to a tiny one belonging to a pensioner who lived almost on Hadrian's Wall. Pigeon-flying is much easier in England. The land is hospitable and there is plenty of water available for them on their long flights. In Australia, a pigeon flying from Mount Newman to Perth has a more difficult task!

We were anxious to compare the type of thoroughbred racehorses bred in England with those in Australia. The studs we visited were superb—we had seen nothing like them before. Then came our most exciting day, when we

(and 800,000 others) went to the English Derby. What a gala day it was! Apart from the horses, the scene before us was like a giant funfair (gypsy fortune-tellers and all) and people, people, PEOPLE arriving by car, bus, train and helicopter. It was a sight I shall never forget.

Yorkshire was the friendliest county we visited. We spent some delightful, happy days in Sowerby and Thirsk (of "All Creatures Great and Small" fame).

Our last evening in England is one we shall remember for ever. Our inn overlooked the village green, on the far side of which a cricket match was being played. The cricketers, in white, stood out against the verdant background to present a peaceful picture for us as we dined. When the match finished, the onlookers quietly moved away. Then a most unusual happening occurred. Some young people moved to the centre of the green and started throwing *boomerangs* superbly—each time the boomerang returned to the feet of the thrower. My husband and I looked at each other; this was an omen we felt sure. We had had a wonderful time in England, but now it was time to return to Australia—and even the twenty hour flight back did not appear so daunting!

Hazel Day

Thoughts of a New Senior Mistress

Following in the elegant and efficient footsteps of Mrs. Godwin at the beginning of the 1984 school year was a daunting prospect, bringing with it many changes from the comfort of long-term home economics teaching. My areas of concern had to widen to include the day to day running of the school, discipline and many administrative duties.

The position has been challenging and rewarding. The challenges occur every day and I have become expert in catching the eye of an inattentive student during Assembly, spotting jewellery over long distances and chasing a fleeing girl wearing her jumper around her waist. After listening to reasons for misdemeanours such as missing

lessons, being in the wrong place at the wrong time, incorrect uniform—I am convinced that there are no new excuses under the sun.

I have had to reform from being a procrastinator where mundane tasks are concerned to regularly organising lunch duty, absentee notes, chairs in the gym, detentions, supervisions, house services—the list sometimes seems endless.

One notable challenge was the Year 11 Dance. It was an achievement to have the committee of nine strong-willed students eventually agree to a theme, a band, decorations, whose fathers would help, what to eat and what to wear.

The rewards are significant. I have appreciated the opportunity to contribute to the life of P.L.C. in a

different way and to get to know many more students than ever before. There is satisfaction in helping a student who is unhappy, guiding one who has temporarily lost direction and in persuading a rebel to conform. I have even taken pleasure in the knowledge that the Dance was a great success!

My only regret is that there is never enough time in the day. I miss my former close association with Carmichael, although I use every opportunity to declare my allegiance to the best, true-blue house. Mrs. Jarvis complains that she has to make an appointment to chat and my often repeated, always well-meaning promise to my Year 12s that "the assignments will be marked by tomorrow" is met with silent reproach.

Gwen Bull

BAIRD

Well, 1984 has been a great year for Baird House and it is to all you budding Bairdians that Kayla, Binda and myself can direct our appreciation and pride.

To begin the year, Baird gained a third placing in the Inter-House Swimming Carnival. It was the House's first opportunity to act as a team and it proved successful due to the enthusiastic and inspiring attitude of all the members of the House. Congratulations to Meredith Hulcup on being Year 9 Runner-up Champion.

The Athletic Carnival was the highlight of the year when Baird starred and gained the Champion cup for the second year running. Special congratulations to Jessamy Carroll, Year 8 Champion; Lisa Hay, Year 10 Runner-up; and Patricia Orr, Year 12 Runner-up, for their achievements.

As this year combined the Performing and Functional Arts, the event became an important date on the P.L.C. calendar, and Baird was successful in making its mark. We gained a first

time first for our excellent efforts in the Functional Arts and an overall third in the Arts Shield, which displays a great improvement in our art ability.

The House plays made us proud of our actresses, who re-enacted a "true-blue" soapy in "true-blue" melodramatic style. The indoor snow and a few "hairy" hang-ups made "My Proud Beauty" all the more hilarious, but the near-professional acting deserved great applause. Our thanks to all actresses, backstage workers and supporters, but special congratulations to Kayla Triggs on her magnificent direction.

Inter-house events made a significant mark on the Arts and Sports tallies. Tennis, hockey, netball, basketball, volleyball and softball gained some well deserved placings in both the junior and senior sections. Many amusing sights were observed during the lunch-time sports and it is these House sports which bring the girls of different years together, in one team, with a common interest. Inter-house Arts activities provided an opportunity for others to show their talents in

speech, performing and musical faculties and it is good to see so many Baird girls involved in school music facets and school play productions.

Cot and Relief activities were carried out as a school group this year instead of the former House divisions, but many thanks to Helen Frazer, as Baird's Cot and Relief representative, for her part in the fund-raising events and for keeping the House informed and involved.

Kayla, Binda and I have had a great time as the officials of a great House, but it wouldn't have been so smooth and enjoyable had we not had the support from the keen and co-operative talent of Baird House. Special thanks to Mrs. Haustead as House Adviser for her never-ceasing confidence in the House and to the other staff members.

Good luck to 1985 officials and I'm sure you'll have the whole House behind you.

*Lesley Bremner, Kayla Triggs
Binda Hardie*



CARMICHAEL

This year Carmichael is celebrating her 50th birthday—Happy Birthday!

As Captains of Carmichael for 1984 we have been thrilled with the enthusiasm and participation of all girls. We have competed well in both Arts and Sports with equal vigour.

In the Arts field the House Play was the highlight of the year with Alex Jones taking away the prize for Best Actress. With the help of Bronwen Luke's outrageous hair and sexy legs we were able to steal the limelight and take first prize.

We also competed well in the debating, with the Year 9s reaching the grand final. Late last year we began Carmichael's success in Arts when we won the choir competition. We continued our singing success in the Performing Arts when we won the two senior sections of singing. Many other House members won their heats or did

their very best too, which put us in a high position in the Performing and Functional Arts.

The swimming team continued the Carmichael sporting tradition with a very close second. Every girl participated to her maximum ability, which overall has been a characteristic shown throughout the year. Congratulations to Talia Edelman and Amber Sheldon who were equal champions for Year 8. Tiffanie Trail, who was champion for Year 11, commenced the carnival with an outstanding display of diving skills.

Although the team sports have proved greatly successful this year, the support from every team entered in the competition was a credit to all. The greatest success was in the Year 9 and 10 volleyball where we won the grand final.

The great number of people who contributed to standards showed through, with the grand total of 535. This got us off to a good start which showed at the end of the athletics carnival when we came second.

The hard work of Mrs. Jarvis and the Year 11s, who helped while Year 12s were at exams, paid off when Carmichael broke tradition and won the marching. The day proved especially successful for Yvette Watkins—runner-up for Year 9s. Carmichael could not have done as well if it were not for the infinite energy of Mrs. 'J'. Thanks should also go to the Carmichaelian teachers for their guidance and support.

Being officials has been demanding but very rewarding. It has been a wonderful opportunity for us to get to know everyone in the House. We hope that next year's officials enjoy the positions as much as we did. We know that they will try their utmost to strive for what they know is rightfully theirs.

GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK,
CARMICHAEL.

*Anne-Marie Thompson, Janine Lang,
Katie O'Dea*



FERGUSON

1984 heralded Ferguson's 50th year of existence and what better way to celebrate this anniversary than to claim back, in first term, the swimming trophy once again.

This great feat of victory would not have been quite so easy without our Rodgers quartette and other stars who conquered champion girl and runner-up in all but a few years.

While still on a high, the senior tennis and junior volleyball teams reached their grand finals, the tennis team emerged undefeated.

Also during first term our debating team argued convincingly but resulted in only our Year 10 team reaching the final round.

Second term overflowed with major house events. The first on the calendar being the combined Performing and Functional Arts day. As Ferguson is composed of quiet achievers rather than boisterous performers, we were proud to be awarded an overall equal third place.

"Who did it, Who dunnit, Who cares!" was the dramatic title of our House play. After many rehearsals (plus last minute panic) the play went off exceptionally well, the setting being particularly popular and we managed to gain fifth place for the performance.

From the sporting side of life, second term showed continual success, with the seniors winning their netball grand final and the juniors reaching the second round. In the athletics we finished fourth overall, but sadly our ravishing "red pegs" did not startle the judges this year in the marching competition (must have been the rain!).

We decided our contribution to Ferguson's 50th anniversary was to "dig out" some of the early history of the House.

The House was named after John Maxwell Ferguson, one of the early benefactors of P.L.C., and the emblem, the sunflower, was chosen as this is the emblem of the Ferguson Clan in Scotland.

Our House motto has a French flavour, *Toujours tout droit*, Always Straight Forward, and was decided upon by the House Captain in 1940.

Initially our House colour was white, as when the three houses were established in 1934 each was given one of the three school colours. In 1957 Ferguson's colour was changed to red as it was more easily distinguished from the other colours.

Our thanks must go to Miss Reilly, the Year 11s and to all Fergusonites for their great support throughout the year.

Good luck to next year's officials and remember our motto, Fergusonites. Keep up the good work and let's see what our House can achieve in the next 50 years.

*Kathryn Miles, Lisa Brazier,
Simone Williams*



McNEIL

Zestful participation, enthusiasm and sportsmanship have prevailed throughout 1984 with McNeil.

The arts rather than our athletic feats proved to be more successful. Alicia and Chris fostered McNeil's talents, beginning early in first term with the inter-house swimming and debating season. In the swimming, despite many standard points, the "pooled" results was fourth position. However, McNeil did very well in the debating. The Year 8s were transformed from early doubts to appear in the finals, along with Year 9 and Years 11 and 12 combined. All teams put up a fine effort, and we had several good speakers, particularly Vanessa, Joanna and Sophie. The Year 9 team were crushing, and McNeil came a (close) second overall.

McNeil was not prominent on the tennis courts, but our yellow volleyball, hockey, netball and basketball teams were seen in various finals and grand finals. It was in gymnastics that McNeil encountered solitary sporting victory. Thank you, Martine.

The Athletics Carnival of second term was where McNeil gained the unfortunate placing of sixth. (Our marching

ability outweighed our few standards.) Congratulations to our Year 9 Champion, Jackie Pearse, and Year 8 Runner-up, Denise Barr.

The grandest arts event of the year was held on 18 June, the Arts Festival, a culmination of the Functional and Performing Arts competitions of previous years. McNeil's superiority was aptly illustrated. We were awarded the Arts Shield. Thank you to all girls, especially Joanna with her mammoth effort, who were instrumental in McNeil's glory.

The major effort of second term was, however, the House play, "Unlikely Lad". The play was artfully directed by Alicia (sporting the blackest eye ever). Girls in the play devoted a lot of time to rehearsals (however unproductive at times) and gained a just third place. Congratulations to Runner-up Miss Broadway, Kate Kelly.

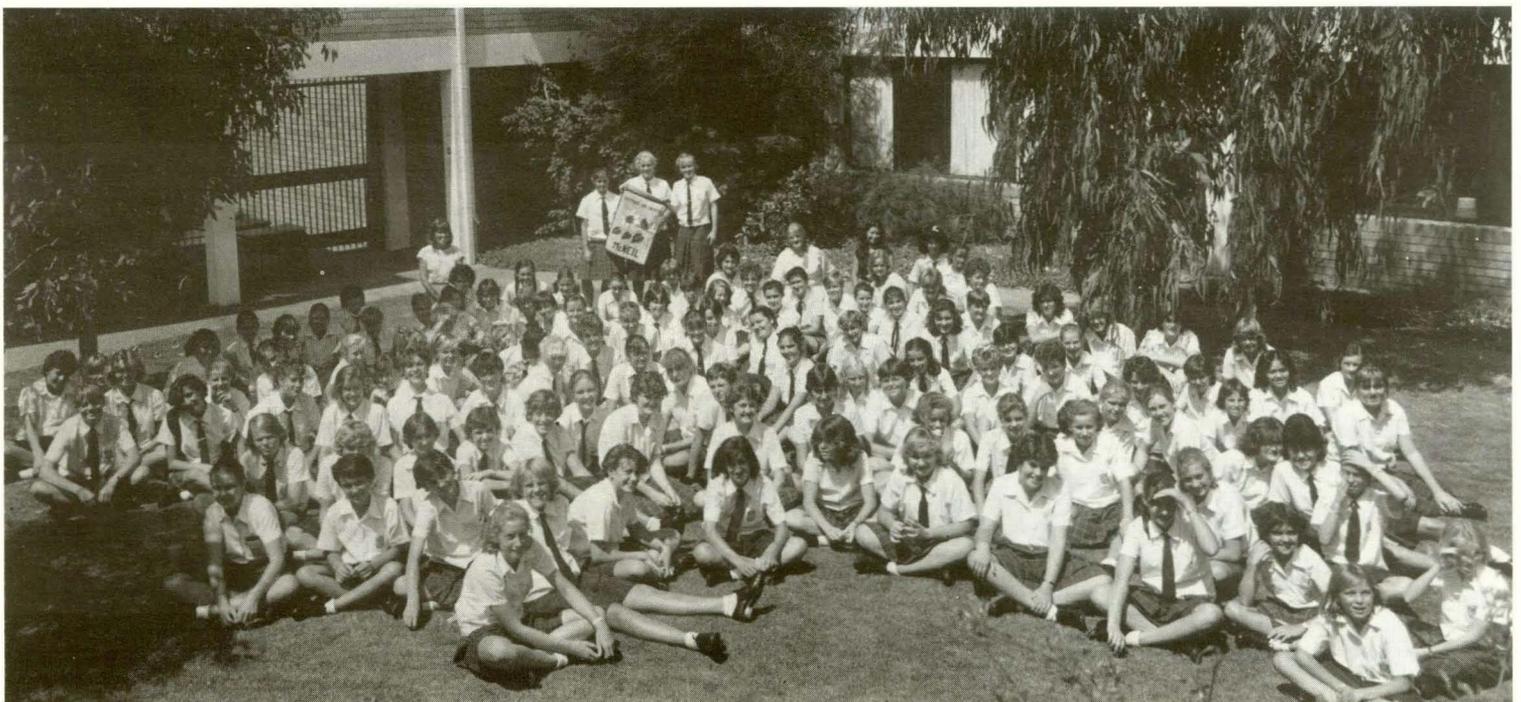
Thank you, Vanessa, for a splendid job coaxing the somewhat reluctant junior years into participating in Cot and Relief fund raising. Thank you also to the Year 11 girls who organised standard points for the athletics and the entries in the Arts Festival.

Thank you, Chris and Alicia, for a splendid example of contribution and support. Chris always managing to have a sports team organised and in uniform (thanks to many McNeil boarders), ready to compete throughout precious lunchtimes. Alicia, who was always prepared to put on a good show and put in a top effort (remember the flat from Scotch episode?). Thank you to our ever so nice House Adviser, Mrs. Mac. for continued support, direction, new ideas and for helping out and being interested in all House activities. It is a great feeling to know there is someone to fall back on. Thank you to the other McNeil teachers also, for extended assistance to the House.

It has been a very rewarding year for Alicia, Chris and myself because the girls of McNeil are enthusiastic and responsive (to screamed threats as well as persuasive, inspiring speeches).

Well done, McNeil, and good luck in the future.

Jane Crawford



STEWART

The year started off with the swimming carnival, where all of our swimmers enthusiastically swam their best, but unfortunately we were defeated to fifth place. The tennis came next in the sporting field and we did considerably better. We gained "runner-up" in the senior tennis, and got as far as the semi-finals with the juniors. Thanks must go to Annalee Ferstat and Anthea Gardner for their tremendous effort with the tennis.

In the Arts activities, we started the year off very well, with first place in the debating competition. Our Year 8 and Year 12 teams did exceptionally well, which inspired the rest of the House to have more House enthusiasm. Special mention must go to Kathy Hay, Kim Hughes, Natasha Lee, Amanda Keep, Gabby Miller and Melissa Gillett for their success and effort.

Stewart's sporting abilities unfortunately didn't quite match up to that of some of the other houses in the volleyball and netball, however,

I know everyone tried her best. We soon showed up the other houses when it came to hockey. Our junior hockey team gained first place which was very pleasing for the whole House.

The Arts Festival was a great thrill for the whole House. We won the Performing Arts and gained fourth place in the Functional, giving us second place overall. Everyone put maximum effort into the Performing Arts, which we are very thankful for. However, we feel that more effort could have been put into the Functional Arts by the many individuals in the House who didn't contribute at all. A special thanks must also go to the Year 11 Arts delegates who helped so much with the festival.

The most exciting event of all the Arts activities was the House play. Stewart performed "Do Your Own Thing" which gained fourth place. The House play really increased the enthusiasm and spirit within the House, which is what Stewart

needs. The twenty-five girls in the cast and six backstage and lighting girls all did an excellent job.

Unfortunately our sporting abilities didn't end on a very successful note. We came an overall fifth place for the athletics and sixth for the marching. The number of standards done by the girls had increased, which was very pleasing as it shows the increase in House spirit. Keep it up, girls!

An overall thank you must go to all the girls of Stewart House and Mrs. Heptinstall, for their effort, but with a little bit more enthusiasm and House spirit we are sure Stewart House is capable of outshining everyone else in everything!

Best of luck to next year's captains and to all members of the House for the future.

*Pru Wright, Jane Cox,
Melissa Gillett*



SUMMERS

A very warm thank you is extended to all Summers girls for their constant (well, most of the time) participation and never ending enthusiasm throughout the year of 1984. Having been named Champion House of 1983, Summers has had a very hard year in maintaining (or trying to) everyone's expectations.

Although Summers didn't set off to a very good start in the sporting field (we came sixth in swimming) we have however improved throughout the year. Both the Year 11 and 12 volleyball and basketball teams won the finals in the inter-house competitions and both junior and senior hockey teams and junior and senior netball teams were runners-up. Summers continued to

improve and came third in the athletics. Special congratulations must be given to Tiffany Manolas of Year 10, Jenny Marsh of Year 11 and Sandy Barrows of Year 12 as each was named Champion Girl of her year.

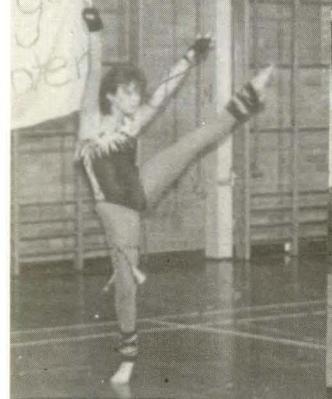
Arts-wise Summers has had a reasonable amount of success. The debating and public speaking competitions were held earlier in the year and although we didn't fare as well as we did last year, the Year 9s reached the finals. The Functional and Performing Arts Competition saw Summers coming unfortunately last overall, although there were some excellent individual achievements—congratulations must go to Kate Edis of Year 8 for her constant efforts. Being named runner-up in the

House Play Competition was a fantastic achievement and credit must go to Philippa Clarke for her superb direction of "What Are You Doing Here?" Well done, Pip!

Personally, I would like to thank both Sandy and Philippa for all the time and effort they have put into Summers. A thank you is also owed to Mrs. Kotai who not only runs the best House in P.L.C. but who also organised the super new "Summers" T-shirt. Lastly, I would like to thank the girls who make Summers what it is and perhaps with a little more House spirit they could make it what it should be—Champion House every year!

*Sarah Mason, Philippa Clarke,
Sandy Barrows*





ARTS



Bronwen Luke

Once again the school has displayed an abundance of talent and skill in the arts field. This is not unusual. What remains, however, as a challenge for all arts captains, is to incite enthusiasm and through this, participation by every student within the school. Due to the many other school activities and commitments, this task has proved to be a difficult one, but not totally impossible, thanks to our diligent, time-sacrificing team of arts captains and their assisting delegates. I'd like to congratulate Kayla, Katie, Simone, Alicia, Melissa and Philippa for their intense organisation and support throughout the year.

Singing was the first item on the arts agenda in third term 1983. Unlike previous years, participation in the Inter-house Choir Festival was voluntary. This idea worked well as the choirs were not only reduced to a more manageable size but so too were the absentees. The choice of songs ranged from "Hungarian Dance No. 5" by Brahms, sung by the winning house, Carmichael, to Stewart's "Barbara Anne".

In first term the school produced some fine debaters, who I'm sure could argue their way out of anything and virtually did! Once again the house arts captains came running to the rescue of many a Year 8 who eagerly volunteered

for the team without really knowing exactly what they had volunteered for. A surprising combination of originality and convincing use of language created not only a highly entertaining final round of debating but also a particularly exciting and suspense-filled evening for all. In each section the winning team won by a margin of only one or two points. The overall competition was won by Stewart, over McNeil, by one point.

Shortly following the May holidays both students and arts captains were faced with a time and effort-consuming arts event which was held on Open Day. On this occasion both Functional and Performing Arts Festivals were combined. Despite the fact that the day proved to be a little hectic for some, and that time simply refused to co-ordinate with our set programme of performances, the day was a successful one—simply bubbling with action. The entire school was alive with various functional (and academic) displays ranging from lavishly iced cakes (capable of torturing the taste-buds of all who laid eyes upon them), to meticulously crafted ceramics. Singing and variety attracted the largest audience, along with yet another amusing theatrical episode performed by the staff, featuring Miss Malloch as "Wild Nell" and who else other than Mr. Ruddle, as the man of her dreams, "Handsome(?) Harry". The Performing Arts was won by Stewart, the Functional Arts by Baird; and McNeil, who finished second in both of these competitions, won the Arts Festival Cup.

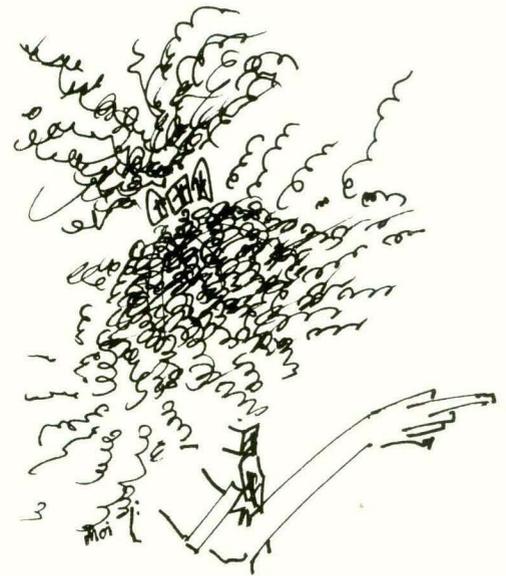
Due to many requests it was decided that a concert would conclude the Arts Festival, early in third term. It consisted of a collection of entertaining and successful performances for parents and friends to see.

Towards the end of second term the school was treated to three consecutive nights of dramatic entertainment—the House Plays—all of which were very well produced and performed. The winning house was Carmichael with "The New Model Army" closely followed by Summers' "What Are You Doing Here?". Best Actress was awarded to Alex Jones and the runner-up was Kate Kelly. Again the talent of

our girls here at P.L.C. was called upon by productions outside the school. Both "Paint Your Wagon" and "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat" were highly entertaining and enjoyable.

Many thanks must go to Mrs. Jarvis, our fabulous Arts Co-ordinator, for her tremendous contribution in the organisation and functioning of all arts activities during the year. We couldn't have done it without her! I'd also like to wish next year's arts officials the best of luck and I hope you all enjoy and fulfil your role within the house and school. And, of course, the ones who made it all possible, a big thank you and congratulations to all those who contributed—keep it up!

Bronwen Luke



"Bronwen Cas"

HOUSE PLAYS



*Settings and props are swiftly secured,
The prompter positioned precisely;
Frantically fingers fidget and fumble,
Whilst faces plastered with colour
feverently mumble.
Slowly silence settles upon the audience
outside
Now immersed in a pit of darkness—all
await,
Eager with anticipation. . . .
Suddenly: LIGHTS—ACTION—
YOU'RE ON!*



Once again the usual backstage panic preceded the plays, however, this didn't hinder their success. Summers presented the opening play whose title demanded, "What Are You Doing Here?" This was a very polished performance with energetic actresses and each scene cleverly linked by a calm and collected narrator, Kathy Bullock.

This was followed by Stewart House's "Do Your Own Thing". The play consisted of a very large cast which must have made rehearsals somewhat hectic, but provided a wide range of colourful and contrasting characters, including Andrea Cox as a hilariously "high" hippie.

On the second night McNeil performed a highly comical play, "Unlikely Lad". The setting of the shop along with its squabbling owners, chaotic customers, dynamic gunmen and of course the "unlikely" hero him(her?)self, created a very convincing and humorous performance.

Later that night Baird performed the melodrama "My Proud Beauty" which, with its sniggering villain and

handsome(?) hairy chested hero, amused everyone. A couple of perhaps unintentional minor mishaps (for example, Mr. Honesty's non-adhering moustache, and the outdoor and "indoor" snow) added to the hilarity.

On the final night Ferguson presented a very funny "Who Dunit" (not to mention the "Who did it, Who Cares?" bit as well). As well as the acting, both setting and props were very well prepared and original, particularly the wheel barrow full of porridge politely served with a shovel, YUK!

Finally, Carmichael concluded the Drama Festival with "The New Model Army", and well . . . what can we say? With both of us involved in this production it's hard not to be a bit biased—but we'll try. The play was an ambitious choice, set in the sixteenth century during Cromwell's rebellion against the monarchy, and thus its humour often relied on the audience's historical knowledge to be appreciated. It was this distinguishing quality (and of course producer, cast and crew!), which gave Carmichael first place.

There were many actresses who are to be commended for their participation and performance but, alas, we haven't the room to mention them all! Alex Jones (winner of Best Actress) and Kate Kelly (Runner-up) performed particularly well. Of course, all the producers must be congratulated on their tremendous effort and success.

Anne-Marie Thompson, Bronwen Luke



SCHOOL PLAY

PAINT YOUR WAGON

We all spent over five months working on what would be a valuable and benefiting experience, that no one involved would forget. Actors, actresses, singers and dancers were chosen from both P.L.C. and Scotch College. We together combined to form the Broadway musical, "Paint Your Wagon".

Rehearsal by rehearsal we shed our feelings of self-consciousness and adapted those of friendship and security within the cast.

Many hidden talents were revealed in the play, and those that were already recognised, dazzled, especially those of James Moyle as Ben Rumson and Cathy England as Jennifer Rumson, Ben's daughter. Together they displayed their professional talented acting and singing ability throughout the play.

Of course, the play would not have been such a success without the continual effort, time and support of our producer-director Margaret-Ann Daslik, whose encouragement and patience never wavered once.

Much thanks must also go to our Musical Director, Mr. Woodend and his band of fine musicians, without whom the musical "Paint Your Wagon" would have been just another play.

Congratulations and thanks must also go to the make-up artists who successfully aged or altered the look of the boys' faces and glamorised the girls'.

Miss Malloch's and Mrs. Bull's time and assistance in the costumes was greatly appreciated by the female cast.

Pride in a final product, however, is merely the "cream of the cake". Much of the value of a production like "Paint Your Wagon" lies in the educative and theatrical experiences it affords for all those who are involved.

*Got a dream
Got a song
Paint your wagon and come
along.*

Cathy Kneebone, Year 11



DEBATING

Inter-House Debating

Once again, debating for 1984 was a "rebuttable" success. For two rounds before the finals, girls in all years spent much time writing speeches on topics such as: "We Need More Time to do Nothing" (we all know the answer to that one!) and on the more serious side: "Liberty and Equality are Incompatible".

Results of the finals were as follows:

YEAR 8. "The Pressure to do Nothing in our Society is Irresistible." Stewart (Kim Hughes, Katherine Hay, Natasha Lee) defeated McNeil (Fiona Thunder, Jane Viol, Sophie Owen). Best Speaker— Katherine Hay.

YEAR 9. "The Suppression of One Evil Leads to the Creation of Others." McNeil (Katharine Melville Jones, Helen Davis, Joanna Farrell) defeated Carmichael (Meighan Katz, Bernice Smith, Emily Pidgeon). Best Speaker— Meighan Katz.

YEAR 10. "We Are What Circumstances Make Us." Baird (Megan Dixon, Jane Ledger, Kirsten Hay) defeated Ferguson (Katy England, Vicki Arnold, Martina Mazzucchelli). Best Speaker— Jane Ledger.

YEARS 11/12. "That We Are Prisoners of a Materialistic Society." Stewart (Gabby Miller, Amanda Keep, Melissa Gillett) defeated McNeil (Charlotte Smith, Kate Wilson, Vanessa Farrell). Best Speaker— Melissa Gillett.

The overall results were:

1st	Stewart
2nd	McNeil
3rd	Carmichael
4th	Baird/Ferguson
5th	Summers

Our thanks to Miss Catriona Gregg and Miss Katherine Smits for giving us their valuable time adjudicating the finals.

Good luck to all participating girls next year.

*Melissa Gillett, Vanessa Farrell,
Year 12*



STEWART, YEARS 11/12. Left to right: G. Miller, M. Gillett, A. Keep.



BAIRD, YEAR 10. Left to right: K. Hay, M. Dixon, J. Ledger.



MCNEIL, YEAR 9. Left to right: H. Davis, J. Farrell, K. Melville Jones.



STEWART, YEAR 8. Left to right: K. Hay, K. Hughes, N. Lee.

Inter-School Debating

The 1984 debating season began with great promise when twenty-six girls enrolled in the club. Unfortunately, although the season started in high spirits, some of the initial enthusiasm was lost due to other commitments. We often had to cancel meetings and even the occasional inter-school debate due to these engagements, but along with these disappointments came a surge of enthusiasm and talent from our junior team members.

In particular, I'd like to thank Meighan Katz, Year 9, who became a permanent member of the senior team after a superb performance in a senior debate against St. Hilda's. Thanks especially to Mrs. Haustead who endured our hysteria and panic without once losing her cool. She played the roles of encourager, pacifier, taxi driver and even adjudicator, and without her our teams wouldn't exist. We are truly in debt to her!

Despite this year's confusion, I believe we all gained a lot of pleasure and learnt much from our experiences, and if the enthusiasm of our current junior team is any indication of what the standard of debating at P.L.C. is going to be, then we can look forward to a very bright future!

Amanda Keep, Year 11



INTER-SCHOOL DEBATING. Back row, l. to r.: A. Andrew, M. Katz, C. Smith, E. Kennealy, E. Pidgeon. Front row, l. to r.: K. Kelly, Mrs. D. Haustead, A. Keep. Absent: J. Farrell, S. Gibbs, P. Jones, C. Kotai, M. Gillett.



MUSIC



Feonagh Cooke, Music Captain

Concert Band for one piece of music at the performance in front of the parents. The growth of the Pipe Band was evident when they conducted their display at the end of the camp, and I wish Janet Bowman and the other members the best of luck for next year.

This weekend camp, concentrating totally on music, was of great benefit to those who went in reuniting the band and improving our performance. Many thanks must go to all who helped in organising and assisting with the weekend.

On Sunday, the 16th of September, the Concert Band and Pipe Band are going to perform at Mandurah Nursing Home. To advertise the Royal Agricultural Show in early October the Marching Band and Pipe Band are playing in Claremont on the morning of the 28th September, then doing a display at the R.A.S. on the 5th October. The Naval Association has once again asked the

band to play at their sunset service in King's Park on 4th October. The Marching Band will be providing music for the Inter-School Athletics at Perry Lakes for this year, on 6th October. Saturday, 27th of October, will see the band playing music for the Bethesda Hospital Annual Fete.

The finale for the band this year will be at Speech Night held at the Concert Hall, which this year is on the 4th December, to be followed by the Carols by Candlelight on the 9th.

My involvement with the band has been for a major part of my years at P.L.C. and holds many memories for me. I've really enjoyed the experience it has provided me with, but . . . what will I do on Friday afternoons?

I wish the best of luck and enjoyment to all future "musicians".

*Feonagh Cooke,
Year 12*

Music at P.L.C. has undergone change with Mr. McNess as our newly acquired Director. Mr. McNess also conducts the ever increasing choir, and teaches the T.A.E. music students.

The Concert Band, under Mr. James' baton, has faced more challenging pieces this year, and as a result the band of fifty members is achieving a higher standard.

During the end of July a music camp at Araluen was organised over the weekend of the 27th to 29th. Once we arrived, the weekend was combined with work and amusement. The meals were punctuated with song from selected tables, but the music made by the squeaking double bunks prevented all but the heaviest sleepers from gaining more than a few moments' rest. Time was taken off for the showing of videos and the screening of "Little Darlin's", on the first evening, posed us with many suggestions of what we could do in our spare time during the camp.

The Orchestra, being conducted by Mr. Winstanley, worked on totally new pieces during the weekend, while the Concert Band concentrated on music for the W.A. Schools' Band Festival on the 22nd September, amongst other items. Mr. Rust worked with the Training Band, who played with the

Orchestra

Since its beginning four years ago, this year the overall standard of the Orchestra has reached new heights. Although it is still fairly small (twenty-two regular members) it shows that quality can be achieved in playing if all members work hard and give their best, as the girls in the Orchestra have done.

A special thank you must go to our conductor, Mr. John Winstanley, and his wife, Mrs. Margaret Winstanley, for their second year of very appreciated guidance and support, without which we would never have achieved the improvement in standard.

We started the year off as a string chamber group, as brass and woodwind members were unable to attend because of a clash of rehearsal times, but later on we were fortunate enough to get two flautists, one oboe and one clarinet player, thus helping increase the repertoire available to us. We have now covered a large section of works ranging from the Baroque era to modern music of the twentieth century.

During second term, the Orchestra was fortunate enough to attend the school music camp where we were able to gain experience with a great deal of sight reading and also experience in chamber music. Joanna Farrell worked with us in an oboe solo, "Gymnopedie" by Satie.

I hope in future years the Orchestra will continue to improve. More students should be encouraged to play as all four string instruments, violin, viola, cello and double bass, are such interesting and beautiful instruments and are thoroughly rewarding and pleasurable to play. As the Orchestra now includes Junior School members I feel this encouragement can be stressed as players can only benefit.

I personally have loved every minute of my four years' participation with the Orchestra and it will be a wrench to leave. Best wishes and luck to everyone involved for future years.

Anthea Rees

CONCERT BAND



CONCERT BAND. *Back row, l. to r.:* B. Smith, M. Livingston, A. Brown, A. Crabbe, K. McArthur, N. Day, C. Smith, M. Evans, V. Farrell, K. Kelly, C. Bannister, F. Hogg, S. Van den Hoek, L. Bremner. *Third row, l. to r.:* A. O'Brien, K. Hay, R. Kelsall, D. Waldron, M. Antoine, A. O'Donovan, K. Triggs, P. Clarke, R. Smith, L. McCusker, A. Zwicky. *Second row, l. to r.:* G. Miller, D. House, S. Kennealy, B. Luke, Y. Osta, A. Keep, K. Bullock, C. O'Dea, C. Blandford, A. Eastwood, J. Anderson, S. Norlin. *Front row, l. to r.:* S. Owen, J. Bell, J. Cox, F. Raven, F. Cooke, M. Hopkins, P. Wright, M. Gregg, M. Gillett. *Absent:* A. Thompson, P. Rollo.

ORCHESTRA



ORCHESTRA. *Back row, l. to r.:* A. Brackenridge, C. Howard, K. Kelly, E. Willis, B. Smith, D. Heggart, M. Brackenridge. *Second row, l. to r.:* J. Sindle, S. Vaughan, L. Thelander, F. Milne, J. Bruce, S. Macliver, K. Sindle, V. Bond, R. Stone. *Front row, l. to r.:* Mr. J. Winstanley, J. Farrell, S. Teoh, A. Rees, E. Debnam, H. Davis, Mrs. M. Winstanley.



PIPE BAND

The silent signals of the drum major brought the P.L.C. Pipes and Drums to attention. The murmur of the audience was soon quietened by the sharp roll of the drummers and the familiar tune of "Scotland the Brave" was sounded by the pipers, to start the fourth successful year of the band.

Throughout the year the pipes and drums have been called upon to play at several performances, including the Functional Arts Concert, Junior School Fancy Dress, Inter-house Athletics and the addressing of the haggis in the Boarding House. We have also entertained the elderly citizens from T.A.P.S.

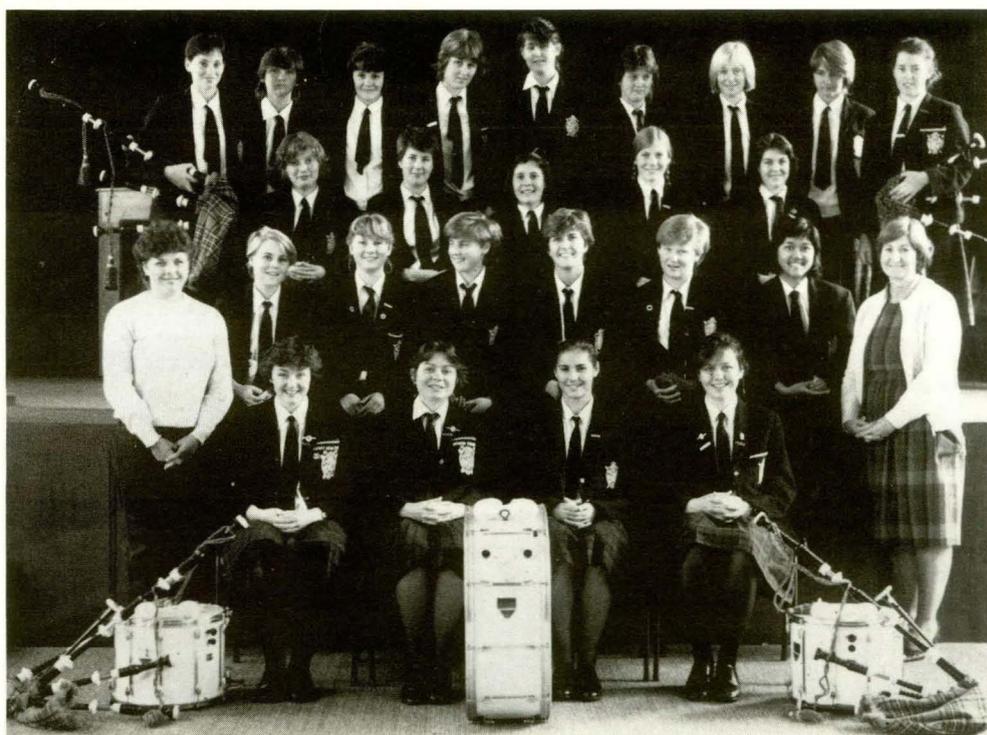
The music camp in second term was highly successful as all girls benefited greatly from the extra practice.

We have many engagements to play in third term. These include a performance at the Mandurah Nursing Home, R.A.S. parade through Claremont, Youth Display at the Perth Royal Show, the Inter-school Athletics, and an Old Collegians' Luncheon, which is to help raise money for a pipe band uniform.

None of this would have been possible without the continual support and help from Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Miller. We thank them very much.

Best of luck to the band for next year and keep up the hard work.

Gillian More, Janet Bowman



PIPE BAND. *Back row, l. to r.:* P. Spencer, K. Lefroy, S. Robson, E. Hodgson, R. Matthews, L. Twigg, J. Lord, D. Lefroy, R. Cotton. *Third row, l. to r.:* L. Newing, A. Walker, A. Robson, D. Hatch, H. Stewart. *Second row, l. to r.:* Mrs. K. Jones, A. Scanlon, R. Lapsley, J. Fisher, H. Gibbs, T. Reid, A. Lapping, Mrs. A. Miller. *Front row, l. to r.:* K. Miles, G. More, J. Bowman, S. Matthews.

TRAINING BAND



TRAINING BAND. *Back row, l. to r.:* J. Harkness, M. Katz, C. Kennedy, K. Pitt, N. Muir, K. McCusker, K. Fitzgerald, M. Barrett-Lennard, R. Cotton, R. Buhler. *Third row, l. to r.:* A. Clarke, G. Clark, P. White, C. Sorensen, M. Nixon, R. Oakley, K. Clarke, F. Moir, E. D'Alton. *Second row, l. to r.:* J. Campbell, J. Farrell, B. Smith, M. Hunt, E. Pidgeon, J. Bruce, J. Sandilands, K. Sindle, J. Plaistowe. *Front row, l. to r.:* K. Luke, V. Cornwall, H. Stimson, R. Marschner, M. Wegner, S. Rankin, J. Marschner, M. McLoughlin, J. Cerini.

CHOIR



CHOIR. *Back row, l. to r.:* E. Melville Jones, K. Hay, J. Wong, K. McCowan, S. Ormonde, E. Davy, A. McKenna, S. Hewett, R. Egerton-Warburton, D. Willmott, H. Frazer, H. Burrell, E. Molyneux. *Sixth row, l. to r.:* F. Gascoine, H. Stewart, J. Harkness, E. Stretch, R. Cotton, S. Herzfeld, J. Cox, A. Sargent, R. Oakley, M. Lang, C. Toomey, V. Tilbrook. *Fifth row, l. to r.:* J. Reid, K. Pitt, K. Kelly, K. McCusker, K. Fitzgerald, C. Smith, E. Coupland, K. Leighton, S. Strahan, A. Zwicky, R. Hewett. *Fourth row, l. to r.:* M. Sinnathamby, R. Sinnathamby, M. Brackenridge, R. Rorrison, B. Dalziell, J. Marschner, M. Hele, N. Manser, R. Greay, I. Taylor, V. Bond, K. Luke, U. Sinnathamby. *Third row, l. to r.:* Mrs. Kotai, A. Broerse, K. Bullock, S. Lindsey, S. Williams, C. Blandford, S. Macliver, C. Kneebone, B. Luke, L. Bremner, A. Thompson, Mr. McNess. *Second row, l. to r.:* A. Keep, F. Hitchcock, S. Adams, A. Clarke, J. Hele, F. Argyle, S. Foulkes-Taylor, A. Brackenridge, L. Dorrington, R. Marschner, C. Kennedy, A. Matsen. *Front row, l. to r.:* G. Motherwell, A. Andrew, A. O'Brien, A. Deans, J. Farrell, K. Sindle, C. Kotai, D. Hatch.

Dame Joan Sutherland was incomparable to the masses of warbling girls who arrived for the first rehearsal of the P.L.C. Choir in term one. Once the truly dedicated were the only ones remaining, the Choir began to exude enthusiasm and quality in their singing.

Our first performance was the School Easter Service, where we had an opportunity to display our practised and hidden talents. Many complimentary remarks were received afterwards.

Presbyterian Ladies' College Choir was privileged to be invited to sing at the Western Australian Law Society Annual Service on the 20th April. The girls regarded it as very much an honour and we hopefully displayed this feeling in our performance.

A major occasion for the Choir was the Annual School Service. The Choir sang "Praise Ye the Lord of Hosts"

and was praised as being one of the highlights of the Service. The hymns sung were recognised by the students and sung with vigor. The Choir is rehearsing an ambitious programme of Christmas songs for Speech Night which I'm sure will be successful.

Many thanks must go to Mr. McNess who conducted the Choir this year. He has re-established a choir of quality and the girls respect his knowledge and ability. Thanks also to Mrs. Kotai for her help and to Mrs. Ledger for her piano accompaniment during terms one and two.

Many thanks to all the girls in the Choir who have maintained their constant interest and enjoyment and made it a wonderful music year.

Lesley Bremner

CHORALE



Back row, l. to r.: K. McCusker, P. Clarke, S. Lindsey, E. Gasiorowski, K. Kelly, C. Robins. *Second row, l. to r.:* Mrs. Williamson, A. Keep. *Front row, l. to r.:* M. Lang, S. Macliver, A. Thompson, M. Noble.

MUSIC CAMP

“Throw your bags over there somewhere, instruments over here somewhere. Report for duty at 5.20, dinner 5.30, tomorrow morning everyone to be up at 7 a.m.!”

What is this you ask? The Australian Olympic Team preparing for battle? Recruits for the Army? Roman slaves in the year 84 B.C.?

The date is 25th July, 1984. Venue: Araluen. Occasion: P.L.C. Music Camp 1984. So we arrived.

“Wall to wall carpeting,” they said. “Twenty-four hour hot chocolate service,” they said. Well, not quite, but yes, the dorms had beds with mattresses, the food was not poisoned, and of course, there was always the canteen.

The camp was a musical first for P.L.C. It served to bring the orchestra, pipe band, concert band and training band together for the first time for a weekend of concentrated playing both as a group and in individual section



rehearsals. The section rehearsals were important as they enabled us to work together in a small team to help each other play our pieces.

The music camp was important in creating a feeling of “band” spirit among the girls, with the senior, training and pipe bands and the orchestra all being a much closer group by Sunday.

A concert was performed on Sunday, followed by a genuine Australian barbecue. Although there was one who tried to seek fame and glory on the football field, and succeeded in ending up on crutches, most of us benefited in both our individual and group performance. The music camp was enjoyed by all (except for the 7 a.m. bugle calls by some unknown).

Margot Evans

YEAR 11 CAMP

A camp to Lake Cooloongup was exactly the break the Year 11s needed, after a week of mentally exhausting exams.

The camp, situated opposite the picturesque Lake Cooloongup, was idyllic for the one hundred or more enthusiastic girls. The week was packed full of variety, entertainment and creative skills and of course physical activity, which featured prominently to the despair of many incapacitated girls.

As soon as we arrived we were treated to our first taste of camp cooking, which was, to the surprise of many, deliciously edible. As soon as the washing up was out of the way, the different groups of girls went about their various activities. One of the activities was candle making under the

careful guidance of Mrs. Crooke. Some of the candles that arose were somewhat different from the basic straight candle that was expected. The stress of exams was artistically revealed through some of the pieces, such as Caroline Woodend’s “Meaning of Life”, which was somewhat bent. The first night was the “Pink Night”, which included a variety of costumes and differing fashions but some fitted into neither categories, e.g. Sara Macliver’s ensemble.

Jazz ballet was a unique experience for those who braved the leotards, and yoga was available for the many who cared to relax mentally and physically. Horse riding was a sure favourite for those who were acquainted with the sport and for Rev. Zayan, but for the others who couldn’t horse ride, they

experienced a few saddle sores. Golf was a swinging success and enjoyed by all.

Thanks must go to our make-up artist who tried her hardest to make us all presentable—and succeeded with the majority. The camp ended with a delightful dinner complete with flowers, decorations, waiters and waitresses and a roast dinner complete with suitable beverage.

The camp was overall very enjoyable, with many new experiences to be had and much new knowledge gained by all. Thanks must go to all the staff that gave their time so we could replenish our minds before sitting down to another term of hard work.

Cathy Kneebone, Year 11

GEOGRAPHY CAMP

Monday, the 7th of May, was a grizzly cold morning but it did nothing to dampen the spirits of thirty-nine enthusiastic young geographers. Hoarding Eskies filled with enough food to feed an army (we certainly weren't going to starve) and bags full of the basic dress requirements, we boarded the buses with "Great Expectations".

Although we were somewhat dazed and half asleep, Mrs. Staniland's never ending enthusiasm soon got us "bright eyed and bushy tailed". This by no means applied to the other teachers, namely Mrs. Haustead, Miss Harrington and our own "Speedy Gonzales" of the road, Mr. Ruddle, our second bus driver.

The 1984 Geography Camp was underway at last, a long welcomed break for all after our tiring and nerve racking exams of first term.

Our first destination was the controversial Alcoa site near Pinjarra. Here we were joined by Mrs. Renton, a works representative. She gave us a very interesting "grand tour" of Alcoa and its various workings. This included the rehabilitated areas at Huxley, the mine site and the enormous "mobile crusher".

We finally arrived in Yallingup. With vigour we unloaded and split up into six individual groups. We were then shown our fully-contained units of the "Hideaway Homes" that were to shelter us from the howling winds and thundery rains for the next two and a half days.

Day one was now over, and I'm sure most of us were quite happy to crawl into our sleeping bags.

Tuesday saw us in very studious moods and we all enthusiastically carried out our roles as "geographers".

Some of the more courageous of the tribe risked frost bite among other things and swam those wild waves every evening. As the sun set, our dinners sizzled and our minds savoured the knowledge of the day.

That night the boarders highlighted the evening by some rather amusing entertainment. They honoured us by sharing their weird witchcraft that they perform in prep. This took the form of "Levitation" and even Mr. Ruddle was lifted somewhat! (Not very much though.)

On Wednesday we studied the Cape Naturaliste area. "Sugarloaf", Bunkers Bay were several other places we observed. Here we took soil samples of which a certain Michelle just couldn't get enough. That afternoon, while most of the girls were cooking their last dinner (roasts), some girls trudged off to see the Old Yallingup Caves, only to discover that they were closed for the night. However, being the charming girls we are, we managed to "sweet talk" the man into letting us have a look at the amphitheatre. (One girl who was caught eating, received a lecture on how crumbs breed vermin in the caves!) After leaving, Mr. Ruddle was easily persuaded to go somewhere else and we ended up at the "Old Mill".

That evening we were given a talk by Mr. Mosen, the President of the Cape Naturaliste Association, whom we all supported with his ideas on preserving the natural environment of the area. After this talk, we had the prizes. There were some very interesting awards and Fiona managed to snap the trend-setting award with her super versatile overalls.

The following day was the last, and we had to be packed and out by 8 a.m. Sadly, we left our "Hideaway Homes" and boarded our buses for Bunbury. Here we conducted our land-use surveys (in the rain). Finally we headed back to good ol' civilisation and mum's home cooking.

Despite the howling weather we all enjoyed the camp and I am sure we would all love to re-live it again.



YEAR 8 CAMP

On April 16th, Lake Cooloongup was the recipient of babbling P.L.C. Year 8 students. We all jumped merrily from the two buses as they arrived, waded gaily through the luggage and staggered happily to our appointed dormitories.

The next few days were absolutely action-packed. Miss Brand (rather bravely) took us for first-aid lessons during which we bandaged arms, legs, ankles and anything else we could get our bandages on. Miss Fitzgerald gave us a lot of fun in drama and with Mrs. Zayan we invented all sorts of weird and wonderful candles. Mr. Rust gave us an opportunity to choreograph and film our own film-clips which bought out the star in most people.

Night activities included a brain-teasing quiz night and an entertaining concert in which local talent was revealed and some rather interesting acts were presented.

After our three days had ended, we clambered back on to our awaiting buses with a certain thankfulness at having come back from Mr. Ruddle's bush hike, survived Mrs. Chidgey's hockey and outlasted Miss Olivieri's dance class. I'm sure it was a thoroughly enjoyable experience for all, but as we tootled joyfully home, I could not wonder what next year's camp would bring.

Heidi Burrell, Sara Meszaros

Anthea Hodgson, Sophie Owen

SKI TRIP

The most successful ski-trips ever! Both weeks of the school holidays saw two separate groups of equally excited young P.L.C. students and weary teachers trailing along behind through Sydney and Canberra.

The thriving town of Adaminiby was a joy to behold after our exhausting tour of the Australian capital. Canberra did not quite reach our expectations with interesting sights of half built buildings and deserted streets.

We were nothing but amazed at the driving skills of our guide and bus driver throughout the first week. We took an active participation in cliff



sightseeing (!) and found him to be most adventurous in his thorough exploration of both sides of the road as well as over the edge!

Record snowfalls at the picturesque site of Mt. Selwyn enabled many of us to ski like true professionals by the end of the week.

Our visit to Perisher/Smiggins consisted of skiing for the more daring and also sightseeing of a novel sort. P.L.C. students could be seen searching for the local talent. This "talent" appeared in the form of proficient male skiers and "awesome" ski instructors.

Helga Smith was a true source of entertainment for her fellow skiers!

Spectacular voluntary somersaults and high pitched screams were a common occurrence from the learner with hidden potential!

Not to be outdone, the teachers also gave us constant amusement. Thanks must be given to Horse, Big Al, Fitzy and also Maz because without them, both trips would have been a lot less than perfect.

Throughout the two weeks Years 10, 11 and 12 all experienced the excitement of snow-skiing, its advantages and sometimes rather painful disadvantages!

Philippa Clarke, Jane Roe

MEDIA CAMP

Having already made our presence felt earlier this year at the Mandurah Holiday Village when the Year 12s worked on television and the Year 11s on photography, it was to be our destination once again. So on one cool July afternoon media students, their luggage and equipment crammed into the "luxurious" comfort of the school bus, set off once more.

Prepared for a weekend of hard work, we began our camp with dinner, a meeting and one or two movies. Saturday morning, after being awakened by Mrs. Mac. thumping on the door, several of the Year 12s ventured into the heart of Mandurah while others

stayed behind to begin work on this magazine!

The Year 11s divided themselves between making Kristin's 8 mm film (shot on location in the main streets of Mandurah) and poring over well prepared scripts for later shooting. The afternoon was spent in much the same way but the Year 12s still couldn't work out why certain Year 11s were so tired! That night was spent watching more videos and more hard work on the *Kookaburra*.

As Sunday dawned, everyone was leaping out of bed (at 6 a.m., of course!) refreshed and barely able to

contain their excitement at the prospect of more work. The Year 11s finished films, cleaned up then relaxed while, in the Year 12s chalet, feeble attempts were made at video editing, more work on the *Kookaburra* and a long laborious clean-up.

We all returned safely home and many thanks must go to Mrs. Mac. for putting herself through another harrowing media weekend as well as to Scotch and St. Mark's for their help as performers, crew members or "carriers of very heavy equipment". It was, as usual, a rewarding weekend.

Rosie Delaney

FRENCH TRIP

Magic! Visions of five weeks wandering nonchalantly about the streets of Paris, of Florence, and of Rome, gliding masterfully down the ski slopes at Chamonix, and experiencing the true French life-style while living with French families.

An overnight stop in Paris, then off to Tours—a beautiful city in the Loire Valley. Totally without preparation, we were plunged mercilessly into a strange (albeit friendly, always considerate, and charming) family. A few days of communication problems, but we were soon able to chatter comfortably in French. The position of the town of Tours enabled us to visit several of the magnificent chateaux of the Loire, such as Chenonceau and Chambord.

The nonchalant strolls down the Champs-Elysee that I had imagined were quite inaccurate—the five days spent in Paris were filled with running from one famous sight or museum to the next, from one shopping centre to the next, from one patisserie to the next. Our cultural and gastronomic knowledge was increased enormously!

The week at Chamonix which followed was probably the most memorable, loved by all (except,

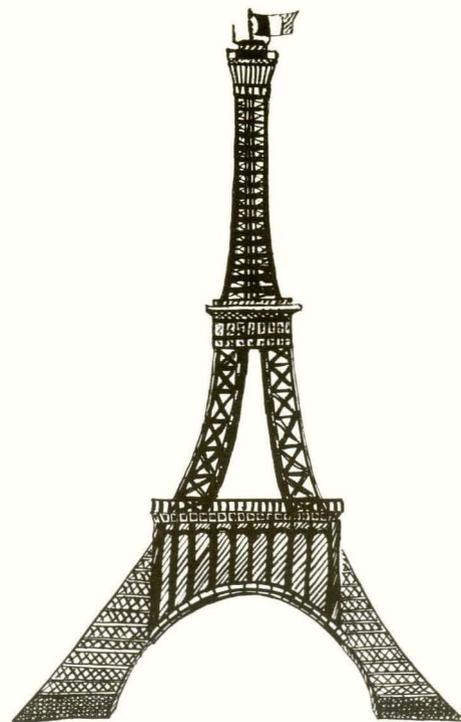
perhaps Mary, who one day performed a thrilling James Bond-like stunt—only to end up unfortunately with her leg in plaster). I am certain never to forget the plaintive cries of our lovely ski instructress: “Snow plough, Rosie! Snow plough!” as Rosie yet again plummeted at full speed down the slopes, ready to wipe out a class of thirty or forty six-year-olds; nor will I forget her anguished look as Mme Kotai lost control, to career over the edge of a small cliff, and out of our sight.

Next stop, a ten-day stay with families in Avignon. We all loved this city and the casual, friendly Mediterranean life-style. The host families here, as in Tours, were wonderfully hospitable, making us feel most welcome in their homes.

Italy—and again a totally new experience for all of us. The four days in Florence and two in Rome were well spent discovering the open air markets, the history of families such as the Medicis, the beautiful monuments, the fantastic assortment of gelatis, and the never-ending attentions of Italian men. We left there a few leather jackets, pairs of shoes, and stones heavier.

Enormous thanks go to Mme Kotai for organising the trip, for chaperoning the twelve of us, and for caring for us through sickness and the various other minor traumas. I would recommend this trip to all French students—a truly enriching and wonderful experience!

Jenni Knox, Clare Barrett-Lennard



YEAR 9 CAMP

On the 30th of April two buses crammed with luggage, sleeping bags and Year 9s pulled up outside the Donnelly River camp site. After a few minor scuffles locating bags and retrieving pillows, dorms were found and we were told to unpack and assemble in the dining room. (The dining room, we were to discover, was about a five minute walk away at the other end of the camp.)

Over the five days we visited several different places. These were:

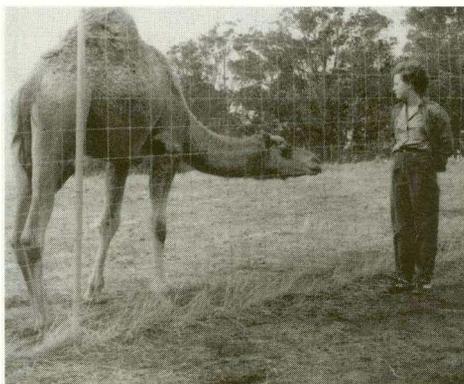
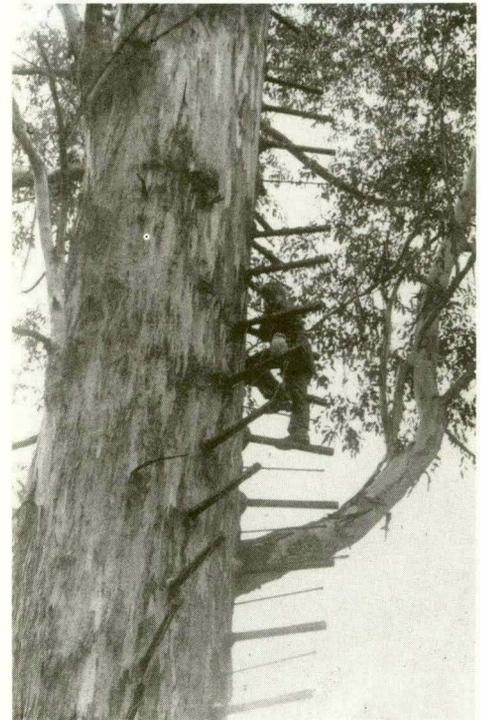
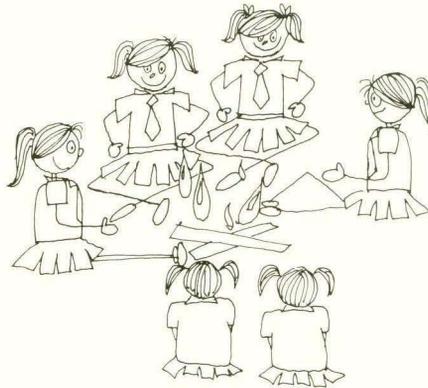
- Blechynden House—one of the first houses in Bridgetown.
- The Pemberton Timber Mill.
- An afforestation area.
- A farm—where we learnt how to milk cows, ride donkeys, spin on a loom and chase sheep. (Here we realised how contrary sheep can be after chasing them around a field for fifteen minutes trying to get them into another area. I think they ran in every possible direction, except the one that they were meant to go in.)
- The Pemberton Trout and Marron Hatchery.
- A piggery—where we were shown the pigs' enclosed area and learned how smelly pigs are. (The other group back at the camp site probably smelled us coming a mile or so before we arrived.)

The weather on the camp was fine although the temperature was an average of about 1 °C or lower. Most people found they had to pull on

several jumpers every morning before braving the freezing air. It was quite surprising that there weren't icicles hanging from the tree branches and window panes.

Each night entertainment was provided: a quiz night, a games night and (on the final night) a concert, with various funny acts. A Miss Donnelly River Quest was also held, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Kate McArthur, Year 9



PREFECTS' BALL



On April the 6th at 8 p.m., a glamorous array of young Presbyterian ladies arrived at the South Perth Civic Centre, along with suave and neatly attired partners.

A metamorphosis had taken place. Black Watch tartan, temporarily discarded for the evening, was replaced by a stunning variety of dresses in a mass of elegance and colour. Hair had been curled and coiffured; and under a sea of make-up it was difficult to recognise many of our everyday classmates!

The hall was also transformed into an elegant ballroom. The walls and ceiling were decked with paper and tissue flowers which were contributed by creative Year 12s. Ivy appeared in various places, including on many of the girls' partners towards the end of the evening!

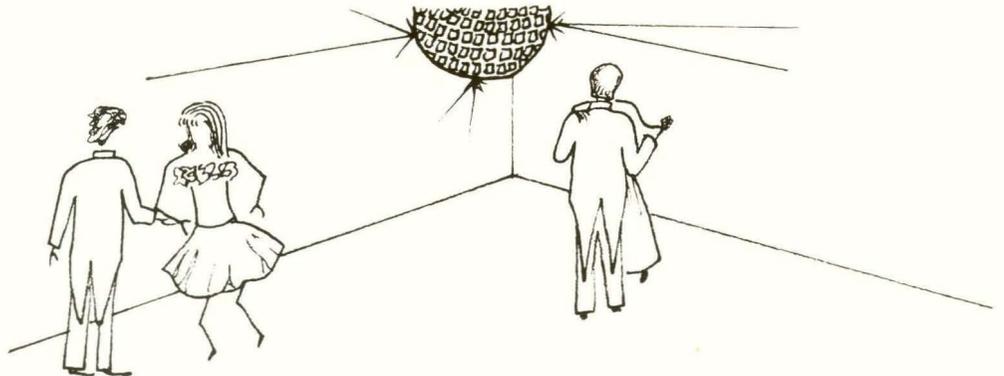
The first band, Scaramouche, enabled the couples to "dance the night away" and seemed to be much enjoyed by all.

During the night, we were pleasantly surprised with a ballroom dancing demonstration by two renowned performers. During the display, a not-so-well-known couple stole the limelight and showed in their dancing abilities the immediate need for dance instruction!

The second band, The Fundamentals, provided an arrangement of popular songs, also including an appropriate slow dance.

The Year 11 girls and Year 12 mothers kept the guests well supplied with delicious food and punch. Sincere thanks and appreciation must be given to them for their efforts. The Year 12 girls' fathers who kindly donated their time, must also be thanked. Thanks especially go to the staff, girls and their partners for making the evening such a great success.

Jane Roe



YEAR 11 DANCE

It was with happy anticipation that we awaited the Year 11 Dance. Not only was the night to be our first "proper" dance, it was also to be the first time where we wore our dance dresses in public.

When the *big night* finally arrived (after interminable hours in front of the mirror) we made our *grande entrance* where we were photographed. We all greeted Mrs. Bull who, despite her previously untried record of organising dances, showed herself to be particularly adept and helpful. Part of the success of the dance was no doubt due to her.

On walking into the gymnasium one was dazzled by the spectacular decorations. The theme was "Night Life" and in partnership with the many balloons and streamers was a most memorable scene. The music we

danced to was that of the band Fundamentals, and they provided good dance music.

Mention must be made of the appearance of the girls and guys. There was many a dashing man and many beautiful girls.

Thanks must go to the parents who helped on the night—the fathers who faced the bitter cold, and the mothers who fed the hungry hordes.

Thanks must go, too, to the many people, so profuse in number that they cannot all be named, and the girls, who helped to paint, spray and blow, the mothers who baked and sewed, as well as the guys who helped us make our night a night to remember.

Nina Peake, Year 11



YEAR 10 SOCIAL

"Quiet, quiet, quiet," yelled Mr. Ruddle at the top of his voice.

"Everyone be silent 'cause we have to make a choice."

His words soon just became a dull mumble As the excited crowd began to rumble. A social had been arranged for all of Year 10.

But important decisions were to be made like who, where, and when.

Scotch, Hale, and Christ Church were the chosen few.

But Scotch didn't require more socials so we needed someone new.

Aquinas said "yes" and that made three Which meant plenty of boys for P.L.C.

It was June 30, the big night had come. Everyone showed up, with the exception of some.

Tickets were passed from hand to hand from girls to boys outside.

But when uninvited boys came to the door, their entry was denied.

Inside the Claremont Hall the music began to wail.

A good time was our goal so the social did not fail.

Thank you to everyone who made the social a success.

Valerie Elliott, Tiffany Manolas, Year 10



Royal Commonwealth Society Speech and Leadership 1984

In the frosty morning of the 16th of June I arrived at the Commonwealth Society, quite uncertain of what to expect. I was one of ten entrants in that particular heat of the Joint Commonwealth Societies' Speech and Leadership Contest.

As I stood shivering with cold and nervousness, the Chairman of the Council, Mrs. Tonkin, explained the proceedings. I was to deliver my prepared speech on the "Value of the Commonwealth of Nations in the World Scene" then undergo a leadership interview. The interview was to assess my ability as a leader in both the school and community environment, and the panel was also searching for someone who could respond to numerous questions on a wide range of subjects from pornography to land rights. After the interview each competitor had to present a three minute impromptu speech.

From this heat I was selected for the finals which were held on the rather foreboding date of Friday, 13th July. The seven finalists each spoke for five minutes on the "Value of the English Language in the Unity of the Commonwealth of Nations". We were then given five minutes to prepare an impromptu speech, my topic being "Does your home have one?"

It seemed like an interminable wait as the judges disappeared to determine the winner.

I was both thrilled and honoured to be announced the 1984 winner of this competition and it was with great pride that I received \$300 and a reference book for the school library.

I would advise any girl who has an interest in public speaking to enter this competition. It not only helps you to overcome an understandable nervousness but it also provides an opportunity for ideas to be expressed in both interview and public speaking situations.

Vanessa Farrell

School Service

The 1984 School Church Service was held on the sixty-ninth anniversary of the decision to establish a Presbyterian School for girls, which was made in the vestry of St. Andrew's Church, 19th August, 1915.

As in the past years the service began with the singing of the school hymn, during which the Bible and school flag were brought in. The three hymns that were chosen this year were well known, consequently melodious strains resonated throughout the Church.

The choir sang "Praise Ye The Lord of Hosts" after the prayers of praise and thanksgiving, and of confession, led by Miss Barr and Rev. Zayan.

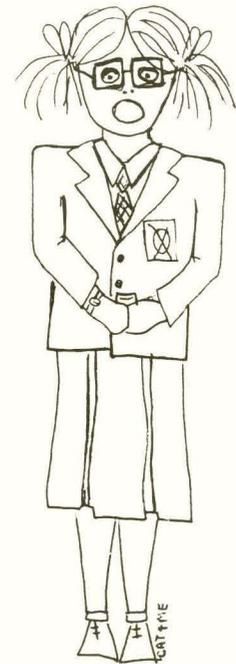
Following these events were the Bible readings by Danielle Benda and Kathryn Miles.

The Sermon was preached by the Rev. John McElroy. Everyone in the congregation devoted their attention to Rev. McElroy's words on the role of teachers and those who learn by example, at all stages of life. His choice to play "The Cat's in the

Cradle" emphasised his points. The Sermon was particularly relevant and interesting.

The service ended with the Benediction and the handing back of the school flag, after which the choir sang "God be in my Head".

Jane Crawford



A Trip Down Memory Lane

On the scorching morning of the 31st of January a small group of P.L.C.'s earliest students arrived at school in anticipation of a trip down memory lane. The hot weather deterred only one lady and the obvious delight witnessed on the faces of each person at seeing one another was enough to gauge the success of the morning's activity.

As we showed the former pupils through the maths and English blocks the amazement at the carpet, fans, size of rooms and equipment was unmistakable.

As one lady declared, she had no idea how teachers could manage to teach with girls moving to separate classes

each fifty minutes, another decided that it could not be possible for girls to work in such beautiful areas.

We learnt of the playroom where girls were sent to show neat hair and clean nails, of the small gardens each girl nurtured throughout the year, of hand sewing classes and the no-talking rules once within the boarding house bathroom.

By 11.30 a.m. the ladies were exhausted but content and I realised that our school as it now stands, deserves some recognition and appreciation.

Vanessa Farrell

LITERATURE

THYLACINE

Cruel machinery of death,
Terrorising all the land!
The white man came and stopped your
breath.

Now your life is second-hand—
A zoo on film, a bar of grey,
And you turn tightly. Or you stand

Stuffed with arsenic and clay,
Surviving in a safe glass box.
You were not used to being prey.

You isolated, native fox.
You should have holed up in a cliff.
All beasts stand in their unjust docks
Though crime is man's alone. But if
You talked, what would you say?
Ah, no,
Too late for thoughts or words—
You stiff.

Anna Zwicky, Year 11
Winner in Young Writers' Contest

LONELY

Hello, Big Eyes!
Your great lanterns leering
As you watch me
Meander this way and that,
Through the artificial weeds
In this artificial world
Which you created for me.

Ha!
You think of me as a
Mindless swimmer,
But I can see your mind,
I can wander through the
Trains of thought that pass
along your ever wondering
Brain.
You wish to live in my world,
To swim in this pretty but
false environment all day.

I know your thoughts,
Yet you do not know
my loneliness.

Jane Mazzucchelli, Year 10

COURAGE

One young boy, brave, flying free
Over sky and land and sea
Come to save, and come to fight
All the creatures serving Night.

Fly forth, dragon! all your strength
Will not halt the gold sword's length.
Grumble, ogre, as you may
Death waits at the break of day.

Goblins, demons, run and hide!
Stay not still, your time to bide.
It is late to mend your ways—
You have seen your last dark days.

On he comes, astride his steed
Of snowy white; monsters, heed!
All black hide-outs are laid bare—
Every dark cave, every lair.

Monsters, flee the flashing sword!
Leave behind your hard-won hoard!
You do not have long to wait
'Til you meet your rightful fate.

Soon the battle is all done,
Bravely fought and bravely won
By the young boy flying free
Over sky and land and sea.

M. Dixon, Year 10



DO NOT LISTEN TO YOUR PEN

A TEST sheet lay in front of me
It surely would be a pity to
blemish, with
ink, its
clean
impeccable
shine.

Questions glared up at me,
defying me to answer
their rhyme and
reason.

My pen, who usually wrote
well,
refused, quite definitely,
to move.
It argued that the test sheet
did not want to be
made a fool
in front of others.

In turn I argued back,
retorting that
even if zero was
a nice round figure
my parents would not really
take to the
number as kindly
as I did.

The pen ignored me sulkily
and became quite silent
when the teacher
walked around and
queried why
my test sheet
was unanswered.

Not one word did it utter
when
she kept me
after school,
ignoring my protests that
you interrogate spies,
not students.

I have just one moral to
draw
from this occurrence.
In a test,
do not listen to
your pen,
no matter how
loquacious.

Kate McArthur, Year 9
Second Prize Winner in
Young Writers' Contest

MAYBE

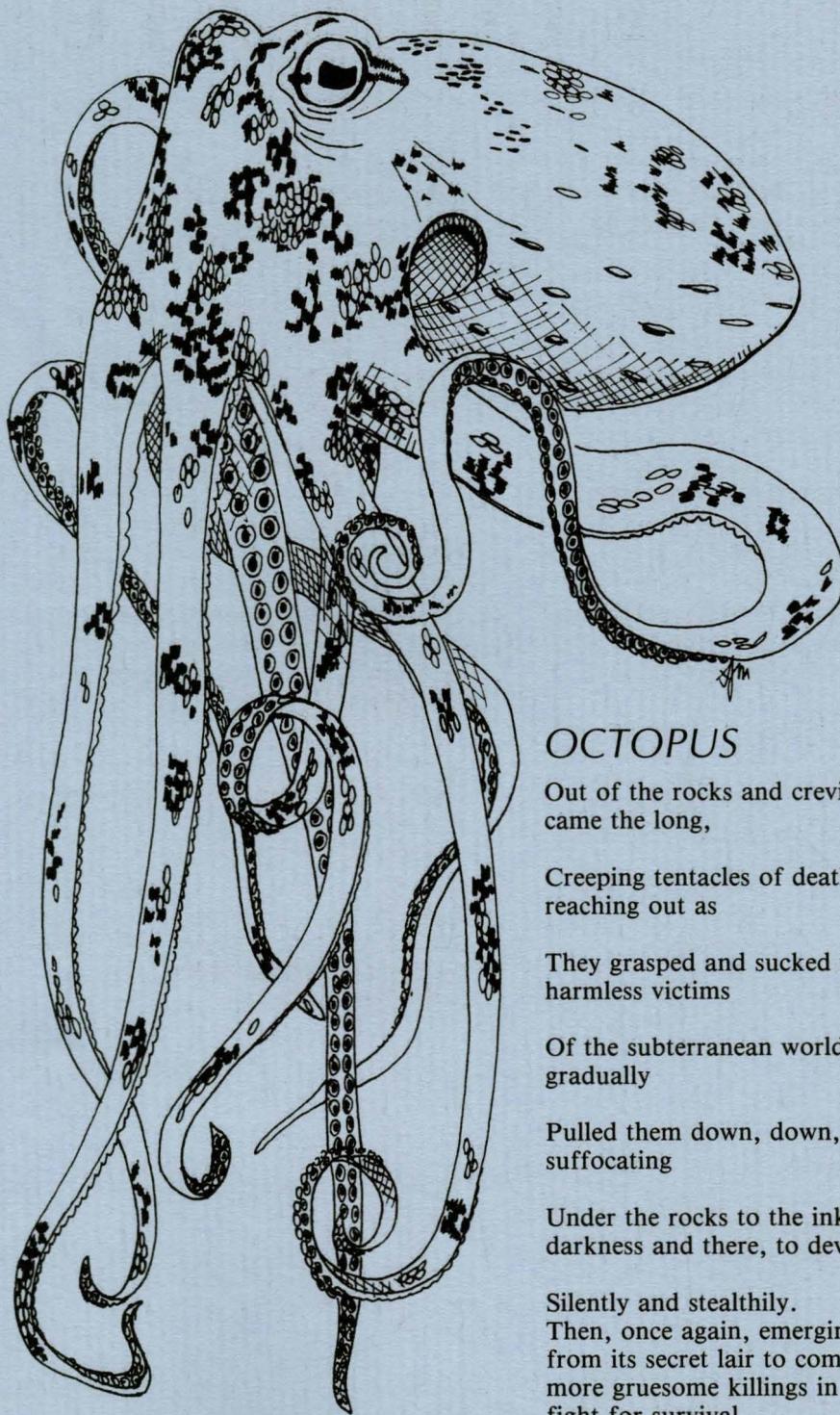
It may be
That I am the only
Pure thing
left
in the world
that you can see.
I dance through your blind
windows
and tap at crystal
flowing white
smooth and clean
whisper and tinkle
packaged in a light
that has in you
faded
I am not devoid
I laugh potently at your
boredom
I fall like a spring
coiled, and move,
move like the sun.

Kate Kelly, Year 11

REFLECTIONS

Adam ate some breakfast. No kipper, he reflected, is ever as good as it smells; how this too earthly contact with flesh and bone spoiled the first happy exhilaration; if only one could live as Jehovah was said to have done, on the savour of burnt offerings. He lay back for a little in his bed thinking about the smells of food, of the greasy horror of fried fish and the deeply moving smell that came from it; of the intoxicating breath of bakeries and the dullness of buns . . . He planned dinners of enchanting aromatic foods that should be carried under the nose, snuffed and thrown to the dogs . . . endless dinners, in which one could alternate flavour with flavour from sunset to dawn without satiety, while one breathed great draughts of the bouquet of old brandy. Oh for the wings of a dove, thought Adam, as he fell asleep again.

Jane Crawford, Year 12



OCTOPUS

Out of the rocks and crevices
came the long,

Creeping tentacles of death,
reaching out as

They grasped and sucked the
harmless victims

Of the subterranean world and
gradually

Pulled them down, down, drowning
suffocating

Under the rocks to the inky
darkness and there, to devour

Silently and stealthily.
Then, once again, emerging
from its secret lair to commit
more gruesome killings in its
fight for survival.

Talia Edelman, Year 8



REMEMBER MY NAME

With numb acceptance I now must face the cold reality of death, knowing that I am marooned in the vast emptiness of space. As this asteroid whirls endlessly through eternal darkness, death waits silently in the shadows of time; but in space time is forgotten; tomorrow is lost in the folds of infinity.

There is little hope that this message, my last Will and Testament, will ever be found. In its erratic orbit the asteroid is juggled by the cruel hands of Fate, teased and tormented, never swinging close enough to establish contact with other planets. My mind is like a crystal ball that will shatter into a thousand fragments; memories elude truth and hope burns like a forgotten ember.

I have checked with mechanical regularity the lone rescue beacon which will transmit this into the blanketed darkness of space.

How did I get here? So long, so long ago I lived in the hope of rescue. Now it is finished. I wanted to be remembered so my existence would not be futile and forgotten. Too late, too late. . . .

I was flying back from Vanguard—the planet of fire—with a secret. I had told no-one. I would return in triumph, earn honour and love, but Fate, taunting, mocking Fate must have laughed while I was congratulating myself on conquering space. A meteor hit the main engine sending my ship spinning out of control, the computers were broken and I was left alive with my treasured secret to wait for rescue, or death.

My secret, my mineral. A huge energy source so incredible that it could provide planets with power for eons. My name would be revered, the Saviour of worlds. . . .

Heed my message. . . .

Remember my existence. . . .

Lt. John Wingfield, Space Ranger

* * *

Several thousand years later a large craft exploring north-east of an ancient space route began to receive strange read-outs on the main computer screen:

“Captain, I require your assistance please. We are picking up an alien message.”

The bored crew members, sensing a discovery, crowded around the seated man.

“C’mon, Jonesy, what’s up?”

“Wowee! Notify the Space Patrols, we’ll be famous!”

“Vanguard? Where in space is that?”

There was immediate silence as the captain strode in.

“Well? What is disturbing my breakfast?”

“Sir, you’ll never believe this message. Incredible, fantastic—”

“On the contrary, I’m sure I believe you. Thank you, Jones.”

The senior man turned around and smiled as he surveyed his crew before him.

“Would you mind telling me, Jones, before you get too excited, what day it is today?”

“Well, Captain,” stammered the co-pilot, “it must be the first day in April. Why, sir?”

“Why?” mocked the captain. “Because you’re ALL April Fools!”

He explained how he had programmed the computer to print-out a Mayday message on this exact date and, picking randomly at the unexplored and uninhabited planets, chosen Vanguard.

His crew stared at him while he walked out, shaking his head at their reaction to this joke.

The men dispersed from around the computer. Soon Jones was again stationed alone. As he turned on the screen another message began to register urgently on the reader:

“Mayday! Mayday! Huge energy source on Vanguard. Lt. Wingfield, Vanguard—planet of fire. Mayday! Mayday! Incredible mineral. . . .”

Jones stared mirthlessly at the read-out.

“O.K., Captain, we’ve had that little joke before, I’m not a double April Fool.”

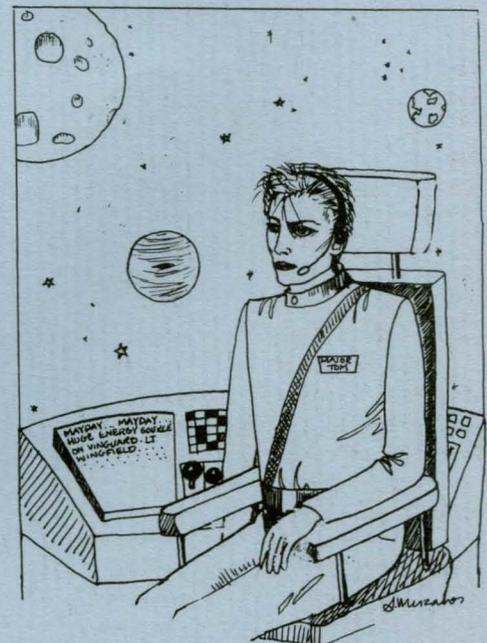
Flicking off the computer he rose for a cup of coffee.

* * *

There was an eerie, haunting silence as the rescue beacon malfunctioned. Sparks flew from the machine creating strange flares of light in the darkness of space. Lieutenant John Wingfield’s life and dream were shattered, his secret was lost, his existence forgotten.

Was it a solar wind which echoed like mocking laughter in the hull of the broken ship?

Kate McArthur, Year 9



TIMELESS

Land and time are one—land and sun moulded into a landscape of timeless sculpture, mystery and beauty.

Solitude. I stand alone on this golden plain—an endless desert of sand and pinnacles, sacred earth. This is another world, one that is timeless—there is no past, no future and no present. There is no existence but this, now. I am alone—there is nothing but this incredible landscape stretched before me.

The sun's orbit takes it from this land to sink so slowly on that far unreachable horizon. The shadows lie—becoming strange dark pools and my own a distorted stranger.

The sun glorifies the scene—a huge fiery god disappearing behind a fringe of rock and sand. Making its final scene as dramatic as an actor's who finally leaves the stage to vanish behind the crimson curtain, but there is no encore, the play is over.

Fire that silently burns—scarlet, red and orange, a merngence of colour, immortalised for ever it seems; too hot to touch and too vivid to capture. Yet like coals cooling, the reds become purples and mauve—as the colours drain from the canvas of the sky.

Time stands still and I feel swallowed in an abyss of blackness. Silence. The stars are born and like diamonds they litter the velvet canopy—light years away—worlds and galaxies beyond our mind's reaches—where no man can harm them.

Those twisted forms surrounding me seem like old, old men—so wise. They have seen so much; the dawn of time, of man—and now they feel my presence. I feel at peace and secure in their company, for I know them.

I turn to face the east and watch the golden disc rise from its bed on the horizon. So large and so old, it brings tears to my eyes.

The creamy light kisses the earth—and I become part of a black and white stage.

Mystery creeps into my bones, telling me secrets of the past—the dreamtime. I am still, and as motionless as those pinnacles—standing erect and grey in the moonlight. They whisper to me—telling tales of cobwebbed eternities, and I know I can never leave this.

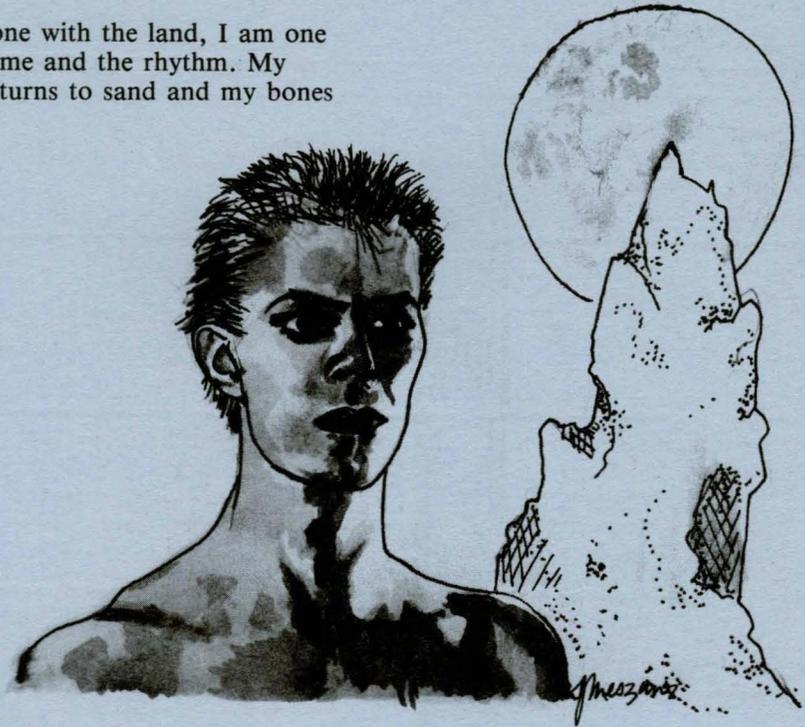
I am one with the land, I am one with time and the rhythm. My blood turns to sand and my bones

to rock, and I am crystalised—another monument in this strange landscape.

My heartbeat synchronises with the ceaseless rhythm that gently rocks the earth.

So alone, but not afraid. For I know, for I know the secrets. . . .

Sara Meszaros, Year 12



MY TWIN

As I gaze into the mirror
A face stares back at me,
She looks a bit like I do,
I'd love to set her free.
But I cannot break her bondage
For she lives behind the glass,
Trapped within her castle
Where no prince will ever pass.
I wonder what she thinks of
The world beyond her cage,
And of the many people
Who act upon its stage.
I often think about her
And guess at what I'd find,
If instead of seeing faces
I could read into her mind.
But I know I'll never reach her,
Our worlds lie far apart,
She lives inside reflections
Where no one can touch her heart.

Kayla Triggs, Year 12



ENGLISH EXAM

I stood in front of the tall West Perth building where I had a dentist's appointment in twenty minutes, and nerved myself to walk into the foyer.

Once inside, I found huge posters showing close-ups of teeth, reminding me where I was. My dentist was on the sixteenth floor, so I pressed the lift button and waited. The red DOWN arrow lit up like a lovely gumdrop that I couldn't eat.

The lift was empty. I got in and pressed 16. As usual, the lift went up, and as usual, my stomach stayed behind. I tried to control my nausea by staring at the floor. There were some interesting black spots on it, that looked like small black toads growing hair. My nausea increased.

The lift stopped again, on the fourth floor. A man with dark glasses got in, wearing a brown suit and carrying a violin case. As we continued

upwards I began to feel a little apprehensive. Could gang warfare and the Mafia have come to Perth at last? I stepped over to be close to the EMERGENCY button.

The lift stopped at the tenth floor, this time with a sickening jolt. My body stopped but my blood kept going, only stopped by the top of my skull. I could hear the blood sloshing around in my poor old head.

At least the Mafia had got out. A short nurse with pale eyes got in and pressed 16.

I looked at the lift. It had fluorescent lights around the top edges. I remembered that if an epileptic person even caught a glimpse of a fluorescent light, they were gone. It was something to do with the flicker and the brain waves. What if the nurse was an epileptic . . . and didn't know the dangers of fluorescent lighting? Maybe I should

say, "Excuse me, but are you an epileptic?" Then, if she was, I should say, "You shouldn't look at fluorescent lights, you know." Why, she would probably be very grateful! . . . I said nothing, however.

The lift smelt of disinfectant. I felt offended by the implication that I had germs, and was considering writing something on the wall, such as "Let Germs Live", but the nurse's beady little epileptic eyes were fixed on me and I didn't have a pencil anyway.

At last! The sixteenth floor! After the harrowing ride in the lift, I almost looked forward to having my teeth drilled. As I left the lift, it tried to chomp me in half by closing its door early. As I pulled myself out of its grip, I told myself I would take the stairs down.

Anna Zwicky, Year 11

This was written under examination conditions of thirty minutes

A FRIEND

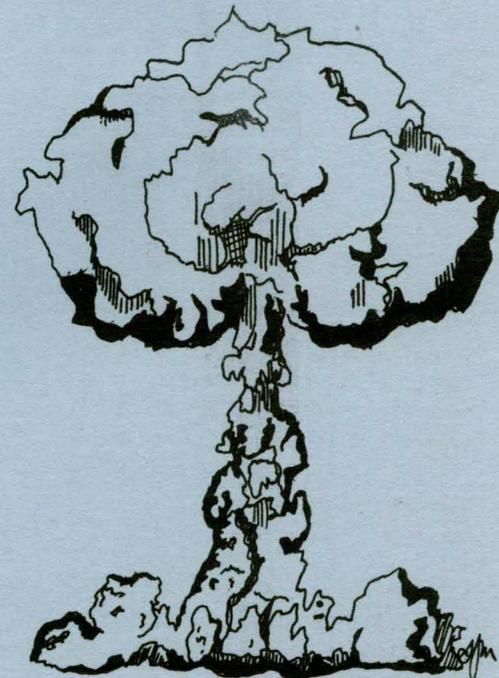
Sometimes,
When I'm all alone,
I wonder,
I wonder if the day will come
when everyone loves everyone,
or more importantly to me,
the day when someone cares for me.
The day that when I look I see
a little girl smiling right at me,
and this little girl to me will say:
"Sarah, would you like to play?"
I often wonder what t'would be like
to have a friend, just one, who might
at lunch and play come sit with me,
play with me, laugh with me.
Why is it that some girls can be
so nice to some yet not to me,
why can't they see that I'm the same
with just a different voice and name,
that underneath I feel and care
and long to have the fun they share?
Why is it,
that they leave me, all alone
to wonder?

Rowena Smith, Year 12

A SIMPLE CITIZEN'S IDEAS ON THE THERMO-NUCLEAR THREAT

Seething, sucking, the sea
swamps
A fragile crab
Into a vortex of whirling
white H₂O
STOP NOW
Feeble claws flutter in the
faceless face of its foe
but to no
Avail
Protests are just emotional
outlets to air hang-ups
Too late he is now hung up
Rational reasoning is a sign
of civilisation
But too often it is lost in
the machinations
Of the civil servants and
such
So rush
Before we too are sucked into
the. . . .

Shona Kennealy, Year 12



MEMORIES

Every winter morning I would jump out of bed and run to the window. After scratching the ice-flowers off it, I would—if I was lucky—find a huge white world. At first it seemed like a thick white mist embracing our street, but if I looked really closely, pressing my nose against the icy cold window, I could see millions and millions of tiny white dots dancing and playing in the wind, finally landing on the ground. There they would lie all clutched together as a pack of snow. The whole outside world would be covered by a white carpet, and the branches of the trees would be bent under their heavy load.

I would quickly slip on some warm clothes and run down the forty-eight steps of our seventeenth

century home. As I put on my heavy coat, gloves, and scarf and hat—pulling it right down so I could only just see—I would hear the children of our street laughing and screaming outside. The city in which we lived was very big, but our street which was in one of the outermost suburbs, overlooking the windmills on the banks of the canals—was like an isolated island.

We knew everyone and everything, and every day we children would play in the street.

One particular winter's day that I remember, we started with snowball fights, and big round balls of snow flew through the air. I wasn't alert enough, and soon I found someone sticking a big clump of snow down my back. Brr . . . my body shivered as the melted snow dripped down into my pants.

Once our fingers were almost frozen and our faces bright red from the cold, we grabbed our sleighs and went to the nearby forest. There we whizzed down the hills, flying past a blur of green and white trees, occasionally landing flat with our faces in the snow.

After a long day of fun and thrilling adventures, we headed home, covered from top to toe in snow. I was cold to the bones, except for my feet, which were comfortably warm in my wooden clogs. At home a burning fireplace and a mug of hot chocolate were awaiting me. I held my hands close to the fire, and the snug heat made them swell bright red and give an unforgettable tingle.

Arlette Broerse, Year 10

DAYDREAMS

Wilting lethargically, perspiring profusely in the stifling, stuffy classroom.

DAYDREAMING . . .

Standing poised on the scorching shore, sizzling in the searing heat. Racing excitedly down the glistening white sand to the icy cool waves, lapping rhythmically against the shore. Tingling feet as salty, sandy shimmering water closes over them.

Plunging in, shivering as body collides with refreshing, penetrating barrier of ocean. Relaxing water draining stress and tension from body.

Swimming slowly in unison, with slight current.

Floating horizontally, gazing at cloudless blue sky

Existing in a total state of ecstasy,

Returning reality, crushing dreams.

Pounding head,
Dripping aching body,
Enduring droning, monotonous class.

Talia Edelman, Year 8



HIS GIFTS

Strength, when you are weary;
Joy, if you should weep;
Hope, when all deserts you;
Peace, that you may sleep.

Megan Dixon, Year 10

CATS

Is it mice their minds are filled with?

Or visions of lions?

Sprawled out in front of the warmth of the flickery fire,
Licking their fur and teasing their whiskers.

Is it their shiny coats or manicured nails?

Or is it their ancestral teeth and claws, and bone-crushing jaws,

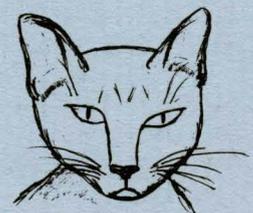
That tells us the truth about cats?

Who could imagine a docile, cream-craving cat,
A creature of conventional ways,
Would dream of days,

Spent free and wild,
Prowling, growling and stalking the plains?

The undisputed king of the wild.

Katherine Hay, Year 8



SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Grey walls; bleak, bare
white light; bright, contrasting
alone, afraid, cold.

Weeks pass by; a little sanity
leaves his tortured mind
the white light brighter,
the room a little smaller.

Alone and confined in a
cold, cemented room.

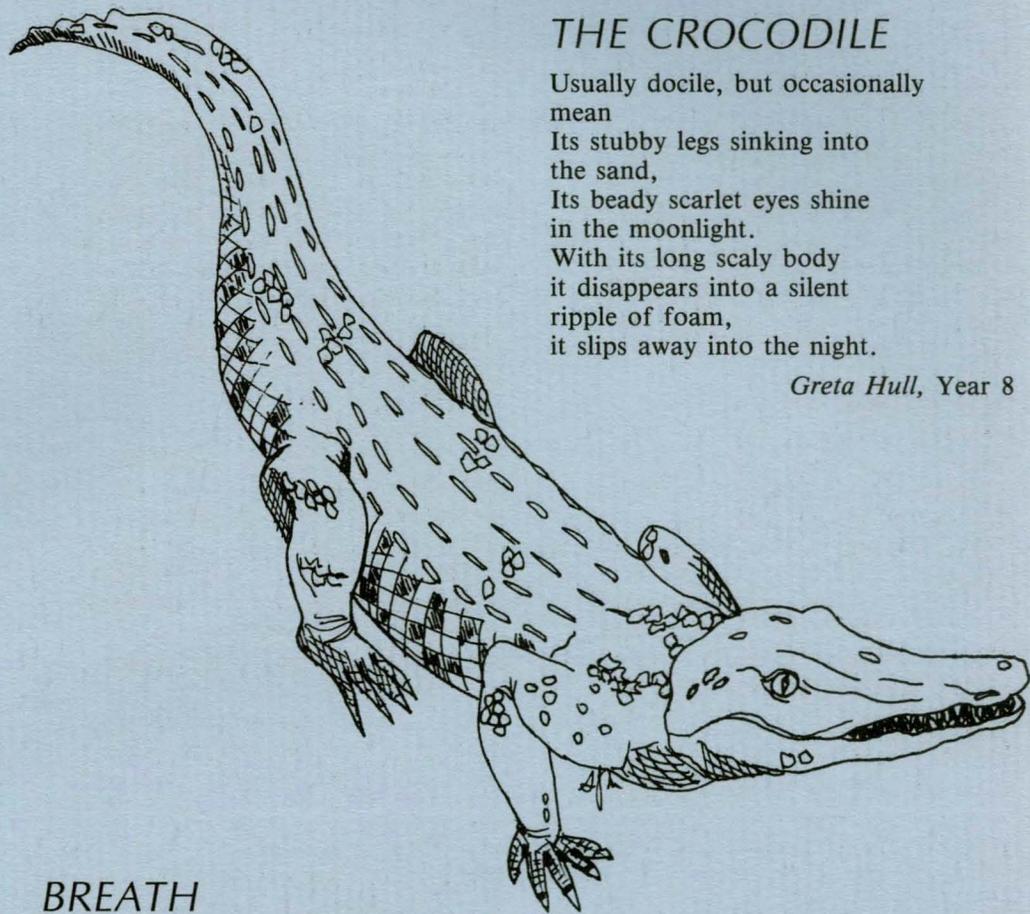
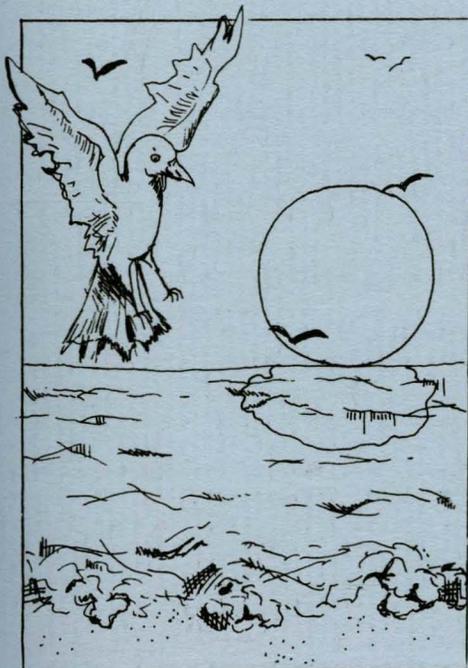
Months pass by as he sits in
the corner, rocking to and fro.
Holes now add a pattern to
the bleak, grey wall
Holes where he dug his hands
in to relieve his corrupting
mind.

Frustrated and confined in a
realistic dream.

Years pass; his soliloquy
is fading into the walls.
The dream, the hope is dying.
The walls are closing in.

Sharing warmth from the Devil's
fire.

Sarah Macliver, Year 11



THE CROCODILE

Usually docile, but occasionally
mean

Its stubby legs sinking into
the sand,

Its beady scarlet eyes shine
in the moonlight.

With its long scaly body
it disappears into a silent
ripple of foam,

it slips away into the night.

Greta Hull, Year 8

BREATH

I turned to the dark window.
Outside were stars and frost.
My breath went out to the night
shaped like a cloud or a mist.
Small and soulless ghost,
what was it my heart meant
that, watching the way you went,
it moved so under my breast?

M. Linton, Year 10

A WORD OF WARNING

Be careful young soldier. For though
we are victorious now, life will not
always let us win. We are youthful,
strong and brave. Our enemies may
win battles, but we will triumph in the
final hour.

We are the fighters of battlefields of
paper; our enemies the seemingly
endless questions we confront. Our
textbooks are shields of all might and
power; our pens, our swords. The
teachers are the guides and strategists
of our army.

But, what about when our war is
over? We lay down our weapons, bid
farewell to our guides. We then step
into another war. A war where we
can't find our enemies, yet their blows
drive more pain into us than any
other opponent we've faced. We are
without weapon or guide, and
victories seem few and far between.

So young'un, as you and your
comrades march surely to conquer, be
careful; the other war is not so far
away.

Katherine Coles, Year 9

Meighen Katz, Year 9

THE SEASHORE AT SUNSET

As the seagulls fly across the water
The sky turns red, orange, yellow,
pink;
A sky of perfect colours,
Water of pure gold.
It draws my breath away from me
For a few moments
I'll remember for ever.
But the sun slips below the horizon.
The water is gold no more.
Merely a grey green.
I must wait one more day,
To see this scene again.

UNRELIABLE MEMOIRS

Test compositions written in forty minutes

As at any stage of life, social acceptance and popularity were of considerable importance during primary school. However, during the later years, this alone seemed to reign as first priority and was the chief concern of every class member. Well, so it seemed to be at our little Primary School.

What you actually learnt during school hours was of little significance, apart from the occasional competition to establish who was the smartest and who could produce the neatest writing. Other than that, school work provided little inspiration of joy, let alone a thirst for knowledge and understanding. Cumbersome as it seemed though, it was a generally accepted routine in life that was compulsory until you reached fifteen, an age which seemed aeons away.

Browsing through my old exercise books, I've often pondered over their cardboard covers, pathetically plastered with pretty pasted pictures, carefully cut from discarded birthday cards and

magazines, and tightly sealed with sticky tape and tatty plastic, not to mention their laboriously dull and stylised interior. It was a reminder of those tedious mornings of writing out spelling, each page precisely ruled with bold red ink, framing a fortress of words with not a single letter out of line, not a "t" left uncrossed nor an undotted "i".

This was followed by a monstrous rampage to the canteen where everyone, regardless of age or sex, would push and shove its way through the line to exchange its ten precious cents for the classic canteen "ice block". They came in various flavours, each brightly coloured and encased in a plastic cup, on which after consumption, you could exercise your skill as a modern sculptor by artistically distorting it with your hands, feet, fingers and teeth before disposal.

For us girls, the key words to social recognition and popularity were "boy-friend" and "brown skin". If you were a competent sportswoman you

also gained the admiration of sportsmen, and as all the boys considered themselves future state footballers and test cricketers, for us that meant the entire male population. By the time you were in grade seven, a big bust also tended to help matters.

As I generally lacked all four of these qualities (particularly the last one) these proved to be tough times. Of course I wasn't a total social wash-out, but I did miss out on those saucy little "spin the bottle" sessions behind the gardener's shed and never did I experience the glory and grandeur of "going 'round" with a guy.

As for the boys, they only had to be rough, tough, rowdy and rugged, which seemed to be a natural inclination for all of them, with the exception of Rowan Riddley, a tall weedy guy who, despite his elongated limbs, always came last in every athletic event. (Even I managed to win the sack race.)

Bronwen Luke, Year 12

Summer was always a lively part of my childhood. It meant tremendous activity, peeling skin and bright red mosquito bites, cool lotions for the rubbery sun-burns and soft, soothing afternoon breezes! The weekends were spent, for the most part, outside soaking up the exotic perfume of the jacaranda flowers in our front garden, and running in and out of the sprinkler that sprayed water a little tiredly. Sometimes we loved it more than a pool, as pools couldn't be carried around and positioned either in the direct sunlight or the mossy grass under the willow tree. The running about, leaping through the air would leave us thirsty and excitable after leading to a romp on the bouncy backyard lawn, after which we'd inevitably venture indoors scratchy, sweaty and irritable. On the quieter Saturday afternoons we'd kneel on the lawn in our shorts and tank tops and pull out the vicious, prickly bindyeye, competing for who would get the most. We were always told to pluck them

right from the roots though not really knowing why, we simply pulled out the heads and when they re-appeared a few days later, sure enough they'd prick our bare feet. Often as a reward, dad would give us a dizzy ride in the rusty wheelbarrow, delighting us no end. Sometimes the cat would come along for the ride.

On the afternoons not spent at home, the whole family would venture out armed with picnic basket, buckets, spades, sunblock, towels and hats for a day at Mona Vale beach. This meant leaving in the car at nine o'clock and joining the thousands of other surf-lovers packing on to the highway. Once, after spending a whole hour in the blazing heat, sweating profusely on the vinyl seats, complaining, burning our legs on the metal seat-belt buckles, fighting and crying, we had only passed the first block of houses, and so we turned the corner and came straight back home. That afternoon we bore disappointed, disgruntled faces.

The bed-times ever present during the summer were those spent lying on the bed with no covers, yet still tossing and turning with the heat. Our windows would be thrust wide open and we'd lie listening to the humid symphonies of cicada calls (those cicadas which we had not collected in an ice-cream container that day!). The nicest cicadas were the emerald green ones. We didn't like brown cicadas as they had an evil eye. Our heated brow would be soothed by the continuous fresh supply of damp face cloths that mum brought in, as well as iced water and cordial. Usually as soon as we'd managed to count the stars dazzling from the night-sky, and guess how many cicadas were hiding in the willows, we'd fall asleep.

Summer meant sprinting across sizzling tar roads, worn out sandals, watermelon, cold lemonade, fans and tadpoles.

Summer was glorious.

Sarah Lindsey, Year 12

JUNIOR SCHOOL



JUNIOR SCHOOL STAFF. Back row, l. to r.: Miss J. Rossi, Mrs. L. Conway, Mrs. H. Atchison, Mrs. J. Edmunds, Mrs. V. Louden, Mrs. D. Tait, Miss J. Olivieri, Mrs. C. Muir. Front row, l. to r.: Mrs. E. Kenworthy, Mrs. G. Marsh, Mrs. M. Davies, Mrs. J. Evans, Mrs. M. Williams, Mrs. D. Grant, Mrs. T. Woodend. Absent: Mrs. A. McElroy.



Although a long, wet and cold winter has made absenteeism high, the usual enjoyable functions have brightened up our year. The Bake-off maintained its very high standard and the Fancy Dress Ball saw some interesting dancing from girls, parents and teachers, as well as fun for all!

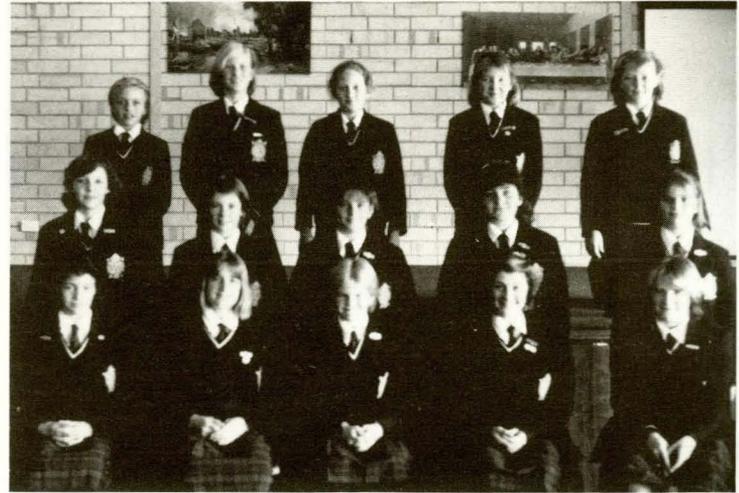
Two Parent/Teacher Information Evenings have been highly successful and a third is planned for third term. The usual end of year activities will take place with Junior School Speech Night on Friday, 7th December.

Joy Evans, Teacher-in-charge





HOUSE OFFICIALS, FIRST SEMESTER. *Back row, l. to r.:* B. Sheldon, B. Somes, A. Chapman, S. Argyle. *Second row, l. to r.:* J. Hicks, S. Bosich, J. Horrex, R. Turnseck, A. Ainslie. *Front row, l. to r.:* E. Mazzucchelli, P. Ventouras, A. Thunder, T. Mairs, K. Hantke.



HOUSE OFFICIALS, SECOND SEMESTER. *Back row, l. to r.:* E. Hart, J. Brown, V. Colless, P. Dickson, M. Williams. *Second row, l. to r.:* J. Lilleyman, K. Officer, L. Disley, P. Gellard, A. Korsgaard. *Front row, l. to r.:* A. Major, G. Dutry, G. Gwynne, B. Watson, K. Gray.



TENNIS. *Back row, l. to r.:* B. Ventouras, A. Head, A. Chapman, J. Cornwall, I. Morris, E. Mazzucchelli. *Front row, l. to r.:* L. Disley, S. Argyle, N. Xouris, K. Hantke.



LIFE-SAVING. *Back row, l. to r.:* M. Kelly, N. Xouris, S. Argyle, B. Sheldon, J. Horrex, B. Somes, K. Gray. *Second row, l. to r.:* M. Williams, L. Bolton, E. Mazzucchelli, I. Morris, K. Ritchie, K. Hantke, N. Telford, P. Dickson, D. Wetherell. *Front row, l. to r.:* L. Wetherell, K. Munro, S. Bickford, L. Disley, A. Thunder, K. Barrett, S. Tidy.

Scholarship Winners

Katherine Stannage—Full Carmichael Scholarship
Belinda Gwynne—Half Carmichael Scholarship

Westpac Maths

Distinctions—10
Credits—9

Choir

Eistedfodd—Second Place

Western Australian Schools' Choral Festival

Section 1 choir—"Outstanding"
Section 3 choir—"Outstanding"



MICHAELA'S AND ANGELA'S ADVENTURE

Angela and Michaela were the best of friends and always talked during class. Today was the day that story books had to be handed in but Michaela and Angela hadn't started theirs. Their teacher, Mr. Grizzly, had told them they had to make a book with lovely illustrations. As Michaela and Angela were walking to school, Angela said, "Have you done your story book, Michaela?"

"No, I haven't even started it and they're due in today."

"I hope Mr. Grizzly doesn't get angry at us," Angela said. "Do you want to make one together?"

"O.K.," Michaela replied. "Hey, we'd better hurry up, it's nearly twenty to nine."

Michaela and Angela started to run. They didn't live very far from school, all they had to do was walk two streets past a park and up the hill. They were just turning to go past the park and Angela said, "Look at that silver thing going round and round."

"It's getting bigger. Oh no! It's coming closer," Michaela said rather panicky.

The thing spun in the air until suddenly it landed. A sliding silver door opened and out came a set of silver steps.

"I think it wants us to get in," Angela said.

Michaela had settled down a bit and thought she might get in. Exactly the same thought went through Angela's mind.

"Let's get in." they said together.

The two girls were in the craft before you could say "Presto." It was very nice inside. The walls were painted a soft peach colour, there were two blue single water beds and there were two brown velvet chairs. In front of the chairs were a set of buttons with writing on them.

Strangely the sliding door had closed and the stairs had vanished but they hadn't pressed anything.

"We're trapped!" Angela gasped. "Oh, no!"

Suddenly a deep voice said, "Hello, you are in a U.F.O. and it can take you anywhere."

Both of the girls were speechless, until Michaela said, "Eh, eh, um—well, um—would we be able to um—go into outer space?"

"Yes I could arrange that," the voice said. "Just press these buttons."

Michaela and Angela moved towards the large set of colourful buttons. They pressed all the buttons that the voice listed and in two seconds the earth was so far away they could hardly see it. There were many stars all around and Angela and Michaela were having a competition to see who could count as many stars as possible. In the middle of the game the voice started talking again.

"Would you like to see something that no one from your planet has ever seen before?"

"Oh! yes, please," Michaela said getting very excited.

"We'll go to the next galaxy where Martians live."

The girls forgot about the stars because they were too excited about seeing Martians. In a very short while they arrived at a large green gate.

"Here we are," the voice said. "Would you like to go in?" the voice asked.

"Yes, please," Angela said, nearly falling off her seat.

Slowly the gate opened and the U.F.O. flew in.

"Where are they?" Michaela asked.

Suddenly Angela exclaimed, "Look! There's one flying around in a sand-shoe."

"He's coming over here," Michaela said.

"He's just coming over to greet us, he's been dying to meet you," the voice said.

By now the Martian was very close and the two girls thought he was very cute. He asked them would they like something to eat or drink and the girls said yes. The voice said it would land the U.F.O. and wait until the girls want to go somewhere else.

The Martian's name was Zen and he sent for two sandshoes for Michaela and Angela to fly down to his village. At first when the girls got in the sandshoes, they didn't know how to control them.

"You pull the left shoe-lace to go left, you pull the right shoe-lace to go right, you pull them both hard to stop, and to go you pull the shoe tongue, got it?" Zen asked.

"Yes, thank you," the girls replied. In a minute or two they had landed in the village.

"We live in these mushrooms," Zen said.

"They're painted beautifully," Michaela said.

"Would you like to get out?"

"Yes, please," the girls said.

Zen showed the girls everything he could think of—he showed them in their houses, what they eat, what they drink, some of their dances, what they do for entertainment, their house pets and their zoo. At the end of all this the girls thanked everyone of the Martian people who had helped make their day a fantastic one.

When they were in the U.F.O. they asked could they be taken home because they were very tired. On the way back the girls asked the voice for some paper, coloured pencils and a biro and they made a story book for school. When they landed back on earth the sliding door opened and the steps came down but they had landed in front of their school.

"Why have we landed here?" the girls asked.

"Because nothing has changed on earth while you were gone. It's nearly time for school and your story book won't be late."

"Thanks a lot, we really mean it," the girls said.

When they got to class they handed their book in and when Mr. Grizzly marked them they were the only two people who got an A+.

Kathryn Weekes, Year 6

I APPRECIATE

I appreciate being alive,
I appreciate being happy inside,
I appreciate being able to spell,
I appreciate that I can kick a football
as well.

I appreciate having lots of friends,
So many friends it never ends,
I appreciate living in W.A.,
I appreciate having Mrs. Conway.

I appreciate having Sonia,
Because she's always a wonderful
honour,
I appreciate having September,
I appreciate being able to remember.

Karen Hantke, Year 6

THINGS I SEE

I see clouds drifting by.
I think I see a zoo in the sky.
It would be wonderful to fly around
them.

Drifting past I go.
I think I'm in the snow.
But no, that's only water vapour.
It's like fairy floss.
I think it's white moss.
I see other things too.
I see the blazing sun.
Sometimes it's hot.
Sometimes maybe not.
All these things I see in my mind.

Pippa Bell, Year 2



A PUPPET PLAY

I have been to see a puppet show.
I loved the big wombat, he was
terrific! He was gorgeous. The queen
was fantastic and so was the king. The
princess was lovely. I like it when the
boy was playing a trick on the
princess, to make her laugh. It didn't
work out right but the princess still
loved him. I liked the ball that was cut
in half and came apart. Out popped
two men, exactly the same. I loved the
part when one of the men worked the
baby Punch and Judy puppets and
looked after the baby. He made all the
puppets fall on the ground. They
looked horrid. Their teeth looked
funny. They had a fat nose! It was
funny! So funny!

While we were at St. Hilda's I saw my
cousin. She was laughing. Her name is
Katie. The queen was funny. The king
was funny when he shot his gun on the
little house and it came down! That
was funny! I did like the queen and
king. The princess and the boy liked
each other. I liked it very much. I
enjoyed going there. At St. Hilda's the
flying doctor was funny. He was about
to poke his sticks into our eyes! He
was laughing so much. He was silly
and he was a chatterbox. He was
pointing at the king and queen. The
king said, "It isn't us, it is the
princess! She won't smile any more!"

Amber Johnson, Year 3

CAT'S REVENGE

Meow, meow, you hear in the
night,
The cats of the alley
begin to fight.
The dark of their shadows
appears on the wall,
But soon falls away at the
break of dawn.

The alley cats scatter away
from the sound,
Of cars and buses vibrating
the ground.
The day soon ends
and the cats return,
But no night is quiet
with the cats around.

Samantha Tidy, Year 6

ACCIDENT PRONE SCHOOL TEACHER

Yesterday, 21.6.84, the year six school
teacher (Mrs. Conway) P.L.C., had the
mid-year school reports stolen. Mrs.
Conway was riding home on the bus
when a young teenager grabbed her
bag and jumped off the bus. She
wasn't injured, but fainted from
shock. The other passengers rushed to
her side and brought her back to
consciousness.

When Mrs. Conway got off the bus,
she was attacked by a mad doberman
with rabies and was rushed off to
hospital and was treated in intensive
care. She had twenty injections in her
stomach for the deadly disease of
rabies. Later, Mrs. Conway realised
that the reports had been in the bag
that was stolen and once again fainted.

One of the pupils of year six when
asked what she thought of this incident
said, "I think that it is bad luck for
Mrs. Conway, but I don't mind so
much about the reports!"

Mrs. Conway has recovered and will
soon be back teaching at P.L.C.

Naomi Telford, Year 6

TREES

Trees are beautiful things.
I like to climb on them,
Use them for shade on hot summer's
days.
A lot of animals live in trees
To keep warm on cold wintery nights.
Trees are wonderful things to me,
So please don't cut them down.

Melissa Brown, Year 6



KNIGHT RIDER

Knight Rider is a little black mouse.
Knight Rider lives in a little house next
to a river. He likes to go fishing.
Sometimes he goes for a walk up in the
hills. One day when he went to the
hills he met a farmer milking a cow.
The farmer said, "Hello, would you
like a cup of tea? Knight Rider said,
"Yes." After that, it was time to go.
When Knight Rider got home, he went
to bed.

Elwyn Campbell, Year 2

WHY? WHY? TELL ME WHY?

Why do I feel happy?
Why do I feel sad?
Why do I feel lonely?
Why do I feel glad?
All my emotions and feelings
wrapped up in one.
Yet I sometimes feel made
when I'm having fun.

Holly Ralph, Year 6



WITCHIE POO

There was a very, very beautiful
palace. Lots of people came to see it,
including the dreaded witch! Deciding
that nobody was coming in at that
moment, she quickly and quietly crept
in. She found the princess and took
her on the broomstick. In spite of her
screeching, the witch managed to take
her away to a desolate place. She did
not know it was a desert and she died.

Rebecca Davis, Year 2

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BALL

I've been stuffed in a cupboard
Along with other toys.
I've been kicked and thrown
and SQUASHED by little boys.
Now the cupboard is opened
It's really very light.
A dirty boy's hands grabbed me,
Phew, what a sight!
I've been dribbled over wood
Ow, bang, crash, crunch.
I went past a table
On which were the remains of lunch.
I'm being thrown off a verandah
Into a messy boy's hands.
It's a holiday. At a carnival
I heard the bands.
I've been thrown up high.
I was caught in a tree.
A boy clambered up it,
He's fetched and thrown me.
I've been over a wall!
I'm into a pool! Ouch!
I've landed on some
Sort of tool!
I've been saved! A voice calls,
"Boys! Come right here!"
I went to the house and men were
drinking beer.
I've been stuffed in a cupboard
Along with other toys.
I've been kicked and thrown
and SQUASHED by little boys.

Helen Wilcox, Year 4

THE WIND

The song that it sings while whistling
and hustling,
The noise that it brings while bustling
and rustling,
The coldness it makes while blowing
and flowing,
The clouds that it blows while
whooshing and pushing,
The leaves that it takes while hurrying
and scurrying,
It leaps in the air while frolicking and
lolloping,
It hasn't a care while laughing and
crafting,
All through the air it flies and then
dies.

Kirsten Hansen, Year 7

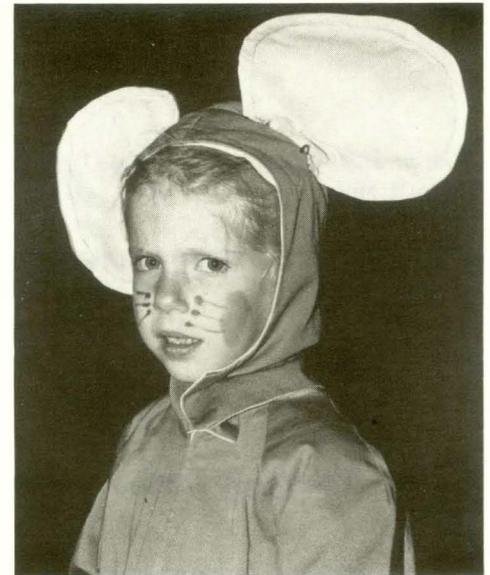
THE WRECK

The ancient, decaying wreck lies dead
on the rocky reef. The moss and algae
are slowly encroaching upon the wreck
as it rots and erodes. The foamy,
savage water is determined to demolish
its acquisition.

Existence is limited. Could it be that
human eyes will never again see the
treasures entombed fathoms deep? In
the ghostly darkness of the wreck are
chests full of history, bounty and
bullion which the hunting, hiding fish
cannot appreciate or profit from—but
they are here, the countless tenants of
the cracks and cavities, timbers and
brass.

The wreck is being devoured by time
and it lies in the pounding surf as it
was meant to be.

Brooke Sheldon, Year 7



SWANS

With their long
black necks
And wide web feet
That let them swim
in the waters so deep.
And their long
black feathers
That help them fly
As graceful in the water
As they are in the sky.

Clarissa House, Year 4

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

ABBOTT, Kathryn. 5 years. Rotary Scholarship. "My horse. . ."



ANDERSON, Jane. 5 years. To be free.



ARMSTRONG, Lisa. 2 years. To enjoy patients and empty bedpans. "Weeelll. . ."

BALDWIN, Linda. 5 years. Social work. "Anyone coming out?"



BARRETT-LENNARD, Clare. 4 years. Law.

BARROWS, Cassandra. 5 years. Hockey star. "Down in Bremer. . ."



BELL, Jane. 14 years. Fine art. "I haven't finished my art yet."

BELL, Kathryn. 14 years. Veterinary science.



BENDA, Danielle. 5 years. Prime Minister.

BLANDFORD, Catriona. 5 years. Finishing school. "Hi there, little buddy."



BOLTON, Jodie. 5 years. Nursing. "Don't call me Bush Bolt."

BOUSE, Jennifer. 6 years. Nursing.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

BRANDENBURG, Dianne. 3 years. Nursing. "When I got my Licence. . . ."

BRAZIER, Lisa. 5 years. Windsurfer pro. "G'day!"



BREMNER, Lesley. 5 years. To be a "Tall Poppy." "Tell me!"

BROWNFIELD, Michelle. 5 years. Ian!?!? "Ian and I (giggle) . . .?"



BULLOCK, Katherine. 6 years. Rotary Scholarship.

BURRELL, Heidi. 5 years. To be fat. ". . . Jus' natural. . . ."



CHENG, Lee Moi. 2 years. Architecture. "Wow Lun."

CHIN, Irene. 2 years. Accounting.



CHOO, Yvonne. 1 year. Business. "YUK!"

CLARKE, Philippa. 6 years. Mrs. Harrison Ford. "Anyone got a prep?"



CLARKE, Wendy. 5 years. Veterinary science.

CLEMENTS, Susan. 5 years. Commerce. "I will not be treated like a doormat all my life!"

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

COHN, Gabrielle. 5 years. Bank robber.



COOKE, Feonagh. 5 years. Bali mid-semester. "But I've got band!*?!*"



COTTON, Rachel. 4 years. Accounting for the Mafia. "He's got a nice bottom."

COULSON, Narelle. 8 months. Home economics teacher.



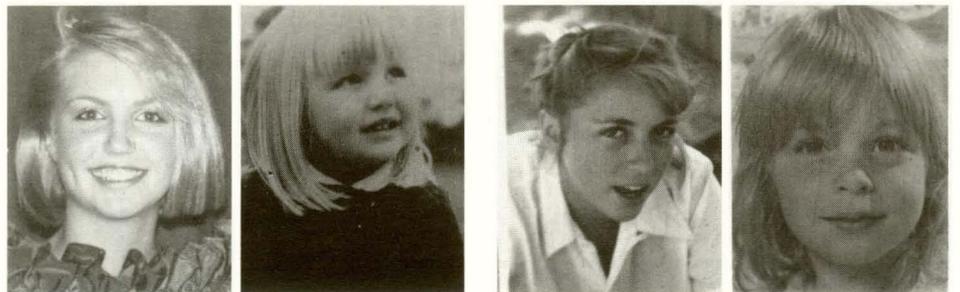
COX, Angela. 5 years. Merlin Manageress.

COX, Jane. 13 years. To fall in love. "Cheesie time!"



COX, Lisa. 5 years. To model string bikinis. "Look, Cat . . . there's a boy!"

CRAWFORD, Jane. 5 years. Not to be hungry. "There's a racehorse following me!"



CRESSWELL, Jane. 5 years. "Gidget." "Not Chemistry!"

CUMMING, Heather. 7 years. Head girl at Coles and rich. "I'll have my licence by then."



CURTIN, Sonya. 6 years. To be energetic.

de JONG, Sarah. 5 years. Panel beater.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:



DELANEY, Rosie. 3 years. Heptathlon '88 Seoul. "Come and play."

DICKINS, Maureen. 2 years. Pharmacy. "Look, Nickademis has a new leaf."



DOWLING, Fiona. 5 years. Move over, Jana Wendt. "I feel faint!"

EASTWOOD, Alicia. 6 years. Psychology. "I can't do this! I'm going to fail!"



EATON, Chaise. 4 years. Advertising. "Guess what! I'm grounded."

EDNIE-BROWN, Pia. 12 years. Mad scientist. "My name is not Edna!"



EVANS, Margot. 5 years. Career? . . . What career? "Blah . . . blah . . . blah . . . blah!"

EVANS, Philippa. 7 years. Racing car driver. "Fang it." "Cool."



FARRELL, Vanessa. 6 years. Music therapy. "You're joking!"

FLETCHER, Joanne. 2 years. Nursing.



FRAZER, Helen. 5 years. To go on an African safari.

GARGETT, Sarah. 3 years. To get a tan. "No one ever listens to me!"

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

GILBERT, Christine. 2 years. Honours degree in sandology. "Get down!"



GILLET, Melissa. 5 years. Bikie. "Bogan's Rule."



GREGG, Margot. 5 years. Florence Nightingale II. "I'll just have hot water!"

HANNON, Jennifer. 3 years. To weave door mats.



HARDIE, Binda. 5 years. P.E. teacher. "What a crack up!"

HARDING, Melissa. 13 years. To own a Bar Ferrari.



HEWETT, Kylie. 5 years. Science. "Only ten grannies today."

HEWETT, Rebecca. 6 years. Physiotherapy.



HODGSON, Libby. 5 years. Zoo-keeper. "Us boarders have just returned from milking the cows."

HOGG, Fiona. 5 years. Pig farmer. "I can relate to that."



HOPE, Sarah. 5 years. To get into nature. "Go to the moovieoes. . ."

HOPKINS, Melissa. 3 years. To get a good grip on life. "Hang on!"



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

HOUSE, Diana. 13 years. Medicine.

HOWARD, Caroline. 7 years. To live in Hawaii. "I've lost my assignment!"



PHOTOGRAPH
NOT
AVAILABLE



HUAM, Angela. 2 years. Pharmacy.

KENNEALY, Shona. 5 years. To be tall. "I hate that woman!"



KNOX, Jenni. 3 years. Architecture. "I can't, I'm on a diet."

KORN, Sharon. 2 years. ? "No thanks, I'm on a diet . . . are there any spare biscuits?"



LANG, Janine. 5 years. P.E. "Good one, Fred!"

LAW, Alice-Joy. 10 years. Speech therapy.



LINDSEY, Sarah. 1 1/3 years. Psychology. "Shivers, I haven't even looked at that yet!"

LUKE, Bronwen. 5 years. Brown owl—full time. "Must have . . . FOOD!"



McCUSKER, Lisa. 5 years. Rich and famous.

McKENNA, Amanda. 5 years. Jetset about the world. "What assignment?"

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

MAIRS, Natalie. 5 years. Chook feeder. "Haven't you finished yet?"



MANNERS, Sarah. 3 years. To be a blowfish. "Hi, Honey!"

MASON, Sarah. 2 years. Just rich. "What Sarah wants, Sarah gets."



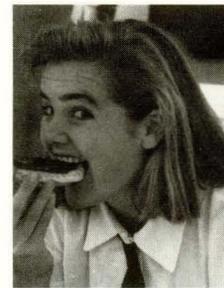
MATTHEWS, Stephanie. 5 years. To get revenge on Kiwis. "I know what that plant's called."

MAXWELL-DAVIS, Joy. 5 years. Nursing. "How embarrassing."



MESZAROS, Sara. 6 years. Mrs. David Bowie. "I had a really bizarre dream last night!"

MILES, Kathryn. 5 years. Uni? ... Murdoch? ... W.A.I.T.? ... "What was that?"



MILLARD, Jane. 14 years. Economics teacher. "Wot a hotty!"

MILLS, Catherine. 14 years. Move over, Steven Spielberg. "***!?!*!!?*"



MORE, Gillian. 5 years. To go into orbit. "He's sooooo nice!"

MORGAN, Carol. 5 years. Psychology or mad. "The answer to life is forty-two!"



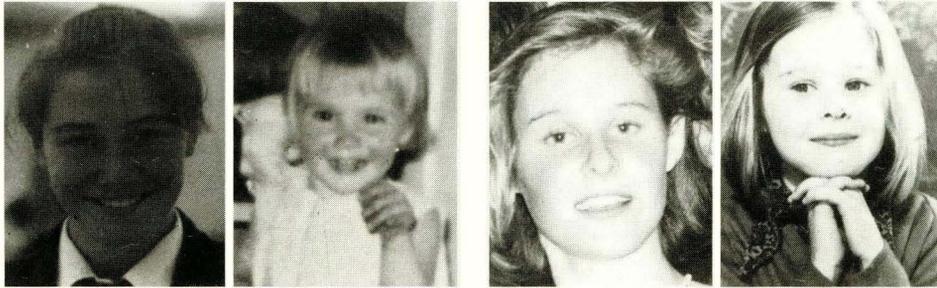
MORRISON, Julia. 5 years. Mrs. Simon le Bon. "What a gherkin!"



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

NASH, Pippy. 12 years. To graduate from Bar Ferrari to Kim's. "Have a banana!"

O'DEA, Catherine. 9 years. To be tall and skinny. "O.K., I'll drive you home."



ORR, Patricia. 5 years. To experience all. "It's really good stuff."

OWEN, Sarah. 8 years. Comic. "I'm not really a pessimist."



PAGE, Sally. 6 years. U.S. Open Golf.

PERKINS, Jane. 6 years. Science.



PETHICK, Elizabeth. 5 years. Occupational therapy. "Is there going to be a keg?"

PINNICK, Emma. 5 years. Deckchair inspector. "Don't ask me!"



PITT, Rebecca. 8 years. Playboy bunny. "What are you talking about?"

PURSER, Gretel. 3 years. Economics.



QUARTERMAINE, Simone. 6 years. Nursing. "Who's he?"

RAVEN, Fiona. 5 years. To drive a leopard tank. "I think he likes me!"

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

REES, Anthea. 6 years. Music conservatorium to be a music teacher! "Sorry I'm late, I had a music lesson."



ROBERTSON, Alisa. 5 years. To replace Spock in Star Trek. "I'll see you on the balcony."



RODGERS, Michelle. 5 years. P.J. manufacturer. "Lordy woman!"

ROE, Jane. 5 years. To be prepared. "Listen . . . listen to me!"



SCANLON, Jane. 5 years. Law. "I resent that."

SILBERT, Martine. 5 years. Barbra Streisand. "You should see my new MGY!"



SMITH, Helga. 9 years. Hand-writing tutor. "Can I pat your pussy?"

SMITH, Rowena. 6 years. Commerce/Law. "What's he going to say about my marks!"



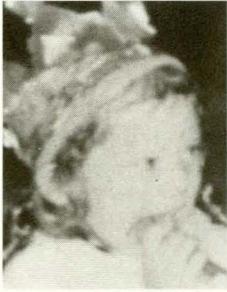
SMITH, Tracey. 5 years. Child nursing. "Boooy! Oh, what!"

SOO-HO, Patricia. 2 years. Dole. "It's only eighty-three books!"

STAINES, Tambla. 5 years. Teaching. "Choice."

STAPLES, Nicole. 2 1/3 years. Join A.S.I.S.





FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

STEINBERG, Jessica. 6 years. To marry a Catholic. "I've got lots of appeal."

STEPHENS, Robyn. 2 years. To be inspired. "Help! . . ."



STEVENS, Nicolee. 6 years. Journalist extraordinaire. "But it contains sugar!"

TERRY, Jane. 5 years. Commerce/Law. "I've got a meeting!"



THOMPSON, Anne-Marie. 12 years. Lead soprano, Israeli Philharmonic Orchestra. "No, I'm not going!"

TRIGGS, Kayla. 5 years. To drive a red Ferrari. "Five cents, Kathy."



VERMEER, Lynda. 5 years. Move over, Fozzie Bear! "You're only after my clinkers."

VINCENT, Gabi. 6 years. Nun (Mother Gabrielle). "I'm going for my senior's badge today."



WAKELAM, Shelley. 3 years. Leader of Russian Communist Party. "Do you know what I'd really like. . . Fegg-e-mite."

WALDRON, Deanne. 5 years. Jet-setter. "I don't know."



WALKER, Emma-Jane. 5 years. Mud-wrestling. "Did your hair really shrink?!!"

WAN, Choon Kwok. 2 years. Full time Aussie. "Dyu."



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

WATSON, Penelope. 14 years. Architecture. "Everything's under control."

WAUCHOPE, Helen. 2 years. Weight-lifter. "I'm fatter than Joy."



WESTCOTT, Emma. 9 years. Teacher. "I wouldn't know him if I hit him over the head with a dead cat."

WHITESIDE, Melissa. 2½ years. Nurse. "Guess who I saw today."



WILLIAMS, Sally. 6 years. *Au pair* girl. "Who's heard this story before?"

WILLIAMS, Simone. 7 years. To join a circus. "G'day groovers!"



WILLIS, Eleanor. 9 years. Co-host Willesee. "How tall is he?"

WRIGHT, Pru. 10 years. Ride 'em, cowboy. "And I really mean that!"



YAU, Benita. 2 years. Medicine.

YAU, Catherina. 1 year. "Nothing."





SPORTS



J. Terry, Sports Captain

Friday: *What is sport?*

Crusoe: *Sport is . . . sport is war without weapons and battles without bloodshed. But it's more than that, it involves values like chivalry and sportsmanship. These are complicated beliefs and it takes many years in a special school to learn them. Sport, sport is cut-throat competition in which no throats are cut.*

MAN FRIDAY, Adrian Mitchell

The sportsmanship of P.L.C. girls was never more in evidence than at the inter-school swimming. We had won the swimming for a record seven consecutive years, however, this year it was won by St. Mary's, with P.L.C. coming third. The members of the team need not feel disappointed with the result, the only disgrace in not winning is when you have only half tried or 99 per cent tried.

The girls who were spectators provided an inspiration for the swimmers with their cheering and everyone had a reason to feel proud of P.L.C. when the announcements were made and the loudest cheer for St. Mary's could be heard coming from the P.L.C. block. Congratulations should go to the Year 12s who continued their winning streak by winning their year pennant for the fifth year in a row.

There is plenty of school spirit at P.L.C., but not always enough house spirit. This was evident in inter-house sport. There are many girls capable and able to play in inter-house sport, yet who do not. This makes it hard for house sports captains who have a frantic time trying to make up team numbers. It always seems to be the same girls who play each house sport. You do not have to be brilliant or in an inter-school team to play house sport, just willing and enthusiastic—you do not even have to know the game that well.

Variety is a word synonymous with sport at P.L.C. As well as the well known sports of swimming, volleyball, tennis, netball, basketball, hockey, athletics and softball, there is life-saving, gym, jazz ballet, rhythmic gym, cross country running and the Blackwood Marathon. An experience I will probably not forget for a while (and more probably never repeat) was running in the cross country. Being a last minute replacement and not normally a long distance runner, I was not exactly prepared for it, but I enjoyed it and was struck by the enthusiasm of the girls as they urged each other on. M.L.C. dominated the event and won, but P.L.C. came a credible fourth.

This year there was a change in venue for the inter-house athletics. Instead of being held at the school oval, they were held at Perry Lakes. The more spacious grounds of Perry Lakes were an improvement on the cramped oval at school and enabled the track and field events to be held on the same day. Although some people commented that there was less atmosphere than last year, a favourable aspect of the change was that many of the girls had the chance to use the Perry Lakes facilities which they otherwise would not have had, and it gave athletes a chance to practice on what they would be using on the day of the inter-school athletics.

My job was made easier this year by the house sports captains who were always so supportive and organised.

Thanks must go to all of them and to the Year 11 delegates who took over some of their responsibilities for the inter-house athletics while the Year 12s had exams. Thank you also to Kerry Luck (1983 Sports Captain) who showed me the ropes last year. A very special thank you must go to all the P.E. teachers who have been superb with their endless help, encouragement, enthusiasm and time given to all girls. I am sure all P.L.C. will miss Mrs. Chidgey and wish her luck in her job at St. Mary's.

Thank you to all girls of the school. You are the reason for the existence of sport at P.L.C. and it is through your efforts, spirit and abilities that the school succeeds at sport. Good luck for next year.

Nobody's got any right to be proud of natural ability. You didn't do anything to earn it. It's only what you've done with your natural ability, what you've added with that four letter word "work"—that's a legitimate cause for pride.

Ron Barassi

Lastly, thank you for giving me the opportunity to put back into the school some of all it has given me during the past five years. Congratulations and good luck to next year's Sports Captain, Annalee Ferstat, I hope you get as much enjoyment out of it as I did.

Jane Terry, Year 12



TENNIS



SENIOR. Back row, l. to r.: J. Marsh, L. Warner, K. Bell, S. Lindsey, S. Page, B. Hardie, K. Miles, F. Sutherland. Second row, l. to r.: L. Bremner, J. Fletcher, J. Millard, M. Livingston, K. MacGregor, D. Edmunds, N. Stevens, C. Blandford. Front row, l. to r.: A. Clarkson, A. Ferstat, J. Terry, N. Brown, S. Macliver.

Enthusiastic participation was a feature of this year's tennis teams. There were three senior and three junior teams. Unfortunately, because of the limit to three teams and the large number of girls wanting to play tennis, many girls missed out on getting into a team, but their eagerness to participate was noticed and appreciated.

No pennants were won by any teams this year, but there were a number of close matches.

The Senior "A" finished fifth overall, the Senior "B" third overall and the Senior "C" were fourth overall. The Junior "A" finished third overall, the Junior "B" second overall and the Junior "C" were sixth overall.

Thanks must go to Mrs. Flecker for her encouragement and time, which was greatly appreciated by everyone.

Congratulations and thanks to all girls, those who made it into teams and those who didn't, for the effort they put into tennis. Good luck to next year's teams.

Jane Terry



JUNIOR. Back row, l. to r.: R. White, J. Hardie, S. Wishaw, F. McAlwey, T. Manolas, M. Bosich, L. Newing, C. Chipper, J. Sandilands, A. Coward. Second row, l. to r.: L. Dixon, R. Page, E. Kerr, K. Melville Jones, S. Straton, G. Smith, S. Brand, M. Lewis, Y. Thornley, A. Marsh. Front row, l. to r.: K. White, P. Voce, J. Love, J. Povey, L. Dorrington.

I.G.S.A. Results

<i>Seniors Overall</i>		<i>Juniors Overall</i>	
M.L.C.	33	ST. HILDA'S	31
P.C.	32	M.L.C.	30
P.L.C.	23	IONA	30
IONA	21	P.L.C.	26
ST. HILDA'S	20	PENRHOS	19
ST. MARY'S	16	ST. MARY'S	13
PENRHOS	15	P.C.	13
J.T.C.	9	J.T.C.	6

Overall Position: 4th

SWIMMING



YEAR 12. Back row, l. to r.: M. Silbert, R. Cotton, S. Manners, J. Cox, M. Hopkins, J. Crawford, P. Soo-Ho. Second row, l. to r.: J. Hannon, M. Rodgers, N. Mairs, J. Terry, B. Luke, D. House. Front row, l. to r.: N. Stevens, P. Evans, E. Pethick.



YEAR 11. Back row, l. to r.: N. Day, P. Michael, T. Trail, J. Seymour, L. Glasfurd, A. Goossens, G. Miller. Second row, l. to r.: R. Larard, J. Marsh, K. Douglas, L. Motherwell, C. Robins, M. Picton-Warlow. Front row, l. to r.: F. Watson, K. McCowan, A. Rodgers.



YEAR 10. Back row, l. to r.: R. Cotton, R. Kelsall, S. Herzfeld, C. England, M. Linton, A. Broerse. Second row, l. to r.: A. Somes, A. Cox, G. Smith, F. Argyle, A. Shepherd. Front row, l. to r.: C. Chipper, M. Way, R. Stone.

The participation in the inter-house swimming carnival was outstanding and a lot of fun for all of the girls involved.

Held in the third week of first term, the winning house was Ferguson, followed by Carmichael, Baird, McNeil, Stewart and Summers respectively.

The champion girls for 1984 are:

Year 8—Talia Edelman and Amber Sheldon

Year 9—Joanne Jarrott

Year 10—Andrea Cox

Year 11—Tiffanie Trail

Year 12—Pippa Evans

For extra competition, carnivals were arranged against Scotch College, John XXIII College and Newman College. The aim of these carnivals was to improve our personal times; it also gave a chance for some girls to challenge one another for a position in the team.

These functions were great fun and very successful. Racing practice is an extremely important part of swimming, as practising is the key to winning events.

When the inter-school swimming team was chosen, there was disappointment for some girls, but it was soon forgotten and the team had every bit of their support.

The training was of a professional standard and consisted of long and total dedication. The swimming standard was excellent with some girls training two to three times a day. I watched the determination on the girls' faces with admiration as we all pushed, ached and worked ourselves to the limit.

On the final day the team all congregated in the large gymnasium. We were given an extremely motivating pep talk from our P.E. teachers and we could hear the whole school out in the quad singing war cries to push us along. When the teachers and I were satisfied that the girls were ready, everyone went home very nervous. The atmosphere

at the carnival was electric. There is not a better feeling than being a member of a swimming team at an inter-school carnival. You feel important and different from all the girls in the stands.

After our divers had performed the swimming began. We swam outstanding races but unfortunately the breaks out-numbered the wins. With improvement in racing technique (starts, turns and finishes) P.L.C. should be back on top next year.

This year we lost our winning streak yet gained the name of being the "best" sporting school and possessing the fine quality of sportsmanship, which was displayed at the carnival.

The team thanks our fantastic and irreplaceable teachers, Mrs. Chidgey, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Brand, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Olivieri and Veronica Giles for the undivided attention given to all swimmers and divers. We would only have been half a team without you. I would personally like to thank the swimming team for their efforts and interest in improving their swimming skills.

Congratulations to St. Mary's, but they haven't beaten us yet. They have another six straight wins to defeat P.L.C.

Philippa Evans



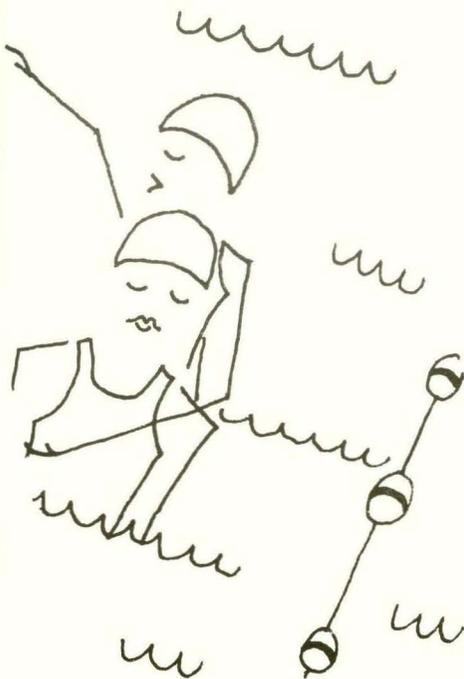
YEAR 9. Back row, l. to r.: M. Hulcup, S. Hodby, K. McArthur, J. Dickson, S. Hadley, Y. Watkins. Second row, l. to r.: J. Jarrott, S. Brayshaw, K. Spencer, S. Chrismas, R. Horwood, B. Smith. Front row, l. to r.: T. Kamien, G. Rodgers, S. Evans.



YEAR 8. Back row, l. to r.: J. Carroll, M. Barrett, Y. Korsgaard, K. Argyle, L. Nottle, K. Luke. Second row, l. to r.: S. Morgan, K. Edis, S. Ezekiel, F. Thunder, M. Coppin, L. Fornaro. Front row, l. to r.: S. Rodgers, T. Edelman, A. Sheldon.



CAPTAINS. Back row, l. to r.: M. Way (Year 10), G. Rodgers (Year 9), T. Edelman (Year 8). Front row, l. to r.: K. McCowan (Year 11), P. Evans (Year 12).



LIFE SAVING



SENIOR LIFE-SAVING. Back row, l. to r.: N. Mairs, A. Goossens, J. Seymour, N. Day, L. Glasfurd, R. Cotton. Front row, l. to r.: J. Cox, D. House, J. Bowman, J. Terry, M. Hopkins.

This year's State Life-saving Carnival took place on Saturday, 24th March, and was held at Beatty Park. P.L.C. entered twenty-seven teams and although no first places were awarded to our teams, a great sense of personal achievement and self-satisfaction was gained by all the girls, as well as gaining credit for the school.

Life-saving training took place over a period of two weeks, immediately after the completion of swimming training.

The carnival is not the only life-saving event that takes place each year. Life-saving awards take place in the November of the previous year. One hundred and nine girls attempted a selection of nine different awards, and most were successful.

Special thanks must go to the physical education staff for their time, organisation and effort which was spent in training the girls for both the awards and the carnival.

Melissa Hopkins

CROSS COUNTRY



CROSS COUNTRY. Back row, l. to r.: J. Dickson, K. Hewett, E. Gasiorowski, N. Staples, S. Hore, E. Hardie, K. Young, C. Berg, E. Olsen. Third row, l. to r.: J. Bunny, J. Lord, P. Orr, M. Noble, S. Herzfeld, R. Larard, J. Pearse, M. Bolton. Second row, l. to r.: A. Taylor, S. Foulkes-Taylor, O. Turner, G. Smith, N. Lee, G. Henwood, N. Olsen, Y. Watkins. Front row, l. to r.: M. Sinnathamby, A. Cox, J. Lefroy, K. Leighton, B. Hardie, A. Somes, N. Brown.

Our team started a gruelling training programme on May 2nd, which consisted of frequent jogs around the metropolitan area.

Miss Fitzgerald, our coach, jogged alongside us throughout the entire programme, proving that she was fitter than all of us.

The actual event was on Friday, 3rd August, and P.L.C. put in a mammoth performance, vastly improving on last year's seventh place to come fourth. Outstanding performances came from Jenny Marsh, Yvette Watkins, Natasha Lee and Sophie Foulkes-Taylor.

Thanks again to Miss Fitzgerald, for her untiring interest and support.

Jane Millard

Place	School	Points
1st	M.L.C.	175
2nd	ST. HILDA'S	376
3rd	ST. MARY'S	497
4th	P.L.C.	597
5th	J.T.C.	627
6th	IONA	629
7th	PENRHOS	649
8th	PERTH COL.	767

VOLLEYBALL

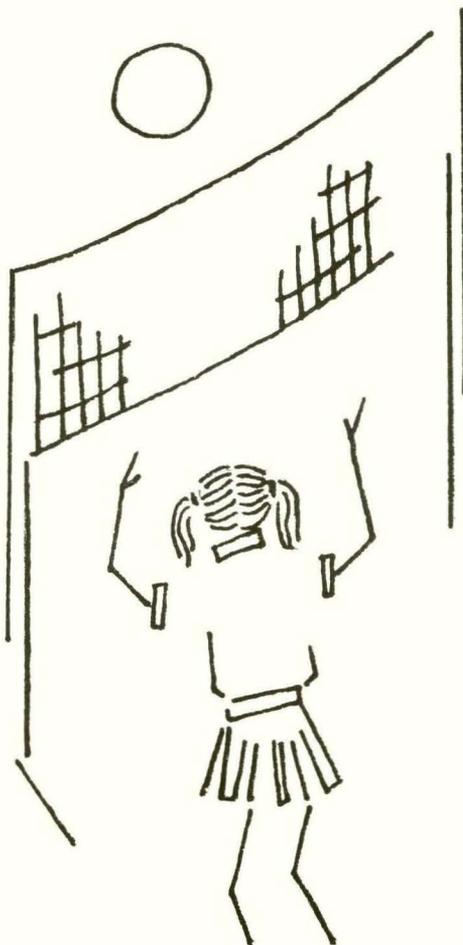
The volleyball season started later than usual this year due to the weather, but had many enthusiastic participants when it did start.

Nearly all the training sessions were very well attended and a good effort was put in by all. Although it wasn't a terribly successful season for senior teams, a sense of enjoyment and "never give up" was always evident. The junior teams were more successful in their games, winning most of them.

Thanks must go to Miss Brand, Miss Olivieri, Miss Barry and Miss Olden, who were all very supportive and dedicated coaches throughout the season.

Best of luck to the volleyball teams next year.

Libby Hodgson



SENIOR. *Back row, l. to r.:* K. Prior, H. Gibbs, P. Orr, S. Matthews, C. Gilbert, Cheng Lee Moi, Wan Choon Kwok, D. Willmott, Cheng Lee Fong. *Second row, l. to r.:* T. Reid, R. Stephens, G. Castle, C. Barrows, J. Lang, A. Brown, R. Lapsley, J. Lefroy, S. Purser, M. Noble. *Front row, l. to r.:* J. Cowan, L. Armstrong, E. Hodgson, K. Leighton, M. Dickens, M. Hele.



JUNIOR. *Back row, l. to r.:* A. Walker, P. Sears, V. Elliott, V. Wharton, K. Hay, L. Newing, K. Whish-Wilson, S. Hodby, K. Young. *Second row, l. to r.:* T. Harvey, M. Noble, R. Farnay, S. Herzfeld, B. Sampson, M. Paterson, S. Edwards. *Front row, l. to r.:* T. Manolas, J. Hardie, S. Hore, A. Walton, E. Gasiorowski, D. Lefroy.



YEAR 8. *Back row, l. to r.:* E. Mirmikidis, J. Linfoot, K. Hay, G. Evans, P. Plaistowe, N. Lee, A. Taylor, F. Lapsley. *Front row, l. to r.:* P. O'Dea, S. Benney, J. Viol, S. Rigg, I. Taylor.

NETBALL



SENIOR. *Back row, l. to r.:* H. Gibbs, D. Edmunds, S. Purser, F. Sutherland, R. Matthews, S. Wakelam, F. Dowling, A. Robertson, C. Dwyer. *Second row, l. to r.:* A. Clarkson, S. Ormonde, J. Cowan, J. Hadley, A. Morris, A. Burgess, B. Hardie, K. Miles, S. Palmer. *Front row, l. to r.:* E. Davy, J. Bowman, J. Seymour, M. Eldrid, C. Gilbert, L. Brazier, D. Ridley, K. Douglas, E. Cumbor.

When thirty-five girls collapsed after the first training session of the season, P.L.C. netball prospects looked rather grim.

The continual torture of sprinting, catching and stretching resulted in the high standard and great skill shown by all girls throughout the season. Congratulations to the Senior "B" in winning the pennant and for P.L.C. coming third place overall.

On behalf of all teams I'd like to thank Mrs. Flecker, for her support during the games, Gill Prosser and Veronica Giles for their time and effort put into training us.

Good luck and best wishes to all netballers in 1985.

Christine Gilbert



JUNIOR "A" AND "B". *Back row, l. to r.:* P. Voce, J. Dowling, R. Farnay, K. Spencer, A. Easton. *Second row, l. to r.:* J. Bruce, F. McAlwey, S. Bowman, K. McArthur, S. Brand. *Front row, l. to r.:* T. Manolas, G. Smith, Y. Thornley, M. Lewis.

RESULTS

Senior

"A"—3rd

"B"—1st

"C"—4th

Overall—4th

Junior

"A"—5th

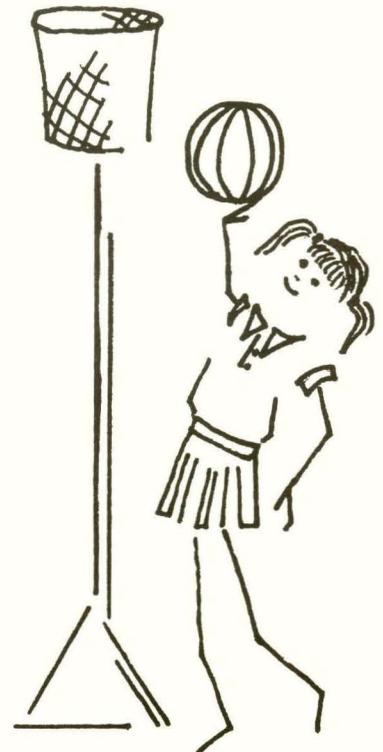
"B"—1st

"C"—1st

Overall—2nd



YEAR 8 "A" AND "B". *Back row, l. to r.:* V. Stuart, S. Rodgers, J. Viol, P. Plaistowe, S. Wharton. *Second row, l. to r.:* S. Butler, D. Barr, L. Nottle, J. Forster, J. Carroll, N. Holywell. *Front row, l. to r.:* T. Edelman, K. Argyle, L. Young, J. Stockwell.



HOCKEY

The depth of talent in hockey in P.L.C. is outstanding and this was reflected in the good results achieved.

The Senior "A" team got off to a shaky start at the beginning of the season by losing to Perth College, due mainly to having only one training session as a team before the first match. However, they did not lose a match after that and the players combined well as a team. The final match against Penrhos was a "do or die" effort. To win the pennant we had to beat Penrhos. Unfortunately, after a tough, well-fought game, we drew and so finished second overall by one point. The Senior "B" dominated their competition and finished first overall. The Senior "C" did well also, finishing second overall and the Senior "D" also finished second overall. These good results meant that altogether P.L.C. finished first overall in the Seniors.

The Juniors also did well. The Junior "A" finished third overall, as did the Junior "C". The Junior "B" and the Junior "D" finished fourth overall. As a result the Juniors finished third overall. With the combined Junior and Senior results, P.L.C. finished first overall.

Year 8s also showed enthusiasm and matches were organised against Swanbourne and St. Mary's.

Thanks to Mrs. Chidgey, for her tireless efforts in organising teams and her unfailing enthusiasm and support. Also to former students, Julie Waddell, Sally Watkins and Donna Hill for coaching the Year 8 teams.

Congratulations to Sandy Barrows on her selection in the State Under 18 squad and to all players for their positive attitudes and sportsmanship.

Good luck to all teams for next season.

Jane Terry



SENIOR. Back row, l. to r.: K. Prior, M. Hele, K. Wilson, S. Page, M. Dickins, J. Lang, S. Hewett, N. Coulson. Third row, l. to r.: D. Willmott, T. Hicks, A. Ferstat, C. Kneebone, G. Castle, R. Egerton-Warburton, J. Terry, J. Reid, J. Bunny. Second row, l. to r.: P. Orr, J. Lefroy, L. Vermeer, T. Staines, C. Barrows, L. Baldwin, G. More. Front row, l. to r.: A. Scanlon, S. Macliver, A. Brown, N. Brown, G. Purser, L. Bremner, R. Cotton.



JUNIOR "A" AND "B". Back row, l. to r.: R. Buhler, C. Chipper, G. Brandenburg, L. Lovelock, S. Rankin, I. Noble, N. Mairs, K. Hay. Second row, l. to r.: V. Wharton, M. Katz, C. Kennedy, B. Sampson, H. Stewart, N. Fisher, S. Ramsey, S. Gibbs. Front row, l. to r.: J. Povey, R. Kelsall, N. Muir, J. Sandilands, R. Cotton, N. Bein.



YEAR 8 "A" AND "B". Back row, l. to r.: A. Taylor, S. Morgan, J. Carroll, K. Parker, F. Shoemith, N. Joyce. Third row, l. to r.: S. Owen, L. Young, L. Nottle, S. Boston, D. Barr, L. Draper, S. Gillam. Second row, l. to r.: S. Rodgers, C. Waddell, K. Edis, T. McBurney, A. D'Arcy, T. Baldwin, K. Luke, S. Benney. Front row, l. to r.: P. Clarke, L. Thelander, R. Rorrison, F. Thunder, I. Taylor, S. Rigg.

BASKETBALL



SENIOR. *Back row, l. to r.:* J. Marsh, J. Bunny, H. Gibbs, S. Purser, J. Bowman, G. Castle, J. Fisher, R. Egerton-Warburton, D. Benda. *Second row, l. to r.:* M. Noble, L. McGlew, J. Lefroy, R. Lapsley, T. Staines, C. Barrows, L. Baldwin, V. Tilbrook. *Front row, l. to r.:* J. Cowan, J. Seymour, K. Wilson, C. Gilbert, M. Whiteside, K. Leighton, S. Manners.

There was a great influx of new recruits on the basketball scene this year when word got around that we had an eligible male coach. This could have been part of the cause for the extreme enthusiasm shown by all teams on the court and during training sessions.

The overall results were very impressive with the "A" team successfully completing another year undefeated. All junior and senior teams kept up the high standard well known in P.L.C. basketball.

On behalf of all the basketball teams, I'd like to thank Miss Olivieri and Ross Marsh for their time and effort throughout the season.

Good luck to all future P.L.C. basketballers-esses!

Chris Gilbert

RESULTS

Senior

"A"—1st

"B"—4th

"C"—4th

Overall—2nd

Junior

"A"—5th

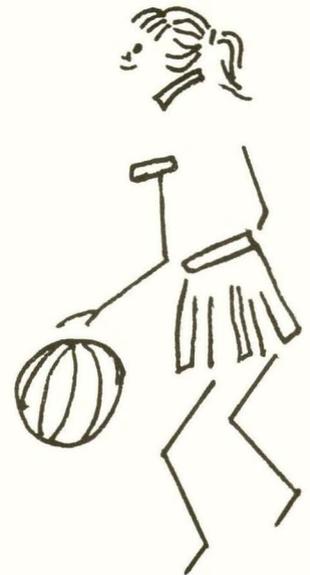
"B"—4th

"C"—3rd

Overall—5th



JUNIOR "A" AND "B". *Back row, l. to r.:* V. Elliott, A. Matsen, S. Rowe, J. Straton, J. Thom, T. Harvey. *Second row, l. to r.:* L. Newing, R. Black, S. Straton, G. Warden, R. White, A. Taylor, A. Marsh. *Front row, l. to r.:* K. White, J. Hardie, R. Black, L. Twigg.



ATHLETICS



SENIOR. Back row, l. to r.: J. Terry, L. Edwards, J. Marsh, J. Lefroy, R. Benda, S. Purser, J. Bowman. Second row, l. to r.: T. Trail, F. Watson, A. Morris, A. Ferstat, C. Barrows, J. Cowan, D. Benda. Front row, l. to r.: N. Brown, M. Eldrid, J. Hadley, N. Coulson, B. Hardie, P. Orr, D. Willmott. Absent: F. Dowling.



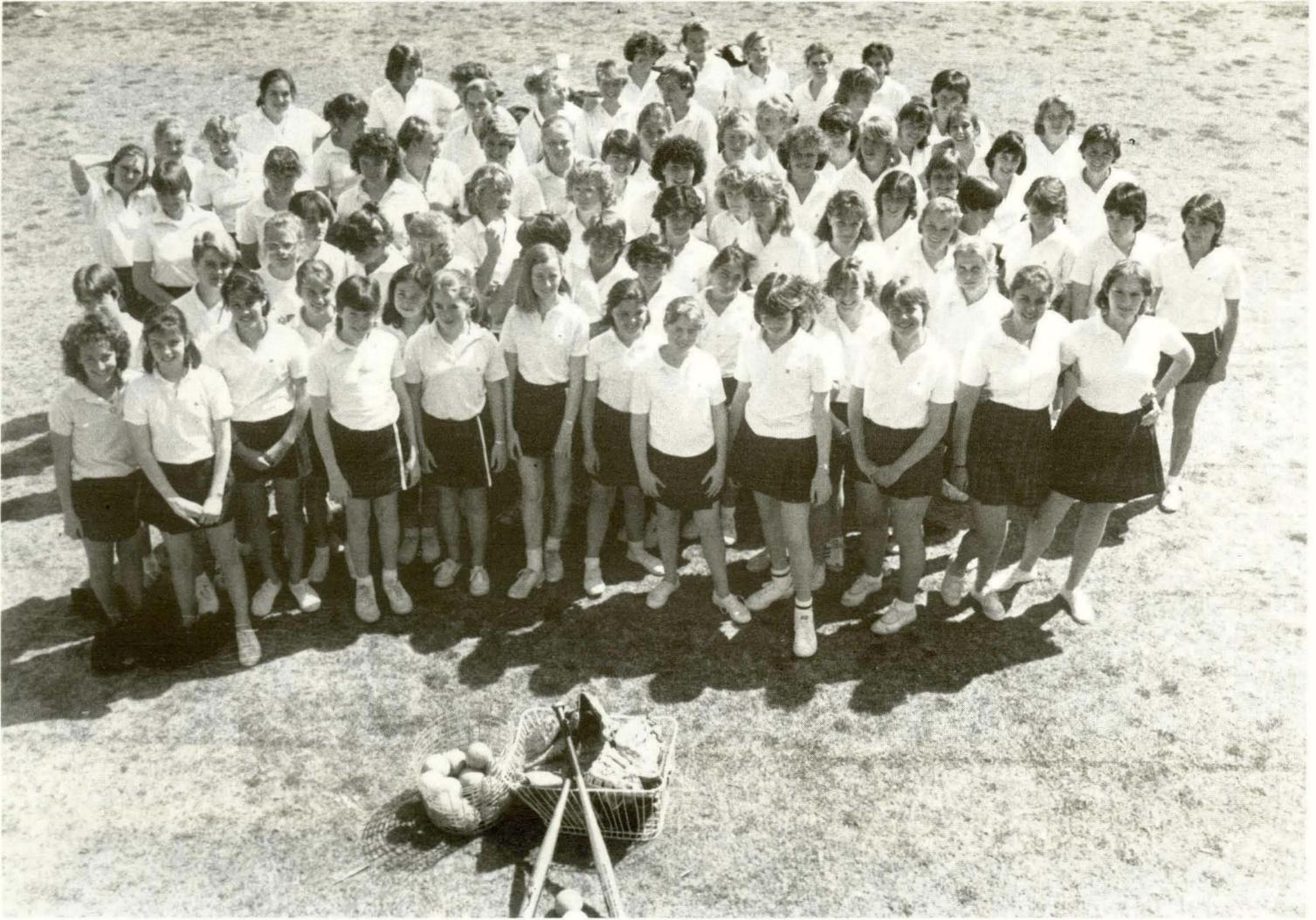
JUNIOR. Back row, l. to r.: C. Waddell, L. Hay, K. McVeigh, K. Young, F. Thunder, Y. Watkins, L. Twigg, L. Lovelock, M. Barrett, L. Young, J. Bolton, L. Nottle, M. Bolton. Fourth row, l. to r.: F. Lapsley, K. White, G. Brandenburg, N. Bein, N. Fisher, D. Heggart, J. Dickson, J. Bruce, M. Bosich, L. Manton, J. Lord, K. McArthur. Third row, l. to r.: T. Manolas, G. Smith, S. Rodgers, O. Turner, M. Brackenridge, K. McCusker, K. O'Connor, S. Brand, F. McAlwey, S. Wishaw, J. Thom, S. Rankin. Second row, l. to r.: M. Hutton, D. Hatch, S. Bowman, K. Hay, A. Somes, P. Sears, P. Voce, J. Dowling, J. Povey, J. Carroll, A. Taylor. Front row, l. to r.: J. Pearse, S. Benney, D. Barr, J. Forster, E. Gasiorowski, Y. Thornley, T. Kamien, P. Jones, J. Sandilands, N. Lee, D. Gosden.



YEAR CHAMPIONS. Left to right: J. Carroll (Year 8), J. Pearse (Year 9), T. Manolas (Year 10), J. Marsh (Year 11), C. Barrows (Year 12).



SOFTBALL SQUAD AT TRAINING



CRICKET SQUAD AT TRAINING



GYMNASTICS

As usual we started the year sore and stiff after spending weeks of relaxing in the sun. Gymnastics training started slowly but towards the winter months the training sessions were vigorous and frequent.

As the competitions drew closer and routines were perfectly memorised, the tracksuits were reluctantly removed and leotard-clad gymnasts confidently entered the Len Fletcher Pavilion to produce rewarding results.

Once again P.L.C. honoured its name in gymnastics. The entire squad extends their thanks and appreciation to our coaches Mrs. McCallum, Jo and Miss Malloch.

Martine Silbert, Gym Captain



SENIOR RHYTHMIC. *Back row, l. to r.:* K. Whish-Wilson, S. Xouris. *Second row, l. to r.:* K. McCowan, M. Lang. *Front row, l. to r.:* S. Sheedy, J. Hadley, J. Plaistowe.



SENIOR ARTISTIC. *Back row, l. to r.:* L. Motherwell, C. England, G. Smith. *Front:* M. Silbert. *Absent:* K. Abbott, T. Trail.

I.G.S.A. RESULTS

Junior Compulsory—7th
Junior Voluntary—2nd
Senior Compulsory—1st

State Competition

Senior Compulsory—1st



JUNIOR ARTISTIC—DIVISION 1. *Back:* W. Somes. *Second row, l. to r.:* S. Hadley, K. Pinnick, J. Pearse, M. Barrett. *Front:* T. Bedford-Brown.



JUNIOR ARTISTIC—DIVISION 2. *Back row, l. to r.:* I. Noble, D. Hatch. *Second row, l. to r.:* J. Marschner, K. Edis. *Front:* D. Gosden.



JUNIOR RHYTHMIC. *Back row, l. to r.:* D. Hatch, K. Paine, B. Smith, M. Lewis, C. Sorensen. *Third row, l. to r.:* M. Hutton, J. Jarrott, R. Unsworth, I. Noble, K. Young, A. Cotterell. *Second row, l. to r.:* A. Scott-Murphy, S. Winckel, N. Bein, J. Farrell, J. Bruce. *Front row, l. to r.:* N. Manser, J. Marschner, S. Kidd, C. Waddell.

Blackwood Marathon

This is an annual event which is held at Bridgetown. It's a team marathon consisting of five members: runner, canoeist, swimmer, equestrian and cyclist.

The marathon is a one-day event which starts at Boyup Brook Sports Ground with the first leg—running 12 km, ending at the Blackwood River. The runner hands the team's banner over to the canoeist who canoes 7.3 km and finishes at Jayes Bridge. A lunch break is taken and after that the third leg commences at Jayes Bridge where the swimmer swims 1 km downstream and then leaves the water to collect the team banner to pass on to the equestrian. The equestrian follows the scenic Blackwood Valley for 16 km. The final leg is cycling for 20 km on bitumen surface over hilly terrain and finishes at the Bridgetown Sports Ground.

Last year three teams entered the marathon. Two teams completed the course but unfortunately Team 129 was disqualified due to the horse's heart beat being over the allowed limit. The only successful team was Team 32.

Thank you to Mrs. Flecker and Miss McFarlane for driving us down and preparing all the food we consumed over the weekend. Thanks must also go to Mr. and Mrs. White for putting us up for the weekend in their shearing shed.

Everybody enjoyed the marathon and the weekend. This year each team is determined to finish the marathon and some teams are aiming high in hope of winning a prize.

Lisa Brazier, Melissa Gillett



SCHOOL STAFF



BAIRD HOUSE. *Back row, l. to r.:* Mr. B. Rust, Miss C. Brand, Miss P. Wright, Mrs. C. Sumner, Mrs. L. Goldflam, Mrs. P. Horton. *Front row, l. to r.:* Mrs. V. Hutcheson, Mrs. D. Allan, Mrs. D. Haustead (House Adviser), Mrs. N. Wood.



MCNEIL HOUSE. *Back row, l. to r.:* Mrs. J. Mell, Mrs. S. Hofmann, Mrs. G. Jenkins, Mrs. K. Frichtot, Mrs. M. Flecker. *Front row, l. to r.:* Mrs. M. Page, Miss M. Boucker, Mrs. J. McMahon (House Adviser), Mrs. S. Ward, Mrs. B. Shield.



CARMICHAEL HOUSE. *Back row, l. to r.:* Mrs. P. Smith, Mrs. S. Church, Mrs. S. Tyler, Mr. D. Melville, Miss T. Fitzgerald, Mr. B. McNess, Mrs. S. Jenkin. *Front row, l. to r.:* Mrs. P. Temby, Miss J. Sharpe, Mrs. S. Jarvis (House Adviser), Mrs. G. Bull, Mrs. D. Cuneo, Mrs. M. Jolly.



STEWART HOUSE. *Back row, l. to r.:* Mrs. C. Pidgeon, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. J. Bednall, Mr. R. Rennie, Mrs. P. Hatch, Mrs. C. Staniland. *Front row, l. to r.:* Mrs. S. Rankin, Mrs. A. Allsopp, Mrs. H. Heptinstall (House Adviser), Mrs. K. Crawford, Mrs. A. Mercer.



FERGUSON HOUSE. *Back row, l. to r.:* Mr. W. James, Mrs. D. McArthur, Miss C. Harrington, Mr. D. Ruddle. *Front row, l. to r.:* Miss D. Malloch, Mrs. J. Robison, Miss J. Reilly (House Adviser), Mrs. J. Easton, Miss F. Nelson.



SUMMERS HOUSE. *Back row, l. to r.:* Mrs. R. Taylor, Miss H. Golding, Mrs. B. Mills, Mrs. M. Best, Mrs. W. Chidgey, Mrs. B. Dennis. *Front row, l. to r.:* Mrs. E. Milne, Mrs. J. Crooke, Mrs. P. Kotai (House Adviser), Rev. M. Zayan, Miss S. Tyler.

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

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Mrs. F. G. Stimson

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Mr. C. H. Snowden, F.C.I.V.

Miss M. Stewart

Secretary to the College

Mr. T. M. Gorey, F.C.A.

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Deputy Principal: Mrs. H. J. Day, B.A., Dip. Ed., L.Mus., L.T.C.L., A.A.S.A., M.A.C.E., M.I.E.A.

Senior Mistress: Mrs. G. M. Bull, Dip. Home Sc., Teach. Cert., M.A.C.E.

Mistress-in-Charge, Junior School: Mrs. H. J. Evans, Cert. in Ed. (Lond. Univ.), B.Ed., M.A.C.E., M.I.E.A.

Chaplain: Rev. M. Zayan, L.Th., Dip. R.E.

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Mathematics—Mrs. S. Rankin, B.A., Teach. Cert.

Science—Mr. R. S. Rennie, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Social Studies—Mrs. M. L. Best, Teach. Cert.

Music—Mr. B. E. McNess, B.Mus., Teach. Cert., A.Mus.A.

Computing—Mr. P. Alp, B.Ap.Sc. (Physics), Grad. Dip. Comput., Teach. Cert.

Physical Education—Mrs. K. Crawford, B.Ed.

Full-time and Part-time Teachers

Mrs. D. J. Allan, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. D. A. Allsopp, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (until end of second term)

Mrs. H. Atchison, Teach. Cert.

Mrs. J. Bednall, B.Sc., B. Ed.

Miss M. I. Boucker, Dip. Teach., Ass. Dip. of Art Teach.

Miss C. Brand, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. W. Chidgey, Teach. Cert. (until end of second term)

Mrs. S. Church, B.A., Dip. Ed., A.S.D.A.

Mrs. L. Conway, Teach. Cert.

Mrs. D. Cuneo, B.A., Dip. Teach.

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Mrs. J. R. Easton, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Miss T. Fitzgerald, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. M. Flecker, Dip. P.E., Teach. Cert.

Mrs. K. Frichot, B.A., Teach. Cert.

Mrs. L. R. Goldflam, Teach. Cert.

Miss H. Golding, B.App.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. D. M. Grant, Dip. Ed.

Miss C. M. Harrington, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. D. M. Haustead, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. M. Healy

Mrs. H. J. Heptinstall, B.Sc. (Hons.), Cert. Ed., Dip. Lib. Stud.

Mrs. J. E. Hetherington, B.A. (Hons.)

Mrs. S. Hofmann, B.Sc., Dip. Teach.

Mrs. D. Hockings, B.A., Dip. Ed. (third term only)

Mrs. V. K. Hutcheson, B.Bus., A.A.S.A.

Mr. W. K. James, ex-Navy Bandmaster

Mrs. S. M. Jarvis, A.C.I.A., Cordon Bleu

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Mrs. M. M. Jolly, Dip. Bus. Stud., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. E. Kenworthy, B.A., Teach. Cert.

Mrs. P. J. Kotai, B.A., Teach. Cert.

Mrs. V. Loudon, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. D. McArthur, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. A. McElroy, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. J. A. McMahon, Teach. Cert., Grad. Dip. (Media)

Miss D. Malloch, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. G. Marsh, Teach. Cert.

Mrs. J. B. Mell, Dip. Occ. Therapy

Mr. D. M. Melville, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. A. Mercer, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. B. Mills, Dip. Teach, Grad. Dip. Teach. Remediation

Mrs. E. M. Milne, B.Comm., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. Muir, A.Mus.A., A.T.C.L.

Miss F. Nelson, Dip. Teach.

Miss J. Olivieri, B.Ed. (Hons.)

Mrs. M. L. Page, L.Mus., L.T.C.L.

Mrs. C. F. Pidgeon, M.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Miss M. J. Reilly, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. J. Robison, B.A., Dip. Ed., Dip. Lib. Stud.

Mr. D. J. Ruddle, B.Ed.

Mr. B. Rust, Instrumental Teacher, Reg. Vict.

Miss J. Sharp, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. A. Smith, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. P. Smith, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. C. M. Staniland, B.A., B.Ed.

Mrs. C. A. Sumner, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. D. R. Tait, Dip. Teach.

Mrs. R. Taylor, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. P. Temby, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Miss S. Tyler, B.A., A.R.A.D.

Mrs. S. Tyler, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. S. Ward, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Mrs. M. L. Williams, Dip. Teach., Grad. Dip. (Reading), M.A.C.E.

Mrs. N. J. Wood, B.A., Dip. Teach.

Miss P. A. Wright, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Visiting Instructors

Mr. Anning, Guitar

Miss J. Dawson, Bassoon

Mr. C. Handley, Cello

Mr. J. Harrison, Oboe

Mrs. K. Jones, Pipe and Drums

Mrs. A. Miller, Bagpipes

Mrs. H. Platts, Clarinet

Mrs. B. Robinson, Violin and Viola

Mr. A. Ross, Trombone

Mr. W. Tattersall, Percussion

Mrs. M. Williamson, Singing

Mr. J. Winstanley, Orchestra

Mrs. M. Winstanley, Orchestra

Mrs. M. Gadsdon, A.Mus.A., Piano

Mr. A. Marshall, Tennis

Mrs. F. McCallum, Gymnastics

School Counsellor

Mrs. J. Crooke, B.A., M.A.P.S.

Library Staff

Mrs. B. M. Shield, B.Sc., Senior School Librarian

Mrs. J. E. Edmunds, B.A., Teach. Cert., Dip. Lib. Stud., Junior School Librarian.

Mrs. A. MacIver, Junior School Library Clerical Assistant

Mrs. N. Medcalf, Ass. Dip. Lib. Med.

Ancillary Staff

Mr. D. Burge, Dip. App. Sc. (Chem.), Laboratory Assistant

Mrs. D. O'Hara, Laboratory Assistant

Mrs. E. Marshall, Home Economics

Mr. C. Prater, Property Supervisor

Mr. S. Early, Foreman of Works

Miss E. Stenhouse, Kindergarten Helper (part-time)

Mrs. D. Woodend, Teach. Cert., Kindergarten Aide

Office Staff

Miss J. Hedemann, Personal Assistant and Secretary to Principal

Mrs. I. Hann, Registrar

Mrs. G. Simmonds, Accounts

Mrs. D. Salmon, Bookroom

Mrs. J. Farrell

Mrs. D. Lee

Mrs. M. Olden

Mrs. A. West, (until end of second term)

Mrs. K. Dunn, (third term)

Senior Boarding House Staff

Mrs. P. Horton, S.R.N., Assoc. Dip. He. Ed., Supervisor

Mrs. P. Hatch, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., T.H.C.

Mrs. M. Whitehouse (until June)

Mrs. A. Coupland

Mrs. M. J. Cameron (first term only)

Mrs. B. Dennis

Mrs. G. Larcombe

Mrs. D. Murphy (from June)

Nursing Sisters

Mrs. J. P. Norris, S.R.N.

Mrs. A. Stead, S.R.N., C.M.B.



It takes courage to face the threatening storm, to go on through pouring rain and bolting flashes which make you want to run and hide till rainbows appear once more.

It takes courage to reach for the stars, to climb the eternal stairs that penetrate the darkest hours of nights and never lose sight of those tiny lights when speeding meteors throw you off your ladder.

It takes courage to dig deep into the earth to see the crawling bugs that destroy, or maybe find a mushrooming bud digging till the core is reached where the root of all experiences can be found.

It takes courage to stay on the road that leads to somewhere, not to be tempted by roadside whispers that speak of sweet fantasies—and in reality are not—or to be drawn by the fragrant flower, only to find its scent is poison.

It takes courage, courage to grow up. . . .

Diane Paquin

