



KOKABURIRA

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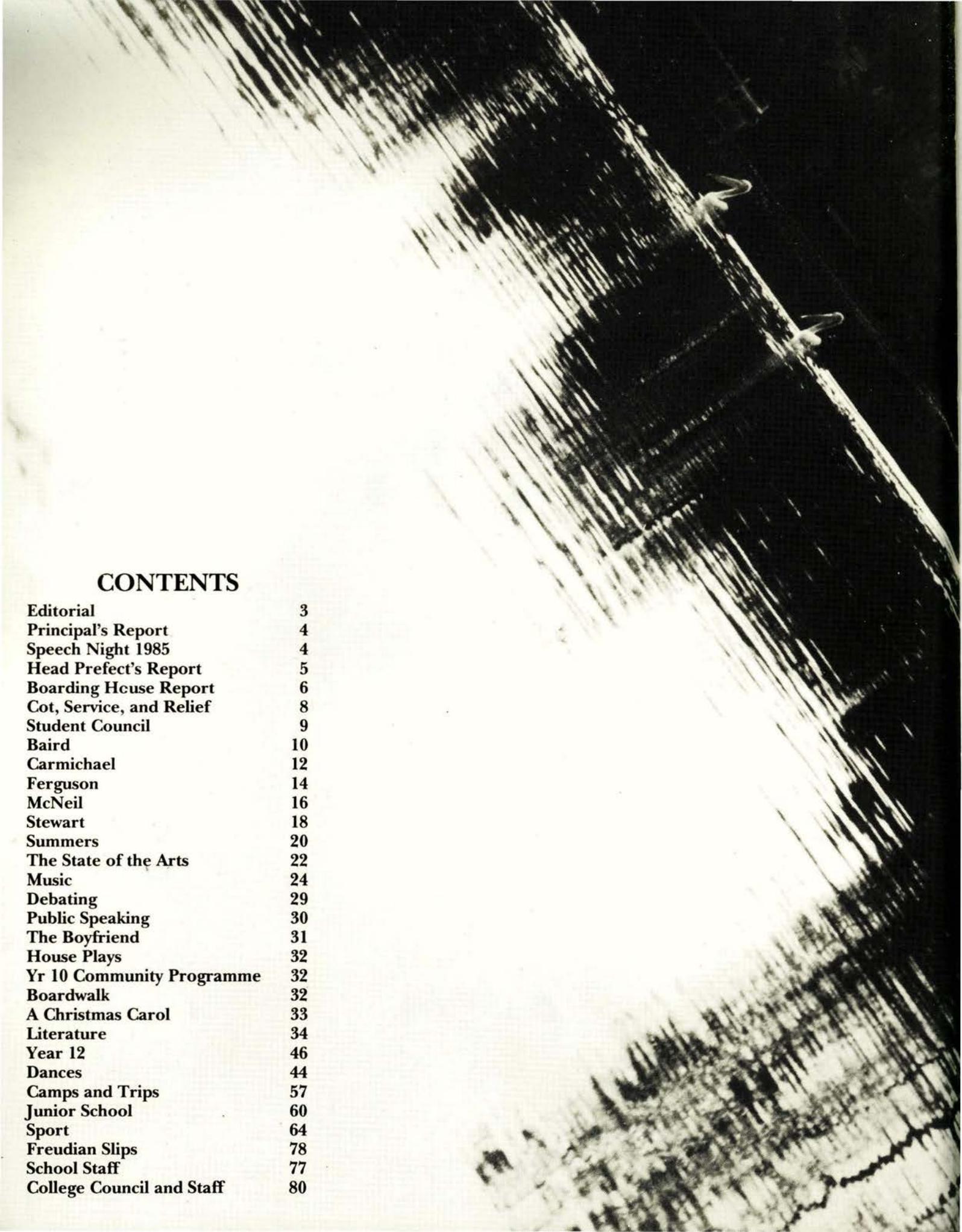
# Signatures

# PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE

A College of the Uniting Church



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



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# Editorial



**Kookaburra Editors.** P. Voce, J. Lord, C. Nicholson.

1986: the not-so-aptly-named Year of Peace. Such a title was not so apt a representation of the year as it revealed itself to P.L.C. where it was in fact 1986: the Year of the Evaluation Committee, the Year of the implementation of the Beazley and MacGaw reports, and finally, the Year of T.E.E. for all of us in Year Twelve.

I suppose that the idea of school never carries with it connotations of peace in any year. It is difficult to equate peace with avid (or not so avid) classroom discussion, the continual chit-chat, girls changing lessons, girls arriving at lessons (late notes?), girls this and girls that, not to mention the noise pollution of recess and lunchtime. It is even harder to equate peace with this general melee when you add the complications of the Evaluation.

The task of evaluating the School began with the Self Evaluation performed by the staff. Not only did they evaluate their own work, but that of the School in its entirety. From the canteen, to the work of the lab assistants, nothing was excluded.

Following the Self Evaluation, which reached its culmination in a series of reports, came the Evaluation Committee. This Committee comprised various specialists in education from all over Australia. The result of their meeting was a further analysis of the School, both from their own observations, (through interviews and other means), and from their evaluation of the report compiled by the School. Any member of staff, student, parent, or other person involved was encouraged to convey ideas, problems or complaints to these people. Such a system was designed to portray a true image of the School. The process has now reached the stage of implementation, and only after implementation will its worth be truly realised. It was, (or is) a courageous path for a school to invite a critical analysis, but what was once

a daunting and seemingly insurmountable task is now well on the way to achievement. We can all recognise what an effort it has been, not only for those on the Committee, but for all the staff of the School as well.

One might have thought that once the Evaluation was over the School might have had some peace but then came the trials and tribulations of the Beazley and McGaw reports. These arrived in the form of altered syllabuses, altered methods of teaching, altered exam times — in fact *everything* was altered, including the structure of the school year. Where there were once three terms, there now were two semesters comprising four terms. Programmes of teaching had to be rearranged accordingly. With the demands of continuous assessment as well as these other multitudes of changes, the staff, and also the office, have been running a marathon. Combined with the Evaluation, the organization of P.L.C. turns into something akin to that well-publicized sporting event — the America's Cup.

Thus anything even remotely approaching serenity, tranquillity, or peace has been rapidly washed away. For the Year Twelves, T.E.E. has swept it away in totality. I know this is said every year, but I must assure next year's Twelves that the wave of exam papers that seems to

be way off on the horizon all the year actually gets here. Although to all appearances Year Twelves may seem serene (even apathetic?) in reality they consist of live nerves continually on the twitch.

Of course "Kookaburra" added to our P.L.C. Year-of-no-peace-at-all. All those involved have had a slightly harrasing time. Thanks must be extended to Mrs McArthur and Mrs McMahan, and also to the secretaries, particularly Simone, who deserves a special Award for Patience. To all of those who have laboured on the "Kookaburra" Committee, as well as those now famous — or infamous — photographers, Cathie and Paula, you have my gratitude, as well as any other appropriate word in the Thesaurus.

I must say that it seems rather incredible that this first year of the new education programme is now coming to an end and even more incredible that this is the end of our final year for many of us. I'm sure that every Year Twelve feels the same at this time — stunned.

1986 — the Year of Peace, and the Year of Anything-but at P.L.C., is almost over. It's rather an achievement.

JENNI LORD, Editor



**Kookaburra Committee.** Back: A. Walker, J. Dowling, P. Voce, B. Gray, R. Harding, J. Lord. Front: F. Brazier, H. MacLeod, J. Unmack, F. Beck, C. Nicholson, P. Rollo.

# Principal's Report

This year has been the International Year of Peace.

The theme for W.A. Children's Week was "Peace — live and grow free."

Achieving peace depends on attitudes and actions. What we think affects what we do. Whether we are helpful, caring and considerate will be reflected in our everyday living, our decisions and our relations with other people.

Our attitudes will help us decide between the good and the bad, and also the complex, deciding which steps we should, and will, take to help humanity, in the present and future generations.

The visit to Presbyterian Ladies' College of a group of Japanese children in August 1986 was a happy occasion of good-will, a fitting reminder of the joy of peace in contrast to the horrors of war and the events which culminated in August 1945. Other visitors, including the Thai educationists in October, and visits of PLC students to France and Germany, have established other links of good-will.

Towards the end of 1985, Presbyterian Ladies' College was invited by Red Cross to participate in a project called Phone a Friend, which Red Cross and the Overseas Telecommunications Commission organized to promote world peace through international communication, awareness and understanding. Our two representatives were Janine Bruce and Joanna Farrell, who spoke by 'phone to Sophiana in Tonga, with the free international phone link provided by OTC.

During 1986 PLC students participated in the project of writing "letters for peace" to world leaders, a competition organized for school children in this Year of Peace. The letter-writing stimulated the thinking of the writers, and also of readers, as some of these letters were published in local newspapers.

What every person thinks, says and does is important. We can be helpful to others, and we can be helped by, and help others with, the peace of God.

These frequently quoted words are relevant at all times, and very appropriate at the end of the school year and of the Year of Peace:

'Go forth into the world in peace;

Be of good courage;

Hold fast that which is good;

Render to no man evil for evil;

Strengthen the faint-hearted;

Support the weak;

Help the afflicted;

Honour all men;

Love and serve the Lord,

Rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit.

And the blessing of God Almighty,

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,

Be upon us and remain with us for ever. Amen'

(adapted) Prayer Book as Proposed in 1928

## Speech Night 1985

Last year Speech Night was held in the Entertainment Centre due to the unavailability of the Concert Hall. For some reason I always look to Speech Night with reservations. I envisage hour-long speeches, occasionally off-key orchestras and hands numbed from clapping. However, my preconceived ideas were changed by what was to follow.

The evening began with "Advance Australia Fair", followed by the Concert Band which treated us to the sounds of Billy Joel. Then for a second I thought we were listening to a tape recording, but no, it was the Stage Band with some live (and very lively) jazz music.

The Official Party entered and after our School hymn and prayers from Reverend Zayan, we were addressed briefly by the Chairman of the School Council, Mr J. Livingston. Then Miss Barr gave the annual Principal's Report in which she summarized the year's events. Miss Barr was followed by the Moderator, Miss Beryl Grant.

Dr. Vickery, the Director-General of Education and the last of the guest speakers, held a rapt audience for at least twenty minutes. He spoke about the potentially distressing subject of the finality of Year Twelve (the end of the P.L.C. era for some girls) using humorous anecdotes that displayed an astounding knowledge of Year Twelve trivia.

The last speech was by the Head Prefect, Alex Jones, in a mode to which P.L.C. had become accustomed — fast paced, witty and very clever. This colourful speech was basically a 'thank you' to the girls and teachers of the School for their cooperation and friendship during her term as Head Prefect.

Academic awards were presented to the deserving and then followed a new and innovative item called "Why Christmas?" devised and directed by Mrs Ivers. Using mime, dance, song and other forms of drama, it depicted Christmas in different ways. The sheer beauty of the voices of Heidi Stimson and Erin Gasiorowski probably brought tears to many mothers' eyes!

Finally, "Auld Lang Syne" as Year Twelves stumbled up the aisles clasping each other, crying, and the rest of the audience watched in silence — thinking of the past, thinking of the future, thinking of their own days as Year Twelves.

MELISSA BOSICH

## SPEECH NIGHT 1985 — BACKSTAGE

In the past years P.L.C.'s Speech Night has been held at the Concert Hall; Speech Night 1985 however, was held at the Entertainment Centre and while the size of the Concert Hall might inspire images of the Vienna Boys Choir, the Entertainment Centre conjures thoughts of the Ringling Brothers Circus (complete with acrobats and elephants). Yet, although P.L.C. had none of these diversions to offer, Speech Night 1985 was certainly a night to remember.

White ribbons, white socks and the rare sight of polished shoes greeted me backstage. Nervous smiles flashed across the room like camera shutters amid ballet dancers, berets and bagpipes (the latter wailing in the distance, giving the evening an unmistakable Scottish flavour). The staff too were very elegantly attired, with the occasional compromise of white shirt, jacket, collar, tie . . . and jeans (backstage only of course!).

There was momentary panic in the Band as the order came for "blazers off!" (but what about this stain on my shirt?) followed by last minute tuning, hasty wishes of "good luck!", general re-shuffling in the ranks, another uniform inspection and they were 'on'. Backstage then settled down considerably.

For those lucky enough to be there, the real excitement of the evening was found in the wings, where Mrs Wood, Mrs Mell and Mrs Ivers manfully (or should I say 'womanfully') performed the tasks of organizing the immediate performers and keeping the rest of us "QUIET!!!!". Here in the dark, milled an odd array of diggers, dancers, musicians, technicians, singers and gymnasts, who (if nervous off stage) on stage were brilliant. It is no small feat singing into a microphone (as Heidi Stimson found out during an embarrassing introduction to the beast that morning) and there are things you pray will not happen to you on the night, like losing the ribbon from your baton during the ribbon dance. Scenes such as a flock of leaping leotard-clad girls fleeing backstage from one wing to the next to make their entrance cue, or Mrs Loudon leading a troupe of Munchkins, are images that stick in my mind and of course, the change of pipes and drummers will not be forgotten either.

But as the last strains die, and the last drummers leave the stage, you realize it is over; "Another Speech Night bites the dust" to put it in the words of Mr Rust, and thanks must go to all girls and staff who participated. All the hours of hard work had definitely been worthwhile.

VENETIA MATHIAS

# Head Prefect's Report



Fiona McAlwey, Head Prefect.

1986 has been the most exciting and enriching year of my life. My role as Head Prefect has enabled me to experience the essence of the P.L.C. community. P.L.C. represents high academic achievement, and offers a vast range of sports, arts and academic opportunities. We have an incredible School spirit and, most importantly of all, students who involve themselves whole-heartedly and who make the role of Head Prefect a very worthwhile one.

I began the year rather tentatively, as I am sure all the Officials did, but after the initial shock I realized that my role as Head Prefect was going to provide a fantastic way to meet new people as well as to become vitally involved in the affairs of the School. My aim has been to encourage students to involve themselves to a greater extent in various School activities, so increasing School morale.

P.L.C. began the year extremely well. The Inter-School Swimming Carnival proved our ability to rise and meet a challenge. A tremendous amount of School spirit was displayed. This enabled our dedicated swimmers to improve on last year's result and we came a close, exciting and very nerve-racking second.

The introduction of a Forum has encouraged a new feeling of involvement amongst the students. The Forum is a general meeting of representatives (two) from each year of the Senior School. Such meetings are relatively informal and should see the girls taking greater responsibility for what happens in the School.

These representatives are elected at certain times during the year. The Forum is a separate entity to the Student Council although issues discussed are of common interest. The aim of the Forum is to increase School spirit and also to provide a means for all students to involve themselves in the School community by contributing relevant ideas.

The Forum has proved very worthwhile as many suggestions that have been made have been implemented. Examples are, the instalment of a new drinking fountain and phone and the organization of socials, dances and camps. The Forum also suggested that rowing be added to the sports activities available at the School; there are now thirty five girls involved in a program which has been organized by Mrs Crawford. Some good ideas for next year's Fair have also been put forward at Forum meetings.

I would like to thank the students who have participated in the Forum. All of them have made a valuable contribution and their enthusiasm has provided the friendly, encouraging atmosphere which makes the Forum a successful and important part of P.L.C. I hope that it continues to run successfully in the years to come.

Such enthusiasm and School feeling has been displayed on countless occasions during the year. An extremely high standard of performance was displayed in various Inter-House and Inter-School competitions, in the musical 'The Boyfriend' with Christ Church and the Boardwalk Festival.

I must express a sincere thank you to all the members of the Student Council who have worked together to represent the students of P.L.C. The Council has combined to form a very effective body this year and I thank them for their enthusiastic ideas and efforts.

As the year comes to an end, I look back upon my twelve years at school. I am extremely grateful that I have had the enriching experience of being Head Prefect of P.L.C. This role has enabled me to obtain an insight into how the School functions. I feel privileged to have worked with the girls of our School and to see their involvement, dedication and School spirit.

I wish to thank each and every student of P.L.C. especially the Year Twelve girls who have all become close friends, providing warm encouragement and support. Thank you especially to Julie, Bronwyn and Kirsten for all your help.

My thanks also go to the staff of P.L.C., particularly to Miss Barr, Mrs Day and Mrs Bull for their encouragement and guidance.

I will always remember P.L.C. for its communal spirit — for the genuine bond that exists between students, staff and families. I can only wish next year's Officials a year like the one that I have had in 1986. Best wishes to all of them, especially Kate McArthur, the 1987 Head Prefect.

FIONA McALWEY

## School Service

The Annual School Service was held on Sunday 24th August, at St. Andrew's Church. The service is one of the rare occasions when students, staff and parents join together in a body.

The service commenced with the singing of the School hymn, during which the Bible and School flag were carried in.

The Rev. Patrick C.S. Yeo gave a very lively sermon on the theme "My God is Real", capturing the undivided attention of the whole congregation. The lessons were read by Head Prefect, Fiona McAlwey and Arts Captain, Kirsten Hay. The Prayers of praise and confession, and of thanksgiving were led by Rev. Zayan and Miss Barr.

The Choir preceded the Call To Worship with Psalm 150, while during the course of the service the chorale sang "I Waited for the Lord", conducted by Mrs Williamson.

This service to commemorate the decision in 1915 to found a Presbyterian School for Girls concluded with the traditional "God be in my Head", sung by the School Choir, and handing back of the School Flag.

CARINA RICHMOND

# Boarding House Report



Bronwyn Mark, Senior Boarder.

On February fifth this year, the Boarding House gradually filled to its maximum capacity, the noise level gradually rising to a peak that would not diminish until late that night.

As always, beginning a new school year is an occasion of mixed emotions, especially for new students. However, the year got off to a flying start on the first Saturday with the annual trip to Rottnest. The weather was miserable to begin with but then improved, in fact by the end of the day various people had quite obviously received more than their fair share of sun. That night there was a concert at which the Year Eights were the main performers although girls from all years participated.

Sunday morning was occupied by going to Saint Andrew's in Perth. For many this was a new experience that would be accepted as part of Boarding House routine by the end of their school lives at P.L.C. (As you can see, this first weekend of term was packed with activities so that little time was left to remember home and families).

This year for the first time in Western Australia a four-term year, instead of a three-term year, was tried. As yet I am still undecided whether it is a good idea or not, as the new system appears to increase pressure on T.E.E. students.

There have been few activities arranged for Year Twelves over the year, however the Year

Twelve Dance in first term was one of the highlights. All the conversation for a month before until a month after the actual date was about the dance, which was a huge success. It was held at the Merlin, and everyone who attended enjoyed it immensely.

The Junior girls in the Boarding House had many socials arranged for them as well as invitations from other schools.

The Year Eleven tuckshop girls took advantage of the Boarders' weekends by organising Boarders' markets. These have all been very successful and the money raised will go towards the purchase of something useful for the Boarding House. Last year we bought a large colour television for Year Elevens. We are yet to find out what this year's surprise is. I must extend my thanks to all who have either donated, produced or bought from the tuckshop.

Throughout the year the boarders have given great support to the school in providing volunteers to help collect donations in "door-knock" appeals. This volunteer work has not only helped people in need (through the Red Cross and Save the Children Fund, for example) but has allowed girls from P.L.C. to become closer to the other people in the community. I hope in future years girls from the P.L.C. Boarding House will be equally generous with their time and energy.

Although my year as Senior Boarder has not brought me a lot of glory and praise, I have

enjoyed the opportunity of carrying out this role. I think it has helped me see the "behind the scenes" organization of the Boarding House. Even people who have been in the Boarding House for five years are often not aware that keeping things running smoothly here is a very difficult task.

Of course there have been times when I though I would not survive the year, but the willing support of my parents and my closest friends has made the task much easier. I must thank the 1986 Boarding House Prefects — Nyree Muir, Kathryn and Robyn White, Anthea Clarke, Lisa Newing and Anna Coward — for all their help.

I am very grateful to Miss Barr for her continual support. Thank-you also to the Boarding House mistresses and Mrs Horton for all your efforts, and I would like to take this opportunity to convey special thanks to Mrs Murphy, who had special responsibility for the Year Twelves during the first part of the year. Best of luck at Sacred Heart.

At the moment I am finding it difficult to believe that my school life is nearly finished after four years at P.L.C. I have found terrific friends and I hope we will continue to be as close in the future.

Lastly, I would like to pass on my best wishes to Debbie King, the 1987 Senior Boarder. I hope the year is as fulfilling for her as it has been for me. — Good luck for the future.

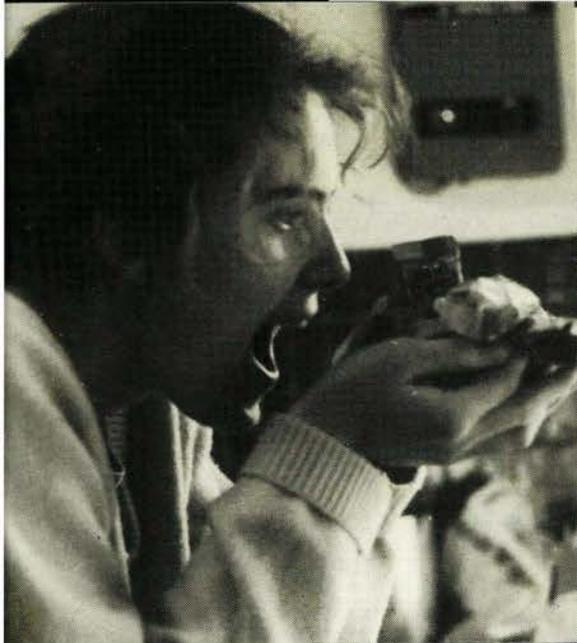
BRONWYN MARK



**Boarding House Prefects.** Back; L. Newling, R. White, A. Coward, K. White. Front: A. Clarke, B. Mark (Senior Boarder), N. Muir.



**Boarding House Staff:** Left to right: Mrs A. Coupland, Mrs P. Horton, Mrs P. Hatch, Sister J. Norris, Mrs N. Jeffs, Mrs G. Larcombe, Mrs A. Harris.



# Cot, Relief and Service Report



H. Stewart, Cot, Service & Relief.

Well, the 1986 Cot and Relief team has completed its term of office. The "Terrific Ten" who worked so hard all year to achieve what sometimes seemed the impossible cannot go unmentioned. My thanks go to Jemma Hardie (Baird), Kerri Whish-Wilson and Jo Thom (Carmichael), Venetia Mathias and Rachel Davies (McNeil), Sandie Stewart and Romola Buhler (Stewart) and Robyn and Kathryn White (Summers). The tenth whose support has been greatly appreciated is Miss Wright. She gave up a lot of time to attend our meetings and to handle the correspondence from the various organizations and sponsored children who write to us.

At the start of the year it was decided our Cot, Relief and Service notice board needed renovation — a task carried out successfully by Rachel and Venetia. Then we turned our attention to the even more important business of fundraising.

An early discussion with Mrs Day made us realize that the best way to interest people in Cot and Relief fundraising efforts was to catch their attention by mentioning their favourite four-letter word — FOOD. Summers House was the first to prove this theory correct when they made quite a lot of money by selling hot cross buns. (Special congratulations to Sally Gillam, who won the prize for the best Summers House student effort). Summers House also had a "Guess the Number of Lollies" competition, (won by Mandy Linton). McNeil did a terrific job selling "The World's Finest Chocolates" (Kathryn Robson, Kylie Thomas and Jenni Kennedy won the House prize for effort during this enterprise) while Carmichael House held

three toffee stalls on various occasions, Summers House sold Carvel icecreams and Stewart House sold peanut brittle. (Thanks and congratulations to Nicky Ferstat who won the House prize for selling the most peanut brittle.)

Our big Open Day venture on July 21st — also Functional Arts Day — was a huge success, with every House selling some kind of product guaranteed to increase the waistline but also adding to the profits for a very worthwhile cause. (Ferguson offered pancakes; Baird offered hot dogs; Summers offered icecream and Devonshire teas; McNeil offered cakes, and Stewart offered chips.) Special mention should also be made here of Annabelle Morgan and Philippa Barr who collected the most orders for Carmichael's lamingtons, sausage rolls and apple pies.

On Bastille Day (July 14th) we had a Casual Day with a French theme. Winners of prizes for the best costumes were Emily Wyche of Year 9 and Mrs Pickard, who won the teachers' section.

The total amount raised this year was more than \$4,000 — a tremendous effort! Again, my sincere thanks to all the Cot and Relief team for their cooperation, effort and enthusiasm. I thoroughly enjoyed working with you all.

Thanks must also go to the ladies in the office who patiently endured my regular "business visits", counted the money and wrote the cheques. Thanks also to Miss Barr, Mrs Day and Mrs Bull whose advice was greatly appreciated.

I must remark on the generosity of our School as a whole. It is gratifying to see that despite the occasional grumbles about having to make *another* effort to do something for Cot and Relief, girls at P.L.C. really do show concern for others. Student participation in the Red Cross Door-knock Appeal, Forty-hour Famine and many other street appeals shows this. This year Community service was a significant part of School activities and thanks are due to Reverend Zayan for organizing the Year Ten visits to old people's homes to spend a few hours with the elderly.

Finally, my best wishes go to everyone who will be involved in organizing Cot and Relief activities in 1987, especially the Co-ordinator. I hope you have as much support and success and gain as much enjoyment as I have had this year.

HEATHER STEWART  
SCHOOL COT, RELIEF AND SERVICE COORDINATOR 1986



**Cot, Relief and Service Committee.** Back: P. Voce, P. Sears, J. Hardie, R. Davies. Centre: K. Whish-Wilson, K. White, R. White, V. Mathias. Front: J. Thom, R. Buhler, S. Stewart, H. Stewart.

# Student Council



**Student Council.** *Standing:* V. Wharton, E. Stretch, R. Cotton, K. Fitzgerald, R. Kelsall, M. Way, S. Robson, V. Elliott. *Seated:* M. Brackenridge, S. Herzfeld, B. Mark, F. McAlwey, J. Sandilands, K. Hay, G. Smith.



**School Forum.** *Standing:* M. Morris, T. Edelman, K. Argyle, M. Williams, B. Somes, J. Lang. *Seated:* K. McArthur, B. Mark, F. McAlwey, J. Sandilands, S. Gibbs.

The 1986 Student Council began the year with the normal enthusiasm and zest experienced by all members of previous Student Councils. Like our predecessors we were full of resolutions which we hoped would improve the running of our School and excited at the opportunity to put forward our own new ideas.

As is customary, the Student Council met with St. Hilda's Student Council at St. Hilda's on a social basis. This proved to be a very worthwhile experience as it gave us an opportunity to exchange ideas about various aspects of our respective Schools and we were given an insight into the responsibilities of their senior students. P.L.C. returned St. Hilda's hospitality with a guided tour of P.L.C. and lunch in the boarding house. The Student Council also visited Christ Church.

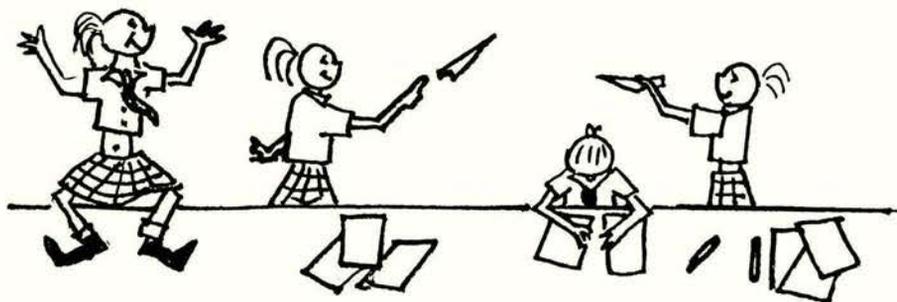
Although the Student Council generally only meets every fortnight Student Council meetings have all been very fruitful and worthwhile. Early in the year a Forum was formed in an attempt to have the ideas of all years represented. It consists of two representatives from each year and has relatively informal meetings fortnightly.

The Student Council also suggested the banning of bright, ornate watches in an attempt to improve the appearance of our School uniform. Another effort made for improvement of School discipline was the introduction of bus monitors. Many Year Twelve students were given the task of monitoring and controlling the behaviour of P.L.C. girls on buses. The problem of litter within our School was also tackled by the Student Council and later in the year an anti-litter campaign was successfully held.

Two subjects which were discussed exhaustively were the introduction of Academic Awards and the extent of the competition among the Houses at P.L.C. Many worthwhile ideas arose from these discussions. A small committee was formed to discuss the Academic Awards in more detail and an informal meeting of the Student Council, House Sports and Arts Captains and House Advisers was held to decide whether it was desirable to reduce the amount of competition within our School.

The Student Council gives the opportunity for the ideas of all students to be considered by Miss Barr and staff. It also allows the Student Council members to act in the best interest of the student body, which we have endeavoured to do this year.

SUSIE HERZFELD



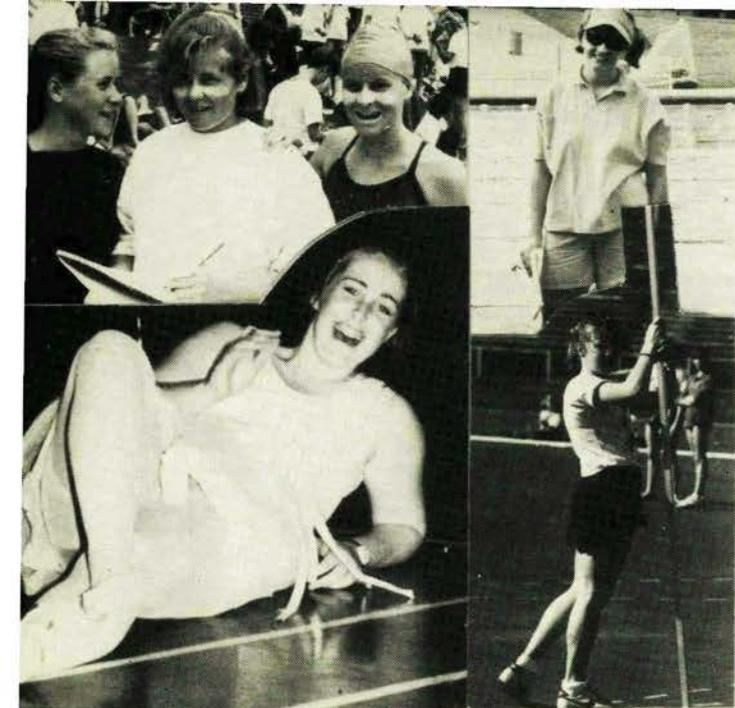
# Baird Hou

Before I mention anything else I would like to congratulate the whole of Baird House for such a wonderful year. Looking back on our achievements it is easy to see they came about mainly because of the typical enthusiasm of the girls in Baird House.

We seemed to shine out in the Performing and Functional Arts, gaining second place in the Functional Arts and an amazing joint first in the Performing Arts.

Even though we were not quite as successful in the swimming or athletics competitions, the Baird House girls were all still out there showing their House spirit. Interhouse hockey, netball and basketball girls did very well and had a lot of fun along the way despite the hectic timetable.

A big congratulations and thank you to Jo and Sally for their magnificent effort in organizing all the activities during the year. With all their enthusiasm and effort we seemed to sail through the year, through all the competitions, often without realizing all the extra time and effort these girls were putting into their jobs. They were a pleasure to work with and certainly made my task much easier. Also a big thank you to Jemma, as all the Year 12 boarders would know, for organizing the "yummy" tuckshop and hot dogs for Cot and Relief.



# se Report

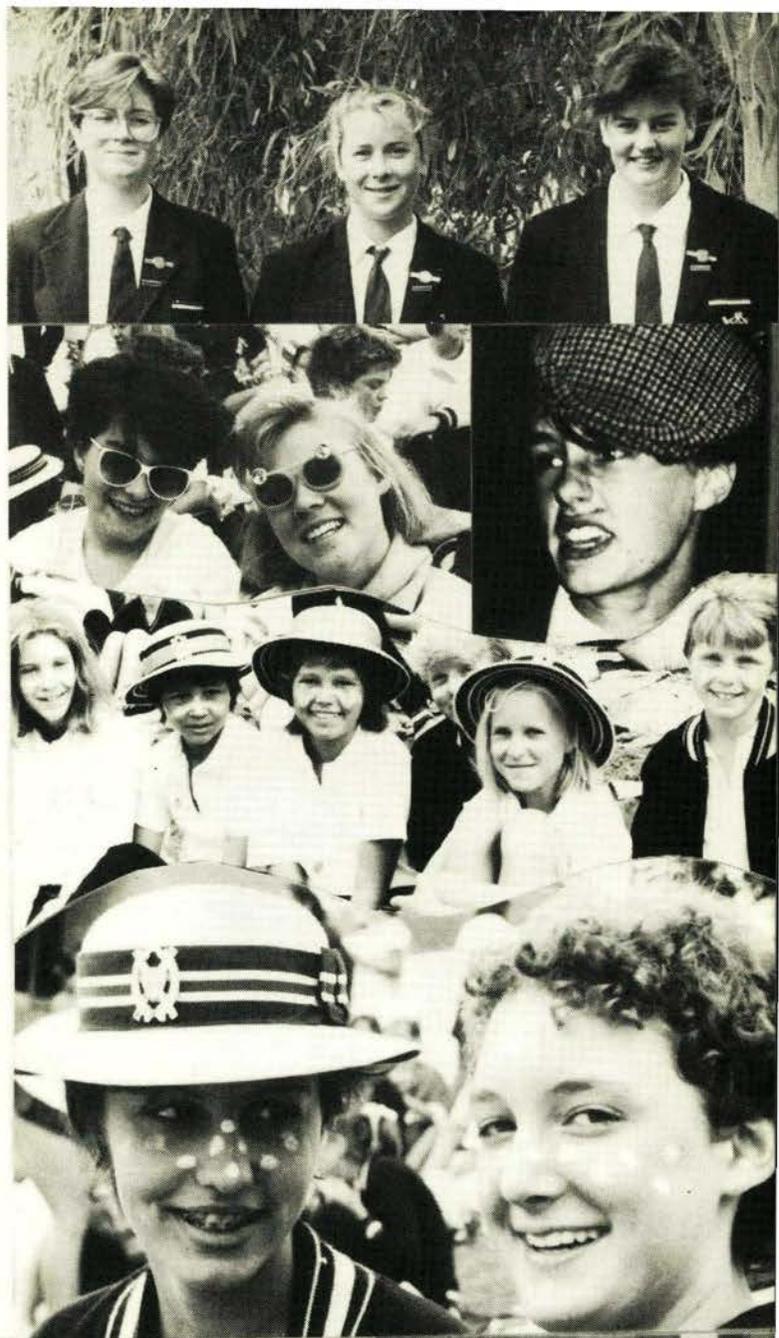
There is one person who is very special to all the girls in Baird House because of her dedication and support as House Adviser and that is Mrs Haustead. She has been a marvellous help to Jo, Sally and me and will be sadly missed by all the girls in Baird House next year. I would like to congratulate Mrs Haustead on her new appointment to St. Mark's and wish her all the best in the future.

Despite the hectic schedule during the year we have all managed to have a great time within the House. Our orange wombles, thanks to the Year Elevens will be forever remembered, as will all our delightful little animals from the House Play.

I know that the girls in the House next year are in for a lot of fun with the new House Officials and I know that Baird will retain our characteristic House spirit as well as continuing to be successful in Inter-House competitions. Jo, Sally and I wish Fleur, Lyndel and Natasha all the best for the coming year.

Finally I would like to add that I have thoroughly enjoyed my year as House Captain, mainly due to the enthusiasm and friendliness of all the Baird House girls. I appreciate all the help from particular girls during the year and the participation of everyone in the House. My thanks to you all and good luck in the coming year.

REBECCA COTTON



# Carmichael H

Carmichael began the year with "the win that wasn't" in this year's Inter-House Swimming Carnival, when we were overjoyed to find that we had apparently streaked ahead to win the trophy from the undefeatable Fergo. Later in the day however, it was discovered that the "infallible" computer had made a mistake and Ferguson in fact were the winners.

The summer sports were tennis and volleyball, where Carmichael got no further than the second round in senior and junior games. Winter sports were more successful when our Junior basketball and netball teams reached the finals, but were defeated by McNeil in netball and by Baird in basketball. Senior hockey, basketball and netball teams made it no further than round one. Thank you anyway to all of those keen players who supported the House in their sporting activities.

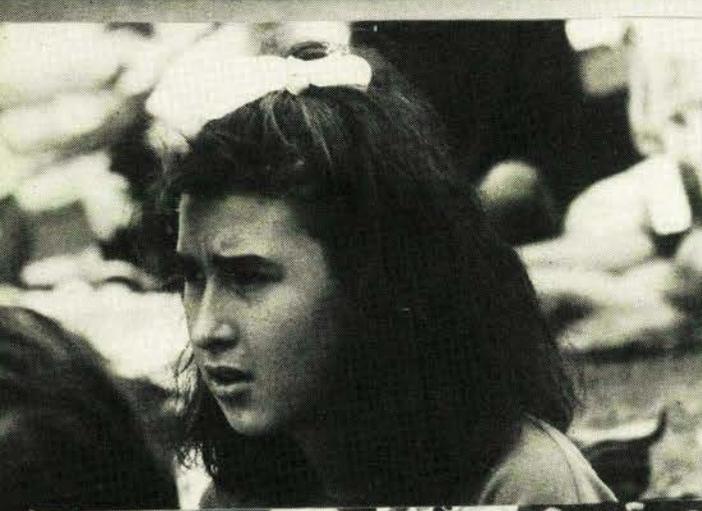
The Inter-House gym team came third overall, captained by Suzie Hadley, while our cross-country running team won the competition overall. Well done! We would like to thank all competitors for their enthusiasm, especially those called upon at the last minute. Congratulations to Georgie Dutry, Suzannah Vaughan, Yvette Watkins, Jane Linfoot, Renae McDonagh and Emma Hawkins on making the Inter-School cross-country team.

The Inter-House athletics saw the return of "the Blues" to Perry Lakes. Deciding to give the other Houses a taste of sweet success, we modestly came fifth in the athletics and fourth in the marching competition!

Our introduction to running the House was on the occasion of the House Choir competition last year. We came fourth overall, with our song "Now is the Month of Maying".

Term one found us in a mad panic and rush to get the House Play *Commercial Break* to performance pitch in the limited time we had. Carmichael was awarded third place in the competition. We would like to congratulate cast and crew on their co-operation and reliability throughout the period. Sally Robson's sleazy portrayal of Maximillian Smith won her the Best Actress award for the House and Kerri Wish-Wilson's performance as Sonya won her the award of Best Supporting Actress.

Carmichael did well in debating, with two of our teams reaching the semi-finals. Fiona Jayaraman, Bettina Moore and Sara-Jane Elderfield represented us in the Year Eight competition and Talia Edelman, Kate Luke and Natasha Hartz represented us in the Year Ten competition. Unfortunately, both teams were defeated, although



# House Report

Talia was declared Best Speaker. Well done!

Functional Arts was very successful this year. Many budding young chefs, seamstresses, photographers, writers and artists showed their potential in the many displays set up around the School. Congratulations to the place-winners and a special congratulations and thank-you to all participants and all who contributed to our winning of the competition.

The Performing Arts Festival was next on the Arts calendar. Carmichael came third, with a high standard of performance throughout the competition. Well done, everyone.

Public Speaking was also successful for Carmichael. In Year Eight, Bianca Hartz was defeated narrowly by Summers in the finals. Bernice Smith spoke against Joanna Farrell and was defeated. Anna Robson spoke against Lindy Sardelic in what turned out to be a close competition; however Lindy defeated her by a small margin.

1986 Cot and Relief representatives were Joanna Thom and Kerri Whish-Wilson. These two girls, with the support of the House, did a wonderful job of organising toffee stalls and the sale of lamingtons, sausage rolls and apple pies. We were very pleased with the response and a total of \$1107.16 was raised. Well done and thankyou to all who helped.

Carmichael's motto is "Play the Game" and we feel that this year has been a very successful one in terms of participation. We can say with confidence that the support that we have received in all areas throughout the year has reflected this motto.

The three of us would like to thank Mrs "J" very much for all of her vital support and enthusiasm throughout the year. It was reassuring to know that she would always be there when we needed advice, support or just a friendly chat.

We have gained so much from the experience of being House Officials, as well as enjoying the opportunity to get to know the whole House. Thank you, Carmichael!

We would like to wish all Carmichaelians the very best for 1987. We hope next year's Officials (Katy, Edwina and Suzie) gain as much enjoyment and satisfaction as we did.

SALLY ROBSON, ANNA ROBSON AND CAROLINE CHIPPER.



# Ferguson

"Formidable" is but one word to describe Ferguson's performance this year. As our champions gained one victory after another, the members of the other Houses could only look on with awe and envy. We were an unstoppable machine and I'm sure the momentum will continue into next year.

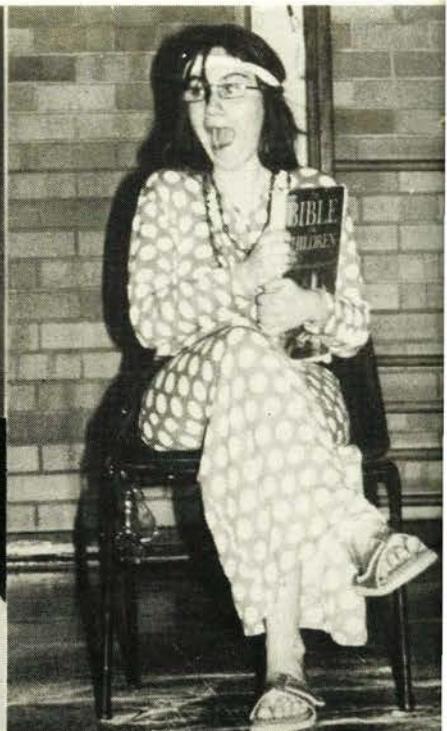
Ferguson's first opportunity to display the way to participate, cooperate and succeed was on the first day back, when everyone united to put in a mammoth effort to amass a very large number of standard points. The Year Eights deserve a special mention here, as we managed to coax most of them into swimming all four races. This superhuman effort was matched and then surpassed on the day when the heat (or heats) was/were really on.

I think the hearts of all Fergusonites stopped when they announced us as second place-getters, when we had just watched such stars as Katie Davenport, Sonya and Gina Rodgers and Mandy Linton win points in race after race. But the trophy did not remain in the enemy camp long, and was returned to us, the rightful recipients, soon after.

Our performance in the Arts arena improved infinitely this year, headed by our pride and joy, Lindy Sardelic, but strongly supported by enthusiastic members from all years.

Firstly, the cream of Fergo's actresses enthralled the audiences in their performance of our House Play, *Vagabond Vampires*, which was expertly directed by Arts Captain, Mischa Way.

Then, not only did we win the public speaking overall with individual winners in Year Nine (Lucy Williams) and Year Twelve (Lindy Sardelic), while Jane Davenport was the runner-up in year Eleven, but we managed to top this off with another overall win in the Inter-house debating! Many thanks to Vicki Arnold, Lindy Sardelic and Jane Davenport, as well as to the other debating girls for the hours of effort they put into their speeches, which ultimately paid off.



# Report

Still Ferguson's victory song was not allowed to fade away, since we then managed to pull off an amazing win in the Inter-house athletics competition. I think the athletic legs encompassed in red hosiery may have actually won the day, but some of the credit must definitely go to our Olympians, Ann Mercer and Siobhan Way.

Suzie Wishaw must be thanked for all the time she spent selecting teams for this and all the other sporting events throughout the year.

The Functional and Performing Arts festivals were well supported once the entries finally found their way to the box. Many of the performances were a spectacle not to be missed — the Junior Variety, for example.

Philippa Sears was in charge of Cot and Relief and due to her efforts, pancakes provided a major source of funds for the cause this year. Philippa must also be thanked for organising a Year Nine social, which unfortunately could not take place because of a shortage of suitable partners.

Fergo's sporting teams throughout the year have met with mixed success but there was never a lack of able, willing girls offering to play and there were some courageous efforts made on the hockey fields and under the netball rings. The bravery continued as — incredibly — six girls from each year volunteered for cross-country, illustrating once again the spirit of our House members. The rhythmic gymnasts also deserve praise. They came second overall in the Interhouse competition.

Ferguson's performance this year will be a hard act to follow and Suzie, Mischa and I can only say we were very proud to have been a part of these achievements. The best of luck to next year's officials (Susie, Joanne and Jane) and I hope the House continues to strive — and achieve — success.

VANESSA WHARTON



# McNeil Ho

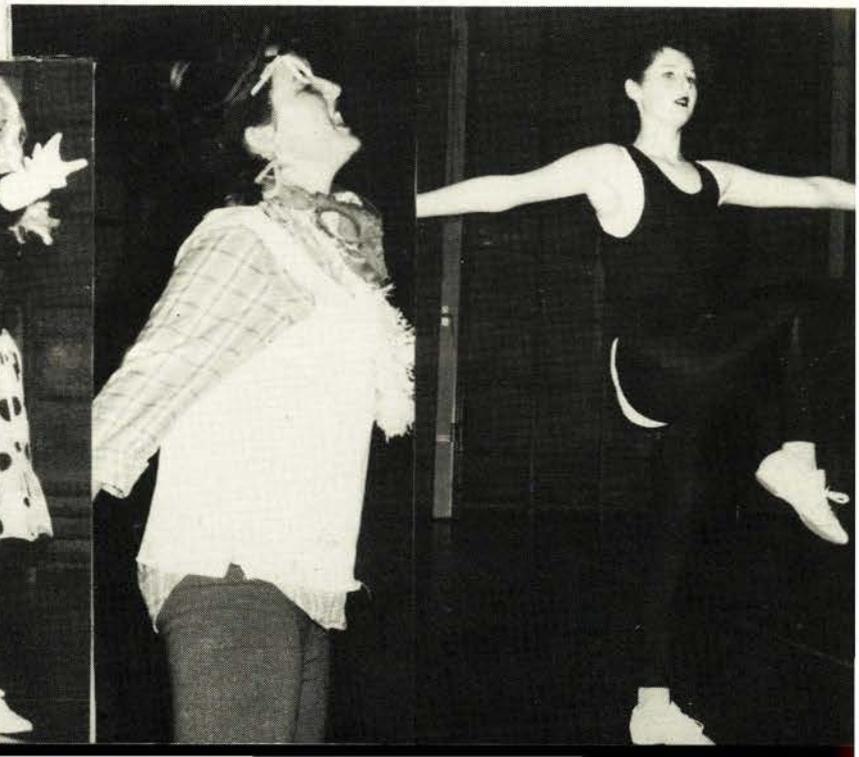
Another year over, thank goodness — but it was fun while it lasted. When this report is published we will be free, and the other active members of McNeil will have to carry on the tradition of our "Merry Maison!"

The year exploded with a big bang — well not so big — with a fourth in the Inter-House swimming carnival. Perhaps our understated success was not so much due to one individual star, but to undistinguished performances by all. (That's why we came fourth) But we did paddle and plop our way through the very merry day!

Other highlights of the year (it seemed like ten) was fifth place in the Functional Arts. At least we were consistent. However, McNeil excelled itself in the Performing Arts, finishing a well-deserved equal first place. All the world's a stage and we were merely the players, with McNeil upstaging everybody.

We lived up to our reputation of being one of the more vocal Houses with success coming our way in the debating and public speaking. Congratulations to Jo Farrell, Kylie Baxter, Helen Davis, Katie Gwynne, Belinda Gwynne and Bronte Somes. McNeil appears to be a good breeding ground for future politicians — they could all make any argument sound plausible.

We're not trying to pat ourselves on the back, (while singing our own praises) but in the House play we excelled even our own expectations. After many crabby attacks from my fellow chromosome, the play blossomed into a startling box office smash with McNeil



# House Report

gaining first place. Congratulations to Anna for winning Best Director and to Penny Joyce winning runner-up Best Actress of McNeil.

In the athletics we ran a very close second — a bit too close for our liking but nonetheless another addition to our outstanding track record. Thank you to Alison Thunder, Renae Watson, Bronte Somes, Nicole Xouris, Kate Stannage, Fiona Lapsley, Fiona Thunder, Jackie Pearse and the others who were always willing to participate and were amazingly successful too.

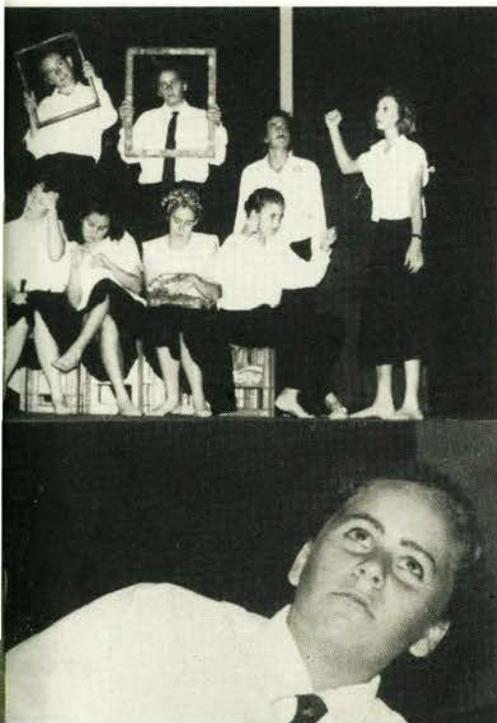
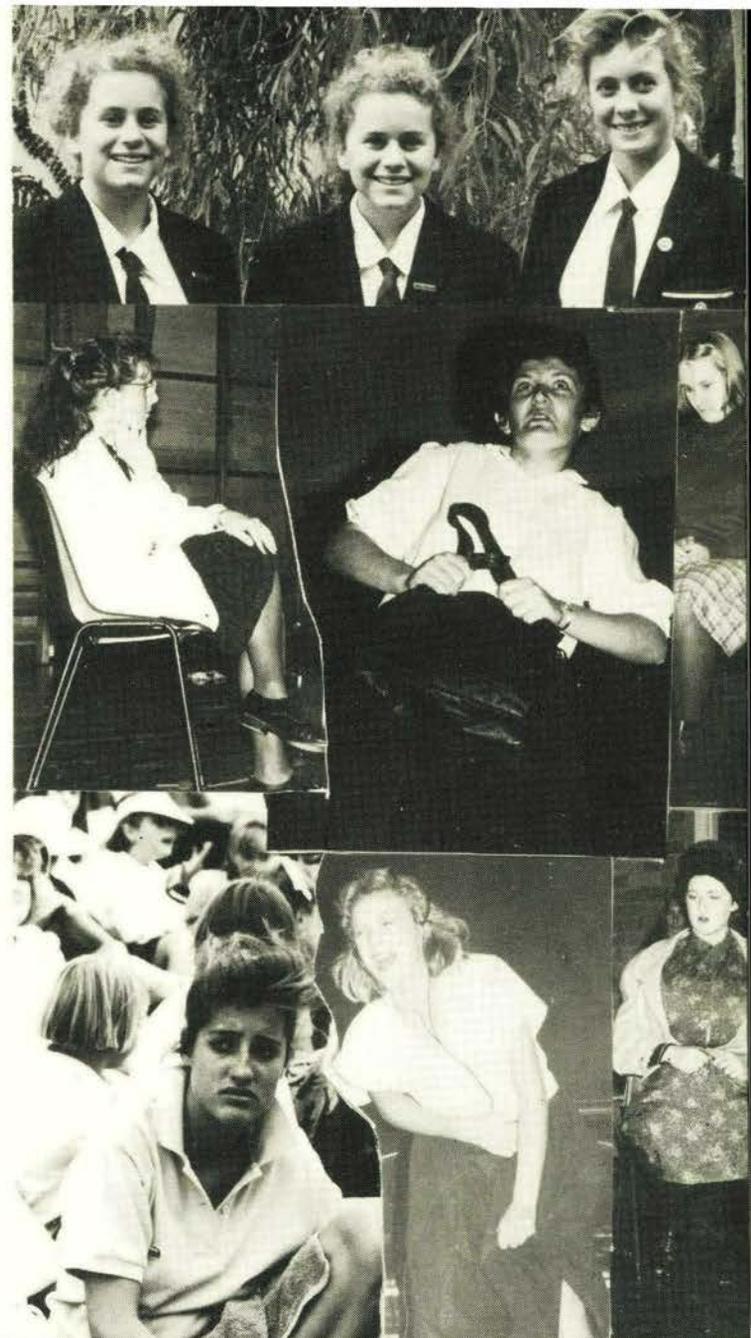
On a more sober note, I must give sincere thanks to all who took extra responsibility throughout the year. To our very organized Cot and Relief representatives, thank you for your success in raising twice the amount required.

Special thanks must go to our House Adviser, Mrs Mac, for her untiring kindness and support throughout the year.

Thank you also to our Sports Captain Amy Somes, and Arts Captain Anna Brackenridge for their unquestionably profound, courageous, thoughtful, discerning, titanic, stupendous, elephantine (courtesy of Roget's Thesaurus) not to mention saintly (?) attitude this year.

I hope that McNeil House carries on our tradition of not undermining other teams and being gracious losers and modest winners and above all — NO BACK CHAT.

MICHAELA BRACKENRIDGE (House Captain)



# Stewart Ho

Everybody has a certain talent in life but in some that talent is more evident; others have to work much harder for it to be recognized. The House system at P.L.C. gives students the opportunity to develop their talents, particularly in the field of arts and sports. Throughout 1986, Jodi and Erin have been exceptionally keen to encourage the girls of our House to take advantage of various opportunities to show their skills.

The strength of Stewart House this year was shown particularly on the sports field where the participants enjoyed themselves very much. The great House spirit displayed at the swimming carnival in first term proved to be inspiring to the competitors as we gained a creditable third place. Such enthusiasm also spurred on our tennis players to win each section of the Inter-house competition.

Throughout the winter, numerous members of the House attempted sports with which they were unfamiliar and thus we were not as successful during this time, although we had a lot of laughs. On the sunny day of the Athletics Carnival we threw, sprinted, jumped and marched our way into a magnificent third place with people saying, "Who were those masked girls?"

A sense of pride was felt by the whole House on those occasions when it was announced that Pippa Dickson was Year Eight swimming champion, Ange Cox of Year Twelve was runner-up to the swimming champion, Natasha Lee was winner of the Year Ten cross-country, Merome Rains of Year Twelve was athletics champion and Romola Buhler was runner-up. Well done girls!

Stewart's success in sport in 1986 has aroused enthusiasm and a sense of belonging in the House, and much of this is due to our wonderful Sports Captain, Jodi Love, whose energetic approach and "bubbly" personality made her the ideal person to encourage all House members.

On the Thursday of "Keep Australia Beautiful" week, members of Stewart House displayed their attitudes of cooperation and



# House Report

thoughtfulness when we had the school grounds looking their cleanest in a long time. This may have been the result of our romantic performance, accompanied by "Endless Love" featuring Erin Stretch and Jodi Love.

Our first fund-raising effort for Cot and Relief was selling peanut brittle, an enterprise organized by Sandie Stewart and Romola Buhler. At first our profits were minimal (perhaps people actually disliked peanut brittle or perhaps everyone had already eaten too much chocolate — sold by McNeil) but eventually we got rid of all our surplus stock and made more than peanuts for Cot and Relief. A more popular and profitable product — hot chips — was sold on Open Day much to the horror of health-conscious Mrs Linfoot. All in all, a successful Cot and Relief campaign for 1986, thanks to Sandie and Rom.

This year's Arts activities were organized by the very efficient Erin Stretch. The considerable time and effort put into the House Arts activities made them great fun for the girls who were involved and gave them an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with one another. Stewart did particularly well in the public speaking, where Kim Hughes excelled. *Happy Endings* our fantastic 1986 House play had a large cast and crew, all of whom rehearsed enthusiastically and enjoyed performing. Special congratulations go to Olivia Turner and Fiona Hain who were outstanding in their roles.

Last, but by no means least, I would like to thank Mrs Heptinstall and her fellow staff members of Stewart House for their guidance and cooperation in House activities. Thanks also go to my fellow House members — especially the Year Twelves — for all their colossal support, as without it the year could not have been so successful and enjoyable.

Best wishes to next year's House Officials and remember what Simon Townsend says, "The world really is wonderful!"

GEORGIE SMITH (House Captain)



# Summers H

Congratulations to each and every Summarian. We all know that we belong to an outstanding House and we have spent the greater part of this year proving this yet again to the other Houses. This year has "zipped" by quickly and with it has passed the many Summers' victories (and a few defeats). Though victory is sweet we have tried to give more praise for actually participating, which seemed to lift House spirit.

As usual at the beginning of the year, people were slightly hesitant to participate in House competitions. But it wasn't long before the Year Eights set the pace and everyone began entering wholeheartedly into new and exotic activities.

The major performance for 1986 was *Mrs Thally F*, our House play. This play was a difficult undertaking but it paid off in the end as we were declared runners-up. Even more importantly, new acting talents were encouraged, such as Twiggy's show-stealing debut as a dead bald man. The Performing Arts Festival was a pleasure to be involved in as people seemed enthusiastic to join in most Arts — with the possible exception of the music instrumental sections. The spectacular Summers Senior variety act (with our Valiant 007 revving up, ready to squeal on to the stage and amaze the audience) was destined never to be seen, as the teachers grabbed the limelight with their item, which concluded the day.

The sporting year began with swimming trials which went well considering they were held on the first day back. The Year Eights were particularly enthusiastic — something that will undoubtedly wear off!! Although we did not distinguish ourselves in the Inter-



# House Report

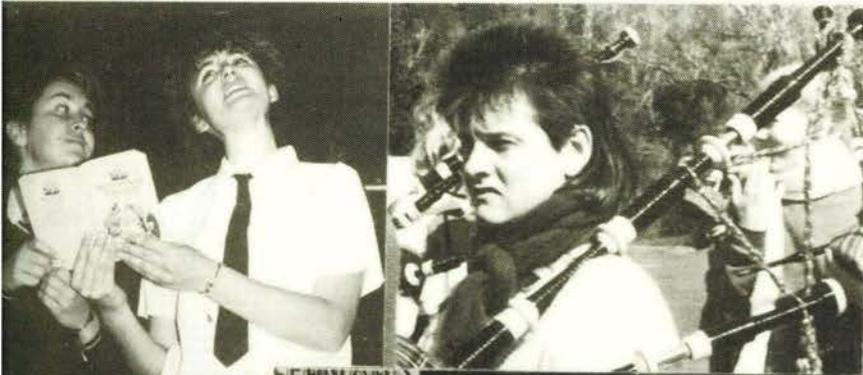
House swimming, a number of successes have been achieved throughout the year: runners up in Junior hockey and Year Eight tennis, Junior and Senior winners in volleyball, Senior winners in basketball and a draw in Senior netball. All these have been made possible by our highly-spirited athletes who have put up with game cancellations due to bad weather just to support the House. Mention must be made of the Year Elevens who have given a lot of support and enthusiasm throughout the year. Thank you. Summers tends to have a shortage of budding swimmers and athletes but it is really great to see so many people "have a go" anyway, and that's what House spirit is all about.

Another special mention must be of Olivia Anderson and Kerren Bloffwitch, the only two competitors in the gym competition. Their support for the House was much appreciated.

In the past Summers has always made extraordinary efforts in the Functional Arts, and this year was no disappointment. A special thankyou to Rochelle Reynolds who contributed to every section and congratulations to Tanya Keen for her brilliant achievements in the drawing and painting section. Thank you also to the Year Twelve girls who acted as delegates.

Summers' enthusiasm and spirit have grown at a rapid pace and I am confident that it will continue to do so with the enthusiastic guidance of our next year's House Officials. Best wishes to Janine, Renee and Sarah and all Summers House in 1987.

VALERIE ELLIOTT, JUDI HELE, LISA TWIGG — Year 12



# The State of the Arts



Kirsten Hay, Arts Captain.

*Art is more godlike than science.  
Science discovers: art creates — (John Opie)*

Indeed! At PLC one can see enthusiasm, excitement and an exceedingly high standard of performance and production in all facets of the Arts. Participating in Arts activities is an opportunity for everyone to exercise (or sometimes discover) hidden talents, whether in music, literature, drama, craft, media, cooking or dance. However, our main objective is participation — for the joy of it.

The Inter-House Choir Festival was the first item on the Arts agenda in third term 1985. This harmonious occasion provided the ideal opportunity for the new Arts Captains to familiarize themselves with their Houses and each of the choirs performed beautifully. The choice of songs was as varied as the rather amusing conducting styles. (Summers won the Competition with their presentation of "The Water is Wide".)

1986 commenced with the Inter-House Play Competition. We were treated to two nights of

delightful performances, which varied from melodrama to the theatre of the absurd. The plays were refreshingly original and displayed the creative talents of the performers, back stage crews and directors. Under the direction of the Wonder Twins, McNeil won the Competition with their stunning performance of *The Interview*. Summer's play *Mrs Thally F*, directed by Judi Hele, was runner-up. Anna Brackenridge received the award for Best Director while Michaela Brackenridge was Best Actress.

As in previous years Christ Church called upon the talents of our PLC girls, this time for a production of the Twenties musical *The Boyfriend*, which was enjoyed by everyone.

Second Term began with the Inter-House Debating Competition. Debaters of all Years managed to maintain a high standard and Debating Club has flourished under the guidance of Miss Ross. The Debating Report tells the story of our success in the Inter-School Debating Competition.

The division of the Arts Festival into Functional Arts and Performing Arts made organization easier than in previous years. The Functional Arts competition was held on Open Day and the talents of many members of the school were evident in various displays. The Marching and Pipe Bands also performed to a very appreciative audience.

Performing Arts Day was held some weeks later and was well supported by students and staff. We tried to involve as many people as possible and the day revealed many previously unrecognized performers. Several new drama sections were created and proved to be very popular. Overall, the Festival was a great success, although Time refused to comply with our planned schedule. (Highlights of the day were a "boppy" number from the Mafia-style

Stage Band and an amusing theatrical performance of *The Girlfriend* by the Staff.)

An Arts Concert was the finale of the Performing Arts Festival. On this occasion the audience was entertained by a pot-pourri of musicians, public speakers and actresses. Again, the standard of performance was outstanding and the evening a great success.

The Public Speaking Competition soon followed. The finals were extremely entertaining, the orators displaying wit, originality and a mastery of language. Some of our more experienced speakers participated in Inter-School Competitions. Joanna Farrell and Jane Davenport performed superbly in the finals of the Rostrum Public Speaking Competition. Lindy Sardelic talked her way to Adelaide as the State finalist in the Plain English Speaking Competition.

My year as Arts Captain has been an enjoyable and exciting one. Although it was demanding, my job was made easier by the constant support and efficiency of the other Arts Captains. Congratulations and thankyou Jo, Mischa, Anna, Erin, Judy and Anna B. for your dedication and your excellent work. Once again Mrs Jarvis, the Arts Co-ordinator, has done a terrific job. Thank you for your kindness and encouragement! Many other staff members have also been very helpful and supportive. Thankyou!

I am proud and honoured to have been so involved in Arts activities at PLC. I believe that the standard of Inter-House competitions as well as that of the various music groups is the highest it has been for some time. This is because of the enthusiasm and support of the students of the School. Thankyou and congratulations to all who have contributed. Keep it up.

KIRSTEN HAY (Arts Captain)





# Band Report

My involvement in music at P.L.C. for the past five years has taught me two things: firstly, that in order to achieve a high standard of music many hours must be spent in rehearsal, and secondly that there is nothing more rewarding than to receive an ovation at the end of your performance. All the P.L.C. music ensembles have maintained a very high standard of music all year, and I think it is important to remember that both girls and staff give up their own free time to devote to their ensembles.

The Concert Band was off to an early start when we had to go back to school for rehearsals on the Monday before school started. These rehearsals were in preparation for a service for new Year Eights and their parents on that Monday night, and for the induction service for 1986 Officials during the first week of term. The 1985 Year Twelves in the band played with us, and it was great to see everyone working together so early in the year.

The Anzac Day March through the city centre was the Marching Band's first major engagement and I think everyone felt that it was an extremely successful day. Playing your music and marching at the same time is *not* an easy task and it took many rehearsals to reach the standard at which we performed. Due to the four-term year and the new holiday times we were unable to perform at the youth display at the Royal Agricultural Society Show. However, we did perform at the second semi-final of the football. Despite some fears the National Anthem was heard right around the ground and none of us was hit by any str. footballs!

The re-introduction of the Stage Band last year seems to have been the best thing that has happened to music at P.L.C. for ages. The music is modern and great fun to play and consequently we all look forward to the rehearsals and cannot perform often enough. Black sunglasses, teased hair and "Blues Brothers" created a special atmosphere in the gym on Performing Arts day, and we were all rather proud to receive an invitation to play at the Naval Training Association launching of the tall ship "Leeuwin". However, the weather was not kind to us that day and instead of playing on the decks of a grand sailing ship, we had to settle for a damp, cold and decidedly "sheepish" shed.

The annual camp at Araluen for all music ensembles once again provided a time for some intensive music practice, and although some rehearsals seemed laborious, the results evident at the concert for parents on the Sunday made all the hard work seem worthwhile.

A picnic lunch and concert at the McCuskers' farm at Chittering provided a very successful way to raise the funds necessary to purchase new kilts for the Pipe Band. The Pipe, Concert and Stage Bands and the Orchestra all performed and showed the great variety in music at P.L.C.

The Concert Band is the nucleus from which the Marching and Stage Bands evolve, so anyone involved in the Concert Band soon finds herself busy with other ensembles. The Concert Band is still practising for a school concert that was to be held late in third term but due to Year Twelve examinations this concert has been

postponed until the last day for Year Twelves in fourth term. We will also be performing at Speech Night, as will the Stage Band.

This year we have successfully tried a new system of having a Drum Major as well as a Band Captain. Romola Buhler is our Drum Major and not only has she done a great job in the Marching Band, but she has made my job a lot easier and more fun. We have also started having Concert and Marching Band rehearsals on Tuesday and Friday mornings instead of Friday afternoons, a change for the better. It has been good to see the number of new and younger girls, many from the Training Band, joining the Bands over the year and I hope that they gain as much from their time in the Band as I have done.

Thank you to Mr James and Mr Rust for all their help and dedication to the Marching and Concert Bands throughout the year. A special thanks to Mr Rust for his patience and guidance with the Stage Band, which at times is a little hard to manage due to pure enthusiasm! And of course, thanks to all the girls who joined and gave their support.

Through the Band I have come to know many girls and teachers whom I perhaps would not have had the opportunity to meet if it were not for music. For this reason and many others I am extremely glad I decided to join Year Eight "Band Option" and can only hope that many other girls do likewise.

KELLY FITZGERALD



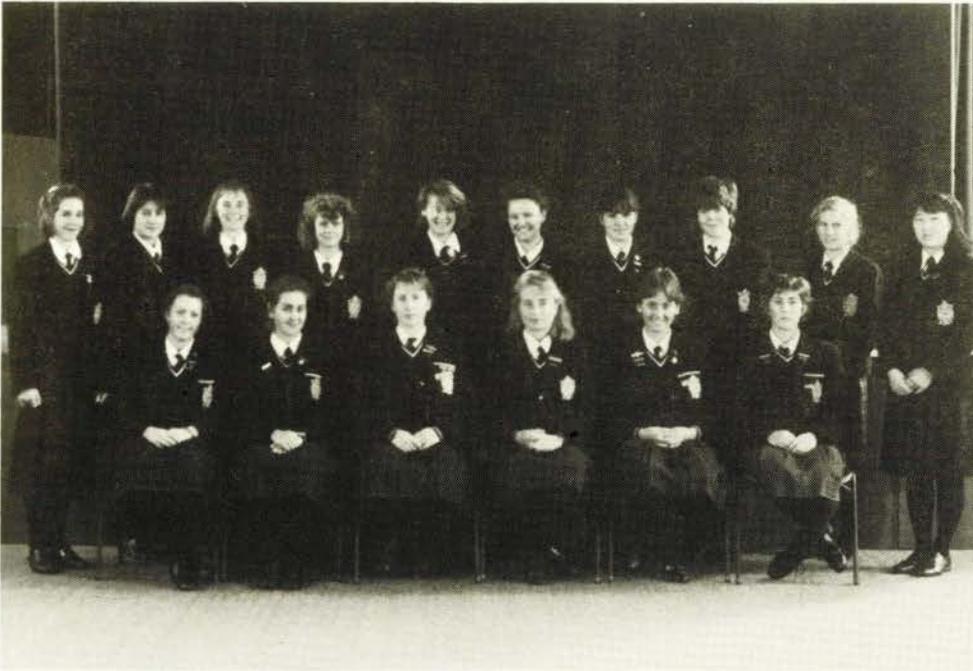
# Chorale Report

## CONCERT BAND



**Concert Band.** *Back:* J. Campbell, J. Toomey, K. Sindle, J. Farrell, J. Pidgeon, J. Harkness, A. Taylor, G. Evans. *2nd back:* J. Cerini, H. MacLeod, S. McAlwey, K. Gwynne, K. Stannage, K. Gara, S. Rankin, I. Taylor, J. Marschner, S. Owen. *2nd front:* B. Smith, H. Stimson, K. Luke, J. Bruce, E. Pidgeon, N. Muir, N. Manser, P. White, J. King. *Front:* C. Kennedy, P. Rollo, M. Nixon, K. Fitzgerald, R. Buhler, A. Clarke, C. Bunning.

## STAGE BAND



**Stage Band.** *Standing:* B. Gwynne, J. Pidgeon, N. Thunder, H. Stimson, K. McArthur, B. Smith, J. Bruce, F. Moir, K. Gara, M. Komatzu. *Seated:* A. Clarke, M. Nixon, R. Cotton, N. Muir, K. Fitzgerald, R. Buhler.

Presbyterian Ladies' College is extremely fortunate to have this talented Chorale group under the excellent guidance of Mrs M. Williamson, who has inspired all the members of the Chorale with her talent and expertise. The Chorale would not have excelled in their performances throughout the year without her guidance.

The Chorale's first performance for the year was competing in the Musical Eisteddfod on the 10th July, where we gained first place with a commendable score. Throughout the year we sang on various occasions including the School Service on 24th August when we sang "I Waited For the Lord" by Mendelsson. This was a very competent and enjoyable performance.

One of the Chorale's major public performances was a concert with the School Orchestra at St. Andrew's on the 10th August. Accompanied on the organ by Mr McNess, the Chorale sang "Stabat Mater" by Pergolesi. The concert was an enormous success and the Chorale's contribution was said to be outstanding. The praise given to the Chorale was a credit to those involved who contributed so much time. Fortunately the concert was recorded on tape and many copies have been sold.

The Chorale also sang at the Wesley Centre on the 17th September for the Uniting Church Missionary Women's Fellowship. Unfortunately the Year Twelves were pre-occupied with examinations, so could not attend. The Chorale's performance was once again of a high standard. On October 26th the Chorale will have another opportunity to display their talents in another performance at P.L.C. for the Soroptomists' Club, then our final performance for 1986 will be at Speech Night.

Many thanks must go to Mrs M. Page, our accompanist throughout the year, as well as to our very talented conductor, Mrs Williamson. Congratulations to all girls in the Chorale on their impressive performances. Each Chorale member has gained much pleasure as well as valuable experience from being in this ensemble. I only hope future Chorale members will benefit as much as we have done. Good luck, and keep those vital vocal chords vibrating!

KATHRYN McCUSKER

# Choir Report



**Choir.** *Back:* J. Sindle, E. Jackson, V. Stewart, S. Smith, H. Stimson, R. Cotton, A. Broerse, K. McCusker, J. Pidgeon, J. Toomey, V. Cornwall, J. Pocock, J. Sim, R. Moore. *2nd back:* R. Stone, S. Vaughan, K. Swinney, B. Smith, K. Argyle, R. Rorrison, A. Ilett, C. Aynsley, B. Gwynne, K. Stannage, A. Gorey, S. Jayaraman, N. Manser. *Centre:* K. Gwynne, S. Argyle, R. Davies, C. Kennedy, A. Matsen, E. Coupland, J. Kofman, V. Mathias, C. Pilmer, T. McBurney, S. Drandic, N. Broerse, B. Dalziell, C. Maisey. *2nd front:* S. Chadwick, J. Wong, K. Sindle, J. Farrell, G. Motherwell, K. Parker, N. Tostevin, F. Milne, K. Paish, I. Taylor, L. Thelander, M. Murray. *Front:* E. Wyche, G. Cotton, T. Sim, K. Hantke, R. Martin, A. Motherwell, M. Morris, C. McKellar, K. Oaten. *Absent:* E. Frichot, A. Taylor.

Although the Choir has not increased in numbers this year, it is encouraging to see that many new faces, particularly from the younger years, have replaced those who have left. As past records show, it is only the most dedicated singers who attend every Choir rehearsal; this year has been no exception. It is disappointing when there are absentees as the Choir needs full support from those who commit themselves at the beginning of the year.

The Choir's first public performance was at the School Easter Service on Sunday 8th June, when we sang "Were You There?" and special choral arrangements of "Amazing Grace". The dedication to the rebuilt and enlarged pipe organ was highlighted by the singing.

A major occasion for the Choir was the Annual School Service held on the 18th August. The Choir sang Psalm 150 by John Harper with expression and vigour, complemented by the organ. The Choir also added spirit to the service through their singing of the anthems and the lead they took in the hymn singing.

The Choir is rehearsing an impressive programme consisting of a selection of three pieces for Speech Night: "The Water is Wide", "How Merrily We Live" by Michael Este — an English Madrigal and "O Holy Night" by Adolph Adam. It has often been said that it is regrettable that the Choir is not given more opportunities to perform for other students. However, it is

anticipated that in 1987 Choir rehearsals will not be during assembly which will mean fewer interruptions during practice as well as an opportunity for the Choir to perform at assembly.

Many thanks must go to Mr McNess who conducts the Choir and has managed to establish a high standard of work. Thanks also

to our piano accompanist, Mrs Page, whose valuable assistance is appreciated.

Many thanks to all the members of the Presbyterian Ladies' College Choir for their efforts and achievements which have made 1986 an enjoyable music year.

KATHRYN McCUSKER, Choir Captain

## CHORALE



**Chorale.** *Back:* C. Wilson, K. Edis, A. Broerse, K. Hay, R. Kelsall, R. Cotton, B. Gwynne, K. Gwynne, H. Milne, A. Mercer. *Centre:* J. Toomey, K. Reid, I. Noble, B. Smith, L. Cohen, K. Whish-Wilson, H. Stewart, K. Argyle, M. Way, K. Godwin. *Front:* A. Thunder, J. Lang, H. Stimson, K. McCusker, E. Gasiorowski, K. Luke.

# Orchestra

## ORCHESTRA REPORT

The Orchestra this year has continued to flourish and improve. With the addition of a full wind section, plus more strings, the Orchestra has grown to nearly thirty players, a far cry from the numbers a few years ago!

Mr and Mrs Winstanley have once again been a great help and a fine example for the P.L.C. musicians to follow. We had the good fortune to have Mr G. Frey as a guest conductor for a period in third term and at camp his enthusiasm was greatly appreciated.

One of the highlights of this year was the opportunity to perform at Saint Andrew's in conjunction with the P.L.C. Chorale during third term. This was enjoyed by the players as well as the audience.

Good luck to the Year Twelves leaving the Orchestra. I hope that you have benefitted from your time with us as much as we have from your participation.

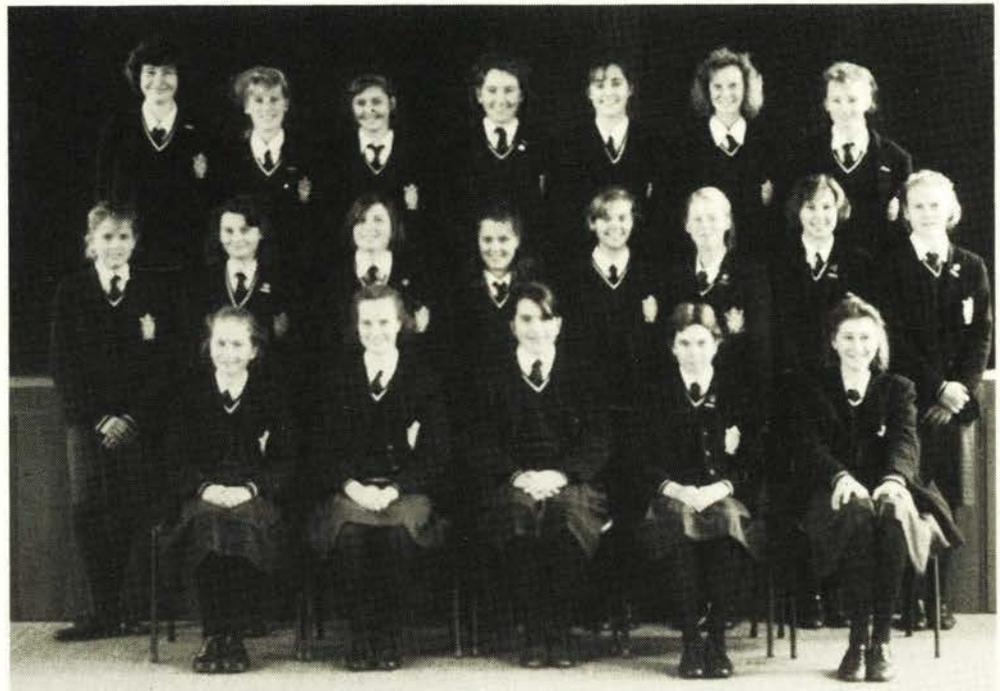
*BERNICE SMITH, Year 11*



**Orchestra.** Back: J. Bruce, D. Heggart, S. Smith, B. Gwynne, S. Vaughan, J. Sindle, M. Komatzu, J. Pidgeon. Centre: K. Sindle, H. Davis, J. Farrell, P. Plaistowe, L. Thelander, S. Ezekiel, F. Shoesmith, E. Pidgeon, R. Stone. Front: J. Plaistowe, A. Brackenridge, K. Hay, B. Smith, M. Brackenridge, K. McCusker.



## TRAINING BAND



**Training Band.** Back: C. Riemer, J. Lang, S. Blumann, P. Joyce, S. Murray, B. Somes, J. Foreman. Centre: R. Moore, L. Williams, J. Kopke, K. Thomas, M. Shaw, A. Gorey, R. Williams, J. Horrex. Front: R. Stone, C. McKellar, E. Henriques, S. Chadwick, L. Cohen.

# 1986 Pipe Band

After a tearful farewell to the Year Twelves in The Pipe Band at the 1985 Speech Night, we suddenly realised we were on our own now without the guidance we had had for the past four years.

The first test for the year saw us lined up along St. George's Terrace ready for the Anzac Day Parade which proved to be a tremendous start to the year.

The annual music camp held in July gave all members of the band an opportunity to improve playing and drill with the help of two very able instructors, "Ernie" and Malcolm.

The Mothers' Auxiliary kindly organized a picnic at Chittering to raise money for our uniforms. We would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the Band to express our sincere gratitude for their efforts. Glengarries and flashes have already been added to the uniform and kilts will arrive in the near future.

Other performances have included those at the Inter-House and Inter-School athletics, at Royal Perth Yacht Club, and at numerous massed band turn-outs with Fremantle Ladies' Highland Pipe Band.

We would also like to express our appreciation to our instructors, Mr and Mrs Jones and Mrs Miller for the time, enthusiasm and assistance that they have given to the Band throughout the year — "thank you!"

Lastly we would like to wish the Band luck for Speech Night and 1987 especially Debbie King (1987 Drum Major), Dorothy Hatch (1987 Pipe Major) and the leadstroke. We hope you have as much fun and support as we have had.

SALLY ROBSON, LISA TWIGG & REBECCA COTTON



**Pipe Band.** Back: P. Sorrell, J. Lord, B. Sampson, H. Stewart, A. Robson, D. King, S. Bowman, C. Sorensen. 2nd back: L. Lovelock, A. McKenzie, D. Skipworth, A. Hodgson, L. Nottle, S. Stewart, K. Coles, L. Newing. 2nd front: K. Reid, S. Ramsey, J. Reid, D. Hatch, D. Lefroy, F. Lapsley, S. Rigg, J. Cornwall. Front: A. Walker, L. Twigg, S. Robson, R. Cotton, J. Sandilands.



# Debating



**Inter-House Debating: Winners, Yrs 11/12 (Ferguson).** V. Arnold, J. Davenport, L. Sardelic.



**Inter-House Debating: Winners, Yr 10 (Stewart).** K. Hughes, N. Lee, K. Hay.



**Inter-House Debating: Winners, Yr 9 (McNeil).** B. Gwynne, K. Gwynne, B. Somes.



**Inter-House Debating: Winners, Yr 8 (Summers).** B. Bowling, H. Ralph, N. Telford.

## INTERHOUSE DEBATING

Well Debating ... yes ... quite an experience! Although it did mean nights of torment, meetings for inspiration, the churning out of speeches and the writing out of palmcards in English, I felt it was worthwhile. I enjoyed the team spirit and participating in rousing debates.

Everyone I have spoken to was impressed with the standard shown throughout the debates (of course they were impressed, what else could they say?). But I think it is true to say that P.L.C. debaters show enthusiasm and have much potential.

Rebuttal may sometimes be satisfying but is often demoralizing and I think P.L.C. debaters handled this section particularly well. I was amazed by the quick thinking and articulate speeches presented by the competitors.

It needs to be stressed that winning is not the main component in debating; there is much to be gained other than victory. Not only do the girls who participate attain greater self confidence, they also make a considerable contribution to their House.

Thank you to all concerned with the Debating and congratulations to all the competitors. I am sure the high standard shown this year will continue for many years to come.

LINDY SARDELIC

## INTERSCHOOL DEBATING

The 1986 Debating season began with many new additions to our Interschool Debating Club. We had enough girls to make up at least four junior teams and two senior teams. Unfortunately, we could only enter two junior teams as well as one senior team in the W.A.D.L. competition.

Under the organization of two junior captains, Lucy Williams and Annaliese Chapman, each junior member managed to get at least one social or formal Inter-School debate. All junior teams did quite well, gaining a lot of experience and visibly improving as the year went on. The senior teams also managed to score some victories, but were defeated when it came to seven minute "impromptus"!

After the W.A.D.L. competition finished, Miss Ross organized a series of social debates for us. Miss Ross was also a source of encouragement and help throughout the year. Without her and Mrs Haustead, our debating club would not exist.

Many thanks to all the parents but more importantly, the girls themselves. Thankyou to all Debating Club members who gave up so much time and effort to keep P.L.C. debating up to its high standard. 1987 looks very promising!

SUSIE GIBBS, Year 11

## RESULTS OF FINALS

Year 8: Summers defeated Carmichael  
Topic: "That variety is the spice of Life".  
Best Speaker: Holly Ralph (Summers)

Year 9: McNeil defeated Stewart  
Topic: "That we should slow down".

**Inter-School Debating.** Back; J. Roe, S. Jayaraman, J. Pidgeon, L. Williams, C. McCloy. Centre; S. Gibbs (Capt.), E. Pidgeon, J. Farrell, A. Andrew. Front: V. Stewart, A. Chapman, E. Waddell.

Best Speaker: Vanessa Stewart (Stewart)

Year 10: Stewart defeated Carmichael  
Topic: "Nothing succeeds like excess".  
Best Speaker: Talia Edelman (Carmichael)

Year 11 & 12: Ferguson defeated McNeil  
Topic: "Australia needs a benevolent dictator".  
Best Speakers: Victoria Arnold (Ferguson) & Lindy Sardelic (Ferguson)



# Public Speaking

## INTERHOUSE PUBLIC SPEAKING

The Inter-House Public Speaking Competition held late in third term of this year, as always, displayed the talent of many P.L.C. girls. The adjudicator for the finals was Mr John Bednall, formerly Deputy Principal and an English teacher at All Saints' College. Mr Bednall, who has been involved in Public Speaking for some years, was most impressed by the standard at P.L.C. The finals provided great variety, interest and entertainment, with the winners in each year coming first by a relatively narrow margin.

In Year Eight, Naomi Telford of Summers House defeated Bianca Hartz of Carmichael House, both speaking on the topic "We're All in the Same Boat."

Year Nines spoke on the question of "Does History Repeat Itself?" with Lucy Williams of Ferguson House defeating Siobhan Blumann of Summers House.

Due to unfortunate circumstances, Kim Hughes of Stewart House was forced to forfeit the Year Ten round to Lucette Gates of Summers House. Though Lucette was therefore automatically the winner, she provided the audience with a sincere and intelligent speech on "The Prime of Life."

Year Elevens discussed "the Lost Art of Conversation" and Joanna Farrell of McNeil House defeated Bernice Smith of Carmichael, each giving a very different style of speech.

The Year Twelve Public Speaking was won by Lindy Sardelic of Ferguson House, who narrowly defeated Anna Robson of Carmichael, on what proved rather an interesting topic — "A Survival Package for Human Beings."

Congratulations must go not only to the winners but to all participants for providing such good competition. The overall results were:

- 1st — Ferguson House
- 2nd — Summers House
- 3rd — Carmichael House

To the girls involved in Public Speaking this year — congratulations on a job well done and best of luck to those who will be doing it in the future.

ANNA ROBSON



## INTERSCHOOL PUBLIC SPEAKING

P.L.C. students are encouraged to participate in externally conducted Public Speaking Competitions which are held on a State-wide basis, and which are a valuable experience for all participants. These competitions not only provide an opportunity for students to express themselves verbally and to gain confidence in doing so in front of an audience but they also provide opportunities to listen to some excellent speakers, to experience external adjudication, to visit a number of other schools and to develop friendships with competitors from many different centres. Success in the competitions results in a feeling of achievement for P.L.C. and thanks must go to Mrs Hetherington for her encouragement and assistance to P.L.C.

competitors, as well as to Miss Barr for her interest and attendance at State Finals involving P.L.C. entrants.

This year, the number — and quality — of entrants from P.L.C. was high and students participated in Rostrum Voice of Youth, Jaycees Public Speaking Competition and the Plain English Speaking Award.

Kylie Baxter was P.L.C.'s representative in this year's Jaycees competition. In the Junior section of Rostrum, Lucette Gates and Bronte Somes each reached the quarter finals. In the Senior section, Jenny Toomey reached the quarter finals and Jane Davenport and Joanna

Farrell represented P.L.C. in the State Final where Joanna was runner-up to Melissa Hansen of St. Mary's.

The State Final of the Plain English Speaking Award was held at the Merlin on Monday 18th August. Congratulations to Lindy Sardelic on her outstanding success in this award. Lindy won the finals with a lively and inventive speech called "My Destiny". She represented P.L.C. and Western Australia in the National Finals, and although she did not win she was a credit to her School and her home State.

JOANNA FARRELL

*Editor's Note:* Lindy's speech is printed at the beginning of the Literature section.

# The Boyfriend

The 'try-outs' for *The Boyfriend* took place at Christ Church Grammar School before the end of the 1985 school year. For most it was surprising that the songs could be heard above the knocking knees as we were subjected to the terrors of our first audition. The agony was thankfully shortlived and a cast of forty-four boys and girls was chosen. This left only the worry of first rehearsals, but the summer holidays were approaching so any apprehension was thrust into the background.

1986 . . . and the first *Boyfriend* rehearsal schedules appeared with dire threats for potential absentees. Girls were 'married off to their prescribed partners and the prospect of holding hands for the first time had to be endured by all. During the first term there was more laughter than working as Mrs Ivers took on the near-impossible task of teaching us the dance steps. There were a few times when the girls had to be supported by the boys and it was more than once that a hapless male found himself sinking beneath his partner's delicate frame. The script also lent itself to a few delighted snickers, particularly when the first kiss between the main characters was performed, but soon such moments became mere routine.

As second-term rehearsals began the acts sometimes seemed to be coming together; at

other times they were noticeably falling apart at the seams. Under the supervision of Mrs Smeulders, costume fittings also started and we were constantly implored to 'work harder' as the performance date loomed near. By now we could do a passable imitation of the Charleston and our facial muscles ached with smiling. At last the task of staging the musical did not seem such an impossible feat to achieve.

On the 5th of May, our first performance, the scene backstage was somewhat chaotic. Thanks to the wonderful help of the backstage people, however, we were made-up, dressed and pointed in the direction of the stage.

Over the five nights there were no major catastrophes, and the audience enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The efforts of the lighting, prop and costume crews were brilliant and thanks to Mrs Ivers and to Mr Bates and Mrs Ife from Christ Church, *The Boyfriend* proved a great success. Of course the cast were also superb, with all of us finding talents we never thought we possessed. *The Boyfriend* was great fun to rehearse and finally to perform and the question we found ourselves asking when it was over was "So what do we do now? Homework?"

KATE McARTHUR



# House Play Competition

"Two more days — and our cast still don't know their lines", moaned the McNeil Arts Captain. The others reassured her: "We're going to come last, I just know it!" "Oh, no way!" "Ours, definitely." "Err — you obviously haven't seen ours yet!"

They did tell us to hold our auditions in 1985 so that the cast could learn lines over Christmas, but, of course, two weeks into first term most of the Arts Captains were just beginning to look for their plays. The late start, followed by disputes over who should have Carmichael Hall for rehearsals, missing actresses and the general tendency not to learn lines, made certain persons around the school terribly hard to live with.

As the dreaded day drew closer, tempers became increasingly fractious. Arts Captains were in a perpetual state of panic. None believed that her play (variously described as "pathetic", "appalling", "weak") would be up to performance standard in time. How could it be, with no costumes, no props and no-one knowing the lines? However, as in previous years, the sleepless nights and tearing of hair were predictable but not really necessary. The adjudicator, Mr Chris Edmunds, commented on the high standard of performance and direction in this year's House Play Competition. An improvement to the previous system was the scheme of making an award to the Best Actress and runner-up within each House, as well as deciding on the Best Actress, Best Director and Best Play overall. It was thought that this change would allow more recognition of talent and increase interest.

The first play on the first night of the competition was Baird's *Toad on Trial*, directed by Joanna Harkness. The Toad — Alex Easton — won the award for Best Actress, while the runner-up was Fleur Bushell, the policeman.

Next was Summers' *Mrs Thally F*, an ambitious play directed by Judy Hele, about a young woman who poisons two husbands. Isadora Noble, who played the main role, was Best Actress and Kate Edis was runner-up. (Due to Judy's skilful direction, talented performers and backstage crew, Summers' play was later declared runner-up in the House Play Competition).

*The Vagabond Vampire* was directed by Ferguson's Mischa Way. Cate England and Lindy Sardelic played two vampires who save themselves from eviction from their old home and in the process solve a murder. Lindy Sardelic's inspired performance as Voracia gained her the award for Best Actress, while Marina Eftos was runner-up.

The second night of the Competition began

with Carmichael's *Commercial Break*, directed by Anna Robson. This was an entertaining situation comedy about a dilemma in an advertising company. Sally Robson and Kerri Whish-Wilson were Best Actress and runner-up respectively.

Anna Brackenridge directed the second play presented on this night, McNeil's *Interview*, an absurdist play which makes a comment — through language, mask and movement — on the clichés of modern society. **Editor's note:** *This production turned out to be the outstanding success of the Competition, winning not only the award for Best Play overall, but also the Best Actress award (for Michaela Brackenridge) and the one for Best Director (for Anna).*

Last but by no means least, as they say, was Stewart's *Happy Endings* directed by Erin Stretch. This amusing play featured Olivia Turner in the role of Faust. Her performance earned her the award for Best Actress while Fiona Hain, as the devil, was runner-up.

## Year Ten Community Programme

This year the Year Ten Religious Education programme received a facelift. The programme, re-named "Personal Growth and Community Awareness", aimed primarily to take the teachings of Jesus out of the classroom into the 'real world'. (For some students this was not always a happy experience.) Each student was placed within a different area of service and placements were made at institutions for the aged as well as centres catering for all kinds of needs, ranging from the care of migrant infants to packaging and distribution of food. Other girls helped with Riding for the Disabled. It is hoped that, through this programme, the girls will have gained some insight into the needs of our community and, through this, a feeling of care and responsibility for those less active or less fortunate than themselves.

I would like to thank all the mothers who made themselves available to drive the girls to their placements, and I would like to appeal to the mothers of future Year Tens for their support. This programme will only work if we have your help.

M. ZAYAN (School Chaplain)

Thank you to all the teachers who assisted in the organization of the Competition, and to all those on and off the stage — congratulations for making the 1986 House Plays a wonderful success.

MICHAELA BRACKENRIDGE

## Boardwalk

At the beginning of the year we started getting ready to think about being inspired to produce some brilliantly wonderful works of art for BOARDWALK 1986. (Boardwalk is a non-competitive festival of original pieces of drama).

This year all the Year Ten Theatre Arts classes entered. There were four plays: *All the Lonely People*, *Replay*, *Aftershock* and *Hometime for Sweethearts*. These were performed at the BOARDWALK Regional Festival where *Aftershock* was selected by the BOARDWALK organizers to be performed again in the Central Festival. (This play portrays the thoughts and feelings of people in a bomb shelter during a nuclear attack and everyone who saw it could see why it had been selected).

We also performed all four plays in Carmichael Hall one evening so that parents and friends could see our work. They were, as anticipated, suitably impressed.

Looking back, each group still maintains that their play was really the best, but one thing upon which we are all agreed is that Miss Ross put in a lot of effort, inspiring us to do our very best work and she deserves a huge thank you. Accordingly: THANKS MISS ROSS from everyone in BOARDWALK.

PRUE PLAISTOWE



**Boardwalk.** Back: D. Barr, M. McLoughlin, Miss S. Ross, J. Kofman, K. Argyle. Centre: K. Oaten, S. Kidd, R. Denman. Front: G. Henwood, G. Evans. Absent: I. Stokes-Hughes, J. Cerini, T. Baldwin.

# An Australian Christmas Carol



Refrain 4<sup>th</sup> verse



Refrain



The bright star rose twinkling, above the little town.  
It shone over sleeping Bethlehem,  
And in the stable lay,  
Amongst the manger hay,  
The son of God, our Jesus Christ.

The birth of Christ heralded the coming of the King,  
The glorious Saviour of mankind,  
And all across the earth,  
They recognised his birth,  
Australia, Halleluiah.

Refrain One: All across the world the people rejoiced  
Celebrating Mary's son on Christmas Day.

Refrain One.

Away in Australia, the never-never land,  
The animals saw the star shining,  
And they all wondered why  
The star was in the sky,  
The symbol of the birth of Christ,

Surrounding the billabong, the bunyips' song rang  
out,  
The bush creatures echoed their refrain  
The brolgas leapt and pranced,  
They dipped and bowed and danced,  
While underneath the shining star . . .

Refrain Two.  
Refrain One.

Refrain Two: Over in Australia bunyips all sang,  
Celebrating Christmas Day in dreamtime land.



**LITERATURE**

# My Destiny

It's a jungle out there . . .

Yesterday, after a day of widening my horizons and expanding my knowledge of the world I was mentally exhausted. You see, I visualize my brain as a rubber band. It can only take so much expansion and then, at a certain point, it becomes perished and eventually it SNAPS.

So here I am walking to the bus stop with my rubberband near breaking point, my eyes twitching and my muscles in spasms. There's the bus stop, that concrete tower of strength, the monument that makes the little hairs on my arms upright. But where are the crowds? Where are the millions of girls milling around the bus stop like ants devouring a cheezel? Am I going to be able to board the bus luxuriously unaccompanied? No, they all seemed to come from nowhere, like a pack of apaches.

Suddenly, I was enveloped in a mass of screaming, impatient and *strong* girls.

The bus was seen over the horizon. Breathing space was reduced. The bus stopped at the bus stop, the doors opened, and I wondered about the certainty of my destiny.

In attempting to establish my authority as a senior I cried, "Don't push!" But to no avail. The only reaction I got was from a pair of towering Year Tens:

"Did you say anything just then?"

"No".

"Oh, must have been one of those Year Twelves."

"Oh, yes aren't they cute with their little hands and feet?"

Not quite the response I had intended. When I was in my younger years at high school I was awestruck by our Year Twelves. To me they seem like full-bosomed women. How we've changed over the years.

So here I am, in the middle of this surging mass of bodies and I wonder to myself, what am I doing here? Why should I be subjected to such horror? And then it came. That's right, I'm here to get a little piece of paper proving I have passed Year Twelve, a little piece of paper that puts me on the pathway to my destiny. But what will be my destiny? Do I want to be highly acclaimed in my chosen profession with thousands of accolades giving testimony to the fact? Or do I want to be a real career woman and get asked to go on the Ray Martin Show to try and explain my success? But, most of all, do I want to be wonderfully, incredibly, filthy rich? Alas, no, that's not really what I want. I want something more out of life, something that is indefinable, something that cannot be described simply in a word such as "fame" or "wealth". Instead one needs an eight minute speech to explain, or attempt to explain.

Anyway, I finally boarded the school bus, totally harassed and dishevelled. Through some amazing act of God I managed to find a seat — and I stuck to that seat like toffee. After about three elbows in the ear, five kicks in the shin, four bags in my face and *one* sorry, this journey ended and I got on my connecting bus.

This bus, being a public bus, was far more civilized. As I boarded I felt somewhat relieved to see the general riff raff that was already seated compared to the terrible *mob* I had just encountered. I took up my place and started the usual ritual of staring intensely out of the window at nothing and then scrutinizing anyone else who had the cheek to board the bus. More people boarded, the bus ROARED to a start (making my cheeks wobble) and off we went.

I find this time on the bus a good time to reflect on all the events of the day, to sit back and consider what has happened. Yesterday a strong theme in my thoughts was the view of education of some teachers and students. All I had heard all day was, "If you don't work hard in your exams you'll fail and if you fail you won't be able to continue on to any tertiary institution. You'll miss out." And I thought to myself, surely there are other things in life that you don't *need* a university degree to achieve. Surely my whole life won't be devastated if I fail. Surely if I don't do well in *one* set of exams it won't mean that my entire life will be a failure. For example, let us consider the humble cat who is totally oblivious to the scores required to get into Uni. Yet I'm sure that a cat would get just as much satisfaction, if not more, from decapitating a mouse as I would in getting a pass mark for Maths.

Another example, on a more serious and realistic level, is that of my grandmother and thousands . . . millions . . . like her, who, because of war and political upheavals, have been forced to migrate to countries completely different from their own. Literally thrown into another culture, these people did not have the privilege of education and yet they have achieved so much. Perhaps their achievements are not documented but they are embodied in the lives of their children. Without my grandmother I would never have had the opportunities available to me today. This is what she fought for and *this* is what has given her a sense of achievement.

The idea I'm really trying to express is that I don't have that same growing hysteria felt by some of my peers to educate themselves so that their lives will be worthwhile. It is almost as if they want to cram a library of information into their minds that will last them for the rest

of their lives. For instance, Sebastian wishes to be a lawyer so he plans to go to university, put heavy stress on his little grey cells and then, at the end of it, be guaranteed a fulfilling life. Now, I don't want you to presume that I think tertiary education is futile, I don't, I think it's very important but it's not *vital*. It's not the ticket to a life of security and happiness. To me there's more to life than being "educated". Life is experiencing the world around us and learning to enjoy our existence. Life cannot be structured; things sometimes happen as they please. We can't organize fate; we can only appreciate what it gives us.

So this is what was on my mind as I continued on my journey home. The bus heaved and came to a standstill at rarely frequented bus stop, causing much disruption of the rabble. The person who had perpetrated this incident was a grand old lady who boarded the bus with much confidence and dignity. I examined her face intently and in her eyes there seemed to be evidence of some worldly knowledge; this old lady knew what life was about and knew what to expect from it.

The bus surged forward only to stop again at another bus stop. This time the perpetrator was a troublesome youth. The busdriver in all his wisdom, interrogated the young man, to find he was in possession of a dud Multi-rider. Now to have a dud Multi-rider on an MTT bus is like an Arab walking into Heathrow airport carrying a violin case. The bus driver, being extremely difficult and dutifully diligent, informed the occupants of the bus that he required a witness to give his or her signature, stating that he or she had been present at the scene of the crime. He first confronted the grand old lady because she seemed to have such an amiable nature:

"Err, Madam, would you mind obliging?"

"Sorry, but I hate men".

Well, the bus driver was dumbfounded; the general riff raff was astounded; the troublesome youth had a silent victory. And I? I thought, that's it. That's what I want. I want to be able to say something like *that* and get away with it. I want to be recognized as "qualified" to have an opinion, to have experienced life sufficiently to be able to comment on it and have people listen and accept that that's what I think. I want to be acknowledged for who I am and who I'll always be.

LINDY SARDELIC

# The Spider

The prince of Patience in his Kingdom of  
geometric perfection  
His silken throne of perfect symmetry, eight  
hairy feet sensing any movement  
He waits alone, a fine onyx jewel on a delicate  
tapestry.  
He waits.  
The lacy lair; an invitation to a small winged  
guest.  
His eight feet tentative; his round, thrice-  
segmented body poised.

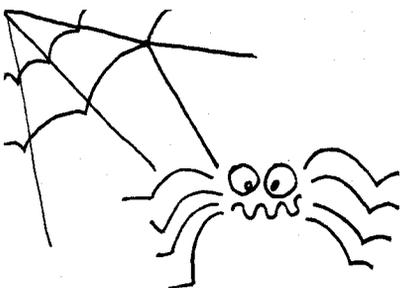
Care butterfly, care gay creature, take care you  
flippant fragile princess  
Draped in your jewel-bright velvet cloak. Your  
flirty flutterings  
Will draw you to your doom.  
Your prince awaits, his snapped-twig legs  
Brace his body as you blithely, innocently  
sacrifice yourself to his cunning.

Confusion, terror — a creature trapped.  
He watches her.  
Enmeshing undulations of torment as he  
stealthily, slowly approaches.  
He observes the situation, sensitive cilia  
trembling, mandibles poised.  
The Black Prince, quicker than the eye can  
see, claims his princess  
Paralyses her and watches for a moment,  
Like an anaesthetist before an operation.

The waiting over, the deadly kill achieved,  
The Executioner Prince  
Prepares his prize to be worthy of his superior  
evolution.  
Quickly, as if afraid of his princess being  
stolen away,  
He wraps her in silk — around and around,  
until she is totally enveloped.  
His precious reward, his insurance, this silk-  
wrapped princess,  
His own.

He inspects his work, this deathly parcel, and  
takes it stealthily away  
To his lair.  
Then back in his forest of gossamer and lace  
He waits.  
The black Prince of Patience, he waits alone.  
Who will visit this royal throne?

*BROOKE SHELDON, Year 9  
(Prizewinner 1986 Young Writers' Competition)*



# The Little Darling

She was devious, cunning and clever. Ever  
since she was able to distinguish people's  
attitudes to pretty, smiling, good little girls she  
had managed to appear to be one. "Who spilt  
the milk?" her mother would ask when she was  
only little. "It wasn't me Mummy darling. I  
wouldn't make a mess like that, don't you know  
Mummy. It must have been John or Sue. They're  
so clumsy".

She would smile her sweet smile and  
innocence would shine from her eyes. Yes, the  
time spent in front of the mirror practising just  
that smile was worth every minute. It never  
failed. Mummy loved her more than anyone else.  
Daddy thought she was the most wonderful  
creature ever to exist and she was determined  
to keep things just the way they were, whatever  
it took to do it.

She hated Bob. The man who kept calling  
to see Mummy. Mummy went all silly and smiley  
and didn't want to talk to her. Mummy shushed  
her out of the house and it wasn't fair that  
horrid Bob took all of Mummy's attention. It  
was bad enough when John and Sue came home  
for the weekends and she had to allow some  
of Mummy's attention to be spent on them,  
but this awful Bob-man came in during the week  
— her time. He never came when Daddy was  
home. Daddy wouldn't let Mummy shush her  
out of the house. She hated Bob.

One night she heard them shouting at each  
other. They never used to do that before Bob  
came. She heard Daddy shout very loudly, slam  
the front door and drive off. Daddy didn't come  
back after that night.

She sat in her tree house and thought about  
how lovely everything had been before bad Bob  
came to visit Mummy. If only Bob went away,  
everything would be the same as before. Bob  
had to go and never come back, then she would  
have Mummy, and Daddy would come home  
and everything would be nice, nice, nice.

Bob tried to be nice. He bought her nice  
toys. Nice chocolates and toffees. Nice party  
dresses. He even tried to tell her, nicely, that  
he was going to be her Daddy soon and wouldn't  
that be nice.

She never smiled at Bob, only at Mummy.  
She looked at Bob with narrow eyes; calculating,  
devious and cunning.

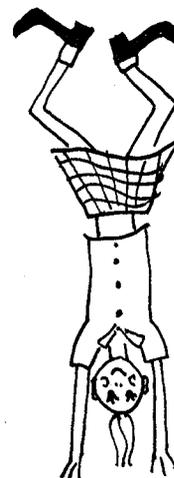
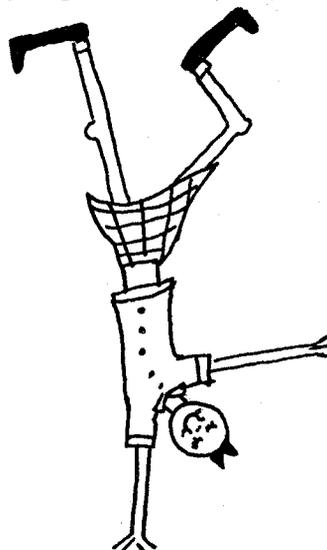
She was the flower girl when Mummy married  
Bob. Everyone thought she looked so pretty.  
Such a lovely, charming little girl. She stood  
in front of Mummy and Bob whenever the  
photographer came along. Everyone thought  
she was so sweet.

She was desperately thinking — all the time;  
whilst Aunties were kissing her, whilst the flash  
bulbs were popping, whilst Mummy and Bob  
started the dancing. Thinking that it might not  
be too late. Not too late to mend all the horrid  
things that had happened. She was happy with  
Mummy and Daddy and she was so very loved  
with Mummy and Daddy and she liked it like  
that. Bob was not nice, not nice at all to mess  
everything up so badly, just as she had it all  
going how she wanted it.

John and Sue didn't understand. They were  
only home weekends and holidays, and anyway,  
Mummy and Daddy obviously didn't love them  
much at all, not when they had her to love  
so much.

She had a plan. Such a clever plan.  
Everything was going to be lovely again,  
because she was going to make it lovely. She  
could do it, she always had done everything  
she wanted. This would be the most important  
thing she had ever done so she must think it  
all out very well and not mess it up.

She went into the garden, into the green  
house. Where was it that silly old Wilbur kept



the stuff? The stuff he told her not to go near because it was bad. So bad that only a little could make you go to sleep forever. He used it for the nasty caterpillars and bugs on the roses. She took out of her dilly bag the little plastic envelope she had brought with her, and filled it with a little of the stuff and went back into the house where everyone was still dancing and smiling at each other. She noticed in the mirror that the cold night air had made her cheeks glow pink and thought it made her look even more lovable.

"When are they going to drink the toast?" she asked. "Soon, dear. Do you want to be in the picture too? Ha, isn't she *sweet*?"

She tied a little white satin ribbon around the stem of one champagne glass and a little pink ribbon around the other one and in the one with the white ribbon she put some of the stuff from the garden. It was almost clear when she poured some champagne in both glasses. She couldn't tell which was the special one, except for the dainty, pretty, little ribbon bows tied around them.

"Mummy," she called. Mummy came and took her pink ribboned glass. She looked at Bob, smiled her sweetest smile at him and called "Daddy". Bob came over and took his white ribboned glass.

"Photographer," someone called. He came, and everyone crowded around her, Bob and Mummy with their own glasses of champagne.

"Congratulations," everyone called as Mummy and Bob raised their glasses and to her horror twined their arms around each other while he drank from Mummy's glass and Mummy drank from Bob's. She screamed and fainted.

When she awoke she was in her bed, Bob was standing over her telling her something very terrible. "It's all right sweetheart, I'll look after you now. Mummy has gone to sleep forever".

AMBER SHELDON, Year 10

## THE WIND

A small, cold wind glares down at the trees like a wet cat on a shelf.

Rain sprinkles on the leaves as it shakes its coat.

The grey clouds are plastered to its body and the sun glistens yellow through its angry eyes.

The sun's warmth spreads golden over the treetops, and the wind-cat becomes but a shimmering mist.

EMMA COUPLAND, Year 12

## M.A.D. — MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION

Destruction.  
Death,  
Desolation.

A Nuclear Winter rages over our small planet.  
Thriving communities of the human race are reduced to ash  
By the flick of a switch!!

Urbanised areas are vapourised,  
Innocent people carbonized,  
Buildings and buses atomized and the survivors are dazed.  
Supersonic winds now govern the planet,  
That place we call home, that species of Man HOMO-SAPIENS  
Alas, he is no more.

What is left? the last inhabitants,  
A pathetic reminder of what  
That animal had created and achieved.  
Of course, the ultimate killing weapon,  
Of course, the nuclear machine.

That bomb, created to destroy,  
To crush, to maim, to kill, the pain,  
The figment of one's imagination,  
The reality of those insane.

That unstable isotope,  
Yes, Uranium 235,  
Inserted with the utmost care, then fired,  
Into the heavens — and dropped from the sky.  
The savage ironies of  
The Nuclear Arms Race  
Mutually Assured Destruction.  
"Get with the strength,  
Don't hinder the pace."

Strategic advantage,  
Diplomatic control,  
Security decreasing,  
No relations at all.

The threat of one thousand Hiroshimas —  
A firestorm, a fireball,  
Radiation, malnutrition,  
Devastation. A wall  
That separates man from beast,  
The beast of superpowers content.

What was the price paid to fill the arsenals  
to help counter-balance that evil threat?

BELINDA MILLEN, Year 10

## LESSON CHANGE

Dull thump and shuffle, steps  
as voices swell  
cascading over balconies  
with increasing insistence

Nearer now the vibration  
of running feet,  
raised wails singing  
over the clatter-rattle of locker doors.  
A wave surging forward  
passing on  
leaving stragglers wading  
desperately in different directions  
Frantic football  
tick  
of  
seconds  
and silence slamming doors.

KATE McARTHUR, Year 11



## STAIRS

The stairwell stands enticingly.  
Its stairs are all dressed in a dull, grey uniform.  
Identical, one by one, they beckon for people to follow them  
Wherever they lead.  
But it is not a game that they are playing,  
Pied Pipers of Hamelin, all of them  
They lead down, endlessly:  
Usherettes guiding you down or up, but deserting you at your destination.  
Don't trust them, don't follow them  
Or you'll turn to see them towering over you,  
Laughing at you, and you'll have to climb up again.

HELEN DAVIS, Year 11  
Merit Prize, 1986 Young Writers' Competition

# No Life Knew That

"The school ground was in a deathly silence and in the classroom everyone sat rigid and still. They were waiting, waiting, waiting. They hoped for some news, however the bright flashes on the horizon never ceased. If the phone rang it meant that the war was at an end and peace would reign once again. The alternative they would not know about until the bright light and hot fire rolled like a ball across the land; only then would they see it but then it would be too late.

The dread showed on each face; the hollowness was felt on each stomach. Their lives were in another's hands, their world's destiny depended solely on the outcome of a few hours. Yet had it not taken billions upon billions of years of progress this far? It was a dreadful thought that just one finger on one button could terminate all forms of life, terminate all other thoughts that might have followed.

A long-haired girl, thin and shaking, began whimpering, and then another few of the youngsters started sobbing. They were eerie, long-drawn-out sobs which expressed false hope and despair. A pretty young teacher tried to quieten them, but her own fear showed and it was no use. They thought of their families and wanted to be with them if they died, but no one wished to be caught outside if it happened.

'It', it was always called 'it' and no one spoke of what 'it' was in context, because they all knew what 'it' was. How strange for such a deadly destroyer to be called just a word with two letters, and yet all men, women and children dreaded its small but unhappy name of only four letters.

The children in the hot and sticky classroom began singing. The small and hoarse voices were loud at first while the children were trying to forget, but the song became softer as the children gradually lost their voices and again thought of their families.

The child nearest the window saw it first and her cry was enough to call up death and swallow all life in one gulp. The seconds in which the others glanced through the glass, as the bright light flashed and zoomed upwards before exploding and spreading a ripple of glowing yellow heat around the land, were extremely long. They saw it coming and it was on and around them before they could think about moving. The classroom glowed yellow for maybe three seconds and the heat shrivelled and burnt their bodies. Flesh peeled back like ripe bananas, and their fingers and toes were welded together by the searing heat. They all struggled to live and in their minds their world lay before them. They wondered why their fathers were constantly in battle for some land, which was now useless to anyone, and yet their children were sacrificed for this selfish greed. In their innocence they tried to live — but died painfully.

Nearly thirty hours after the bomb the classroom was grey and brown. A few scorched remains of the small bodies littered the floor and metal objects glowed a deep blood red in the dark shadows. A blanket of thick brown dust covered the classroom from top to bottom and there was a strong taste of fumes in the air. There were no voices — silence, silence was like an evil mist over the land yet it was broken for the last time.

A small figure shifted in the most sheltered part of the room. He was no more than six years old, and yet the skin on his body was badly burnt and shrivelled like that of an old man. His small head turned feebly around. He could not see out his right eye and when he felt for it it was not there. There was only a hole and a scorched flap of skin. He could not understand or realize what had happened to him, and he was lost in his mind for several minutes. What he had seen was a nightmare world, the corner of someone's mind where all evil and horror is stored. But then, sadly and

in confusion, he remembered and searched the smouldering remains of the room with his remaining sight. He recognized nothing until his gaze fell upon a part of a face remaining on a burnt skull — it was his brother's. — Reality suddenly speared his mind. The small spark of life drained out of him and he sank to the floor and joined the others.

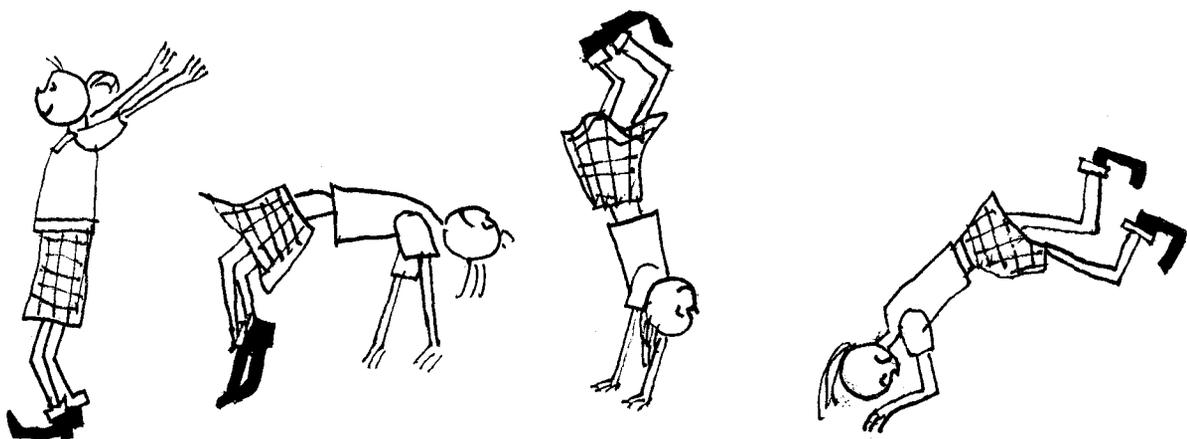
Silence crept back and remained. Violence was dead but no life knew that."

The speaker climbed down from the pulpit, and the assembly of students shuffled uncomfortably on the floor. They were dismissed and, as usually, walked out in single file until they got within a short distance of the classrooms. Like a swarm of bees they then exploded in all directions, with not a care in the world. A small boy passed near the balcony where the teacher who had read the 'thoughts for the day' in assembly, stood. The teacher was sad as he looked down upon the students below. He had meant to shock them and yet their attitude to life remained the same — they carried on in the same manner. He witnessed two boys in a scuffle — kicking, punching — and he saw the look of hatred in their eyes. Stopping the small child that was passing he asked him. "What did you think of the story that I read out then?"

"It was quite interesting, sir, a bit sad but then not as good as *Threads* or that film we saw last week."

The teacher looked into the eyes of this young, innocent child and observed his physical appearance. He was shocked at the attitude of such a young person. What did the world's future hold if the following generations reacted like this to such a horrific description? He let the child go and pondered the question.

KATHRYN HEATON, Year 10



# Memoir

I had absolutely no conception of what was happening at the time. Living was divided into the adult world and Mine. Mine was one of simplicity. Things either happened or didn't happen; answers were 'yes' or 'no'; the weather was sunny or cloudy. There were no restrictions because nothing I did or said needed restricting — it was unnecessary in My world. But perhaps it is only in retrospect that I see My world as such a simple, smooth one.

It wasn't often the adult world intersected with Mine. Occasionally I would be reprimanded. It would never be anything serious but merely a factor in the learning process. My first year at school was a major intersection with the adult world — it was in fact my pathway to the 'other' world. But the collision of My world and the 'other', which impressed me the most was during my mother's sickness.

I was too young to be able to define sickness. Sickness to me was a cold, German measles, the mumps; I even classified a broken limb as an illness. Sickness wasn't something you worried about, "You'll get over it," was the reassuring answer.

Hospitals were exciting places. I had never been to one but I'd see one on the 'telly'. There were lots of friendly people there; doctors and nurses. My cousin and I had played that lots of times. They held no fear for us; in fact they were quite amiable — a bit like Mr and Mrs, Mum and Dad... doctors and nurses. Hospital was just the doctors' and nurses' home. There was certainly nothing to fear about hospitals. Besides, no one ever died in the hospital on the 'telly'. I think Death was the ultimate fear instilled in children of my age at the time. The 'adult world' insisted on relating Death to our lives. It was a threat — "Don't play with spiders, because if they bite you, you'll die." But Death was not reality. At six years old, no one ever died, not your family or friends even your old decrepit grandparents didn't die — they just went away. Death didn't affect you in My world.

The thing which made me appreciate my mother's sickness was that I had to stay with Aunt Mary and her family. This was not an extreme abnormality because it was quite usual for me to stay at their house or one of my cousins at my home for a night — that was always fun. But this time I took a suitcase and had a proper bed instead of just a mattress on the floor.

It did not take long for me to establish that it was a different visit to Mary's this time. And I knew I was there because Mum — she was sick. I often heard Mary talk to my uncle or her friends about "poor old Margaret". I was looking into the adult world from Mine and it was as if there was a glass partition between

our two worlds which distorted my view and took away from my understanding of the situation.

Her sickness was not one I was familiar with. I knew about chicken pox because Jana Reed got it on her second day of school and Jimmy Barker had to go home one day because he had the mumps. But my mother's sickness was different apparently. It sounded simple enough, it had a short, simple name — not a long winded mouthful like other sicknesses I'd heard about. My first hand experience with the chicken pox and the mumps was no preparation for the impact of my mother's illness.

She was in hospital, I'd been told, visiting all the doctors and nurses. She'd been there for some time now, probably three weeks. I missed her, and her familiarity. I missed her confidence and protection. I was a normal six year old, "the baby of the family", cushioned from all the blows, particularly by my mother. She'd reach down into My world. I missed her.

I went to visit her in hospital only once. The hospital was enormous and not quite how it was on the 'telly'. Everything was so big. Mary took me by myself. She held my hand dutifully and led me up an enormous, wide staircase, which in my childish mind I presumed would continue right up to the sky and through the clouds; I felt like Jack, climbing up the beanstalk.

Inside I was struck by the whiteness, the fluorescent glare. This was quite frightening, as if it was warning me away. We quietly padded down endless corridors, and the further we progressed, the more the hospital seemed to age. The shining glare had turned to a dull white tinged with grey. It was quiet, so quiet that our footsteps thundered as we tiptoed towards our destination. The corridors were no longer filled with the silent activity of the previous ones, with nurses moving in and out from one room to the next. Here, it was only very occasionally a nurse would pass.

We stopped outside a door. Mary tapped lightly and we entered.

My mother was propped up against six pillows. Her face was grey and she had heavy, dark eyes. Her neck had been split open about seven centimetres under the jawline from one ear to the other. It looked as if it had been stapled together. It wasn't covered by any bandages and it seemed as if her head was only just connected to her body. She tried to smile enthusiastically but the pain she was in was more than obvious. I was smaller than the bed itself, dwarfed by it, and when I stood right next to it I couldn't see her — it was an easy escape. But she looked a little lost, drowning in the pillows but not as lost or distant as I

felt. She tried to make conversation with me. It was all different from before. She tried to be happy, obviously for me.

For the first time I could see a totally undistorted view through the glass partition of My world and the 'other'. My mother had a different sickness to any others — it was serious. This was the closest to death I'd ever been. Death had suddenly become reality.

I was deposited back at Mary's and I quickly went to bed. I lay awake for hours in the darkness. I felt quite isolated, distant from the only person I really relied on. Tears slid gently down my face, making a small wet puddle on my pillow. I didn't make any noise for fear of breaking the silence . . . I was afraid, afraid of a simple six-letter sickness, which had invaded my simple six year old world . . . cancer.

SUZIE HERFELD, Year 12



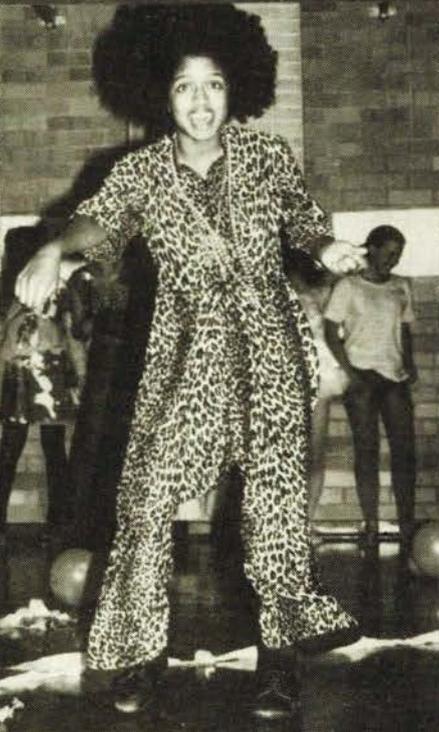
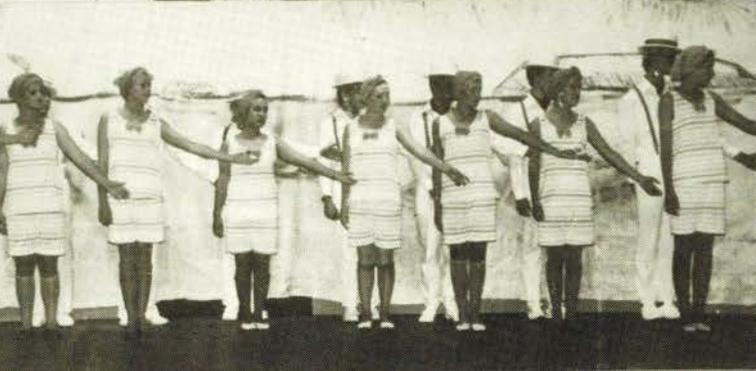
## NO SURPRISE

You walked in  
And I knew what you were thinking.  
You sat down  
And only I knew what you were going to do  
When you tipped that jar of ink on your white sheet of paper.  
I wasn't one bit surprised  
And when everyone was screaming at you for throwing that bottle of liquid paper through the window

I was laughing.

SASHA BOSICH — Year 9





## GOD LOOKED DOWN

He peered over the Milky Way

Deliberating  
and saw the river

Silicon blue. It reflected His image.  
Clouds waded, rippling the surface.  
He sighed, contented

And reached down to touch.

His hand met rusted steel,  
jagged jaws gaping.  
Sand drowned deeper beneath  
oily slime  
and polystyrene shells ran  
before carbon oxide wind.

He drew back in despair  
retreating to gather fire balls  
then hurled them to radio-active earth  
as dark cumulo-nimbus  
wept acid tears.

KATE McARTHUR — Year 11



## SINGLE TREE SYMPHONY

So tall and stately the ghost stood,  
Reaching to the sky, sweeping away the clouds  
and  
letting the sun through.  
Then as the wind arrived to play  
It reached out its boughs and began to dance,  
Letting the wind lead.  
The leaves played the music  
Being plucked by the wind.  
The wind danced away,  
Leaving the eucalypt to await  
The time he would come to play again.

SARA-JANE ELDERFIELD — Year 8

## ME, MYSELF, I

“Ready for the inner thigh firmer, ladies?  
1...2...3...”  
1...9...8...6... the year of the self conscious,  
The Jane Fondas, the Victoria Principals,  
Enveloped in a screaming mass of waist-  
whittling  
and tummy-tightening promises ...  
Isometric, Aerobic, Isotonic, Anerobic,  
Paranoiac!

The year of equality of the sexes, the women  
scream with relief  
As they pop another Fibyrax and squeeze into  
their  
Idealistic figure moulds, emerging as a swarm  
of  
Victoria Principals and Christy Brinkleys...  
Christy Principals, Victoria Brinkleys ...  
Christy Victoria Principal Brinkleys.  
The men scream with delight as their equal  
partners’  
Bathing suits move up another inch and down  
even further,  
Revealing those Fibre Trim thighs and  
Weight Watchers’ waists.

The weapons of propaganda  
tantalize and infiltrate the minds — young  
and old:  
Vogue, Mode, Bazaar  
Revealing and exploiting  
The self-obsessed human female form.

What is it all for? One wonders....  
Love maybe?

“Time to get those nose muscles into shape  
girls,  
1...2...3...”  
2...0...0...1. Love? Yes, I know all about love.  
I’ve got me .... And my Limmits.

MISCHA WAY — Year 12  
(Prizewinner, 1986 Young Writers)

## CATS’ EYES

Like fires in the night,  
Ever burning, never consuming.  
Their sea-green depths that seem to  
hypnotise...  
What do they portray?  
Pride? Dignity? or fierce independence  
or nothing?  
Nothing but an icy stare.  
Those perfect slanting gems,  
the flames in a topaz  
or the beauty of an emerald.  
Nothing exceeds, or glows with such lustre  
as cats’ eyes.

BELINDA GWYNNE, Year 9

## SEPIA

I was walking carelessly through the hall  
the other day, as I usually do.  
When I caught his eye.  
“He” was a Gallipoli veteran —  
our family’s hero.  
“Was” being the operative word.  
His life was wasted too.

Somewhere. We have a box of family photos  
—  
a reminder of our adherence to the suburban  
principles —  
and among them are his family’s photos.  
Not many really;  
not much to look at;  
but they tell the story of their lives.

The ragged curling edges  
and the yellow faded paper  
hold, imprisoned,  
all that these people were.  
“A picture is worth a thousand words” —  
and these are worth millions.

Their eyes, long dead,  
regard me with a cold dispassion.  
Will I look at my great granddaughter like  
that?  
I don’t want to.  
But these faded pictures poignantly remind me  
that time stands still for no man —  
though man must stand through time.  
Forever.

PRUE PLAISTOWE — Year 10

## WATER

Royal blue in tropical bay,  
Resembling a satin sheet, uncrumpled,  
Peaceful and lanquid.

Boisterous, destructive and aggressive,  
Surging with the swell of the ocean,  
Unrestrainable.

Calm and clear,  
Reflecting scenery like a giant mirror,  
As pure as the blue sky.

Cascading down the rocks,  
Gushing over the cliff to form a waterfall,  
Turning a ray of sunlight into a miniature  
rainbow.

Displaying another world as the sun sets,  
Creating a heaven of glowing reds and gold,  
Leaving any viewer breathless.

The wind tears the sea apart,  
Making it frantic and choppy,  
Like a horse foaming at the mouth.

A swan glides over the lake.  
As if to crack the mirror,  
Leaving a trail of ripples.

KIRSTY OFFICER — Year 9

# A Survival Package for Human Beings

*Anna Robson was runner-up to Lindy Sardelic in the Year Twelve section of the Public Speaking Competition. Her speech is printed below:*

“A survival package for human beings — it’s something we all dream of — the perfect package for survival, something that will sustain us, keep us in existence.

So, what are you all fretting about? There are thousands of survival kits manifesting themselves in the shops of this very area. You’ve only to walk into such shops as Designa or Shiraz to find it — the Perfect Survival Kit, for example:

**The Aussie Survival Kit:**  
(one meat pie; one sauce; one fly repellent; one gum leaf; one can of Fosters and a squashed fly) or

**The Trendy Lady’s One Night Out Kit:**  
(one makeup case, one voucher to a Dior shop; one toothbrush and a pack of pills).

Admittedly neither of these may appeal to you. So what should make up this Survival Kit for human beings? It seems there can be no set one. Everybody is an individual. Their values and characters differ, therefore their survival package will differ. It’s obvious my Survival Kit would vary considerably from some of yours. Mine would consist of one Never-Fail instant packet mix of organization; a bag of time; a clock that was never slow; and a calendar that had two of every month, so when the due date for my assignment had flown by, I would be saved, having the assurance that it would come again in four weeks. (Many of you don’t suffer from an affliction known as procrastination, so this bit would be irrelevant to you.)

The Survival package for human beings has changed dramatically over the years, becoming increasingly complex. The cave man — typified by a grizzly beard, club in one hand and woman

in the other — had a very simple survival package. His consisted of a flint for fire, a cutting stone, a spear and a fur for warmth. By use of these he was able to survive with relative ease. Gradually man began to develop. By medieval times, in the so called “civilized world”, many needed religion most for survival. His whole life centred around the church, symbolized by the towering gothic spire which dominated every village. In the Renaissance there was an extraordinary flowering of all human endeavour. Vital to man’s survival was self-expression through the arts. And so on throughout the centuries, in differing cultural groups. As man has explored different aspects of himself and the universe, different values and aspirations have been reflected in his survival kit.

Through many billions of years, by a process of natural selection, man has survived while other species of the genus homo have not. Surely this indicates man has an inbuilt survival package. Stop and think — and you’re using it — you have it. Man’s intelligence, his brain, has been his survival package through all these years. Those other species, who have died out, have lacked the intelligence to adapt.

Though the Bible says that God created the earth in six days, scientists believe it took a lot longer than this, that Adam and Eve had been crawling about the forest floor long before they could stand to reach the apple of sin. As many began slowly to walk upright so too his cranial capacity enlarged. so gradually throughout time man’s survival package has developed and now Homo Sapiens is here! He has survived so far.

Why is it then that in this age we feel such a need for complex survival kits? The problem

lies in the materialistic political structure of society. This leads us to believe we need more than is necessary to survive. Advertising entices us and convinces us of our need for items we can well do without. The trouble is man has become so caught in the vicious circle of aspirations that he can no longer distinguish wants from needs. What are his needs? What are his wants? Man becomes dependent on his wants, believing them his needs, when in fact the basics of a survival package consist of very little.

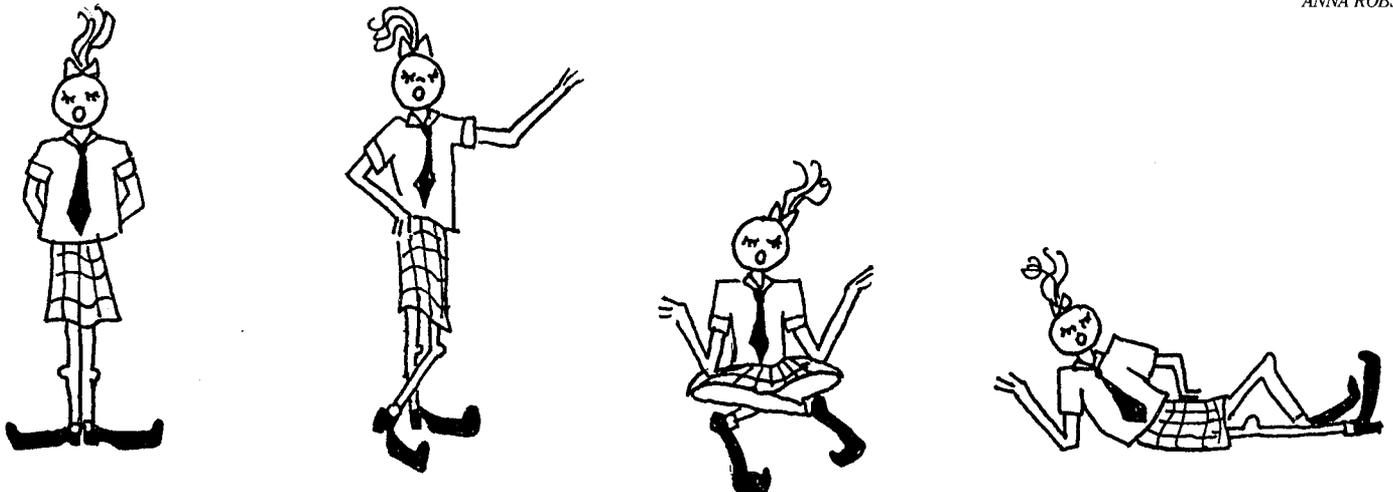
Physically, man needs very little to exist. He can survive on air and water for a very long time, providing he has warmth and shelter. After this he needs food. With these essentials he can in theory survive. But, man cannot survive on bread alone. Perhaps in today’s society, to survive he must acquire a sense of equilibrium. With this he will have the ability to survive the stresses of life. (Stress is only caused by frustration because man believes his wants to be his needs). Man also needs the ability for self sufficiency. But, most importantly, he needs the assurance of love, care and attention. Man needs to be needed. He needs to have a sense of his own worth.

Studies have shown that babies who have been deprived of the love of a mother or other primary care-giver, fail to thrive. They are unable to develop properly and may even die.

Survival of the fittest. We’re here, so maybe we’re the fittest. But for how much longer?

What will it take for us to realize that greed, selfishness and the need for power may not make us fit to survive on this planet? Unless our survival package includes love, generosity and a sense of nurturing all life, we may no longer survive.

ANNA ROBSON



# Year 11 Dance

Would the night of our dance, Friday the thirteenth of June, truly be a "Black Friday", or one we would remember with pleasure?

Finally, the culmination of weeks of speculation and preparation over what to wear and who to take, arrived. Then, after meeting friends outside the doors and greeting Mrs Bull in the foyer, about 10 excited, beautifully-dressed girls and their partners crowded into the Gym.

The theme, obviously, was "Friday the Thirteenth" and as we came in we noticed that the Gym looked different — decorated with black balloons, skeletons, bats and so on. Despite rather mixed reactions, the "Exploding Plastic Policemen" soon had everybody up and dancing.

At the end of the night, after much needed breaks to pose for photographs and eat supper, somewhat exhausted but still cheerful girls and partners left the Gym. Friday the Thirteenth had certainly not been black!

We thank the many parents who helped make the evening a memorable one — shopping, serving, providing supper or braving the cold outside. We also thank Mrs Bull, other supportive teachers and the members of the Dance Committee who put a lot of thought, time and effort into the night, and we did appreciate the girls who kept an eye on us while serving drinks and food.

MEREDITH HULCUP



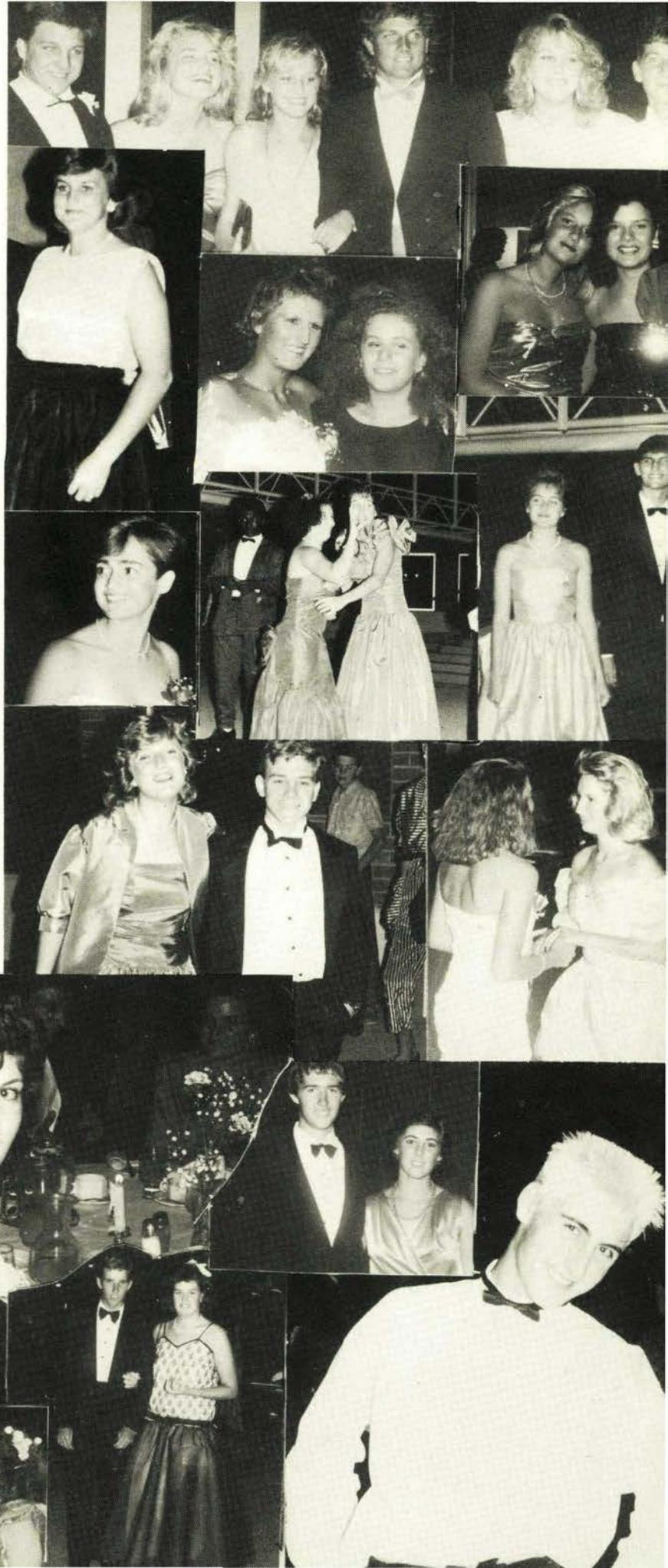
# Year 12 Dance

This year we decided to "do it in style", and consequently the Year Twelve dance was held at the Merlin Ballroom. The formal venue was matched by the stunning apparel of the damsels, accompanied by some rather dashing chappies. After finding the correct entrance, everyone exchanged greetings with Miss Barr and the Official Party, then pre-dance cocktails were consumed before taking the floor.

Rumours exploded that policemen were present but the panic died down when we found they were only plastic, that is the Exploding Plastic Policemen — our band for the evening.

Next on the agenda was dinner, to replenish our waning energy supplies; this meal was greatly enjoyed by all. Teachers shared in the festivities and jolly atmosphere as photos were snapped by wandering photographers. It was a very memorable occasion for all Year Twelves who attended, and our appreciation is extended to all staff and students who contributed to the organization. Having a formal venue made our final dance one to remember, and one for all Year Twelves to look forward to in the future. The success was a reflection of the enthusiasm of all those who were present.

*SUE FARR & VICKI ARNOLD*



# Those Year Twelves . . .





**ARGYLE, Fiona (Fi).** 5 years. To have readable writing. "I like it!"

**ARMSTRONG, Jane (Janis).** 2 <sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> years. To be QUIET!



**ARNOLD, Victoria (Vic).** 8 years. Federal Treasurer. "Unbelievable."

**BAKER, Catherine (Cath).** 4 years. Florence Nightingale. "It was sooo funny."



**BAXTER, Kylie (Kyles).** 2 years. To go on a safari through the Amazon Jungle. "You guys, guess who came into Reds last night?"

**BECK, Felicity (Twisties).** 5 years. I don't know — I'll think about it tomorrow. "Do you want me to throw you?"



**BOSICH, Melissa (Mel).** 7 years. Top Gun Instructor (call sign: Square Eyes). "I've heard that in a movie somewhere."

**BRACKENRIDGE, Anna (Tiki-Tembo, Nun Shirley Gil).** 5 years. Miss Lions' Club Personality '87. "S' what's appn'n?"



**BRACKENRIDGE, Michaela (Calie-Jane).** 5 years. To join Liv and the crew in the library and take up my position as "Book Jacket Laminator". "Hey what're we supposed to be doing?"

**BRADSHAW, Sharon (Sharry).** 5 years. Eagle One Cage Girl. "Yeah . . . funny."



**BRAZIER, Fionna (Fi).** 5 years. Film Director. "Hey dood."

**BROERSE, Arlette (Danska, Lette).** 4 years. Eliminate the constants in integration. "I'm still hungry . . . I'll starve tomorrow."



**BUHLER, Romola (Barney).** 5 years. Candle maker. "Crispy, crunchy, chunky chocolate cake."

**BUNNING, Catherine (Bunty).** 14 years. To marry Jim Beam in 60 seconds. "Are you LISTENING to me?"



**CHAN, Jennifer (cutie).** 6 months. Economist.

**CHIN, Shelyn.** 2 years. Commerce?!?



**CHIPPER, Caroline (Chip).** 5 years. Accountant cum Hippo Hunter. "I can handle it."

**CLARKE, Anthea.** 5 years. Future Mother Theresa. "How now brown cow."



**COTTON, Rebecca (Rotten).** 5 years. World Safari IV. "Check out that bike Twigg!"

**COUPLAND, Emma (always wanted to be called 'Spud').** 5 years. To be an axe wielding homicidal maniac. "Oh, sorry I'm late . . . the tree fell on the house."



**COWARD, Anna (Midge).** 5 years. Bouncer. "I'm hungry — anyone got any food?"

**COX, Andrea (Angie).** 13 years. Manager of a Milky Bar factory. "Yet another packed lunch from 'Susie Monger'."



**DAVIES, Rachel.** 3 years. Medicine. "Hello flower!"

**DORRINGTON, Lisa (Dorro).** 5 years. To marry a French Count. "Who's that you're talking about?"



**DOWLING, Jennifer (Fern-DF).** 5 years. To pierce someone's ear. "I'm here — the party can start now!"

**EDWARDS, Suzanne (Suzie).** 4 years. Rip Van Winkle the second. "I think I'll have an arvo sleep."



**ELLIOTT, Valerie (Clark Kent).** 3 years. To host 'Perfect Match'. "How embarrassed was I?"

**ENGLAND, Catherine (Cate).** 8 years. Dame Edna's protegee. "I don't understand."



**FARR, Susan (Noodle).** 5 years. PM. "Kiss my punch and say I love you."

**FITZGERALD, Kelly (Doris).** 5 years. Vet. ". . . bit of decorum."



**FOONG, Simone (Foong).** 2 years. To breed pedigree frogs. "Damn good, man."

**FOULKES-TAYLOR, Sophie (Foulkes-mono).** 5 years. World's Best Olympic Chariot-rider. "I've found a new diet . . . and this time it WILL WORK."



**FRICHOT, Danielle (Dani).** 5 years. NOT AN ENGLISH TEACHER. "I'm eating my lunch, NOT because I'm hungry."

**GARGETT, Amanda (Garge, gaggett).** 2 years. Teaching, media. "It's no fat, it's muscle!"



**GASCOINE, Fiona (Gazza).** 5 years. Japanese Food Taster. "I'll have it handed in by tomorrow."

**GODWIN, Kathryn.** 5 years. Social Worker. "Hasso Chicken!"



**GRACE, Holly (unholy disgrace).** 3 years. To be a collector of trivia. "Chockie cake!"

**GRAY, Bettina.** 8 years. Joint owner of Craven A, co-owner, Cameron Shepherd. "I booked my mental breakdown for next week."



**GRIEVE, Fiona.** 5 years. Medicine. "Mmm . . . Yes . . ."

**HAIN, Fiona (Hainy).** 2 years. Hippo-hunter — failing that a sandologist. "How's it going, tart?"



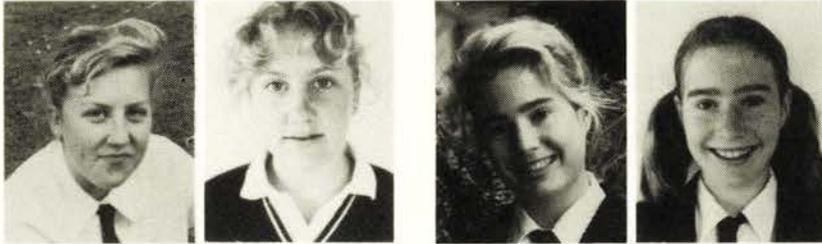
**HARDIE, Jemma.** 6 years. Fashion Designer and part-time Hippo Hunter. "That's my car, that's my car!"

**HARDING, Rebecca.** 14 years. To leave P.L.C. "I would go out tonight . . ."



**HARKNESS, Joanna.** 6 years. Law. "Don't worry Lisa . . . He'll ring."

**HARVEY, Tanya (Harv's).** 5 years. To replace Keating. "If only . . ."



**HAWKINS, Emma (m).** 6 years. Full time P.Y.E. dancer. "Look how much my hair has grown!"

**HAY, Kirsten (Kirts Minerts).** 5 years. To settle down with a nice fella and a coupla kids.



**HAY, Lisa (Hay bags).** 5 years. To see as much as possible. "Oh, what am I going to do???"

**HAYASHI, Yukari.** 6 months. Fashion Designer.



**HELE, Judith (Rud,e Miney Bashev).** Full time Hippo Hunter. "Shut up, you guys!"

**HERZFELD, Susan (Boobie).** 8 years. Nursing. "What's this???"



**HORE, Sally (Sal).** 5 years. Bonsai Tree Designer. "BE QUIET! The teachers will hear you!"

**JOYCE, Jane.** 5 years. Mad scientist, priest. "God be with you."



**KARPIN, Dianne (Di).** 5 years. Entrepreneur. "Have you done your Ancient History assignment yet?"

**KEEN, Tayna.** 5 years. Occupational Therapy. "Jolly Good."



**KELSALL, Rebecca (Kelly-sal, Becca-Lee).** 5 years. "Has anyone got any food?"

**KENNEDY, Christina.** 8 years. To be a shrink. "Don't you forget I'm a man."



**KENNEDY, Jennifer (me name's Jen, but me friends call me Sharkie).** 11 years. "Guess what the bag did yesterday?"

**KEYS, Justine (D.B.).** 1 year. Nurse. "Oh . . . now I remember."



**LEDGER, Jane (Ledge).** 9 years. Law. "Lindy, what are we going to do about P.E.?"

**LEWIS, Annique.** 7 years. Lower Primary School teacher. "Can I go to the bathroom?"



**LINTON, Mandy (Mand).** 5 years. To get off my 'L' plates. "No, you ring me — I'll forget."

**LORD, Jennifer (Jen).** 5 years. To be successfully anorexic. "Who's got fifty cents? . . . I need a biscuit."



**LOVE, Jodi (Doe).** 7 years. Filthy rich kindly teacher or spelling teetcher. "Captains this week, you guys."

**LOVELOCK, Linda (Loo Loo).** 5 years. Accountant — if possible. "I am NOT a muppet baby."



**LUDLOW, Megan.** 5 years. Skydiver. "G'day."

**LUKIN, Nerine.** 5 years. Hippohunter and part time architect.



**MacLEOD, Helen (Wicked Mouse).** 5 years. To drive through Paris in a sports car with the warm wind in my hair. "Don't hassle me, man."

**MAIRS, Nicole (Mum, Nun Francene Clam).** 5 years. Turtle Watcher. "You guys . . . what assignment?"



**MANTON, Lucy (Loose-Balls).** 6 years. Mini-Activist. "What's my excuse?"

**MARK, Bronwyn (Jossie).** 4 years. Garbette? Grape Picker? Fast Car Driver? "Don't complain — think of the Ethiopians!"



**MATHIAS, Venetia (alias The Vegemite Kid).** 7 years. Literary Critic and part time Saint.

**MATSEN, Anita (Nit).** 5 years. Nursing. "I'm going to the doctor today."



**MAZZUCHELLI, Jane (Mazz).** 7 years. Hitchhike round the galaxy. "Do we have an exam/test/assignment due in today? No one told me!"

**MAZZUCHELLI, Martina (Marty).** 5 years. Medicine. "I'm sitting in the front seat!"



**McALWEY, Fiona (Fi).** 6 years. Very rich business woman. "I can't be witty under pressure."

**McCUSKER, Kathryn (Kanga).** 5 years. The eternal 'Captain Choir'. "Hi luvls!!!"



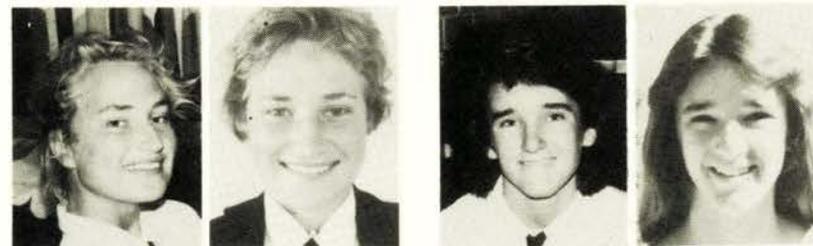
**McDONAGH, Renea (Renette).** 2 years. Naturopath. "We're getting on well . . ."

**McGRATH, Sharon.** 5 years. Professional stool occupier. "Darling . . ."



**MEAD, Melinda (McMeadle).** 2 years. Dolphin trainer. "So who needs my ID for the weekend?"

**MOLYNEUX, Elizabeth (Hippy Folk-Singer).** 3 years. I don't know — I'll think about it the day after tomorrow. "It wasn't me, it was Vanessa."



**MUIR, Nyree (Tilly).** 5 years. "What a horror . . ."

**MURPHY, Karen (Smurf).** 2 years. Brain surgeon. "Don't! What would Mum say?"



**NEWING, Lisa.** 5 years. PM. "It depends on how you cook it."

**NICHOLSON, Catherine (Nic).** 6 years. "Give Chem a miss?"



**NICHOLSON, Felicity (Flick).** 5 years. Rich. "I have only had 26 driving lessons."

**NICOLL, Kirsty (Kirsten, Kirt, Kirtz).** 2 years. Mrs. J.J. Osborn.



**NIXON, Malinda (Moo).** 5 years. Interpreter of daydreams. "I am *not* daydreaming."

**OCKERBY, Rebecca (Bec).** 10 years. To live in Malibu. "Don't touch me!"



**OLSEN, Elizabeth (Liz).** 5 years. "I can't, I've got swimming."

**PATERSON, Beth (Chico).** 2 years. Business. "Isn't he gorgeous?"



**PATERSON, Michelle (Mitchell, Shell).** 3 years. Primary teacher.

**PETTERSON, Nicole.** 2½ years. To tap dance as well as Herbert The Tap Dancing Fish. "I'd like to tiptoe through the tulips with Max Bygraves."



**PITT, Georgina (Georgie).** 3 years. Architecture with high hopes. "Fine."

**PLAISTOWE, Julienne (Jules).** 7 years. Primary teaching. "Oh, dear."



**PONTAGUE, Michelle.** 5 years. . . anything. . . rich. . . "I'm going to kill myself."

**POOLE, Leanda (Ollie).** 2 years. Teaching. "Has anyone got a spare cannon?"



**POVEY, Joanne (Jo).** 6 years. Nurse, "Don't hassle yourself."

**RAINS, Merome (Mems).** 2 years. To take over from Neil on "The Young Ones". "I forget what I was going to say, what were we talking about?"



**RICHMOND, Carina (Richie, Caz).** 5 years. "I'll tell you what he looks like."

**RIGG, Katherine (Kate).** 6 years. Occupation — who knows?!



**ROBSON, Anna.** 5 years. To be organised. "I haven't done my lit assignment."

**ROBSON, Sally (Sal).** 5 years. To make it to England for Christmas and to hunt the great fat hippo. "I don't know if I'm right but ..."



**ROLLO, Prudence (Prue).** 5 years. Chocolate Connoisseur. "Pwudence Wollo of Wiley Woad."

**ROWE, Sally.** Too long (14 years). Live in Southern Comfort. "I am going . . ."



**SAMPSON, Bronwyn (Bron).** 5 years. To travel the world.

**SANDFORD, Jane (Snad).** over 9 years. Bachelor of Economics or Commerce. "I'm getting married in the spring."



**SANDILANDS, Julie (Jules).** 4 years. Sports physio. "Excuse me, but I'm *not* abrasive."

**SANDS, Leisl (Weisl).** 3 years. Get a sun tan. "At Kalbarri . . ."



**SARDELIC, Lindy (Lindus, Lind).** 5 years. Commonwealth Lawn Bowler. "Oh Ledge, *what* are we going to do about P.E.?"

**SEARS, Philippa (Aunty Philippa).** 10 years. Pass. "It fills your mouth up pretty quick."



**SHEEDY, Susan.** 7 years. Nurse. "Oh my God!"

**SMITH, Wombat (Georgina).** 6 years. To star in Jenny Craig commercial in a full length leotard. "Stuff you guys, I'll start my diet on the morrow."



**SOMES, Amy (Aims).** 5 years. Treasurer of the Old Collegians. "Can I have a bite . . . please."

**SORRELL, Paige.** 5 years. "Indeed . . . well this is right."



**STANNARD, Suella (Cruck).** 8 years. Own a Porsche. "I'm afraid . . . I haven't done it."

**STEWART, Heather (Heth).** 5 years. Teaching? Helping people???"Is that it?"



**STEWART, Sandie-Jane (Randus, Rambo).** 5 years. Duchess of York. "I can do alliteration too Rom!"

**STONE, Rachel (Stoney).** 9 years. Mrs Pritikin. "Thems the breaks."



**STRATON, Jennifer (Jen, Strat).** 6 years. To join Sesame Street. "Don't you want to hear my excuse?"

**STRETCH, Erin (Stretch, Esme).** 4 years. Roadie with the Rolling Stones. "I can't be bothered."



**SYMES, Sharon.** 5 years. Brain Surgeon. "Hair looks nice today Bec . . ."

**TAN, Emily.** 11 months. Racing Car driver. "I love Mrs Temby's hair . . . shoes . . . clothes . . ."



**THOM, Joanna (Joey, Jo).** 6 years. Teacher? Nurse? . . . who knows! "Let's play basketball."

**TURNER, Olivia (Ol, Nun Enid Thur).** 14 years. To be a librarian, so I can wear boots and tweed skirts. "You guys, it's not greasy — it's wet!"



**TWIGG, Lisa (Twiggy).** 5 years. Valiant car maker of the year. "I want a bogan boyfriend."

**UNMACK, Jodie (Jode, Jodes).** 7 years. Professional Procrastinator. "I think I'm going to cry."



**VOCE, Paula (Vocey).** 7 years. "Hi Gorgeous."

**WALKER, Amanda (Pos, Walks).** 5 years. Nurse. "I can't — my Willy is coming up."



**WALTON, Abigail (Flabberghastus).** 5 years. A-Ha's Chauffeur. "He's so cute."

**WARDEN, Georgina (Porgie).** 5 years. World's greatest food producer and consumer. "I hope nothing's touching the side of the tent."



**WAUCHOPE, Fiona (Waukies).** 2 years. Occupational Therapist. "Next stop — balcony."

**WAY, Mischa (Meesh).** 5 years. To be the driver of a black turbo-charged Porsche 911 Carrera. "I swear, I'm going to have a nervous breakdown."



**WHARTON, Vanessa (Swot Bog).** 5 years. Mechanical Engineer. "I am NOT a swot!"

**WISHAW, Suzanne.** 6 years. Travel. "I've definitely got boredom pains."



**WHISH-WILSON, Kerri (Hairy).** 4 years. Fame and Fortune!!! "You hairy fairy you."

**WHITE, Kathryn (Knuckles).** 4 years. Occupation? Um, well, er . . . "G'day mate."



**WHITE, Robyn (Rob).** 4 years. Right Wing mate to Maverick — Top Gun. "G'day Hon."

**WONG, Julia (Ju).** 4 years. Mexican Rebel. "Guys, this photo just isn't me."



**XOURIS, Simone (Sammy).** 7 years. Dietician. "I will never eat another egg."

# French Trip I

On the 27th December last year, Kirsten, Emma, Lisa and I joined twenty M.L.C. girls on their "Winter Tour to France". After a nineteen-hour flight from Perth to Paris, we arrived at the Charles de Gaulle Airport and were swept away to the inhospitable looking 'Mije', which, from the outside, looked more like a warehouse undergoing renovation than a youth hostel. A youth hostel it was, however, and for five days we were "shacked up" there, free to enjoy the delights of Paris, which included visits to the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre and other famous sights, shopping sprees, endless Metro rides, and in between, splurges on delicious French cuisine.

After a hectic, cold, but exciting stay in Paris, we then boarded a coach for a fourteen-day tour through the province of Brittany to the Loire Valley, along the Riviera and into the snowy Alps. Along the way, we stopped overnight in towns such as St. Malo, Limoges and Grenoble, staying in youth hostels (of varying quality and comfort). During the coach tour, we visited sights such as Mont St. Michel, the amphitheatre at Nimes, several chateaux and the Palace of Monaco.

We then headed for Clermont-Ferrand, a large town in the centre of France where we were billeted for two weeks with a French family. Despite our apprehensions beforehand, it turned out that we all had fantastic families. Our stay in Clermont-Ferrand was certainly the highlight of the trip, as we learned how to live, eat and speak like the French. (However, we all refrained from adopting the French custom of showering only once a week). It was with much reluctance and sadness, therefore, that we left our families after the two weeks, although we were all looking forward to our stay in London.

After a one night stopover in Paris at the dubious 'Mije', we headed for London where we spent a frantic two days shopping, sightseeing and sitting on each other's bulging suitcases to get them shut. Finally, it was time to board the plane at Heathrow for Perth. Our five week "Winter Tour" had sadly come to an end. Late at night on the 30th January, twenty four girls stumbled off the plane at Perth Airport, exhausted, several kilos heavier but very glad to be home.

JANE LEDGER

# French Trip II

During the months of June and July a group of nineteen students spent a total of four weeks on the island of Reunion. (If you are not sure where Reunion is, look on the map and you'll see it in the Indian Ocean just off the coast of Africa).

The ages of the students ranged from fifteen to seventeen or eighteen and we came from numerous schools — both State and Independent — from the metropolitan area.

We were not really sure what to expect of our trip as only one other student from P.L.C. had ever taken part in this exchange scheme (students from Reunion will be staying with Perth families during our summer holidays). However, we were all pleasantly surprised when we arrived. The island of Reunion is extremely beautiful with many diverse landforms contained in a small area. The inhabitants are genuinely friendly and while we were with them our hosts did all that they possibly could to ensure that our stay was as productive and enjoyable as possible. Among the notable things we saw were volcanoes, coral reefs and religious ceremonies involving walking on hot coals. It was an extremely interesting four weeks and we would recommend that other P.L.C. students take part in a similar exchange in the future.

*Editor's note — At the time of going to press, two other language groups had just returned from visits to France (to Paris, Aix en Province and Clermont-Ferrand) and to Germany (to Cologne, Berlin and Munich).*

*Thanks are due to both Madame Kotai and Frau Jolly for their part in making such trips possible. Even if students' ability to speak fluent French and/or German does not improve dramatically (though surely there must be some improvement) staying with a family in a foreign country offers the valuable experience of a totally different culture and lifestyle.*

REBECCA HARDING and NYREE MUIR

# Music Camp

Araluen has charms which bring out the best in any aspiring musician. The picturesque surroundings and fresh air combined with the reverberating practice rooms at the YAL campsite made it ideal for P.L.C.'s annual music camp.

The Training Band, Concert Band, Stage Band, Pipe Band, Orchestra and Chorale spent the weekend, commencing Friday 25th July, engaged in intensive practice. It certainly paid off. By the end of the camp, when all the ensembles performed for an audience of parents cum chauffeurs, each gave a confident and entertaining recital.

In addition to the groups mentioned, there was another: the Camp Choir was made up of all the music students at the camp. We had two evenings to discover our singing talent and develop it to the point where we were able to sing at Sunday's concert. It gave a light-hearted touch to the performance and united the talent of all the music groups.

Rather than spending our evenings unhealthily vegetating in front of a video, we had a quiz to exercise our minds on Friday night while on Saturday night we received a dose of physical exercise in the form of an aerobics session to end all aerobics sessions.

The Antarctic weather conditions gave everyone an appetite and a sudden interest in playing football; and those of us who had brought enough clothes for two weeks rather than two days (as we were advised) were very glad we had done so.

Apart from the occasional blizzard, it was a perfect weekend. What could be better than spending two and a half days with your friends, playing music and eating and admiring the view, separated from mundane routine by a good fifty kilometres?

HELEN DAVIS



# Geography Camp

It was on Friday the 8th of August, well before 8.00a.m., that the Year Twelve Geography students, accompanied by Mr Lankester and Mrs Flecker, left for Wallinar, a sheep stud just out of Broomehill in the Great Southern.

Mr and Mrs Hardie awaited our arrival and showed us where home was to be for the next three days. Those of us with true camping spirit pitched tents in the yard, whilst the remainder chose the guests' cottage.

During our stay we were often armed with clip boards and maps, investigating such things as the magnitude of the area serviced by the town of Katanning. Also we had a chance to examine the sheep and wool staples when touring the shearing shed and were able to hear an informative talk given by Mr Hardie on the principles of crop and livestock farming with particular emphasis on the Wallinar property.

Our stay did not only consist of work but was also highlighted by mud-wrestling in the dam and the discovery of hidden talents among the group: for example, Sally Hore was able to turn smoke into flames that made the 2°C temperature more bearable, Georgie Smith turned out to be an expert wood cutter and other people amazed us with their culinary skills.

Many thanks must go to Mr and Mrs Hardie for their hospitality throughout the weekend; they enabled our stay to be not only informative but also very enjoyable. Thanks, also, to Mrs Flecker and Mr Lankester for making our camp possible.

JODIE UNMACK

## Y.A. Creations

Young Achievement is designed to teach Year Eleven students about setting up and running a business.

This year, sixteen P.L.C. students formed Y.A. Creations. We were sponsored by Honeywell Ltd. and met in their offices each week.

We began in April by choosing our product and company name. We decided to produce First Aid Kits, which we marketed as "Medi-Aid". By mid October we had sold 700 kits, which was close to our target. This means we returned a healthy dividend to our shareholders.

Y.A. Creations also produced a video promoting Young Achievement with the help of Jaimac Video Corporation. It was great fun for everybody concerned.

To next year's Year Elevens, I would not hesitate to recommend Young Achievement. You not only learn about business, but have a great time too!

JANINE BRUCE, Managing Director

# Media Camp Report

On Friday the 18th April, Mrs McMahon performed the yearly ritual of herding Year 11 and 12 media students onto the P.L.C. bus. Mrs Mac once again proved herself a masterful bus driver by winning the race with the St. Mark's bus and reaching the Mandurah Holiday Village first.

Upon our arrival there was a flurry — everyone racing to get the best cottage. Friday night was spent unpacking, "checking out" the territory, watching videos and planning the next day's activities.

Early on Saturday morning the real activity began. The Year Elevens' task was to compile a series of photographs illustrating the use of a technical aspect of photography such as shutter speed, camera angle or lighting. Most of their time was spent to this end and films were processed as they were finished to enable the photographers to see their work and (hopefully) to learn from their mistakes.

The Year Twelves had to complete both a thirty-second promotional video of Mandurah and a short sequence on film, creating suspense. We potted on the beaches during the day, capturing suitably alluring aspects of Mandurah despite the hassles of technical breakdowns. (Batteries go flat at the most inconvenient

moments!) By the end of the day we were exhausted, but couldn't stop there — our films were still to be created. Many required night filming and most featured murders, but the methods differed widely; actors suffered various grisly fates from death in the sauna, to burial at the beach, to a pill in the champagne! Great potential was shown by producers, directors and camerapersons although the actors sometimes proved difficult (the Italian Stallion). Despite the constant minor (and not so minor) setbacks we eventually completed filming and collapsed, exhausted.

Sunday morning was spent recovering from Saturday's hectic activity and tying up the loose ends of shots still to be taken. After cleaning out our cottages, the annual water fight occurred and some Year Elevens faced a soggy trip home.

The weekend was well worth the traumas we experienced in trying to finish our films, videos and photographs. It was an excellent experience for everyone, which would not have been possible without all Mrs McMahon's hard work, planning and support. Thanks also go to Mrs Stewart and Miss Walsh for their help and advice.

VALERIE ELLIOT & CATHIE NICHOLSON



**Young Achievers.** Standing: (L-R) F. Beattie, E. Gebbie, L. McNamara, S. Hodby, K. Spencer, A. Savic, G. Cooley, M. Griffiths. Seated, l to r. M. Eftos, K. Paine, S. Brayshaw, J. Bruce, A. Andrew, A. Farinosi.

# Ski Trip 1986

After an unexpected, cold, five-hour wait at Tullamarine Airport in Melbourne (from 5.30 in the morning) the long bus trip to the Victorian snow-fields began. All inconveniences were forgotten however, as the first snow was sighted and excitement and anticipation spread through the bus. Our prayers appeared to have been answered! The fear that we might have a ski trip without snow was dispelled and all expectations of Falls Creek seemed likely to be fulfilled as the thick, fresh snow was said to be the best in years.

The Sundance Inn is situated in the midst of the snow, at the base of a mountain and for five days, forty-four P.L.C. grils, with four courageous teachers, had free range of the ski slopes and the coffee shops — with occasional breaks for breakfast, dinner and ski lessons.

Despite some magnificent stacks (falls) and one or two snow storms, the entire group took to skiing as ducks to water. The beginners inched their way towards those who had skied before and longed for an extension of time to perfect their skills. Of course snow also inspires other activities. A few snowmen appeared and participation in numerous snow-ball fights was vigorous.

Fortunately the strenuous physical exertions of the day did not exhaust us all completely. Entertainment was provided each night at the hotel and we had the opportunity to meet students from two Queensland schools, who were also guests at the Sundance Inn.

The P.L.C. teachers, Mrs Rob, Mrs Mac, Miss Pascoe and Miss Golding, gave us great encouragement in the snow and were a most important influence on the success of the tour. This was the first time a P.L.C. group had "lived in" at Falls Creek. The excellent location in the midst of the snow fields added to the relaxed atmosphere, made organization easier for the teachers and clearly added to the overall enjoyment.

In the midst of a rather sorrowful departure, plans were already being made by many for future journeys to the snow. Meanwhile it was back to Melbourne for a final day of shopping and other activities, followed by the return trip to Perth that had come all too soon.

JOANNA FARRELL

# "SMEC Camp"

Earlier this year, Fiona Grieve and I attended the STUDENT MATHEMATICS ENRICHMENT COURSE which was a ten-day Maths camp held at Saint Catherine's College. It involved sixty Year Twelve students from across the State.

Initially, I was a bit apprehensive about going (after all, if I didn't enjoy it, I was wasting ten precious days of my Christmas holidays) but by the end I didn't want it to finish.

On the first night, we participated in a series of "ice-breaking" activities which were very successful. Most of the days followed the same pattern: there were three courses, each one and a half hours long, followed by two and a half hours' recreation which was usually spent building human pyramids in the pool. After dinner we had an hour's supervised, assisted study.

We followed the same three courses each day. The first was on "Polyhedra", the second on "Difference Equations with Applications in Science" and the third was called "Fibonacci and other Hair-raising Experiences" (It was thus titled because Fibonacci discovered his famous sequence as a result of rabbit breeding). All these courses were challenging, interesting and will probably be useful in the future.

Each evening, after study, there was an organised activity including a hike, a Maths relay, the Cletus Oakley address, films and a Maths tournament. One day we had an all-day picnic at Yanchep and another afternoon we had a barbecue. On the final night we had a "wind-up" dinner, presentation, concert and social.

The tutors were really enthusiastic and helpful and the other students were friendly. Many lasting friendships were made and we still hold reunions.

I would strongly encourage any Maths-oriented students to apply, because it was a camp to remember, with a good balance between social and mathematical activities.

VANESSA WHARTON

# Year Eight Camp

At three o'clock on the 14th February the peace of number 2 View Street was shattered. The reason? The excitement that radiated forth from the newest batch of recruits at PLC (one hundred and twenty, twelve and thirteen-year-olds) all waiting for the buses that would transport them to fun and excitement galore.

A cheer erupted as the buses finally arrived, and once students and their bags were packed aboard, we set off on a two-hour drive, bound for the "Lazy Crab", Mandurah, the site for the 1986 Year 8 Orientation Camp.

Eventually we arrived at the "Lazy Crab", and had to find our luggage and at the same time discover who had the key to our cottage — and who and what were where! After some initial confusion we all piled into our cottages and met other girls from our Houses. Then there followed a variety of fun "getting to know you" activities, (such as making warm fuzzy bags) and then a quiz night.

Saturday and Sunday morning passed quickly during which time we took part in activities such as "Making the PLC Cake" (which wasn't, as we had thought mixing flour, sugar and eggs, but rather a game with the theme of "co-operation is the key word") a fancy dress competition; a concert from which emerged many hidden talents; a service on Sunday morning; some Mini Olympics; plus numerous activities of our own choice such as playing tennis, swimming or just relaxing.

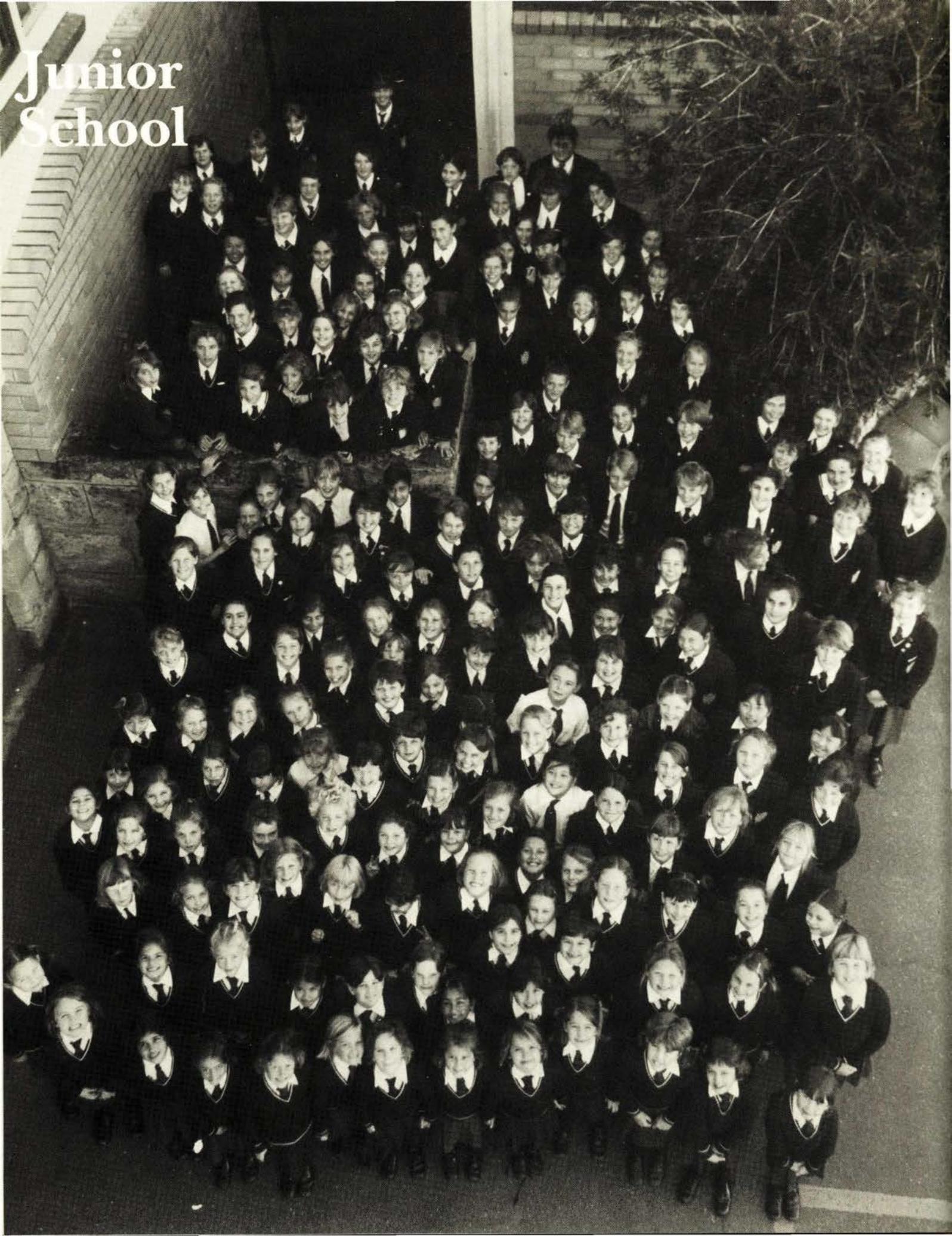
All too soon it was time to start cleaning the dorms, packing up, and reminiscing over the last few days with our many new-found friends.

Our sincere thanks must be given to the accompanying teachers for their friendliness and hard work in organising such a successful camp.

SARA-JANE ELDERFIELD, BETTINA BOWLING



# Junior School



# Junior School Report

1986 saw the first year of the four term year. Although the first term seemed very short, the winter break of two weeks was most welcome. When adjustments are made to the fact that all terms are not of equal length, it will be easier to gauge the benefits of the new arrangement.

Traditionally, the last term is very busy with musicals, the concert for elderly people and culminates in the Junior School Church Service, the Kindergarten Nativity Play and Junior School Speech Night. This year is no exception, and as well, we will be having a Year 6 and 7 quiz afternoon with Scotch College and the Junior School Inter-House and Inter-School Athletics.

This year has been Evaluation year for the whole school and it was very pleasing when our Junior School Evaluation Report was validated by the visiting committee. We endeavour to provide a well-rounded and enjoyable curriculum with as many broadening experiences as possible. Our musical activities have been highly successful as well as providing enjoyment for the girls and parents. Our efforts were well rewarded by warm commendations from the visiting committee for the work and extra activities carried on in the Junior School. The warm, caring atmosphere received special mention.

Our Open Day with the Bake-Off and our Public Speaking Competition showed that we have a great number of competent and inventive cooks as well as a large number of girls who are poised and concise public speakers. The latter augers well for debating and public speaking in the Inter-school competition in the Senior School in future years.

Parents have continued to be helpful and supportive and have provided assistance wherever required and my thanks are extended to them.

Best wishes for a joyful Christmas and a happy restful holiday.

JOY EVANS, Senior Mistress,  
Junior School



**Junior School House Officials (First half-year).** Back: E. Dry, C. Hogg, M. Norgard, P. Horrex, S. Voce, A. Mills, S. Stirling. Centre: K. Webb, D. Ventouras, E. Rigg, A. Whiteman, K. Savic, E. Burt. Front: M. Chapman, S. Nicoll, J. Edis, L. Edelman, C. House.



**Junior School House Officials (Second half-year).** Back: S. Allchurch, S. Foreman, S. Pye, P. Horwood, A. Pidgeon, C. Hebbard, H. Wright. Centre: M. Telfer, V. Patton, L. Koh, C. Morrison, E. Schuberg, P. Sansom. Front: K. Riley, A. Turnseck, Y. Pearce, D. Hovell, E. Caddy.



**Junior School Staff.** Standing L-R: Mrs. E. Kenworthy, Miss L. Georgeson, Mrs. V. Loudon, Mrs. J. Edmunds, Mrs. H. Atchison, Mrs. M. Davies, Mrs. M. Greig, Mrs. G. Marsh. Seated L-R: Mrs. T. Woodend, Mrs. D. Tait, Mrs. J. Evans (Mistress-in-Charge), Mrs. A. McElroy, Mrs. M. Hann. Absent: Miss J. Olivieri.



## SHOWERS (at camp)

Next, for a shower!  
It was my turn,  
I grabbed  
My thongs  
My shampoo  
My pj's  
My soap . . . .  
Quick Lizzie! (It was the teacher).  
Before I was yelled at again,  
I ran, into the bathroom.  
And  
Nearly slipped over  
Kathryn's pants!  
Ooops,  
I whipped off my clothes  
(While no one was looking, of course).  
And jumped into the shower cubicle  
And,  
Shut the curtain.  
The water was warm (luckily!)  
And I felt like nothing would get me out,  
BUT  
I suddenly remembered  
I'd left my  
towel hanging on the chair.  
OH NO!  
I stopped what I was doing (singing)  
And  
flicked the curtain open.  
I forgot all about  
My  
appearance!  
I ran through the bathroom,  
(Just missing Dimitra's socks)  
And,  
Dashed out into the hall.  
I searched,  
And searched; Until I found it  
I then  
TURNED AROUND! (I wish I hadn't)  
The girls looked like a  
troupe of wild Monkeys  
(staring at me).  
WHY?  
I searched myself,  
(I had nothing on!)  
Wrapping the towel around me,  
I ran,  
As fast as my legs could carry me,  
Back  
To the bathroom,  
ONLY  
this time I did slip over Kathryn's  
pants!  
OUCH!!

*ELIZABETH BURT, Year 7 GE*

## LOST AT SEA

The breaking ridges of the waves are  
Smashed down onto the boisterous, black sea,  
Like white plates crashing against the shattering  
rocks above.  
A frail fishing boat is tossed over and over the rough  
waves  
And the feeble framework  
Of the small boat  
Is slowly destroyed,  
Until all that remains  
Are the inhabitants of the fragile vessel,  
LOST AT SEA

*DEVIKA HOVELL, Year 6T*

## BILINDA THE BUMBLE BEE

Bilinda was a Bumble Bee,  
A tiny little Bumble Bee  
But she had a Problem  
as big as big can be.

Her stinger was a blunt one,  
Which is very rare for them,  
And when she tried to sting someone,  
her stinger would simply bend.

She thought her trouble over,  
and went to see the charts,  
If I see the doctor,  
He'll use me as spare parts.

But soon Bilinda was better,  
as better as could be,  
And that would teach Bilinda  
Not to sting ME!

*LENORE MUNRO, Year 5*



## THE LOST DINOSAUR

Once upon a time there was a torosaurus  
and it had just been hatched and when the  
baby torosaurus got out of the egg he was sad  
because he did not see his mother so he decided  
to find her but then he felt sand on his feet  
and he looked down and he realized he was  
lost and then he heard something say. "Oh,  
where is my little baby torosaurus?" and he  
realized that it was his mother and that was  
the story of the lost dinosaur.

*EMILY ATKINS, Year 1*



## OUR VISIT TO P.M.H.

On the 8th of May, we went to Princess  
Margaret Hospital. First of all we hopped on  
the bus, and when we arrived there we waited  
a little while and then half the class went up  
in a lift because there wasn't enough room.  
After two minutes the other people came up.  
When I stepped out I couldn't believe my eyes.  
There were colourful rainbows, balloons and  
pretty smiles everywhere. We saw about ten x-  
ray machines and they were very big. One of  
them looked like a space shuttle going around,  
about, up and down. The next room we went  
to was most exciting. A man put jelly on his  
tummy and we could see inside his tummy,  
and his heart beating and I was very amazed.  
At the end of the journey we had a big treat  
from all the staff. It was chocolate biscuits and  
drinks. I'm sure I would like to stay at P.M.H.

*ELIZABETH HOLLIS, Year 4*

## THE SEA

She stood gazing out at the turmoil of dark  
water below. The cliff's jagged rocks dug into  
her bare feet causing sharp pain but bringing  
no blood. The wind whistled in her ears and  
her hair, half in its tight pony-tail, blew around  
her face like seaweed on an underwater rock  
disturbed by a wave. The sea roared, throwing  
crashing breakers on the shell-strewn beach.  
It smelt salty, clean and fresh. She loved the  
sea with all her heart, the mysterious expanse  
of cold, inviting water.

The water choked her. She struggled with  
the force of the sea, her enemy. The hot-salt  
taste was on her tongue, but she could not  
take a breath. She went under, only to rise again  
with a hacking cough in her water-filled chest.  
She summoned all her energy, and raised a  
white, limp arm above her head. "Help!  
Someone, please!" Tears came. The pull of the  
sea, her murderer, was too strong. She choked  
and sank to the sea floor, lifeless.

*HELEN WILCOX, Year 6M*

## ARTHUR AARDVARK

Arthur Aardvark is very strange to see  
Not much hair and ears like a donkey

Arthur Aardvark grows six feet long  
He digs burrows and is very strong.

Arthur Aardvark doesn't eat plants  
But with his long sticky tongue he finds all  
the ants.

Arthur Aardvark has a long thin nose  
But poor old Arthur has odd toes.

Arthur lives in Africa  
He surely is a PHENOMENA!

*NICOLE WILLIAMS, Year 5*

## EIGHT WAYS TO SLEEP IN CLASS WITHOUT YOUR TEACHING KNOWING!!!

1. To sleep in class well without your teacher knowing, you must teach yourself to sleep soundly with your eyes open, but all the time you must never let anyone know, like snoring too loudly.
2. A 100% method of tricking your teacher is to put a whole pile of thick books onto one another so the teacher can't see you.
3. One of the best ways to trick your teacher is to sit behind the largest girl in the class. This way would work better if you had tall girls on each side of you.
4. Most girls are good at acting and can pretend they are sick or have a headache or something like that, and the teacher will feel sorry for them and tell them to put their heads on their desk and leave them alone for hours.
5. It is obvious that girls grow their fringes very long for one reason only, and that is to trick your teacher, who cannot tell whether you are awake or asleep.
6. Be sure to sit in the back row so that you can slouch right down into your chair and go to sleep for hours and hours.
7. Get your big brother to make you a model computer of you so the robot can go to school instead of you.
8. The last method is to get a best friend and when the teacher calls the roll, your friend can say yes to your name while you're in the playground sleeping.

KATIE RIPLEY, Year 6T



## THE TADPOLE

Down the rushing river  
Up the sandy stream  
The tadpole goes a swimming in his swimming team.  
He swims into a quiet place and horror meets his eyes  
Because right in front of him may be the reason why he dies —  
Two children standing on the bank holding bright tins.  
The tadpoles kneel upon their fins and pray  
God forgive us our sins  
Then as an answer to the prayers the children walked away  
Then every tadpole in the place shouted Hip Hooray.

STEPHANIE PRICE, Year 5

## THE SCHOOL

The sound of the trees as the wind rustles their leaves,  
The continuous clicking of pens.  
I hear the creaking from overhead eaves,  
Somebody whispering to their friends.

A colourful picture of comet Halley,  
A clang as the chairs hit the desk.  
A teacher lecturing her pupils,  
About talking in a test.

The visible rippling of the tempting pool,  
The tennis courts I can see.  
The dark grey clouds outside look cool,  
A tinkling sound as someone counts the camp fee.

The sliding door open by the hall,  
The banister on the stairs.  
The yellowy colour of the bricks in the wall,  
Dark corners look like a lion's lair.

The sun barely shining through a window,  
The children are trapped in class.  
The dark grey clouds are low,  
The classroom doors are locked fast.

These are things from school,  
A grey and dismal place,  
But the laughter and chatter of children,  
Makes it a better place.

FIONA MCKENZIE, Year 7GE

## ORANG-UTANG

Staring expectantly at the viewers.  
Sitting  
Gazing  
Into nothingness  
Why won't anyone play with me?  
It is a fate worse than death,  
Being put in a cage.  
It is like a prison,  
Bars and all.  
People staring and kids squawking  
MUM I WANT AN ORANG-UTANG TOO  
Waaaaa.....

TAMMY GAIN, Year 7GE

## THE NIGHT BY MYSELF

Well, there I was in front of the television watching "The Henderson Kids." My mum and dad were in their room getting ready to go out to a dinner party.

My mum came into the living room. Now, Kate, are you sure you'll be okay? If you run into any difficulties, the number's on the board. And, also, I want you to be in bed by nine-fifteen and asleep by . . . ."

"Okay, Mum!" I said for the millionth time, turning over in my head my plans to watch "The Poltergeist," which ended at eleven o'clock.

"We should be back by twelve and no earlier, Katie," said Dad coming in to kiss me goodnight.

"Yes, see you then, dear" added Mum.  
"Come on Charles," she said to Dad, "We've got to be there by eight."

"Bye!" I yelled and settled down to watch the television.

At eight-fifteen "The Poltergeist" started. It was really scary. The tree was about to eat the boy when suddenly I heard a rattle in the laundry. It sent a shiver down my spine. A squeak and a creak followed this, then footsteps. I had to fight down an impulse to scream. I got up and started to the laundry. Maybe it's a poltergeist, I thought. I heard a crash! That did it. I screamed. Grabbing a key I locked the laundry door, ran to my room and leaped into my bed.

Next morning, I awoke to a scream from Mum.  
"Charles! Freckles caught a mouse in the laundry last night. Set some traps, please, now!"  
And I breathed a sigh of relief.

HELEN WILCOX, Year 6M

## BOY OR MONSTER

A thing is going past our house,  
Teeth like dirks, chewing on grouse,  
His owner Kennedy was mean and sly,  
The thing had guns clapped on either thigh.  
The thing had guns clapped on either thigh.  
Its metal glittered in the pale lamp light,  
Everyone trembled at his sight.  
Even my sister although she was brave,  
Already had one foot in the grave.  
And then we heard a loud a-hoy.  
It's your mother calling, come here boy!  
Then we heard a great smack and a muffled cry,  
Oh, I'm sorry mummy but I don't want to die!

REBECCA DAVIS, Year 4



# Sports Report



Julie Sandilands, Sports Captain.

'Sports demands a combination of physical skill and strength, an alert mind, enthusiasm, purpose and often team work. All sports represent an accomplishment for which the body must be trained, and for which a person must work to become skilful.'

When we look at the demands of sport it seems unlikely that many people could combine all these attributes to be proficient in this area, but in fact there are numerous successful sportswomen at P.L.C. It is therefore evident that there is a great depth of talent within our school community, and this is reflected by the excellent results achieved by our sporting teams.

The Interschool Swimming saw the first of many fine performances by P.L.C. this year. For some, the carnival marked the end of many months of hard training and the team felt justifiably confident that they would do well. The team travelled together in a bus and were surprised to be met by Lisa Twigg who piped us into the pool area to the tune of "Scotland the Brave." The other teams could well have been envious of the unity and strong spirit shown by our swimming team. I think it was the swimmers' belief in themselves, along with the excellent support and encouragement from the rest of the school in the stands, that helped P.L.C. gain an overall second placing.

P.L.C. also performed well in the other traditional summer sports, tennis and volleyball. The I.G.S.A. tennis competition saw P.L.C. finish second due to consistently high placings throughout the grades and with four teams entered in the R & I State Schoolgirls' Championships P.L.C. also did well to win the second division of the Murcell Shield and the first division of the Herbert Edwards Cup. The Junior A and B volleyball teams competed in the State Schoolgirls' Championships, with the Junior A team being successful winners in the under-fifteen section.

The winter sporting teams gained varying degrees of success with outstanding achievements coming from the senior netballers who won the B, C and D team pennants while the A team came second. The senior basketballers were also victorious and all basketball teams from years Eight to Twelve performed really well to gain second place overall.

Perhaps the highlight of the sporting year was the Interschool Crosscountry. This competition has only been in progress for four years and until now had been dominated by M.L.C. But under the guidance of our talented triathlonist, Mrs Pickard, the team gained victory over Saint Mary's by **one** point! This accomplishment is a reflection of the hard work and effort put into training by everyone in the team.

P.L.C. athletes also distinguished themselves in the Interschool Athletics and after leading for the first half of the programme, finished a creditable second. The spirit generated by the team was incredible and I am sure that if results were based on enthusiasm P.L.C. would clearly have been the winners. Congratulations to the Year Eights on winning their pennant.

Rowing has been introduced into P.L.C. this year and the response from the girls has been overwhelming. Our thanks must go to Hale for the use of their boats and to their coach Mr George Xouris who, we hope, is turning our girls into accomplished rowers.

Special mention must be made of Jo-anne Jarrott, Natasha Lee and Lisa Nottle who have achieved notable success this year. Jo-anne gained a place in the W.A. State rhythmic gym team which will compete in Malaysia, Natasha was chosen to represent the State under-age cross country team (incidentally she won the Year Ten section of the Interschool cross country) and Lisa was selected for State training with the under-fifteen volleyball team. Congratulations!

Although I have mentioned many outstanding performances it must be emphasized that participation is the main aim

of sport at P.L.C. Examples of this can be seen in sports such as tennis and netball, where the number of girls wishing to play the sport far exceeds the number of positions available in teams. When this happens more than one team is formed in the lower grades and matches are played on a rotational basis which allows a greater number of girls to participate. Often girls complain that the A team is unfairly favoured, and although this may true to a certain extent, the P.L.C. sporting programme is aimed at the average sports-woman in preference to the outstanding. It must be remembered though, that these outstanding girls have approached sport with an ambitious and dedicated attitude and have worked hard for their achievements.

I would like to sincerely thank all the P.E. teachers for the support and encouragement they have given me and the many hours they have devoted to coaching our Interschool teams. I am also grateful for the help given to me by the House Sports Captains: Sally, Suzie, Amy, Jodi, Twigg and Caroline. My special thanks must go to Fiona McAlwey for the invaluable advice and friendship she has given me throughout the year and to last year's Sports Captain, Annalee Ferstat, for the words of wisdom and inspiration she has given me.

Thank you and congratulations to all girls who have competed in sport over the last year. Your enthusiasm and dedication have contributed to the excellent results achieved by P.L.C. sporting teams.

"There is nothing so momentary as a sporting achievement and nothing so lasting as the memory of it" — Gregory Dening.

My year as Sports Captain has been immensely rewarding and fulfilling; the experience has been one that I will always remember. Congratulations and best wishes to Shelley Brand, 1987 Sports Captain. I hope you will find your year as satisfying as I have done. Congratulations also to next year's House Sports Captains and good luck to the future sports-women of P.L.C.

JULIE SANDILANDS  
School Sports Captain, 1986



# Tennis



**Senior Tennis.** Back: K. Nicoll, J. Povey, R. White, A. Taylor, R. Button, E. Gebbie, A. Marsh. Front: S. Wishaw, B. Paterson, M. Hutton, M. Mead, G. Smith, J. Love, J. Sandilands.



**Slazenger Cup.** Back: J. Love, G. Smith. Front: M. Mead, J. Sandilands.



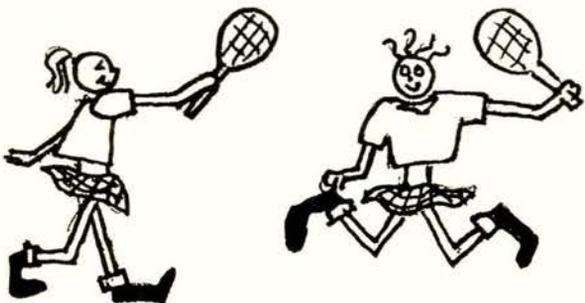
**Junior Tennis.** Back: J. Forster, J. Viol, B. Millen, J. Carroll, D. Barr, L. Nottle, R. Andersen, S. Benney. Centre: S. Murray, S. Warner, J. Linfoot, M. Barrett, S. Gillam, F. Thunder, S. Wharton, G. Leishman, K. Argyle. Front: L. Cohen, L. Disley, S. Rigg, S. Newland, J. Grove, L-J. Davies, J. Nunn, R. Wharton, P. Joyce. Absent: J. Horrex, J. Perryman.



**Mersell Shield.** Back: J. Povey, K. White. Front: S. Wishaw, B. Paterson. Absent: J. Hardie.



**Herbert Edwards.** Back: B. Millen, J. Viol. Front: S. Warner, S. Benney (Capt.).



# Rowing

# Cross Country

## TENNIS REPORT

The achievements of this year's tennis teams resulted in an overall second placing for P.L.C. This excellent result reflects the depth of talent evident throughout the three Senior, three Junior and two Year Eight teams.

Unfortunately our last two matches against St. Mary's and Penrhos had to be cancelled due to rain but the sportsmanship and enthusiasm shown in the other five games was proof of the strong School spirit evident within P.L.C.

Congratulations to the Junior "C" team who went through the season undefeated and to the Senior "A" team, Senior "C" team, Junior "A" team and Junior "B" team who all finished second behind strong St. Hilda's teams.

As a result of the large number of girls wanting to play tennis and the limit on the number of teams able to compete, not everyone was able to play a full season but their alacrity in participating was noticed and appreciated.

This year P.L.C. entered a record number of four teams in the R & I State School-girls' Championships. The teams in the second division of the Herbert Edwards Cup were triumphant and their success is a tribute to their hard work. Although the other two teams competing in the Slazenger Cup and the Academy Plate were not successful, their willingness to forego weekend activities to represent their college is greatly appreciated.

A special thank you to Mrs Flecker, who by her untiring efforts both during the week and on weekends is an inspiration to us all, and to Janet Bowman who gave up her morning "sleep ins" to coach our Year Eights.

Congratulations and thank-you to all of our 1986 tennis players for your participation and sportsmanship and best wishes to P.L.C.'s 1987 tennis teams.

JULIE SANDILANDS

## ISGA RESULTS

Senior	A	2nd
	B	5th
	C	2nd
Junior	A	2nd
	B	2nd
	C	1st



**Junior School Tennis.** Back: P. Horrex, S. Voce. Front: K. Houghton, K. Webb, E. Burt, A. Mills.

After months of preparation by Mrs Crawford and Pattie Pinkerton, Executive Officer of A.R.A.W.A., P.L.C.'s first three rowers Natasha Lee, Sonya Rodgers and myself took to the water for our first lessons in the June holidays. Through these classes we were taught to scull by Chris Holiday (1984 Junior National Champion). The lessons and the actual rowing were completely different from anything any of us had imagined or expected.

When Third Term resumed there were more girls interested in rowing and in a few weeks we had enough for P.L.C.'s first four. This was being coached by Mr George Xouris, a former State coach. We were rowing once a week in the four using the Hale boats and their rowing equipment.

These girls competed in the last regatta of the rowing season, and although they did not win, it was the best rowing they had done so far. By this stage in the term, we also had sculling pairs and some of these competed in the same competition.

(It is amazing that in such a short time P.L.C. had actually made it to a rowing competition!).

During the September holidays, Rachel Button and I attended a development camp for rowing. Pattie and Chris also put a lot of organization into this. There were many people from other schools such as Perth College, M.L.C. and Wesley. It was an experience to go in our first eight, coached by David Palfreyman an Olympic coach, and the camp was very worthwhile.

There have been thirty five girls from P.L.C. through the classes at the W.A. Rowing Association and seventy five are on the waiting list. Who knows, will P.L.C. be the next Head of the River Champions? Good luck to all of you.

SALLY HORE



**Cross Country.** Back: J. Davis, E. Hawkins, S. Foulkes-Taylor, J. Keys, E. Mazzuchelli, T. Sim, K. Joyce, K. Gara, J. Munckton, J. Cornwall. 2nd back: J. Linfoot, T. Edelman, L. Young, S. Wharton, F. Johnson, S. Vaughan, A. Pearce, G. Little, G. Dutry. 2nd front: A. Mercer, S. Way, F. Lapsley, I. Stokes-Hughes, G. Rodgers, K. Swinney, K. Hay, R. McDonagh, B. Somes. Front: A. Keys, J. Pearce, S. Hore, A. Somes, F. Brazier, K. Young, N. Joyce.

Six girls from each year who ran well in the Interhouse competition were selected to make up P.L.C.'s Cross Country team. Mrs Pickard led us on a training programme that included hill and beach runs and even aerobics. Mrs Pickard was a great coach, always helping and encouraging us. (Not to mention washing all those white tracksuits!).

On the 29th of August our team went to Perry Lakes to compete in the ISGA competition. Everyone put in a terrific effort. Natasha Lee made an outstanding contribution by winning her three kilometre race. Both the Year 8 and Year 10 teams came first.

Final results were announced and our team was delighted to have won — defeating St. Mary's by one point. Our team captain, Sally Hore accepted the trophy with tears of joy. A celebration breakfast followed the next morning.

Once again I would like to thank Mrs Pickard for all her time and effort. With her coaching again in 1987, P.L.C. is bound to win.

SUSIE GIBBS

## FINALS RESULTS

1st	P.L.C.	341
2nd	St. Mary's	342
3rd	St. Hilda's	369
4th	M.L.C.	377
5th	Penrhos	577
6th	J.T.C.	785
7th	Iona	807
8th	Perth College	812

# Swimming Report



**Year 12 Swimming Team:** Back: M. Way, F. Brazier, A. Somes (Capt.), A. Cox, M. Linton, G. Smith, E. Olsen, S. Herzfeld. Front: F. McAlwey, C. Chipper, A. Broerse, R. Cotton, F. Argyle, R. Stone.



**Year 11 Swimming Team.** Back: S. Hodby, S. Evans, A. Keys, J. Jarrott, W. Somes, S. Hadley, J. Davenport. Front: R. Oakley, K. McArthur, K. Paine, G. Rodgers (Capt.), K. Spencer, K. Young, M. Hulcup.



**Year 10 Swimming Team.** Back: A. Jansen, N. Lee, A. Sheldon, K. Bradshaw, S. Rodgers (Capt.), K. Argyle, L. Nottle, L. Young, S. Benney. Front: J. Elliott, K. Luke, S. Ezekiel, S. Morgan, A-M D'Arcy, T. Baldwin, F. Thunder, T. Edelman.

On the 13th of February, the Inter-House Swimming Carnival was held with Ferguson exhibiting once again their superiority over the other Houses, with a decisive victory.

Suspense was great following the Inter-House carnival as competitors awaited the announcement of the Inter-school team. Those selected were then subjected to two weeks of intensive training. There was an outstanding effort made by all participants and School spirit increased daily as the competition drew nearer and the team was recognised as one of our recent best. (Cheerleaders deserve congratulations for the part they played in the encouragement of both swimmers and spectators).

The P.L.C. swimming team was full of confidence when the 7th of March finally arrived. The morale of the team was great as we arrived at Beatty Park Pool together in a hired bus. We entered the stadium triumphantly singing "Scotland the Brave" (led by Pipe Major, Lisa Twigg), drawing the attention of all other teams.

The entire team swam brilliantly with many personal best times being recorded. P.L.C. held an early lead, and then tied with Saint Mary's at several intervals but overall Saint Mary's managed to gain the advantage, taking the cup. An ecstatic P.L.C. team took second place in the competition, winning the Year Nine and Eleven pennants and being runner up for the Year Ten pennant.

I was thrilled with the team's effort and was tremendously proud to be captain. Thank you to all team members. On behalf of the 1986 swimming team, I would like to thank the P.E. staff, Mrs Crawford, Mrs Pickard and Mrs Murray for their encouragement and continued support.

I would like to wish next year's swimming team the best of luck. I am confident that you will be able to retrieve the cup in 1987.

AMY SOMES (Swimming Captain)

## INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

<b>Year 8</b>	
Champion: Philippa Dickson	96
Runner up: Alison Thunder	89
<b>Year 9</b>	
Champion: Katie Davenport	96
Runner up: Bronte Somes	93
<b>Year 10</b>	
Champion: Sonya Rodgers	96
Runner up: Talia Edelman	94
<b>Year 11</b>	
Champion: Gina Rodgers	96
Runner up: Meredith Hulcup	94
<b>Year 12</b>	
Champion: Rebecca Cotton	95
Runner up: Andrea Cox	93

# Diving

For six weeks at the beginning of this year, fifteen very dedicated girls arrived at Claremont swimming pool every morning at seven a.m. to train for the IGSA Diving Competition. An hour later they would climb on the school bus with soaking wet hair and two or three saturated towels. The girls who had participated in the diving previously were quite used to this hour-long freeze each morning, but the uninitiated were only too glad when the sun began to rise above the buildings.

The diving team consisted of three girls selected from each year (two competing in the IGSA competition and one reserve). Through the assistance of our coach, Duncan Heeres and Mrs. MacLean, we finished well in the competition and came fourth overall. The Year groups that did particularly well were the Year Twelves, who gained third place, and the Year Eights who received equal first place with Saint Mary's.

## INTER-HOUSE DIVING RESULTS

### Year 8

Champion: Alison Thunder (McNeil)  
 Runner up: Olivia Anderson (Summers)

### Year 9

Champion: Kate Stannage (McNeil)  
 Runner up: Kate Ritchie (Stewart)

### Year 10

Champion: Fiona Thunder (McNeil)  
 Runner up: Chris Waddell (Summers)

### Year 11

Champion: Susan Hadley (Carmichael)  
 Runner up: Sally Brayshaw (Summers)

### Year 12

Champion: Georgie Smith (Stewart)  
 Runner up: Catherine England (Ferguson)



**Year 9 Swimming Team.** Back: N. Mill, K. Davenport, J. Perryman, B. Sheldon, S. Vaughan, M. Green, B. Somes, S. Way, M. Kelly. Front: B. Watson, M. Hayes, L. Cohen, J. Horrex (Capt.), J. Lang, K. Gray, F. Johnson.



**Year 8 Swimming Team.** Back: D. Peacock, N. Telford, L. Argyle, K. Hantke, P. Dickson (Capt.), M. White, G. Unsworth, T.M. Davies, K. Spinley. Front: L. Morgan, E. Mazzuchelli, O. Anderson, N. McCandless, J. Pilmer, R. Moore, B. Moore, A. Thunder.



**Diving Team.** Back: T. Kamien, C. England, S. Hadley, S. Brayshaw, K. Whish-Wilson, F. Thunder, C. Waddell, L. Fornaro. Front: K. Ritchie, K. Stannage, O. Anderson, G. Smith (Capt.), A. Thunder, A. Chapman, E. Waddell.

# Netball Report

P.L.C. completed an outstanding performance during the 1986 netball season. The dedication and ability of the players led to a very high standard which helped to obtain great results.

Participation and sportsmanship were commendable throughout the winter season. The friendship developed at training and during matches reinforced the enjoyment of this team sport.

On behalf of all team members I would like to thank Mrs Flecker and Mrs Murray for their organization and support, which contributed to an enjoyable season.

I hope the 1987 netball season proves to be equally satisfying with continued emphasis on the development of skills as well as team spirit.

PAULA VOCE — Year 12



**Senior Netball.** Back: S. Straton, J. Bruce, M. Lewis, A. Cotterell, E. Gasiorowski, S. Brand, S. Bowman, B. Smith, S. Hodby, F. McAlwey. Centre: S. Hore, J. Pearce, E. Gebbie, M. Robson, K. McArthur, L. Hay, M. Paterson, A. Walton, T. Harvey, L. Twigg, M. Hutton. Front: M. Rains, F. Hain, F. Wauchope, P. Voce, C. Leeson, K. Langdon, A. Coward, B. Paterson.



**Junior Netball.** Back: A. Shaw, F. Lapsley, M. Bolton, C. Green, L. Healy, S. Newland, S. Olson, B. Somes, A. Pearce, M. Barrett, K. McVeigh, C. Loxton. 2nd back: S. Way, R. Andersen, A. Radford, J. Forster, T. Hill, K. Argyle, T. Edelman, S. Bosich, J. Wright, S. McAlwey. Centre: J. Nunn, D. McCarthy, L.J. Davies, F. Jensen, N. Young, P. Joyce, P. Plaistowe, N. Holywell, N. Tostevin, J. Olson, D. Barr, K. Wenziker, K. Bradshaw, V. Cornwall. 2nd Front: M. Kelly, J. Elliott, J. Campbell, N. Xouris, J. Stockwell, J. Riggall, N. King, C. Aynsley, S. Wharton, R. Wharton, G. Hull, N. McKenna. Front: R. Turnseck, E. Petros, K. Officer, J. Lang, M. Hayes, K. Thomas, C. Eftos, K. Oaten, S. Ritchie, S. Pitt.



**Year 8 Netball.** Back: T. Russell, C. McKellar, L. Bolton, L. Argyle, E. Mazzuchelli, M. Morris, E. Waddell, D. Goldthorpe, A. Petros, T.M. Davies, A. Williams. 2nd back: S. Wegner, T.R. Davies, S. Bardill, T. Sim, E. Clement, M. Williams, K. Langdon, K. Hantke, K. Bruce, K. Anderson, M. Chilvers. 2nd front: J. Roe, D. Wilkinson, A. Hopkins, L. Clarke, K. Prickett, C. Glatz, N. Jackson, J. Munckton, A. McCandless, L. Micke, N. McCandless. Front: K. Joyce, E. Young, R. Martin, J. Munro, E. Clarkson, H. Vincent, J. Davis.



# Hockey



**Senior Hockey.** Back: A. Gargett, K. Nicoll, S. Robson, H. Stewart, L. Lovelock, A. Clarke, L. Poole, P. White. Centre: V. Wharton, B. Sampson, S. Wilkinson, C. Chipper, S. Rankin, J. Povey, A. Lewis. Front: K. Fitzgerald, N. Muir, J. Sandilands, R. Cotton, J. Hele.



**Junior Hockey.** Back: S. Murray, S. Boston, C. Veitch, J. Perryman, K. Heaton, F. Thunder, J. Linfoot, N. Lee, S. Benney, R. Rorrison, L. Young, J. Hicks. 2nd back: K. Stewart, C. Riemer, J. Horrex, S. Andrew, G. Leishman, B. Millen, J. Carroll, J. Viol, P. Clarke, B. Cox, K. Luke, K. Sutherland. 2nd front: K. Ritchie, R. Watson, J. Reid, K. Patiniotis, L. Thelander, P. Moir, A. Scott-Murphy, N. Joyce, R. Fornaro, S. Rigg. Front: V. Stewart, S. Vaughan, A. Major, J. Grove, M. Blechynden, N. Mill, S. Gillam.



**Year 8 Hockey.** Back: R. Sermon, J. King, T. Russell, A. Thunder, G. Cotton. Front: K. Turton, J. McLarty, J. Cornwall, K. Prickett, J. Davis, M. Egan, L. Morgan, B. Moore.

Our success this year can be measured by the enjoyment our players have gained from playing hockey rather than from our individual team placings. Although P.L.C. gained an overall fifth placing in the IGSA competition we were very fortunate to have the services of two very accomplished hockey players, Laurie Lambert and Alan Kercher, to coach our Senior and Junior teams respectively. I am sure that the knowledge and expertise they have passed on to our players will have laid the foundations for P.L.C. to rise to greater heights next year.

The senior "A" team started the season well with a solid win over Perth College and an exciting draw with St. Mary's After extending ourselves against St. Mary's (we hadn't come close enough to St. Mary's to even force a draw for several years) and scoring the first goal in our next match against St. Hilda's we became complacent and eventually lost the game. Unfortunately this ended our chances of winning the premiership but we finished a creditable fourth.

I would like to sincerely thank, on behalf of the hockey players, our coaches Laurie Lambert, Alan Kercher, Mrs Pickard, Debbie Starcevic and former students Annalee Ferstat and Sara MacLiver for their continual support and encouragement.

Congratulations to all our aspiring hockey players for the enthusiasm and fine sportsmanship they displayed throughout the season. Best wishes to all for a successful season in 1987.

JULIE SANDILANDS

## IGSA RESULTS

Senior A	4th
B	4th
C	4th
Junior A	5th
B	5th
C	5th
D	4th
Year 8 A	3rd

## OVERALL CHAMPION SCHOOL

1 St. Mary's	69
2 St. Hilda's	47
3 M.L.C.	40
4 Penrhos	30
5 P.L.C.	24
6 Iona	20
7 P.C.	17
8 J.T.C.	0

# Basketball

Well done to all the basketballers for their hard work and enthusiasm. The basketball season got off to a flying start with quite a few new recruits setting foot on the courts. There were rumours that this was due to a new addition to the coaching team, who happened to be male.

(There had to be some consolation for the 7.15a.m. training every Tuesday morning!).

P.L.C. finished second overall in the competition, with the Senior "B" and Junior "A" teams winning their respective pennants. There was a lot of enthusiasm in the Year 8 team which was included for the second time.

We owe a large portion of our success to our friendly and dedicated coach Mrs MacLean and her assistants Murray, Sue and former student, Jenny Marsh.

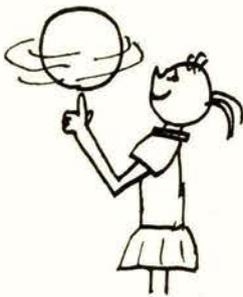
Best of luck to all future P.L.C. teams. Let's keep up the enthusiasm and high standard of play!

## RESULTS

Senior A	2nd
B	1st
C	2nd
Junior A	1st
B	5th
C	2nd
Year 8 —	4th

OVERALL: P.L.C. came 2nd.

MANDY LINTON & FIONA WAUCHOPE



**Senior Basketball.** Back: H. MacLeod, L. Newing, S. Hore, C. England, E. Stretch, S. Rowe, K. McArthur, E. Gasiorowski, J. Thom, B. Smith, P. Voce. Centre: K. Spencer, T. Harvey, L. Poole, S. Wishaw, G. Warden, A. Marsh, A. Keys, T. Kamien, C. Bunning, M. Mazzuchelli. Front: S. Straton, F. Hain, F. Wauchope, M. Linton, J. Hardie, L. Twigg, A. Taylor. Absent: A. Matsen.



**Junior Basketball.** Back: T. Hill, L. Healy, S. Newland, S. Murray, S. Warner, S. Olson, K. Parker, F. Young, A. Taylor. 2nd back: B. Cox, J. Perryman, J. Forster, D. Barr, J. Carroll, B. Millen, G. Dutry, N. Lee, L. Disley, T. Baldwin. 2nd front: J. Reid, S. Andrew, J. Stockwell, J. Sears, F. Lapsley, S. Gillam, J. Olson, J. Nunn, M. Green, P. Joyce, M. Kelly. Front: I. Taylor, R. Watson, B. Miles, L. Nottle, A. Jansen, N. King, K. Officer, P. Moir.



**Year 8 Basketball.** Back: J. Davis, K. Munro, S. Wegner, T.M. Davies, A. Mercer, R. Winckel, M. Egan. Front: R. Martin, K. Hantke, S. Drandic, S. Brooks, E. Mazzuchelli, J. Stewart.

# Athletics



**Athletics Team—Years 10, 11 and 12.** Back (L-R) J. Pearse, L. Young, S. Benney, F. Thunder, M. Barrett, K. Argyle, G. Evans, N. Thunder, N. Joyce. 2nd back: E. Gebbie, M. Rains, A. Somes, F. Lapsley, R. Andersen, B. Millen, D. Barr, L. Nottle, J. Carroll, N. Lee (Year 10 Capt.). 2nd front: Y. Watkins, S. Gibbs, P. Jones, K. Swinney, J. Viol, J. Linfoot, K. McVeigh, L. Bolton, M. Bolton, D. Heggart. Front: J. Bruce, K. Heaton, A-M. D'Arcy, S. Gillam, S. Straton, S. Rankin (Year 11/12 Capt.), S. Brand, E. Kerr, L. Poole, B. Paterson.



**Athletics Team—Years 8 and 9.** Back: (L-R) S. Argyle, B. Somes, S. Murray, D. McCarthy, J. Campbell, J. Sears, P. Joyce, E. Mazzuchelli, G. Dutry. 2nd back: J. Loaring, J. Munckton, N. Frichot, C. Collins, K. Bruce, K. Langdon, S. Way, K. Gara, A. Williams, M. Egan. 2nd front: A. Mercer, F. Johnson, T. Sim, R. Winkel, A. Pearse, S. Bickford, J. Nunn, L. Disley, S. Drandic, D. Peacock. Front: N. Xouris, A. Major, S. Vaughan, K. Gwynne, K. Stannage, K. Davenport, J. Perryman, C. Clatz, A. Thunder, S. Yu.

1986 began to look like a good year for P.L.C. in athletics when a number of records were broken in the Inter-House Athletics, which were once again held at Perry Lakes. The squad for the Inter-school competition was immediately announced and from then on at 7.15a.m. each morning the school oval was subjected to a hammering from eighty pairs of sandshoes. Everyone trained enthusiastically; even the holidays were no exception, with fitness work three times a week.

At the beginning of fourth term the team had only ten more training sessions before the "Inters". School spirit was high and our chance of success seemed very good.

On Saturday morning, October eighteenth, at 7.45a.m. two pipers could be seen marching round Perry Lakes sounding the familiar "Scotland the Brave", while following closely behind them were the P.L.C. athletics team arrayed in their dazzling white tracksuits.

Our hopes of winning remained high, as midway through the morning P.L.C. was in the leading position with Saint Hilda's and M.L.C. close behind, but unfortunately despite some outstanding performances from some of our team members (Ann Mercer, Kieren Gara, Clare Gatz, Kate Stannage and Yvette Watkins merit a special mention) M.L.C. was just too strong and eventually passed us to win the Dunklings trophy. However the whole team and the School as a whole should be very proud as P.L.C. was runner-up, not only for the Dunklings trophy but in the inaugural handicap competition. Congratulations to the Year Eights for winning their year trophy and to the Year Nines and the Year Elevens and Twelves for being runners-up in their respective divisions.

Thanks to all the P.E. staff and to Mrs Miller, William, Julian, Julie and 1985 Sports Captain, Annalee Ferstat, for all their assistance which helped to make the 1986 Athletics Carnival such a success for P.L.C.

SARAH RANKIN



# Volleyball



**Senior Volleyball.** Back: S. Hore, K. Fitzgerald, S. Straton, K. Langdon, P. White, H. Stewart. Centre: V. Elliott, P. Sears, F. John, K. Vallve, Mrs. J. McLean, M. Lewis, Y. Thornley, S. Brand. Front: D. Rayner, D. Karpin, J. Plaistowe, J. Hardie, S. Hodby, V. Wharton, A. Walker.



**Junior Volleyball.** Back: S. Olson, B. Somes, S. Boston, N. Lee, L. Nottle, D. Barr, J. Carroll, S. Murray, C. Woolhouse, J. Nunn, J. Marschner, K. Hocking, N. Tostevin. 2nd back: C. Loxton, S. Pitt, S. Gillam, K. Gwynne, B. Gwynne, A. Stewart, B. Miles, N. Young, F. Lapsley, J. Stockwell, G. Hull, V. Cornwall, K. Heaton, S. Argyle. 2nd front: N. McKenna, N. Joyce, L. Thelander, T. Sproule, H. Fox, J. Grove, N. King, T. Head, P. Moir, J. Stockwell, R. Watson, A. Shaw, J. Reid, C. Riemer. Front: J. Samuel, S. Jayaraman, I. Taylor (Capt. B team), A. Taylor (Capt. A team), J. Riggall, J. Olson, J. Wright, P. Plaistowe.

## JAZZ BALLET



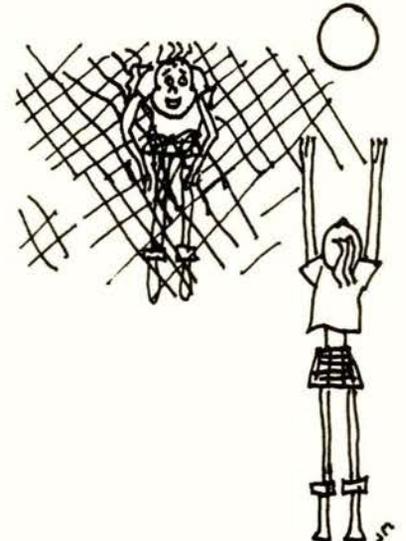
**Jazz Ballet.** Back: M. Barrett, M. Green, S. Owen, Y. Thornley, K. Paine, S. Sheldon, Y. Korsgaard, K. Argyle, K. Hughes, S. Winckel. 2nd back: L. Taylor, L. Fornaro, R. Andeson, B. Dalziell, S. Brayshaw, F. Shoesmith, B. Watson, S. Way, E. Clement, B. Somes. Centre: N. Bein, J. Jarrott, R. Rorrison, K. Bruce, L. Clarke, C. Woolhouse, E. Houghton, N. Xouris. 2nd front: A. Scott-Murphy, J. Cerini, J. Ridley, A. Ainslie, J. Hicks, K. Anderson, B. Hartz, A. Thunder. Front: E. Burt, J. Hambling, K. Marquis, C. House, M. Mostert, J. Edis, A. Head, T. Urquhart. Absent: S. Myler, J. Urquhart, V. James, P. Gellard, G. Henwood, T. Edelman.

Volleyball enthusiasts began the year with great energy, hurling themselves after spikes, jumping nets in a single bound and generally trying hard to transform themselves into first-class athletes. Thanks to rigorous training sessions conducted by Mrs MacLean (who managed the feat of achieving order among a mass of chattering, giggling girls by making them practise rolls, retrieves, spikes, digs and blocks) a dramatic improvement in performance was achieved and maintained.

The many hours of hard work paid off, as although none of the teams achieved first place in the competition, all girls acquired greater skill in volleyball as well as really good team spirit, while the mixing of the various age groups led to new friendships and a lot of enjoyment for everyone.

On behalf of all the Junior and Senior volleyball girls, I would like to thank Mrs MacLean for her continual support, for what she taught us about tactics and her overall love of the sport which really inspired us all.

JEMMA HARDIE





**Artistic Gym (Division 1).** L-R: O. Anderson, A. Thunder, K. Stannage, F. Thunder, G. Motherwell, S. Hadley, W. Somes, J. Pearse.



**Artistic Gym (Division 2).** Back L-R: T. Russell, J. Pilmer, K. Warren, M. Barrett, B. Miles, A. Motherwell. Front: B. Somes, A. Ilett.



**Artistic Gym (Division 3).** Back: A. Morgan, K. Argyle, N. Xouris, F. Johnson. Front: K. Hughes, S. Bickford, K. Barrett.



**Rhythmic Gym.** Back; N. Manser, D. Hatch, K. Whish-Wilson (Capt.), S. Winckel, A. Scott-Murphy, M. Blechynden, J. Pearse. Centre: M. Morris, S. Chadwick, T.K. Head, J. Jarrott, J. Farrell, S. Kidd, R. Winckel, E. Clarkson. Front: M. White, S. Ritchie, F. Johnson, J. Plaistowe.

# Gymnastics

## ARTISTIC GYMNASTICS

Gymnastics started slowly but surely again this year, with the pace quickening as the ICSA and State Schoolgirls Competitions drew nearer.

In the past, P.L.C. teams have done very well and this year was no exception. In the ISGA competition, Division one was placed third, Division two was placed fourth and a team in a new Division introduced this year (Division three) was placed third. These results placed P.L.C. third overall.

Congratulations to everyone who competed. Our thanks and appreciation go to Mrs McCallum and Jo, Susheela Dharmalingam and Mrs Miller for coaching us and Mrs Crawford for helping during the endless lunchtime practices. Best of luck for 1987.

JACKIE PEARSE (Year 11)

# Blackwood Marathon 1985

The Blackwood really began months before the actual date. Training programmes and timing sessions were designed to build up stamina and enthusiasm.

The weekend began at 4 p.m. on Friday as we bundled loads of food, luggage and nervous competitors into the school bus. Despite our feeling that everything was going to be perfect, we still had a few mishaps; twice we had to stop to secure the canoes that were sliding about on the roof and even our expert driver, Alf, missed the turn-off into the Whites' farm!!

Because of the excitement, and because we had lots to talk about, sleep was fairly scarce on Friday night, regardless of the fact that Mrs Crawford was to drag us out of bed with the sparrows on Saturday morning to get us to the track on time.

The runners began the marathon as we faced the gruelling 12 kilometre course, which happened to be very steep in parts! Much encouragement was needed to keep one another going and, after what seemed hours, we finally handed over to the canoeists to attack their 7.5 km course. Special mention must be made of Fiona Wauchope who kindly volunteered at the last minute to fill in for Suzie. (Whether she ever does it again is yet to be seen!!)

A well-deserved lunch break was enjoyed as the canoeists clocked in.

The swimmers had the next leg of the race as they ventured down the 1 km course of the Blackwood River. Meredith Hulcup managed to

achieve the fastest women's time overall. Well done!

After a sprint up the bank, the bib was passed on to the horserider, who galloped off over the hills of the course. In this leg, the rules specify the horse must have below 65 heart beats per minute — We are still not sure what Sally did to her horse, but it had an amazing 32 b/p.m.!

The final leg was done by the cyclists as they faced a horrifying 20 kilometre course. Fiona was unlucky enough to lose her chain (and 15 minutes) but was still the first cyclist to arrive from PLC.

Prizes were awarded at the completion of this leg and we congratulate Team 32 who won the School-girls' Section. However, all teams finished the course — which was an achievement in itself!

Everyone was exhausted so the night was spent relaxing (T.V. and Trivial Pursuit). Sunday was also basically a recovery session and on that day a beautiful barbecue lunch was given by the Whites.

We must thank Mrs Crawford, Mrs Flecker and Alf for their organisation of a weekend that was lots of fun, but a special thank-you to Mr and Mrs White for their wonderful hospitality.

I recommend the Blackwood Marathon to anyone who wants a really satisfying, enjoyable weekend and to those who do compete in future years, the best of luck.

LISA TWIGG — Year 12

## RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS

Although Rhythmic Gymnastics is not as popular at Artistic Gymnastics, the number of girls participating is increasing from year to year. Considering our limited training period this year, P.L.C. still performed creditably in individual and group areas. We had many individual placings in both Junior and Senior divisions, and all competitors performed at a high standard. Our thanks go to Mrs Crawford, Miss Levitt and Mrs Weiner for the time and effort they put into preparing us for the Interschool Competition. Hopefully, with the incentive of a trip to Malaysia for those who perform outstandingly, more girls will participate in this sport.

### RESULTS

Senior Division 1 — Team — Third place  
 Junior Division 2 — Robin Winckel — First place  
 Team — Second place  
 Senior group — Second place  
 Aggregate scores: 4th in Junior Section  
 3rd in Senior Section  
 Third overall.

JO-ANNE JARROTT



JUNIOR SOFTBALL SQUADS



SENIOR SOFTBALL SQUAD



CRICKET SQUAD



BLACKWOOD MARATHON '86

# School Staff



**Baird House.** *Standing:* Mrs. P. Temby, Mrs. N. Wood, Miss B. Vaughan, Miss P. Wright, Mr. P. Alp. *Seated:* Mrs. C. Lanagan, Mrs. D. Haustead (House Adviser), Mrs. G. Murray, Mrs. V. Hutchinson.



**Carmichael House.** *Standing:* Miss J. Sharpe, Mrs. S. Jenkin, Mrs. M. Jolly, Mr. B. McNess. *Seated:* Mr. D. Melville, Mrs. S. Jarvis (House Adviser), Mrs. G. Bull, Mrs. P. Smith.



**Ferguson House.** *Standing:* Mrs. F. Moir, Miss C. Harrington, Mrs. F. Millar, Mr. A. Lee, Miss L. Pascoe, Mrs. J. Hetherington. *Seated:* Mrs. A. Tarulli, Mrs. J. Easton, Mrs. J. Robison (House Adviser), Mrs. D. McArthur.



**McNeil House.** *Standing:* Mrs. G. Jenkins, Mrs. J. Eddington, Mrs. J. Mell, Mrs. J. Nicholls, Mrs. K. Frichot. *Seated:* Mrs. C. Pickard, Mrs. S. Ward, Mrs. J. McMahon (House Adviser), Mrs. C. Stewart. *Absent:* Miss. S. Ross.



**Stewart House.** *Standing:* Mrs. C. Pidgeon, Mrs. D. Rosendorff, Mrs. J. Bednall, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. S. Rankin. *Seated:* Mr. R. Rennie, Mrs. H. Heptinstall (House Adviser), Mrs. K. Crawford, Mr. H. Lankester.



**Summers House.** *Standing:* Mrs. M. Zayan, Mrs. B. Mills, Mrs. M. Best, Mrs. A. Moon. *Seated:* Mrs. E. Milne, Miss H. Golding, Mrs. P. Kotai (House Adviser), Mrs. C. Ivers.

# Freudian

*Mr Melville*

"Back in my schoolboy days . . ."  
 "let's have a little PMA girls (Positive Mental Attitude)"  
 "Let's commence . . . we'll leave it at that."

*Mrs Jenkins (Lit)*

"Do you see what I mean?"  
 "Do you think so, Heather? Perhaps we could discuss it after the lesson."

*Mr Lankester*

"Are you trying to tell me that it's time to go."  
 "I've got time for you; you're really a good kid"  
 "Negative"

*Mrs Hocking*

"I must have smiled at least twice this week"  
 "I've always been perfect"  
 "Is my wit and sarcasm too much for you this morning?"  
 "I endeavour never to be late."

*Mrs Temby*

"Heather, watch it so it goes in"  
 "Put that pen down and listen"

*Mrs Tarulli*

"Is that any help, or have I just confused you all?"  
 "I'm not very good at getting angry"  
 "Has anybody got ANYTHING to say??"

*Mrs Easton*

"Avoid cliches like the plague . . ."

*Mrs MacLean*

"Jimmy Barnes is Scottish! Oh, he's ace!"

*Mrs Horton*

"Watch your figures girls"

*Mrs Pidgeon*

"That's the first time anyone has walked out when I've been talking about sex"  
 "I wasn't frantically happy with your test results, and I wasn't extraordinarily pleased with your assignments either!"

*Mrs Hutcheson*

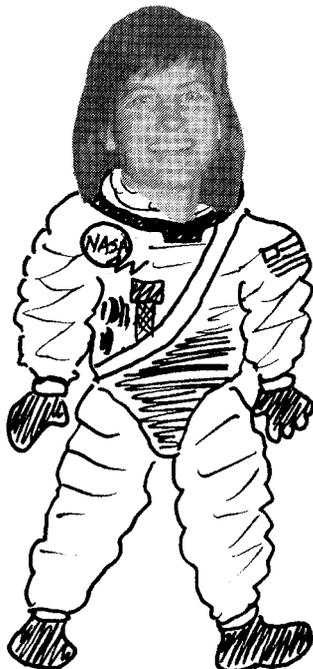
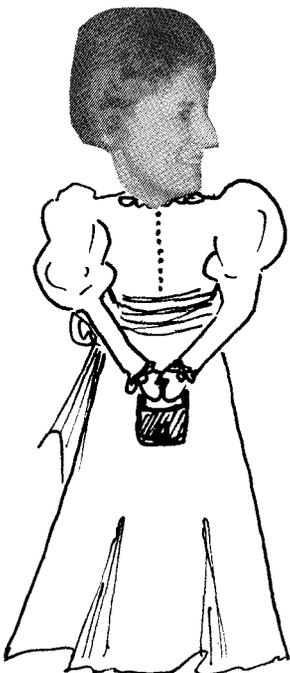
"Retained profits: these are profits which have been retained"  
 "Churn out a balance sheet, would you please"  
 "Sorry girls, I have erred."

*Mrs Hetherington*

"Hi my little chickens"  
 "Does anyone want to buy a two year old?"

*Mrs Frichot*

"Spit! Kick! . . . all my four letter words are coming out!"  
 "I'd like you to take Caesar to bed tonight girls"  
 "I don't mean to use scare tactics girls, but . . ."



# Slips

*Mrs R.E. Smith*

"No more domestics in my class!"  
"I beg ya pardon."

*Mr Lee*

"I'm going to write a book about you five"

*Mrs Salmon*

"What do you want me to do about it? Did you check it before you bought it?"

*Mrs Lanagan*

"If you act like Year Ones, you'll be treated like Year Ones"

*Mrs Bednall*

"If Mrs Pidgeon can do it, so I can I"  
"That's a bit iffy"

*Mrs Mell*

"Where have all the biscuits gone? . . . Sophie!"

*Mrs Hepinstall*

"Would you like a note on that?"  
"I don't really think you should be packing up yet"

*Mr Rennie*

"Physics is not so much concerned with what happens in real life" . . .  
"If a body of mass 54 kg is thrown off a cliff, with what momentum will it hit the ground?"  
"This is my favourite experiment. Isn't it marvellous!!"

*Mrs Rankin*

"In the olden days . . ."  
"I'll think about this one tonight"

*Mrs Rob*

"I've only had your tests for two months"

*Mrs Jenkins (French)*

"Hands up those who got it right. Hands down. Hands up who got it wrong. Who didn't put their hands up?"

*Mrs Bull*

"Now be truthful girls, who has not got their hymn books here?"  
"Leave the door open, I'm looking out for someone"

*Sister Norris*

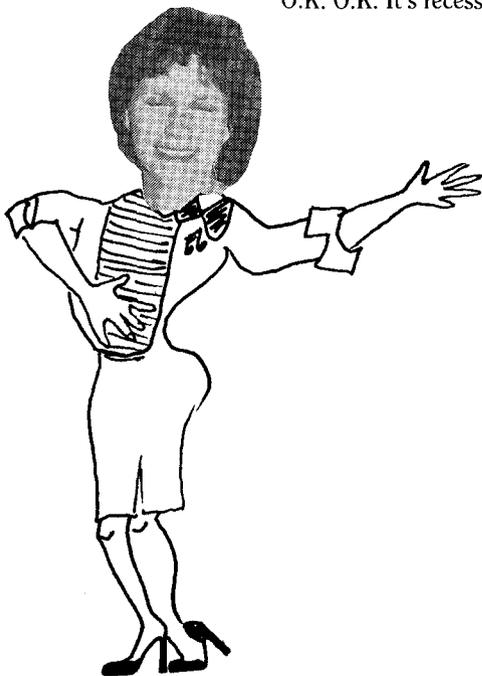
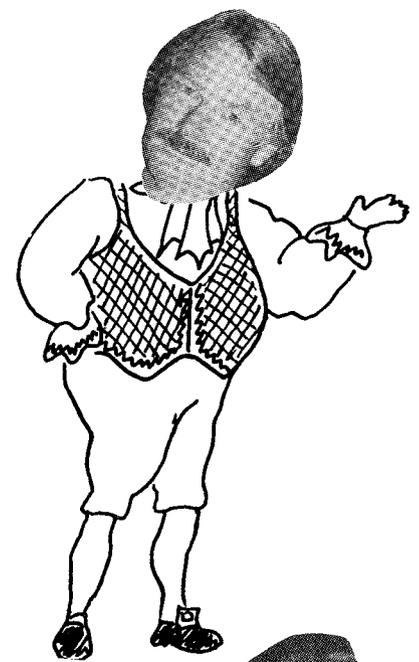
"Oh . . . I can give you a panadol"

*Mrs Maths Smith*

"You have to CONSOLIDATE"

*Mrs McArthur*

"I wouldn't dare to say this in a room full of academics . . ."  
"You've had food. Be *quiet!*"  
"O.K. O.K. It's recess and I suppose I'd better let you out"



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Mrs. M. Olden, Clerical Assistant (Part Time)

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